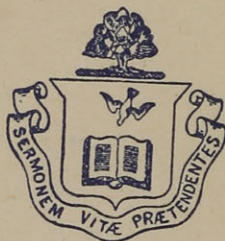


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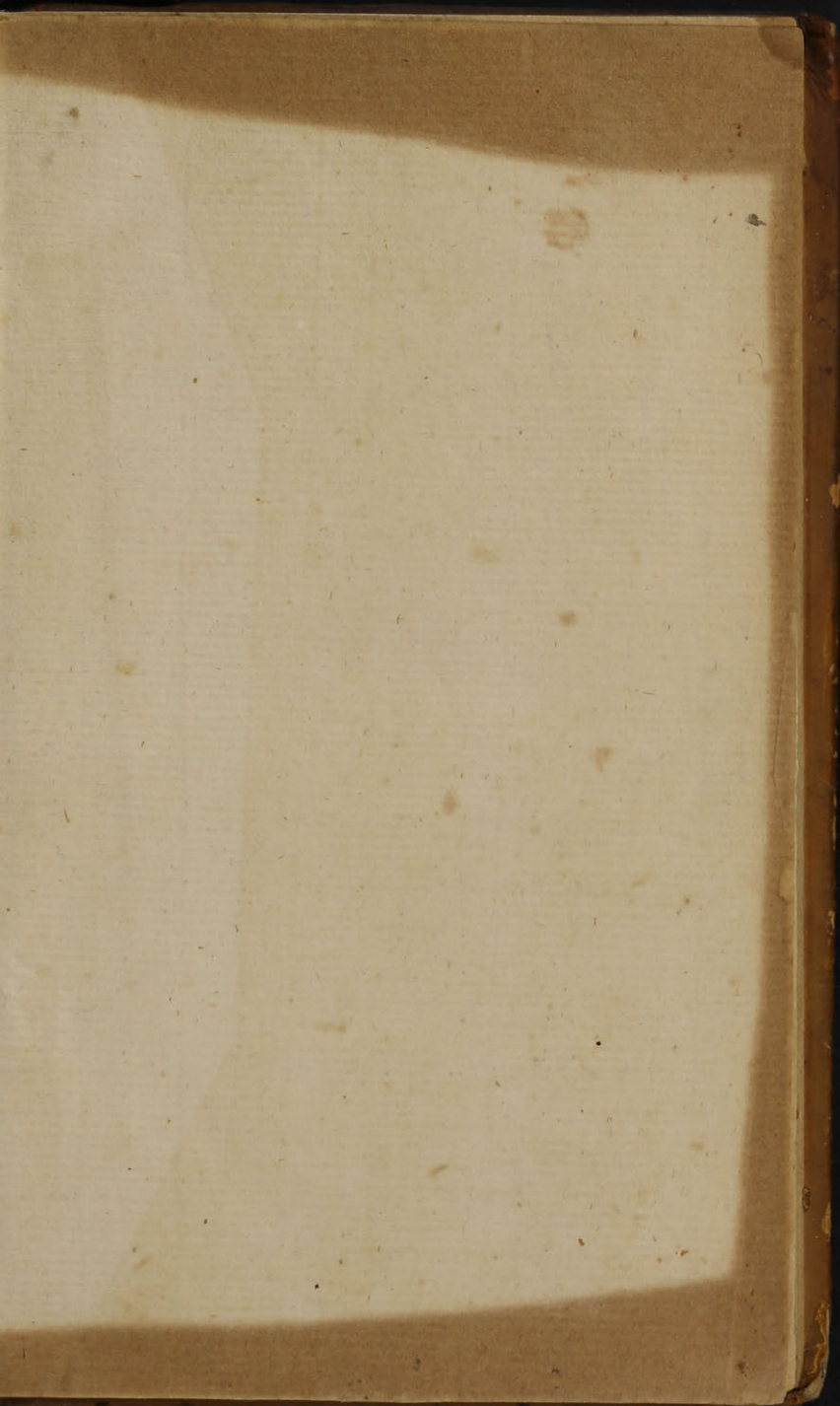


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NEW YORK

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT

TO THE HONORABLE

THE LORDS

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
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A PETITION
OF THE

THE
WORKS

OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT,

Dean of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

VOLUME XIII.

EDINBURGH:

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

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NEW YORK

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EDITED BY DR. JOHANNES SWIFT.

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2. The Plan of Dr. Parrish's Grammar.
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4. The Plan of Dr. Parrish's Grammar.
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VOLUME XII.

6. The Plan of Dr. Parrish's Grammar.
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MDCCLXXXIII.



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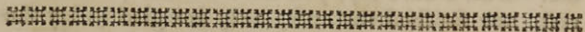
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L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.



L E T T E R I.

To Mr. BENJAMIN TOOKE.

S I R,

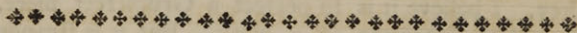
Dublin, June 29. 1710.

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

* The Apology prefixed to the Tale of a Tub.

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

Yours, &c.



L E T T E R II.

Mr. TOOKE to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, July 10. 1710.

I Nclosed I have sent the Key, and think it would be much more proper to add the notes at the bottom of the respective pages they refer to, than printing

printing them at the end by themselves. As to the cuts, Sir Andrew Fontaine has had them from the time they were designed, with an intent of altering them. But he is now gone into Norfolk, and will not return till Michaelmas; so that, I think, they must be laid aside: For, unless they are very well done, it is better they were quite let alone. As to the Apology, I was not so careless but that I took a copy of it before I sent it to you, so that I could have printed it easily, but that you sent me word not to go on till you had altered something in it. As to that cousin of yours, which you speak of, I neither know him, nor ever heard of him till the Key mentioned him. It was very indifferent to me which I proceeded on first, the Tale or the Miscellanies: But, when you went away, you told me there were three or four things should be sent over out of Ireland, which you had not here; which, I think, is a very reasonable excuse for myself in all these affairs. What I beg of you at present is, that you would return the apology and this Key, with directions as to the placing it: Although I am entirely of opinion to put it at the bottom of each page, yet shall submit. If this be not done soon, I cannot promise but some rascal or other will do it for us both; since you see the liberty that is already taken. I think too much time has already been lost in the Miscellanies; therefore hasten that: And which ever is in the most forwardness, I would begin on first. All here depend on an entire alteration. I am, &c.



L E T T E R III

To the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

My LORD,

February, 1710-11.

I Envy none of the Queen's subjects so much as those who are abroad; and I desire to know, whether, as great a soul as your Lordship has, you did not observe your mind to open and enlarge, after you were some leagues at sea, and had left off breathing party-air. I am apt to think this schism in politics has cloven our understandings, and left us but just half the good sense that blazed in our actions: and we see the effect it has had upon our wit and learning, which are crumbled into pamphlets and penny-papers. The October club, which was in its rudiments when your Lordship left us, is now growing up to be a party by itself, and begins to rail at the ministry as much as the Whigs do, but from topics directly contrary. I am sometimes talked into frights, and told that all is ruined; but am immediately cured when I see any of the ministry: Not from the satisfaction they give me in any one point, but because I see them so perfectly easy, and believe they could not be so if they had any fear at heart. My comfort is, they are persons of great abilities, and they are engaged in a good cause. And what is one very good circumstance, as I told three of them the other day, they seem heartily to love one another, in spite of the scandal of inconstancy which court-friendships lie under. And I can affirm to your Lordship, they heartily love you too; which I take to be a great deal more than when they assure you so themselves. For even statesmen will sometimes discover their passions, especially their good ones.

Here

Here is a pamphlet come out, called *A Letter to Jacob Banks*, shewing that the liberty of Sweden was destroyed by the principle of passive obedience. I know not whether his quotation be fair, but the piece is shrewdly written; and, in my opinion, not to be answered, otherwise than by disclaiming that sort of passive obedience which the Tories are charged with. This dispute would soon be ended, if the dunces who write on each side, would plainly tell us what the object of this passive obedience is in our country. For, I dare swear, nine in ten of the Whigs will allow it to the legislature, and as many of the Tories deny it to the prince alone: and I hardly ever saw a Whig and Tory together, whom I could not immediately reconcile on that article, when I made them explain themselves.

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

I am,

My Lord, &c.



L E T T E R IV.

To the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

My LORD,

May 4, 1711.

I Have had the honour of your Lordship's letter; and, by the first lines of it, have made a discovery that your Lordship is come into the world about eighteen hundred years too late, and was born about half a dozen degrees too far to the north, to employ that public virtue I always heard you did possess; which is now wholly useless, and
which

which those very few that have it, are forced to lay aside when they would have business succeed.

Is it not some comfort, my Lord, that you meet with the same degeneracy of manners, and the same neglect of the public, among the honest Germans, though, in the philosopher's phrase, differently modified; and I hope, at least, we have one advantage, to be more polite in our corruptions than they.

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

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

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

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

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

But I renounce England and deanries, without a promise from your Lordship, under your own hand and seal, that I shall have liberty to attend you whenever I please. I foresee we shall have a peace next year, by the same sagacity that I have often foreseen when I was young. I must leave the town in a week, because my money is gone,
and

and I can borrow no more. Peace will bring your Lordship home; and we must have you to adorn your country, when you shall be no longer wanted to defend it. I am,

My LORD, &c.

L E T T E R V.

To Mr. Secretary St. JOHN *.

S I R,

Chelsea, May 11. 1711.

BEING convinced by certain ominous prognostics, that my life is too short to permit me the honour of ever dining another Saturday with Sir Simon Harcourt, Knight, or Robert Harley, Esq; I beg I may take the last farewell of those two gentlemen to-morrow. I made this request on Saturday last, unfortunately, after you were gone; and they, like great statesmen, pretended they could do nothing in it without your consent; particularly my Lord-Keeper, as a lawyer, raised innumerable difficulties, although I submitted to allow you an hour's whispering before dinner, and an hour after. My Lord Rivers would not offer one word in my behalf, pretending he himself was but a tolerated person. The Keeper alledged you could do nothing but when all three were capitularly met, as if you could never open but like a parish-chest, with the three keys together. It grieves me to see the present ministry thus confederated, to pull down my great spirit. Pray, Sir, find an expedient. Finding expedients is the business of Secretaries of State. I will yield to any reasonable conditions not below my dignity. I will not find fault

* Afterwards Lord Bolingbroke.

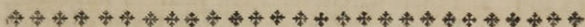
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with the victuals; I will restore the water-glass that I stole, and solicit for my Lord-Keeper's salary. And, Sir, to shew you I am not a person to be safely injured, if you dare refuse me justice in this point, I will appear before you in a pudding sleeve-gown, I will disparage your snuff, write a lampoon upon Nably Car, dine with you upon a foreign post-day; nay, I will read verses in your presence, until you snatch them out of my hands. Therefore, pray, Sir, take pity upon me and yourself; and believe me to be, with great respect,

S I R,

Your most obedient, and

Most humble servant.



L E T T E R VI.

Mr. SHOWER, to the Lord High-Treasurer
OXFORD.

My LORD,

London, Dec. 20. 1711.

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

in all your great affairs for the public good of your country. I am,

My honoured Lord,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN SHOWER.

L E T T E R VII.

ANSWER to Mr SHOWER *.

REVEREND SIR,

Dec. 21. 1711.

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

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

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

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

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

country, which is the sincere and hearty prayer of,

REVEREND SIR,

Your most faithful, and
Most humble servant,

OXFORD.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Mrs. HILL.

MADAM,

May, 1712

I Was commanded some days ago to do what I had long a mind to, but avoided because I would not offend your prudence, or strain your eyes. But my Lord Masham assures me there is no danger of either; and that you have courage enough to read a letter, though it comes from a man, provided it be one of no consequence, which his Lordship would insinuate to be my case; but I hope you will not affront me so highly as to understand it so. There is not a grain of news in this town, or five miles about it, worth sending you; and what we receive from Windsor is full as insignificant, except the account of the Queen's health, and your house-keeping. We are assured that you keep a constant table, and that your guests leave you with full stomachs and full pockets: That Dr. Arbuthnot sometimes leaves his beloved green cloth, to come and receive your chidings, and pick up your money. We intend shortly to represent your case to my Lord Treasurer, as what deserves commiseration; but we hope the matter is already settled between his Lordship and you, and that you are instructed to be thus magnificent, in order to carry on the cause. We reckon his Lordship's life is
now

now secure, since a continuation of band-boxes and ink-horns, the engines of late times, were employed in vain to destroy him. He will do me the justice to tell you, that I never fail of toasting you under the name of the Governess of Dunkirk, and that you have the honour to be very particularly in my good graces. My Lady Masham still continues in a doubtful state of neither up nor down; and one of her servants told mine, that they did not expect she would cry out this fortnight. I saw, yesterday, our Brother Hill, who promises to be more thrifty of his health, and seems to have a pretty good stock of it. I hope you receive no visits from the headache and the spleen: and one who knows your constitution very well, advises you, by all means, against sitting in the dusk at your window, or on the ground, leaning on your hand, or at see-saw in your chair. I am,

MADAM, &c.



L E T T E R IX.

To General HILL. *

S I R,

Windsor-castle, Aug. 12. 1712.

With great difficulty I recovered your present of the finest box in France, out of the hands of Mrs. Hill: She allowed her own to be the prettiest, but then mine was the handsomest; and in short, she would part with neither. I pleaded my brotherhood, and got my Lord and Lady Masham to intercede: and, at last, she threw it me with a heavy sigh: but, now it is in my possession, I wish you had sent a paper of directions how I shall keep it. You that sit at your ease, and have nothing to

* Brother to Lady Masham.

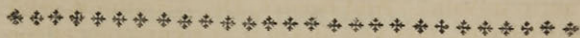
do but keep Dunkirk, never consider the difficulties you have brought upon me: Twenty ladies have threatened to seize or surprize my box; and what are twenty thousand French or Dutch in comparison of those? Mrs. Hill says, it was a very idle thing in you to send such a present, to a man who can neither punish nor reward you, since Grubstreet is no more: For the parliament has killed all the Muses of Grubstreet, who yet, in their last moments, cried out nothing but Dunkirk. My Lord Treasurer, who is the most malicious person in the world, says, you ordered a goose to be drawn at the bottom of my box as a reflection upon the clergy; and that I ought to resent it: But I am not angry at all, and his Lordship observes by halves; For the goose is there drawn pecking at a snail, just as I do at him, to make him mend his pace in relation to the public, although it be hitherto in vain. And besides, Dr. Arbuthnot, who is a scholar, says you meant it as a compliment for us both: That I am the goose, who saved the capitol by my cackling, and that his Lordship is represented by the snail, because he preserves his country by delays. But my Lord Masham is not to be endured: He observed, that, in the picture of the inside, which represents a great company dancing, there stands a fool with a cap and bells, and he would needs understand that figure as applied to me. And the worst of it was, that I happened, last night, to be at my Lady Duchefs of Shrewsbury's ball; where, looking a little singular among so many fine ladies and gentlemen, his Lordship came and whispered me to look at my box; which I resented so highly, that I went away in a rage, without staying for supper. However, considering of it better, after a night's sleep, I find all this is nothing but envy, and a design to make a quarrel between you and me: But it shall not do to; for I hope your intentions were good, however

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

S I R,

Your most obedient

Humble servant, and brother.



L E T T E R X.

To Lady ORKNEY.

MADAM,

Nov. 21. 1712.

WHEN, upon parting with your Ladyship, you were pleased to tell me I should find your present at home, natural justice prompted me to resolve that the first use I made of it should be in paying acknowledgements to my benefactor. But, when I opened the writing-table, which I must now call mine, I found you had neither sent pens, ink, nor paper, sufficient for such an undertaking. But I ought to tell your Ladyship in order, that I first got there a much more valuable thing: And I cannot do greater honour to my scrutoire, than to assure your Ladyship that your letter is the first thing I have put in it, and shall be the last I will ever take out.

out. I must tell your Ladyship, that I am this moment under a very great concern. I was fully convinced that I should write with a new spirit, by the influence of the materials you sent me; but it is quite otherwise: I have not a grain of invention, whether out of the confusion which attends us when we strive too much to acquit ourselves, or whether your pens and ink are sullen, and think themselves disgraced since they have changed their owner. I heartily thank your Ladyship, for making me a present that looks like a sort of establishment. I plainly see by the contrivance, that, if you were first minister, it would have been a cathedral. As it is, you have more contributed towards fixing me, than all the ministry together; for it is difficult to travel with this equipage, and it will be impossible to travel, or live without it. You have an undoubted title to whatever papers this table shall ever contain, (except your letter) and I desire you will please to have another key made for it; that, when the Court shall think fit to give me a room worth putting it into, your Ladyship may come and search it whenever you please.

I beg your Ladyship to join in laughing with me, at my unreasonable vanity, when I wished that the motto written about the wax was a description of yourself. But, if I am disappointed in that, your Ladyship will be so in all the rest; even this ink will never be able to convey your Ladyship's note as it ought. The paper will contain no wonders, but when it mentions you; neither is the seal any otherwise an emblem of my life, than by the deep impression your Ladyship has made, which nothing but my death can wear out. By the inscription about the pens, I fear there is some mistake; and that your Ladyship did not design them for me. However, I will keep them until you can find the person you intended should have them,
and

and who will be able to dispose of them according to your predictions. I cannot find that the workman you employed and directed, has made the least mistake: But there are four implements wanting. The two first I shall not name, because an odd superstition forbids us to accept them from our friends; the third is a sponge, which the people long have given so ill a reputation to, that I vow it shall be no gift of your Ladyship: The last is a flat ivory instrument, used in folding up of letters, which I insist you must provide.

