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THE

WORKS

OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S

VOLUME I

EDINBURGH

Printed by A. Kincaid, Edinburgh.

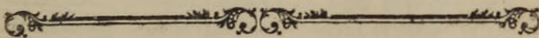
1755

THE
W O R K S
O F

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

VOLUME X.



EDINBURGH:

Printed by A. DONALDSON, and sold at his Shops
in London and Edinburgh.

M, DCC, LXVIII.



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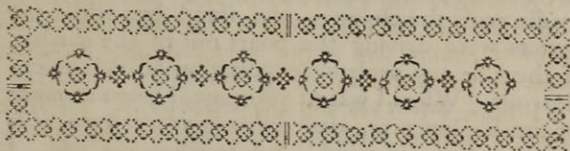


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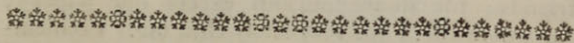




L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

DR. S W I F T.



L E T T E R XXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust.—I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Liecestershire, who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants, *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ

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A

them;

them ; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly cross the channel, and stand by, while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age, I often thought of death ; but now, after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude, that Providence hath ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits : and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever ; for finding it troublesome to read at night, and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends ; for all are spurious except one paper *, for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordship used to say, that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right ; and that the common method of a majority, by calling, To the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change, like gaming, by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant ; but I believe in your time you would never, as a minister, have suffered an act to pass through the H. of C—s, only because you were sure of a majority in the H. of L.'s to throw it out : because it would be unpopular, and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the case in the qualification-bill relating to pensioners. It should seem to me, that corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank ; and having not much to do, I have often compared it

* Intituled, " A libel on Dr. Delany and a certain great Lord."

with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running seven millions in debt. I am forced to play at small game, to set the beasts here a-madding, merely for want of better game: *Tentanda via est, qua me quoque pessim, &c.* — The d— take those politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England, if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *O mihi prateritos* — but *cruda deo viridifque jencetus*. Pray, my Lord, how are the gardens? have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew-hedges? Have you not bad weather for the spring corn? Has Mr. Pope gone farther in his ethic poems? and is the head-land sown with wheat? and what says Polybius? and how does my Lord St. John*? Which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley. — I built a wall five years ago; and when the masons played the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by, while my servants threw down what was amiss. I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble, and hearing the clutter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment: but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would, if I could get unto a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom, while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *melange* above written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition; which must needs please you, since

* Lord St. John of Battersea, father to Lord Bolingbroke.

nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my Lady.



L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5. 1729.

I Do not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart. I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me, in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own; so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But, before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a news-paper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history; which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do. I know he desires it very much; and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of oeconomy, than that it is the parent of liberty and ease; and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in such nice matters.

matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, inquire, whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the H. of Commons? In my conscience, I believe Fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it: because if I play at piquet for sixpence with a man or a woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at back-gammon, though she is a bungler, and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it, but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London: yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who I thought, when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, That *res nolunt diu male administrari*; the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when

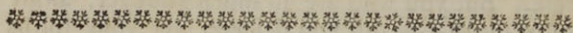
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I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in; and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortune, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates. "That all times are equally virtuous and vicious;" wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians, that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world; but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimble full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for which I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess, that he proceeds wholly upon the principles of corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue; and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a-day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous

dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that when I was very young, I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, altho' you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a croud, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the compilments of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you, it is almost incredible how opinions change, by the decline or decay of spirits; and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue riband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me; but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this, than I corrected myself, and remembered Sir Fulk Grevil's epitaph, "Here lies, &c. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I most heartily thank you, for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse; which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry
while

while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.



L E T T E R X X X I X .

From Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 13. 1729.

I AM very sensible, that in a former letter I talk ed very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires; which however I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitable to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially towards night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half-year; so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place strowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation, the two thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad. This is the true state of Ireland in a very few words. These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely

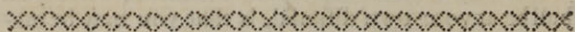
ly undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness; but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a philosopher; and perhaps the increase of years and disorder may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope, (if she be still alive), I heartily pity you and pity her. Her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labours, when she hath so many good works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness, I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why I would have you in Ireland, when you shall be at your own disposal, is that you may be master of two or three years revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinched in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs; and when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest for the spoonful of wine, and scraps of a chicken it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any person one tenth part so heartily disposed as you are to do good offices to others, without the least private view.

Was it a gasconade to please me, that you said your fortune was increased 100 l. a-year since I left you? You should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectutis* are extremely desirable, if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice

though I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer, (or rather to be surer of his rents). But I am not half so moderate as you; for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000 l. and live on the interest, without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dexterous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. B—, but to no lady at court. God bless you for being a greater dupe than I. I love that character too myself, but I want your charity. Adieu.



LETTER XL.

O^r. 9. 1729.

IT pleases me that you received my books at last: but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or disapprove not of some parts of the commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work, to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew, that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other. If, in any particular, any thing be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here, may have it rectified. You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with

with some additions to the notes and epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increased by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapiers-hill is to emulate Parnassus. I fear the country about it is as much impoverished. I truly share in all that troubles you and with you removed from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100 l. a-year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself. But a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tied by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs. I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away 100 l. a-year. Don't be angry: I will not live to be very old: I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were wanting a friend above ground.

Mr. Gay assures me his 3000 l. is kept entire and sacred. He seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Doctor is unalterable, both in friendship and quadrille. His wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is

sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer, with the Duke and Duchefs of Queensberry. He is the same man; so is every one here that you know. Mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimis urgetur.*—Poor Mrs. ** is like the rest; she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer no body to pull it out. The court-lady I have a good opinion of: yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: but if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as no body can detect a great fault so well as you, no body would so well hide a small one. But, after all, that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a courtier. I can assure you, that Lord Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*



L E T T E R X L I.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Brussels Sept. 27. 1729.

I Have brought your French acquaintance * thus far on her way into her own country, and con-

* Lady Bolingbroke.

siderably better in health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes, that she will recover 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 intitled 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. Balordo, the prototype of your hero.—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 find it more as I proceed on my journey; little regret when I look backwards, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland: I would 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 Montague does something like it in one of 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'll shew you in an instant why these two things should not *aller de pair*; and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even 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

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 oftner 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, your 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: and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree, that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards 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 further; you teach your 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 besides your own. I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

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 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 fame contemni virtutes*. But now, whether we consider fame as an useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and public 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. Towards 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.

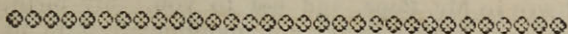
From

From my Farm, Oct. 5.

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, 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. Adieu, 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 superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in.

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you. She's 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, called Drapier's Hill.



L E T T E R XLII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31. 1729.

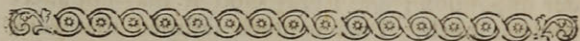
I Received your Lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging, than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your lustres, I remember when I complained, in a letter to Prior, 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; and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in

† Lord Oxford.

* The year of Queen Anne's death.

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 inferior 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 a suitability 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 arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles, which you advised me to, will tell me, that I can live on 50 l. 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

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 after times, 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.



L E T T E R XLIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

OCT. 31. 1729.

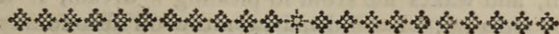
YOU were so careful in sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness, shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it; for we have an octavo of our own, which hath sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dullness, the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord B. and told him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loss for a frolic, I will fly as soon as build; I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience, for such amusements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100 l.

the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds of specie in the whole Island; for we return thrice as much to our absentees as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what, I believe, I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes, is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100 l. *per annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends, I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have imbroiled me with Lord B—— about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am: but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part, you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. Adieu.

L—— C——, who doth his duty of a good governor in unslaving this kingdom as much as he can, talks to me of you in the manner he ought.

LETTER



L E T T E R XLIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 19. 1729.

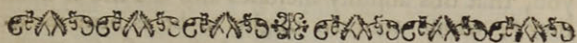
I Find that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this Island *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima*, I know not whether the love of fame increaseth as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivocal, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: Whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more: is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state, (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*), begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which soothes my mind like this. I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty of the intellect * comes boisterously in,

* *Viz.* Reason. Tully (or, what is much the same, his disciple) observes something like this on the like occasion; where, speaking of Plato's famous book of the soul, he says, "Nescio quomodo,
" eum

in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on oeconomies than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500 l. a-year as well as with 5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending, several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprize and anger you. However, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly and so authentically, that the Burnets and Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you. No matter: for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page, as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest; it is a fine one; and will be, in his hands, an original*. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness; it flatters my judgement, who always thought, that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace. Adieu.

“ dum lego, adsentior; cum posui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animorum cœpi cogitare, adsentio illa omnis elabitur.” Cicero seems to have had but a confused notion of the cause, which the letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the imagination is always ready to indulge so flattering an idea, but severer reason corrects and disclaims it. As to RELIGION, that is out of the question; for Tully wrote to his few philosophic friends, *Wald.*

* Essay on man.



L L T T E R XLV.

Nov. 28. 1720.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a rhapsody; it is many years ago since I wrote as a wit †. How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if one determined to say nothing that one could not say prettily? I lately received from the widow of one dead correspondent, and the father of another, several of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe, how and by what degrees I ceased to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now, as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more, the longer I have compared you with the rest of the world; so inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curl would be bit, were our epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations?

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have something to rebuke you for in the way of œconomy. I love the man that builds a house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse; then cries, "We wise men must think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: but I will increase your regard for my wisdom, and tell

† He used to value himself on this particular. *W. S.*

you,

you, that this annuity includes also the life of another *, whose concern ought to be as near me as my own, and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I throw my javelin of hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes joculamur ævo* — &c.

The second (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the *Dunciad*, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you, if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition. — The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, &c.; for you know I disapprove Irish politics, (as my commentator tells you), being a strong and jealous subject of England. The lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your present; she having lately received a much richer present from Mr. Knight of the South-sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an outlaw. It is certain, as he can never expect any favour †, his motive must be wholly disinterested. Will not this reflection make you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow such a patriot here too, as not to be quite at ease, for your love of old England. — It is very possible, your journey in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back, you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life; since I see the best

* His mother's.

† He was mistaken in this. Mr. Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742. *Ward.*

that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me: the natural imbecillity of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship at sixteen, was contracted with a man of seventy; and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, though we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr. Wycherley; some letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours*. I don't much approve of it; though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of any thing I do not do myself, or of any thing that is not immoral, but merely dull, (as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing; which they easily may, if the underlings at the post-office please to take a copy of it). I admire, on this consideration, your sending your last to me quite open without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever, manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together. — I will fully represent to our friend, (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart), what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme honest man; and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is: but I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idleneffes in the way of wit. You know my maxim, to keep as clear of all offence, as I am

* See the occasion, in the second and third paragraphs of the preface to the first volume of Pope's letters, the 7th of Warburton's edition of his works.

clear of all interest in either party. I was once displeas'd before at you, for complaining to Mr. *** of my not having a pension, and am so again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the course of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir Robert Walpole), that I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause as to deserve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: but give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from, are those very two to whom you have unluckily spoken of it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the present constitution; I believe, as sincere a well-wisher to it, nay, even to the church established; as any minister in or out of employment whatever; or any bishop of England or Ireland; yet am I of the religion of Erasmus, a Catholic: so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchinson, in that place to which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B.'s answer to your letter I have just received, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER



L E T T E R XLVI.

April 14. 1730.

THis is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you (as a clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, for a good and an honest man: moreover he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word *honest*. I shall think it a kindness done myself, if you can propagate Mr. Westley's subscription for his commentary on Job, among your divines, (bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope), and among such as are believers, or readers of scripture; even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the church of England, though you are a Whig, as I am.

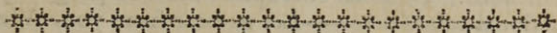
We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not use me so ill as to flatter me. I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together. Pliny writ his letters for the public;

fo did Seneca, fo did Balfac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not; and therefore thefe give us more pleafure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a fecret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleafure. We fee Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, fuch as they really were, and not fuch as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as hiftorians and poets have reprefented them to ours. That is another pleafure. I remember to have feen a proceffion at Aix-la-Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the foulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial faint. Follow him into the veftry; you fee the bearer flip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary fize, and is fet by among other lumber. — I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public fpirit would be lefs grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a vifit at leaft. It will not be the fault of feveral perfons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good-will and little power produce fuch flow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men. — I know you will be angry with me, if I fay nothing to you of a poor woman *, who is ftill on the other fide of the water in a moft languifhing ftate of health. If fhe regains ftrength enough to come over, (and fhe is better within a few weeks), I fhall nurfe her in this farm † with all the care and tendernels poffible. If fhe does not, I muft pay her the laft duty of friendship wherever fhe is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am moft faithfully and affectionately yours.

* Lady Bolingbroke.

† Lord Bolingbroke's feat at Dawley in Middlefex. *Warb.*



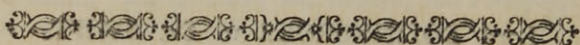
L E T T E R XLVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan, 1730-31.

I Begin my letter, by telling you, that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant; and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same. Would to God you were within her reach. She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and though our best botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies, are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chymistry, the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison a specific. — Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, whilst I begin this letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do mankind, I know not: this comfort he may be sure of; he cannot do less than you have done before him. I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers, keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits. A real reformation is not to be brought about by Ordinary means; it requires those extraordinary

ordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons. National corruption must be purged by national calamities.—Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention, because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.



L E T T E R XLVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

March 29.

I Have delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a-going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger, either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates), we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This

is

is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy; for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. Passions (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other) are the gales of life. Let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning. I recollect the time, (and am glad it is over), when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life, stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself: but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you was here; and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak. The slow fever works under, and mines the constitution: we keep it off sometimes; but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life. Death is not to her the king of terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself. ——— You shall not stay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope shall write something much better

better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, *munuscula*, that Stoical sop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has spoken justly of his lady: why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years those cares which are now as necessary to her as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes, very much softens the mind; but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it; but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour.—And just now too I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England. — *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life,

Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædat) eamus.

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am your's.

L E T T E R XLIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

YOU may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surpris'd to find, that I have been partly drawn by him, and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority; and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it is pushed as successfully as I think it is, render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thing on this subject; and yet I am persuaded, that divines and freethinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that where you say, that you told Dr. ** the grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible revelations *, &c.

* In this maxim all bigotted divines and freethinking politicians agree; the one for fear of disturbing the established religion; the other lest that disturbance should prove injurious to their administration of government. *Work.*

It has happened, that whilst I was writing this to you, the Doctor came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago. He was in haste to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left with me eight dissertations †, a small part, as I understand of his work; and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find myself unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged, in a disputation of this sort; and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience, would be that which he would take ill, and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can; for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement and exercise, your notions are true. The first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men, who, for fear of being savage, live with all who live with them, and who, to preserve their health, faunter away half their time. Adieu. Pope calls for the paper.

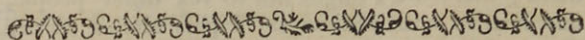
P. S. I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither; or kept here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a freeman.—Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; though some of them I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it; yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry; though, in my way, I receive as many injuries as my betters; but I don't feel

† Revelation examined with candor.

them; therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home. My Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than politics, and not quite so vain at present as divinity. I know nothing that moves strongly but satire; and those who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this age.

I know you'll desire some account of my health. It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides; and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects, merely on the score of party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life, that I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr ——'s book is what I can't commend so much as Dean Berkeley's*, though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad populum*, is, I think, purely *ad clerum*. Adieu.

* A fine original work, called, The Minute Philosopher.



L E T T E R L.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY *.

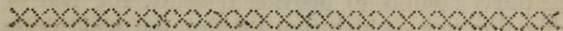
Dublin, March 19. 1729.

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, altho' it be with some difficulty that I can obey her, when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the fauce 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 wrapt up and sealed 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 hath 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 œconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your

* The following letters from Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay, from let. 503 to let. 611. inclusive, were found among Mr. Gay's papers, and returned to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queensberry and Mr. Pope.

friend

friend a pint of Port; for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vamt play, although Mr. Pope seem'd to have, and although it were ever so good: but you should have done like the parsons, and changed your text, I mean the 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 judgement go together. I wish you had 1001. 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 villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.



L E T T E R L I.

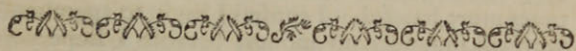
Dublin, Nov. 10. 1730.

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 Ham-walks, 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 intrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a Summer near Salisbury-downs, having rode over them more than once,

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 acknowledgements 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 200 l. 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 would join. God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress towards real happiness here, which would make life more desirable,

able, 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 sollicitude 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 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. Caesar, present my humble service to him; and let him know, that the scurrilous libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he shewed 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.



L E T T E R LII.

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 Aimsbury 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

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. Pultney'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 domestic 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 hatefullest 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 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 folk 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 contributed so much 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 hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards 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.

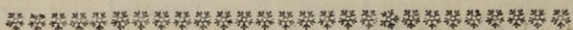
To the Duchess.

MADAM,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty: for it hath 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

* The Princess of Wales, afterward Queen Caroline.

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.



L E T T E R LIII.

Dublin, March 13. 1730-1.

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, by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput.—But the rest of your letter being

being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Duchefs, I fhall fay no more to you, but apply myfelf to her Grace.

MADAM, Since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and fince I have the fame perfection, I will fettle that matter immediately, to prevent thofe ill confequences he apprehends. Your Grace fhall have your own way, in all places except your own houfe, and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine; fo that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houfes in town and country. I will, likewise, out of my fpecial grace, certain knowledge; and mere motion, allow you to be in the right againft all human kind, except myfelf, and to be never in the wrong, but when you differ from me. You fhall have a greater privilege in the third article, of fpeaking your mind; which I fhall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myfelf, and only rebuke you when it does not pleafe me.

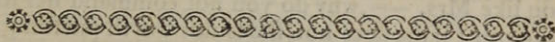
Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter; which having not read this fortnight, (having been out of town, and not daring to truft myfelf with the carriage of it) the prefumptuous manner in which you begin had flipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the feventeenth line, where you begin to banifh me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character fome partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived fixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermiffion of two fummers in England; and confequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thoufand times duller, and fifty million times more peevifh, perverse, and morofe; fo that under thefe difadvantages, 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 fit 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 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 Aimsbury. 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 any thing 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,

dam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble
servant, &c.

To Mr. G A Y.

I have just got yours of February 24th, with a
postscript 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 ad-
ded the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-
writing. How much does his philosophy exceed
mine! I could not bear to see him: I will write to
him soon.



L E T T E R L I V.

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 Aims-
bury, as the Duchess hath given me leave. But
many difficulties hath interfered. First, I thought I
had done with my law-suit, and so did all my law-
yers; but my adversary, after being in appearance
a Protestant these twenty years, hath 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 con-
stantly 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,

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 besides 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 hath neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you, tho' 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 frolic 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 7000 l. which will bring you 300 *per annum*; and this will main-

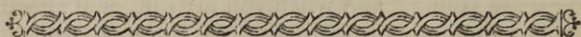
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tain you, with the perquisite of spunging while you are young; and when you are old, will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink,—provided you live in the country—— Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The Duchefs 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 letter hath 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 an inkling of the matter, (your Grace will hardly believe it), refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Aimsbury, 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.

LET-



L E T T E R L V .

August 28. 1731.

YOU and the Duchefs use me very ill: for I profess, I cannot distinguish the style or the handwriting 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 Duchefs, 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 Duchefs, 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 public 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 person 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

* Wagstaff's Dialogues of polite conversation, published in his lifetime. See Vol. 9.

† An imperfect thing of this kind, called Directions to servants in general, has been published since his death. See *ib.*

had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoe-boy 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 his never appearing in England; which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing 16,000 l. a-year. — Why, you need not stare: it is easily applied. I must be able, in order to preserve my credit with her Grace, — Lo here comes in the Duchess again, (I know her by her dd's; but am a fool for discovering my art), to defend herself against any 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 unromantic spirit in me to suspend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finish a paltry law-suit. 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 week's rent of your Grace's. This cursed accident hath drill'd 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 hand-writing in a court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably hath 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 ut rasque.* 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

arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends coaches; for you are as arrant a cockney as any hofier in Cheapfide. One clean ſhirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage: and as for a 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, beſides two or three under ones, that may add another 1000 l. to your ſtock; and then I ſhall be in leſs pain about you. I know you can find dinners; but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without conſidering that the intereſt of a whole 1000 l. brings you but half a crown a-day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongſt you; and reaſon good, when I am teaſed with Dukes and Ducheffes for a viſit, all my demands complied with, and all excuſes cut off. You remember, “O happy Dón Quixote! queens held his horſe, and Ducheffes 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 Duchefs 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

Domitian was cunning enough to withdraw into his cloſet to catch flies. Great minds, you will ſay, require to be often unbent, I allow it: but thoſe relaxations might be choſen, ſo as to make idleneſs appear in a beautiful light: and Swift would have forfeited a leſs degree of fame by playing many years at puiſpin, (the records of which he could not have printed), than by compoſing various kinds of nonſenſe, which, by his own option, have been honoured with a place in his works. *Orrey.*

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, 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 hath given you leisure to cultivate both public and private virtue, neither of them likely to be soon met with within the walls of St. James's or Westminster. — But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgement to the Duke for the great honour he hath 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 certainly have gone about shewing 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,

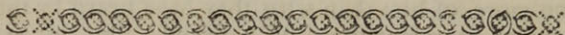
* This has been published, and is amongst the best of his poems.

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, hath been most politicly employed in increasing those forces, and sharpening these arms, with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more 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 forebear informing your Grace, that the Duchess's great secret in her art of government hath 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 hands at the bottom of the last Aimsbury letter; but all in vain. Only it is agreed, that the language is Coptic; and a very profound Behmest assures me, the style is poetic, 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

in that respect wherewith I am, Madam, your
Grace's most obedient, &c.



L E T T E R L V I I .

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 1. 1731.

YOU used to complain that Mr Pope and I would not let you speak; you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't send to me now and then, the post-office 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 shewing 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 shillings in coaches or chairs, to levees or great visits; and, as I don't 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 don't pretend that I am
equally

equally saving with S——k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told, that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot; for he will hardly allow that a verse man can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-suit, 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 own perplexity, tho' 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 had an injunction for me against pirating bookfellers; 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 hath left what he had among his friends; among whom are Lord Boringbroke, 500 l.; Mr. Pelham, 500 l.; Sir William Wyndham's youngest son, 500 l.; Gen. Hill, 500 l.; Lord Massam's son, 500 l.

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

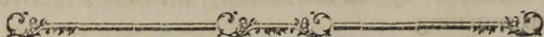
am never ill but I think of your ailments, and re-
 pine that they mutually hinder our being together ;
 though in one point I am apt to differ from you ;
 for you shun your friends when you are in those
 circumstances, and I desire them ; your way is the
 more generous, mine the more tender. Lady——
 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 cour-
 tiers. However, she is an extraordinary woman
 there, who will do you common justice. For God's
 sake, why all this scruple about Lord B——'s keep-
 ing your horses, who has a park : or about my
 keeping you on a pint of wine a day ? We are infi-
 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 fix-
 ing you with us, time may provide better before
 you part again. The old Lord may die, the bene-
 fice may drop, or, at worst, you may carry me in-
 to Ireland. You will see a work of Lord B——'s
 and one of mine ; which, with a just neglect of the
 present age, consult only posterity ; and, with a
 noble scorn of politics, 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 Rouchefou-
 cault's maxim ; pray finish it *. I am happy when-
 ever you join your 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

* The poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Roche-
 foucault. It is one of the best of his performances, but very cha-
 racteristic. *Warb.*

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, fame, &c.; even as a writer I am cool in it; and whenever you see what I am now writing, you'll 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 not 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; and 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 plaister 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 was 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.

† The poem he means is the Essay on man. But this point he could never gain. His readers would admire his poetry in spite of him, and would not understand his reasoning after all his pains. *Warb.*



L E T T E R LVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, May 4. 1732.

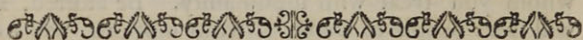
I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my Lady Duchefs which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Aimsbury downs; and I declare, that a corporeal 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 chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may becken a blackguard 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

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 hath always loved a domestic 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 500 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 Aimsbury write domestic 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 like to be in the family. Her Grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Aimsbury. 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 amongst 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.



L E T T E R L I X.

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 performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint. I
found

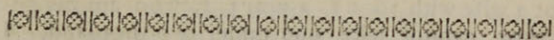
found a moral first, and studied for a fable; but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was, to represent what scoundrels rise in armies by a long war; wherein I supposed the lion was engaged, and having lost all his animals of worth, at last Sergeant Hog came to be a Brigadier, and Corporal Als 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 these circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was, to pass a month at Aimsbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dāwley, 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 no. 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 Duchefs have mended you. Your colic 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 Duchefs be a *reveuse*, I will never come to Aimsbury ; 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 Aimsbury ; 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

your connivance, she hath 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 Aimsbury, and breeding confusion in your Grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life hath 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 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.



L E T T E R L X.

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 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 hogshheads 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,

diverting, and usefully fatirical, and the Duchess shall be your critic; and, betwixt 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 300 l. a-year: and that must be made up out of the Duchess's pin money, before I can consent. I want to be minister of Aimsbury, 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. D—y has got a wife with 1600 l. 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 Aimsbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct their 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 Aimsbury can play at backgammon. Pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

To the Duchess.

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 determined 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 would say to you, (though comparisons be odious) what I said to the —, 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 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 altho' 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 reconciliation 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 Aimsbury, 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 cloaths 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 your's. 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 Duchesse, though I have been of others who are, &c.; and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postillions; and when I come to Aimsbury, 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.

LET.



L E T T E R L X I.

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 hath an estate or employment.—I cannot tell, that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present ministry, 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 politic 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 further. 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 post-officers, 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, besides 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 freeman. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and 'squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

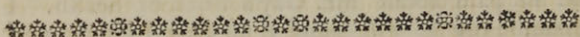
MADAM,

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 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; that you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle;

cradle ; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection ; which is further confirmed by your ill taste for wit, in preferring two old fashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in such an old fashioned 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 intreat your Grace will order him to move his chops less and his legs more the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic 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 Aimsbury, 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 no body 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, 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 me 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

arrane

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.



L E T T E R LXII.

To Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 12. 1732.

I Doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits hath a most unhappy effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have written since I left you, (either verse or prose), I can only say, that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt; but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural; and when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times, *Non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon; they consist of little accidental things writ in the country; family amusements never intended further than to divert ourselves and some neighbours; or some effects of anger on public grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago,

to write a weekly paper, and called it an *Intelligencer*: but it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here * could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one half-penny; and so it dropt. In the volume you saw, (to answer your questions), the 1st, 3d, 5th, and 7th, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated); the 9th mine; the 10th only the verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines. The 15th is a pamphlet of mine, printed before with Dr. S—'s preface, merely for laziness not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly usefess and unentertaining †. As to other things of mine since I left you; there are, in prose, a view of the state of Ireland; a project for eating children; and a defence of Lord Carteret: in verse, a libel on Dr. D— and Lord Carteret; a letter to Dr. D— on the libels writ against him; the barrack, (a stolen copy); the lady's journal; the lady's dressing-room, (a stolen copy); the place of the damned ‡, (a stolen copy). All these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you, that the tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England). Besides these, there are five or six (perhaps more) papers of verses writ in the north; but perfect family-things, two

* John Harding.

† See vol. 4. p. 280. note on the *Intelligencer*, No. 1.

‡ See vol. 8. p. 193.

or three of which may be tolerable; the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the scheme of paying debts by a tax on vices, is not one syllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance. He told me it was built on a passage in Gulliver, where a projector hath something upon the same thought. This young man is the most hopeful we have: a book of his poems was printed in London; Dr. D—— is one of his patrons: he is married, and has children, and makes up about 100 l. a-year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction and in proper time to die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained; and I profess I grow gradually so dry, that a rhyme with me is almost as hard to find as a guinea; and even prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almost finished. It will make a four-shilling volume; and is such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess*. Nay, I have another † of the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr. ——, who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider, that both

* Polite conversation, vol. 9. p. 90.

† Directions to servants, vol. 9. p. 176.

wit and beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her; and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me; and I believe the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their play-fellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain; and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends: yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love so long before you and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.



L E T T E R LXIII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT *.

Dec. 5. 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters, (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears). It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay.

* "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death. Received December 15 but not read till the 20th, by an impulse, foreboding some misfortune." [This note is indorsed on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand]. *Pope.*

An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensberry's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance, on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

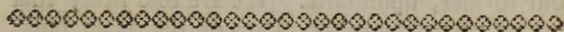
P. S.

P. S. By Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholly occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels. It was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness; being, with great affection and respect, Sir,

Your, &c.



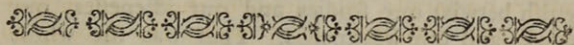
L E T T E R LXIV.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I Received yours, with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay; upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support: but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his

death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion: which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left; and I wish, that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your poem on the use of riches hath been just printed here; and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes; which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk, to be inscribed to other friends; one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on.—Dr Delany presents you his most humble service. He behaves himself very commendably; converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table; walks the streets, as usual, by day-light; does many acts of charity and generosity; cultivates a country-house two miles distant: and is one of those very few, within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And, particularly, he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill-condition of his estate, by the knavery of an agent. He is a most worthy gentleman, whom, I hope you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P——; which I desire may continue

nue no longer than he shall deserve by his modesty; a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensberry, I desire you will present her my most humble service. I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me; and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.



L E T T E R LXV.

Feb. 16. 1732-3.

IT is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensberry will set up at Westminster. As to his writings he left no will, nor spoke a word of them, or any thing else, during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The Duke has acted

acted more than the part of a brother to him; and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouse the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some fables he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is. I am preparing also for my own; and have nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world, that men of wit, or even poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort. And indeed when such unguarded and trifling *jeux d'esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be denied, is, to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public, (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of miscellanies), to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idleness, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last volume of miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That these volumes contained all that we have ever offended in that way," would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the libel on Dr. D——, and the best panegyric on myself, that either my own times, or any other, could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you observe, was printed in great haste; the cause whereof was, that the booksellers here were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff: I don't mean
that

that any thing of yours is chaff, but with the other wit of Ireland, which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my epistle to Lord Bathurst, even before it was published; and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace*, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter: yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person. But you will see pretty soon, that the letter to Lord Bathurst is a part of it; and you will find a plain connection between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were published in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who show their best silks last; or (to give you a truer idea, though it sounds too proudly) my works will in one respect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and understood, when considered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often those parts which attract most at first sight, will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable †.

I am pleased and flattered by your expression of

* Sat. I. lib. ii. vol. 4. of Warburton's edition of Pope's works.

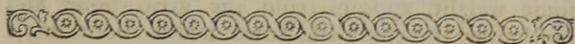
† See Warburton's first note on the epistle to Lord Cobham, "Of the knowledge and characters of men," vol. 3. of his edition of Pope's works.

Orna me. The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be loved or adorned. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension, from their extraordinary passion for poetry, and their boundless hospitality, of being adorned to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My mother lives, (which is an answer to that point), and I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and sensible to me, though scarce to any thing else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you preferred to see France first, to which country, I think, you would have a strong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber. He is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you. He has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him, inclosed in the common way, as I do to you. Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and, for my part, I would give them free leave to send all I write to Curl, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way estimable. My Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natured Nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter through my hands.

It is not to be told how much he wishes for you. The whole list of persons to whom you sent your services, return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction.—Your lady-friend is *semper eadem*; and I have written an epistle to her on that qualification, in a female character; which is thought by my chief critic, in your absence, to be my *chef d'œuvre*. But it cannot be printed perfectly in an age so fore of satire, and so willing to misapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight fever, (the complaint here); but recovered by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left succeeds very well. It is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!



L E T T E R L X V I .

April 2. 1733.

YOU say truly, that death is only terrible to us, as it separates us from those we love; but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more, I fancy, in the loss of Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and cheerfully. Whether that e-

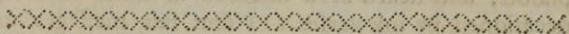
ver can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know, it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever *is, is right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands; and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am sorry you gave a copy; for it will certainly by that means come into print; and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me, and that I shall like as well. Upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither; for this reason, among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine, to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose character is thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the court and town make about any I give: and I will not render them less important, or less interesting, by sparing vice and folly, or by betraying the cause of truth and virtue. I will take care they shall be such as no man can be angry at, but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the royal family, at the same time that I satirized false courtiers, and spies, &c. about them. I have not the courage, however, to be such a satirist as you; but I would be as much, or more, a philosopher. You call your satires libels; I would rather call my satires epistles. They will consist more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my antagonists to be witty, if they can, and content myself to be useful and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady ——'s or Lord **'s performance. They are certainly the top wits of the court; and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against

gainst me; for it was laboured, corrected, pre-commended, and post-disapproved, so far as to be disowned by themselves, after each had highly cried it up, for the others*. I have met with some complaints, and heard at a distance of some threats, occasioned by my verses. I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them; and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you.—I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that poem†, in which I am immortal for my morality. I never took any praise so kindly; and yet, I think, I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my epistles, in the order of the system; and this week (*exercitandi gratia*) I have translated (or rather parodied) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expences, house-keeping, &c. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will sit till midsummer; which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn. You used to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I see not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor in dependence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor lady for her unhappiness; and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at court call happiness. Come then, and we may go all together into France, at the end of the season, and compare the liberties of both king-

* See Pope's epistle written on this occasion, at the end of the 2d volume of his letters, the 8th volume in Warburton's edition.

† The ironical libel on Dr. Delany, vol. 8. p. 125.

doms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thousand warm wishes, mixed with short sighs,) ever yours.



L E T T E R L X V I I .

To Mr. POPE.

Dublin, May 1. 1733.

I Answer your letter the sooner, because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, "The life and character of Dr. S. written by himself." It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault; and the dedication, after a formal story, says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the same maxim in Rouchefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impostor says in his dedication, with many circumstances, all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's *Æneis*; for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And altho' I shewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart here and there, and repeated them often: yet it happens, that not one single line, or thought, is contained in this imposture, although it appears, that they who counterfeited me had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one; which indeed

deed is not proper to be seen, till I can be seen no more. I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends; and I will order an advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that every body may know the delusion, and acquit me; as, I am sure, you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it; which is mean and trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise. I would sink to be a vicar in Norfolk, rather than be charged with such a performance *. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder, more or less, is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm, that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I lived amongst you; because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill nature, in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that, of all men living, you are the most happy in your enemies and your friends. And I will swear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore *facit indignatio versus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villainy, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness; only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? Give me a shilling, and I will insure you, that posterity shall

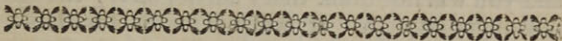
* See vol. 7. p. 114.

never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged, than see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves; those which ought not to be seen, burned immediately; and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately like *opuscula*, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be engraved; and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to no body else; and he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recal. I have a short epigram of his upon it; wherein I would correct a line or two at most, and then I will send it to you (with his permission). I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *Striking their aching*; the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the Duchess, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe critic on you and your neighbour; but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600 l. for a wall to keep mine; and I never ride without two servants, for fear of accidents. *Hic vivimus ambitiosa paupertate*. You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find grass, and wine, and servants; but with him not ——— The collection you speak of is this. A printer came to me, to desire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes,

volumes, by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London. I answered, they could, if the partners agreed. He said, "he would be glad of my permission; but as he could print them without it, and was advised that it could do me no harm, and having been assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest," &c. Much of this discourse passed; and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent: and I wish it could be done in England rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Que virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest earnestness and truth.



L E T T E R LXVIII.

May 28. 1733.

I Have begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of virtue. All other praise, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough, and experienced enough, to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestow-

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ed by virtue for virtue. My poetry I abandon to the critics, my morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me; and therefore I was more pleased with your libel, than with any verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surpris'd to receive from the printer that spurious piece, called "The life and character of Dr. Swift," with a letter, telling me, the person "who published it, had assured him, the dedication to me was that I would not take ill, or else he would not have printed it." I can't tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; though, had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeas'd at the publisher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

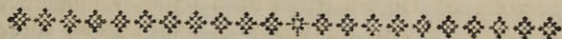
I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough. It will not want for satire; but as for anger, I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the Apostle speaks, "Be ye angry, and sin not."

My neighbour's * writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable history of Europe in these latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of en-

* Lord Bolingbroke.

joying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has caused so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.



L E T T E R LXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

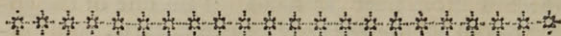
Dublin, July 8. 1733.

I Must condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full*. But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me; and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation pressed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find, that you have given some credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hospitality. It is

* Mrs. Pope died June 7. 1733, aged 93.

true. our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them. I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a-month. Those who are in employments of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen; those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year. Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening: where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues; but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two ends of the town, are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good-humour, and taste, able and desirous to please you; and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare, my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture amongst you at present, I hate the thoughts of London; where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniencies in the country for
three

three horses and two servants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town; who dare not insult me, like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way: nor is there one lord or squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and six. Thus I make some advantage of the public poverty; and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I chuse to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then I walk the streets in peace without being jostled, nor ever without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Archbishop of Dublin; only the latter, like the King of France, sometimes attempts incroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorraine. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you, with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B— and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet, at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.



L E T T E R LXX.

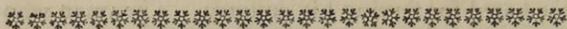
Sept. 1. 1733.

I Have every day wished to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet, I think, I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost or disrelished. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: but all these are to no purpose; the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed either way. Let your hungry poets, and your rhyming poets digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused, and half-starved, than to be so over-praised and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you. I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming

ing you. You are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your character, and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you : yet he was a very impertinent fellow for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject : for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them ; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness ; nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year. It is no affectation to tell you, my mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free ; but I am dejected, I am confined : my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I ; as little for any nation, in contradiction to others, as I : and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people, who are (at last) like the primitive Christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see, when *every mortal that I esteem, is of the same sentiment in politics and in religion.*

Adieu. All you love are yours ; but all are busy, except (dear Sir) your sincere friend.



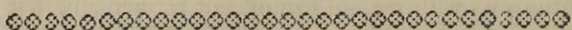
L E T T E R LXXI.

Jan. 6. 1734.

I Never think of you, and can never write to you now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked. The reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by absence, checks me to that degree, that it takes away in a manner, the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine. But one, I am sure, is yours; and your method of concealing yourself, puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You'll have immediately by several franks (even before it is here published) my epistle to Lord Cobham, part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last Essay on Man; both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookseller, on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter. I writ a sort of answer; but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after shewing it to some people, suppressed it: otherwise it was such as was worthy of him, and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow; who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be sure almost all those whom
I ever

I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that B—— paid you no sort of civility, while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a true wit; and too much half-honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him: he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. The strict neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men, as slander and belye my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are enemies to all men, as well as to me.—Pray write to me when you can. If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this simple world, where nothing is valuable but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir; may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am just now told, a very curious lady intends to write to you, to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.



L E T T E R LXXII.

Sept. 15. 1734.

I Have ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship : and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it ; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left, whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do ; since most accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you ; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it ? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely ; and yet, when I have done so, you seem, by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain, from some prudential reason. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other, (though our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office) would hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to

intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name ; and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is generally on such little scraps that wiflings feed : and 'tis hard the world should judge of our house-keeping, from what we fling to our dogs ; yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the epistle to a lady. It was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your life and character before, which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more : The same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose as yours, and as commissioned by you, which has since appeared, and been owned to be his own, I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England : but no secret can cross your Irish sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect. I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not ; and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gaities of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either ; but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you, where you will find

frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wished it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dressed, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you: do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. It is just what my Lord B. is doing with metaphysics. I hope you will live to see, and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you, (for this is not writing). If you like I should do so, why not tell me so; if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a-week most gladly: but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really, and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who has just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true, I have writ six letters and an half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and an half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable

considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends, have seen them, *fatis magnum theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more public*. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind. But I imagine, that if your can like any such, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale, et me ama.*



L E T T E R LXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

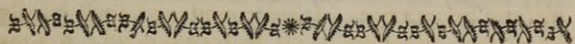
Nov. 1. 1734.

I Have yours with my Lord B——'s postscript, of September 15. It was long on its way; and for some weeks after the date, I was very ill with my two inverare disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk; both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship:

* As Lord B. (let. 49.) tells us, they shew that all our metaphysical theology is ridiculous and abominable.

but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me, how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord B. says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer-season; and when the winter recals you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your speculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind, that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children, or schoolboys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man; although I am convinced, that I shall never be able to finish three treatises that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. said in his postscript, that you would go to Bath in three days. We since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well; and so did some others, whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart, that you are pestered with people who come in my name; and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend; for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below, or beside yourself, on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in
that

that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— said to me on that occasion, how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that on the first reading those essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: on the second most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased; on the third he had no doubt remaining; and then he admired the whole. My Lord Bolingbroke's attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present; and so I shall while I live. It saves your money and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise, between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickens of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.



L E T T E R LXXIV.

Twickenham, Dec. 19. 1734.

I AM truly sorry for any complaint you have; and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes, that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think, (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good understanding) that the thing which

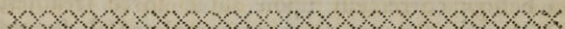
which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are steps a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory; and, if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we passed together dwells always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled, by very easy journeys, this year, to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborow, who, upon every occasion, commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place; not studious, nor idle, rather polishing old works, than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandoned several years; and of this sort you'll soon see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written; and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company; and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disordered, and so continued in bed for five days; and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, shall reunite us. But he who made us, not for ours, but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should

should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure, that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you. You are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country. Though we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much; but it is as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspire you to bestow correction upon those three treatises, which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago of my wit. My system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits; and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity: but where one is confined to truth, (or, to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth), we soon find the shortness of our tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphysical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us. But this does not satisfy me; who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed. He is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my essay) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the universe; this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the court, to the castle, and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and to our own persons. When you write either to him or to me, (for we accept it all as one), re-
buke

buke him for it; as a divine, if you like it; or as a badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will shew that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him; and every body that comes from Ireland, pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so; and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.



L E T T E R LXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

May 12. 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford, who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion, by the villainy of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had. Nor am I unconcerned, to see all things tending towards absolute power in both nations *, (it is here in perfection already), although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public, and personal to myself, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor † hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a

* The Dean was frequently troubled, he tells us, with a giddiness in his head. *Warb.*

† Arbuthnot. He died Feb. 27. 1734-5.

great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To shew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health. But in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son (Osory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you, my absent friend, for the best present friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called, "A dissertation upon parties." I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers. I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the Bishop of Marseilles*. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) parsons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

* Who continued there with his flock all the time a dreadful pestilence desolated that city, in 1720. He sold all his plate, &c. for the relief of the poor.



L E T T E R LXXVI.

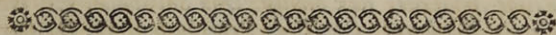
From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 3. 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, "I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done?" You have given no offence to the ministry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that hath so long passed between us, although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or satire, but mere innocent friendship. Yet I am loath that any letters from you, and a very few other friends, should die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand, to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in

in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height, I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend, *Orna me*. A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq; They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life; yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me; and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle*. He is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us; but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character. I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain; which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind.—“ Shall I not visit for these things? ” “ faith the Lord.” You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world. But oppression tortures me; and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues. Adieu.



L E T T E R LXXVII.

TO answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius, he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He

* Bishop of Derry.

will be an honour to the bishops, and a disgrace to one bishop; two things you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation. He will be a friend to human race wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life. I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon. No body can be more wasted, no soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation of being cut into the bladder, for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

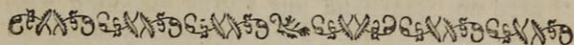
Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another string lost, that would have helped to draw you hither! He ordered, on his deathbed, his watch to be given me, (that which had accompanied him in all his travels), with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and *insignia* are graved on the inner case. On the outer I have put this inscription, *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliae. Dux Sabaudiae, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit, 1735.*

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects * which most want our compassion, though generally made

* Idiots.

the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very cheerful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you; and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.



L E T T E R LXXVIII.

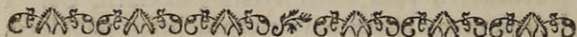
From Dr. SWIFT.

OCT. 21. 1735.

I Answered your letter relating to Curll, &c. I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I writ nothing but nature and friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observed, that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny, writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing; but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting. Now I must tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves. It pleaseth me to find that you begin to dislike things, in spite of your philosophy. Your muse cannot forbear her hints to
that

that purpose. I cannot travel to see you, otherwise I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country, with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a-day; yet is my health so uncertain, that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night. My best way would be to marry; for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord —? Methinks I am inquiring after a tulip of last year. — “You need not apprehend any Curlls meddling with your letters to me. I will not destroy them, but have ordered my executors to do that office.” I have a thousand things more to say; *longævitæ est garrula*; but I must remember I have other letters to write, if I have time, which I spend to tell you so. I am ever, dearest Sir,

Yours, &c.



L E T T E R LXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 9. 1735-6.

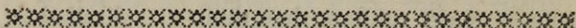
I Cannot properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name; such a havock have time, death, exile, and oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifferance in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-fer-

vants

vants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity, that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscall their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends; from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast, that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any Lord, temporal or spiritual, in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated *Singula de nobis anni, &c.* You have put them in a strong and admirable light: but, however, I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity; and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before; by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarried.—I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving: for youth is the season of virtue; corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue, when they leave you, and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future

ture ministers, and future kings. — As to the new Lord Lieutenant *, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.



L E T T E R LXXX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 7. 1735-6.

IT is some time since I dined at the Bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since; only I have continued in great pain of mind; yet for my own sake and the world's, more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life, both as a philosopher and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annualrents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickel was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

* The Duke of Devonshire.

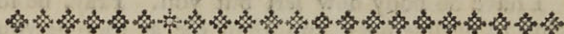
I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his Lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning, and conversation and humanity; but he is beloved by all people.

I have no body now left but you. Pray, be so kind to outlive me; and then die as soon as you please, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own: I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen of years ago, have now forsaken me; although I am not so old in proportion to them as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetic; for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour. Give me also some account of your neighbour* who writ to me from Bath. I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against

* Lord Bolingbroke.

the maxim of all wise Christian governments †, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewell my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.



L E T T E R LXXXI.

March 25. 1736.

IF ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four epistles, which naturally follow the essay on man, *viz.* 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason and science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful, and therefore unattainable arts. 3. Of the nature, ends, application, and use, of different capacities. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished. I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps

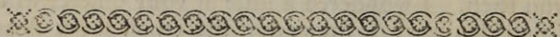
† The author of the Dissertation on Parties appears to be of the same opinion. *Warb.*

will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our heaven of a court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the relics of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead: for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatched yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheselden was? It shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole profession of chirurgery; and has saved the lives of thousands, by his manner of cutting for the stone.—I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord B.'s, since he went to France. Nothing can depress his genius: whatever befalls him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you; for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants. I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home; the kind and hearty housewife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone!

yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have good melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worse poet, than when you saw me: but gardening is near a-kin to philosophy; for Tully says, *Agricultura proxima sapientiæ*. For God's sake, why should not you, (that are a step higher than a philosopher, a divine, yet have too much grace and wit to be a bishop), e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done every thing else), so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordēs* be our motto and our epitaph.



L E T T E R LXXXII.

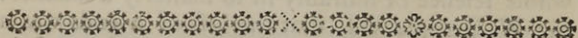
From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22. 1736.

MY common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my deafness: and indeed it is that only which discourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest gout, I could catch an interval to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. “As to what you say of your letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal.”

“ disposal. Those things are all tied up, indorsed,
“ and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one ser-
“ vant who can properly be said to write or read.
“ No mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely
“ have them when I am no more.” I have a little
repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your
epistles, not from any other ambition than the title
of a friend; and in that sense I expect you shall
perform your promise, if your health, and leisure,
and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on
the side of poetry; I could reason against you a
little from experience: you are, and will be some
years to come, at the age when invention still keeps
its ground, and judgement is at full maturity; but
your subjects are much more difficult when confin-
ed to verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the
whole science of morality in so masterly a manner.
Sir W. Temple said, that the loss of friends was a
tax upon long life. It need not be very long, since
you have had so great a share, but I have not above
one left: and in this country I have only a few ge-
neral companions of good nature and middling un-
derstandings. How should I know Chelfelden? On
your side men of fame start up and die, before we
here (at least I) know any thing of the matter. I
am a little comforted with what you say of Lord
B.’s genius still keeping up, and preparing to ap-
pear by effects worthy of the author, and useful to
the world. — Common reports have made me
very uneasy about your neighbour Mr. P. It is af-
firmed, that he hath been very near death. I love
him for being a patriot in the most corrupted times,
and highly esteem his excellent understanding. No-
thing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I
have above described them, and which are absolute
disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from
waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you
to Paris. In short, my ailments amount to a pro-
hibition; although I am, as you describe yourself,
what

what *I must call well*, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and no body pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young dunces and Atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a king's seven millions of guineas would not support me.



L E T T E R LXXXIII.

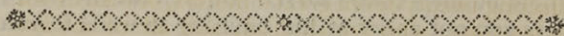
Aug. 17. 1736.

I Find, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative, but less writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love. And I grow laconic even beyond laconicisms; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionary or petitionary epistles of half a yard long. You and Bolinbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next; others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them.

them, as luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals blind and dull: and you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B: because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him, I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to —. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fountainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is, twice or thrice a-year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decayed: for believe me, great geniuses must and do esteem one other, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds. A genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the house of Lords writ commendatory verses upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my works, the universities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince, crowned me with laurel. You are a very ignorant man, you don't know the figure his name and your's will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo*. I will not quarrel with the present age; it has done
enough

enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you will both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of princes and ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than, I fear, you possess; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present; tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.



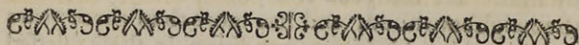
L E T T E R LXXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 2. 1736.

I Think you owe me a letter; but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious and continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride; the first I can do tolerably, but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding; because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations, by my station and the impertinence of people, to

know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last. Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis aeti si puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales. — My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. — I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more epistles of morality; and, I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subject of such epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although in so profligate a world as ours, they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.



L E T T E R LXXXV.

To Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 30. 1736.

YOur very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear any thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends.

Though

Though others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me. And indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what (it is a thousand to one) he complains with us: for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my pity: but if you ever live to have less, you shall not have less of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birthday. I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birthday uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem for your sense, virtue, and charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that reflection struck me, you will see from the motto I have prefixed to my book of letters, which so much against my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

*Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias!*

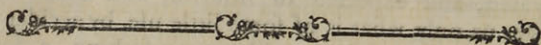
I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance, innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must

must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. “ But I have much reason to fear, those which you “ have too partially kept in your hands, will get “ out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our “ mortality : and the more reason to fear it, since “ this last month Curl has obtained from Ireland “ two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one “ of mine to you, which we wrote in the year “ 1723), and he has printed them, to the best of “ my memory, rightly, except one passage concern- “ ing Dawley, which must have been since insert- “ ed, since my Lord had not that place at that “ time. Your answer to that letter he has not got ; “ it has never been out of my custody ; for whate- “ ver is lent is lost, (wit as well as money), to “ these needy poetical readers.”

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a settled and principled philosopher, thanking Fortune for the tranquillity he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me, if I have got any supply of new friends to make up for those that are gone ? I think that impossible ; for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone, by the mere flux and course of years, that, were the same friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room * ; so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal ; and instead of leaving us what we cul-

* There are some strokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwise, than by the author's extreme compassion and tenderness of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peevish old man, (labouring and impatient under his infirmities), and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them. *Warb.*

tivated, and expected to flourish, and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance acquaintance, of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in parliament; and you will own, in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you, it is by their asserting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me, by their love of the same studies, and the same authors. But I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened, and blunt to new impressions; it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now than those I see daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects, but that we can yet correspond together. I don't know whether it is not more vexatious to know we are both in one world, without any farther intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much. Let me drop into common things. — Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindness. Mrs. B. sighs more for you than for the loss of youth. She says she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing. — Adieu.



L E T T E R LXXXVI.

March 23. 1736-7.

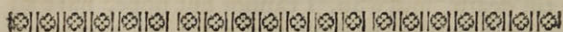
THough you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task: for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed; they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me. They have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants; and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life; and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse; though I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence; the physicians having told me, the weakness of my breast, &c. is such, as a sea-sickness might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country*,

country *, there remain a few more who will last so till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power, to draw you back to a country which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him at whose soul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publish them with all their imperfections on their head; so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on; and bring with you your old housekeeper, and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of monument, what friends two wits could be, in spite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

* The Dean was born in Ireland. This I mention, because the sentence may be understood in a double sense. *Dub. Edit.*



L E T T E R LXXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31. 1737.

IT is true, I owe you some letters; but it has pleased God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may ly under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability; for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together. This deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham: for deafness being not a frequent disorder, hath no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come, like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which, by your way of reckoning, I must always be; for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your epistles. I am often wondering, how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of morality, even in the poetical way; and should have wondered more, if nature and education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy. “All the letters I can find of your’s, I have fastened in a

“ folio cover, and the rest in bundles indorsed ;
 “ but, by reading their dates, I find a chasm of
 “ six years, of which I can find no copies ; and
 “ yet I keep them with all possible care. But I
 “ have been forced, on three or four occasions,
 “ to send all my papers to some friends ; yet those
 “ papers were all sent sealed in bundles to some
 “ faithful friends ; however, what I have are not
 “ much above sixty.” I found nothing in any
 one of them to be left out. None of them have
 any thing to do with party, of which you are the
 clearest of all men by your religion, and the whole
 tenor of your life ; while I am raging every mo-
 ment against the corruption of both kingdoms,
 especially of this ; such is my weakness.

I have read your epistle of Horace to Augustus.
 It was sent me in the English edition, as soon as it
 could come. They are printing it in a small octa-
 vo. The curious are looking out, some for flat-
 tery, some for ironies in it. The four folks
 think they have found out some : but your ad-
 mirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to
 be certain, that the profession of friendship to me
 in the same poem will not suffer you to be thought
 a flatterer. My happiness is, that you are too far
 engaged ; and in spite of you, the ages to come
 will celebrate me, and know you were a friend
 who loved and esteemed me, although I died the
 object of court and party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr. Glover who writ the ethic
 poem, called *Leonidas*, which is reprinting here,
 and hath great vogue ! We have frequently good
 poems of late from London. I have just read one
 upon conversation, and two or three others. But
 the croud do not incumber you, who, like the o-
 rator or preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above
 the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more ; and this is my third
 endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper. I

am, my dearest friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

J. SWIFT.



L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23. 1737.

I Sent a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery inclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer; but it will be time enough when his Lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days; and then he will take with him "all the letters I preserved of your's, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but the dates are more early than my two last journies to England; which makes me imagine, that in one of those journies I carried over another cargo," But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorders of deafness and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which, I am told, are to be printed here. Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom, and the savage old Irish, (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom): but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard,

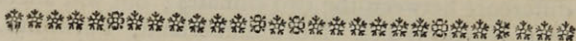
hard, that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them, that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here, who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days, on purpose to complain of those passages in your letters. He will not allow such a difference between the two climates; but will assert that North-Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other northern shires, have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the best system that ever was wrote for the conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their follies and vices. It is some recommendation of this kingdom, and of the taste of the people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for slavery, corruption, Atheism, and such trifles, do it freely; but include England, only with an addition of every other vice.—I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English, by those scriblers who send us over their trash in prose and verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms.—I am now daily expecting an end of life. I have lost all spirit, and every scrap of health. I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent; and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery see you often: next to yourself, I love no man so well;

and tell him what I say, if he visits you. I have now done ; for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long, for a pattern of piety and virtue.

Farewell, my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, &c.



L E T T E R LXXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Aug. 8. 1738.

My dear friend,

I Have yours of July 25.; and first, I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, incapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion, (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post-office of both kingdoms ; which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner, before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem. I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal genius you describe, whose handwriting I know towards the end of your letter, hath made me both proud and happy ; but by what he writes,

writes, I fear he will be too soon gone to his forest abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my patron, and then descended to be my friend.

It is a great favour of heaven that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles. I therefore reject your compliments on that score: and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second dialogue that you lately sent me, to equal almost any thing you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which, I presume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's; (I mean the Court exclusive.)

“ I can faithfully assure you, that every letter
 “ you have favoured me with, these twenty years
 “ and more, are sealed up in bundles, and deliver-
 “ ed to Mrs. W——, a very worthy, rational, and
 “ judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation
 “ whose visits I can suffer. All these letters she is
 “ directed to send safely to you, upon my de-
 “ cease.”

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her estate in the north. She is a person of very good understanding, as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my Lord B.'s letter, in the last page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your Lordship, than to all the world besides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great minister of state: and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history,
 and

and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*. If not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here, in a postscript, correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I shewed my cousin the above letter; and she assures me that a great collection of ^{your} _{my} * letters to me, are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand †.

I am, my most dear and honoured friend, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

It is now *Aug. 24. 1738.*

LET-

* It is written just thus in the original. The book that is now printed, seems to be part of the collection here spoken of; as it contains not only the letters of Mr. Pope, but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were returned him after Mr. Gay's death: though any mention made by Mr. Pope of the return or exchange of letters, has been industriously suppressed in the publication, and only appears by some of the answers. *Dub. edit.*

† The Earl of ORRERY to Mr. POPE.

SIR,
I Am more and more convinced, that your letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a *safe hand* in Ireland, is beyond my power of guessing, though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of those letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpose; and I fear, whoever has them is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. “Mrs. W—— did assure me, she had not one of them; and seemed to be under great uneasiness, that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me she had stopped the Dean’s letter which gave you that information; but believed he would write such another: and therefore desired me to assure you from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were.”

You



L E T T E R X C. *

Dr. SWIFT to his uncle WILLIAM SWIFT †.

SIR,

Moore Park, Nov. 29. 1692.

MY sifter told me, you was pleased (when she was here) to wonder, I did so seldom write to you, I been so kind, to impute it neither

You may make what use you please, either to the Dean, or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean says they are delivered into a safe hand, and Mrs. W—— * declares she has them not. The consequence of their being hereafter published, may give uneasiness to some of your friends, and of course to you: so I would do all in my power to make you entirely easy in that point."

This is the first time I have put pen to paper since my late misfortune; and I should say, as an excuse for this letter, that it has cost me some pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to assure you, that I am,

Dear Sir,

With the truest esteem,

Marston, Oct. 4.
1738.Your very faithful and obedient servant,
O'BERRY,

* This lady since gave Mr. Pope the strongest assurances, that she had used her utmost endeavours to prevent the publication; nay, went so far as to secrete the book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin printer. Whereupon her son-in-law, Dr. Swift, Esq; insisted upon writing a preface, to justify Mr. Pope from having any knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the truth of the fact. Pope.

* This and the three following letters are taken from Mr. Deane Swift's Essay on the life, writings, &c. of Dr. Swift.

† This letter is torn and imperfect in several places.—This epistolary fragment is so far curious, as it gives us a specimen of Swift's manner of writing and thinking, at that early period of his life.—You do not see in this letter the least symptoms of that peculiar turn of phrase which afterwards appeared in all his writings, even in his most trifling letters. Neither his learning nor his genius were yet arrived

neither to ill mann respect. I always
 thought that sufficient from one,
 who has always been but too troublesome to you.
 Besides, I know your aversion to impertinence, and
 God knows so very private a life as mine can fur-
 nish a letter with little else: for I often am two or
 three months without seeing any body besides the
 family; and now my sister is gone, I am likely to
 be more solitary than before. I am still to thank
 you for your care in my *testimonium*; and it was
 to very good purpose, for I never was more satis-
 fied than in the behaviour of the university of Ox-
 ford to me. I had all the civilities I could wish for,
 and so many favours, that I am a-
 shamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks
 to strangers, than ever I was in seven years to Dub-
 lin college. I am not to take orders till the King
 gives me a prebendary †: and Sir William Temple,
 though he promises me the certainty of it, yet is
 less forward than I could wish ||; because, I sup-
 pose, he believes I shall leave him*; and upon
 some accounts he thinks me a little necessary to
 him †

If I were
 entertainment, or doing you any sa-
 tisfaction by my letters, I should be very glad to
 perform it that way, as I am bound to do it by all
 others. I am sorry my fortune should sling me so
 far from the best of my relations, but hope that I
 shall have the happiness to see you some time or

rived to any degree of ripeness. Or perhaps the letter was rather the
 effect of duty than inclination; and in that case the style of it must
 be illaborate, and void of all freedom and vivacity. *Orrery.*

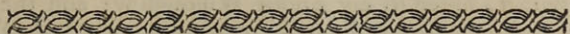
† It may be observed from this passage, that he does not speak of
 going into the church as a point of news to his uncle. *Swift.*

|| Here are the grounds of a quarrel which happened between him
 and Sir William Temple in the year 1694. *Swift.*

* Which at last was the cause of a good deal of anger in Sir Wil-
 liam Temple. *Swift.*

† Because at that time he was employed in the revival of Sir Wil-
 liam Temple's works. *Swift.*

other. Pray my humble service to my good aunt, and the rest of my relations, if you please.



L E T T E R XCI.

Dr. SWIFT to his Cousin DEANE SWIFT at Lisbon †.

Liecester, June 3. 1694.

I Received your kind letter to-day from your sister; and am very glad to find you will spare time from business, so far as to write a long letter to one you have none at all with but friendship; which, as the world passes, is perhaps one of the idlest things in it. 'Tis a pleasure to me to see you fall out of your road, and take notice of curiosities, of which I am very glad to have part; and desire you to set by some idle minutes for a commerce which shall ever be dear to me; and from so good an observer as you may easily be, cannot fail of being useful. I am sorry to see so much superstition in a country so given to trade. I half used to think those two to be incompatible. Not that I utterly dislike your processions for rain or fair weather; which, as trifling as they are, yet have good effects to quiet common heads, and infuse a gaping devotion among the rabble. But your burning the old woman, unless she were a Duegna, I shall never be reconciled to; though it is easily observed, that nations which have most gallantry to the young, are ever the severest upon the old. I have not leisure to descant further upon your

† If this letter be considered as an epistle from a young man a little above six and twenty years old, to an intimate friend and relation, who was at that time but just turned of twenty, I hope it will not appear in a very mean or contemptible light, *Swift.*

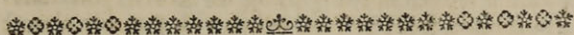
pleasing letter, nor any thing to return you from so barren a scene as this, which I shall leave in four days towards my journey for Ireland. I had designed a letter to my cousin Willoughby; and the last favour he has done me requires a great deal of acknowledgement: but the thoughts of my sending so many before, has made me believe it better to trust you with delivering my best thanks to him; and that you will endeavour to persuade him, how extreme sensible of his goodness and generosity I am. I wish and shall pray, he may be as happy as he deserves, and he cannot be more. My mother desires her best love to him and to you, with both our services to my cousin his wife.

I forgot to tell you I left Sir William Temple a month ago, just as I foretold it to you: and every thing happened thereupon exactly as I guessed. He was extreme angry I left him; and yet would not oblige himself any further than upon my good behaviour, nor would promise any thing firmly to me at all: so that every body judged I did best to leave him. I design to be ordained September next, and make what endeavours I can for something in the church. I wish it may ever lie in my cousin's way or yours to have interest to bring me in chaplain of the factory.

If any thing offers from Dublin that may serve either to satisfy or divert you, I will not fail of contributing, and giving you constant intelligence from thence, of whatever you shall desire.

I am, &c.

LET-



L E T T E R X C I I .

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of OXFORD *.

My LORD,

July 1. 1714.

WHEN I was with you, I have said more than once, that I would never allow quality or station made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten, I have changed my mind. You have a thousand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater, because I always loved you just so much the worse for your station. For in your public capacity you have often angered me to the heart, but as a private man never once. So that if I only look towards myself, I could wish you a private man tomorrow. For I have nothing to ask, at least nothing that you will give, which is the same thing. And then you would see whether I should not with much more willingness attend you in a retirement, whenever you pleased to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windsor. From these sentiments I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwise than as to a private person, nor allow myself to have been obliged by you in any other capacity.

The memory of one great instance of your can-

* This letter was written from Berkshire, after the Doctor had wholly quitted the ministry, upon finding it impossible to reconcile the misunderstandings between the Lord Treasurer and the Secretary.
Swift.

dor and justice I will carry to my grave ; that having been in a manner domestic with you for almost four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy to make you think ill of me, though malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, posterity shall know that and more ; which though you and some body that shall be nameless, seem to value less than I could wish, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to say how I would desire to stand in your memory ? As one who was truly sensible of the honour you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it : as one who was neither assuming, officious, nor teasing ; who never wilfully misrepresented persons or facts to you, nor consulted his passions when he gave a character : and, lastly, as one whose indiscretions proceeded altogether from a weak head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is the highest compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have said enough, and like one at your levee, having made my bow, I shrink back into the croud. I am, my Lord, &c.



L E T T E R X C I I I .

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of OXFORD.

My LORD,

Dublin, June 14. 1737.

I Had the honour of a letter from your Lordship, dated April 7, which I was not prepar'd to answer until this time. Your Lordship must needs have known, that the history you mention of the four last years of the Queen's reign was written at
 Windsor,

Windsor, just upon finishing the peace *; at which time your father and my Lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding with each other, that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanery, (after the peace was made), I could not stay here above a fortnight, being recalled by an hundred letters to hasten back, and to use my endeavours in reconciling those ministers. I left them the history you mention, which I had finished at Windsor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldness increased; I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able; I contrived to bring them to my Lord Masham's at St. James's; my Lord and Lady Masham left us together; I expostulated with them both, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor next day with my Lord Treasurer; I pretended business that prevented me; and so I sent them to Windsor next day, which was Saturday, expecting they would come to some * * * * * †. But I followed them to Windsor; where my Lord Bolingbroke told me, that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate. They grew more estranged every day. My Lord Treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May, before the Queen died, I had my last meeting with them at my Lord Masham's. He left us together, and therefore I spoke very freely to them both, and told them I would retire, for I found all was gone. Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, I was in the right.

* The Doctor means only the first draught of that history: for it is certain, that, after the Queen's death, he spent a good deal of his time in improving and correcting it to his own taste and liking; and particularly we find in a letter of the Dean's to Pope, dated Jan. 10. 1721, [vol. 9. p. 286.] that he still employed some part of his leisure in digesting it into order. *Swift*.

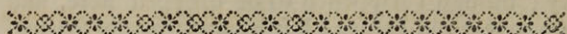
† Here is an hiatus of about half a line. The reader's imagination can easily fill it up, so as to make the sense perfect. *Swift*.