See Madam, the first fruits this unlucky present of yours has produced. It is but giving a fiddle to a scraper, or a pestel and mortar to an apothecary, or a Tory-pamphlet to Mrs. Ramsay. Nothing is so great discouragement to generous persons as the fear of being worried by acknowledgements. Besides your Ladyship is an unsufferable kind of giver, making every present fifty times the value, by the circumstances and manner. And I know people in the world who would not oblige me so much, at the cost of 1000 l. as you have done at that of 20 l. which, I must needs tell you, is an unconscionable way of dealing, and whereof, I believe, no body alive is so guilty as yourself. In short, you deceive my eyes and corrupt my judgement; nor am I now sure of any thing, but that of being, &c.



L E T T E R XI.

To the Duchess of ORMOND.

MADAM,

Dec. 20. 1712.

ANY other person, of less refinement and prudence than myself, would be at a loss how to thank your Grace, upon the surprisè of coming home last night, and finding two pictures where only one was demanded. But I understand your Grace's malice, and do here affirm you to be the greatest prude upon earth. You will not so much as let your picture be alone in a room with a man, no not with a clergyman, and a clergyman of five and forty, and therefore resolv'd my Lord Duke should accompany it, and keep me in awe, that I might not presume to look too often upon it. For my own part, I begin already to repent that I ever begged your grace's picture; and could almost find in my heart to send it you back: For, although it be the most beautiful sight I ever beheld, except the original, yet the veneration and respect it fills me with, will always make me think I am in your Grace's presence; will hinder me from saying and writing twenty idle things, that used to divert me; will set me labouring upon majestic, sublime ideas, at which I have no manner of talent; and will make those who come to visit me, think I am grown, on the sudden, wonderful stately and reserved. But, in life, we must take the evil with the good; and it is one comfort, that I know how to be revenged. For the sight of your Grace's resemblance, will perpetually remind me of paying my duty to your person; which will give your Grace the torment, and me the felicity of a more frequent attendance.

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

MADAM,

Your Grace's, &c.

L E T T E R XII.

To the Duke of ARGYLE.

My LORD,

Jan. 20. 1712-13.

I Would myself have delivered the answer I sent yesterday to your Grace at court, by Dr. Arbuthnot, if I had not thought the right of complaining to be on my side: For I think it was my due, that you should have immediately told me whatever you had heard amiss of my conduct to your Grace. When I had the honour to be first known to those in the ministry, I made it an express condition, that whoever did me ill offices, they should inform me of what was said, and hear my vindication; that I might not be mortified with countenances estranged of the sudden, and be at a loss for the cause. And, I think, there is no person alive, whose favour or protection I would purchase at that expence. I could not speak to the disadvantage of your Grace without being ungrateful, (which is an ill word) since you were pleased,

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voluntarily,

voluntarily, to make so many professions of favour to me for some years past; and your being a Duke and a General, would have swayed me not at all in my respect for your person, if I had not thought you to abound in qualities, which I wish were easier to be found in those of your rank. I have indeed sometimes heard what your Grace was told I reported; but, as I am a stranger to coffeehouses, so it is a great deal below me to spread coffeehouse reports. This accusation is a little the harder upon me, because I have always appeared fond of your Grace's character; and have, with great industry, related several of your generous actions, on purpose to remove the imputation of the only real fault (for I say nothing of common frailties) which I ever heard laid to your charge. I confess, I have often thought that Homer's description of Achilles bore some resemblance to your Grace, but I do not remember that ever I said so. At the same time, I think few men were ever born with nobler qualities, to fulfil and adorn every office of a subject, a friend, and a protector, &c.

L E T T E R XIII.

To Lord Chancellor HARCOURT.

My LORD,

May 1713.

I Wonder your Lordship would presume to go out of town, and leave me in fear that I should not see you before I go to Ireland, which will be in a week. It is a strange thing you should prefer your own health, and ease, and convenience, before my satisfaction. I want your Lordship for my solicitor: I want your letter to your younger brother of Ireland, to put him under my government:

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I want an opportunity of giving your Lordship my humblest thanks for a hundred favours you have done me: I wanted the sight of your Lordship this day in York-buildings *. Pray, my Lord, come to town before I leave it, and supply all my wants. My Lord-Treasurer uses me barbarously; appoints to carry me to Kensington, and make me walk four miles at midnight. He laughs when I mention a thousand pound, which he gives me; though a thousand pound is a very serious thing, &c.



L E T T E R XIV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

S I R,

May 13. 1713.

I Was told yesterday, by several persons, that Mr. Steele had reflected upon me in his Guardian; which I could hardly believe, until, sending for the paper of the day, I found he had, in several parts of it, insinuated with the utmost malice, that I was author of the Examiner; and abused me in the grossest manner he could possibly invent, and set his name to what he had written. Now, Sir, if I am not author of the Examiner, how will Mr. Steele be able to defend himself from the imputation of the highest degree of baseness, ingratitude, and injustice? Is he so ignorant of my temper, and of my style? Has he never heard that the author of the Examiner (to whom I am altogether a stranger †) did, a month or two ago, vindicate me

* Lord Treasurer Oxford then lived there.

† The reader will please to recollect, that Dr Swift never writ any Examiners after the 7th of June 1711. He took up that paper at No XIII, and laid it down at No. XLIV.

from

from having any concern in it? Should not Mr. Steele have first expostulated with me, as a friend? Have I deserved this usage from Mr. Steele, who knows very well that my Lord Treasurer has kept him in his employment upon my intreaty and intercession? My Lord Chancellor and Lord Bolingbroke will be witnesses how I was reproached by my Lord Treasurer, upon the ill returns Mr. Steele made to his Lordship's indulgence, &c.

L E T T E R XV.

From Mr. STEELE to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

May 19. 1713.

MR. Addison shewed me your letter, wherein you mention me. They laugh at you, if they make you believe your interposition has kept me thus long in my office. If you have spoken in my behalf at any time, I am glad I have always treated you with respect; though I believe you an accomplice of the Examiner's. In the letter you are angry at, you see I have no reason for being so merciful to him, but out of regard to the imputation you lie under. You do not in direct terms say you are not concerned with him; but make it an argument of your innocence, that the Examiner has declared you have nothing to do with him, I believe I could prevail upon the Guardian to say there was a mistake in putting my name in his paper: But the English would laugh at us, should we argue in so Irish a manner. I am heartily glad of your being made Dean of St. Patrick's. I am,

S I R,

Your most obedient
Humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.
L E T -



L E T T E R X V I .

To Mr. S T E E L E .

S I R,

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† I may probably know better, when they are disposed * * * * *. The case was thus: I did with the utmost application, and desiring to lay all my credit upon it, desire Mr. Harley (as he then was called) to shew you mercy. He said he would, and wholly upon my account: That he would appoint you a day to see him: That he would not expect you should quit any friend or principle. Some days after, he told me he had appointed you a day, and you had not kept it; upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could answer; and advised me to more caution another time. I told him, and desired my Lord Chancellor † and Lord Bolingbroke to be witnesses, that I would never speak for or against you as long as I lived; only I would, and that it was still my opinion you should have mercy till you gave further provocations. This is the history of what you think fit to call, in the spirit of insulting, “their laughing at “me:” And you may do it securely; for, by the most inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it

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

† Lord Harcourt.

out

out of my power, as a Christian, to do you the least ill office. Next, I desire to know, whether the greatest services ever done by one man to another, may not have the same turn as properly applied to them? And, once more, suppose they did laugh at me, I ask whether my inclinations to serve you merit to be rewarded by the vilest treatment, whether they succeeded or no? If your interpretation were true, I was laughed at only for your sake; which, I think, is going pretty far to serve a friend. As to the letter I complain of, I appeal to your most partial friends, whether you ought not either to have asked, or written to me, or desired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were any way concerned in writing the Examiner? And, if I had shuffled, or answered indirectly, or affirmed it, or said I would not give you satisfaction; you might then have wreaked your revenge with some colour of justice. I have several times assured Mr. Addison, and fifty others, that I had not the least hand in writing any of those papers, and that I had never exchanged one syllable with the supposed author in my life, that I can remember, nor even seen him above twice, and that in mixed company, in a place where he came to pay his attendance. One thing more I must observe to you, that, a year or two ago, when some printers used to bring me their papers in manuscript, I absolutely forbid them to give any hints against Mr. Addison and you, and some others; and have frequently struck out reflections upon you in particular, and should (I believe) have done it still, if I had not wholly left off troubling myself about those kind of things.

I protest I never saw any thing more liable to exception, than every part is of the letter you were pleased to write me. You plead, that I do not, in mine to Mr. Addison, in direct terms, say I am not concerned with the Examiner; and is that an

excuse

excuse for the most savage injuries in the world a week before? How far you can prevail with the Guardian I shall not trouble myself to inquire; and am more concerned how you will clear your own honour and conscience, than my reputation. I shall hardly lose one friend by what you † * * * * I know not any * * * * laugh at me for any * * * * absurdity of yours. There are solecisms in morals as well as in languages; and to which of the virtues you will reconcile your conduct to me, is past my imagination. Be pleased only to put these questions to yourself. If Dr. Swift be entirely innocent of what I accuse him, how shall I be able to make him satisfaction? And how do I know but he may be entirely innocent? If he was laughed at only because he solicited for me, is it a sufficient reason for me to say the vilest things of one in print under my hand, without any provocation? And, how do I know but he may be in the right, when he says I was kept in my employment at his interposition? If he never once reflected on me the least in any paper, and hath hindered many others from doing it; how can I justify myself, for endeavouring in mine to ruin his credit as a Christian and a clergyman?

I am, S I R,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

J. S.

† Here the manuscript is torn.

L E T T E R XVII.

Mr. STEELE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Bloomsbury, May 26, 1713.

I Have received yours, and find it is impossible for a man to judge in his own case. For an allusion to you, as one under the imputation of helping the Examiner, and owning I was restrained out of respect to you, you tell Addison, under your hand, you think me the vilest of mankind, and bid him tell me so. I am obliged to you for any kind things said in my behalf to the Treasurer; and assure you, when you were in Ireland, you were the constant subject of my talk to men in power at that time. As to the vilest of mankind, it would be a glorious world if I were. For I would not conceal my thoughts in favour of an injured man, though all the powers on earth gainsaid it, to be made the first man in the nation. This position, I know, will ever obstruct my way in the world; and I have conquered my desires accordingly. I have resolved to content myself with what I can get by my own industry, and the improvement of a small estate, without being anxious whether I am ever in a court again or not. I do assure you, I do not speak this calmly, after the ill usage in your letter to Addison, out of terror of your wit or my Lord Treasurer's power, but pure kindness to the agreeable qualities I once so passionately delighted in, in you. You know, I know no body but one that talked after you, could tell Addison had bridled me in point of party, this was ill hinted, both with relation to him, and, SIR,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

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

L E T T E R XVIII.

To Mr. STEELE.

SIR,

May 27, 1713.

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

In your yesterday's letter, you are pleas'd to take the complaining side, and think it hard I should write to Mr. Addison as I did, only for an allusion. This allusion was only calling a clergyman of some little distinction an infidel. A clergyman who was your friend, who always loved you, who had endeavour'd at least to serve you; and who, whenever he did write any thing, made it sacred to himself never to fling out the least hint against you.

One thing you are pleas'd to fix on me, as what you are sure of; that the Examiner had talk'd after me, when he said Mr. Addison had bridled you in point of party. I do not read one in six of those papers, nor ever knew he had such a passage; and I am so ignorant of this, that I cannot tell what it means: Whether, that Mr. Addison kept you close to a party, or that he hindered you from writing about party. I never talk'd or writ to that author in my life; so that he could not have learned it from me. And, in short, I solemnly affirm, that, with relation to every friend I have, I am as innocent as it is possible for a human creature to be.

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And,

And, whether you believe me or not, I think, with submission, you ought to act as if you believed me, till you have demonstration to the contrary. I have all the ministry to be my witnesses, that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party, whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them. For, I think, principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons. In these last you and I differ; but in the other, I think, we agree: For I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly called a Whig.

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

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

S I R,

Your, &c.

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

L E T T E R X I X.

To the Lord Treasurer OXFORD.

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

My LORD,

November 21, 1713.

YOUR Lordship is the person in the world to whom every body ought to be silent upon such an

* Duke of Marlborough.

an occasion as this, which is only to be supported by the greatest wisdom and strength of mind; wherein, God knows, the wisest and best of us, who would presume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind, and disturb the understanding. This, indeed, might be some pretence to us to administer our consolations, if we had been wholly strangers to the person gone. But, my Lord, whoever had the honour to know her, wants a comforter as much as your Lordship: because, though their loss is not so great, yet they have not the same firmness and prudence to support the want of a friend, a patroness, a benefactor, as you have to support that of a daughter. My Lord, both religion and reason forbid me to have the least concern for that Lady's death, upon her own account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect stranger to her virtues, who would not wish himself, with all submission to God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your Lordship, who hath lost such a daughter, and we, who have lost such a friend, and the world, which hath lost such an example; have, in our several degrees, greater cause to lament, than, perhaps, was ever given by any private person before. For, my Lord, I have sat down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the composition of a lady, and could not single out one, which she did not possess in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of. But, as to your Lordship's own particular, as it is an unconceivable misfortune to have lost such a daughter, so it is a possession which few can boast of, to have had such a daughter. I have often said to your Lordship, that I never knew any one, by many degrees, so happy in their domestic as you; and I affirm you are so still, though not by so many degrees: From whence it is very obvious,

vious, that your Lordship should reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have lost.

To say the truth, my Lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is usual with the dispensations of Providence long to continue. You had been the great instrument of preserving your country from foreign and domestic ruin: You have had the felicity of establishing your family in the greatest lustre, without any obligation to the bounty of your Prince, or any industry of your own: You have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies, by your courage and abilities; and, by the steadiness of your temper, over the inconstancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your Lordship has felt too much complacency within yourself, upon this universal success: And God Almighty, who would not disappoint your endeavours for the public, thought fit to punish you with a domestic loss, where he knew your heart was most exposed; and, at the same time, has fulfilled his own wise purposes, by rewarding, in a better life, that excellent creature he has taken from you.

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

L E T T E R XX.

To the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN*.

My LORD, *London, Decem. 31, 1713.*

YOUR Grace's letter, which I received but last post, is of an earlier date than what have since arrived.

* Doctor William King,

arrived. We have received the Address for removing the Chancellor, and the Counter-addresses from the Lords and Convocation; and you will know, before this reaches you, our sentiments of them here. I am at a loss what to say in this whole affair. When I writ to you before, I dropt a word on purpose for you to take notice of; that our Court seem'd resolv'd to be very firm in their resolutions about Ireland. I think it impossible for the two kingdoms to proceed long upon a different scheme of politics. The controverly with the city I am no master of: It took its rise before I ever concern'd myself with the affairs of Ireland, farther than to be an instrument of doing some services to the kingdom, for which I have been ill requited. But, my Lord, the question with us here, is, whether there was a necessity that the other party should be a majority. There was put into my hands a list of your House of Commons, by some who know the kingdom well: I desired they would (as we often do here) set a mark on the names of those who would be for the ministry. I found they amounted to 143; which, I think, comes within seven of an equality. Twenty names beside they could not determine upon: So that, suppose eight to be of the same side, there would be a majority by one. But, besides, we reckon that the first number, 143, would easily rise to a great majority, by the influence of the government, if that had been thought fit. This is demonstration to us: For the government there has more influence than the court here; and yet our court carried it for many years, against a natural majority, and a much greater one. I shall not examine the reasons among you for proceeding otherwise: But your Grace will find that we are determin'd upon the conclusion; which is, that Ireland must proceed on the same foot with England. I am of opinion, my Lord, that nothing could do more hurt to the Whig-party in both kingdoms, than

than their manner of proceeding in your House of Commons: I will confirm the Crown and ministry, that there can be no safety while those people are able to give disturbance: And, indeed, the effects it hath already produced here are hardly to be believed. Neither do we here think it worth our while to be opposed, and encourage our enemies, only for seventy thousand pounds a-year; to supply which it may not be hard to find other expedients. And, when there shall be occasion for a parliament, we are confident a new one may be called, with a majority of men in the interest of the Queen and Church. For, when the present majority pretends to regard either, we look upon such professions to signify no more, than if they were penned by my Lord Wharton or Mr. Moleworth. I have suffered very much by my tenderness to some persons of that party, which I still preserve; but I believe it will not be long in my power to serve those who may want it. It would be endless to recount to your Grace the reproaches that have been made me on account of your neighbour.