Your

Your father said, all would do well †. I told him, that I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it impossible to be of any use. I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkshire; there staid till the Queen's death, and then to my station here; where I staid twelve years, and never saw my Lord your father afterwards. They could not agree about printing the history of the four last years; and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publish it in London, to the confusion of all those * * * * who have accused the Queen and that ministry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Protestant succession. I was then in the greatest trust and confidence with your father the Lord Treasurer, as well as with my Lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the administration. I had all the letters from the Secretary's office during the treaty of peace. Out of those, and what I learned from the ministry, I formed that history which I am now going to publish, for the information of posterity, and to control the most impudent falsehoods which have been published since. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the most virtuous minister, and the most able, that ever I remember to have read of. If your Lordship hath any particular circumstances that may fortify what I have said in the history, such as letters or other memorials, I am content they should be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my Lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the score of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of pow-

† This was a very common expression of my Lord Treasurer, who was the least apt to dispond of any minister in the world. *Swift.*

er to keep me in what I ought to call my own country; though I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it, and, to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances, and desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and your daughter the Duchess. As to the history, it is only of affairs which I know very well, and had all the advantages possible to know, when you were in some sort but a lad. One great design of it is, to do justice to the ministry of that time, and to refute all the objections against them, as if they had a design of bringing in Popery and the Pretender; and further to demonstrate, that the present settlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my Lord your father. I can never expect to see England; I am now too old and sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness. I live a most domestic life; I want nothing that is necessary; but I am in a cursed, factious, oppressed, miserable country, not made so by nature, but by the slavish, hellish principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it. Farewell, my Lord, I have tired you and myself. I desire again to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and the Duchess your daughter. Pray God preserve you long and happy. I shall diligently inquire into your conduct, from those who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right: let me hear that you persevere so. Your task will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily tired of it already; and so should be in England, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enslaved country. I am, with the truest love and respect, my Lord, &c.



L E T T E R X C X I V *.

The Earl of PETERBOROW to Mr. POPE.

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, but by 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 faucy love for my country.

* This and the following letter are taken from the 2d volume of Pope's letters.

† As may be seen from his transactions with Fenwick in the year 1696-7. *Warb.*

When a Christian priest preached against the spirit of the gospel, when an English judge determined 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 uselefs 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 S-t-t-n.

If the translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition; or, what I more fear, if the draper 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 be of little avail.

Your's, &c.



L E T T E R XCV.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of PETERBOROW.

My LORD,

I Never knew or heard of any person so volatile, and so fixed as your Lordship. You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and, in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries.

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Of

Of this I am a living witness against you. For being the most insignificant of all your humble old servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

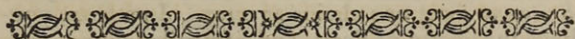
I have often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a general, because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador, because you had wisdom, and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs. Whereas, according to the usual method of court-proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbishop of Dublin laments, that he did not see your Lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath. I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no house. Pay, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and shewing my depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

L E T-



L E T T E R X C V I *.

*A Monsieur Monsieur HUNTER, gentilhomme Anglois
à Paris †.*

London, Jan. 12. 1708-9.

S I R,

I Know no people so ill us'd by your men of business, as their intimate friends. About a fortnight after Mr. Addison had received the letter you were pleas'd to send me, he first told me of it with an air of recollection, and, after ten further of grace, thought fit to give it me; so you know where to fix the whole blame, that it was no sooner acknowledged. It is a delicate expedient you prisoners have of diverting yourselves in an enemy's country, for which other men would be hanged. I am considering, whether there be no way of disturbing your quiet, by writing some dark matter, that may give the French court a jealousy of you. I suppose Monsieur Chamillard, or some of his commissaries, must have this letter interpreted to them, before it comes to your hands; and therefore I here think good to warn them, that, if they exchange you under six of their lieutenant-generals, they will be losers by the bargain. But that they may not mistake me, I do not mean as *Viceroy de Virginia, mais comme le Colonel Hunter*. I would advise you to be very tender of your honour, and not fall in love: because I have a scruple, whether you can keep your parole, if you become a prisoner to

* Hawkesworth marks this letter No. 1. He has inserted all those that follow, but none of the preceding.

† Col. Hunter, governor of Virginia, who had been taken prisoner by the French.

the ladies; at least it will be a scandal for a *free Briton* to drag two chains at once. I presume you have the liberty of Paris, and fifty miles round, and have a very light pair of fetters, contrived to ride or dance in, and see Versailles, and every place else, except St. Germain — I hear the ladies call you already *notre prisonnier Hunter, le plus bonnête garçon du monde*. — Will you French yet own us Britons to be a brave people? Will they allow the Duke of Marlborough to be a great general? Or, are they all as partial as their gazetteers? Have you yet met any French Colonel, whom you remember to have formerly knocked from his horse, or shivered at least a lance against his breast-plate? Do you know the wounds you have given, when you see the scars? Do you salute your old enemies with *Stetimus tela aspera contra, contulimusque manus. Vos saves que—Monsieur d'Addison, notre bon ami, est fait secretaire d'état d'Irlande*. And unless you make haste over, and get me my Virginian bishopric, he will persuade me to go with him; for the Vienna project is off; which is a great disappointment to the design I had, of displaying my politics at the Emperor's court. I do not like the subject you have assigned me to entertain you with. Crauder is sick, to the comfort of all quiet people, and Fraud is *reueur a peindre*. Mr. Addison and I often drink your health; and this day I did it with Will Pate, a certain adorer of your's, who is both a *bel esprit* and a woollen-drapeer. The Whigs carry all before them; and how far they will pursue their victories, we under-rate Whigs can hardly tell. I have not yet observed the Tories noses: their number is not to be learned by telling of noses; for every Tory has not a nose. — It is a loss, you are not here to partake of three weeks frost, and eat ginger-bread in a booth, by a fire upon the Thames. Mrs. Floyd * looked out with both her eyes, and

we

* The lady whom the author here compliments, by putting her name

we had one day's thaw ; but she drew in her head, and it now freezes as hard as ever. As for the convocation, the Queen thought fit to prorogue it, though at the expence of Dr. Atterbury's displeasure, who was designed their prolocutor, and is now raging at the disappointment. I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mr. Finch, and sometimes with projects for uniting of parties, which I perfect over night, and burn in the morning. Sometimes Mr. Addison and I steal to a pint of bad wine, and wish for no third person but you : who, if you were with us, would never be satisfied without three more.—You know, I believe, that poor Dr. Gregory is dead, and Keil solicits to be his successor. But party reaches even to lines and circles ; and he will hardly carry it, being reputed a Tory, which yet he utterly denies. — We are here nine times madder after operas than ever ; and have got a new castrato from Italy, called *Nicolini*, who exceeds *Valentini*, I know not how many bars length. Lord Somers and Halifax are as well as busy statesmen can be in parliament-time. Lord Dorset is no body's favourite but your's, and Mr. Prior's, who has lately dedicated his book of poems to him, which is all the press has furnished us of any value since you went. Mr. Pringle, a gentleman of Scotland, succeeds Mr. Addison in the secretary's office ; and Mr. Shute, a notable young Presbyterian gentleman, under thirty years old, is made a commissioner of the customs. This is all I can think of, either public or private, worth telling you : perhaps you have heard part, or all of both, from other hands ; but you must be content. Pray let us know what hopes we have of seeing you, and how soon ; and be so kind, or just, to believe me always

*Your most faithful,
humble servant,*

JON. SWIFT.

name for that of the sun, was Mrs Biddy Floyd, to whom he addressed a short but elegant copy of verses about a year before. — See vol. 7.

P. S.

But, if you will not be angry, I believe I may have been the cause you are still a prisoner: for I imagine my former letter was intercepted by the French court; when the Most Christian King reading one passage in it, (and duly considering the weight of the person who wrote it), where I said, if the French understood your value as well as we do, he would not exchange you for Count Tallard, and all the Delris of Blenheim together; for, I must confess, I did not rally when I said so.

I hear your good sister, the Queen of Pomunki, waits with impatience till you are restored to your dominions; and that your rogue of a viceroy returns money fast for England, against the time he must retire from his government. Mean time, Philips writes verses in a sledge upon the frozen sea, and transmits them hither, to thrive in our warmer clime, under the shelter of my Lord Dorset. I could send you a great deal of news from the *republica Grubstreetaria*, which was never in greater altitude, tho' I have been of late but a small contributor. A cargo of splinters from the Arabian rocks have been lately shipwrecked in the Thames, to the irreparable damage of the virtuosi. Mrs. Long and I are fallen out. I shall not trouble you with the cause; but don't you think her altogether in the wrong? But Mrs. Barter is still in my good graces. I design to make her tell me when you are to be redeemed, and will send you word.— There's it now; you think I am in jest: but I assure you, the best intelligence I get of public affairs is from ladies; for the ministers never tell me any thing: and Mr. Addison is nine times more secret to me than any body else, because I have the happiness to be thought his friend. The company at St James's coffee-house is as bad as ever, but it is not quite so good. The beauties you left are all gone off this frost, and we have got a new set for spring; of which Mrs. Chetwynd and Mrs. Worley

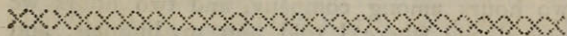
Worſley are the principal. The vogue of operas holds up wonderfully, though we have had them a year; but I deſign to ſet up a party among the wits, to run them down by next winter, if true Engliſh caprice does not interpoſe, to ſave us the labour. Mademoiſelle Spanheim is going to marry my Lord Fitzharding; at leaſt I have heard ſo; and, if you find it otherwiſe at your return, the conſequences may poſſibly be ſurvived. However, you may tell it the Paris gazetteer, and let me have the pleaſure to read a lie of my own ſending. I ſuppoſe you have heard, that the town has loſt an old Duke, and recovered a mad Dutcheſs.— The Duke of Marlborough has at length found an enemy that dares face him, and which he will certainly fly before with the firſt opportunity; and we are all of opinion, it will be his wiſeſt courſe to do ſo. Now, the way to be prodigiouſly witty, would be by keeping you in ſuſpenſe, and not letting you know, that this enemy is nothing but this north-eaſt wind, which ſtops his voyage to Holland.— This letter going in Mr. Addiſon's packet, will, I hope, have better luck than the former. I ſhall go for Ireland ſome time in ſummer, being not able to make my friends in the miniſtry conſider my merits, or their promiſes, enough to keep me here; ſo that all my hopes now terminate in my biſhopric of Virginia. In the mean time, I hold faſt my claim to your promiſe of correſponding with me, and that you will henceforward addreſs your letter for me, at Mr. Steele's office at the Cockpit, who has promiſed his care in conveying them. Mr. Domvil is now at Geneva, and ſends me word, he is become a convert to the Whigs, by obſerving the good and ill effects of freedom and ſlavery abroad.

I am now with Mr. Addiſon, with whom I have fifty times drank your health ſince you left us. He is hurrying away for Ireland, and I can at preſent

lengthen my letter no farther; and I am not certain whether you will have any from him or no, till he gets for Ireland. However, he commands me to assure you of his humble service; and I pray God too much business may not spoil *le plus honnête homme du monde*; for it is certain, which of a man's good talents he employs on business, must be deducted from his conversation. I cannot write longer in so good company, and therefore conclude

Your most faithful,
and most humble servant.

J. SWIFT.



L E T T E R XCVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. WILLIAM KING, Arch-
bishop of Dublin.

My LORD,

London Oct. 10. 1710.

I Had the honour of your Grace's letter of September 16. ; but I was in no pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be any other time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you; because I know how much an insignificant letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise your memorial *, &c. in another packet. I should have been glad the bishops had been here; although I take bishops to be the worst solicitors in the world, except for themselves. They cannot give themselves the little

* A memorial of the bishops and clergy of Ireland, concerning the first-fruits and twentieth parts.

trouble of attendance, that other men are content to swallow; else, I am sure, their two Lordships might have succeeded easier, than men of my level are likely to do.

As soon as I received the packets from your Grace, I went to wait upon Mr. Harley †. I had prepared him before by another hand where he was very intimate; and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last ministry after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me. This happened to be in some sort Mr. Harley's own case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest marks of kindness and esteem; as I was whispered he would; and the more upon the ill usage I had met with. I sat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone; where I told him my business, and gave him the history of it: which he heard as I could wish, and declared he would do his utmost to effect it. I told him the difficulties we met with by Lord Lieutenants and their secretaries: who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me entirely; and said, neither they nor himself should have the merit of it, but the Queen, to whom he would shew my memorial with the first opportunity, in order, if possible, to have it done in this interregnum. I said, the honour and merit, next to the Queen would be his; that it was a great encouragement to the bishops, that he was in the treasury, whom they knew to be the chief adviser of the Queen to grant the same favour in England; that consequently the honour and merit were nothing to him, who had done so much greater things; and that, for my part, I thought he was ob-

† Lord High Treasurer of England, created afterwards Earl of Oxford.

liged to the clergy of Ireland, for giving him an opportunity of gratifying the pleasure he took in doing good to the church. He took my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promises. Your Grace will please to know, that, besides the first-fruits, I told him of the crown-rents; and shewed the nature and value of them? but said, my opinion was, that the convocation had not mentioned them in their petition to the Queen, delivered to Lord Wharton * with the address, because they thought the times would not then bear it; but that I looked on myself to have a discretionary power to solicit it in so favourable a juncture.

I had two memorials ready of my own drawing up, as short as possible, shewing the nature of the thing, and how long it had been depending, &c. One of these memorials had a paragraph at the end relating to the crown-rents. I would have given him the last; but I gave him the other; which he immediately read, and promised to second *both* with his best offices to the Queen. As I have placed that paragraph in my memorial, it can do no harm, and may possibly do good. However, I beg your Grace to say nothing of it; but if it dieth, let it die in silence; we must take up with what we can get.

I forgot to tell your Grace, that when I said I was impowered, &c. he desired to see my powers; and then I heartily wished them more ample than they were: and I have since wondered, what scruple a number of bishops could have to impower a clergyman to do the church and them a service, without any imagination of interest for himself.

Mr. Harley has invited me to dine with him to-day: but I shall not put him upon this discourse so soon. If he begins it himself, I shall add it

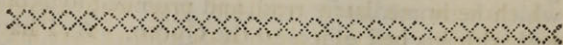
* Then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

at the bottom of this. He says, Mr. Secretary St. John * desired to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be a further help; although I told him, I had no thoughts of applying to any one but himself; wherein he differed from me, and desired I would speak to others, if it were but for form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of being thought to do such a thing alone. But an old courtier (an intimate friend) advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations, and credit with the Queen, &c.

I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lieth in my memory; but perhaps it may give your Grace a truer idea how matters are, than if I had writ in more order.

I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.



L E T T E R XCIX.

The Archbishop to Dr. SWIFT.

Rev. SIR,

Dublin, Oct. 16. 1710.

I Thank you for your's of the 10th instant, and send you inclosed a farther power by my Lord Primate and me. My Lord is not able to come to town; which obliged me to wait on him at Johnston, and hindered the joining of two or three bishops in it, who are yet in town; but I suppose our signing is sufficient. I went in the morning to

* Afterwards created Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

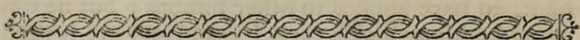
wait on his Grace, and intended, when he had signed it, to have applied to other bishops; but he was abroad taking the air, and I could not get it until it was late, and thought it better to sign and send it as it is, than wait for another post. You may expect by the next a letter to his Grace of Canterbury, and another to the Archbishop of York. I apprised them both of the business. The latter, if I remember right, spoke to her Majesty about it. I am not sure that her Majesty remembers what I said on that subject: but am sure she was pleased to seem satisfied with it, and to scruple only the time: I suppose, not thinking it fit to confer the favour she designed the clergy of Ireland by the hands it must then have passed through: but said, that in the interval of a change, or absence of a chief governor, it should be done. I hope now is the proper time, and that her Majesty will rather follow the dictates of her own bountiful inclinations, than the intrigues of cunning covetous counsellors.

I thought to have troubled you with a great many things; but such a crowd of visitors have broken in upon me before I could lock my gates, that I am forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to God's care.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

LETTER



L E T T E R C.

The Lord Primate * and Archbishop of Dublin
to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dublin, Oct. 24. 1710.

WE directed a letter to the bishops of Ossory and Killaloe last August, desiring and empowering them to solicit the affair of our first-fruits and twentieth parts with her Majesty; which hath depended so long, notwithstanding her Majesty's good intentions, and several promises of the chief governors here to lay our addresses before her Majesty in the best manner. We were then apprehensive, that those bishops might return from England before the business could be effected; and therefore we desired them to concern you in it; having so good assurance of your ability, prudence, and fitness to prosecute such a matter. We find the bishops returned before you came to London, for which we are very much concerned; and judging this the most proper time to prosecute it with success, we intreat you to take the *full management* of it into your hands; and do commit the care of soliciting it to your diligence and prudence; desiring you to let us know from time to time what progress is made in it. And if any thing farther be necessary on our part, on your intimation we shall be ready to do what shall be judged reasonable.

* Dr. Narcissus Marsh.

This,

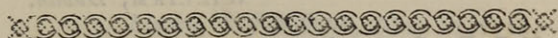
This, with our prayers for the good success of your endeavours, is all from,

S I R,

Yours, &c.

NARCISSUS, *Armagh.*

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*



L E T T E R C I.

The Archbishop of Dublin to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dublin, Dec. 16. 1710.

THIS is to acknowledge the receipt of your's of the 20th past, which came not to my hands till Thursday last, by reason of winds that kept the packets on the other side.

I find the matter of our first-fruits, &c. is talk'd of now. I reckon on nothing certain, till her Majesty's letter comes in form; and quære, why should not you come, and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome clergyman to Ireland, and be the best means to satisfy mankind how it was obtained, although I think that will be out of dispute. I am very well apprised of the dispatch you gave this affair, and well pleas'd, that I judg'd better of the person fit to be employ'd than some of my brethren. But now it is done, as I hope it is effectually, they will assume as much as their neighbours; which I shall never contradict.

Things are taking a new turn here, as well as with you; and I am of opinion, by the time you

con.c

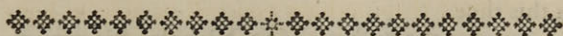
come here, few will profess themselves Whigs. The greatest danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the fury and indiscretion of some of our own people, who never had any merit; but by embroiling things they did, and I am afraid will yet do mischief.

I heartily recommend you to God's favour;
And am, &c.

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

N.B. Dr. Swift used his credit with the ministry for the benefit of the church of Ireland, so heartily and so effectually at this critical time, that he procured a grant from the Queen for exonerating the clergy of Ireland from paying twentieth parts, dated the seventh of February one thousand seven hundred and ten; and another grant, bearing the same date, to Narcissus Lord Archbishop of Armagh, Sir Constantine Phipps, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, William Lord Archbishop of Dublin, John Lord Archbishop of Tuam, and others, of the first fruits payable out of all ecclesiastical benefices, in trust to be for ever applied towards purchasing glebes, and building residentiary houses for poor-endowed vicars.

The success of which charitable fund hitherto may be seen in the printed pamphlet containing an account of the first fruits of Ireland.



L E T T E R CII.

The ARCHBISHOP to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Suffolk-street, Nov. 22. 1716.

S I R,

I Read yours of the 13th instant with great satisfaction. It is not only an advantage to you and me, that there should be a good correspondence between us, but also to the public; and I assure you I had much ado to persuade people here, that we kept any tolerable measures with one another; much less, that there was any thing of a good intelligence; and therefore you judged right, that it ought not to be said, that in so many months I had not received any letter from you.

I do a little admire, that those that should be your fastest friends, should be so opposite to acknowledge the service you did in procuring the twentieth parts and first fruits. I know no reason for it, except the zeal I shewed to do you justice in that particular from the beginning. But since I only did it, as obliged to bear testimony to the truth, in a matter which I certainly knew, and would have done the same for the worst enemy I had in the world; I see no reason why you should suffer, because I among others was your witness. But be not concerned: ingratitude is warranted by modern and ancient custom; and it is more honour for a man to have it asked, why he had not a suitable return to his merits, than why he was overpaid? *Benefacere et male audire*, is the lot of the best men. If calumny or ingratitude could have put me out of

my way, GOD knows where I should have wandered by this time.

I am glad the business of St. Nicholas * is over any way. My inclination was Mr. Wall; that I might have joined the vicarage of Castleknock to the prebend of Malahidart; which would have made a good provision for one man, served the cures better, and yielded more then to the incumbent, than it can do now, when in different hands. But I could not compass it without using more power over my clergy, than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your condescension in that affair; so I will expect, that those with whom you have complied, should shew their sense of it by a mutual return of the like compliance, when there shall be occasion. Such reciprocal kind offices are the ground of mutual confidence and friendship, and the fuel that keeps them alive: and I think, nothing can contribute more to our common ease, and the public good, than maintaining these between you and me, and with the clergy.

We have a strong report, that my Lord Bolingbroke will return here, and be pardoned; certainly it must not be for nothing. I hope he can tell no ill story of you.

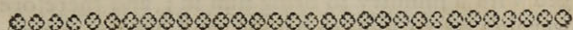
I only add my prayers for you; and am,

S I R,

Your most humble servant, and brother,

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

* The Dean and chapter of St. Patrick's are the appropriators of that church, and have the right of bestowing the cure on whom they please.



L E T T E R CIII.

Dr. SWIFT to the ARCHBISHOP of Dublin.

My LORD,

Trim, Dec. 16. 1716.

I Should be sorry to see my Lord Bolingbroke following the trade of an informer; because he is a person for whom I always had, and still continue, a very great love and esteem. For I think, as the rest of mankind do, that informers are a detestable race of people, although they may be sometimes necessary. Besides, I do not see, whom his Lordship can inform against, except himself. He was three or four days at the court of France, while he was secretary; and it is barely possible, he might then have entered into some deep negotiation with the pretender: although I would not believe him, if he should swear it; because he protested to me, that he never saw him but once; and that it was at a great distance, in public, at an opera. As to any others of the ministry at that time, I am confident he cannot accuse them; and that they will appear as innocent with relation to the pretender, as any who are now at the helm. And as to myself, if I were of any importance, I should be very easy under such an accusation; much easier, than I am to think your Grace imagineth me in any danger, or that Lord Bolingbroke should have any ill story to tell of me. He knoweth, and loveth, and thinketh too well of me, to be capable of such an action. But I am surpris'd to think your Grace could talk, or act, or correspond with me for some years past; while you must needs believe me a most false and vile man; declaring to you on all occasions my ab-

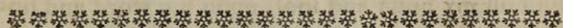
horrence of the pretender, and yet privately engaged with a ministry to bring him in; and therefore warning me to look to myself, and prepare my defence against a false *brother*, coming over to discover such secrets as would hang me. Had there ever been the least overture or intent of bringing in the pretender, during my acquaintance with the ministry, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some discoveries or suspicions. And although I am not sure I should have turned informer, yet I am certain I should have dropt some general cautions, and immediately have retired. When people say, things were not ripe at the Queen's death, they say, they know not what. Things were rotten: and had the ministers any such thoughts, they should have begun three years before; and they who say otherwise, understand nothing of the state of the kingdom at that time.

But whether I am mistaken or no in other men, I beg your grace to believe, that I am not mistaken in myself. I always professed to be against the pretender: and am so still. And this is not to make my court, (which I know is vain); for I own myself full of doubts, fears, and dissatisfactions; which I think on as seldom as I can: yet if I were of any value, the public may safely rely on my loyalty; because I look upon the coming of the pretender as a greater evil, than any we are like to suffer under the worst Whig ministry that can be found.

I have not spoke or thought so much of party these two years. nor could any thing have tempted me to it but the grief I have in standing so ill in your Grace's opinion. I beg your Grace's blessing;

And am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.



L E T T E R C I V.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

S I R, *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 fit 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 don't know who's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks, for Saunders already has gone about ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they don't 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.

* Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson, who lived at a little distance from the deanery.

Swift was resident at the deanery when this letter was written, of which every paragraph ends with a rhyme. And,

Sheridan was at his country-house, called *Quilca*, in the county of Cavan, about eight miles from Dublin.

I wish

I wish Alexander safe at St. Catherine'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 bated:
Your man is belated,
The case I have stated,
And me you have cheated.
My stable's unflated,
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.

3 P. S. You keep such a twatling
 With you and your bottling, [Vida,
 But I see the sum total, [Rule 34.
 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 moonfull,
 You wont part with a spoonfull,
 And I must be nimble,
 If I can fill my thimble.
 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.

L E T T E R C V.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dublin. Dec. 22. 1722.

W^Hat 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 towards summer, I promise hereby under my hand to subscribe a (guinea*) shilling for one; or, if

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

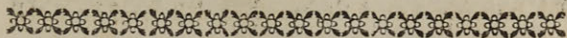
you

you please me, what is blotted out, or something thereabouts; and the ladies shall subscribe three thirteens betwixt 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 Whitfuntide. 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 fanatic can do, that she will subscribe sixpence to your boat—Well, I shall be a country-man 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 happiness with grief in one hand, and sorrow in the other. What fowl have you but the weep? what hares but Mrs. Macfaden's grey hairs? what peace but your own? Your mutton and your weather are both very bad; and so is your wether-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; no body to relish the lake; no body to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night-heroics; no morning epics; no stolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miserable Mr. Sheridan! No blind harpers! no journeys 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

mends to you. Dan * desires to know whether you saw the advertisement of your being robbed.

—And so I conclude,

Yours, &c.



L E T T E R C V I.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Clonfert, Aug. 3. 1723.

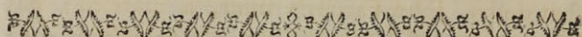
NO; I cannot possibly be with you so soon; there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between: besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short visits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month; though it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your lousy p—t. Your 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

* The Reverend Mr. Dan Jackson.

† Dr. Theophilus Bolton afterwards Bishop of Elphin and Archbishop of Cashel.

half weary with the four hundred I have rode.
With love and service, and so adieu.

Yours, &c.



L E T T E R C V I I *.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Jan. 25. 1725.

I Have a packet of letters, which I intended to send by Molly, who hath been stopt three days by the bad weather; but now I will send them by the post to-morrow to Kells, and inclosed to Mr. Tickell †; there is one to you, and one to James Stopford.

I can do no work this terrible weather; which hath 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 pick-ax, 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

* This seems to be written from Quilca.

† Thomas Tickell, Esq; a very ingenious poet, secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland.

‡ Dr. Stanton a master in chancery.

|| Reverend Mr. John Worrel, the Dean's vicar.

§ Deputy Vice-treasurer of Ireland.

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 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, &c. 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 draggle-tail will she be before she gets to Dublin! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

* Being the time maids go out to try pranks about their sweet-hearts.

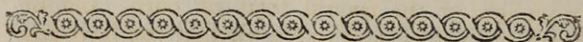
I affirm against Aristotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes; for they gather together you and your crew, at whist, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs. Mau, Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and lazinefs.

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 chuse;
- “ 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.”



L E T T E R C V I I I .

Dr. SWIFT 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

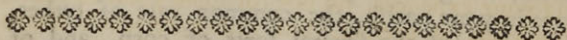
your

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 furthest in the kingdom from Quilca*. If it be worth two hundred pounds a-year, my Lord Lieutenant hath 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 of tythes 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 tythes, 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 now 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 tythes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb

* In the county of Cork.

† Dr. Peter Brown.

are due in the 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 tythe-jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray, shew yourself a man of abilities. After all, I am but a weak brother myself; perhaps some clergy in Dublin, who know that country, will further inform you. Mr. Townsend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account, without any letter.—Take the oaths heartily to the powers that be, 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.——



L E T T E R C I X.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 29. 1725.

I Writ to you yesterday, and said as many things as I could then think on, and gave it to a boy of Kells, who brought me yours. It is strange, that I, and Stella, and Mrs. Macfadin, 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 further, and say, you must needs observe all grave forms, for the want of which

which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the Bishop of Cork, I send you a letter inclosed 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 no body; for here, says he, I may have forty friends, whose fees may be two guineas a-piece; then I lose eighty guineas, and my friends save but two a-piece.

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 no; if not, you may burn the letter.

I must desire, that you will not think of enlarging your expences, 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 cloaths 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 thirty days absent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling abed till noon to read Homer, but mind your business effectually. And we thing you ought to have no breaking up this August; but affect to ad-

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

here to your school clofer than ever; because you will find, that your ill-wifhers will give out, you are now going to quit your school, fince you have got preferment, &c.

Pray fend me a large bundle of exercifes, good as well as bad: for I want fomething to read.

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

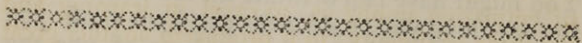
I fent you in my laft a bill of twenty pound on Mr. Worrall*; I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Worrall, and give him direftions, unlefs you have fet-tled it already fome other way. You know it muft come out juft when the parliament meets.

Keep thofe letters, where I advife you about your living, till you have taken advice.

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

I defire you will wet no commiffion with your old crew, nor with any but thofe who befriended you, as Mr. Tickell, &c.



L E T T E R C X.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord CARTERET.

My LORD,

July 3. 1725.

I Am obliged to return your Excellency my moft humble thanks for your favour to Mr. Sheridan, becaufe when I recommended him to you, I recei-

* The Reverend Mr. John Worrall, Vicar to the Bifhop of Kildare, as Dean of Chrift-church; as alfo to the Dean of St. Patrick's. *Dub. edit.*

ved 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 hath had an opportunity, so early in your government, of gratifying your English dependents by a bishoprick, and the best deanery in 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 hath 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 produceth another great discouragement, that those prelates usually dray 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 ; where-

* A schoolmaster.

† Downe.

in, 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.

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 to 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 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 hopfullest 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 expectors 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

* The university of Dublin.

have the most merit, I think I have done you a service, and I 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 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.



L E T T E R CXI.

Dr. SWIFT 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 *. 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, further than with God. It is indeed against common sense, to think, that you should chuse 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. Domestic 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, *cum uxore neque leni*

* *Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof*; on which Dr. Sheridan preached at his parish-church on the 1st of August. See a vindication of his Excellency John Lord Carteret, vol. 4. p. 72.

neque commoda, a man of intent and abstracted thinking, inflav'd by mathematics 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 expression, and say, I will strive to learn in whatever state, &c.

I will bear 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 expence 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 further 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 towards 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*;

* Private secretary to his Excellency the Lord Carteret, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. *Dub. edit.*

frequent

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



L E T T E R C X I I .

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sep. 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 civilized 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 Tigh? 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 inclosed 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 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 sa-

* Dr. William Burscow.

tisfy 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, Tigh 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 gaming-house, 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.

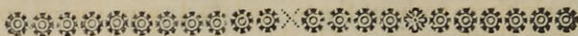
We set out to Dublin on Monday the 5th of October, and hope to sup at the deanery the next night; where you will come to us, if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad bailiff towards 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 inclosed before you send it.

I send you back your letter to the Lord Lieutenant.



L E T T E R CXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 25. 1725.

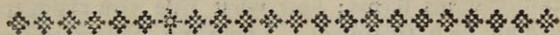
YOur confusion hindred you from giving any rational account of your distress, till this last letter; and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado we have now a tolerable understanding how things stand. We had a paper sent inclosed, subscribed by Mr. Ford, as we suppose: it is in print, 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 but-end of my stick, yet I strike on, and make him wince in spite of his dulness; 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, tho' 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 iis, 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's and your

horſe's ſhoes for fear of being rode, and then they rode them without ſhoes, and ſo I was forced to ſhoe them again. All the fellows here would be Tighs, if they were but privy-counſellors. You will never be at eaſe for your friends 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 no; 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 *whiggiffimi* 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 incloſed, which you intended to Lord Carteret, and yet I have it ſafe here.



L E T T E R CXIV.

An answer to Lord PALMERSTON's civil polite letter. [So indorſed.]

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 fe-

* A reſident maſter in Trinity-college, whom the Dean made one of the four minor canons of St. Patrick's cathedral. *Dub. Edit.*

cond time, you could not have possibly 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 have been very strange, if on account of a trifle, and of a person for whom I have no concern further 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 write 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

† Lord Viscount Palmerston (nephew to Sir William Temple) 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 towards the college-buildings. *Dub. Edit.*

* After Mr. Swift left the university of Dublin, Sir William Temple (whose father Sir John Temple, master of the Rolls in Ireland, had been a friend to the family) invited our young author to spend some time with him at Moore-park in England, for the sake of his conversation; where he pursued his studies through all the Greek and Roman historians. Here it was he was introduced by his friend to King William, when his Majesty used to pay frequent visits to that great minister, after he had retired from public business to his seat at Moore-park. *Dub. Edit.*—There is not the least reason to believe, that Sir William Temple was visited by K. William at Moore-park.

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 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 public matters.

My Lord, if my letter were polite, it was against my intention, and I intreat your pardon for it. If I have wit, I will keep it to shew when I am angry; which at present I am not: because altho' 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

ther 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; otherwise you would have been cautious to have writ me such a letter.

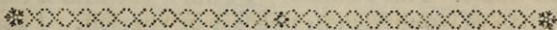
You conclude with saying, you are ready to ask pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the offence; but whether you will acquit yourself, must be left to your conscience and honour.

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.



L E T T E R CXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

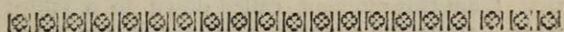
Good DOCTOR, *London, July 8. 1726.*

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 physicians 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 you are 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 1000 l. which he hears I have got; tho' I mentioned 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 further says, that Mrs. Johnson has

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. He was First Commissioner of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He died in February 1744, in the 71st year of his age.

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 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. Hellsham, the Grattons, 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

and longed to be in Ireland; but it is because I must; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worse. In short, you all live in a wretched, dirty dog-hole, 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 go to Montpellier at the same time. You see I am grown visionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.



L E T T E R CXVI.

Dr. SWIFT 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

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

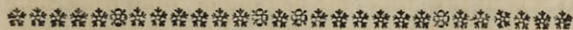
† This was written from Mr. Pope's at Twickenham.

am,

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 Montpelier, or Bath, or Tunbridge. I intreated, 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 towards 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.



L E T T E R CXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

London, May 13. 1727.

THIS goes by a private hand, for my writing is too much known, and my letters often stopt 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 riband 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

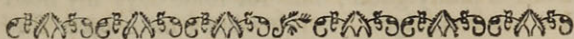
averse from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on such trifles. The dispute about a war or no war still continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thousand men are ordered for Holland. But this will bring such an addition to our debts, that it will give 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 how angry the ministry were; but she assures me, that both she and the P—— were very well pleased with every particular; but I disowned 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 politics; 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 the 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.

* Caroline Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen, consort of K. George II.

† Gulliver's travels.



L E T T E R CXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

London, June 24. 1727.

I Have received your last, with the inclosed 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 a 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 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 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 stood with me. My sto-

* His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, Chancellor of the University of Dublin, now King.

† Afterwards Countess of Suffolk.

‡ King George I. He died June 11. 1727.

mach 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 would 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 no body shall be used the worse or better, for being called Whig or Tory ; and the King hath received both with great equality, shewing 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 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 to *sub pœna contemptus, &c.* 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 threepence, 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 ser-

* Dr. William King.

wants where I have dined. I suppose my agent * in Sheep-street takes care and inquires about my new agent.



L E T T E R CXIX.

Dr. SWIFT 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 shew 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 (*concaucus*) 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 K — 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

* The Rev. Mr. John Worrall.

fo come back hither. Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged; which I embrace but coldly, because I like none of them. I have been this ten days inclining to my old disease of giddiness, a little tottering. Our friend understands it; but I grow cautious, and am something better. Cyder, and Champaigne, 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 has broke that measure. I propos'd 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.

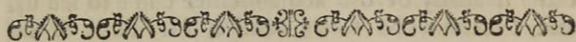
Desire our friends to let me know, what I should buy for them here of any kind. I had just now a long letter from Mrs. Dingley, and another from Mr. Synge. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great thanks, and will leave the visiting affair to his discretion. But all the lawyers in Europe shall never 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. Synge, whether his fenocchio be grown

* Samuel Molyneux, Esq.

† The Rev. Dr. Baldwin.

‡ Frederick Prince of Wales, eldest son of K. George II, who died March 20, 1750-1.

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 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 'tis 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'll give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, bar impossibilities.



L E T T E R CXX.

Dr. SWIFT 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,

* An English lady, a friend of the Dean's.

† Son of the late Right Hon. Robert Harley, Lord High Treasurer of England, created Earl of Oxford and Mortimer by Queen Anne.

which

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 uses 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 Rol. If my disorder should keep me longer than my licence 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 Sept. 15. Mr. Worrall will see by the date of my licence, what time the new one should commence: but he has seven weeks yet to consider; I only speak in 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 had 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 had rather it should not be now; and I hope, and believe it will not, for I am now bet-

* Richmond.

ter 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, nectarins, 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.



L E T T E R CXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 29. 1727.

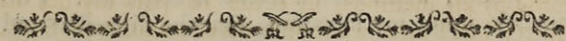
I Have had your letter of the 19th; and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you, with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days intermission, but 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 asses 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 fixty. I am strongly visited 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 licence about the beginning of October, when my 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 towards 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 licence 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. Farewel.

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

* See letter 116.



L E T T E R CXXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

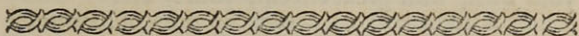
London, Sept. 2. 1727.

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 my letters may be directed to me. I am still in the same condition, or rather worse; for I walk like a drunken man, and I am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of August 24th; 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 *flamina vita*; 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 no; 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 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 †.

* Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, both relations of Sir William Temple, at whose house the author became acquainted with them, after he left the university of Dublin. Their fortunes being not very considerable, they chose to spend their days in Ireland. *Dub. edit.* — There is not the least reason to believe, that Stella was related to Sir William Temple.

†. That ingenious lady for whom the author expresseth so much concern here, and in the preceding letter, was the famous STELLA, so often celebrated in the author's poems, vols 7. and 8. for her fine person, wit, and many virtues. Her physician told her, when she was near dying, that she was at the bottom of the hill, and they must endeavour to get her up again. But she plainly saw the approaches of death, and readily replied, "That she found she would be out of breath before she got up to the top." She died in a few months after the date of these letters, Jan. 28. 1727 8. *Dub. edit.* See her character in Dr. Swift's life, prefixed to vol. 1.



L E T T E R CXXIII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

S I R,

Twickenham, Sept. 6.

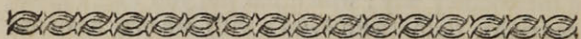
I AM both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the Dean's being upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain; for it makes me, in tenderness to him, wish him with you; and at the same time I fear he is not in a condition to make the journey. Though (to 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 *opiniatreté* 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 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 warmth of affection, where it is
fo

so justly merited; and am, both for his sake and your own, with great esteem, yours, &c.

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.

[* * * This letter was probably an answer to one sent by Dr. Sheridan to Mr. Pope, when he last wrote to the Dean. The reason of his going to London appears by the two preceding letters; and about the time mentioned in this, he returned again to Ireland. Mrs. Johnson languished till the 28th of January following, and then died. During her sickness, he composed the prayers which immediately follow this collection of letters. They were originally printed from his own hand-writing.]



L E T T E R CXXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. MOORE.

Deanery-house, Dec. 7. 1727.

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH I see you seldom 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

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 a while, 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 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 shewing 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.

* Charles Devenish, Esq.

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 towards the end of it. And this is the use you are to make, in prudence as well as conscience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those which, in the course of nature and providence, you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endued 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 shew, 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,

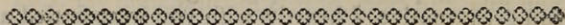
Your most obedient,
and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

* It was written little more than a month before Mrs. Johnson's death, an event which was then almost daily expected,

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 then 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. 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.



L E T T E R CXXVI

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,

* This also should be dated from Market-hill,

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 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 quarelling with Sir Arthur and me, and shews every creature the libels I have writ against her ‖.

Mr. Worrall sent me the particulars of the havoc made in Naboth's vineyard **.—The d—burst, &c.

† In the Intelligencer, the 19th number of which is on this subject. See it in vol. 4. p. 292.

* The Dean's house keeper.

† History of the peace of Utrecht.

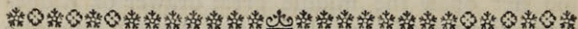
‡ The state of affairs in 1714. See it in vol. 5. p. 332.

‖ See Hamilton's Bawn; or, The Grand Question debated, in vol. 8. p. 133.

** A field not far from the deanery-house, which Dr. Swift inclosed at a great expence, 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.

I think Lady Dun's burning would be an admirable subject, to shew 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 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 Wiggishly.



L E T T E R CXXVII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

S I R,

I Thank you kindly for your news of the Dean of St. Patrick's, for your *Perfius*, for every thing in your letter. I will use my warmest endeavours to serve Dr. Whaley*. Besides 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 lit-

* An eminent clergyman of the diocese of Armagh.

† Dean of Fernes. See An excellent new ballad, &c. in vol. 7.

‡ Though this letter is not dated, it appears, by the mention here made of the Intelligencers, to be written in 1728; and by the Dean's libelling the lady, to be while he was at Sir Arthur's, where he wrote Hamilton's *Bawn*.

tle 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 ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to so imperfect an edition as is now published: you'll 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 eye-sight is bad, my head often in pain, my time strangely taken up. Were I my own master (which, I thank God, I am yet 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, tho' warm designs, will ever take effect,

|| See this compliment elegantly returned in a poem addressed to Mr. Pope, vol. 7. p. 339.

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus !

I am (where ever I am) the Dean's, and the Dean's friends, and consequently faithfully,

S I R,

Your affectionate humble servant,

A. POPE.



L E T T E R CXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, March 27. 1733.

I Received your letter with some pleasure, and a good deal of concern. The condition you are in requires the greatest haste hither, although your school did not; and when you arrive, I will force Dr. Hellsam * to see and direct you. Your scheme of riding and country-air, you find, hath not answered; and therefore you have nothing to trust to, but the assistance of a friendly, skilful doctor. For whether they can do any good or no, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at present, because the public, and all your family, have occasion for you. Besides, I do not like the place you are in †, from your account, since you say people are dying there so fast. You cannot afford to lose daily blood; but, I suppose you

* A very eminent physician, of great learning.

† The free school of Cavan, in the gift of the crown; for which Dr. Shridan exchanged his living at Dunboyne, and in which he hath been since succeeded by Mr. Moore.

are no more regular than you have been in your whole life. I like the article very much which you propose in your will; and if that takes place forty years hence, and God, for the sins of men, should continue that life so long, I would have it be still inserted; unless you could make it a little sharper. I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends, who, next to yourself, have done you most hurt; whom still I esteem and frequent, tho' I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely personal malice to you, (although it had the same effect), but a kind of I know not what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented, however it came to be patched up. I am confident your collection of *Bons mots* *, and *Contes à rire*, will be much the best extant; but you are apt to be terribly sanguine about the profits of publishing: however it shall have all the pushing I can give. I have been much out of order with a spice of my giddiness, which began before you left us. I am better of late days, but not right yet, though I take daily drops and bitters. I must do the best I can, but shall never more be a night-walker. You hear they have in England passed the excise on tobacco; and by their votes it appears they intend it on more articles. And care is taken by some special friends here, to have it the same way here. We are slaves already, and from my youth upwards, the great wise men whom I used to be among, taught me, that a general excise (which they now by degrees intend) is the most direct and infallible way to slavery. Pray God send it them in his justice; for they well deserve it. All your friends and the town, are just as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on horseback, or dining and sitting the evening at home; endea-

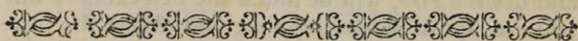
* Perhaps *Bons mots de Stella*, and *Thoughts on various subjects*, are part of this collection. They are both in this volume.

vouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of indolence, and want of spirits. No soul has broke his neck, or is hanged, or married; only *Cancerina* † is dead, and I let her go to her grave without a coffin, and without fees.——So I am going to take my evening-walk after five, having not been out of doors yet. I wish you well and safe at home. Pray call on me on Sunday night.

I am your's &c.

P. S. I believe there are a hundred literal blunders, but I cannot stay to mend them.——So pick as you are able.

I am not so frank a writer as you.



LETTER CXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 12. 1735.

Here is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them. *Sunday's a pun-day, Monday's a dun-day, Tuesday's a news-day, Wednesday's a friend's-day, Thursday's a curs'd-day, Friday's a dry-day, Saturday's the latter-day.* I intend something of equal use upon the months; as, *January, women vary.* I shall likewise in due time make some observations

† One of those poor people to whom the Dean used to give money, when he met them in his walks. Some of them he named thus, partly for distinction, and partly for humour; *Cancerina, Stumpantynpa, Pull-a-gown-a, Friterilla, Flora, Stumpantba.*

upon

upon each year as it passes. So for the present year ;

*One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive.*

And for the next :

*One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.*

Perge :

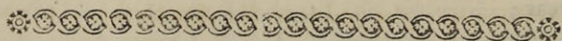
*One thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven,
When the Whigs are so blind they mistake hell for heav'n.*

I will carry these predictions no further than to the year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at an end, or the fine-all-cat-a-ftrow-fee.

*The last is the period two thousand and one
When m—— and b—— to hell all are gone.*

When that time comes, pray remember the discovery came from me.

It is now time I should begin my letter. I hope you got safe to Cavan, and have got no cold on those two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I, as I used to be. I received yours. My humble service to your lady, and love to your children. I suppose you have all the news sent you. I hear of no marriages going on. One Dean Cross, an eminent divine, we hear is to be Bishop of Cork.— Stay till I ask a servant, what Patrick's bells ring for so late at night.— You, fellow, is it for joy or sorrow? I believe it some of our royal birth-days.— Oh, they tell me it is for joy a new master is chosen for the corporation of butchers. So farewell.



L E T T E R CXXX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 30. 1735.

Y^Esterday was the going out of the last Lord Mayor, and to-day the coming in of the new, who is Alderman Grattan. The Duke * was at both dinners; but I thought it enough to go to-day, and I came away before six, with very little meat or drink. The club † meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as soon as possible; for I am not able to live within the air of such rascals; but whither to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind misgives me, that you are neither in humour nor capacity to receive me as a guest. I had your law-letter. Those things require serious consideration. In order to bring them to a due perfection, a wise man will prepare a large fund of idioms; which are highly useful, when literally translated by a skillful, eloquent hand; and, except our *Latino-Anglicus*, is the most necessary, as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we must take special care of infusing the most useful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for instructing princes and great ministers, distributing our praises and censures with the utmost impartiality and justice. This is what I have presumed to attempt, although very conscious to myself of my inferior a-

* The Duke of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

† The Irish parliament. See the next letter, and the poem there mentioned.

bilities for such a performance. I begin with *lady*. And because the judicious Mr. Locke says it is necessary to settle terms, before we write upon any subject, I describe a certain female of your acquaintance, whose name shall be *Dorothy*. It is in the following manner. *Dolis astra per, astra mel, a fus, a quoque et; atra pes, an id lar, alas ibo nes, a præter, at at lar, a vi si ter, age ipsi, astro lar, an empti pate, aræ lar, aram lar, an et, ades e ver, ast rumpet, ad en, agam lar, agrum lar, ac vos pus, afflat error, ape e per, as noti nos, arraver, a huc stare, asso fis ter, avi per, ad rive lar, age lar, apud lar, a fis lar, a fis ter, a far ter, as hi ter, anus lar, a mus lar, arat lar, a minximus, a prata pace, a gallo per, a sive*. Most learned Sir, I intreat you will please to observe, (since I must speak in the vulgar language), that, in the above 43 denominations for females, many of them end with the domestic deity *lar*, to shew that women were chiefly created for family-affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other author hath made the same remark. I have likewise begun a treatise of *geography*, (the *Anglo-Englarians* call it erroneously *Jog Ralph I*), *Mei quo te summo fit? Astra canis amiti cii; an dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos is more populus. An tego is a des arti herc*. I have a third treatise to direct young ladies in reading. *Ama dis de Gallis a fine his tori, an dy et Belli anis is ab et ter. Summas eurus Valent in an Dorso ne isihmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore do mæsti cani males o fallique nat ure; na mel i, ac at, arat, amasti, fanda lædi; Imæ ad amo usto o; a lædi inde edi mite ex ceptas a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari sono dius orno?*

I believe some evil spirit hath got possession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the D— of D—, or with any one bishop, or man of power. I did but glance a single word to the D— about as proper a thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other

discourse. You say one word of my mouth would do, &c. I believe the rhyme of my word would do just as much. Am I not universally known to be one who dislikes all present persons and proceedings? Another writes to desire, that I would prevail on the Archbishop of Dublin * to give him the best prebend of St. Patrick's. Let Bishop Clayton † allow the resignation, since Donellan is provided for. I mentioned to the D—, that Donellan should be Dean of Cork, on purpose to forward the resignation of old Caulfield: but it would not do; though Caulfield seems to have some hopes, and it is Bishop Clayton's fault if he does not yield, &c.



L E T T E R CXXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

‡ *April 24. 1736.*

I Have been very ill for these two months past with giddiness and deafness, which lasted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered; but still am weak and indolent, not thinking any thing worth my thoughts; and although (I forget what I am going to say, so it serves for nothing), I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs. Whiteway, who is upon all occasions so zealous to vindicate, is one whom I desire you to chide: for, during my whole sickness, she was perpetually plaguing and spunging on me; and

* Dr. John Hoadly.

† Dr. Clayton, Bishop of Cork.

‡ The paragraphs marked with inverted commas, in this and the following letter, were written by Mrs. Whiteway, a cousin german of Dr. Swift's.

though

though she would drink no wine herself, yet she increased the expence, by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, some I reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry fellows. Mr J. R. never fails. I did within two days past ring him such a peal in relation to you, that he must be the d——l not to consider it. I will use him the same way, if he comes to morrow (which I do not doubt), for a pint of wine. I like your project of a satire on Fairbrother *, who is an arrant rascal in every circumstance.

“ Every syllable that is worth reading in this letter, you are to suppose I writ it; the Dean only took the hints from me; but he has put them so ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own justification. Had you been worth hanging you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have shewn you a poem on the legion club. I do not doubt but that a certain person will pretend he writ it, because there is a copy of it in his hand, lying on his table; but do not mind that; for there are some people in the world will say any thing. I wish you could give some account of poor Dr. Sheridan. I hear the reason he did not come to town this Easter, is, that he waited to see a neighbour of his hanged.”

Whatever is said in this page by Goody White-way, I have not read, nor will read; but assure you, if it relates to me, it is all a lie: for she says you have taught her that art; and, as the world goes, and she takes you for a wise man, she ought to follow your practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own affairs, and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? For, upon my conscience, you have half-starved me.

* See the next letter.

“ The plover-eggs were admirable, and the worsted for the Dean’s stockings so fine, that not one knitter here can knit them.”

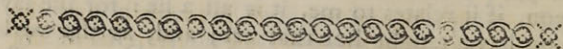
We neither of us know what the other hath writ; so one answer will serve, if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our share, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that disorder be better.

“ If the Dean should give you any hint about money, you need not mind him; for, to my knowledge, he borrowed twenty pounds a month ago, to keep himself alive.”

I am sorry to tell you, that poor Mrs. Whiteway is to be hanged on Tuesday next, for stealing a piece of Indian silk out of Bradshaw’s shop, and did not set the house on fire, as I advised her. I have wrote a very masterly poem on the legion-club; which, if the printer should be condemned to be hanged for it, you will see in a three-penny book; for it is 240 lines. Mrs. Whiteway is to have half the profit and half the hanging.

“ The Drapier went this day to the Tholsel as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold; where, we hear, he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite. God send hanging does not go round.”

Your’s, &c.



L E T T E R CXXXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, May 15. 1736.

MRS. Whiteway and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming, that you had not sent a letter

a letter since you got to your caban. (for the V consonant was anciently a B,) I mean Cavan : but, however, we mingled pity ; for we feared you had run away from school, and left the key under the door. We were much disappointed, that the spring and beginning of summer had not introduced the muses, and that your now walkable roads had not roused your spirits. We are here the happiest people in the universe. We have a year and a half before the club will meet, to be revenged further on the clergy, who never offended them : and in England their parliament are following our steps, only with two or three steps for our one. It is well you have done with the church * ; but pray take care to get money, else in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin schools, as Popish and Jacobite. I took leave of the Duke and Dukes to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promise to bestow upon England 25,000 l. a-year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, against the petition of all the merchants, shopkeepers, &c. to a man. May his own estate be lowered the other forty parts ; for we now lose by all gold two and a half *per cent.* He will be a better (that is to say, a worse) man by 60,000 l. than he was when he came over, and the nation better (that is to say worse) by above half a million ; besides the worthy method he hath taken in disposal of employments in church and state. Here is a cursed long libel running about in manuscript on the legion club. It is in verse, and the foolish town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abused (as it is said) in the original ; but others have added more, which I never saw ; though I have once read the true one. I have often given my opinion, that an honest man never wished himself to be younger. My sentiment, I find, ought not to have been universal, because,

* Dr. Sheridan exchanged his living at Dunboync, for the school of Cavan.

to my sorrow, I have lived to change. I have seen since the death of the late Queen (who had few equals before her in every virtue, since monarchy began) so great a contempt of religion, morality, liberty, learning, and common sense, among us in this kingdom; a hundred degrees beyond what I ever met with in any writer, ancient or modern. I am very confident, that a complete history of the foolish, wicked, weak, malicious, ruinous, factious, unaccountable, ridiculous, absurd proceedings in this kingdom, would contain twelve large volumes in folio, of the smallest letter in the largest paper. What has Foulbrother * done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the title shall be, *Upon a certain bookseller (or printer) in Utopia.* — Mrs. Whiteway will be here to-morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open-hearted letter, very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

S I R,

“ I am most sincerely obliged to you for all the
 “ civil things you have said to me, and of me to
 “ the Dean. I found the good effects of them this
 “ day: when I waited on him, he received me with
 “ great good-humour; said something had hap-
 “ pened since he saw me last, that had convinced
 “ him of my merit; that he was sorry he had treat-
 “ ed me with so little distinction, and that hereaf-
 “ ter I should not be put upon the foot of an hum-
 “ ble companion, but treated like a lady of wit,
 “ and learning, and fortune; that if he could pre-
 “ vail on Dr. Sheridan to part with his wife, he
 “ would make her his friend, his nurse, and the
 “ manager of his family. I approved entirely of

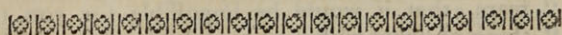
* Fairbrother. See the last letter, and the subsequent part of this.

" his choice; and at the same time expressed my
 " fears, that it would be impossible for you to
 " think of living without her. This is all that sticks
 " with me. But considering the friendship you
 " express to me for the Dean, I hope you will be
 " persuaded to consider his good rather than your
 " own, and send her up immediately; or else it
 " will put him to the expence of giving three shil-
 " lings and fourpence for a wife; and he declares,
 " that the badness of pay of his tithes, since the
 " resolutions of the parliament of Ireland, puts this
 " out of his power."

I could not guess why you were so angry at Fowl-
 brother; till Mrs. Whiteway, who you find is now
 with me, said it was for publishing some works of
 yours and mine like a rogue; which is so usual to
 their trade, that I now am weary of being angry
 with it. I go on, to desire that Mrs. Donaldson *
 will let me know what I owe her, not in justice,
 but generosity. If you could find wine and victuals,
 I could be glad to pass some part of the summer
 with you, if health would permit me; for I have
 some club-enemies, that would be glad to shoot me,
 and I do not love to be shot: it is a death I have a
 particular aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk
 with servants well armed, and have ordered them
 to kill my killers; however, I would have them be
 the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. R—,
 who (money excepted) is a very honest man. How
 is your breathing? As to myself, my life and health
 are not worth a groat. How shall we get wine to
 to your cabin? I can spare some; and am prepa-
 ring diaculum to save my skin as far as Cavan, and
 even to Belturbut. Pray God preserve you.

I am, &c.

* An inn-keeper at Cavan.



L E T T E R CXXXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, June 5. 1736.

YOU must pay your groat (as if you had been drunk last night) for this letter; because I am neither acquainted with any frank cur, nor the of frank king. I am glad you have got the piles, because it is a mark of health and a strong constitution. I believe what you say of the legion-club poem; for it plainly appears a work of a legion-club; for I hear there are fifty different copies; but what's that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ so regularly in your life; and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the piles; I mean any piles *, except those of lime and stone; and yet piles are not so bad as the stone. I find you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room shall be ready for you; though I shall never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in the evening; at all other times I shall be pestered with you. John R — (for he does not deserve the name of Jack) is gone to his six miles off country-seat for the summer. I admire at your bill of 10 l. odd; for I thought your first was double; or is it an additional one? When you satisfy me, I will send down to him with a vengeance; although, except that damned vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable

* The author held puns in contempt, but would sometimes make himself merry with them.

man.

man. ——— As to your venifon, vain is one who expects it. I am checking you for your chickens, and could lamb you for lambs. *Addenda quaedam.*

My wife a-rattling,
 My children tattling,
 My money ſpent is,
 And due my rent is.
 My ſchool decreaſing,
 My income ceaſing.
 All people teafe me,
 But no man pays me.
 My worſhip is bit,
 By that rogue Niſbet.
 To take the right way,
 Conſult friend Whiteway.
 Would you get ſtill more!
 Go flatter Kilmore*.
 Your geeſe are old,
 Your wife a ſcold.

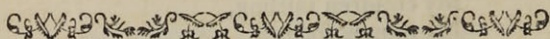
You live among ill folks in a dunghill.
 You never have an old friend at Cavan.

Mrs. Whiteway is ever your friend; but your old ones have forſaken you, as mine have me. My head is very bad; and I have juſt as much ſpirits left as a drowned mouſe. Pray do not give yourſelf airs of pretending to have flies in ſummer at Cavan; and ſuch a *no* ſummer as this. I, who am the beſt fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to ſhow my ſkill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden improvements; for I know you too well. What you ſay of your leanneſs is incredible; for when I ſaw you laſt, you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free, (which nothing but exerciſe

* Dr. Joſiah Hort, then Biſhop of Kilmore.

can give), you may be safe with as little flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter just before this was sealed; but I cannot answer it now.



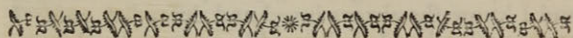
L E T T E R CXXXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

July 10. 1736.

I Received your two letters. The first is mingled with Latin and English, one following the other: now I scorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the sake of order, I will begin with answering your second letter before the first, because it deserves one on account of your presents. From bogs, rivers, mountains, mosses, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c. — Mrs. Whiteway was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every curiosity. She swears, the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the smell: that your whole artichok leaf shows its mother to be smaller than a nutmeg: and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to censure. Your raspberry she compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your purslane passed very well with me, but she swore it was house-leek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine: but will have it, that, for the credit of your town, you would have it born there, although Mrs Donaldson confesses it was sent her in a box of brown sugar, and died

as it entered the gates, Mrs. Whiteway proceeds further in her malice, declaring your nasturtium to be only a p-fs a bed; your beans as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten hogs in Leicestershire. In one thing she admires your generosity, that, for her sake, you would spare a drop or two of your canal water, which, by the spongy bottom, needs it so much. The only defects of them all were, that they wanted colour, sight, and smell; yet, as to the last, we both acknowledged them all to exhale a general fustiness, which however did much resemble that of your Cavan air.



L E T T E R CXXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

I Received your letter, which begun with *lings**. You have thirteen in all, and I have got but an hundred and sixty; a trifle! Find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve, which are not entered in a letter; which I will send you when health permits, and I have nothing else to do; and that may be a twelve-month hence, if my disorder will let me hold out so long. You are born to be happy, for you take the least piece of good fortune chearfully. I suppose your arithmetic is, that three boys a-week are a hundred and fifty-nine in a year; and seven guineas a-week are three hundred and sixty-five *per annum*. Can you reckon that the county, and the next, and Dublin,

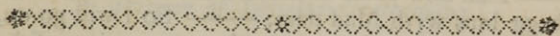
* A termination whimsically applied. See the next letter.

will

will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen shall be lodgers? Does the cheapness of things answer your expectation? Have you sent away your late younger-married daughter? and will you send away the other? let me desire you will be very regular in your accounts; because a very honest friend of your's and mine tells me, that, with all your honesty, it is an uneasy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts, by your frequent forgetfulness and confusion; for you have no notion of regularity; and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered, confused manner in which you have lived. Mrs. Whitway thanks you for the good opinion you have of her; and I know she always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be able to travel. I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to see the Bishop of Ossory. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some sudden turns are every day threatening me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a scheme of living with you, when the college-green club is to meet: for in these times I detest the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and slavish practices of those misrepresentative brutes; and resolve, if I can stir, to pass that whole time at Bath or Cavan. I say again, keep very regular accounts, in large books, and a fair hand; not like me, who, to save paper, confuse every thing. Your mind is honest, but your memory a knave; and therefore the Scotch mean the same thing by *mind*ing, that we do by *remember*ing. Sirrah, said I to a Scotch footman, why did you not go that errand? Because I did not *mind* it, quo' Sawny. A curse on these twenty soldiers drumming through my liberty twice a day, and going to a barrack * the government hath placed just under

* Called now the *paddle-guard*, and kept within the liberties of St. Patrick's to suppress riots.

my nose. I think of a line in Virgil Travesty. *The d—l cut their yelping weafons.* We expect Lord Orrery and Bishop Rundle next week. — This letter was intended for last post, but interruptions and horses hindered it. Poor Mrs. Acheson is relapsed at Grange, and worse than ever. I was there yesterday, and met Dr. H—m, who hopes she was a little better. — 16. Here has no body been hanged, married, or dead, that I hear of. Dr. Grafton is confined by a boil; if you ask him where, he will sell you a bargain. My chief country-companion now is philosopher Webber; for the Grattans and Jacksons are neither to be found at home or abroad, except Robin, who cannot stir a foot.



L E T T E R CXXXVI

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

April 9. 1737.

ABout a month ago I received your last letter, wherein you complain of my long silence; what will you do when I am so long in answering? I have one excuse which will serve for all my friends; I am quite worn out with disorders of mind and body; a long fit of deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehension of giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done: in to the bargain, I have not one
rag

rag of memory left; and my friends have all forsaken me, except Mrs. Whiteway, who preserves some pity for my condition; and a few others, who love wine that costs them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am just as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But to speak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana*, *Tu clamas meretrix primus*; for we have all expected you here at Easter, as you were used to do.— Your muster-roll of meat is good, but of drink in sup port able. Yew wann twine. My strefs Al-bavia has eaten here all your hung beef, and said it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is, that Miss Molly hath issued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs. Harri-son: which causeth many speck you'll ash owns.— I am now come to the noli me tan jerry, which begg inns wyth Mad dam. — So I will go on, by the strength of my own wit, upon points of the highest imp or taunts. I have been very curious in considering that fruitful word *ling*; which explains many fine qualities in ladies; such as, *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling*, (seldom) *toy ling*, *mumb ling*, *grumb ling*, *cur ling*, *puss ling*, *busf ling*, *flow ling*, *ramb ling*, *quarry ling*, *tat ling*, *whiff ling*, *dabb ling*, *doub ling*. These are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower: they have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wether, and dare ink you rabble.— Well, I triumph over you, Is corn urine cap a city. Pray tell me, does the land of Quilca pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of 50 l. to be got? But before you make complaints of ill payments from your school, I will declare I was never so ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors. I have finished my bill for the last time; wherein I left some little legacy, which you are not to receive till you shall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe me to my executors. And I have made

very honourable mention of you in the will, as the consideration of leaving these legacies to you.

Explain this proverb. *Salt dry fish, and the wedding-gold, is the vice of women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time. The old huncks Shepherd has buried his only son, who was a young huncks come to age.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here is a rhyme; it is a satire on an inconstant lover.

You are as faithless as a Carthaginian,
To love at once Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny,
Anne.

A specimen of Latinitas Grattianiana.

EGO ludam diabolum super duos baculos cum te.
Voca super me cras.

Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.

Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.

Quid pestis velles tu esse apud?

Ego faciam te fumare.

Duc uxorem veni super.

Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.

Ego faciam te secare saltum

Veni, veni, solve tuum scotum, et fac non plura
verba.

Id est plus expensi quam veneratio.

Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem
plenum.

Ut diabolus voluit habere id.

Quid est materia tecum?

Tu habes vetus proverbiam super tuum latus:

Nihil est nunquam in periculo.

Cape me apud illud, et suspende me.

Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.

Tu venis in farti tempore.

Est formosus corporatus homo in facie.

Esne tu super pro omni die ?

Morsus : Esne tu ibi cum tuis urfis ?

Ille est ex super suam servationem.

Tu est carcer avis.

Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me
ad crinem.

Ego dicam tibi quid : Hic est magnus clamor, et
parva lana.

Quid ! tu es super tuum altum equum.

Tu nunquam servasti tuum verbum.

Hic est diabolus et omne agere.

Visne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum ?

Ego faciem porcum vel canem de id.

Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.

Ego possum facere id cum digito madido.

Prefecto ego habui nullam manum in id.

Esne tu in aure nido ?

Tu est homo extranei renis.

Precor, ambula super.

Ego intro non in tuas querelas.

Ego feci amorem virgini honoris.

Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis stultum
ita ?

Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.

Omnes focii apud pedem pilam.

Fœmiæ et linteum aspiciunt optime per candelæ
lucem.



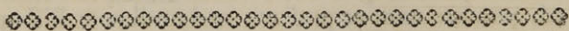
L E T T E R CXXXVII*.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

I Will on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22. as you will read below in the date) send or talk to Mr. Smith: but I distrust your sanguinity so much, (by my own desponding temper), that I know not whether that affair of your justiceship be fixed; but I shall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the Duke and his clan against the lowering of gold, which is just a kind settlement upon England of 25,000 l. a-year for ever. Yet some of my friends differ from me, tho' all agree that the absentees will be just so much gainers. I am excessively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our nostrils, but our lungs. You must in summer ride every half-holiday, and go to church every Sunday some miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy; but they intend far to outdo the original. I wish I were to be born next century, when we shall be utterly rid of parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your Bishop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of *Reverend*. I did write him lately a letter with a witness, relating to his printer of quadrille, (did you ever see it?), with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promises (against his nature) to consider him; but interposed an excep-

* This should have been dated 22d May 1737, but is not.

tion, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs. Whiteway gives herself airs of loving you; but do not trust her too much; for she grows disobedient, and says, she is going for to get another favourite. In short, she calls you names, and has neither Mr. nor Dr. on her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spite of me, and, between ourselves, she sets up to be my governor. I wish you had sent me the Christian name of Knatchbull, and I would have writ to him; but I will see him on Monday, if he will be visible. The poem on the legion-club is so altered and enlarged, as I hear, (for I only saw the original), and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the true number. I hear it is charged to me, with great personal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some say they will wait for revenge to their next meeting; others say the privy-council will summon the suspected author. If I could get the true copy, I would send it you. Your Bishop writes me word, that the real author is manifest by the work. — Your loss of flesh is nothing, if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace, *Non omnis moriar*; for half my body is already spent.



L E T T E R CXXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dear SIR,

Dublin, April 28. 1739.

THE gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me,

me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection; and with good reason, because they are a numerous race degenerating from their ancestors, who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion of King Charles I. This cousin of mine, who is so desirous to wait on you, is named *Deane Swift* *, because his great grandfather by the grandmother's side was Admiral Deane; who having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the restoration.

I have a great esteem for Mr. Deane Swift, who is much the most valuable of any in his family. He was first a student in this university, and finished his studies in Oxford; where Dr. King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, assured me, that Mr. Swift behaved himself with good reputation and credit. He hath a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master, equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors. He hath a true Spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr. Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family at Goodrich in Herefordshire. My grandfather was so persecuted and plundered two and fifty times, by the barbarity of Cromwell's hellish crew, (of which I find an account in a book called *Mercurius Rusticus*), that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family. However, three of his sons had better fortune; for coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates here; of which Mr. Deane Swift hath a good share, but with some incumbrance.

* Author of *An essay upon the life, writings, and character of Dr. Swift*, published in 1755.

I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you, which is all the favour I ask for him; and that if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes.

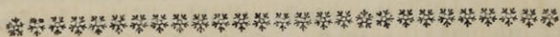
I am,

My dearest friend,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.



A L E T T E R.