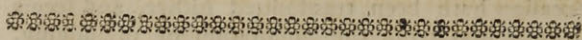
It is true, my Lord, we do not care to be troubled with the affairs of Ireland: But, there being no war, nor meeting of parliament, we have leisure at present. Besides, we look on ourselves as touched in the tenderest part. We know the Whig-party are preparing to attack us next session; and their prevailing in Ireland would, we think, be a great strength and encouragement to them here: Besides, our remissness would dishearten our friends, and make them think we acted a trimming game. There are some things which we much wonder at, as they are represented. The address for removing the Chancellor is grounded upon two facts; in the former of which he was only concerned with several others; the criminal was poor and penitent, and a *noli prosequi* was no illegal thing. As to Moor's business, the Chancellor's speech on that occasion

occasion hath been transmitted hither, and seems to clear him from the imputation of prejudging. Another thing we wonder at is, to find the Commons, in their votes, approve the sending for the guards, by whom a man was killed. Such a thing would, they say, look monstrous in England.

Your Grace seems to think, they will not break on money-matters; but we are taught another opinion: That they will not pass the great bill, until they have satisfaction about the Chancellor. And what the consequence of that will be, I suppose you may guess from what you know by this time.

My Lord, we can judge no otherwise here, than by the representations made to us. I sincerely look upon your Grace to be master of as much wisdom and sagacity as any person I have known; and, from my particular respect to you and your great abilities, shall never presume to censure your proceedings, until I am fully apprised of the motives. Your Grace is looked on here as altogether in the other party, which I do never allow, when it is said to me. I conceive you to follow the dictates of your reason and conscience; and, whoever does that, will, in public management, often differ, as well from one side as another.

As to myself, I take Ireland to be the worst place to be in while the parliament sits; and probably I may think the same of England in a month or two. I have few obligations (further than personal friendship and civilities) to any party: I have nothing to ask for but a little money, to pay my debts; which, I doubt, they never will give me. And, wanting wisdom to judge better, I follow those who I think are for preserving the constitution in church and state, without examining whether they do so from a principle of virtue, or of interest, &c.



L E T T E R XXI.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

London, May 18, 1714.

I Had done myself the honour of writing to your Excellency, above a month before yours of March the 5th came to my hands. The Saturday's dinners have not been resumed since the Queen's return from Windsor; and I am not sorry, since it became so mingled an assembly, and of so little use either to business or conversation: So that I was content to read your queries to our two great friends. The Treasurer stuck at them all; but the Secretary acquitted himself of the first, by assuring me he had often written to your Excellency.

I was told the other day, of an answer you made to somebody abroad, who inquired of you the state and dispositions of our court: That you could not tell, for you had been out of England a fortnight. In your letter you mention the World of the Moon, and apply it to England; but the moon changes but once in four weeks. By both these instances, it appears you have a better opinion of our steadiness than we deserve; for I do not remember, since you left us, that we have continued above four days in the same view, or four minutes with any manner of concert. I assure you, my Lord, for the concern I have for the common cause, with relation to affairs both at home and abroad, and from the personal love I bear to our friends in power, I never led a life so thoroughly uneasy as I do at present. Our situation is so bad, that our enemies could not, without abundance of invention and ability, have placed us so ill, if we had left it entirely to their management. For my own part,
my

my head turns round; and, after every conversation, I come away just one degree worse informed than I went. I am glad, for the honour of our nation, to find by your Excellency's letter, that some other courts have a share of frenzy, though not equal, nor of the same nature with ours. The height of honest mens wishes at present is to rub off this session; after which, no body has the impudence to expect, that we shall not immediately fall to pieces: Nor is any thing I write the least secret, even to a Whig-footman.

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

Our mysterious and unconcerted ways of proceeding have, as it is natural, taught every body to be refiners, and to reason themselves into a thousand various conjectures: Even I, who converse most with people in power, am not free from the evil: And, particularly, I thought myself twenty times in the right, by drawing conclusions very regularly from premises which have proved wholly wrong. I think this, however, to be a plain proof

that we act altogether by chance, and that the game, such as it is, plays itself.

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

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

Barber the printer was, some time ago, in great distress, upon printing a pamphlet, of which evil tongues would needs call me the author*: He was brought before your House, which addressed the Queen in a body, who kindly published a proclamation, with 300 *l.* to discover. The fault was calling the Scots a fierce, poor, northern people. So well protected are those who scribble for the government. Upon which I now put one query to your Excellency, What has a man without employment to do among ministers, when he can neither serve himself, his friends, nor the public?

* The Public Spirit of the Whigs.

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

My LORD,

Your Excellency's

Most obedient, and

Most humble servant.

L E T T E R XXII.

To the Lord Treasurer 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:

mind: You have a thousand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater, because I always loved you just so much the worse for your station. For, in your public capacity, you have often angered me to the heart; but, as a private man, never once. So that, if I only look towards myself, I could wish you a private man to-morrow. For I have nothing to ask, at least nothing that you will give, which is the same thing: And then you would see whether I should not, with much more willingness, attend you in a retirement, whenever you please to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windsor. From these sentiments I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwise than as to a private person, or allow myself to have been obliged by you in any other capacity.

The memory of one great instance of your candour and justice, I will carry to my grave: That, having been in a manner domestic with you for almost four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy to make you think ill of me tho' 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

from a weak head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is the highest compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have said enough; and, like one at your levee, having made my bow, I shrink back into the crowd.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXIII.

To the Duke of ORMOND.

My LORD,

July 17, 1714.

I Never expected that a great man should remember me in absence, because I knew it was unreasonable, and that your Grace is too much troubled with persons about you, to think of those who are out of the way. But, if Dr. Pratt has done me right, I am mistaken; and your Grace has almost declared that you expected a letter from me; which you should never have had, if the ministry had been like you: For then I should have been always near enough to have carried my own messages. But I was heartily weary of them; and your Grace will be my witness, that I despaired of any good success from their manner of proceeding, some months before I left town; where I thought it became me to continue no longer, when I could do no service either to myself, my friends, or the public. By the accounts I have from particular friends, I find the animosity between the two Great Men does not at all diminish: Though I hear it is given out that your Grace's successor * has undertaken a general

* The Duke of Shrewsbury.

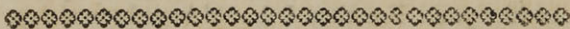
reconcilement. If it be true, this will succeed like the rest of his late undertakings.

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

My LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient,
and most obliged humble servant,

J. S.



L E T T E R XXIV.

To Lord OXFORD,

On hearing his intentions to resign his Staff.

My LORD,

July 25, 1714.

TO-morrow se'ennight I shall set out from hence to Ireland; my licence for absence being so near out, that I can stay no longer without taking another, I say this, that, if you have any commands, I shall have just time enough to receive them before I go. And, if you resign in a few days,

days, as I am told you design to do, you may possibly retire to Herefordshire, where I shall readily attend you, if you soon withdraw; or, after a few months stay in Ireland, I will return at the beginning of winter, if you please to command me. I speak in the dark, because I am altogether so; and what I say may be absurd. You will please to pardon me; for, as I am wholly ignorant, so I have none of your composure of mind. I pray God Almighty direct and defend you, &c.

L E T T E R XXV.

To Lady MASHAM.

MADAM,

August, 7. 1714.

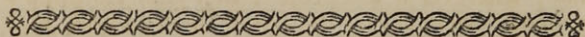
I Had the honour of a letter from your Ladyship a week ago; and, the day after, came the unfortunate news of the Queen's death, which made it altogether unseasonable, as perhaps it may be still, to give your Ladyship this kind of trouble. Although my concern be as great, as that of any other good subject, for the loss of so excellent a Princess; yet I can assure you, Madam, it is little to what I suffer upon your Ladyship's particular account. As you excel in the several duties of a tender mother, a true friend, and a loving wife, so you have been the best and most faithful servant to your Mistress, that ever any sovereign had. And although you have not been rewarded suitably to your merits, I doubt not but God will make it up to you in another life, and to your children and posterity in this. I cannot go about to comfort your Ladyship in your great affliction, otherwise than by begging you to make use of your own piety and your own wisdom, of both which you have so great a share. You are

no longer a servant, but you are still a wife, a mother, and a friend; and you are bound in conscience to take care of your health, in order to acquit yourself of these duties, as well as you did of the other, which is now at an end.

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

MADAM, Your Ladyship's
Most obedient, and
Most obliged servant.

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



L E T T E R XXVI.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

My LORD,

August 7. 1714.

I Had your's of the third. and our country-post is so ordered, that I could acknowledge it no sooner. It is true, my Lord, the events of five days last week might furnish morals for another volume of Seneca. As to my Lord Oxford, I told him freely my opinion before I left the town, that he ought to resign at the end of the session. I said the same thing often to your Lordship and my Lady Masham, although you seemed to think otherwise, for some reasons; and said so to him one afternoon, when I met you there with my Lord Chancellor. But, I remember, one of the last nights I saw him, (it was at Lady Masham's lodgings) I said to him, that, upon the foot your Lordship and he then were,

were, it was impossible you could serve together two months; and I think I was just a week out in my calculation. I am only sorry, that it was not a resignation, rather than a removal; because the personal kindness and distinction I always received from his Lordship and you, gave me such a love for you both, (if you great men will allow that expression in a little one) that I resolved to preserve it entire, however you differed between yourselves; and, in this I did, for some time, follow your commands and example. I impute it more to the candour of each of you, than to my own conduct; that, having been, for two years, almost the only man who went between you, I never observed the least alteration in either of your countenances towards me. I will swear for no man's sincerity, much less for that of a minister of state: But thus much I have said, wherever it was proper, that your Lordship's proposals were always the fairest in the world, and I faithfully delivered them as I was empowered: And, although I am no very skilful man at intrigue, yet, I durst forfeit my head, that, if the case were mine, I could have either agreed with you, or put you *dans votre tort*. When I saw all reconciliation impracticable, I thought fit to retire; and was resolved, for some reasons (not to be mentioned at this distance) to have nothing to do with whoever was to be last in. For, either I should not be needed, or not be made use of. And, let the case be what it would, I had rather be out of the way. All I pretended was, to speak my thoughts freely, to represent persons and things without any mingle of my own interest or passions, and, sometimes to make use of an evil instrument, which was like to cost me dear, even from those for whose service it was employed. I did believe there would be no further occasion for me, upon any of those accounts. Besides, I had so ill an opinion of the Queen's health, that I was confident you had not a

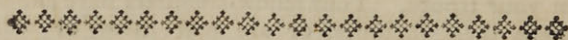
quarter of time left for the work you had to do having let slip the opportunity of cultivating those dispositions she had got after her sickness at Windsor. I never left pressing my Lord Oxford with the utmost earnestness, (and perhaps more than became me) that we might be put in such a condition, as not to lie at mercy on this great event. And I am your Lordship's witness, that you have nothing to answer for in that matter. I will, for once, talk in my trade, and tell you that I never saw any thing more resemble our proceedings, than a man of fourscore, or in a deep consumption, going on in his sins, although his physician assured him he could not live a week. Those wonderful refinements, of keeping men in expectation, and not letting your friends be too strong, might be proper in their season. *Sed nunc non erat his locus.* Besides, you kept your bread and butter till it was too stale for any body to care for it. Thus your machine of four years modelling is dashed to pieces in a moment: And, as well by the choice of the regents, as by their proceedings, I do not find there is any intention of managing you in the least. The whole nineteen consist either of the highest partymen, or (which mightily mends the matter) of such who left us upon the subject of the peace, and affected jealousies about the succession. It might reasonably be expected, that this quiet possession might convince the successor of the good dispositions of the church party towards him; and I ever thought there was a mighty failure somewhere or other, that this could not have been done in the Queen's life.—But this is too much for what is past; and yet, whoever observed and disliked the causes, hath some title to quarrel with the effects. As to what is to come, your Lordship is in the prime of your years, *plein des esprits qui fournissent les esperances*; and you are now again to act that part (though in another

another assembly) which you formerly discharged so much to your own honour, and the advantage of your cause. You set out with the wind and tide against you; yet, at last, arrived at your port, from whence you are now driven back in open sea again. But, not to involve myself in an allegory, I doubt whether, after this disappointment, you can go on with the same vigour you did in your more early youth. Experience, which has added to your wisdom, has lessened your resolution. You are now a general, who, after many victories, hath lost a battle, and have not the same confidence in yourself or your troops. Your fellow-labourers have either made their fortunes, or are past them, or will go over to seek them on the other side.—Yet, after all, and to resume a little courage: To be at the head of the church-interest is no mean station; and that, as I take it, is now in your Lordship's power. In order to which, I could heartily wish for that union you mention: because, I need not tell you, that some are more dextrous at pulling down their enemies than, &c. We have certainly more heads and hands than our adversaries; but, it must be confessed, they have stronger shoulders and better hearts, I only doubt my friends, the rabble, are at least grown trimmers; and that, setting up the cry of trade and wool, against Sacheverel and the Church, hath cooled their zeal. I take it for granted, there will be a new parliament against winter; and, if they will retain me on the other side, as their counsellor, I will engage them a majority. But, since it is possible I may not be so far in their good graces, if your Lordship thinks my service may be of any use in this new world, I will be ready to attend you by the beginning of winter. For the misfortune is, that I must go to Ireland to take the oaths; which I never reflected on till I had notice from some friends in London. And the sooner I go the better, to prevent accidents;
for

for I would not willingly want a favour at present, I think to set out in a few days, but not before your Lordship's commands and instructions may reach me.

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

Your Lordship's most obedient, &c.



L E T T E R XXVII.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

My LORD,

Dublin, Sept. 14. 1714.

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

I must be so free to tell you, that this new office of retirement will be harder for you to keep than that of Secretary : And you lie under one great disadvantage besides your being too young; that,
whereas

whereas none but knaves and fools desire to deprive you of your former post, all the honest men in England will be for putting you out of this.

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

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

I would give all I am worth, for the sake of my country, that you had left your mantle with some body in the House of Commons, or that a dozen honest men among them had only so many shreds of it.—And so, having dispatched all our friends in England, off flies a splinter, and knocks two Governours of Ireland dead. I remember, we never had leisure to think of that kingdom. The poor dead Queen is used like the giant *Longaron* in *Rabelais*. *Pantagruel* took *Longaron* by the heels, and made him his weapon to kill twenty other giants, then flung him over a river in the town, and killed two ducks and an old cat. I could talk very wisely to you, but you would regard me not. I could bid you, *non desperare de republicâ*; and say, that *res nolunt diu malè administrari*. But I will cut all short, and assure you, that if you do not save us, I will not be at the pains of racking my invention to guess
how

how we shall be saved; and yet I have read *Polybius*.

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

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

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

The ——— take this country; it has, in three weeks, spoilt two as good sixpenny pamphlets, as ever a proclamation was issued out against. And, since we talk of that, will there not be * * *
* * * * * † I shall be cured
of loving England, as the fellow was of his ague, by getting himself whipped through the town.

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

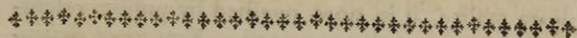
But, in return, I live a country-life in town, see

† Here are two or three words in the manuscript totally erased and illegible.

o body, and go every day once to prayers; and ope, in a few months, to grow as stupid as the resent situation of affairs will require.

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

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



L E T T E R XXVIII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

My LORD,

Dublin, July 19. 1715.

IT may look like an idle or officious thing in me, to give your Lordship any interruption under your present circumstances: Yet I could never forgive myself, if, after being treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction, by a person of your Lordship's virtue, I should omit making you, at this time, the humblest offers of my poor service and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you in my own behalf; and, if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me. I do not think myself obliged to regulate my opinions by the proceedings of a House of Lords or Commons; and therefore, however they may acquit themselves in your Lordship's case, I shall take the liberty of thinking, and calling your Lordship the ablest and faithfullest minister, and truest lover of your country, that this age hath produced. And I have already taken care that you shall be so represented to posterity, in spite of all the rage and malice of your enemies. And this I

know will not be wholly indifferent to your Lordship; who, next to a good conscience, always esteemed reputation your best possession. Your intrepid behaviour, under this prosecution, astonisheth every one but me, who know you so well, and how little it is in the power of human actions, or events, to discompose you. I have seen your Lordship labouring under greater difficulties, and exposed to greater dangers, and overcoming both by the providence of God, and your own wisdom and courage. Your life has been already attempted by private malice, it is now pursued by public resentment. Nothing else remained. You were destined to both trials; and the same power which delivered you out of the paws of the lion and the bear, will, I trust, deliver you out of the hands of the uncircumcised.

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

J. S.

L E T T E R XXIX.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

My LORD,

May 1719.

I Forget whether I formerly mentioned to you what I have observed in Cicero; that, in some of his letters, while he was in exile, there is a sort of melancholy pleasure, which is wonderfully affecting.

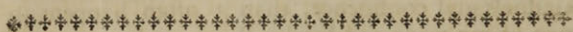
fecting. I believe the reason must be, that, in those circumstances of life, there is more leisure for friendship to operate, without any mixture of envy, interest, or ambition. But, I am afraid, this was chiefly when Cicero writ to his brethren in exile, or they to him; because common distress is a great promoter both of friendship and speculation. For, I doubt, prosperity and adversity are too much at variance, ever to suffer a near alliance between their owners.