DOCTOR,

URE verens is as fit amanto tellus to ris affi. It is as illi gesto me. E veri lædi is a prata pace: sum arso denti i cursum at a venture. A manto mari ad rapido cetis a miti folli. Ime metum at Annibal. A tu es de se nite sed ito a lædi in cum pani ossa delatoris, præfit in mi lapsu. Diçâ camina furiatus, orto præ ventus: his cot is vel vetas sine affa hero. Histrix arso rudi cantabit en durum. His arsis ne ver atqui et. Cæsi, de vilis in uti fora puppi. Præ heris anser. Sursum denis agrum, a gros, aras calli, as ausi, an empti, an das curvi tori. A pacatoris fat at superbius, sed ito Dic; Serra, ærugo, origo, I mæres mi angor in as lapithæ belli: I promissu as furas urina a gaudi coti intendit; fori de testa violent parti rogas mi ene mi. As furas veni sonis fit fora pasti. Ima deni se; far ab ove ad rumor, ora piper, or a caper in fartorr. Sed ito an ebur nec sto misi de; A, goarundo formica ne, lætabo
beat

beat mi merci. I feda punis mi de lite, ora cupa
 clarèt ; an di cæso fore ver. Alludó dic isto callus
 aras calido deni it. Dic fedi in ager, cantu ride
 mi mare inani para bootes, ora a nupera fues ?
 Dic has hyems in his pate. His cum pani i tecum
 fora veri scilicet o puppis : iras cullum tuenti times
 a de. Dic, sed, i amabo, i fedi detestabo, i findit :
 cantu curabo ? Prædixit an do tellus sum tales.
 Cannibal a fudo ? Olet Serapis in ure bootes : olet
 hircum. A curru artis apparent. As sine as ure
 cotis, it is as Græci affa candelis ; nota sum tuus
 habet forabo. Atlas tu fed : Serra dicti, sensu arfo
 rude tomis ter deni se, ure nos in mi ars

Præ se Doctor, musti visit mi par sonas i intend-
 it ? I definit a tu se de nite nec stat his laobora tori ;
 an de at mi superaturus.

Itis a bova forte nite ago sinceri ritu notis offa
 define tomus ter almi tori parti at super. Se, musti
 bipes forum, orno ? An ebur omine has sum veri
 sine stipes ; I præ ubi sumto fata porcas i intendat
 sum time for a meri Es ter, orat Cristamas de. As
 tomi pes, i avum redi in atro.

Is dicor is mari deflet me tecum in tomi cum
 pani ; for midinis in mi pate. Fori cantherina dea
 bellet alpha quarter offa miles distans.

Sed ito dic, præis mi lædi Mari abuti orno ?
 Heris anser ; O as feras ab lac amore, assuet as
 Ajax, as meri as an apis, an das redito fartas a
 marina rodis.

Præbe specus a satur de nec stat superaturus :
 Ime beaturus Tori ro. i. as meri affa piper.

Res tore mi in cornu curru stola a satur de Udi
 diti se, an das fur as agunto. it istos hamus Ime
 comi tuto nugator inani gelu defervit Atlas tu
 me sufferat a gallus fora robur. It is veri es ito pa-
 ca juri. Cani se imas Indis Creta manas ubi ? I
 cano. Præ furdo me justis. Sed ito dixit quietas
 alam. Sensu arfo pertica nata ni time triumpho

vero

vero prætor ; itis notat alto me. I valuit nota quarto vale.

Mi puppi is folamins legas i cantu fim inani erant.

Seras de lite isto fiat ter. Aflat error is redito puta nos inani ars. Sera sed i, pullus sum fruitor lætus pullum, an apri coxa bitumen de lite in. Ire alimenta civi lite fora lædi, butio nimis tecum. Itis inveni findito trito humorem. Itis as long a timeas ire membra jumento fume for a det : at ipsi rogato potō vale : uno Io nomen agro at. I meto non est as urnæ, a foto mi en enemi ; an depedit in hisco in.

Sinciput Eumenides ago in a furi, Iambicum more care fulto repent it: Atom, cantu culmen fit fora meri cum pani? Atri forum, prædo. Finalis mi delite. Obruit as sine affis inani citi. Ure caris in ops notabit fusti. Aduncis mi de lite, justas a paratis ures ; I herum, I encur age, an di secundum in almi follis, for a de or so.

Tomi advifu toris torisque nota peni inani Hanno veri an interest. Arma gesti Caro lina has no credit. An das tomi Georgica notabit en dure. Mi cur doctor toral ordinis nupera bootes.

Miser vi ceto ure datur An. Præ rem embrio hera peni. I sum times castas ipsi ater. Imis terat urus.

Siriam,

Satr de at nite

Ures



A humorous Letter to Dr. SHERIDAN *, on
a literalia scheme of writing.

S I R,

AS you are a famous instructor of youth in the learned languages, I cannot doubt of your being willing to encourage all *useful inventions*, that may further improve knowledge. I have often lamented

* Swift was naturally fond of seeing his works in print; and he was encouraged in this fondness by his friend Dr. Sheridan, who had the *caccesbes scribendi*, to the greatest degree, and was continually letting off squibs, rockets, and all sorts of little fire-works from the press: by which means he offended many particular persons, who, although they stood in awe of Swift, held Sheridan at defiance. The truth is, the poor Doctor, by nature the most peaceable, inoffensive man alive, was in a continual state of warfare with the minor poets; and they revenged themselves, or, in the style of Mr. Bays, often gave him *flask for flask*, and *singed his feathers*. The affection between Theseus and Pirithous was not greater than the affection between Swift and Sheridan. But the friendship that cemented the two ancient heroes, probably commenced upon motives very different from those which united the two modern divines. As in a former letter I drew a picture of Swift's wife, let me here give you some sketches of Swift's friend.

Dr. Sheridan was a schoolmaster, and, in many instance, perfectly well adapted for that station. He was deeply versed in the Greek and Roman languages, and in their customs and antiquities. He had that kind of good nature, which absence of mind, indolence of body, and carelessness of fortune, produce; and although not over strict in his own conduct, yet he took care of the morality of his scholars, whom he sent to the university remarkably well grounded in all classical learning, and not ill instructed in the social duties of life. He was slovenly, indigent, and cheerful. He knew books much better than men; and he knew the value of money least of all. In this situation, and with this disposition, Swift fastened upon him, as upon a prey with which he intended to regale himself, whenever his appetite should prompt him. Sheridan therefore was kept constantly within his reach: and the only time he was permitted to go beyond

mented the unnecessary loss of time we suffer in transcribing our thoughts, by dividing our words into syllables, and writing the vowels at length,

the limits of his chain, was to take possession of a living in the county of Cork, which had been bestowed upon him by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the present Earl of Granville. Sheridan, in one fatal moment, or by one fatal text, effected his own ruin. You will find the story told by Swift himself, in vol. 4, p. 84. So that here I need only tell you, that this ill-starred, good natured, improvident man returned to Dublin, unbinged from all favour at court, and even banished from the castle. But still he remained a punster, a quibbler, a fidler, and a wit. Not a day passed without a rebus, an anagram, or a madrigal. His pen and his fiddlestick were in continual motion; and yet to little or no purpose, if we may give credit to the following verses, which shall serve as the conclusion of his poetical character.

With music and poetry equally blest'd,
A bard thus Apollo most humbly address'd:
Great author of poetry, music and light,
Instructed by thee, I both fiddle and write:
Yet unheeded I serape, or I scribble all day,
My tunes are neglected, my verse flung away.
Thy substitute here, Vice-Apollo * d strains,
To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains.
Thy manual sign he refuses to put
To the airs I produce from the pen, or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus, and grant
Relief: or reward to my merit, or want.
Thou, h the Dean and Delany † transcendently shine,
O! brighten one solo, or sonnet of mine
Make one work immortal; 'tis all I request,
Apollo look'd pleas'd, and resolving to jest,
Replied, honest friend, I've consider'd your case,
Nor dislike your unmeaning and innocent face.
Your petition I grant, the boon is not great,
Your works shall continue, and here's the receipt,
On a roundes ‡ hereafter your fiddlestrings spend,
Write verses in circles, they never shall end.

Orrery.

See a further account of Dr. Sheridan in Dr. Swift's life, prefixed to vol. I.

* Dr. Swift.

† Now Dean of Down——See Swift's will, at the end of this volume.

‡ A song or peculiar kind of poetry, which returns to the beginning of the first verse, and so continues in a perpetual rotation.

which

which so frequently occur; that although they be but five, yet by occurring so frequently as they do, they double our labour. Besides the great loss of paper, pens and ink, which many among the learned are not so well able to spare.

I confess, that, in this polite and learned age of ours, many laudable attempts have been made for some remedy against this evil; partly by abbreviating words with apostrophes, and partly by lopping the polysyllables, leaving only one or two at most: as thus, 'Tis 'n't, 't'nt, won't, can't, poz, 'pon, rep' phis, and many more. But alas, these are poor expedients, and do not go to the root of the disease.

My scheme is much more useful and extensive: although I confess myself not to be altogether the original inventor. For I observe, that the ingenious gentlemen who play at White's chocolate-house, have some imperfect idea of it; and I have seen some instances of it many years older, but very imperfect. By these examples, I have these nine years past been considering the force of letters in our alphabet, with relation to each other; as schoolmistresses teach young children to pronounce them in their horn-books; which is in this manner: A, Be or Bee, See, Dee, E, Ef, Gee, Each or Ach, I or Eye, Ka or Key, El, Em, En, O, Pee or Pe, Qu or Cue, Are or Err, Efs, Tee or Tea, U or You, double U or double You, Ex, Wy, Izzard. Now this, I say, the very gaming lords at the chocolate-houses have already some imperfect notion of, as far as concerns the vowels. The same thing also men of business are not ignorant of; for thus three vowels shall stand, with the sum affixed, for a good promissory note, JOU 201.

In short, you need only read the letters as they are pronounced by boys and girls, when they are taught first to read, as A, Bee, Cee; and six letters shall go as far as ten. This is only for dispatch

in writing; of which take the following specimens. But I have materials for a treatise to contract words in speaking, which, as this finds encouragement, I shall publish afterwards.

A letter to your mistress.

DR In ur a but; I stm a dit. Ur mpr ndurs. O b ur but ndls. A tr faces ur but. Ur a gm; a gul; a rub. I c a b p q ur i: I b c h u t k a r o ur i, I c q u ar med Ur etn; u r yy. Ur aprs. I c a pr b for u. I desire ur pt, ur gnroset; ur prspquit; dene, enerit, fablit, ur exlmes apr. Ur a qrioet. Ritr nobls ur log. Ur a qn ma. Ur but dfis apls a pntr. I c ur but pres ur nmi.

Another letter in the literalia style.

BT, ur nt; u dfil ur krks dli. I c ur a grr. I ph u. I aqq u. Ur nmii aqq u. Mli aqqs u. Q pd d fi i u. U r r r mprs. U th kt. O g m ni! u a thr. U th a br. Ur ri, I d fi u. I sk p u. I sq u. I k tquis u. U a but. Ur rc a but. U rfmbl ur ldr estr kt on. I rmmbr dr Ptr. On sqir. B guptr I cur gloc. Q ep ur tmpr.



A punning Epistle on Money.

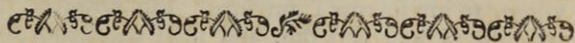
Worthy Mr PENNYFEATHER,

MAdam Johnson has been very ill used by her servants; they put shillings into her broth instead of groats, which made her stamp. I hear they had them from one Tom Ducket, a tenant to Major Noble, who, I am told, is reduced to nine pence. We are doubting whether we shall dine at

the Crown or the Angel. Honest Mark Cob, who has been much moydored of late, will dine with us; but Squire Manypenny, and Captain Sterling, desire to be excused; for they are engaged with Ned Silver to dine in Change-alley. They live in great harmony; they met all-together last week, and sat as lovingly as horses in a pond. I suppose you have heard of the rino-ceros lately arrived here. A captain was cast-ered on Wednesday. A scavenger abused me this morning; but I made him down with his dust, which indeed was a far-thing from my intentions. Mrs. Brent had a pistole from her; I would a' ginn'ye a good deal for such another. Mrs. Dingley has made a soufe for your collared eel. Alderman Coin presents his service to you. I have nothing but half pens to write with, so that you must excuse this scrawl. One of my seals fell into a chink. I am, without allay, Your most obedient,

TOM MITE.

P. S. Mr. Cole presents his service to you, of which I am a-tester.



A Letter from a gentleman in the country to his friend in town.

————— De te
Fabula narratur.

S I R,

AS you have been pleased very generously to honour me with your friendship, I think myself obliged to throw off all disguise, and discover to you my real circumstances; which I shall do with all the openness and freedom imaginable. You will be surpris'd at the beginning of my story, and think the whole a joke; but you may depend upon its being actually true, and, if need were, I can bring the parson of the parish to testify the same.

You

You must know then, that, at this present time, I live in a poor, little, sorry house of clay, that stands upon the waste, as other cottages do; and what is worst of all, am liable to be turned out at a minute's warning. It is a sort of copyhold tenure; and the custom of the manor is this: for the first thirty years I am to pay no rent, but only to do suit and service, and attend upon the courts, which are kept once a-week, and sometimes oftener: for twenty years after this, I am to pay a rose every year; and further than this, during the remainder of my life, I am to pay a tooth, (which you will say is a whimsical kind of acknowledgement), every two or three years, or oftener, if it be demanded: and when I have nothing more to pay, *out* must be the word, and it will not be long ere my person will be seized. I might have had my tenement (such as it is) upon better terms, if it had not been for a fault of my great-grandfather. He and his wife together, with the advice of an ill neighbour, were concerned in robbing an orchard belonging to the lord of the manor, and so forfeited this great privilege, to my sorrow I am sure. But however, I must do as well as I can, and shall endeavour to keep my house in tolerable repair.

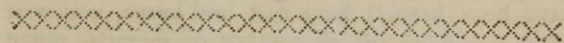
My kitchen, where I dress my victuals, is a comical little roundish sort of a room, somewhat like an oven; it answers very well to the purpose it was designed for, and that is enough. My garrets (or rather my cock-lofts indeed), are very indifferently furnished; but they are rooms which few people regard now, unless to lay lumber in; however, I make shift to rub on in my little way; and when rent-day comes, I must see and discharge it as well as I can.

Whenever I am turned out, I understand my lodge, or whatever you please to call it, descends upon a low-spirited creeping family, remarkable for nothing, but being instrumental in advancing the reputation

reputation of the great Moer in Abchurch-lane *. But be that as it will, I have one snug apartment that lies on the left side of my house, which I reserve for my chiefest friends. It is very warm, where you will always be a welcome guest; and you may depend upon a lodging, as long as the edifice shall be in the tenure and occupation of,

S I R,

Your humble servant.



*A Letter from Dr. SWIFT to the Rev. Mr. KENDAL.
Vicar of Thornton in Leicestershire †.*

S I R,

Feb. 11. 1691.

IF any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was your almost inviting me to do so in the beginning; which indeed grew less upon knowing the occasion, since it is what I have heard from more than one in and about Leicester. And for the friendship between us, as I suppose yours to be real, so I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cause to believe it pretended; tho' I might have some quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill bestowed in complimenting me. And as to that of my great prospects of making my fortune, on which, as your kindness only looks on the best side, so my own cold temper and unconfined humour is much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter. I shall speak plainly to you, that the very

* An apothecary in London, remarkable for selling worm-powder.

† This letter is not in Hawkesworth's nor the Dublin edition. It is taken from the 11th volume of Swift's Miscellanies, printed at London in 1753.

ordinary

ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the university, have taught me experience enough, not to think of marriage, till I settle my fortune in the world; which I am sure will not be in some years. And even then itself, I am so hard to please, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world. How all this suits with my behaviour to the woman in hand, you may easily imagine, when you know that there is something in me which must be employed; and, when I am alone, turns all, for want of practice, into speculation and thought; insomuch, that, in these seven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again, upon almost all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England. And this is it, which a person of great honour in Ireland (who was pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind), used to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me so busy when I am in company, to turn all that way: and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myself just the same way, and, I profess, without any other design, than of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done, as a man of the world, when I had no design for any thing grave in it, and what I thought (at worst) a harmless impertinence. But whenever I began to take sober resolutions, or (as now) to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Besides, perhaps in so general a conversation among that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where I am, when I go to chuse for a wife; and think, that though the cunningest sharper of the town may

I

have

have a cheat put upon him, yet it must be cleanlier carried than this, which you think I am going to top upon myself. And truly, if you know how metaphysical I am that way, you would little fear I should venture on one, who has given so much occasion to tongues. For though the people is a lying sort of beast, (and, I think, in Leicester above all parts that I ever was in); yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason; which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am), to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman, any farther than a bare acquaintance, except all things else were agreeable, and that I had mathematical demonstrations for the falsehood of the first, which, if it be not impossible, I am sure is very like it. Among all the young gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themselves by marrying, (which, I assure you, is a great number), I have made this general rule, That they are either young, raw, and ignorant scholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every silk petticoat includes an angel; or else they have been a sort of honest young men, who perhaps are too literal, in rather marrying than burning, and so entail miseries on themselves and posterity, by an over-acting modesty. I think I am very far excluded from lighting under either of these heads. I confess I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married, and ruined themselves out of a maggots. But a thousand house-hold thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, fright me from that. Besides, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not understand, having never heard them but just so hinted. I thought it proper to give you this, to shew you how I thank you for your regard of me: and I hope my carriage will be so, as my

VOL. X. I i friends

friends need not be ashamed of the name. I should not have behaved myself after the manner I did in Leiceſter, if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I ſolemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leiceſter to be; and ſo I content myſelf with retaliation. I hope you will forgive this trouble; and ſo, with my ſervice to your good wife,

I am,

Good couſin,

Your very * friend and ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

* There ſeems to have been a word omitted here through haſte.



A PRAYER

vant, Forgive the sins, the frailties, and infirmities of her life past. Accept the good deeds she hath done, in such a manner, that at whatever time

who, as has been said before, was a menial servant to Sir William Temple. Ambition and pride will, at any time, conquer reason and justice; and each larger degree of pride, like the larger fishes of prey, will devour all the less. Thus the vanity of boasting such a wife, was suppressed by the greater vanity of keeping free from a low alliance.

Dr. Swift and Mrs. Johnson continued the same economy of life after marriage, which they had pursued before it. They lived in separate houses, he remaining at the Deanery, she in lodgings at a distance from him, and on the other side of the river Liffy. Nothing appeared in their behaviour inconsistent with decorum, or beyond the limits of Platonic love. They conversed like friends; but they industriously took care to summon witnesses of their conversation: A rule to which they adhered so strictly, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove they had ever been together without some third person.

A conduct so extraordinary in itself always gives room for various comments and reflections. But however unaccountable this renunciation of marriage-rights might appear to the world, it certainly rose not from any consciousness of too near a consanguinity between him and Mrs. Johnson, although the general voice of fame was willing to make them both the natural children of Sir William Temple. I am persuaded, that Dr. Swift was not of this opinion; because the same false pride that induced him to deny the legitimate daughter of an obscure servant, might have prompted him to own the natural daughter of so eminent a man as Sir William Temple.

There are actions of which the true sources will never be discovered. This perhaps is one. I have told you the fact, in the manner I have received it from several of Swift's friends and relations; and I must leave you to make your own observations upon it.

You may imagine, that a woman of Stella's delicacy must repine at such an extraordinary situation. The outward honours which she received, are as frequently bestowed upon a mistress, as upon a wife. She was absolutely virtuous; and yet was obliged to submit to all the appearances of vice, except in the presence of those few people who were witnesses of the cautious manner in which she lived with her husband, who scorned even to be married like any other men.

Inward anxiety affected by degrees the calmness of her mind, and the strength of her body. She began to decline in her health, in the year 1724; and from the first symptoms of decay, she rather hastened than shrunk back in the descent: tacitly pleased to find her footsteps tending to that place where *they neither marry, nor are given in marriage*. She died towards the end of January 1727-8, absolutely destroyed by the peculiarity of her fate; a fate which perhaps she could not have incurred by an alliance with any other person in the world. *Orrery*.

See a further account of Stella in Dr. Swift's life, prefixed to vol. 1.

thou shalt please to call her, she may be received into everlasting habitations. Give her grace to continue sincerely thankful to thee for the many favours thou hast bestowed on her, the ability, and inclination, and practice, to do good, and those virtues which have procured the esteem and love of her friends, and a most unspotted name in the world. O God, thou dispensest thy blessings and thy punishments as it becometh infinite justice and mercy; and since it was thy pleasure to afflict her with a long, constant, weakly state of health, make her truly sensible, that it was for very wise ends, and was largely made up to her in other blessings more valuable and less common. Continue to her, O Lord, that firmness and constancy of mind, wherewith thou hast most graciously endued her, together with that contempt of worldly things and vanities, that she hath shewn in the whole conduct of her life. O all-powerful Being, the least motion of whose will can create or destroy a world; pity us, the mournful friends of thy distressed servant, who sink under the weight of her present condition, and the fear of losing the most valuable of our friends: restore her to us, O Lord, if it be thy gracious will, or inspire us with constancy and resignation, to support ourselves under so heavy an affliction. Restore her, O Lord, for the sake of those poor, who, by losing her, will be desolate; and those sick, who will not only want her bounty, but her care and tending; or else, in thy mercy, raise up some other in her place, with equal disposition, and better abilities. Lessen, O Lord, we beseech thee, her bodily pains, or give her a double strength of mind to support them. And if thou wilt soon take her to thyself, turn our thoughts rather upon that felicity which we hope we shall enjoy, than upon that unspeakable loss we shall endure. Let her memory be ever dear unto us; and the example of her many virtues, as far as human infirmity

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infirmity will admit, our constant imitation. Accept, O Lord, these prayers, poured from the very bottom of our hearts, in thy mercy, and for the merits of our blessed Saviour. *Amen.*



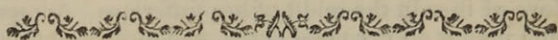
Another, written November 6. 1727 *.

O Merciful Father, who never afflictest thy children, but for their own good, and with justice, over which thy mercy always prevai-leth, either to turn them to repentance, or to punish them in the present life, in order to reward them in a better; take pity, we beseech thee, upon this thy poor afflicted servant, languishing so long and so grievously under the weight of thy hand. Give her strength, O Lord, to support her weakness; and patience to endure her pains, without repining at thy correction. Forgive every rash and inconsiderate expression which her anguish may at any time force from her tongue, while her heart continueth in entire submission to thy will. Suppress in her, O Lord, all eager desires of life, and lessen her fears of death, by inspiring into her an humble yet assured hope of thy mercy. Give her a sincere repentance for all her transgressions and omissions, and a firm resolution to pass the remainder of her life in endeavouring, to her utmost, to observe all thy precepts. We beseech thee likewise to compose her thoughts; and preserve to her the use of her memory and reason, during the course of her sickness. Give her a true conception of the vanity, folly, and insignificancy of all human things; and

* Mrs. Johnson, alias Stella, died on the 28th of January following in the 44th year of her age.

strengthen

strengthen her so, as to beget in her a sincere love of thee in the midst of her sufferings. Accept, and impute all her good deeds, and forgive all those offences against thee, which she hath repented of, or, through the frailty of memory, hath forgot. And now, O Lord, we turn to thee, in behalf of ourselves, and the rest of her sorrowful friends. Let not our grief afflict her mind, and thereby have an ill effect on her present distemper. Forgive the sorrow or weakness of those among us, who sink under the grief and terror of losing so dear and useful a friend. Accept and pardon our most earnest prayers and wishes for her longer continuance in this evil world, to do what thou art pleased to call thy service, and is only her bounden duty; that she may be still a comfort to us, and to all others, who will want the benefit of her conversation, her advice, her good offices, or her charity. And since thou hast promised, that where two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midst of them, to grant their request; O gracious Lord, grant to us who are here met in thy name, that those requests, which in the utmost sincerity and earnestness of our hearts, we have now made in behalf of this thy distressed servant, and of ourselves, may effectually be answered; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*



BONS MOTS de STELLA.

A Lady of my intimate acquaintance both in England and Ireland, in which last kingdom she lived from the eighteenth year of her age, twenty-six years, had the most and finest accomplishments of any person I ever knew of either sex. It was observed by all her acquaintance, that she never failed in company to say the best thing that was said, whoever was by; yet her companions were usually persons of the best understanding in the kingdom. Some of us, who were her nearest friends, lamented that we never wrote down her remarks, and what the French call *bons mots*. I will recollect as many as I can remember.

We were diverting ourselves at a play, called *What is it like?* One person is to think, and the rest, without knowing the thing, to say what it is like. The thing thought on was the spleen: she had said it was like an oyster; and gave her reason immediately, because it is removed by taking steel inwardly.

Dr. Sheridan, who squandered more than he could afford, took out his purse as he sat by the fire, and found it was very hot: she said, the reason was, that his money burnt in his pocket.

She called to her servants to know what ill smell was in the kitchen? they answered, they were making matches: Well, said she, I have heard matches were made in heaven; but, by the brimstone, one would think they were made in hell.

After she had been eating some sweet thing, a little of it happened to stick on her lips; a gentleman

man told her of it, and offered to lick it off; she said, No, Sir, I thank you, I have a tongue of my own.

In the late king's time, a gentleman asked Jervas, the painter, where he lived in London? he answered, Next door to the king, (for his house was near St. James's) The other wondering how that could be; she said, You mistake Mr Jervas, for he only means next door to the *sign* of a king.

A gentleman who had been very filly and pert in her company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him, that he should be easy, because the child was gone to heaven. No, my Lord, said she, that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child there.

Having seen some letters writ by a king in a very large hand, and some persons wondering at them, she said it confirmed the old saying, *That kings had long hands.*

Dr Sheridan, famous for punning, intending to sell a bargain, said, he had made a very good pun. Somebody asked what it was? He answered, My a— . The other taking offence, she insisted the doctor was in the right; for every one knew that punning was his *blind side*.

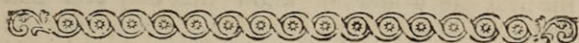
When she was extremely ill, her physician said, Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again. She answered, Doctor, I fear I shall be *out of breath* before I get up to the top.

A dull person talking of a very smart thing, said to another person as he came out of the pulpit, he was hammering a long time, but could not remember the jest: she, being impatient, said, I remember it very well, for I was there, and the words were these: Sir, you have been blundering at a story this half-hour, and can neither make head nor tail of it.

A very dirty clergyman of her acquaintance, who affected smartness and repartee, was asked by some of the company, how his nails came to be so dirty? He was at a loss; but she solved the difficulty, by saying, The Doctor's nails grew dirty by scratching *himself*.

A Quaker apothecary sent her a vial corked; it had a broad brim, and a label of paper about its neck. What is that, said she, my apothecary's son? The ridiculous resemblance, and the suddenness of the question, set us all a-laughing





THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS *:

LAWS penned with the utmost care and exactness, and in the vulgar language, are often perverted to wrong meanings; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so?

Although men are accused for not knowing their weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength.

A man seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey, that was hung on a fruit-tree, said thus: Why, thou sottish animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you see many hundred of your kind there dying before you? The reproach is just, answered the wasp: but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If, after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you.

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole; which the cat observing, asked, why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of? Why, said the jack-daw, my master has a whole chestful, and makes no more use of them than I.

Men are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never

* These Thoughts, and the Bons Mots de Stella, seem to be part of Sheridan's collection of Contes a Rire, and Bons Mots, mentioned in letter 128.

to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

After all the maxims and systems of trade and commerce, a stander-by would think the affairs of the world were most ridiculously contrived.

There are few countries, which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer, where one third part of the people are not extremely stunted, even in the necessaries of life. I sent out twenty barrels of corn which would maintain a family in bread for a year, and I bring back in return a vessel of wine, which half a dozen good fellows would drink in less than a month, at the expence of their health and reason.

A motto for the Jesuits:

Qua regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

A man would have but few spectators, if he offered to shew for three pence how he could thrust a red hot iron into a barrel of gunpowder, and it should not take fire *

Query. Whether churches are not dormitories of the living as well as of the dead!

Harry Killegrew said to Lord Wharton, "You would not swear at that rate, if you thought you were doing God honour."

A copy of verses kept in the cabinet, and only shewn to a few friends, is like a virgin much sought after and admired; but when printed and published, is like a common whore, whom any body may purchase for half a crown.

Lewis XIV. of France spent his life in turning a good name into a great.

Since the union of divinity and humanity is the

* See The wonder of wonders, in vol. 5. p. 309.

great article of our religion, it is odd to see some clergymen in their writings of divinity wholly devoid of humanity.

The Epicureans began to spread at Rome in the empire of Augustus, as the Socinians, and even the Epicureans too, did in England towards the end of King Charles II.'s reign; which is reckoned, tho' very absurdly, our Augustan age. They both seem to be corruptions occasioned by luxury and peace, and by politeness beginning to decline.

Sometimes I read a book with pleasure, and detest the author.

At a bookseller's shop, some time ago, I saw a book with this title, "Poems by the author of the Choice *." Not enduring to read a dozen lines, I asked the company with me, whether they had ever seen the book, or heard of the poem from whence the author denominated himself; they were all as ignorant as I. But I find it common with these small dealers in wit and learning, to give themselves a title from their first adventure, as Don Quixote usually did from his last. This ariseth from that great importance which every man supposeth himself to be of.

One Dennis, commonly called *the critic*, who had writ a three-penny pamphlet against the power of France, being in the country, and hearing of a French privateer hovering about the coast, altho' he were twenty miles from the sea, fled to town, and told his friends, they need not wonder at his haste; for the King of France having got intelligence where he was, had sent a privateer on purpose to catch him †.

Dr Gee, prebendary of Westminster, who had writ a small paper against Popery, being obliged to travel for his health, affected to disguise his person

* The Rev. Mr. Pomfret, a dissenting minister.

† See An account of the phrenzy of John Dennis, vol. 7. p. 28.

and change his name, as he passed through Portugal, Spain, and Italy; telling all the English he met, that he was afraid of being murdered, or put into the inquisition. He was acting the same farce at Paris, till Mr. Prior (who was then secretary to the embassy) quite disconcerted the Doctor, by maliciously discovering the secret, and offering to engage body for body, that not a creature would hurt him, or had ever heard of him or his pamphlet.

A chambermaid to a lady of my acquaintance, thirty miles from London, had the very same turn of thought. When talking with one of her fellow-servants, she said, "I hear it is all over London already, that I am going to leave my lady." And so had a footman, who being newly married, desired his comrade to tell him freely what the town said of it.

When somebody was telling a certain great minister, that people were discontented; "Poh," said he, "half a dozen fools are prating in a coffee-house, and presently think their own noise about their ears is made by the world."

The death of a private man is generally of so little importance to the world, that it cannot be a thing of great importance in itself; and yet I do not observe, from the practice of mankind, that either philosophy or nature have sufficiently armed us against the fears which attend it. Neither do I find any thing able to reconcile us to it, but extreme pain, shame, or despair; for poverty, imprisonment, ill fortune, grief, sickness, and old age, do generally fail.

Whence comes the custom of bidding a woman look upon her apron strings to find an excuse? Was it not from the apron of fig-leaves worn by Eve, when she covered herself, and was the first of her sex, who made a bad excuse, for eating the forbidden fruit?

I never

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Do not we see how easily we pardon our own actions and passions, and the very infirmities of our bodies; why should it be wonderful to find us pardon our own dulness?

Dignity and station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage, as vanity; nor any which by ill management make so contemptible a figure.

Observation is an old man's memory.

Politics are nothing but corruptions, and are consequently of no use to a good king or a good ministry; for which reason all courts are so full of politics.

Eloquence smooth and cutting, is like a razor whetted with oil.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones, by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road, by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe, that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge, to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a strong hand; whereas, if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

“ He

“ He who does not provide for his own house,” St. Paul says, “ is worse than an infidel.” And I think, he who provides *only* for his own house, is just equal with an infidel.

Jealousy, like fire, may shrivel up horns, but it makes them stink.

A footman's hat should fly off to every body; and therefore Mercury, who was Jupiter's footman, had wings fastened to his cap.

When a man pretends love, but courts for money, he is like a juggler, who conjures away your shilling, and conveys something very indecent under the hat.

All panegyrics are mingled with an infusion of poppy

I have known men happy enough at ridicule, who, upon grave subjects, were perfectly stupid; of which Dr. Echard of Cambridge, who writ *The contempt of the clergy*, was a great instance.

One top of Parnassus was sacred to Bacchus, the other to Apollo.

Matrimony hath many children; Repentance, Discord, Poverty, Jealousy, Sickness, Spleen, Loathing, &c.

Vision is the art of seeing things invisible.

The two maxims of any great man at court are, Always to keep his countenance; and, Never to keep his word.

I asked a poor man how he did? He said, he was like a washball, always in decay.

Hippocrates, *aph. 32. sect. 6.* observes, that fluttering people are always subject to a looseness. I wish physicians had power to remove the profusion of words in many people to the inferior parts.

A man dreamed he was a cuckold; a friend told him it was a bad sign, because when a dream is true, Virgil says it passes through the horned gate.

Love is a flame; and therefore we say, beauty is attractive;

attractive ; because physicians observe that fire is a great drawer.

Civis, the most honourable name among the Romans ; a citizen, a word of contempt among us.

A lady who had gallantries and several children, told her husband, he was like the austere man, who reaped where he did not sow.

We read that an afs's head was sold for eighty pieces of silver ; they have been lately sold ten thousand times dearer, and yet they were never more plentiful.

I must complain the cards are ill shuffled, till I have a good hand.

Very few men do properly live at present, but are providing to live another time.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive, and talking to me.

Whoever live at a different end of the town from me, I look upon as persons out of the world, and only myself and the scene about me to be in it.

When I was young, I thought all the world, as well as myself, was wholly taken up in discouraging upon the last new play.

My Lord Cromarti, after fourscore, went to his country-house in Scotland, with a resolution to stay six years there, and live thriftily, in order to save up money, that he might spend in London.

It is said of the horses in the vision, that their power was in their mouths and in their tails. What is said of horses in the vision, in reality may be said of women.

Elephants are always drawn smaller than the life, but a flea always larger.

When old folks tell us of many passages in their youth between them and their company, we are apt to think how much happier those times were than the present.