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

too late, he wonders how he could think of so unequal a match, or what is become of the beauty he was so fond of.—I am told he outdoes himself in every quality for which we used to quarrel with him. I do not think, that leisure of life, and tranquillity of mind, which fortune and your own wisdom hath given you, could be better employed than in drawing up very exact memoirs of those affairs, wherein, to my knowledge, you had the most difficult and weighty part: And I have often thought, in comparing periods of time, there never was a more important one in England than that which made up the four last years of the late Queen. Neither do I think any thing could be more entertaining, or useful, than the story of it fully and exactly told, with such observations, in such a spirit, style, and method, as you alone are capable of performing it. One reason why we have so few memoirs written by principal actors, is because much familiarity with great affairs makes men value them too little; yet such persons will read Tacitus and Comines with wonderful delight. Therefore I must beg two things; first, that you will not omit any passage because you think it of little moment; and, secondly, That you will write to an ignorant world, and not suppose your reader to be only of the present age, or to live within ten miles of London. There is nothing more vexes me in old historians, than when they leave me in the dark in some passages which they suppose every one to know. It is this laziness, pride, or incapacity of great men, that hath given way to the impertinents of the nation where you are, to pester us with memoirs full of trifling and romance. Let a Frenchman talk twice with a minister of state, he desires no more to furnish out a volume; and I, who am no Frenchman, despairing ever to see any thing of what you tell me, have been sometime providing materials for such a work, only upon the strength of having
been

been always amongst you, and used with more kindness and confidence, than it often happens to men of my trade and level. But I am heartily glad of so good a reason to think no further that way, although I could say many things which you will never allow yourself to write. I have already drawn your character at length in one tract, and a sketch of it in another. But I am sensible that when Cæsar describes one of his own battles, we conceive a greater idea of him from thence, than from all the praises any other writer can give him.

I read your paraphrase with great pleasure, and the goodness of the poetry convinces me of the truth of your philosophy. I agree, that a great part of our wants is imaginary, yet there is a different proportion, even in real want, between one man and another. A king, deprived of his kingdom, would be allowed to live in real want, although he had ten thousand a year; and the case is parallel in every degree of life. When I reason thus on the case of some absent friends, it frequently takes away all the quiet of my mind. I think it indecent to be merry, or take satisfaction in any thing, while those who presided in councils, or armies, and by whom I had the honour to be beloved, are either in humble solitude, or attending, like Hannibal, in foreign courts, *donec Bithynio libeat vigilare tyranno*. My health (a thing of no moment) is somewhat mended; but, at best, I have an ill head and an aching heart. Pray God send you soon back to your country in peace and honour, that I may once more see him *cum quo morantem sæpe diem fregi*, &c.



L E T T E R XXX.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

My LORD,

Dec. 19. 1719.

I First congratulate with you upon growing rich ; for I hope our friend's information is true. *Omne solum diti patria.* Euripides makes the Queen Jocasta ask her exiled son, How he got his victuals? But, who ever expected to see you a trader or dealer in stocks? I thought to have seen you where you are, or perhaps nearer ; but *diis aliter visum.* It may be with one's country as with a lady : If she be cruel and ill-natured, and will not receive us, we ought to consider that we are better without her. But, in this case, we may add, she has neither virtue, honour, nor justice. I have gotten a mezzotinto (for want of better) of Aristippus, in my drawing-room : The motto at the top is, *Omnes Aristippum,* &c. and at the bottom, *Tantâ fœdus cum gente ferire, commissum juveni.* But, since what I heard of Mississippi, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that Plato followed merchandize three years, to shew he knew how to grow rich as well as to be a philosopher : And, I guess, Plato was then about forty, the period which the Italians prescribe for being wise, in order to be rich at fifty. *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* I have known something of courts and ministers longer than you, who knew them so many thousand times better ; but I do not remember to have ever heard of or seen one great genius, who had long success in the ministry : And, recollecting a great many, in my memory and acquaintance, those who had the smoothest time were, at best, men of middling

middling degree in understanding. But, if I were to frame a romance of a great minister's life, he should begin it as Aristippus has done; then be sent into exile, and employ his leisure in writing the memoirs of his own administration; then be recalled, invited to resume his share of power, act as far as was decent; at last retire to the country, and be a pattern of hospitality, politeness, wisdom, and virtue. Have you not observed, that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity, which seldom fails of raising men to the highest stations in the court, the church, and the law? It must be so: For Providence, which designed the world should be governed by many heads, made it a business within the reach of common understandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory-knife? Did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? Whereas, if he had used a razor or a pen-knife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory-implement to those talents that thrive best at court. Think upon Lord Bacon, Williams, Strafford, Laud, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, the last Duke of Buckingham*; and, of my own acquaintance, the Earl of Oxford and yourself: All great geniuses in their several ways; and, if they had not been so great, would have been less unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was Lord Sommers, whose timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer, and the consciousness of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman or a gentleman-usher. But, of late years, I have even refined upon this thought: For I plainly see, that fellows of low intellectuals, when they are gotten at the head of affairs, can sal-

* Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

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

— Why

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

I cannot but wish that you would make it possible for me to see a copy of the papers you are about; and I do protest it necessary that such a thing should be in some person's hands besides your own, and I scorn to say how safe they would be in mine. Neither would you dislike my censures, as far as they might relate to circumstantial. I tax you with two minutes a day, until you have read this letter, although I am sensible you have not half so much from business more useful and entertaining.

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

L E T T E R XXXI.

To the Bishop of MEATH.

My LORD,

June 5. 1721.

I Have received an account of your Lordship's refusing to admit my proxy at your visitation,

* He means letter XXIX, which he hath indorsed on the back as having miscarried.

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

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

I have the honour to be Ordinary over a considerable number of as eminent divines as any in this kingdom, who owe me the same obedience as I owe

* The remainder of this paragraph he has left to the Bishop's own conjecture.

to your Lordship, and are equally bound to attend my visitation; yet neither I, nor any of my predecessors, to my knowledge, did ever refuse a regular proxy.

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

My LORD,
Your Lordship's
Most humble servant,

L E T T E R XXXII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

My LORD,

Oct. 11. 1722.

I Often receive letters, franked Oxford, but always find them written and subscribed by your Lordship's servant, Mynett. His meaning is some business of his own, wherein I am his solicitor; but he makes his court by giving me an account of the state of your family, and perpetually adds a clause, that your Lordship soon intends to write to me. I knew you indeed when you were not so great a man as you are now, I mean when you were Treasurer; but you are grown so proud since your retirement, that there is no enduring you: And you have reason, for you never acted so difficult a part of life before. In the two great scenes of power and prosecution you have excelled mankind; and, in this of retirement, you have most

* The Bishop was a Welchman; his name Evans.

injuriously forgotten your friends. Poor Prior often sent me his complaints on this occasion, and I have returned him mine. I never courted your acquaintance when you governed Europe, but you courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I use all my insinuations to keep myself in your memory. I am very sensible, that, next to receiving thanks and compliments, there is nothing you more hate than writing letters: But, since I never gave you thanks, nor made you compliments, I have so much more merit than any of those thousands whom you have less obliged, by only making their fortunes, without taking them into your friendship, as you did me, whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner to be forgotten, either by the world or myself; for which never man was more proud or less vain.

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

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

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

And

And this I will place under your picture, whenever you are rich enough to send it me. I will only promise, in return, that it shall never lose you the reputation of poverty; which, to one of your birth, patrimony, and employments, is one of the greatest glories of your life, and so shall be celebrated by me.

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

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



L E T T E R XXXIII.

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

My LORD,

April 28. 1724.

Many of the principal persons in this kingdom, distinguished for their loyalty to his present Majesty, hearing that I had the honour to be known

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

to your Excellency, have for some time pressed me very earnestly, since you were declared Lord-Lieutenant of this kingdom, to represent to your Excellency the apprehensions they are under concerning Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence to pass in Ireland. Your Excellency knows the unanimous sentiments of the parliament here upon that matter: And, upon inquiry, you will find that there is not one person, of any rank or party, in this whole kingdom, who does not look upon that patent as the most ruinous project that ever was contrived against any nation. Neither is it doubted, that, when your Excellency shall be thoroughly informed, your justice and compassion for an injured people will force you to employ your credit for their relief.

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

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

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



L E T T E R XXXIV.

To the same.

My LORD,

June 9. 1724.

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

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

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

I have been long out of the world, but have not forgotten what used to pass among those I lived with, while I was in it: And I can say, that, during the experience of many years, and many changes in affairs, your Excellency, and one more, who is not worthy to be compared to you, are the only great persons that ever refused to answer a letter from me, without regard to business, party, or greatness; and, if I had not a peculiar esteem for your personal qualities, I should think myself to be acting a very inferiour part in making this complaint.

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

I know not how your own conceptions of your-
self

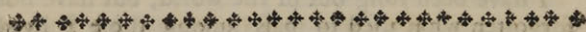
self may alter, by every new high station, but mine must continue the same, or alter for the worse.

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

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

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

My LORD,
Your Excellency's
Most obedient, and
Most humble servant.



L E T T E R XXXV.

To the same.

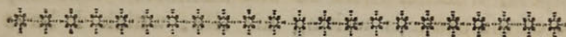
My LORD,

July 9. 17 4:

I Humbly claim the privilege of an inferior, to be the last writer; yet with great acknowledgements for your condescension in answering my letters. I cannot but complain of you for putting me in the wrong. I am in the circumstances of a waiting-woman, who told her lady, that nothing vexed her more than to be caught in a lie. But, what is worse, I have discovered in myself somewhat of the bully; and that, after all my rattling, you have brought me down to be as humble as the most distant attender at your levee. It is well your Excellency's talents are in few hands; for, if it were otherwise, we, who pretend to be free speakers,

speakers, in quality of philosophers, should be utterly cured of our forwardness; at least, I am afraid there will be an end of mine, with regard to your Excellency. Yet, my Lord, I am ten years older than I was when I had the honour to see you last, and consequently ten times more testy. Therefore I foretel, that you, who could so easily conquer so captious a person, and of so little consequence, will quickly subdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you. I am, with the greatest respect,

My LORD, &c.



L E T T E R XXXVI.

To EDWARD Earl of OXFORD.

On his Father's death.

My LORD,

July, 1724.

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

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

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

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

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

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient

Most obliged, and

Most humble servant.

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

L E T T E R XXXVII.

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

My LORD,

Sept. 3^o 1724.

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

There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England; it is Doctor George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth about 1100 l. a year. He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will, of course, attend your Excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by

his friend my Lord Burlington. And, because I believe you will chuse out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man, and his errand. He was a fellow in the university here; and, going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect called the *Immaterialists*, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject. Doctor Smalldridge, and many other eminent persons, were his profelytes, I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily with my Lord Peterborow; and, upon his Lordship's return, Doctor Berkeley spent above seven years in travelling over most parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England, he found so many friends, that he was effectually recommended to the Duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made Dean of Derry. Your Excellency will be frighted, when I tell you all this is but an introduction: For I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher, with regard to money, titles, and power; and, for three years past, hath been struck with a notion of founding an university at Bermudas, by a charter from the Crown. He hath seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment: But, in England, his conquests are greater; and, I doubt, will spread very far this winter. He shewed me a little tract, which he designs to publish; and there your Excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical, (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries; where he, most exorbitantly, proposeth a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanry be not taken from him,

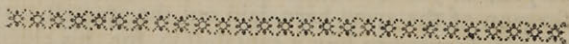
him, and left to your Excellency's disposal. I discourage him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible, and a vision; but nothing will do. And, therefore, I do humbly intreat your Excellency, either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom, for learning and virtue, quiet at home, or assist him, by your credit, to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.

I must now, in all humility, intreat one favour of you, as you are Lord-Lieutenant. Mr. Proby, surgeon of the army here, laid out the greatest part of his fortune to buy a captainship for his eldest son. The young man was lately accused of discovering an inclination to Popery, while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court-martial is transmitted to your Excellency. The universal opinion here is, that the accusation was false and malicious: And the Archbishop of Tuam, in whose diocese Galway is, upon a strict inquiry, hath declared it to be so. But all this is not to sway with your Excellency, any more than that the father is the most universally beloved of any man I ever knew in his station. But I intreat, that you will please to hear the opinion of others, who may speak in his favour; and, perhaps, will tell you, that, as party is not the case, so you cannot do any personal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland, than in inclining towards lenity to Mr. Proby and his family; although I have reason to be confident, that they neither need nor desire more than justice. I beg your Excellency will remember my request to be only that you would hear others, and not think me so very weak, as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the least turn to your mind. Therefore, I hope, what I have said is pardonable in every respect, but that of taking up your time.

My

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

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



L E T T E R XXXVIII.

To Mrs. PRATT.

MADAM,

March 18. 1724-5.

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

I will not move your good-nature, by representing how many restless days and nights I have passed, with what dreams my sleep hath been disturbed, when I sometimes saw the ship sinking, and my screen floating in the sea, and the mermaids struggling

gling which of them should get it. At last Mr. Medlicott †, whose heart inclines him to pity the distressed, gave me notice of its safe arrival. He interposed his authority; and over-ruling the tedious forms of the custom house, sent me my screen to the deanry: Where it was immediately opened, on Tuesday the 16th instant, three minutes seven seconds after four o' clock, the day being fair but somewhat windy, the sun in Aries, and the moon within 39 hours 8 seconds and a half of being full. All which I find, by consulting Ptolemy, to be fortunate incidents, and that, with due care, my screen will escape the mops of the house-maid, and the greasy hands of the footmen.

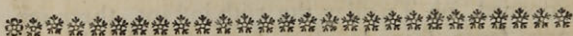
At the opening of the screen just after dinner, some company of both sexes were present. The ladies were full of malice, and the men of envy, while I was very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing shewed a better judgement than to know how to make a proper present, and that no present could be more judiciously chosen. For no man in this kingdom wanted a screen so much as myself; And, besides, since I had left the world, it was very kind to send the world to me. As for my own part, I confess I never expected to be sheltered by the world, when I have been so long endeavouring to shelter myself from it. See how ill you bestow your favours, when you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches, instead of acknowledgments, for thinking in the midst of courts, upon an absent insignificant man, buried in obscurity. But I know it is as hard to give thanks as to take them. Therefore I shall say no more, than that I receive your acceptable present just as I am sure you desire I should. But I cannot pro-

† One of the Commissioners of the customs,

mise that it will add one jot to the love and esteem I have for you; because it is impossible for me to be more than I have always been,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.



L E T T E R XXXIX.

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

Deanry-house, April 17. 1725.

MY LORD,

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

I have only one humble request to make to your Excellency, which I had in my heart ever since you were nominated Lord-Lieutenant; and it is in favour of Mr. Sheridan. I beg you will take your time for bestowing on him some church-living, to the value of 150 *l. per annum*. He is agreed on all hands to have done more public service, by many degrees, in the education of lads, than any five of his vocation; and has much more learning than usually falls to the share of those who profess teaching,

ing, being perfectly skilled in the Greek, as well as Latin tongue, and acquainted with all the ancient writers, in poetry, philosophy, and history. He is a man of good sense, modesty and virtue. His greatest fault is a wife and four children, for which there is no excuse, but that a wife is thought necessary to a school-master. His constitution is so weak, that, in a few years, he must give up his business; and probably must starve, without some preferment, for which he is an ill solicitor. My Lord Bishop of Elphin hath promised to recommend this request to your Excellency. And I hope you will please to believe that it proceeds wholly from justice and humanity, for he is neither a dependent nor relation of mine.

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

MY LORD, &c.



L E T T E R XL.

To Mrs. HOWARD *.

MADAM,

Feb. 1. 1726-7.

I AM so very nice, and my workmen so fearful, that there is yet but one piece finished of the two, which you commanded me to send to her Royal Highness. The other was done; but the undertaker, confessing it was not to the utmost perfection, hath obtained my leave for a second attempt; in which he promises to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although, perhaps, the humour may be quite off both with the Princess and you: For such were courts when I knew them. I desire you will order her Royal

* Afterwards Countess of Suffolk.

Highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood ; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there : And I expect to find you are altered by flattery, or ill company, I am glad to tell you now, that I honour you with my esteem ; because, when the Princess grows a crowned head, you shall have no more such compliments ; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deserve them. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myself, but will rather provide another shoe for his royal Highness *, against there shall be occasion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night : While I was careffing one of my *Houyhnhnms*, he bit my little finger so cruelly, that I am hardly able to write ; and I impute the cause to some foreknowledge in him, that I was going to write to a *Sieve Yahoo*, (for so you are pleased to call yourself.) Pray tell Sir Robert Walpole, that, if he does not use me better next summer than he did last, I will study revenge, and it shall be *vengeance ecclesiastique*. I hope you will get your house and wine ready, to which Mr. Gay and I are to have free access when you are at court : For, as to Mr. Pope, he is not worth considering on such occasions. I am sorry I have no complaints to make of her Royal Highness : Therefore, I think, I may let you tell her, That every grain of virtue and good sense, in one of her rank, considering the bad education among flaterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior person. Now, if what the world says be true, that she excels all other ladies at least a dozen times ; then multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any one can say a civiler thing, let him, for I think it too much for me.

* Vide Gulliver's Travels, Chap. IV.

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

MADAM, &c.

L E T T E R XLI

To the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN*.

MY LORD

May 18. 1727.

I Understand, by some letters just come to my hands, that, at your Grace's visitation of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, a proxy was insisted on from the Dean, the visitation adjourned, and a rule entered, that a proxy be exhibited within a month, If your Grace can find, in any of your old records or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a Dean of St. Patrick's, you will have some reason to insist upon it: But, as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the consequences be what they will, I shall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy, if I want any: It is only through them that you visit me, and my Sub-dean is to answer for me. I am neither civilian nor canonist. Your Grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dextrous deputy. My proceeding shall be only upon one maxim; Never to yield to an oppression, to justify which your precedent can be produced. I see very

* Dr. William King.

well how personal all this proceeding is ; and how, from the very moment of the Queen's death, your Grace has thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all sorts of uneasiness, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one single mark of your favour beyond common civilities. And, if it were not below a man of spirit to make complaints, I could date them from six and twenty years past. This hath something in it the more extraordinary, because, during some years, when I was thought to have credit with those in power, I employed it to the utmost for your service, with great success, where it could be most useful, against many violent enemies you then had, however unjustly ; by which I got more ill-will than by any other action of my life, I mean from my friends. My Lord, I have lived and, by the grace of God, will die an enemy to servitude and slavery of all kinds : And I believe, at the same time, that persons of such a disposition will be the most ready to pay obedience wherever it is due. Your Grace hath often said, you would never infringe any of our liberties. I will call back nothing of what is past : I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a licence to be absent. Neither my age, health, humour, or fortune, qualify me for little brangles ; but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predecessors. I thought, and have been told, that I deserved better from that church and that kingdom : I am sure I do from your Grace. And, I believe, people on this side will attest, that all my merits are not very old. It is a little hard, that, the occasion of my journey hither being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on business of importance to me, and partly to see my friends ; I cannot enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your Grace interposing to disturb it. But, I thank God, the civilities of those in power here, who allow themselves to be my professed

feſſed adyerſaries, make ſome atonement for the unkindneſs of others, who have ſo many reaſons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and, therefore, if conſcience were quite out of the caſe for me to do a baſe thing, I will ſet no unworthy examples for my ſucceſſors to follow: And, therefore, repeating it again, that I ſhall not concern myſelf upon the proceeding of your Lordſhip.

I am, &c.



L E T T E R XLII.

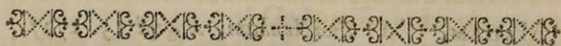
To the Counteſs of SUFFOLK.

MADAM, *Twickenham, Auguſt 15. 1727.*

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

est courtier and flatterer you have; because I try your good sense and taste more than all of them put together, which is the greatest compliment I could put upon you: And you have hitherto behaved yourself tolerably well under it; much better than your Mistres, if what a lady told me was true: That, talking with the Queen about me, her Majesty said, I was an odd sort of man. But I forgive her; for it is an odd thing in an honest man to speak freely to princes. I will say another thing in your praise, that goodness would become you better than any person I know; And, for that very reason, there is no body I wish to be good so much as yourself.

I am, &c.



L E T T E R XLIII.

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

My LORD, Jan. 18. 1727-8.

I Was informed, that your Excellency having referred to the University here, some regulation of his Majesty's benefaction for professors; they have, in their answer, insinuated as if they thought it best, that the several professorships should be limited to their fellows, and to be held only as they continue to be so. I need not inform your Excellency, how contrary such a practice is to that of all the universities in Europe. Your Excellency well knows how many learned men, of the two last ages, have been invited by princes to be professors in some art or science, for which they were renowned; and that the like rule hath been followed in Oxford and Cambridge. I hope your Excellency

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

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

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

I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Carteret.

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



L E T T E R XLIV.

To the same *.

My LORD,

About *May 10. 1728.*

I Told your Excellency that you were to run on my errands. My Lord Burlington hath a very fine monument of his ancestor the Earl of Cork, in my cathedral, which your Excellency hath seen. I and the chapter have written to him in a body to have it repaired, and I in person have desired he would do it. And I desired likewise, that he would settle a parcel of land, worth five pounds a year, (not an annuity), to keep it always in repair. He said he would do any thing to oblige me; but was afraid that, in future times, the five pounds a-year would be misapplied, and secured by the Dean and chapter to their own use. I answered, that a Dean and twenty-four members of so great a chapter, who, in livings, estates, &c. had about 4000 l. a-year amongst them, would hardly divide four shillings among them to cheat his posterity; and that we could have no view but to consult the honour of his family. I therefore command your Excellency to lay this before him, and the affront he hath put upon us, in not answering a letter written to him by the Dean and chapter in a body.

The great Duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My Lady Holderness is my old acquaintance, and I writ to her about a small sum, to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myself; and also, there was a letter from the Dean and chapter, to desire she

* This letter is not dated, but indorsed "To Lord Lieutenant Carteret, before his going off."

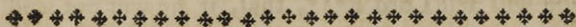
would

would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems Mildmay, now Lord F***, her husband, is a covetous fellow; or, whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell Lord F***, that, if he will not send fifty pounds to make a monument for the old Duke, I and the chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for ten pounds; wherein it shall be expressed, That the posterity of the Duke, naming particularly Lady Holderness and Mr. Mildmay, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourselves. And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and, rather than send it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my registry-office, to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity. This I expect your Excellency will tell Mr. Mildmay, or, as you now call him, Lord F***: And I expect likewise, that he will let Sir Conyers Darcy know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although, to do him justice, he averred, that Mildmay was so avaricious a wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to save charges.

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

These are the matters I leave in charge to your Excellency: And I desire that I, who have done with courts, may not be used like a courtier. For, as I was a courtier when you were a school-boy, I

know all your arts. And so God blefs you, and all your family, my old friends: And remember, I expect you shall not dare to be a courtier to me, I am, &c.



L E T T E R XLV.

To Mr. POPE.

S I R,

March 6. 1728-9.

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

No: I intended to pass last winter in England; but my health said No: And I did design to live a gentleman,

gentleman, and, as Sancho's wife said, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in Spring: If not, pray God you may never be in jest. Dr. Delany shall attend you at Chester, and your apartment is ready; and I have a most excellent chaise, and about sixteen dozen of the best cyder in the world; and you shall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monstrari*, &c. And, when I cannot hear, you shall have choice of the best people we can afford, to hear you, and nurses enough; and your apartment is on the sunny side.

The next paragraph strikes me dumb. You say I am to blame, if I refuse the opportunity of going with my Lady Bolingbroke to Aix la Chapelle. I must tell you, that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I must have good ears to catch up the words of so nimble a tongued race as the French, having been a dozen years without conversing among them. Mr. Gay is a scandal to all lusty young fellows with healthy countenances; and, I think, he is not intemperate in a physical sense. I am told he has an asthma, which is a disease I commiserate more than deafness, because it will not leave a man quiet either sleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his Opera * before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions to amount to 800 l. And yet, I believe, he lost as much more for want of human prudence.

I told you some time ago, that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the Lady of the family where I lived, and upon myself; but they never went further: And my Lady Acheson made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or suffered them to be copied. They were sometimes shewn to intimate friends, to occasion mirth, and that was all. So that I am

* The second part of the Beggar's Opera,

vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have some confused notion of seeing a paper called Sir Ralph the Patriot, but am sure it was bad or indifferent; and, as to the lady at Quadrille, I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the same with a paper of verses called the Journal of a Dublin lady, which I writ at St. Arthur Achefon's; and, leaving out what concerned the family, I sent it to be printed in a paper which Dr. Sheridan had engaged in, called the *Intelligencer*, of which he made but sorry work, and then dropt it. But the verses were printed by themselves, and most horridly mangled in the press, and were very mediocre in themselves; but did well enough in the manner I mentioned of a family jest. I do sincerely assure you, that my frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humour I am in, and some other reason which time hath shewn, and will shew more if I live; have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and, for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling, to play with me an hour at back-gammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within; or, at least, am deaf a week or two after I am well. But, on Sunday evenings, it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray, come over in April, if it be only to convince you that I tell no lies, and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs. Brent, my housekeeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle *, says she

* See Vol. VI. p. 115.

will be your nurse; and the best physicians we have shall attend you without fees: Although, I believe, you will have no occasion but to converse with one or two of them to make them proud.

Your letter came but last post, and you see my punctuality. I am unlucky at every thing I send to England. Two bottles of usquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble service to my Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Lord Masham, and his Lady my dear friend, and Mr. Pulteney, and the Doctor, and Mr. Lewis, and our sickly friend Gay, and my Lady Bolingbroke; and very much to Patty *, who I hope will learn to love the world less, before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my Lord Peterborough being ill. I am exceedingly his servant, and pray God recover his health. As for your courtier Mrs. Howard and her Mistress, I have nothing to say, but that they have neither memory nor manners; else I should have some mark of the former from the latter, which I was promised above two years ago: But, since I made them a present, it would be mean to remind them. I am told poor Mrs. Pope is ill: Pray God preserve her to you, or raise you up as useful a friend.

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

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

The letter talks of Gay, and Mr. Whalley, and Lord Bolingbroke, which made me conclude it

* Patty Blunt.

That I had expostulated this scurvy matter very gently with you : That I conceived this letter was an answer. That, from the prerogative of a good estate, however gotten, and the practice of lording over a few Irish wretches, and from the natural want of better thinking, I was sure your answer would be extremely rude and stupid, full of very bad language in all senses. That a bear in a wilderness will as soon fix on a philosopher as on a cottager. And a man, wholly void of education, judgement, or distinction of persons, has no regard, in his insolence, but to the passion of fear : And, how heartily I wished, that to make you shew your humility, your quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons, than the Dean of St. Patrick's.

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

I took some pains in providing and advising about your education ; but since you have made so ill use of my rules, I cannot deny, that, according to your own principles, your usage of me is just. You are wholly out of my danger : The weapons I use will do you no hurt ; and to that which would keep nicer men in awe you are insensible. A needle against a stone-wall can make no impression. Your faculty lies in making bargains : Stick to that. Leave your children a better estate than your father left you ; as he left you much more than your grandfather left him. Your father and you are much wiser than I, who gave among you fifty years purchase for land, for which I am not to see one farthing. This was intended as an encouragement to a clergyman to reside among you,
whenever

whenever any of your posterity shall be able to distinguish a man from a beast. One thing I desire you will be set right in: I do not despise all squires. It is true, I despise the bulk of them. But pray take notice, that a squire must have some merit before I shall honour him with my contempt: For I do not despise a fly, a maggot, or a mite.

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

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

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

Your friend and humble servant.

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

L E T.

L E T T E R XLVII.

To Lady WORSLEY.

MADAM,

April 19. 1730.

MY Lady Carteret (if you know such a lady) commands me to pursue my own inclination; which is, to honour myself with writing you a letter; and thereby endeavouring to preserve myself in your memory, in spite of an acquaintance of more years, than in regard to my own reputation, as a young gentlemen, I care to recollect. I forgot whether I had not some reasons to be angry with your Ladyship, when I was last in England. I hope to see you very soon the youngest great grandmother in Europe: and fifteen years hence (which I shall have nothing to do with) you will be at the amusement of "Rise up daughter," &c. You are to answer this letter, and to inform me of your health and humour; and, whether you like your daughter better or worse, after having so long conversed with the Irish world, and so little with me. Tell me what are your amusements at present; cards, court, books, visiting, or fondling, (I humbly beg your Ladyship's pardon, but it is between ourselves) your grandchildren? My Lady Carteret hath been the best queen we have known in Ireland these many years; yet is she mortally hated by all the young girls, because (and it is your fault) she is handsomer than all of them together. Pray, do not insult poor Ireland on this occasion, for it would have been exactly the same thing in London. And therefore I shall advise the K—g, when I go next to England, to send no more of her sort, (if such another can be found), for fear of

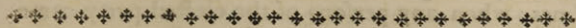
turning all his loyal female subjects here against him.

How is our old friend Mrs. Barton? (I forget her new name). I saw her three years ago, at court, almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her; while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I first met them: Which, considering myself, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wish you may have grace to find it.

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

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

LET-



L E T T E R XLVIII.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

My LORD,

Nov. 10. 1730.

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

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

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your Lordship, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your

* The Earl of Chesterfield was then Lord Steward of his Majesty's household.

Lordship will grant me leave to say, that, in those times, when any persons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And, when I sometimes added my poor solicitations, I used to quote to the then ministers a passage in the Gospel, *The poor* (meaning their own dependents) *you have always with you, &c.*

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

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

I shall not congratulate with your Lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you; because you are one of those very few who do more honour to a court, than you can possibly receive from it: Which I take to be a greater compliment to any court than it is to your Lordship.

I am,

My LORD, &c.



L E T T E R XLIX.

To the Countess of SUFFOLK.

MADAM,

Nov. 21. 1730.

I Do now pity the leisure you have to read a letter from me, and this letter shall be a history. First; therefore, I call you to witness that I did not attend on the Q—n till I had received her own repeated messages; which, of course, occasioned my being introduced to you. I never asked any thing, till, upon leaving England the first time, I desired from you a present worth a guinea, and from her Majesty one worth ten pounds, by way of a memorial. Your's I received; and the Q—n, upon my taking leave of her, made an excuse that she had intended a medal for me; which, not being ready, she would send it me the Christmas following: Yet this was never done, nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and, by her commands, attended her as I had done before. I must now tell you, Madam, that I will receive no medal from her Majesty, nor any thing less than her picture at half length, drawn by Jervas; and, if he takes it from another original, the Q—n shall sit at least twice for him to touch it up. I desire you will let her Majesty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her displeasure. But this is a usual thing with princes as well as ministers, upon every false representation; and so I took occasion to tell the Q—n, upon the quarrel Mr. Walpole had with our friend Gay, the first time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Against you I have but one reproach: That,
when

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

I am angry with the Q—n for sacrificing my friend Gay to the mistaken piques of Sir Robert Walpole, about a libel written against him, although he were convinced at the same time of Mr. Gay's innocence, and although, as I said before, I told her Majesty the whole story. Mr. Gay deserved better treatment amongst you, upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent unregarded Fables, dedicated to Prince William, which I hope his Royal Highness will often read for his instruction. I wish her Majesty would a little remember what I largely said to her about Ireland, when, before a witness, she gave me leave, and commanded me to tell here what she spoke to me upon that subject; and ordered me, that, if I lived to see her in her present station, to send her our grievances, promising to read my letter, and
do

do all good offices in her power for this miserable and most loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never so near as now. As to myself, I repeat again, that I never asked any thing more than a trifle, as a memorial of some distinction which her Majesty graciously seem'd to make between me and every common clergyman: But that trifle was forgotten, according to the usual method of princes, although I was taught to think myself upon a foot of pretending to some little exception.

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

I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourself, if it had been good manners, in the height of your credit, to put you in mind of its mortality. For, you are not the
first,

first, by at least three ladies, whom I have known to undergo the same turn of fortune. It is allowed that ladies are often very good scaffoldings, and I need not tell you the use that scaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanic. I should have begun this letter by telling you, that I was encouraged to write it by my best friend, and one of your great admirers; who told me, that, from something that had passed between you, he thought you would not receive it ill. After all, I know no person of your sex, for whom I have so great an esteem, as I do and believe I shall always continue to bear for you, I mean a private person; for I must except the Q—n, and it is not an exception of form: Because I have really a great veneration for her great qualities, although I have reason to complain of her conduct to me; which I could not excuse although she had fifty kingdoms to govern. I have but room to conclude with my sincere professions of being, with true respect,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,
Humble servant.



L E T T E R L.

To Lady SANTRY.

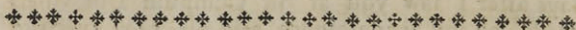
MADAM,

1730. At a conjecture,

MY reason for waiting on you, some time ago, was grounded on the esteem I always had for you; which continued still the same, although I had hardly the least acquaintance with your Lord, nor was at all desirous to cultivate it, because I did not at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days

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

I called four times at the house where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which, I suppose, you would have me think you are angry; whereas I am the person who ought to complain, because all I said to you proceeded from friendship, and a desire of reforming your son. But that desire is now utterly at an end.



L E T T E R L I.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

My LORD,

Jan. 5. 1730-1.

I Return your Lordship my most humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter, and desire your justice to believe, that, in writing to you a second time, I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like those of play; where, if the most expert be absent for a few months, the whole system is so changed, that he hath no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your Lordship had pleased to forgive one, who hath been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Bussy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there: And what could I expect from my antiquated manner, of addressing your Lordship in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit, and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your Lordship, that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your Lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention. And God forbid, that, in

one

One particular branch of the King's family, there should ever be such a mortality, as to take away a dozen of his meaner servants in less than a dozen years.

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

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

L E T T E R LII.

T O V E N T O S O.

S I R,

April 28. 1731.