Why does the elder sister dance barefoot, when the younger is married before her ? Is it not that she

may appear shorter, and consequently be thought younger than the bride ?

No man will take counsel, but every man will take money ; therefore money is better than counsel.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together ; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side ; whereof the poet complaining, I bid him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.

At Windfor I was observing to my Lord Bolingbroke, that the tower where the maids of honour lodged (who at that time were not very handsome) was much frequented with crows. My Lord said, it was because they smelt carrion.



The

The STORY of the INJURED LADY.

Written by herself.

IN a Letter to her FRIEND.

With his ANSWER.

S I R,

BEING ruined by the inconstancy and unkindness of a lover, I hope a true and plain relation of my misfortunes may be of use and warning to credulous maids, never to put too much trust in deceitful men.

A gentleman * in the neighbourhood had two mistresses, another and myself †; and he pretended honourable love to us both. Our three houses stood pretty near one another. His was parted from mine by a river ‡, and from my rival's by an old broken wall ||. But before I enter into the particulars of this gentleman's hard usage of me, I will give a very just impartial character of my rival and myself.

As to her person, she is tall and lean, and very ill shaped; she hath bad features, and a worse complexion; she hath a stinking breath, and twenty ill smells about her besides; which are yet more un-

* Englan.

† Scotland and Ireland.

‡ The Irish sea.

|| The Ficts wall.

sufferable, by her natural fluttishness; for she is always lousy, and never without the itch. As to her other qualities, she hath no reputation either for virtue, honesty, truth, or manners: and it is no wonder, considering what her education hath been, Scolding and curling are her common conversation. To sum up all; she is poor and beggarly, and gets a sorry maintenance by pilfering wherever she comes. As for this gentleman, who is now so fond of her, she still beareth him an invincible hatred revileth him to his face, and railleth at him in all companies. Her house is frequented by a company of rogues, and thieves and pick-pockets, whom she encourageth to rob his henroofs, steal his corn and cattle, and do him all manner of mischief. She hath been known to come at the head of these rascals, and beat her lover until he was sore from head to foot, and then force him to pay for the trouble she was at. Once attended with a crew of raggamuffins, she broke into his house, turned all things topsyturvy, and then set it on fire. At the same time she told so many lies among his servants, that it set them all by the ears, and his poor steward * was knocked on the head; for which I think, and so doth all the country, that she ought to be answerable. To conclude her character: she is of a different religion, being a Presbyterian of the most rank and virulent kind, and consequently having an inveterate hatred to the church; yet I am sure, I have been always told, that in marriage there ought to be an union of minds as well as of persons.

I will now give my own character: and shall do it in few words, and with modesty and truth.

I was reckoned to be as handsome as any in our neighbourhood, until I became pale and thin with grief and ill usage. I am still fair enough, and have, I think, no very ill feature about me. They

* Charles I.

that see me now, will hardly allow me ever to have had any great share of beauty; for, besides being so much altered, I go always mobbed, and in an undress, as well out of neglect, as indeed for want of cloaths to appear in. I might add to all this, that I was born to a good estate, although it now turneth to little account, under the oppressions I endure, and hath been the true cause of all my misfortunes.

Some years ago this gentleman taking a fancy either to my person or fortune, made his addresses to me; which, being then young and foolish, I too readily admitted. He seemed to use me with so much tenderness, and his conversation was so very engaging, that all my constancy and virtue were too soon overcome; and, to dwell no longer upon a theme that causeth such bitter reflections, I must confess with shame, that I was undone by the common arts practised upon all easy credulous virgins, half by force, and half by consent, after solemn vows and protestations of marriage. When he had once got possession, he soon began to play the usual part of a too fortunate lover, affecting on all occasions to shew his authority, and to act like a conqueror. First, he found fault with the government of my family, which I grant was none of the best, consisting of ignorant illiterate creatures; for at that time I knew but little of the world. In compliance to him, therefore, I agreed to fall into his ways and methods of living. I consented that his steward should govern my house, and have liberty to employ an under-steward *, who would receive his directions. My lover proceeded farther, turning away some old servants and tenants, and supplying me with others from his own house. These grew so domineering and unreasonable, that there was no quiet, and I heard of nothing but

* Lord Lieutenant.

perpetual quarrels ; which although I could not possibly help, yet my lover laid all the blame and punishment upon me ; and, upon every falling out, still turned away more of my people, and supplied me in their stead with a number of fellows and dependents of his own, whom he had no other way to provide for. Overcome by love, and to avoid noise and contention, I yielded to all his usurpations ; and finding it in vain to resist, I thought it my best policy, to make my court to my new servants, and draw them to my interests. I fed them from my own table with the best I had, put my new tenants on the choice parts of my land, and treated them all so kindly, that they began to love me as well as their master. In process of time all my old servants were gone, and I had not a creature about me, nor above one or two tenants, but what were of his chusing ; yet I had the good luck, by gentle usage, to bring over the greatest part of them to my side. When my lover observed this, he began to alter his language ; and to those who inquired about me, he would answer, that I was an old dependent upon his family, whom he had placed on some concerns of his own ; and he began to use me accordingly, neglecting by degrees all common civilities in his behaviour. I shall never forget the speech he made me one morning, which he delivered with all the gravity in the world. He put me in mind of the vast obligations I lay under to him, in sending me so many of his people for my own good, and to teach me manners : that it had cost him ten times more than I was worth to maintain me : that it had been much better for him if I had been damned, or burnt, or sunk to the bottom of the sea : that it was but reasonable I should strain myself as far as I was able, to reimburse him some of his charges : that, from henceforward, he expected his word should be a law to me in all things : that I must maintain a parish watch against thieves
and

and robbers, and give salaries to an overseer, a constable, and others, all of his own chusing, whom he would send from time to time to be spies upon me; that, to enable me the better in supporting these expences, my tenants shall be obliged to carry all their goods cross the river, to his own town-market, and pay toll on both sides, and then sell them at half value. But because we were a nasty sort of people, and that he could not endure to touch any thing we had a hand in, and likewise, because he wanted work to employ his own folks, therefore we must send all our goods to his market just in their naturals; the milk immediately from the cow, without making it into cheese or butter; the corn in the ear; the grass as it is mowed; the wool as it cometh from the sheep's back; and bring the fruit upon the branch, that he might not be obliged to eat it after our filthy hands; that, if a tenant carried but a piece of bread and cheese to eat by the way, or an inch of worsted to mend his stockings, he should forfeit his whole parcel; and because a company of rogues usually plied on the river between us, who often robbed my tenants of their goods and boats, he ordered a waterman of his to guard them, whose manner was, to be out of the way until the poor wretches were plundered; then to overtake the thieves, and seize all as lawful prize to his master and himself. It would be endless to repeat a hundred other hardships he hath put upon me; but it is a general rule, that whenever he imagines the smallest advantage will redound to one of his footboys, by any new oppression of me and my whole family and estate, he never disputeth it a moment. All this hath rendered me so very insignificant and contemptible at home, that some servants, to whom I pay the greatest wages, and many tenants, who have the most beneficial leases, are gone over to live with him; yet I am bound to continue their wages,
and

and pay their rents: by which means one third part of my whole income is spent on his estate, and above another third by his tolls and markets; and my poor tenants are so sunk and impoverished, that instead of maintaining me suitably to my quality, they can hardly find me cloaths to keep me warm, or provide the common necessaries of life for themselves.

Matters being in this posture between me and my lover; I received intelligence, that he had been for some time making very pressing overtures of marriage to my rival, until there happened some misunderstanding between them. She gave him ill words, and threatened to break off all commerce with him. He, on the other side, having either acquired courage by his triumphs over me, or supposing her as tame a fool as I, thought at first to carry it with a high hand; but hearing at the same time, that she had thoughts of making some private proposals to join with me against him, and doubting, with very good reason, that I would readily accept them, he seemed very much disconcerted. This I thought was a proper occasion to shew some great example of generosity and love; and so, without further consideration, I sent him word, that hearing there was like to be a quarrel between him and my rival, notwithstanding all that had passed, and without binding him to any conditions in my own favour, I would stand by him, against her and all the world, while I had a penny in purse, or a petticoat to pawn. This message was subscribed by all my chief tenants; and proved so powerful, that my rival immediately grew more tractable upon it. The result of which was, that there is now a treaty of marriage * concluded between them; the wedding-cloaths are bought, and nothing remaineth but to perform the ceremony, which is put off for some

* Treaty of Union.

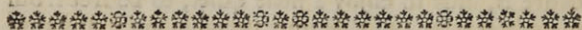
days, because they design it to be a public wedding. And, to reward my love, constancy, and generosity, he hath bestowed on me the office of being sempstres to his grooms and footmen, which I am forced to accept or starve. Yet, in the midst of this my situation, I cannot but have some pity for this deluded man, to cast himself away on an infamous creature; who, whatever she pretendeth, I can prove, would at this very minute rather be a whore to a certain great man, that shall be nameless, if she might have her will. For my part, I think, and so doth all the country too, that the man is possessed; at least none of us are able to imagine what he can possibly see in her, unless she hath bewitched him, or given him some powder.

I am sure I never sought this alliance; and you can bear me witness, that I might have had other matches; nay, if I were lightly disposed, I could still perhaps have offers, that some, who hold their heads higher, would be glad to accept. But alas! I never had any such wicked thought; all I now desire is, only to enjoy a little quiet, to be free from the persecutions of this unreasonable man, and that he will let me manage my own little fortune to the best advantage; for which I will undertake to pay him a considerable pension every year, much more considerable than what he now gets by his oppressions; for he must needs find-himself a loser at last, when he hath drained me and my tenants so dry, that we shall not have a penny for him or ourselves. There is one imposition of his I had almost forgot, which I think insufferable, and will appeal to you or any reasonable person, whether it be so or not. I told you before, that, by an old compact, we agreed to have the same steward; at which time I consented likewise to regulate my family and estate by the same method with him, which he then shewed me written down in form, and I approved of. Now, the turn he thinks fit to give this compact of

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ours is very extraordinary; for he pretends, that whatever orders he shall think fit to prescribe for the future in his family, he may, if he will, compel mine to observe them, without asking my advice, or hearing my reasons. So that I must not make a lease without his consent, or give any directions for the well governing of my family, but what he countermands whenever he pleaseth. This leaveth me at such confusion and uncertainty, that my servants know not when to obey me, and my tenants, although many of them be very well inclined, seem quite at a loss.

But I am too tedious upon this melancholy subject; which, however, I hope, you will forgive, since the happiness of my whole life dependeth upon it. I desire you will think a while, and give your best advice what measures I shall take with prudence, justice, courage, and honour, to protect my liberty and fortune against the hardships and severities I lie under from that unkind, inconstant man.



The ANSWER to the INJURED LADY.

MADAM,

I Have received your Ladyship's letter, and carefully considered every part of it; and shall give you my opinion how you ought to proceed for your own security. But, first, I must beg leave to tell your Ladyship, that you were guilty of an unpardonable weakness t'other day, in making that offer to your lover, of standing by him in any quarrel he might have with your rival. You know very well, that she began to apprehend he had designs of using her as he had done you; and common prudence might have directed you, rather to have entered

entered into some measures with her for joining against him, until he might, at least, be brought to some reasonable terms: but your invincible hatred to that lady hath carried your resentments so high, as to be the cause of your ruin. Yet if you please to consider, this aversion of yours began a good while before she became your rival, and was taken up by you and your family in a sort of compliment to your lover, who formerly had a great abhorrence for her. It is true, since that time you have suffered very much by her incroachments upon your estate, but she never pretended to govern or direct you: and now you have drawn a new enemy upon yourself; for I think you may count upon all the ill offices she can possibly do you by her credit with her husband; whereas, if instead of openly declaring against her, without any provocation, you had sat still a while, and said nothing, that gentleman would have lessened his severity to you out of perfect fear. This weakness of yours you call generosity; but I doubt there was more in the matter. In short, Madam, I have good reasons to think you were betrayed to it by the pernicious counsels of some about you: for, to my certain knowledge, several of your tenants and servants, to whom you have been very kind, are as arrant rascals as any in the country. I cannot but observe what a mighty difference there is in one particular between your Ladyship and your rival. Having yielded up your person, you thought nothing else worth defending; and therefore you will not now insist upon these very conditions for which you yielded at first. But your Ladyship cannot be ignorant, that some years since your rival did the same thing, and upon no conditions at all; nay, this gentleman kept her as a miss, and yet made her pay for her very diet and lodging. But, it being at a time when he had no steward, and his family out of order, she stole away, and hath now got the trick very well known among

the women of the town, to grant a man the favour over night, and the next day have the impudence to deny it to his face. But it is too late to reproach you with any former oversights, which cannot now be rectified. I know the matters of fact, as you relate them, are true and fairly represented. My advice therefore is this: Get your tenants together as soon as you conveniently can, and make them agree to the following resolutions.

First, That your family and tenants have no dependence upon the said gentleman, further than by the old agreement, which obligeth you to have the same steward, and to regulate your household by such methods as you shall both agree to.

Secondly, That you will not carry your goods to the market of his town, unless you please, nor be hindered from carrying them any where else.

Thirdly, That the servants you pay wages to, shall live at home, or forfeit their places.

Fourthly, That whatever lease you make to a tenant, it shall not be in his power to break it.

If he will agree to these articles, I advise you to contribute as largely as you can to all charges of parish and county.

I can assure you, several of that gentleman's ablest tenants and servants are against his severe usage of you, and would be glad of an occasion to convince the rest of their error, if you will not be wanting to yourself.

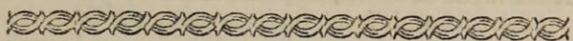
If the gentleman refuses these just and reasonable offers, pray let me know it, and perhaps I may think of something else that will be more effectual.

I am,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

A Con-



A Consultation of four Physicians upon a
LORD that was dying.

First Doctor. IS his honor sic? Præ lætus felis puls.
It do es beat veris loto de.

Second Doctor. No notis as qui cassi e ver fel tu
metri it. Inde edit as fastas an alarum, ora fire bellat
nite.

Third Doctor. It is veri hi.

Fourth Doctor. Noto contra dictu in mi juge
mentitis veri loto de. It is as orta maladi tum callet.
Here e ver id octo reti resto a par lor. na mel an
coli post ure.

First Doctor. It is a megri mas I opi ne.

Second Doctor. No docto rite quit fora quin fi.
Heris a plane sim tomo fit. Sorites Para celsus: præ
re adit.

First Doctor. Nono doctor I never quo te aqua
casu do.

Second Doctor. Sum arso: mi autoris no ne.

Third Doctor. No quare lingat præ senti des ire.
His honor is sic offa colli casure as i fit here.

Fourth Doctor. It is æther an atro phi ora colli
casu fed lre membri re ad it in doctor me ades
esse, here itis

Third Doctor. I ne ver read apage init, no re ver
in teudit.

Second Doctor. Fer ne lis offa qui te deferent noti
o nas i here.

First Doctor. Notis ab ludi fluxit is veri plene.

Second Doctor. I fitis a fluxit me re qui re ac lis
ter.

Third Doctor. I a ver his cassis venere a lassu disco-
ver

ver edit in as hanc cor ; an da poli pus in his no fe.
An di fit be as i cetis, ago no rea me en fue.

First Doctor. It is ad ange rus casas ani.

Fourth Doctor. I mus tellure alitis ago uti humoꝝ
in his belli. Hi sto macto is empti.

First Doctor. It me bea pluri si ; avo metis veri pro
per fora manat his age.

Second Doctor. Ure par donat presenti des ire ;
his dis eas is a cataride clare it.

Third Doctor. Atlas tume findit as tone in his
quid ni es.

Fourth Doctor. It is alea pro si fora uti fe. Præ
hos his a poti cari ? cantu tellus Ab lis ter me bene
cessa rifum decens. It is as urem edi in manicas es.

Third Doctor. I findit isto late tot hinc offa rem
edi ; fori here his honor is de ad.

Second Doctor. His time is cum.

First Doctor. Is it trudo ut hinc ?

Fourth Doctor. It is veri certa in. His par is belli
sto ringo ut foris de partu re.

Third Doctor. Næ, i sis ecce lens is de ad lætus
en dum apri esto præ foris sole. His honor has
bina cato liquor a de isti here.

First Doctor. Alor dis fum times as tingi as an
ufu reris.

Second Doctor. A pi stolis aligo time a verbi mi
at en dans fora forte nite.

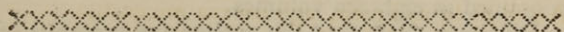
Third Doctor. O mei ne vera tendo na nil ordinis
fic nes ani more.

Fourth Doctor. Api stolis ne a quin in a nil ordo
fis qua liti ; fum pes fore times more. It istos mala
fito a doctor o fis hic.

Second Doctor. Lætus paco fitis time.

First Doctor. Abigo ditis hi time inde editis forus
alto fallas campe ringo fas fastas arato ut offa da
iri ; fori fera bea tinge veri minute ; bimi solido. His
lac quis, an das turdis auffs sto ut valet is readi forus.

Second Doctor. Ali feris ab ast in a do, fori here
ano is at adis ftans.



ADVERTISEMENT.

For the honour of the KINGDOM of IRELAND.

THIS is to inform the public, that a gentleman of long study, observation, and experience, hath employed himself for several years in making collections of facts relating to the conduct of divines, physicians, lawyers, soldiers, merchants, traders, and esquires; containing an historical account of the most remarkable corruptions, frauds, oppressions, knaveries, and perjuries; wherein the names of all the persons concerned shall be inserted at full length, with some account of their families and stations.

But, whereas the said gentleman cannot complete his history without some assistance from the public, he humbly desires, that all persons who have any memoirs, or accounts, relating to themselves, their families, their friends, or acquaintance, which are well attested, and fit to enrich the work, will please to send them to the printer of this advertisement: and if any of the said persons, who are disposed to send materials, happen to live in the country, it is desired their letters may be either franked, or the post paid.

This collection is to commence with the year 1700, and be continued to the present year 1738. The work is to be intitled, "The author's critical history of his own times."

It is intend to be printed by subscription, in a large octavo; each volume to contain five hundred facts, and to be sold for a British crown. The author proposeth that the whole work (which will
take

take in the period of thirty-eight years) shall be contained in eighteen volumes.

Whoever shall send the author any accounts of persons who have performed any acts of justice, charity, public spirit, gratitude, fidelity, or the like, attested by indubitable witnesses within the same period; the said facts shall be printed, by way of appendix, at the end of each volume, and no addition to the price of the work demanded. But lest such persons may apprehend, that the relating of these facts may be injurious to their reputations, their names shall not be set down without particular direction.

N. B. There will be a small number printed on royal paper for the curious, at only two British crowns. There will also be the effigies of the most eminent persons mentioned in this work, prefixed to each volume, curiously engraved by Mr. Hogarth.

Subscriptions are taken in by the printer hereof, and by the bookfellers of London and Dublin.



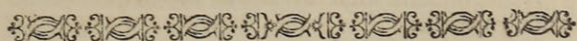
A character of P——TE M———H.

M—— has the reputation of most profound and universal learning; this is the general opinion, neither can it be easily disproved. An old rusty iron chest in a banker's shop, strongly locked, and wonderful heavy, is full of gold; this is the general opinion, neither can it be disproved, provided the key be lost, and what is in it be wedged so close that it will not by any motion discover the metal by the chinking. Doing good is his pleasure; and as no man consults another in his pleasures, neither does he in this; by his awkwardness and unadvisedness disappointing his own good designs. His high station hath placed him in the way of great employments; which, without the least polishing his native rusticity, have given him a tincture of pride and ambition. But these vices would have passed concealed under his natural simplicity, if he had not endeavoured to hide them by art. His disposition to study is the very same with that of an usurer to hoard up money, or of a vitious young fellow to a wench; nothing but avarice and evil concupiscence, to which his constitution has fortunately given a more innocent turn. He is sordid and suspicious in his domestics, without love or hatred; which is but reasonable, since he has neither friend nor enemy; without joy or grief; in short, without all passions but fear, to which of all others he hath least temptation, having nothing to get or to lose; no posterity, relation, or friend, to be solicitous about; and placed by his station above the reach of fortune or envy. He hath found out the secret of preferring men without deserving their thanks; and

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where he dispenses his favours to persons of merit, they are less obliged to him than to fortune, He is the first of human race, that, with great advantages of learning, piety, and station, ever escaped being a great man. That which relishes best with him, is mixed liquor and mixed company, and he is seldom unprovided with very bad of both. He is so wise to value his own health more than other mens noses; so that the most honourable place at his table is much the worst, especially in summer. It hath been affirmed, that originally he was not altogether devoid of wit, till it was extruded from his head to make room for other mens thoughts. He will admit a governor, provided it be one who is very officious and diligent, outwardly pious, and one that knows how to manage and make the most of his fear. No man will be either glad or sorry at his death, except his successor.





The blunders, deficiencies, distresses, and misfortunes of *QUILCA*.

Proposed to contain one and twenty volumes in quarto. Begun April 20. 1724. To be continued weekly, if due encouragement be given.

BUT one lock and a half in the whole house.

The key of the garden-door lost.

The empty bottles all uncleanable.

The vessels for drink few and leaky.

The new house all going to ruin before it is finished.

One hinge of the street-door broke off, and the people forced to go out and come in at the back-door.

The door of the Dean's bed-chamber full of large chinks.

The beaufet letting in so much wind that it almost blows out the candles.

The Dean's bed threatening every night to fall under him.

The little table loose and broken in the joints.

The passages open over head, by which the cats pass continually into the cellar, and eat the victuals; for which one was tried, condemned, and executed by the sword.

The large table in a very tottering condition.

But one chair in the house fit for sitting on, and that in a very ill state of health.

The kitchen perpetually crouded with savages.

Not a bit of mutton to be had in the country.

Want of beds, and a mutiny thereupon among the servants, till supplied from Kells.

An egregious want of all the most common necessary utensils.

Not a bit of turf this cold weather, and Mrs. Johnson and the Dean in person, with all their servants, forced to assist at the bog in gathering up the wet bottoms of old clamps.

The grate in the ladies bed-chamber broke, and forced to be removed, by which they were compelled to be without fire; the chimney smoking intolerably; and the Dean's great coat was employed to stop the wind from coming down the chimney, without which expedient they must have been starved to death.

A messenger sent a mile to borrow an old broken tun dish.

Bottles stopped with bits of wood and tow instead of corks.

Not one utensil for a fire, except an old pair of tongs, which travels through the house, and is likewise employed to take the meat out of the pot, for want of a flesh-fork.

Every servant an arrant thief as to victuals and drink, and every comer and goer as arrant a thief of every thing he or she can lay their hands on.

The spit blunted with poking into bogs for timber, and tears the meat to pieces.

Bellum atque fœminam: or, A kitchen-war between nurse and a nasty crew of both sexes; she to preserve order and cleanliness, they to destroy both; and they are generally conquerors.

April 28. This morning the great fore-door quite open, dancing backwards and forwards with all its weight upon the lower hinge, which must have been broken, if the Dean had not accidentally come and relieved it.

A great hole in the floor of the ladies chamber, every hour hazarding a broken leg.

Two damnable iron spikes erect on the Dean's bedstead, by which he is in danger of a broken shin at rising and going to bed.

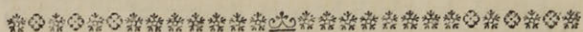
The ladies and Dean's servants growing fast into the manners and thievries of the natives; the ladies themselves very much corrupted; the Dean perpetually storming, and in danger of either losing all his flesh, or sinking into barbarity for the sake of peace.

Mrs. Dingley full of cares for herself, and blunders, and negligence for her friends, Mrs. Johnson sick and helpless. The Dean deaf and fretting; the lady's maid awkward and clumsy; Robert lazy and forgetful; William a young pragmatistical, ignorant, and conceited puppy; Robin and nurse the two great and only supports of the family.

Bellum lacteum; or, The milky battle, fought between the Deau and the crew of Quilca; the latter insisting on the privilege of not milking till eleven in the forenoon; whereas Mrs. Johnson wanted milk at eight for her health. In this battle the Dean got the victory: but the crew of Quilca begin to rebel again; for it is this day almost ten o'clock, and Mrs. Johnson hath not got her milk.

A proverb on the laziness and lodgings of the servants, "The worse their stye, the longer they lie."

Two great holes in the wall of the ladies bed-chamber, just at the back of the bed, and one of them directly behind Mrs. Johnson's pillow, either of which would blow out a candle in the calmest day.



A modest DEFENCE of a late POEM by an unknown author, called, THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM *.

Written in the year 1732.

[The poem on the Lady's Dressing-room having given offence to a few squeamish ladies, and some fine gentlemen, it was thought proper to publish the following defence.]

A Poem, or pamphlet, published in this kingdom without a name, will not long want one, if the paper maketh any noise.

There is a certain person of distinction among us, who is conjectured to have written many things, both in prose and verse, for the service of the nation, which undoubtedly were published with his own consent. It is also believed, that he has composed others occasionally, for the amusement of himself and a few intimate friends; which, by the indiscretion of others, were, from stolen and incorrect copies, dragged into light.

But I hold it for certain, that a much greater number have, by the boldness of printers, and the want of judgement in readers, been charged upon that author, wherein he never had the smallest finger, as I am assured he hath often declared; and, which is remarkable, was as free in disowning some writings charged upon him, of which he had no reason to be ashamed, as he could be of the meanest productions of Hibernian Grub-street.

As to those fatal verses, called The Lady's Dref-

* See this poem in vol. viii. p. 143.

sing-room, which have so highly inflamed the whole sex, (except a very few of better judgement); as I can by no means justify the vulgar opinion, that seemeth to fix it upon a person so well known for works of a very different nature; so I cannot but lament the prevailing ill taste among us, which is not able to discover that useful satire running thro' every line, and the matter as decently wrapped up as it is possible the subject could bear.

Cleanliness hath, in all polite ages and nations, been esteemed the chief corporal perfection in women; as it is well known to those who are conversant with the ancient poets. And so it is still among the young people of judgement and sobriety, when they are disposed to marry. And I do not doubt, but that there is a great number of young ladies in this town and kingdom, who, in reading that poem, find great complacency in their own minds, from a consciousness, that the satirical part in the Lady's Dressing-room doth not in the least affect them.

Wherefore it is manifest, that no poem was ever written with a better design for the service of the sex: wherein our author hath observed, to a title, the precepts of his master Horace; or, indeed, rather hath gone very far beyond him, in the article of decency.

That great poet, instructing us what actions are fittest to be produced openly upon the scene, and which are most proper to be only related to the audience, goeth many lengths beyond the author of the Lady's Dressing-room; for, at the same instant when he saith, some actions should not appear as done upon the stage, he allows, they may be recited with pleasure and elegance; and yet when he cometh to particulars, his recital is extremely gross, and so are his very precepts which forbid the actions: that if our infinitely more modest author had imitated his master's style, the whole world
might,

might, with great appearance of reason, have been up in arms against him.

Therefore, to set these two poets in a true light, I have ventured, for the satisfaction of both sexes, to translate as literally as I could, ten lines in Horace, upon the very same subject, which our author hath handled with a decency so far superior to his Roman master.

To justify the truth of my translation, I desire all fine gentlemen and ladies will appeal from me to the information of the learned, that I may be wholly clear from the least censure of misrepresenting so great an authority; for, indeed, if I have been guilty of any fault, it is in palliating the gross expressions in the original, and softening them very much to the politeness of the present age.

The Latin is word for word as follows.

*Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur,
 Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
 Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus
 Digna geri promes in scenam; multaque tolles
 Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia presens.
 Nex pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
 Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus.
 Aut in avem Progne vertetur. Cadmus in anguem.
 Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

The literal translation whereof is thus.

Some ladies do their need before your face:
 Some only tell the action and the place.
 Our mind is less provok'd by what it hears,
 Than what the fact before our eyes appears.
 In closet dark, your cedar-box be hid;
 Not in a parlour shown without the lid.
 Some actions must be always out of sight,
 Yet, elegantly told, may give delight.

Nurse must not hold the child, and cry *Hee Hee*
 When Madam and her friends are o'er their tea.
 Atreus, with ladies by, mistakes his wit,
 In new-born t——s to run a red-hot spit.
 Miss Progne must not cry, *A bird, a bird!*
 Before good company, and shew a t—— d.
 Cadmus, who voids out worms of monstrous size,
 In mere good manners should deceive our eyes;
 Must do his dirty work behind the scene,
 And ere he shews the vermin, wipe them clean.
 To bring such odious objects full in view,
 Tho' fools may laugh, 'twill make a wise man spue.

I desire the reader will compare the most exceptionable lines in the Lady's Dressing-room with the least offensive of these in Horace; although purged by me, as much as could consist with preserving the true sense of the original. Yet this was the great master of politeness in the Roman empire, at the time it flourished most in arts and arms.

Horace, you see, makes use of the plain slovenly words, which our decent Irish poet industriously avoideth, and skippeth over a hundred dirty places, without fouling his shoes. Horace, on the contrary, plainly calleth a spade, a spade, when there was not the least necessity; and when, with equal ease, as well as significancy, he might have expressed his meaning in homely terms, fit for the nicest ears of a queen or a duchess.

I do therefore positively decide in favour of our Hibernian bard, upon the article of decency; and am ready to defend my proposition against all mankind; that, in the ten lines of Horace, here faithfully and favourably translated, there are ten times more slovenly expressions, than in the whole poem called *The Lady's Dressing-room*; and for the truth of this proposition, I am ready to appeal to all the young ladies of the kingdom, or to such a committee as my very adversaries shall appoint.

and not able to receive the said persons, dictated the following answer.

GENTLEMEN,

I receive with great thankfulness these many kind expressions of your concern for my safety, as well as your declared resolution to defend me (as far as the laws of God and man will allow), against all murderers and ruffians, who shall attempt to enter into the liberty with any bloody or wicked designs, upon my life, my limbs, my house, or my goods. Gentlemen, my life is in the hands of God; and whether it may be cut off by treachery, or open violence, or by the common way of other men, as long as it continues, I shall ever bear a grateful memory for this favour you have shewn, beyond my expectation, and almost exceeding my wishes. The inhabitants of the liberty, as well as those of the neighbourhood, have lived with me in great amity for near twenty years; which, I am confident, will never diminish during my life. I am chiefly sorry, that by two cruel disorders of deafness and giddiness, which have pursued me for four months, I am not in a condition either to hear, or to receive you, much less to return my most sincere acknowledgements, which in justice and gratitude I ought to do. May God bless you and your families in this world, and make you for ever happy in the next.





A LETTER from the GRAND MISTRESS of
the FEMALE FREE MASONS to GEORGE
FAULKNER, Printer.

*Ixiom, impious, lewd, profane,
Bright Juno woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
Long had he languish'd for the dame,
Till Jove, at length, to quench his flame,
Some say for fear, some say for pity,
Sent him a cloud like Juno pretty,
As like as if 'twere drawn by painters,
On which he got a race of Centaurs.
A b te, quoth VENUS.*——

A. B. C. lib. 6. p. 107.

SEeing it is of late become a fashion in town, in writing to all the world, to address to you, our society of *Female Free Masons*, has also chosen you for our *printer*; and so, without preface, art, or embellishment, (for truth and a short paper needs none of them) our *female lodge* has the whole mystery as well as any *lodge* in Europe, with proper instructions in writing; and, what will seem more strange to you, without the least taint of *perjury*. By this time any *reader* who is a *mason*, will, I know, laugh, and not without indignation. But that matters not much; our sex has long owed yours this good turn. You refused to admit *Q. Elifabeth*, and even *Semiramis Queen of Babylon*, tho' each of them (without punning) had a great deal of male flesh upon their bodies; but, at last, you will be forced to own we have it; and thus it was we came by it.

A

A gentleman, who is a great friend to all our members, who has since instructed and formed us into a *lodge*, and whom we therefore call our *guardian*, fell in lately with a *lodge of Free Masons* at Omagh in Ulster. They pressed him hard to come into their society, and at length prevailed. They wanted an *Old Testament* to swear him by. The innkeeper's Bible having both *Old* and *New* bound up together, would not do: for the *Free Masons* oath being of much older date than the *New Testament*, that is from the building of Solomon's temple, (for till then it was but a protestation well larded over with *curses and execrations*) they are always sworn on the *Old Testament* only. They offer to buy the fellow's *Bible*; he consents; but finding they were to cut away the *New Testament* from the *Old*, concluded them at once a pack of profane wretches, and very piously rescued his *Bible*. This custom of swearing on the *Old Testament* only, is what has given birth to the vulgar error, That *Free Masons* renounce the *New Testament*. So they proceed to the rest of the ceremony, deferring the oath till next morning, one of them having an *Old Testament* for the purpose, at his house hard by. This, it is true, was a hainous blunder against the canons of *Free Masonry*. But the gentlemen were far gone in *punch and whisky*. In short, our friend and present guardian is made a *Free* but *unsworn Mason*, and was three hours gone on his journey next morning, before the merry *Free Masons* awoke to send for their *Old Testament*; and, what was worse, they had taught him the form of the oath, against he was to swear in the morning.

Now, as to the secret words and signals used among *Free Masons*, it is to be observed, that in the Hebrew alphabet, (as our guardian has informed our *lodge* in writing) there are four pair of letters, of which each pair is so like, that, at first view,
they

they seem to be the same; *Beth* and *Caph*, *Gimel* and *Nun*, *Cheth* and *Thau*, *Daleth* and *Resch*; and on these depend all their signals and grips.

Cheth and *Thau* are shaped like two standing gallowses, of two legs each. When two *mafons* accost each other, one cries *Cheth*, the other answers *Thau*; signifying, that they would sooner be hanged on the gallows than divulge the *secret*.

Then again, *Beth* and *Caph* are each like a gallows lying on one of the side-posts, and, when used as above, imply this pious prayer, *May all who reveal the secret, hang upon the gallows till it falls down*. This is their *master-secret*, generally called the *great word*.

Daleth and *Resch* are like two half-gallowses, or a gallows cut in two at the cross-stick on top; by which, when pronounced, they intimate to each other, that they would rather be half-hanged, than name either *word* or *signal* before any but a *brother*, so as to be understood.

When one says *Gimel*, the other answers *Nun*; then the first again joining both letters together, repeats three times, *Gimel-Nun*, *Gemel-Nun* *Gimel-Nun*; by which they mean, that they are united as one in interests, secrecy, and affection. This last word has in time been depraved in the pronunciation from *Gimel-Nun* to *Gimellum*, and at last to *Giblun*, and sometimes *Giblin*; which word being by some accident discovered, they now-a-days pretend it is but a *mock-word*.

Another of their words has been maimed in the pronunciation by the illiterate; that is, the letter *Lamech*, which was the *busb word*; for, when spoke by any *brother* in a *lodge*, it was a warning to the rest to have a care of listeners. It is now corruptly pronounced *Lan*; but the *mafons* pretended this also is a *mock-word*, for the same reason as *Giblin*. This play with the Hebrew alphabet is very antiently called the *MANABOLETH*.

When

When one *brother* orders another to walk like a *mason*, he must walk four steps backwards; four because, of the four pair of letters already mentioned; and backwards, because the Hebrew is writ and read backwards.

As to their *mysterious grips*, they are as follows. If they be in company, where they cannot with safety, speak the above words, they take each other by the hand; one draws one of the letters of the *Manaboeth* with his fingers on the other's hand, which he returns as in speaking.

It is worth observing, that a certain *lodge* in town published some time ago a *fleeter* full of *mock-masonry*, purely to puzzle and banter the town, with several false signs and words, as *Mad* or *Adam*, writ backwards, *Boas*, *Nimrod*, *Jakins Pectoral Guttural*, &c. but not one word of the real ones, as you see by what has been said of the MANABOLETH.

After King James VI's accession to the throne of England, he revived *masonry*, of which he was *Grand Master*, both in Scotland and England: it had been entirely suppressed by Queen Elizabeth, because she could not get into the secret. All persons of quality, after the example of the King, got themselves admitted *Free Masons*; but they made a kind of MANABOLETH in English, in imitation of the true and ancient one: as I. O. U. H. a gold key; *I owe you each a gold key*, H. CCCC. his ruin. *Each foresees his ruin*. I. C. U. B. YY, for me, *I see you to be too wise for me*. And a great deal more of the same foolish stuff, which took its rise from a silly *pun* upon the word *Bee*; for you must know, that ——— A *bee* has, in all ages and nations, been the grand *hieroglyphic* of *masonry*, because it excels all other living creatures in the contrivance and commodiousness of its habitation or comb; as, among many other authors, Dr. Macgregor, now professor of mathematic in Cambridge,

Cambridge, (as our guardian informs us), hath learnedly demonstrated; nay, *masonry* or *building* seems to be the very essence or nature of the *bee*; for her building not the ordinary way of all other living creatures, is the generative cause which produces the young ones; (you know, I suppose, that *bees* are of *neither sex*.)

For this reason the Kings of France, both *Pagans* and *Christians*, always eminent *Free Masons*, carried three *bees* for their *arms*. But, to avoid the imputation of the Egyptian idolatry of worshipping a *bee*, Clodovæus, their first Christian King, called them *lilies*, or *flower-de-luces*, in which, notwithstanding the small change made for disguise sake, there is still the exact figure of a *bee*. You have perhaps read of a great number of golden bees found in the coffin of a *Pagan King* of France near Brussels, many ages after CHRIST, which he had ordered should be buried with him, in token of his having been a *mason*.

The Egyptians, always excellent and ancient *Free Masons*, paid divine worship to a *bee*, under the outward shape of a *bull*, the better to conceal the mystery; which *bull*, by them called *Apis*, is the Latin word for a *bee*. The *ænigma* representing the *bee* by a *bull* consists in this; that, according to the doctrine of the *Pythagorean lodge* of *Free Masons*, the souls of all the *cow-kind* transmigrate into bees; as one Virgil a poet, much in favour with the Emperor Augustus, because of his profound skill in *masonry*, has described; and Mr. Dryden has thus *shewed*.

Aristæus

Four altars raises; from his herd he culls
 For slaughter four the fairest of his *bulls*,
 Four heifers from his female store he took,
 All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke;

Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and *pray'rs*,
 The gods invok'd, he to the grove repairs.
 Behold a prodigy! for from within,
 The broken bowels and the bloated skin,
 A buzzing noise of *bees* his ears alarms;
 Straight issue thro' the sides assembling swarms, &c.

What modern masons call a lodge, was, for the above reasons, by antiquity called a HIVE of Free Masons. And, for the same reasons, when a dissection happens in a lodge, the going off and forming another lodge is to this day called SWARMING.

Our guardian is of opinion, that the present masonry is so tarnished by the ignorance of the working, and some other illiterate masons, that very many, even whole lodges, fall under the censure of the venerable Chinese brachman, whose history of the rise, progress, and decay of Free Masonry, writ in the Chinese tongue, is lately translated into a certain European language. This Chinese sage says, the greatest part of current masons judge of the mysteries and the use of that sacred art, just as a man perfectly illiterate judges of an excellent book; in which, when opened to him, he finds no other beauties than the regular uniformity in every page, the exactness of the lines in length, and equidistance, and blackness of the ink, and whiteness of the paper; or, as the famous British Free Mason *Merlin* says of the stars in the firmament, when viewed by a child, &c. But I shall not trouble you with the length of the quotation at present, because *Merlin* and *Friar Bacon* on Free Masonry are soon to be dressed up in modern English, and sold by our printer *Mr Faulkner*, if duly encouraged by subscribers; and also a key to *Raymundus Lullius*, without whose help, our guardian says, it is impossible to come at the quintessence of Free Masonry.

But some will perhaps object, How came your unsworn guardian by this refined and uncommon

knowledge in the great art? To which I answer, that

The branch of the lodge of Solomon's temple, afterwards called "The lodge of St. John of Jerusalem," on which our guardian fortunately hit, is, as I can easily prove, the ancientest and purest now on earth; from whence came the famous old Scottish lodge of Kilwinning, of which all the kings of Scotland have been from time to time grand masters, without interruption, down from the days of Fergus, who reigned there more than two thousand years ago, long before the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or the knights of Malta; to which two lodges I must nevertheless allow the honour of having adorned the ancient Jewish and Pagan masonry with many religious and Christian rules.

Fergus being eldest son to the chief king of Ireland, was carefully instructed in all the arts and sciences, especially in the natural magic, and the cabalistical philosophy, (afterwards called the *Rosicrucians*), by the Pagan Druids of Ireland and Mona, the only true cabalists then extant in the western world. (For they had it immediately from the Phœnicians, Chaldeans, and Egyptians, which I, though but a woman, can prove). The Egyptians probably had it immediately from Abraham, as the scripture plainly hints in the life of that patriarch; and it is allowed, I am told, by men of learning, that the occult as well as moral philosophy of all the Pagans was well besprinkled and enriched from the cabalistical school of the patriarchs, and afterwards by the Talmudists and other inferior rabbins, though the prevailing idolatry of those days much depraved and vitiated it.

Fergus before his descent upon the Piets in Scotland, raised that famous structure, called to this day Carrick Fergus after his name, the most mysterious piece of architecture now on earth, (not excepting the pyramids of the Egyptian masons, and their

their hieroglyphics, or Free Masons signs); as any skilful Free Mason may easily perceive, by examining it according to the rules of the art. He built it as a lodge for his college of Free Masons, in those days called Druids; which word, our guardian assures us, signifies an oak in the Greek language, because oak is one of the best timber trees for building, of which (especially the marine architecture) the Druids were the only masters, though your modern term of *mason* implies no more than a worker in stone; erroneously enough indeed, or at least far short of the true and ancient term of *Druid*; since the marine architecture, the most useful branch of the sacred art, corresponds naturally and perfectly with the term of *Druid*, or *worker in oak*, and hath nothing at all to do with stones of any kind; till Jason, a famous Druid or Free Mason, used the load-stone, when he went in quest of the golden fleece, as it is called in the enigmatical terms of Free Masonry, or, more properly speaking, of the *cabala*, as Masonry was called in those days. The use of the loadstone was then, and long after, kept as secret as any of the other mysteries of the art, till by the unanimous consent of all the great lodges, the use of it was made public, for the common benefit of mankind. Jason's artificial frog had it fixed in his mouth; and having a free swing in an oaken bowl, half filled with water, always faced the north pole; which gave rise to the poetical fable, that Jason's frog was a little familiar or sea-demon presiding over the navigation, like any other angel-guardian; for Free Masons in all ages, as well as now, have been looked upon to deal with spirits or demons. And hence came that imputation which they have in many nations lain under, of being conjurers, or magicians; witness Merlin or Friar Bacon.

It is perhaps further worth remarking, that Jason took one of the two sacred vocal oaks of the

grove of Dodona to make the keel of the Argos ; for so his ship was called ; mysteriously joining together architecture or masonry, and the Druidical priesthood, or power of explaining the oracles. For our guardian will have it so, that the Pagan priesthood was always in the Druids or masons, and that there was a perceivable glimmering of the Jewish rites in it, though much corrupted, as I said ; that the Pagan worship was chiefly in groves of oak ; that they always looked upon the oak as sacred to Jupiter ; which notion is countenanced (making allowance for the Paganism) by the Patriarchs ; for you see in Genesis, that Abraham sacrificed under the oaks of Mamre. Joshua indeed took a great stone, and put it up under the oak, emblematically joining the two great elements of Masonry to raise an altar for the LORD.

Our guardian says, that Cæsar's description of the Druids of Gaul, is as exact a picture of a lodge of Free Masons as can possibly be drawn.

His reasons for the Manaboeth are the better worth discovering, for that I believe there are even some masons who know nothing of it, *viz.* That it hath been an ancient practice among the cabalistic philosophers, to make every Hebrew letter a hieroglyphic, mysterious in its figure above all other letters, as being thus shaped and formed by the immediate directions of the Almighty, whereas all other LETTERS are of human invention.

Secondly, That the Manaboeth has a very close and unconstrained analogy with masonry or architecture ; for that every letter of the Hebrew alphabet, as also of the Syriac, Chaldaic, and Irish alphabets, derived from it, have their names from timber-trees, except some few who have their names from stones ; and I think it is pretty plain, that timber and stone are as much the elements of masonry, as the alphabet is of books ; which is a near relation enough between architecture and learning
of

of all kinds, and naturally shews why the Druids, who took their title from a tree, kept learning and architecture jointly within themselves.

Next week shall be published the Free Masons oath, with the remarks upon it of a young clergyman, who has petitioned to be admitted chaplain to our lodge, which is to be kept at Mrs. Prater's female coffee-house, every Tuesday, from nine in the morning to twelve, and the tenth day of every month in the year; where all ladies of true hearts, and sound morals, shall be admitted without swearing.

I think it proper to insert the Free Masons SONG, commonly sung at their meetings; though, by the by, it is of as little signification as the rest of their secrets. It was writ by one Anderson, as our guardian informs me, just to put a good gloss on the mystery, as you may see by the words.

S O N G.

I.

Come let us prepare,
 We brothers that are
 Assembled on merry occasion,
 Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
 Our wine has a spring;
 Here's a health to an accepted MASON.

II.

The world is in pain
 Our secrets to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on;
 They ne'er can divine
 The word or the sign
 Of a free and an accepted MASON.

III.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many great men in the nation
 Should

Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted MASON.

IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their swords,
Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been asham'd
To hear themselves nam'd
With a free and an accepted MASON.

V.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
And it maketh men just in their station;
There's nought but what's good
To be understood
By a free and an accepted MASON.

VI.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand:
Let's be merry and put a bright face on.
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a free and an accepted MASON.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Mr. FAULKNER,

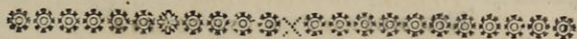
Our lodge unanimously desire you will give their sincere respects to your ingenious DRAPER, to whose pen we, as well as the rest of the nation, owe ourselves obliged. If he be not already a Free Mason, he shall be welcome to be our deputy-guardian.

Your humble servant,

THALESTRIS.

Tsrif eht Tsugua Nilbud.

The



The LAST WILL of Dr. SWIFT, Dean
of St. Patrick's in Dublin *.

IN the name of God, *Amen.* I *Jonathan Swift*,
Doctor in Divinity, and Dean of the Cathedral
church of St. Patrick, Dublin, being at this pre-
sent of sound mind, although weak in body, do
here make my last will and testament, hereby re-
voking all my former wills.

Imprimis, I bequeath my soul to God, (in hum-
ble hopes of his mercy through Jesus Christ), and
my body to the earth. And I desire, that my bo-
dy may be in the great isle of the said cathedral,
on the south side, under the pillar next to the mo-
nument of Primate Narcissus Marth†, three days after
my decease, as privately as possible, and at twelve
o'clock at night; and that a black marble of
feet square, and seven feet from the ground, fixed
to the wall, may be erected, with the following in-

* Swift's will, like all his other writings, is drawn up in his own peculiar manner. Even in so serious a composition he cannot help indulging himself, in leaving legacies that carry with them an air of raillery and jest. He disposes of his three hats, (his best, his second best, and his third best beaver) with an ironical solemnity, that renders the bequests ridiculous. He bequeaths "to Mr John Grattan a silver-box," &c. [below, p. 311.] But his legacy to Mr. Robert Grattan is still more extraordinary. "*Item*, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. Robert Grattan," &c. [below, p. 310.] These are his many last impressions of his turn, and way of thinking: and I dare say, the persons thus distinguished, look upon these instances, as affectionate memorials of his friendship, and as tokens of the jocular manner in which he had treated them during his lifetime. *Orrery.*

† See his character, p. 281.

scription in large letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded †.

HIC DEPOSITVM EST CORPVS
 JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
 HVIVS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS DECANI,
 VBI SAEVA INDIGNATIO
 VLTERIVS COR LACERARE NEQVIT.
 ABI, VIATOR,

Et IMITARE, SI POTERIS,
 STRENVVM PROVIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM,
 OBIIT ANNO [MDCCKXLV.]
 MENSIS [OCTOBRIſ] DIE [19]
 AETATIS ANNO [LXXVIII.]

Item, I give and bequeath to my executors all my worldly substance, of what nature or kind soever, (excepting such part thereof as is herein after particularly devised), for the following uses and purposes: that is to say, to the intent that they, or the survivors or survivor of them, his executors, or administrators, as soon as conveniently may be after my death, shall turn it all into ready money, and lay out the same in purchasing lands of inheritance in fee simple, situate in any province of Ireland, except Connaught, but as near to the city of Dublin as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or subject to any leases for lives renewable, or any terms for years longer than thirty-one. And I desire, that a yearly annuity of twenty pounds Sterling, out of the annual profits of such lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase shall be made, shall be paid to Rebecca Dingley of the city

† His monumental inscription, written by himself, may confirm to you the observation which I formerly made [in vol. 7. p. 114], that he was not an elegant writer of Latin. An harsher epitaph has seldom been composed. It is scarce intelligible; and if intelligible, is a proof how difficult a task it is, even for the greatest genius, to draw his own character, or to represent himself and his actions in a proper manner to posterity. *Orrery.*

of Dublin, spinster, during her life, by two equal half-yearly payments, on the feasts of All Saints, and St. Philip and St. Jacob; the first payment to be made on such of the said feasts as shall happen next after my death. And that the residue of the yearly profits of the said lands, when purchased, and, until such purchase be made, the residue of the yearly income and interest of my said fortune, devised as aforesaid to my executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a piece of land, situate near St. Steven's hospital, or, if it cannot be there had, somewhere in or near the city of Dublin, large enough for the purposes herein after-mentioned, and in building thereon an hospital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunatics as the annual income of the said lands and worldly substance shall be sufficient to maintain. And I desire, that the said hospital may be called *St. Patrick's Hospital*, and may be built in such a manner, that another building may be added unto it, in case the endowment thereof should be enlarged; so that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my further will and desire is, that, when the said hospital shall be built, the whole yearly income of the said lands and estate shall, for ever after, be laid out in providing victuals, cloathing, medicines, attendance, and all other necessaries for such idiots and lunatics as shall be received into the same; and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time, as there may be occasion. And, if a sufficient number of idiots and lunatics cannot readily be found, I desire that incurables may be taken into the said hospital to supply such deficiency; but that no person shall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious disease: and that all such idiots, lunatics, and incurables, as shall be received into the said hospital, shall constantly live and reside therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the salaries of agents, receivers, of-

ficers, servants, and attendants, to be employed in the business of the said hospital, shall not in the whole exceed one fifth part of the clear yearly income or revenue thereof. And I further desire, that my executors, the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such, shall not have power to demise any part of the said lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, but with consent of the Lord Primate, the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, the Dean of Christ-church, the Dean of St Patrick's, the physician to the state, and the surgeon-general, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and that no leases of any part of the said lands shall ever be made, other than leases for years not exceeding thirty-one, in possession, and not in reversion or remainder, and not dispunishable of waste, whereon shall be reserved the best and most improved rents that can reasonably and moderately, without racking the tenants, be gotten for the same, without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earnest desire, that no lease of any part of the said lands, so to be purchased as aforesaid, shall ever be made to, or in trust for any person any way concerned in the execution of this trust, or to, or in trust for any person any way related or allied, either by consanguinity or affinity, to any of the persons who shall at that time be concerned in the execution of this trust; and that if any leases shall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void and of no effect. And I further desire, until the charter herein after-mentioned be obtained, my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, his heirs, executors, or administrators, shall not act in the execution of this trust, but with the consent and approbation of the said seven additional trustees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and shall, with such consent and approbation

bation as aforesaid, have power, from time to time, to make rules, orders, and regulations, for the government and direction of the said hospital. And I make it my request to my said executors, that they may, in convenient time, apply to his Majesty for a charter to incorporate them, or such of them as shall be then living, and the said additional trustees, for the better management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchase lands; and to supply by election such vacancies happening in the corporation as shall not be supplied by succession; and such other powers as may be thought expedient for the due execution of this trust, according to my intention herein before expressed. And when such charter shall be obtained, I desire, that my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor, may convey to the use of such corporation in fee simple, for the purposes aforesaid, all such lands and tenements as shall be purchased in manner above-mentioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention, that my executors, until the said charter, and afterwards the corporation to be hereby incorporated, shall, out of the yearly profits of the said lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune, devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase be made, have power to reimburse themselves for all such sums of their own money as they shall necessarily expend in the execution of this trust; and that, until the said charter be obtained, all acts which shall at any time be done, in execution of this trust, by the greater part of my executors then living, with the consent of the greater part of the said additional trustees, under their hands in writing, shall be as valid and effectual, as if all my executors had concurred in the same.

Item, Whereas I purchased the inheritance of the tithes of the parish of Effernock near Trin, in the county of Meath, for two hundred and sixty pounds

Sterling, I bequeath the said tithes to the vicars of Laracor for the time being; that is to say, so long as the present Episcopal religion shall continue to be the national established faith and profession in this kingdom; but, whenever any other form of Christian religion shall become the established faith in this kingdom, I leave the said tithes of Effernock to be bestowed, as the profits come in, to the poor of the said parish of Laracor, by a weekly proportion, and by such officers as may then have the power of distributing charities to the poor of the said parish, while Christianity, under any shape, shall be tolerated among us, still excepting professed Jews, Atheists, and Infidels.

Item, Whereas I have some leases of certain houses in Kevin's-street, near the deanery house, built upon the Dean's ground, and one other house now inhabited by Henry Land *, in Deanery-lane, alias Mitre-alley, some of which leases are let for forty-one years, or forty at least, and not yet half-expired, I bequeath to Mrs. Martha Whiteway my lease or leases of the said houses. I also bequeath to the said Martha, my lease of forty years of Goodman's holding, for which I receive ten pounds *per annum*; which are two houses or more lately built. I bequeath also to the said Martha, the sum of three hundred pounds Sterling, to be paid her by my executors out of my ready money, or bank-bills, immediately after my death, as soon as the executors meet. I leave moreover to the said Martha, my repeating gold watch, my yellow tortoise shell snuff-box, and her choice of four gold-rings, out of seven which I now possess.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Swift, alias Harrison, daughter of the said Martha, my plain gold watch made by Quare; to whom also I give my Japan writing-desk, bestowed to me by my Lady

* Sexton of St. Patrick's cathedral.

Worsely, my square tortoise-shell snuff-box, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the Right Honourable Henrietta now Countess of Oxford, and the seal with a Pegasus, given to me by the Countess of Granville.

Item, I bequeath to Mr. Ffolliot Whiteway, eldest son of the aforesaid Martha, who is bred to be an attorney, the sum of sixty pounds, as also five pounds to be laid out in the purchase of such law-books, as the Honourable Mr. Justice Lindsay, Mr. Stannard *, or Mr. M'Aulay †, shall judge proper for him.

Item, I bequeath to Mr. John Whiteway, youngest son of the said Martha, who is to be brought up a surgeon, the sum of one hundred pounds, in order to qualify him for a surgeon, but under the direction of his mother; which said sum of one hundred pounds is to be paid to Mrs. Whiteway, in behalf of her said son John, out of the arrears which shall be due to me from my church-livings, (except those of the Deanery-tithes, which are now let to the Reverend Dr. Wilson) as soon as the said arrears can be paid to my executors. I also leave the said John five pounds, to be laid out in buying such physical and chirurgical books as Dr. Grattan, and Mr. Nichols ‡, shall think fit for him.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs. Anne Ridgeway ||, now in my family, the profits of the lease of the two houses let to John Cownly, for forty years, of which

* Ea'on Stannard, Esq; Recorder of the city of Dublin See considerations—concerning the choice of a Recorder, in vol. 4. p. 271.

† Alexander M'Aulay, Esq; counsellor at law, and made judge of the consistorial court. Nov. 1745.

‡ John Nichols, Esq; surgeon general.

|| Daughter to Mrs. Brent, and who, for many years, had been his faithful domestic friend.

only eight or nine are expired, for which the said Cowly payeth me nine pounds Sterling for rent yearly. I also bequeath to the said Anne, the sum of one hundred pounds Sterling, to be paid her by my executors in six weeks after my decease, out of whatever money or bank-bills I may possess when I die; as also three gold rings, the remainder of the seven above mentioned, after Mrs. Whiteway hath made her choice of four; and all my small pieces of plate, not exceeding in weight one ounce and one third part of an ounce.

Item, I bequeath to my dearest friend Alexander Pope of Twittenham, Esq; * my picture in miniature, drawn by Zinck, of Robert late Earl of Oxford.

Item, I leave to Edward, now Earl of Oxford, my seal of Julius Cæsar, as also another seal, supposed to be a young Hercules, both very choice antiques, and set in gold; both which I chuse to bestow to the said Earl, because they belonged to her late most excellent Majesty Queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nursing mother of all her kingdoms.

Item, I leave to the Reverend Mr. James Stopford, Vicar of Finglass, my picture of King Charles I. drawn by Vandike, which was given to me by the said James; as also my large picture of birds, which was given to me by Thomas Earl of Pembroke.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St. Audeon's, my gold bottle-screw, which he gave me, and my strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of the said box to his brother Dr. James Grattan, during the life of the said Doctor, who hath more occasion for it, and the second best beaver hat I shall die possessed of.

* Mr. Pope did not live to receive his legacy, having died May 30 1744.

Item,

Item, I bequeath to Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan, my silver box, in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me, in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called *pigtail*.

Item, I bequeath all my horses and mares to the Reverend Mr. John Jackson, Vicar of Santry, together with all my horse-furniture; lamenting that I had not credit enough with any chief governor (since the change of times) to get some additional church-preferment for so virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I also leave him my third best beaver hat.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Dr. Francis Wilson, the works of Plato in three folio volumes, the Earl of Clarendon's history in three folio volumes, and my best Bible; together with 13 small Persian pictures in the drawing-room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard.

Item, I bequeath to the Earl of Orrery* the enamelled silver plates to distinguish bottles of wine by, given to me by his excellent Lady, and the half-length picture of the late Countess of Orkney in the drawing-room.

Item, I bequeath to Alexander M^r Aulay, Esq; the gold box in which the freedom of the city of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him, on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety, and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the rights of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressors.

* Author of the *Remarks on the life and writings of Dr. Swift*, published in 1752.

Item,

Item, I bequeath to Deane Swift, Esq; † my large silver standish, consisting of a large silver-plate, an ink-pot, a sand-box, and a bell of the same metal.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Barber, the medal of Queen Anne and Prince George, which she formerly gave me.

Item, I leave to the Reverend Mr John Worrall ‡ my best beaver hat.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Dr. Patrick Delany * my medal of Queen Anne in silver, and on the reverse the bishops of England kneeling before her Most Sacred Majesty.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. James King, Prebendary of Tipper, my large gilded me-

† Author of the *Essay on the life, writings, and character of Dr. Swift*, published in 1755.

‡ Vicar to the Dean of Christ church, and master of both choirs. He was a founding, for which reason Swift used to call him *Milchfedek*. Though he was not a man of an improved understanding, nor a man of humour, yet he was a good walker, ever in the way, and always at the command of Dr. Swift. His wife, a neat, clean looking woman in her dress, understood the business of marketting perfectly well; had studied what the Dean liked; and if the markets afforded any thing nice, when the Dean's stomach, as years came on, began to be in some measure weak and capricious, she constantly bought it for him, and sent it home to the deanery. From a principle of wisdom, taking the world as he found it, no man ever studied more than Swift did, to reduce every man's talents to his own particular gratification. He could feast upon the delicacies of wit and learning, when they happened to fall in his way; and at other times be content with plain common entertainment. He could laugh, and drink a bottle with Sheridan over night; and the next morning walk into the fields, and prattle to Worrall. Perhaps there never was a man equally desirous with Dr. Swift, to have a companion always at his beck, of some sort or other; and, without dispute, throughout all Dublin he could not have fixed upon another so exactly calculated to receive his commands, and especially to attend him in his morning exercise, as Mr. Worrall. He died some time after the Dean, worth a good deal of money; 500-l. of which his executors appropriated to the Doctor's hospital, and 500 l. each to two other hospitals. *Swift*.

* The same to whom the Dean addresses several copies of verses, in vol. 8. and of whom he gives an excellent character above.
p. 76.

dal of King Charles I. and on the reverse a crown of martyrdom, with other devices. My will nevertheless is, that, if any of the above named legatees should die before me, that then, and in that case, the respective legacies to them bequeathed shall revert to myself, and become again subject to my disposal.

Item, Whereas I have the lease of a field in trust for me, commonly called the *vineyard* let to the Reverend Dr. Francis Corbet, and the trust declared by the said Doctor; the said field, with some land on this side of the road, making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the dean and chapter of St. Patricks * * *

Whereas I have built a strong wall round the said piece of ground, eight or nine feet high, faced to the south aspect with brick, which cost me above six hundred pounds Sterling; and likewise another piece of ground, as aforesaid, of half an acre, adjoining to the burial-place, called the *Cabbage-garden*, now tenanted by William White, gardener; my will is, that the ground inclosed by the great wall may be sold for the remainder of the lease, at the highest price my executors can get for it, in belief and hopes, that the said price will exceed three hundred pounds at the lowest value. For which my successor in the deanery shall have the first refusal; and it is my earnest desire, that the succeeding deans and chapters may preserve the said *vineyard*, and piece of land adjoining, where the said White now liveth, so as to be always in the hands of the succeeding deans, during their office, by each dean lessening one fourth of the purchase-money to each succeeding dean, and for no more than the present rent.

And I appoint the Honourable Robert Lindsay *, one of the judges of the court of common

* See a poem wrote by this gentleman, intituled, *A dialogue between a lawyer and Dr. Swift*, in vol. 8. p. 270.

pleas; Henry Singleton, Esq; Prime Serjeant to his Majesty; the Reverend Dr. Patrick Delany, Chancellor of St. Patrick's: the Reverend Dr. Francis Wilson, Prebendary of Kilmacktolway; Eaton Stannard, Esq; Recorder of the city of Dublin; the Reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St. Audeon's; the Reverend Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan; the Reverend Mr. James Stopford, Vicar of Finglafs, the Rev. Mr. James King, Prebendary of Tipper; and Alexander M'Aulay, Esq; my executors.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published and declared this as my last will and testament, this third day of May, 1740.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Signed, sealed, and published by the above-named Jonathan Swift, in the presence of us who have subscribed our names in his presence.

JO. WYNNE.
JO. ROCHFORT.
WILLIAM DUNKIN.



Two LETTERS to the Earl of ORRERY, describing the melancholy situation of Dr. SWIFT's health and understanding.

I. Mrs. MARTHA WHITEWAY's * Letter.

My LORD,

Dublin. Nov. 22. 1742.

THE easy manner in which you reproach me for not acquainting you with the poor Dean's situation, lays a fresh obligation upon me; yet mean as an excuse is for a fault, I shall attempt one to your Lordship; and only for this reason, that you may not think me capable of neglecting any thing you could command me. I told you in my last letter, the Dean's understanding was quite gone, and I feared the farther particulars would only shock the tenderness of your nature, and the melancholy scene make your heart ach, as it has often done mine. I was the last person whom he knew; and when that part of his memory failed, he was so outrageous at seeing any body, that I was forced to leave him, nor could he rest for a night or two after seeing any person; so that all the attendance which I could pay him was, calling twice a week to inquire after his health, and to observe that proper care was taken of him, and durst only look at him while his back was towards me, fearing to discompose him. He walked ten hours a-day, would not eat or drink if his servant staid in the room. His meat was served up ready cut, and sometimes it would lie an hour on the table before he would

* The lady mentioned in several of Swift's letters, and in his will, in this volume.

touch it, and then eat it walking. About six weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg, and the lid Mr. Nichols (his surgeon) thought would mortify, and many large boils appeared upon his arms and body. The torture he was in, is not to be described. Five persons could scarce hold him for a week, from tearing out his own eyes; and, for near a month, he did not sleep two hours in twenty-four: yet a moderate appetite continued; and what is more to be wondered at, the last day of his illness he knew me perfectly well, took me by the hand, called me by my name, and shewed the same pleasure as usual in seeing me. I asked him, if he would give me a dinner? He said, to be sure, my old friend. Thus he continued that day, and knew the doctor and surgeon, and all his family so well, that Mr. Nichols thought it possible he might return to a share of understanding, so as to be able to call for what he wanted, and to bear some of his old friends to amuse him. But, alas! this pleasure to me was but of short duration; for the next day or two it was all over, and proved to be only pain that had roused him. He is now free from torture; his eye almost well; very quiet, and begins to sleep; but cannot, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk a turn about his room; and yet, in this way, the physicians think he may hold out for for some time. I am, my Lord.

Your Lordship's most obedient,
humble servant,

M. WHITEWAY.

What a shocking, what a melancholy account is this! of how small estimation must the greatest genius appear in the sight of God!

II.

II. Mr. DEANE SWIFT's * LETTER.

My LORD,

Dublin, April 4. 1744.

AS to the story of *O poor old man!* I inquired into it. The Dean did say something upon his seeing himself in the glass; but neither Mrs. Ridgeway, nor the lower servants, could tell me what it was he said. I desired them to recollect it, by the time when I should come again to the deanery. I have been there since, they cannot recollect it. A thousand stories have been invented of him within these two years, and imposed upon the world. I thought this might have been one of them; and yet I am now inclined to think there may be some truth in it: for on Sunday the 17th of March, as he sat in his chair, upon the housekeeper's moving a knife from him as he was going to catch it, he shrugged his shoulders, and, rocking himself, said, *I am what I am, I am what I am*: and, about six minutes afterwards, repeated the same words two or three times over.

His servant shaves his cheeks, and all his face as low as the tip of his chin, once a-week; but under the chin, and about the throat, when the hair grows long, it is cut with scissars.

Sometimes he will not utter a syllable; at other times he will speak incoherent words; but he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing.

About four months ago, he gave me great trouble: he seemed to have a mind to talk to me. In order to try what he would say, I told him, I came to dine with him; and immediately his housekeep-

* Author of the Essay on the life, character, &c. of Dr. Swift.
er,

er, Mrs. Ridgeway, said, "Won't you give Mr. Swift a glass of wine, Sir?" He shrugged his shoulders, just as he used to do when he had a mind that a friend should spend the evening with him. Shrugging his shoulders, your Lordship may remember, was as much as to say, "You'll ruin me in wine." I own I was scarce able to bear the sight. Soon after, he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words to speak to me; at last, not being able, after many efforts, he gave a heavy sigh, and, I think, was afterwards silent. This puts me in mind of what he said about five days ago. He endeavoured several times to speak to his servant, (now and then he calls him by his name): at last, not finding words to express what he would be at, after some uneasiness, he said, "I am a fool." Not long ago, the servant took up his watch that lay upon the table to see what o'clock it was; he said, "Bring it here;" and when it was brought, he looked very attentively at it. Some time ago, the servant was breaking a large stubborn coal; he said, "That's a stone, you blockhead."

In a few days, or some very short time, after guardians had been appointed for him, I went into his dining-room, where he was walking; I said something to him very insignificant, I know not what; but, instead of making any kind of answer to it, he said, "Go, go," pointing with his hand to the door; and immediately afterwards, raising his hand to his head, he said, "My best understanding;" and so broke off abruptly, and walked away. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,
and most humble servant,

DEANE SWIFT.

AD

An Account of the situation of Dr. SWIFT's
 health and mind, from 1739 to his death, at the
 latter end of October 1745; with a Dissertation
 on LUNACY and IDIOTISM.

By the Earl of ORRERY.