YOUR letter hath lain by me without acknowledging it longer than I intended; not for want of civility, but because I was wholly at a loss what to say: For, as your scheme of thinking, conversing, and living, differs in every point diametrically from mine, so I think myself the most improper person in the world to converse or correspond with you. You would be glad to be thought a proud man, and yet there is not a grain

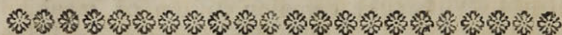
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of

of pride in you : For you are pleased that people should know you have been acquainted with persons of great names and titles, whereby you confess that you take it for an honour ; which a proud man never does : And, besides, you ran the hazard of not being believed. You went abroad, and strove to engage yourself in a desperate cause, very much to the damage of your fortune, and might have been to the danger of your life, if there had not been, as it were, a combination of some, who would not give credit to the account you gave of your transactions ; and of others, who, either really or pretending to believe you, having given you out as a dangerous person, (of which last notion I once hinted something to you) : Because, if what you repeated of yourself were true, it was necessary that you had either made your peace, or must have been prosecuted for high-treason. The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes and other great persons, arises from its being generally known to others, but never once mentioned by ourselves, if it can possibly be avoided. I say this perfectly for your service, because an universal opinion among those who know, or have heard of you, that you have always practised a direct contrary proceeding, hath done you more hurt than your natural understanding, left to itself, could ever have brought upon you. The world will never allow any man that character which he gives to himself, by openly professing it to those with whom he converseth. Wit, learning, valour, great acquaintance, the esteem of good men will be known although we should endeavour to conceal them, however they may pass unrewarded : But, I doubt, our own bare assertions, upon any of those points, will very little avail, except in tempting the hearers to judge directly contrary to what we advance. Therefore, at this season of your life, I should be glad you
would

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

I am, &c.



L E T T E R LIII.

A Counterfeit LETTER to the Q——N *.

MADAM.

Dublin, June 22. 1731.

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

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

To omit a thousand other instances, there is one person of Irish birth, eminent for genius and merit of many kinds, *an honour* to her country, and to her sex! I will be bold to say, *not less so in her sphere than your Majesty in yours.* And yet all her talents and virtues have not yet been able to influence any one person about your Majesty, so far as to introduce her into your least notice. As I am your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subject, it is a debt I owe your Majesty, to

† Thus indorsed by Dr. Swift; "Counterfeit letter from me to the Q——n, sent to me by Mr. Pope, dated June 22. 1731. Received July 19. 1731. Given by the Countess of Suffolk."

acquaint you, that Mrs. Barber, *the best female poet of this or perhaps of any age*, is now in your Majesty's capital, known to Lady Hartford, Lady Torrington, Lady Walpole, &c. A woman whose genius is honoured by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either *honoured or envied by every man of genius* in England.

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

Give me leave to tell you, Madam, that every subject of understanding and virtue, throughout your dominions, is appointed by Providence of your council. And this, Madam, is an open and an honest apology for this trouble; or, to speak more properly, for this dutiful information. It is your true interest, that all your subjects should see that merit is regarded by you in one instance; or rather that it is not disregarded in any instance. Let them daily bless God for every gift of wisdom and goodness bestowed upon you, and pray incessantly for the long continuance of them; as doth

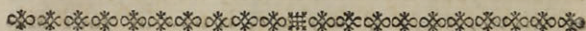
Your MAJESTY'S

Most dutiful, and

Loyal subject and servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

L E T-



L E T T E R L I V.

To Mr. POPE *.

Dear S I R,

July 20. 1731.

I W R I T you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your last that I received yesterday, with the inclosed from me to the Q——n. You hinted something of this in a former letter: I will tell you sincerely how the affair stands, I never was at Mrs. Barber's house in my life, except once that I chanced to pass by her shop, was desired to walk in, and went no further, nor staid three minutes. Dr. Delany hath been long her protector; and he, being many years my acquaintance, desired my good offices for her, and brought her several times to the deanry. I knew she was poetically given, and, for a woman, had a sort of genius that way. She appeared very modest and pious, and I believe was sincere, and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to England was on the score of her trade, being a woollen-drapier, until Doctor Delany said, she had a design of printing her poems by subscription, and desired I would befriend her; which I did chiefly by your means. The Doctor still urging me on, upon whose request I writ to her two or three times, because she thought that my countenancing of her might be of use. Lord Carteret very much befriended her, and she seems to have made her way not ill. As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the Q——n, on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name; I can only say,

* Occasioned by the preceding counterfeit letter.

that

that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend doing a foolish thing, is an effect of kindness; and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree, as to write to the Q—n, who hath used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman, as to prefer her before all mankind, and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland, that her Majesty hath not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-drapier's wife declined in the world, because she hath a knack at versifying; was to suppose, or fear, a folly so transcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent inclosed is not my hand; and why I should disguise, and yet sign my name, should seem unaccountable; especially when I am taught, and have reason to believe, that I am under the Q—'s displeasure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a stone over the burying-place of the Duke of Schomberg, in my cathedral: Which, however, I was assured by a worthy person, who solicited that affair last summer with some relations of the Duke, that her Majesty, on hearing the matter, said, they ought to erect a monument. Yet I am told assuredly, that the K—g, not long ago, on the representation and complaint of the Prussian Envoy (with a hard name), who hath married a grand-daughter of the Duke, said publicly in the drawing room, That I had put up that stone out of malice, to raise a quarrel between his Majesty and the King of Prussia*. This perhaps may be false, because it is absurd: For I thought it was a Whiggish action to honour Duke Schomberg, who was so instru-

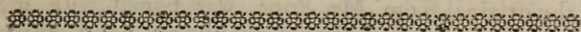
* See his Epitaph, Vol. VII. p. 119.

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

a libel, and the Q—n fell intirely in with me,
yet now falls into the same error. As to the lett

* * * * *

† of accidents, and out of perfect commiseration.
&c.



L E T T E R LV.

To the Countess of SUFFOLK *.

MADAM,

July 24. 1731.

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

† Here the paper is accidentally torn. There seem to be want-
ing eight small quarto lines, and concludes with those few words on
the back of the page, which follow the asterisks.

* Occasioned by the counterfeit letter to the Queen.

one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems the Q—n thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself, even to her Majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name: And why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well; and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Last post I writ my whole sentiments on the matter to Mr. Pope; who tells me, that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters; which, indeed, was but bare justice in you both, for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the esteem I had for you. I desire you would ask the Q—n, whether, since the time I had the honour to be known to her, I ever did one single action, or said one single word to disoblige her? I never asked her for any thing: And you well know, that, when I had an intention to go to France, about the time that the late K—g died, I desired your opinion, (not as you were a courtier) whether I should go or no; and that you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein I confess I was your dupe, as well as somebody's else: And, for want of that journey, I fell sick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the Q—n hath blamed me for putting a stone, with a Latin inscription, over the Duke of Schomberg's burying place in my cathedral; and that the K—g said publicly, I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the King of Prussia. But the public prints, as well as the thing itself, will vindicate me: And the hand the Duke had in the Revolution, made him deserve the best monument. Neither could the King of Prussia justly take it ill,
 who

who must needs have heard that the Duke was in the service of Prussia, and Statholder of it, as I have seen in his titles. The first time I saw the Q—n, I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great ministers, (it was on a particular occasion); That, when they receive an ill account of any person, although they afterwards have the greatest demonstration of the falsehood, yet will they never be reconciled: And, although the Q—n fell in with me upon the hardship of such a proceeding, yet now she treats me exactly in the same manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her Majesty or to you; and as little to the K—g, whom I never saw, but when I had the honour to kiss his hand. I am sensible that I owe a great deal of this usage to Sir Robert Walpole; whom yet I never offended, although he was pleased to quarrel with me very unjustly; for which I shewed not the least resentment, (whatever I might have in my heart) nor was ever a partaker with those who have been battling him for some years past*. I am contented that the Q—n should see this letter; and would please to consider how severe a censure it is to believe I should write three to her, only to find fault with her ministry, and recommend Mrs. Barber; whom I never knew until she was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to subscribers, which, by her writings, I thought she deserved. Her Majesty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was Q—n, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: For the miseries of this kingdom she appeared then to be much concerned. I desired the friend, who

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

introduced me, to be witness of her Majesty's promise. Yet that liberty I never took, although I had too many occasions; and is it not wonderful, that I should be suspected of writing to her in such a style, in a counterfeit hand, and my name subscribed, upon a perfect trifle, at the same time that I well knew myself to be very much out of her Majesty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not so very much awed with Majesty as others, having known courts more or less from my early youth. And I have more than once told the Q—n, that I did not regard her station half so much, as the good understanding I heard and found to be in her: Neither did I ever once see the late K—g, although her Majesty was pleased to chide me on that account, for my singularity. In this I am a good Whig, by thinking it sufficient to be a dutiful subject, without any personal regard for princes, further than as their virtues deserve; and, upon that score, had a most particular respect for the Q—n, your Mistress. One who asks nothing may talk with freedom, and that is my case. I have not said half that was in my heart, but I will have done: And, remembering that you are a Countess, will borrow so much ceremony, as to remain, with great respect,

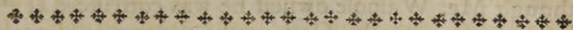
MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient, and

Most humble servant,

L E T-



L E T T E R LVI.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM,

Jan. 1732-3.

ALTHOUGH I have but just received the honour of your Ladyship's letter, yet as things stand, I am determin'd, against my usual practice, to give you no respite, but to answer it immediately; because you have provok'd me with your Lady Suffolk. It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England, after the Queen's death. Her present Majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess; and, among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously. I told her the first time, that I was inform'd she loved to see odd persons; and that, having sent for a wild boy from Germany, she had a curiosity to see a wild Dean from Ireland. I was not much struck with the honour of being sent for, because I knew the same distinction had been offer'd to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compar'd. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs. Howard, now Lady Suffolk, was usually the person who sent for me, both at Leicester-house and Richmond. Mr. Pope (with whom I lived) and Mr. Gay, were then great favourites of Mrs. Howard, especially the latter, who was then one of her led captains. He had wrote a very ingenious book of Fables, for the use of her younger son, and she often promis'd to provide for him. But, some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was inform'd that it was written by Mr. Gay; and, although

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

much regard), the late king died. I went, by Mrs. Howard's command, to kiss their new Majesty's hands, and was particularly distinguished by the Q——n. In a few weeks, the Q——n said to Mrs. Howard, (alluding to one of Mr. Gay's fables) that she would take up the hare; and bade her to put her in mind, in settling the family, to find some employment for Mr. Gay: But, in the event, it proved only an offer to be a gentleman-usher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the rest), advised him not to accept, and accordingly he excused himself with the utmost respect. This I and every body else were sure must have been a management of Mr. Walpole. As to myself, in a few weeks after the king's death, I found myself not well, and was resolved to take a step to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard; because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the promises made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly desired, that since I had long done with courts, I conjured her not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice; which she did, both in a letter and to some friends. It was by all means not to go. It would look singular, and perhaps disaffected; and, to my friends, enlarged upon the good intentions of the Court towards me. I staid; my health grew worse: I left Mr. Pope's house; went to a private lodging near Hammersmith: And, continuing ill, I writ to Mrs. Howard, with my duty to the Q——n, took coach for Chester, recovered in my journey, and came over hither: Where, although I have ever since lived in obscurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any ground, except misinformation, to ly under her Majesty's displeasure, as I have been af-

fured by more than two honourable persons of both sexes; and Mr. Gay is in the same condition: For these reasons, as I did always, so I do still think Mrs. Howard, now my Lady Suffolk, to be an absolute courtier. Let her shew you the character I write of her, and whereof no one else hath a copy: And I take Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of simpletons. In my answer to the last letter which my Lady Suffolk honoured me with, I did, with great civility, discharge her from ever giving herself another trouble of that kind. I have a great esteem for her good sense and taste. She would be an ornament to any court: And I do not in the least pity her for not being a female minister, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wise lady; of which I could easily produce instances. Mr. Pope, beside his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour; and is, consequently, apt to be too great a believer of assurances, promises, professions, encouragements, and the like words of course. He asks nothing, and thinks, like a philosopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor ministers are either able to judge or inclined to encourage: Which, however, I do not take for so high a reach of politics as they usually suppose. For, however insignificant wit, learning, and virtue may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on its side. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not so wise as I thought you to be. But I will never offend again with so much length. I write only to justify myself. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and so am I to this day: But nature hath not given you leave to be virulent. As to myself, I am of the Old Whig principles,

iples; without the modern articles and refinements.

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

MADAM,
Your Ladyship's, &c.

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



L E T T E R LVII.

To the Bishop of CLOGHER*.

My LORD, *July, 1733.*

I Have been often told by some of our common acquaintance, that you have sometimes expressed your wonder that I never waited on you for some years past, as I used to do for many years before; and that you could not guess the reason, because, to your knowledge, you never once disoblige me. As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the usual occurrences of life, without any fault on either side, I never intended to say or think any thing of the matter, until a late proceeding of yours, which noway relates to me, put me upon a desire of finding matter to justify you to your friends here, as well as to myself; because I always wished you well, and because I have been more than once instrumental to

* Dr. John Stearne.

your service. When I first came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood: You were afterwards Chancellor of St. Patrick's; then was chosen Dean, in which election I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the government and you, to make you easy, and Dr. Synge Chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give me the curacy of St. Nicholas Without: But you thought fit, by concert with the Archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build another church; against which it became me to say nothing, being a party concerned and injured, although it was generally thought by others, as well as myself, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent to build a church with the revenue of the minister. I desire no thanks for being instrumental in your next promotion, because, as things then stood, I consulted my own advantage. However, upon the Queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you; very unwisely: Because, upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly, that I would always respect you, but never hope for the least friendship from you. But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your house; and, since you were a bishop, have once or twice recommended persons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: Which availed so little, that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being instrumental to place, merit, and virtue, under your protection by my recommendations; and, as I was ever averse from mingling with multitudes and strangers, I forebore by degrees to be a partaker of your hospitality, rather than purchase a share of it at so dear a rate. This
is

is the history of my conduct with regard to your Lordship: And it is now a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner. For, otherwise, when those two abominable bills, for enslaving and begging the clergy, (which took their birth from hell) were upon the anvil, if I had found your Lordship's name among the bishops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to discover such marks of indignation, horror, and despair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a person of your station. For, I call God to witness, that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever firmly believe, that every bishop who gave his vote for either of these bills, did it with no other view (bating further promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy, their slaves and vassals until the day of judgement, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion, (an argument not to be conquered) or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves; when I saw a bishop, whom I had known so many years, fall into the same snare, which word I use in partiality to your Lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops, and it is my constant rule never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your Lordship of a desire to know the particulars of a late proceeding

proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from some of whom I received the following account. That you have the great tythes of two livings in your diocese, which were let to some fanatic knight, whose name I forget. It seems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourself, which was to give up those tythes to the two incumbents, (the Fanatic's lease being near out) either for a very small reserved rent, or entirely, provided you could do so without lessening the revenue of the see. And the condition was, that your tenants among them, should raise the rents 150 l. which was what the Fanatic paid you for both the said parishes. It is affirmed, that Sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants, much approving so generous a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same Fanatic for 300 l. fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to be two: The first is, That you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, That you were dissuaded from it by some of your brethren, as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence, if it should be followed by others. This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggaring bills. I profess to your Lordship, that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point, than a resolution to justify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, &c.

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L E T T E R LVIII.

To the Duke of DORSET.

My LORD,

Jan. 1733-4.

IT hath been my great misfortune, that, since your Grace's return to this kingdom, I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and gratitude for your favours, as well as the honour of having been so many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a necessity to write what I would rather have chosen to say in your Grace's presence.

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

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

* Dr. Swift was then at the Reverend Mr. Worrall's house,
which

sistance, and next, to the manifest danger of his life. And I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever since he hath amused himself with declaring, in all companies, especially before bishops, and lords, and members of parliament, his resolutions for vengeance, and the several manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of some judicious friends that your Grace owes the trouble of this letter. For though I may be dispirited enough by sickness and years, yet I have little reason to apprehend any danger from that man; and those who seem to have most regard for my safety, are no more apprehensive than myself, especially such as best know his character. For his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things except his words, his rhetorical action his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly harmless; and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt, but, if he will be so good as to continue stedfast in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and interests of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the university, and the rest of the kingdom.

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

which happened to be within three or four doors of Mr. Bettsworth's.



L E T T E R L I X.

To Miss HOADLEY*.

MADAM,

June 4. 1734.

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

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was discovered by the squeaking; and therefore, you have been so politic as to send me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your present of butter was made with the same design, as a known court practice, to grease my fists that I might keep silence. These are great offences, contrived on purpose to corrupt my integrity. And besides, I apprehend, that, if I should wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your side, and give out that I made them first; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept so many years in two kingdoms, at least make it a

* Daughter of Dr. John Hoadley, Archbishop of Dublin.

point of controversy. However, I have two ways to be revenged: First, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the sole daughter and child of his Grace of Dublin, are so mean as to descend to understand housewifery, which every girl of this town, who can afford sixpence a month for a chair, would scorn to be thought to have the least knowledge in: And this will give you as ill a reputation, as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a history, or handling a needle, or walking in a field at Tallowgh. My other revenge shall be this: When my Lord's gentleman delivered his message, after I put him some questions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand: I said it properly belonged to me; and, when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to swear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly spelt, and good plain sense. You now may see I have you at mercy; for, upon the least offence given, I will shew the paper to every female scrawler I meet, who will soon spread about the town, that your writing and spelling are ungentleel and unfashionable, more like a parson than a lady.

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

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or

or affected ignorance. I am, with the truest respect and esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient and
Obliged, &c.

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



L E T T E R L X.

To the Duke of CHANDOIS.

My LORD,

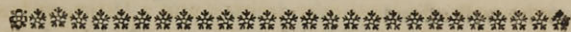
Aug. 31. 1734.

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

wish they were of great intrinsic value, so as to be sold on the Exchange for 1000 l. because you would then part with them at the first hint, merely to gratify your darling passion of generosity and munificence : And yet, since they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the rest of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them, at the humble request of many very deserving persons in this city and university. In return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honourable manner, which so generous a patron of learning as your Grace will certainly be pleased with. And, at their request alone, I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself as any way instrumental.

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

My LORD,
Your Grace's, &c.



L E T T E R LXI.

To the Duke of DORSET.

My LORD, *Jan. 14. 1734-5.*

I Am assured that your Grace will have several representations of an affair relating to the university here, from some very considerable persons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuse the application made me by a very worthy person of that society, who was commissioned by some principal members of the body to desire my good offices to your Grace; because they believed you thought me an honest man, and because I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their request related wholly to a dreadful

ful apprehension they lie under, of Dr Whitecomb's endeavour to procure a dispensation for holding his fellowship along with that church-preferment bestowed on him by your Grace. The person sent to me on this message, gave me a written paper, containing the reasons why they hope your Grace will not be prevailed upon to grant such a dispensation. I presume to send you an abstract of these reasons; because I may boldly assure your Grace, that party or faction have not the least concern in the whole affair; and, as to myself, it happens that I am an entire stranger to Dr. Whitecomb.

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

That as to such dispensations, they find in their college-books but three or four instances since the Revolution, and these in cases very different from the present. For those few livings, which had dispensations to be held with a fellowship, were sinecures of small value, not sufficient to induce a fellow to leave his college; and, in the body of those dispensations, is inserted a reason for granting them, That they were such livings as could be no hindrance in the discharge of a fellow's duty.

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

That, if this dispensation should take place, it may prove a precedent for the like practice in future

ture times; which will be very injurious to the society, by encouraging fellows to apply for dispensations, when they have interest enough to get preferments, by which the senior fellows will be settled in the college for life; and thus, for want of a succession any other way than by death or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent students will be wholly lost.

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

That the fellows, at their admittance into their fellowships, take a solemn oath never to accept of any church-preferment above a certain value, and distance from Dublin, as long as they continue fellows: To which oath the accepting of a dispensation by Dr. Whitecomb, is directly contrary, in both particulars of value and distance.

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

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

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

The university, and, in some sense, the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgement for the honour

nour your Grace hath done them, in trusting the care of one of your sons to be educated in the college of Dublin, which hopes to be always in your Grace's favour; and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deserve at court, will ever desire to be protected in their rights.

Your Grace will please to know, that a fellowship in this university differs much in some very important circumstances, from most of those in either of the universities in England.

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

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

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

Your Grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your most deserved favour with his Majesty, to make Doctor Whitecomb easier in his preferment, by some addition,

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

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



L E T T E R LXII.

To **** *, Esq.

SIR,

March 19, 1734.

I Had, some days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never saw; but, by the name subscribed, I found it came from a younger son of yours, I suppose your second. He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition he is in, by the severities of you, and your lady his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies, when he was first brought up to town, at fourteen years old; but he appeals to Dr.

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R

Sheridan

Sheridan for the improvement he made in the doctor's school, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his class; by which it appears that he passed for one of the four best scholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very small hand; where he gives a history of his life, from the age of fourteen to the present time. It is written with so much spirit, nature, and good sense, as well as appearance of truth, that, having first razed out the writer's name, I have shown it to several gentlemen my friends, of great worth, learning, and taste; who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that so hopeful a youth should not have proper encouragement, unless he hath some very disagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far, Dr. Sheridan came to see me: I read your son's letter to him, and he was equally pleased with it, and justified the progress the young man had made in his school. I went this evening to visit a lady, who hath a very great esteem and friendship for you and Mrs. ****: She told me that the young man's great fault was too much pertness and conceit of himself, which he often shewed in your house, and even among company; which, I own is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not easily cured: Yet, I think, if I had a son who had understanding, wit, and humour to write such a letter, I could not find in my heart to cast him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do towards amendment; and, in the mean time, give him no cause to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is content to stand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable

unpardonable fool; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, shall be an aggravation to me to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one and twenty years; and what he alledges seems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, physic, or divinity; although, in his letter, he pretends to have studied the first, on your promise to send him to the Temple: But, your mind altering, and you rather chusing to send him to Leyden, he applied himself to study physic, and made some progress in it; but, for many months, he hath heard nothing more from you; so that now he is in utter despair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in Williamstreet, with only the liberty to dine at your house, and no further care taken of him.

Sir, although I have seldom been in your company, it is many years since I had the honour of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modesty, good-nature, and candour. As to your Lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes: She hath the character of being a very polite and accomplished person; and therefore, very probably, her son's rough, over-weening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me in his letter, to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join in contributing some allowance to support him at Leyden. I think it would have been well if he had been sent to sea in the proper time, or had now a commission in the army. Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I
confess

confess myself so very partial, as to be extremely sorry if he should not deserve and acquire the favour of you and your Lady; in which case, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of such a son. I have no acquaintance of his tutor Dr. King; but, if I can learn from those who have, I shall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr. Sheridan hath done.

I entreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domestic point, where I have no information but from one side: But I can faithfully assure you, that my regard is altogether for the service and ease of you and your lady and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is seldom without some bent towards virtue, and therefore deserves some indulgence. Most of the great villains I have known, (which were not a small number), have been brutes in their understandings as well as their actions.

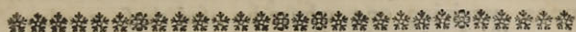
But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I shall therefore conclude with the sincere profession of being, with great esteem and truth,

S I R,

Your most obedient, and

Most humble servant.

L E T-



L E T T E R LXIII.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM,

June 8. 1735.

I TROUBLE you sooner than usual, in acknowledging your letter of May 27. because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forget the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head; and if I live two years longer, I shall first forget my own name, and last your Ladyship's. I gave my Lady Kerry an account of what you said in relation to her son, with which she is fully satisfied. I detest the House of Lords for their indulgence to such a profligate prostitute villain as Curle; but am at a loss how he could procure any letters written to Mr. Pope, although, by the vanity or indiscretion of correspondents, the rogue might have pickt up some that went from him. Those letters have not yet been sent hither, therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England, upon the Queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from ministers for several years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your Ladyship, I neither ever did or ever will burn any of them, take it as you please: For I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept some letters merely out of friendship, although they sometimes wanted true spelling and good sense, and some others whose writers are dead. For I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am sometimes

too nice; for I burnt all my Lord * * * *s letters, upon receiving one where he used these words to me, *All I pretend to is a great deal of sincerity:* Which, indeed, was the chief virtue he wanted. Of those from my Lord * * * * I burnt all but one, which I keep as a most admirable original of court-promises and professions. I confess also that I have read some passages in many of your letters, to a friend, but without naming you, only that the writer was a lady, which had such marks of good sense, that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

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

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

A man, as I am, is not worth his remembrance; or, like the Duke of Chandois, he is an utter stranger to me: And it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I writ to his Grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honest gentleman; which last circumstance, with submission to your Ladyship, is what I seldom grant; and the matter desired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a request made him by a senior fellow of this university, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write, by some considerable members of the same body, which is highly concerned, as well as his Grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious consequence, not only to the university, but the kingdom: And, for that reason, it is thought, his Grace hath chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction than mine. I do assure you, Madam, that I have not been troublesome to my Lord Duke in any particular: Since he hath been Governor, my letters have been at most but once a year, and my personal requests not so many; nor any one of them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true, that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties; yet I have utterly waved intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where, perhaps, I might have some influence to be troublesome; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of perfect despair: Although I have sometimes wished, that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the channel; which would gain abundance of hearts both to the Crown and his Grace. My paper

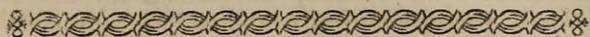
proper, to make the Catholics here much more easy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can assure you, that those wretches here, who call themselves a parliament, abhor the clergy of our church more than those of yours, and have made an universal association to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have further thanks to give you for your generous present of excellent Spanish wine, whereof I have been so choice, that my butler tells me there are still some bottles left * I did very often ask some merchants here, who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford something that might be acceptable in Spain, but could not get any satisfaction. The price I am sure would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my desire: to which you answered in a disinterested manner, that you only desired my works. It is true indeed, that a printer † here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which passed for mine, as well as several single papers in verse and prose, that he could get from my friends, and desired my leave to publish them in four volumes. He reasoned, That printers here had no property in their copies: That mine would fall into worse hands: That he would submit to me and my friends what to publish or omit. On the whole, I would not concern myself; and so they have appeared abroad, as you will see them in those I make bold to send you. I must now return to mention wine. The last season, for it was very bad in France, upon which our merchants have raised the price twenty *per cent.* already, and the present weather is not like to mend it. Upon this I have told some

* Dr. Swift, in grateful remembrance of Sir Charles Wogan, used to call this Spanish wine his Hero wine.

† Mr. Faulkner.

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



L E T T E R L X V .

T O B I S H O P H O R T E * .

M Y L O R D ,

M a y 12 . 1736 .

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

His misfortunes do also very highly and personally concern me. For, your Lordship declaring your desire to have that paper looked for, he did, at my request, search his shop, and unfortunately found it: And, although he had absolutely refus'd before to print it, because my name as the author was fix'd to it, which was very legible, notwithstanding there was a scratch through the words; yet, at my desire, he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you sent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents; But your friends were the only persons who gave out the report of its having been your performance. I read your Lordship's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue that he is, in these dealings, the adven-

* Dr. Josiah Horte, Bishop of Kilmore,

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

Now, my Lord, as God, assisting your own good management of a very ample fortune, hath made you extremely rich, I may venture to say, that the printer hath a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his losses, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your Lordship, against Faulkner's will, to be an occasion of his sufferings: And, if you shall please to recompence him in the manner
that

that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket. And, as soon as I shall be informed of it, I shall immediately write to that very great person, in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character: For which, I am sure, he will rejoice, and so will all your friends; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence.

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

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

Your Lordship's most, &c.



L E T T E R LXVI.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM,

June 15. 1736.

I WRITE this letter to your Ladyship, in the employment you have chosen of being a go-between the Duke of Dorset and me. I must preface this letter with an honest declaration, that I never proposed any thing to his Grace, wherein I did not chiefly consult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know

know him from a boy, as I did your Ladyship from a child; and yet, excepting great personal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church-preferment for any friend, except one too inconsiderable to mention. I writ to, and told my Lord Duke, that there was a certain family here, called the *Grattans*, and that they could command ten thousand men: Two of them are Parsons (as you Whigs call them;) another is Lord Mayor of this city, and was knighted by his Grace a month or two ago. But there is another cousin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be *John Jackson*, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own small estate, four miles from this town, and in his own parish: But he hath four children. He only wants some little addition of 100 *l.* a year: For he hath laid out 800 *l.* to build upon his own small estate in his own parish, which he cannot leave, and we cannot spare him. He hath lain a weight upon my shoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my Lord Duke as a most deserving person. His Grace hath now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. Ward, who died this morning, had a deanry of small value: It was a hedge-deanry; (my Lord Duke will tell you what I mean), we have many of them in Ireland: But, as it doth not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great ease to him. He is no party-man but a loyal subject. It is the deanry of Cloyne: He is well acquainted with the Bishop, who is Dr. Berkeley. I have reasons enough to complain of my Lord Duke, who absolutely refused to provide for a most worthy man whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: And therefore, if he will not consent to give this poor deanry to Mr. John Jackson, I will fall
out

out with him for ever. I desire your Ladyship to let the Duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a news-paper to me the other day, wherein your saucy niece is mentioned as married with forty-five thousand pounds to her fortune. I desire to present her with my most humble service, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your Ladyship still preserves your health and good humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about, for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth, as well as by constant practice. I pray God preserve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happiness hereafter.

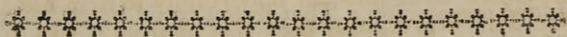
I will (notwithstanding your commands to the contrary) be so bold to tell you, that I am, with the greatest respect and esteem,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient, and

Obliged humble servant.



L E T T E R LXVII.

To Mr. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN, *March 30. 1737.*
YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, which he will deliver to you, signed by the magistrates and chief inhabitants of Cole-raine. It seems your society hath raised the rents in that town, and of your lands about it, within three years past, to four times the value of what the tenants formerly paid; which is beyond what I have ever heard, even among the most screwing landlords of this kingdom: And the consequence hath

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

stranger, if I had not been long assured of the poor condition those people in and about Colerain have lain under since that enormous raising of their rents. The bearer, whom I never saw until yesterday, seems to be a gentleman of truth and good sense. Yet, if he hath misrepresented this matter to me, I shall never be his advocate again.

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

L E T T E R LXVIII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD,

June 14. 1737.

I Had the honour of a letter from your Lordship, dated April the 7th, which I was not prepared to answer until this time. Your Lordship must needs have known, that the history you mention of the four last years of the Queen's reign, was written at Windsor, just upon finishing the peace; at which time your father and my Lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding with each other, that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to Ireland to take this 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 Eng-

land, 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; 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; your father said all would do well. I told him that I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it was impossible to be of any use. I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkshire; there staid until the Queen's death: And then to my station here; where I staid twelve years, and never saw my Lord your father afterwards. They could not agree about printing the history of the four last years: And therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publish it in London, to the confusion of all those rascals who have accused the Queen and that ministry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Protestant succession. I was then in the greatest trust and confidence with your father the Lord Treasurer, as well as with my Lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the admini-

† Here is a blank left for some word or other; such as agreement, reconciliation, or the like.

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

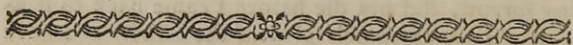
*Dutchess of Portland.

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 Dutchess 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 weary of it already; and so should be in England, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enslaved country. I am, with the truest love and respect,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient and obliged, &c.



L E T T E R L X I X .

To ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; *.

DEAR FRIEND,

July 23. 1737.

WHILE any of those who used to write to me were alive, I always inquired after you. But, since your Secretaryship in the Queen's time, I believed you were so glutted with the office, that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an absent uselefs acquaintance: And I find I owe yours to my Lord Oxford. The history you men-

* Formerly private Secretary to the Earl of Oxford.

tion was written above a year before the Queen's death. I left it with the Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke, when I first came over to take this deanry. I returned in less than a month, but the ministry could not agree about printing it: It was to conclude with the peace. I staid in London above nine months; but, not being able to reconcile the quarrels between those two, I went to a friend in Berkshire, and, on the Queen's death, came hither for good and all. I am confident you read that history, as this Lord Oxford did, as he owns in his two letters, the last of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the Queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were universally condemned. This I knew would be done; and the chief cause of my writing was, not to let such a Queen and ministry lie under such a load of infamy, or posterity be so ill informed, &c. Lord Oxford is in the wrong to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his ministry; which is so drawn, that his greatest admirers will rather censure me for partiality; neither can he tell me any thing material out of his papers, which I was not then informed of. Nor do I know any body but yourself who could give me more light than what I then received: For I remember I often consulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the original delivered to Lord Oxford or to you; for the person who hath it will not trust it out of his hands; but, I believe, would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands, although perhaps that may be too late*. If my health would have

* As, a little before this period, the great abilities of Dr. Swift had

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

had begun to fail, he had, in order to gratify some of his acquaintance, called for the history of the four last years of the Queen's reign, once or twice out of his friend's hands, and lent it abroad; by which means part of the contents of it were whispered about the town, and several had pretended to have read it, who perhaps had never seen one line of it. And this caused it to be apprehended, that, if the Dean should frequently lend the history, a copy of it might be taken some time or other. Whereupon Mrs. Whiteway, the next time the Dean put the original into her hands, told him plainly, That, if she ever again should take the charge of that manuscript, he should never lend it again to any man alive; and that if he should, at any time hereafter, call for it again, and insist upon having it in his own possession, she would never take the charge of it more: And, accordingly, she took it upon these conditions; and has faithfully kept it from that day to this; the history which is now abroad, having been printed from a spurious manuscript, taken, as it is supposed, from a copy of the original which had been sent to England, by the late Earl of Corke and Orrery, for the Dean's friends to peruse. Mr. Nugent, the present representative in parliament for the city of Bristol, who read the original in Mrs. Whiteway's parlour in the year 1739, can, if he please, vouch the authenticity of this fact, as he could not have the pleasure of reading that history (which the Dean was desirous enough to lend him) at his own lodgings.

Lord

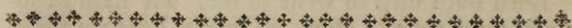
Lord Bath used to write to me, but hath dropped it some years. Pray, is Charles Ford yet alive? For he hath dropped me too; or perhaps my illness hath hindered me from provoking his remembrance: For I have been long in a very bad condition. My deafness, which used to be occasional, and for a short time,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

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

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

I am, &c.

LET-



L E T T E R LXX.