THE total deprivation of Dr. Swift's senses came upon him by degrees. In the year 1736, I remember him seized with a violent fit of giddiness. He was at that time writing a satirical poem, called *The legion-club*; but he found the effects of his giddiness so dreadful, that he left the poem unfinished; and never afterwards attempted a composition of any length, either in verse or prose. However, his conversation still remained the same, lively and severe; but his memory gradually grew worse and worse; and as that decreased and was impaired, he appeared every day more fretful and impatient. From the year 1739 to the latter end of 1741, his friends found his passions so violent and ungovernable, his memory so decayed, and his reason so depraved, that they took the utmost precautions to keep all strangers from approaching him; for, till then, he had not appeared totally incapable of conversation: but early in the year 1742, the small remains of his understanding became entirely confused, and the violence of his rage increased absolutely to a degree of madness. In this miserable state, he seemed to be appointed as the first proper inhabitant for his own hospital; especially, as from an outrageous lunatic,

natic, he sunk afterwards into a quiet, speechless idiot; and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpless situation. He died towards the latter end of October 1745. The manner of his death was easy, without the least pang or convulsion. Even the rattling in his throat was scarce sufficient to give any alarm to his attendants, till within some very little time before he expired. A man in full possession of his reason would have wished for such a kind of dissolution; but Swift was totally insensible of happiness or pain. He had not even the power or expression of a child; appearing, for some years before his death, reserved only as an example to mortify human pride, and to reverse that fine description of human nature, which is given us by Shakespear in an inimitable manner. "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." Thus poets paint; but how vain and perishable is the picture? The smallest thunderbolt from heaven blasts it in a moment, and every tinct is so effectually obliterated, that scarce the outlines of the figure remain.

Swift certainly foresaw his fate. His frequent attacks of giddiness, and his manifest defect of memory, gave room for such apprehensions. I have often heard him lament the state of childhood and idiotism, to which some of the greatest men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned, as examples, within his own time, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Somers; and when he cited those melancholy instances, it was always with a heavy sigh, and with gestures that shewed great uneasiness, as if he felt an impulse of what was to happen to him before he died,

Unless I am misinformed, he died worth about twelve thousand pounds, inclusive of the specific legacies mentioned in his will, and which may be computed at the sum of twelve hundred pounds; so that the remainder, near eleven thousand pounds, is intirely applicable to the hospital for idiots and lunatics: a charitable foundation, particularly beneficial in these kingdoms, where the epidemic distemper of lunacy is so prevalent, that it will constantly furnish the largest building with a sufficient number of inhabitants.

Lunacy may in general be considered, as arising from a depraved imagination, and must therefore be originally owing to a fault in the body, or the mind. We see instances every day, where, in fevers, all the powers of sense and reason are utterly overturned by a raging madness. This frenzy conquers, or is conquered soon: but, from more slow and chronical causes, such obstructions may be formed, as gradually to produce various degrees of this disorder, and to remain invincible to the very last moments of life. Nothing more strongly disposes the mind to this depraved state, than too fixed an attention to any particular object. Mr. Locke, if my memory does not deceive me, defines madness as arising from some particular idea, or set of ideas, that make so strong an impression upon the mind as to banish all others; and the persons affected are chearful or melancholy, well-tempered or fierce, according as the objects and ideas of their minds are different. From hence it is evident, that we ought to consider the strength of the mind, even in the pursuit of knowledge, and often to vary our ideas by exercise and amusements; constantly fixing a strict guard against any passion that may be prevalent in too high a degree, or may acquire an habitual strength and dominion over us. Passions are the gales of life; and it is our part to take care that they do not rise into a tempest.

Love, with all its charms, must be restrained within proper bounds, otherwise it will torture that breast which it was formed to delight. Love contains within itself a variety of other passions, and lays such a foundation of madness in the mind, that the frenzy, in this particular case, never fails to appear in its full force, and to display itself in all its strength of horror.

Religion, which can only make the mind happy, and is our surest and best defence against the passions, if considered in a wrong and melancholy view, has often perverted the seat of reason, and given more inhabitants to Bedlam than any other cause. A religious lunatic is miserable, even to the deepest tortures of despair.

The miser, whom I must always rank among madmen, heaps up gold with an anxiety that affects his looks, his appetite, and his sleep. The wretch dreads poverty in the centre of plenty: and starves, only because he dares not taste those fruits which appear most agreeable to his desires.

In some other species of madness, the persons affected are really more happy than in their senses, and it is almost a crime to banish the agreeable delusion. You remember the case of the citizen of Argos, who, after a salutiferous dose of Hellebore, cried out,

*Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis (ait) cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.*

Such again would be the case of the beau of Bedlam, who, amidst darkness and confinement, still retains his pride and self admiration; dresses himself up in straw instead of embroidery; and, when suffered to go to the window, imagines that he captivates every female, who chances to pass through

through Moor-fields. Is not such a man happier in his madness, than in his senses.

To specify the many different classes of madmen, would be endless. They are innumerable: so that it is almost a rare felicity to enjoy *mens sana in corpore sano*. Some men have owed their reputation and success in the world to a tincture of madness; while others, merely from a superior understanding have been ranked among lunatics. Of the latter sort Hippocrates (whom I wish you to look upon as a classic author, as well as a physician) gives a remarkable instance in one of his letters. He says, he was sent for by the people of Abdera to cure Democritus of madness; but, to his surprise, he found him the wisest man of the age, and, by his laughing manner of talking and reasoning, he almost convinced Hippocrates, that all the rest of the world except Democritus were mad. It is not improbable, that madness has been coeval with mankind. There have certainly been many instances of it among the Greeks and Romans. Among the Jews, the enthusiastic fury of Saul is equally remarkable with the ecstatic rage of Nebuchadnezzar. Nor have any parts of the world, I believe, entirely escaped this raging evil. It was frequently mistaken for inspiration; and the prophetic Sybils were obliged to put on the airs and looks of madness, to obtain an implicit belief to their prophecies. From these sacerdotal impositions, mad people reaped some remarkable advantages. They were often looked upon as messengers sent by heaven, to declare the will of the gods, and the prophetic decrees of fate; they were revered as persons sacred and divine; and instead of scourges, they received tokens of adoration. In how great a degree must the subtilty of priests have prevailed, when they could make one of the greatest curses that attends human life appear one of the greatest blessings?

Lunatics are so called from the influence which the moon has over bodies, when its attractive power is greatest, by which means the pressure of the atmosphere being lessened, the humours of the body are more rarefied, and produce a greater plenitude in the vessels of the brain. This has been illustrated by our good and learned friend Dr. Mead, in his treatise *De imperio lune et solis*: and I have particularly observed, that, in the last book which he published, intitled, *Monita et precepta medica*, he takes notice, in his chapter *de insaniam*, “ that the blood of such persons, who have
 “ been most liable to this malady, was thick and
 “ fizy, and, upon dissection, their brain always
 “ appeared dry, and their vessels filled with black
 “ sluggish blood:” from whence perhaps we may, in some measure, account for the principal source of Swift’s lunacy; his countenance being dark, bilious, and gloomy, and his eyes sometimes fixed and immoveable for a long time. Horace, I remember, attributes the madness of Orestes to a physical cause, where he says,

vocando

Hanc furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis.

So that diseases formed originally in the mind, often bring on this disorder, and by degrees affect the body; especially in such constitutions as have any tendency to this distemper. But what can be the reason that it is so remarkably epidemical in these kingdoms? I am inclined to believe, that it must be owing to the grossness of our food, and to our immoderate use of spirituous liquors; the one frequently causing the deepest melancholy, the other the most unlimited rage. Our climate is so variable and uncertain, and our atmosphere is so perpetually filled with clouds and sulphureous vapours, that these causes must necessarily have a great effect upon the natural impatience and incontinancy
 of

of the inhabitants. We are apt to revel in a free indulgence of our passions; and they are as apt to agitate and enervate the fibres of the brain, and to imprint by degrees many fatal impressions, that can never be eradicated from the mind. Even the greatest blessing we enjoy, the freedom of our laws, may, I am afraid, in some measure, contribute to those rash actions, that often end in dreadful murders of the worst kind, parricide, and suicium. Men must be reckoned in the highest class of lunatics, who are capable of offending the great Author of nature, by depriving themselves of that life which he only has a right of taking away, because he only had the power of giving it. No person in his senses can voluntarily prefer death to life. Our desires of existence are strong and prevalent; they are born with us: and our ideas of a future state are not sufficiently clear, to make us fond of hurrying into eternity: especially as eternity itself must ever remain incomprehensible to finite beings. Human nature has an abhorrence, and a terror of its own dissolution. The philosopher submits to death, because he looks upon it as a necessary event; in the mean time, he uses every method of prudence, and every art of caution, to lengthen out life as far as he possibly can extend it, and to prevent the least accident that may bring on death one hour sooner than the laws of the human structure require. The military hero meets the king of terrors more from the dictates of reason, than the impulses of nature. His fame, his fortune, every object that can be dear to him, depend upon his resolution to die. He exposes himself to the danger of being destroyed, because an effort of securing his life, must be attended with contempt and infamy. But, on the other hand, who would wantonly chuse death, unless he were agitated to such a choice by the fumes and vapours of a distempered brain?

The subjects, where arbitrary power is established,

ed, live in a continual state of dread and apprehension, and all their other passions are subdued by fear; so that fewer instances of suicide have appeared in despotic governments, than in kingdoms where liberty is more prevalent, and where the passions are less restrained.

The diet, the air, and the political constitution of a country, give the peculiar, and distinguishing character of the people: and as the characteristics change, the inhabitants undergo the same metamorphoses. How different are the modern Italians from the ancient Romans? If Brutus were now living, he would probably acquiesce in the depending state of a cardinal, and the Papal crown would be unanimously presented to Cæsar.

The melancholy case of Dr. Swift, has, I find, seduced me into a long digression. When I am writing to you, I give a full scope to my thoughts, and wander licentiously out of my sphere. I aim at placing all observations in your way, which I think can be of any use in your future road of life. But why talk to you on the melancholy effects of madness? only to observe in general, that temperance, exercise, philosophy, and true religion, are the surest means to make men happy, and to preserve them from a contagious malady, to which the inhabitants of these kingdoms are unfortunately liable.

A state of idiotism is less deplorable, not less shocking than that of madness. Idiots are afflicted with no turbulent passions. They are innocent and harmless and often excite pity, but never occasion fear. The proverb tell us, *They are the favourites of Fortune.* But I suppose it alludes only to those fools who can number twenty rightly, and can tell the days of the week: and alas! those are no idiots in the eye of the law. The absolute naturals owe their wretchedness to a wrong formation in their brain, or to accidents in their birth, or the

the dregs of fevers and other violent distempers. The last was the case of the Dean of St. Patrick's, according to the account sent me by his two relations Mrs. Whiteway and Mr. Swift * : neither of whom, I think, make the least mention of a deafness that, from time to time, attacked the Dean, and rendered him extremely miserable. You will find him complaining of this misfortune in several parts of his writings; especially in his letters (of the tenth volume) to Dr. Sheridan. Possibly some internal pressure upon his brain might first have affected the auditory nerves, and then, by degrees, might have increased, so as entirely to stop up that fountain of ideas, which had before spread itself in the most diffusive and surprising manner.

Having just now hinted to you the advantages that have accrued to madmen, I ought not to omit the honours that have been paid to fools. In former ages the courts of France and England were not thought completely imbellished without a favourite idiot, who bore the title of the King's jester and who was as remarkably distinguished by a cap and bells, as his royal master was distinguished by a diadem and robes. This animal, like Junius Brutus, frequently assumed the face and behaviour of folly, to answer his own particular views and advantages. His bluntness and simplicity recommended him in those places, where truths, if spoken by a man of sense, were disagreeable and dangerous. If he had not the honour, like Brutus, to save his country, at least he had the happiness to secure himself: and his expressions were often so full of humour and sarcasm that, to this day, they are recorded as pieces of wit. Such was the famous reply of Archy to K. James I. when his Majesty, amidst all his wisdom, was sufficiently inspired with folly, to send his only son into Spain. But

* Above, p. 315—————319.

fools at present are no longer admired in courts; or, if they are, they appear there without their cap and bells.

And now, to quit reflections that tend in general rather to terrify than to improve the understanding, let me observe, in honour of my friend Swift, that his establishment of an hospital for idiots and lunatics, is remarkably generous; as the unhappy persons who receive the benefit, must for ever remain insensible of their benefactor.



An account of a MONUMENT erected to the
memory of Dr. SWIFT in Ireland.

Taken from the DUBLIN JOURNAL.

S I R,

I Have at last finished what you have often heard me wish I might be able to do, a monument for the greatest genius of our age, the late Dean of St. Patrick's. The thing in itself is but a trifle; but it is more than I should ever have attempted, had I not with indignation seen a country (so honoured by the birth of so great a man, and so faithfully served by him all his life) so long and so shamefully negligent in erecting some monument of gratitude to his memory. Countries are not wise in such a neglect; for they hurt themselves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply their talents to the service of their country, when they see in it gratitude to the memory of those that have deserved well of them. The ingenious Pere Castell told me at Paris, that he reckoned it the greatest misfortune to him, that he was not born an Englishman; and when he explained himself, it was only for this, that, after two hundred years, they had erected a monument to Shakespear: and another to a modern, but to the greatest of them, Sir Isaac Newton. Great souls are very disinterested in the affairs of life; they look for fame and immortality, scorning the mean paths of interest and lucre: and, surely, in an age so mercenary as ours, men should not be so sparing to give public marks of their gratitude to men of such virtue, dead, however they may treat them living; since, in so

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doing,

doing, they bespeak, and almost insure to themselves a succession of such useful persons in society. It is with this view that I determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my house, I have planted an hippodrome. It is a circular plantation, consisting of five walks; the central of which is a horse-course, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are so laid out, that, from the centre, the six rows of trees appear but one, and form 100 arches round the field; in the centre of which I have erected a mount, and placed a marble column on its proper pedestal, with all the decorations of the order; on the summit of which I placed a Pegasus, just seeming to take flight to heaven; and on the dye of the pedestal I have engraved the following inscription, wrote by an ingenious friend.

In memoriam JONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P. viri sine pari.

*Aonidum fontes aperis, divine poeta,
Arte nova; æthereas propriis ut Pegasus alis
Scande domos: æternum addet tua fama columnæ
Huic memori decus; hic, tanti qua possumus umbram
Nominis in mentem, sacro revocare quotannis
Ludorum ritu juvat; hic, tibi parvus honorum
Offertur cumulus: laudum quo sine tuarum
Copia claudatur qui quærit, gentis Iernæ
Peciora scrutetur, latumque interroget orbem.*

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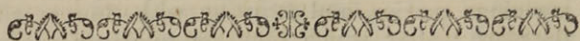
I have also appointed a small fund for annual premiums to be distributed in the celebration of games at the monument yearly. The ceremony is to last three days, beginning the 1st of May yearly. On this day, young maids and men in the neighbourhood are to assemble in the hippodrome, with their garlands and chaplets of flowers, and to dance
round

round the monument, singing the praises of this ingenious patriot, and strowing with flowers all the place : after which they are to dance for a prize ; the best dancer among the maids is to be presented with a cap and ribbands ; and after the dance, the young men are to run for a hat and gloves.

The second day, there is to be a large market upon the ground : and the girl who produces the finest hank of yarn, and the most regular reel and count, is to have a guinea premium ; and the person who buys the greatest quantity of yarn, is to have a premium of two guineas.

The third day, the farmer who produces the best yearling calf of his own breed, is to have two guineas premium ; and he that produces the fairest colt or filly, of his own breeding likewise, not over two years old, shall receive a premium of two guineas also.—Thus the whole will not exceed ten pounds ; and all these useful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the patron who with so much care and tenderness recommended them to others, and cherished them himself.

I am, &c.



Anecdotes of Dr. SWIFT and STELLA.

Taken from the Gentleman's Magazine, of Nov.
1757.

S I R,

AS the lives of eminent persons are the most instructive parts of history, and are more read, perhaps, than any other compositions; so there are very few pieces that are more justly censured for partiality; for they are generally the works of persons interested in the praise or censure of the heroes of their history. Wisely therefore have the sovereign pontiffs decreed, that no person shall receive the honour of being sainted, before the expiration of a complete century after their decease; in order to take off, by length of time, all sense of favour, or resentment, in such parties, as might have connections with the friends or enemies of the future saint, which might otherwise have influenced their evidence in the examination which always precedes the making of a new saint.

These reflections naturally occur upon reading any of our modern lives; and they occurred to me, on my reading, a few days since, the life of dean Swift in one of the London Magazines for 1755*, extracted from Lord Orrery, the critic upon his Lordship, and the memoirs published by Deane Swift, Esq; in which, though very concise, the

* The account of Dr. Swift's life, prefixed to the 1st volume of this work, was extracted from the several books here mentioned; and is the most complete account of the Dean that has hitherto appeared: so that the following anecdotes apply equally to it, as to that imperfect one in the London Magazine.

writer has inserted most of the errors of the preceding works; and as the Dean's charity, his tenderness, and even his humanity, have been impeached, in consequence of his hitherto unaccountable behaviour to his Stella, and of his long resentment shewn to his sister; and as no person has yet thought proper to redeem that extraordinary genius from these imputations of cruelty and pride, by shewing his connections with Stella in their true light; although I think that there are some living, who have it in their power, from authentic materials, I flatter myself that I shall not be censured for endeavouring to do this justice to his memory myself.

It is said, that Swift made an acquaintance with Mrs. Johnson (the lady celebrated by the name of Stella) at Sir William Temple's; that she was the daughter of Sir William's steward; and that Sir William, in his last will, left her 1000 l. as an acknowledgement of her father's faithful services; that she was married to the Dean in 1716; and his never owning her for his wife is imputed, by Lord Orrery, to his pride, which made him disdain an alliance with one descended from so mean a family; though others impute it to the common rumour, of her being Sir William's natural daughter, as Swift was said to be his son. She died (says Lord Orrery) absolutely destroyed by the peculiarity of her fate. His Lordship likewise declares Swift's pride to have been such, as to have induced him to refuse all reconciliation with his sister, for having married a tradesman, though in good circumstances, and with the approbation of her uncle and relations.

But I am certain Lord Orrery will be pleased to be convinced, that these accusations are false. Dr. Swift would have laid down his life, could it have preserved his Stella; that Stella, who was no otherwise related to Sir William Temple's steward, than
by

by her mother's marriage with him many years after the death of Sir William. And as for his cruelty to his sister, it is well known, that he maintained Mrs. Fenton many years, when a widow; and that she used to shew his picture to her visitants, with expressions of the highest gratitude and affection. That I may, however leave no room for doubt permit me to oppose to these imputations the true history of Miss Johnson, better known to the world by the name of Stella.

When Sir William Temple left Sheen to reside at Moore Park in Surry, he brought down with him, one summer, a gentlewoman, in the character of a house-keeper, whose name was Johnson. She was a person of a surprising genius; few women ever exceeded her in the extent of her reading; none in the charms of conversation. She had seen the world; her address and behaviour were truly polite; and whoever had the pleasure of conversing with her for a quarter of an hour, were convinced that she had known a more genteel walk in life than her present situation confined her to. She was not so happy in her person as her mind; for she was low of stature, and rather fat and thick, than well shaped; yet the imperfection of her shape was fully compensated by a set of fine features, and an excellent complexion, animated by eyes that perfectly described the brightness of her genius. She was, in few words, the same among women, that Sir William Temple was among men. Is it surprising, then, that such similar perfections should attract each other's notice?

This gentlewoman was the widow (as she always averred) of one Johnson, a merchant, who having been unfortunate in trade, afterwards became master of a trading sloop, which ran between England and Holland, and there died. He left her, as she said, three children.—The eldest, a daughter, was brought up in London, and there married one

Filby

Filby, a baker, by whom she had eighteen or nineteen children; and living in a genteel manner, he was soon ruined, and was sent by their friends into the west of England, as a salt-officer; whither she accompanied him, with such of her children as lived.—The second of her children was a son, Edward Johnson; who was put to school at Farnham; and, when of a proper age, was sent abroad, in order to qualify him for trade: but he died there young.—The third and last was her daughter Esther; who only, of all her children, was permitted to reside with her at Moore Park; where she was educated: and her appearance and dress so far exceeded the rank and fortune of her mother, and the rest of the children, that the world soon declared Miss Johnson to be Sir William's daughter. But had dress shewn no distinction between her and the rest of her mother's children, nature had already distinguished her sufficiently. Her mother and brother were both fair; her sister is said to have been the same. The boy was said to be like his father: he therefore must be fair too, as the boy was so to an uncommon degree. Yet Esther's, or, as she was usually called in the family, Miss Hetty's eyes and hair were of a most beautiful black; and all the rest of her features bore so strong a resemblance to those of Sir William T——, that no one could be at a loss to determine what relation she had to that gentleman. And could the striking likeness have been overlooked, Sir William's uncommon regard for her, and his attention to her education, must have convinced every unprejudiced person, that Miss Hetty Johnson was the daughter of one who moved in a higher sphere than a Dutch trader.—The respect that Sir William affected to shew the child, induced his family to copy his example; and the neighbouring families behaving in the same manner, she early lost all that servility that must have tinged her manners and behaviour
had

had she been brought up in dependence, and with out any knowledge of her real condition. When or where Sir William thought proper to acquaint her with the history of her birth, we profess not to know; but that he did inform her of the secret, we have reason to presume from the following circumstances. As soon as she was woman enough to be intrusted with her own conduct, she left her mother and Moore Park, and went to Ireland to reside, by the order of Sir William, who was yet alive. She was conducted thither by Swift. But of this I am not positive, as I am, that her mother parted with her as one who was never to see her again.

Here let me leave the daughter, and return to Mrs. Johnson, her mother; who continued to live at Moore Park till the death of Sir William Temple. Soon after which she resided with Lady Gifford*, sister to Sir William Temple, and his great favourite, as her woman, or house-keeper, or perhaps in both capacities. Upon Lady Gifford's death, she retired to Farnham, and boarded with one Pilby, a brother of her daughter's husband; and some time after intermarried with Mr. Ralph Mose, a person who had for a long series of years been intrusted, as steward, with the affairs of the family, and had successively served Sir William Temple, Lady Gifford, and Mr. Temple. He was a widower, and his first wife had been cook to Sir William Temple. Upon the death of Mr. Mose, she went to board with Mrs. Mayne of Farnham, a gentle-

* Miss Temple, Sir William's favourite sister, was a lady of uncommon merit and goodness. She was addressed by Sir William Gifford; who dying during the courtship, he begged the young lady to bear his name: and to enable him to leave her his estate; as a proof of his affection, she was married to him on his deathbed, by which means she became intitled to the enjoyment of his large estate. And that she might not shew herself unworthy of his esteem, she made a vow, (though in her tender youth) never to marry any other man, but to live his widow: and this she faithfully performed.

woman who had a particular esteem for her; and at length retired to Mr. Filby's again, and there died, not long after the year 1743. I saw her myself in the autumn of 1742: and although far advanced in years, she still preserved the remains of a very fine face.

The reader may wonder, as numbers have done before, that a woman of her refined sentiments and exquisite taste, should marry such a man as Mose. Many have been the conjectures upon the occasion. Perhaps her eldest daughter's distress might make her desirous of relieving her with the spoils of the old steward; or Mose might be privy to certain secrets that she was unwilling to have divulged; and therefore she might not dare to reject his proposals, for fear of drawing his resentment upon her. It was certainly a match of policy, and the most refined sensibility was in her sacrificed to one who had not the least idea of delicacy. The lady to whom I am obliged for many of these anecdotes, assured me, that she had heard Mrs. Mose, in her freer hours, declare, that she was obliged, by indispensable necessity, to marry the man whose fervile manners her soul despised; but that religion taught her to fulfil every duty that could possibly be expected from the most affectionate of wives. She had frequently rejected his offers, but was compelled at length to acquiesce.

Were I to attempt to describe her at full length, I might be thought guilty of the highest adulation, so extraordinary was the woman that was destined to please Sir William Temple. Pomfret, in his little poem, called *The choice*, is said to have given an exact description of Moore Park; to have delineated Sir William in the account of his own fancy and taste; and to have taken his picture of the female friend and companion from Mrs. Johnson; to that piece therefore do I recommend my reader.

While the mother thus spent her hours under

the most painful restraint at Fernham, the daughter made surprising advances towards perfection under the tuition of Dr. Swift. In her poem, dated Nov. 30. 1721, intitled, *Stella to Dr. Swift on his birth day*, we see, that she attributes all that was excellent in her to his instructions. It is not surprising that her affection towards the Dean should be so great, when we recollect, that it commenced from her earliest age, at a time when she thought that affection entirely innocent; that it was increased by Sir William's often recommending her tender innocence to the protection of Swift, as she had no declared male relation that could be her defender. It was from Sir William's own lessons that she received the first rules for her future conduct, which were afterwards continued by the Dean. And that the world may know what was the result of the joint labours of these two exalted geniuses, I shall relate a little anecdote for which I have undoubted authority.

When Stella, or Miss Johnson, resided at Dublin, her noble air, her genteel appearance, and the visits of many persons of distinction, soon gave rise to a report, that she had a large fortune, and that she kept in her lodgings cash, jewels, and furniture, to a very great value. Such a report in Ireland could not fail of attracting the notice of indigent villany. Stella had no male servant in the house, and no resistance could be expected from a few timorous women. On the night destined to deprive the world of one of its most distinguished ornaments, (for robbery and murder are terms synonymous there), Stella had dismissed her woman for the night; and not finding an inclination for sleep, she took a book, and read for some time, being all undressed, with only a wrapping gown over her. When she had read a while, she removed the candle to its place for the night, as she always kept a light burning; and kneeling by her bedside, she

was

was more than once disturbed by a noise at her window, she performed her devotions, however, with great calmness and attention; a duty that she never omitted; and then arising, and advancing towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, she saw, through the sash, a man who seemed to stand upon a ladder, and to be waiting for her putting out the candle, to begin his enterprize. The sex in general, upon such an occasion, would have fainted, screamed out, or attempted to have run out of the chamber. Not so the daughter of Sir William Temple. She knew the cruel temper of the vulgar Irish, and took not the least apparent notice of the thief; but seeming to look for something, she went directly to her closet; from whence she returned immediately; and throwing up the sash with her left hand, and drawing out a pistol from under her loose wrapping gown with her right, she fired at the villain; who immediately dropped from the ladder. She then called up the family; and the watch coming soon after at the noise of the pistol, his confederates were obliged to fly, and never afterwards attempted to disturb her. In this case Providence seems to have assisted her in an extraordinary manner: for had she gone to bed at her usual time, or had she not employed an hour or two in reading, the censorious world would never have had it in their power to attribute her death to the pride of Dean Swift.

Lord Orrery thinks his accomplished lady fell a sacrifice to the peculiarity of her fate. I cannot oppose this opinion of his Lordship; a person of her delicate sensibility might be greatly affected by her frequent reflections on her disagreeable situation. But was it in Swift's power to prevent it.

When Stella went to Ireland, a marriage between her and the Dean could not be foreseen: but when she thought proper to communicate to her friends the Dean's proposal, and her approbation of it, it

was then become absolutely necessary for that person, who alone knew the secret history of the parties concerned, to reveal what otherwise might have been buried in oblivion. But was the Dean to blame, because he was ignorant of his natural relation to Stella? or can he be justly censured, because it was not made known before the day of marriage?— He admired her; he loved her; he pitied her; and when fate had placed the everlasting barrier between them, their affection became a true Platonic love, if not something yet more exalted. I do not deny, but that she might lament the particular oddness of her fate; nor do I deny, but that Swift's natural temper might acquire an additional severity and moroseness from hence, and that he might vent his passion, and revenge himself on the rest of mankind. But his affection for Stella became truly fraternal; and whenever she lamented her unhappy situation, the friend, the tutor, the husband, all in one, mingled his sympathetic tears, with hers, and soothed the sharpness of her anxiety and sorrow. — But he despised her family. Was Swift's reputed father then so noble? and to whom did the Dean declare the secret of his soul?

We are sometimes told, that upon the Hanoverian family's succeeding to the throne of Great Britain, Swift renounced all hopes of farther preferment; and that his temper became more morose and more intolerable every year. I acknowledge the fact in part; but it was not the loss of his hopes that soured Swift alone. This was the unlucky epocha of that discovery, that convinced the Dean, that the only woman in the world who could make him happy as a wife, was the only woman in the world who could not be that wife. Could so turbulent a temper be easy under such a mortification? Let those judge, who have been so happy as to have seen this Stella, this Hetty Johnson; and let those who have not, judge from the following description.

cription.—Her shape was perfectly easy and elegant; her complexion exquisitely fine; her features were regular, with the addition of that nameless something, that so often exceeds the most exact beauty, and which never fails to add to it when they meet together. Her teeth were beyond comparison; her eye-brows and hair, of the most glossy black; and her eyes—but those I pretend not to describe; her mein and air were equal to the rest of the piece. Such was her exterior appearance: her mind was yet more beautiful than her person, and her accomplishments were such as to do honour to the man who was so happy as to call her daughter.

Can we wonder, after reflecting upon the foregoing passages, that the Dean and Stella always took care to converse before witnesses, or at least a third person, from that time when they received the proper notice of the secrets of the family, even though they had never taken such precautions before? Can we wonder that they should spend one day in the year in fasting, praying, and tears, from this period to her death? Might it not be the anniversary of their marriage? But it would be unnecessary to say more, since every unprejudiced person must be convinced from the preceding circumstances, that Hetty Johnson was neither daughter to Sir William Temple's steward, nor could Sir William leave her 1000 l. as a reward for her father's faithful execution of his office, when that steward was not married to her mother till long after the decease of Sir William. He must be convinced also, that Swift had more forcible reasons for not owning Stella for his wife, than his Lordship has allowed; and that it was not his behaviour, but her own unhappy situation, that might perhaps shorten her days.

I have yet a word to say, with respect to Mrs. Fenton, the Dean's sister. He is said by Lord Orery, to have refused all reconciliation with her,

on

on the account of her marriage. But why should he have repented her marriage with a tradesman, any more than her going to service? She lived many years with Lady Gifford, as her woman; and although it is probable that the Dean might disapprove of the match, as her husband, Fenton, was an extravagant careless fellow, and a notorious drunkard; yet, after her husband's and Lady Gifford's death, she retired to Farnham, and boarded with Mrs. Mayne, Mrs. Mose boarding there at the same time, with whom she lived in the greatest intimacy; and as she had not enough to maintain her, the Dean paid her an annuity as long as she lived; — neither was that annuity a trifle.

If these anecdotes prove agreeable to the public, or should they incite any other persons, who are possessed of proper materials, to throw a new light on these transactions, hitherto so extremely misrepresented; I shall think myself fortunate in having contributed something toward so generous an attempt, as that of acquitting the innocent from the imputation of guilt.

Yours, &c.

C. M. P. G. N. S. T. N. S.



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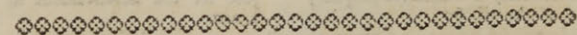
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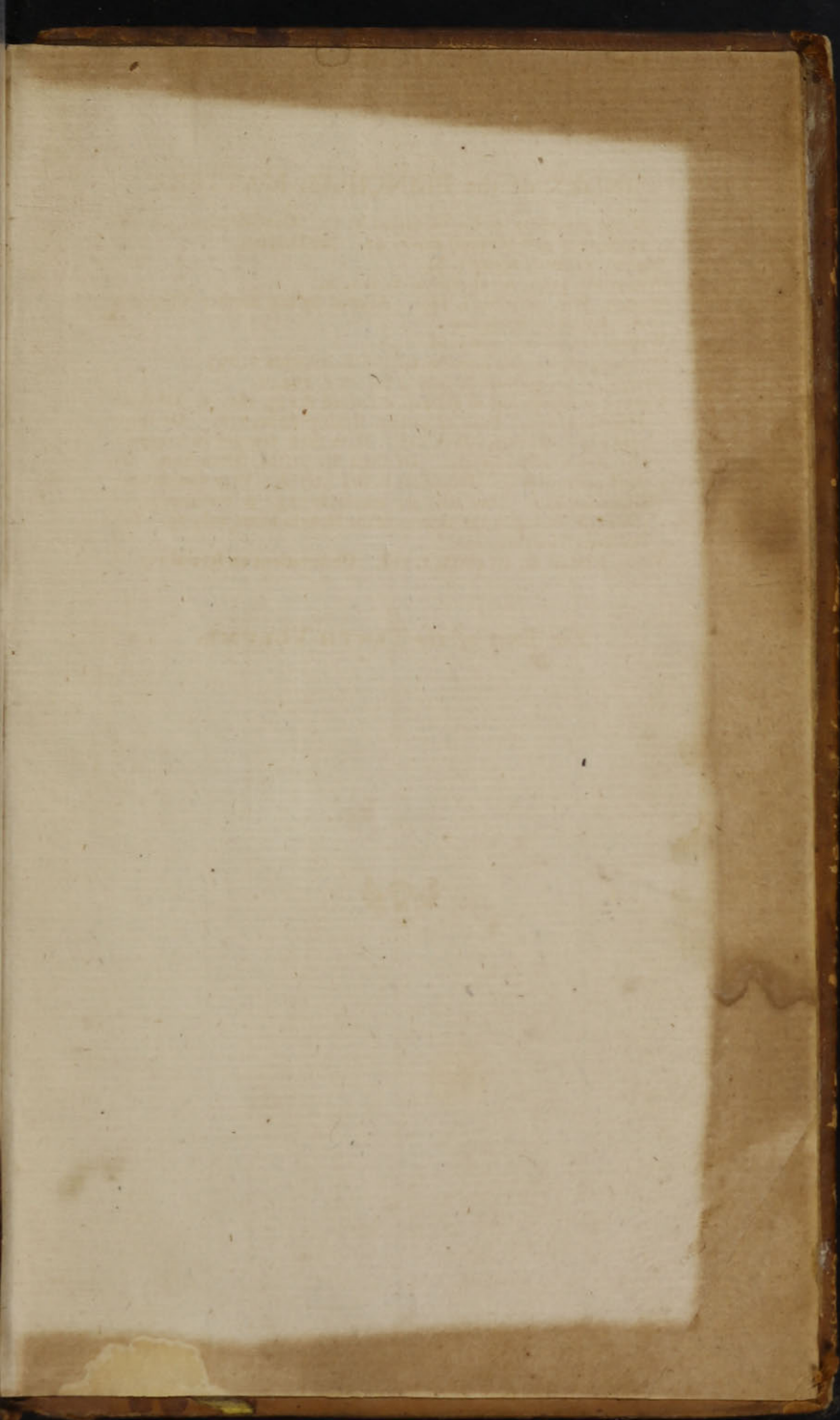
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