To Miss RICHARDSON.

MADAM,

Jan. 28. 1737-8.

I Must begin my correspondence by letting you know that your uncle is the most unreasonable person I was ever acquainted with; and, next to him, you are the second, although I think impartially that you are worse than he. I never had the honour and happiness of seeing you, nor can ever expect it, unless you make the first advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's steps, by maliciously bribing a useless man, who can never have it in his power to serve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendship with Alderman Barber, who is governor of the London society about your parts; whereupon Mr. Richardson came to the Deanry, although it was not in my power to do him the least good office further than writing to the Alderman. However, your uncle came to me several times; and I believe, after several invitations, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him; but he had revenge in his breast, and you shall hear how he gratified it. First, he was told that my ill stomach, and a giddiness I was subject to, forced me, in some of those fits, to take a spoonful of usquebagh: He discovered where I bought it, and sent me a dozen bottles, which cost him three pounds. He next was told, that, as I never drank malt-liquors, so I was not able to drink Dublin claret without mixing it with a little sweet Spanish wine: He found
out

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

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

MADAM,

Your most obedient, and
Most obliged humble servant,

L E T T E R LXXI.

To Mr. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Aug. 8. 1738.

My dear and honoured friend,

I Have received yours of July 27. and two days ago had a letter from Mr. Pope, with a dozen lines from my Lord Bolingbroke, who tells me he is just going to France, and, I suppose, designs to continue there as long as he lives. I am very sorry he is under a necessity of selling Dawley: Pray, let me know whether he be tolerably easy in his fortunes; for he hath these several years lived very expensively.

expensively. Is his Lady still alive? And hath he still a country-house and an estate of her's to live on? I should be glad to live so long, as to see his history of his own times, which would be a work very worthy of his Lordship, and will be a defence of that ministry, and a justification of our late glorious Queen, against the malice, ignorance, falsehood, and stupidity of our present times and managers. I very much like Mr. Pope's last poem, intitled M DCC XXXVIII, called Dialogue II; but I live so obscurely, and know so little of what passes in London, that I cannot know the names of persons and things by initial letters.

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

I very much lament your asthma. I believe temperance and exercise have preserved me from it. I seldom walk less than four miles, sometimes six, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if it rains, I walk as much through the house, up and down stairs: And, if it were not for this cruel deafness, I would ride through the kingdom,

and half through England; pox on the modern phrase, GREAT BRITAIN, which is only to distinguish it from Little Britain, where old cloaths and old books are to be bought and sold. However, I will put Dr. Sheridan (the best scholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible asthma. I wish you were rich enough to buy and keep a horse, and ride every tolerable day twenty miles. Mr. Richardson is, I think, still in London. I assure you he is very grateful to me, and is too wise and discreet to give any just occasion of complaint, by which he must be a great loser in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

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

I am, Dear Mr. Alderman, with very great esteem,
Your most obedient, and
Most humble servant.

L E T T E R LXXII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Twitnam, Octob. 12. 1738.

My DEAR FRIEND,

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

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

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling you — What? — what I cannot tell, the kindness I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty wishes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or the best softening of the want of either, quiet and resignation. You lose little by not hearing such things as this idle and base generation has to tell you: You lose not much by forgetting most of what now passes in it. Perhaps, to have a memory that retains the past scenes of our country, and forgets the present, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the evil of the day be not intolerable (though sufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we may, at least we should, nay we must (whether patiently or impatiently) bear it, and make the best of what we cannot make better, but may make worse. To hear that this is your situation, and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends, who are tender about you, would be a great ease to me to know, and know from yourself. Tell me who those are whom you now love or esteem, that I may love and esteem them

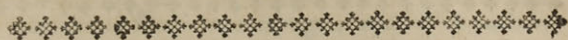
them too; and, if ever they come into England, let them be my friends. If, by any thing I can here do, I can serve you, or please you, be certain it will mend my happiness; and that no satisfaction any thing gives me here will be superior, if equal to it.

My dear Dean, whom I never will forget, or think of with coolness, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and respect. Lord Orrery, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Oxford, Lord Masham, Lewis, Mrs. P. Blount, (allow one woman to the list, for she is as constant to old friendships as any man); and many young men there are, nay all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can suffer, nothing of you can be obscured, or locked up from esteem and admiration, except what is at the deanry; just as much of you only as God made mortal. May the rest of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honest men may expect, and need not doubt; while (knowing nothing more) they know, that their Maker is merciful. Adieu.

Your's, ever,

A. POPE.

L E T



L E T T E R LXXIII.

To the Honourable the Society of the Governour
and Assistants, London, for the New Planta-
tion in Ulster, within the realm of Ireland, at
their chamber in Guild-hall, London,

By conjecture, 1738.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN,

I Heartily recommend to your very Worshipful
Society, the Reverend Mr. William Dunkin,
for the living of Colerain, vacant by the death of
Dr. Squire. Mr. Dunkin is a gentleman of great
learning and wit, true religion, and excellent mor-
als. It is only for these qualifications that I re-
commend him to your patronage; and I am con-
fident that you will never repent the choice of such
a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your
commands. You have my best wishes, and all my
endeavours for your prosperity: And I shall, dur-
ing my life, continue to be, with the truest respect
and highest esteem,

WORTHY SIRS,

Your most obedient, and

Most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LET.



L E T T E R LXXIV.

To Mr. P O P E.

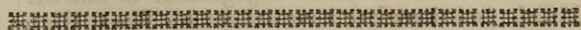
May 10. 1739, at a conjecture.

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

Mr. M'Aulay is now soliciting for a seat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Doctor Coghill, a civilian, who was one of the persons chosen for this university: And, as his Royal Highness continues still Chancellor of it, there is no person so proper to nominate the representative as himself. If this favour can be procured, by your good will and Mr. Lyttleton's interest, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to represent this university.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. Lamb; he hath at present but half a vicarship: The value of
it

it is not quite 50 l. *per annum*. You writ to me in his favour some months ago; and, if I outlive any one vicar-choral, Mr. Lamb shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it: And I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.



L E T T E R LXXV.

To Mr. LYTTLETON*.

S I R,

June 5. 1739.

YOU treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr. Lamb, which deserves mine and my Chapter's thanks, for recommending so useful a person to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. Dean Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr. Pope, that he might have the happiness to see and know so great a genius in poetry, and so agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (several years older than you) was much surpris'd to see his junior in so high a station as Secretary to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and to find himself treated by you in so kind a manner. In one article you are greatly mistaken. For, however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the prince your master's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court-politics; For, in a letter I writ to Mr. Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr. M'Aulay to your favour and protection, as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the

* Now Lord Lyttleton.

Prince, to prevail with the university to chuse him for a member to represent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr. Coghill deceased.

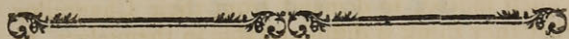
I have been just now informed, that some of the Fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance, to the Prince of Wales, pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. Tisdal, and therefore have desired his Royal Highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request indeed, to demand from their Chancellor what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement. Their whole proceeding, on this occasion, against their Chancellor, heir of the crown, is universally condemned here, and seems to be the last effort of such men; who, without duly considering, make rash promises, not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

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

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

Yours, &c.

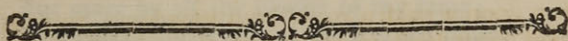
POEMS



P O E M S

ON SEVERAL

O C C A S I O N S.



THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

BOSTON

OF THE
POPULATION

ON SEVERAL
OCCASIONS

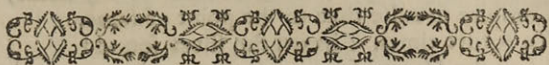
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P O E M S

ON SEVERAL

O C C A S I O N S.



Dr. PARNEL to Dr. SWIFT.

On his Birth-day, Nov. 30. 1713.

URGE'D by the warmth of Friendship's sacred
flame,

But more by all the glories of thy fame ;
By all those offsprings of thy learned mind,
In judgement solid, as in wit refin'd,
Resolv'd I sing : Tho' lab'ring up the way
To reach my theme, O Swift, accept my lay.

Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Thro' Contemplation's airy fields I rove ;
Where pow'rful Fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter sky ;
Fresh paints the meadows, bids green shades ascend,
Clear rivers wind, and op'ning plains extend ;
Then fills its landscape thro' the vary'd parts
With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts :
Superiour Forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more serenely fair.

Of

Of these two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
 Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.
 Ye future times, I heard the silver sound !
 I saw the Graces form a circle round !
 Each, where she fix'd, attentive seem'd to roop,
 And all, but Eloquence herself, was mute.

High o'er the rest I see the Goddess rise,
 Loose to the breeze her upper garment flies :
 By turns, within her eyes the Passions burn,
 And softer passions languish in their turn :
 Upon her tongue Persuasion, or Command ;
 And decent Action dwells upon her hand.

From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)
 She drew thy labours to the blaze of day.
 Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
 And taught the list'ning audience to admire,
 How strong thy flight, how large thy grasp of
 thought,

How just thy schemes, how regularly wrought ;
 How sure you wound when ironies deride,
 Which must be seen, and feign to turn aside.
 'Twas thus exploring she rejoice'd to see
 Her brightest features drawn so near by thee :
 Then here, she cries, let future ages dwell,
 And learn to copy where they can't excel.

She spake. Applause attended on the close :
 Then Poesy, her sister-art, arose ;
 Her fairer sister, born in deeper ease,
 Not made so much for bus'ness, more to please.
 Upon her cheek sits Beauty, ever young ;
 The Soul of Music warbles on her tongue ;
 Bright in her eyes a pleasing ardour glows,
 And from her heart the sweetest Temper flows :
 A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
 And binds their order to the dancing air :
 She shakes the colours of her radiant wing,
 And, from the Spheres, she takes a pitch to sing.
 Thrice happy Genius his, whose works have hit
 The lucky point of bus'ness and of wit.

They

They seem like show'rs, which April months pre-
pare

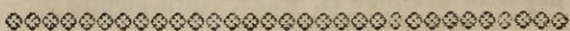
To call their flow'ry glories up to air :
The drops descending, take the painted bow,
And dress with sunshine, while for good they flow.
To me retiring oft, he finds relief
In slowly-wasting care, and biting grief :
From me retreating oft, he gives to view
What eases care and grief in others too.

Ye fondly grave, be wise enough to know,
" Life ne'er unbent were but a life of woe."
Some full in stretch for greatness, some for gain,
On his own rack each puts himself to pain.
I'll gently steal you from your toils away,
Where balmy winds with scents ambrosial play ;
Where, on the banks as crystal rivers flow,
They teach immortal amarants to grow :
Then, from the mild indulgence of the scene,
Restore your tempers strong for toils again.

She ceas'd : Soft music trembled in the wind,
And sweet delight diffus'd thro' ev'ry mind :
The little smiles, which still the Goddess grace,
Sportive arose, and ran from face to face.
But chief (and in that place the Virtues bless)
A gentle band their eager joys express :
Here Friendship asks, and love of merit longs
To hear the Goddesses renew their songs ;
Here great Benevolence to man is pleas'd ;
These own their SWIFT, and grateful hear him
prais'd.

You gentle band, you well may bear your part,
You reign superior graces in his heart.

O SWIFT ! if fame be life, (as well we know
That Bards and Heroes have esteem'd it so)
Thou canst not wholly die ; thy works will shine
To future times, and Life in Fame be thine.



TO LORD HARLEY, since Earl of Ox-
ford, on his Marriage.

Written in the Year MDCCLXIII.

A MONG the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley, gen'rous youth, admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.

Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent observation taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.
The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and nat'ral parts,
Whose harp could savage beasts inchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield;
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursu'd,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew.
For such is all the sex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light:
They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb, or a rake.

How then, dear Harley, could I guess
That you should meet, in love, success?
For, if those ancient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you:
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And, since the same resemblance held
In gifts, wherein you both excell'd,

I fancy'd ev'ry nymph would run
 From you, as from Latona's son.
 Then where, said I, shall Harley find
 A virgin of superior mind,
 With wit and virtue to discover,
 And pay the merit of her lover ?

This character shall Ca'ndish claim,
 Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
 The chief among that glitt'ring crowd,
 Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
 (As fools are insolent and vain)
 Madly aspir'd to wear her chain :
 But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
 Descending to her charge's aid,
 Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
 Which stupify'd them all to stocks.
 The nymph, with indignation, view'd
 The dull, the noisy, and the lewd :
 For Pallas, with celestial light,
 Had purify'd her mortal fight ;
 Shew'd her the Virtues all combin'd,
 Fresh blooming, in young Harley's mind.

Terrestrial nymphs, by formal arts,
 Display their various nets for hearts :
 Their looks are all by method set,
 When to be prude, and when coquette ;
 Yet, wanting skill and pow'r to chuse,
 Their only pride is to refuse.
 But, when a Goddess would bestow
 Her love on some bright youth below,
 Round all the earth she casts her eyes ;
 And then, descending from the skies,
 Makes choice of him she fancies best,
 And bids the ravish'd youth be bless'd.

Thus the bright empress of the morn
 Chose, for her spouse, a mortal born :
 The Goddess made advances first,
 Else what aspiring hero durst ?

'Tho', like a virgin of fifteen,
 She blushes when by mortals seen;
 Still blushes, and with speed retires,
 When Sol pursues her with his fires.

Diana thus, Heav'n's chafest queen,
 Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
 Down from her silver chariot came,
 And to the shepherd own'd her flame.

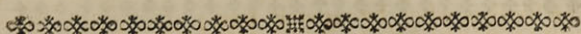
Thus Ca'ndish, as Aurora bright,
 And chaster than the Queen of Night,
 Descended from her sphere to find
 A mortal of superior kind.



EPIGRAM ON Mr. HARLEY being
 stabbed by GUISCARD.

Written by Bishop Atterbury.

DEvotum ut cordi sensit sub pectore ferrum,
 Immoto Harlæus faucibus ore stetit;
 Dum tamen huic lætâ gratatur voce Senatus,
 Confusus subito pallor in ore sedit:
 O pudor! O virtus! partes quam dignas utrasque
 Sustinuit, vultu dispare, laude pari.



On Bishop BURNET's being set on
Fire in his Clofet.

By DOCTOR PARNEL.

FROM that dire æra, bane to Sarum's pride,
Which broke his schemes, and laid his friends
aside,

He talks and writes that Pop'ry will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will burn.
What touch'd himself was almost fairly prov'd,
(Oh, far from Britain be the rest remov'd !)
For, as of late he meant to bless the age
With flagrant prefaces of party-rage,
O'er-wrought with passion and the subject's weight,
Lolling, he nodded on his elbow-seat,
Down fell the candle; Grease and zeal conspire,
Heat meets with heat, and Pamphlets burn their
Sire.

Here crawls a preface on its half-burn'd maggots,
And there an introduction brings its faggots ;
Then roars the Prophet of the Northern nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming speech on moderation.

Unwarn'd by this, go on the realm to fright,
Thou Briton, vaunting in thy second-fight ;
In such a Ministry you safely tell,
How much you'd suffer, if religion fell,

Your Hero now another Mars is,
 Makes mighty armies turn their a—s;
 Behold his glittering faulchion mow
 Whole squadrons at a single blow:
 While Victory, with wings outspread,
 Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head.
 His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
 Or pawing into dead mens paunches:
 As Overton has drawn his fire,
 Still seen o'er many an ale-house fire.
 Then from his arm hoarse thunder rolls,
 As loud as fifty mustard bowls:
 For thunder still his arm supplies,
 And light'ning always in his eyes.
 They both are cheap enough in conscience,
 And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
 The rumbling words march fierce along,
 Made trebly dreadful in your song.

Sweet poet, hir'd for birch-day rhimes,
 To sing of wars chuse peaceful times.
 What tho', for fifteen years and more
 Janus hath lock'd his temple-door;
 Tho' not a coffee-house we read in
 Hath mention'd arms on this side Sweden,
 Nor London-Journals, nor the Post-men,
 Tho' fond of warlike lies as most men;
 Thou still with battles stuff thy head full,
 For, must thy hero not be dreadful?

Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
 Your conqu'ror is become Apollo:
 That he's Apollo is as plain as
 That Robin Walpole is Mecænas;
 But that he struts, and that he squints,
 You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
 Old Phœbus is but half as bright.
 For yours can shine both day and night.
 The first, perhaps, may once an age
 Inspire you with poetic rage;

Your

Your Phœbus royal, ev'ry day,
 Not only can inspire, but pay.
 Then make this new Apollo fit
 Sole patron, judge, and God of wit.
 " How from his altitude he stoops
 " To raise up virtue when she droops;
 " On learning how his bounty flows,
 " And with what justice he bestows :
 " Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam !
 " Be witnesses if I tell a sham.
 " What prodigies in arts we drain,
 " From both your streams in G——'s reign,
 " As from the flow'ry bed of Nile : "—————
 But here's enough to shew your style.
 Broad inuendos, such as this,
 If well applied, can hardly miss :
 For, when you bring your song in print,
 He'll get it read, and take the hint ;
 (It must be read before 'tis warbled,
 The paper gilt, and cover marbled ;)
 And will be so much more your debtor,
 Because he never knew a letter.
 And, as he hears his wit and sense,
 (To which he never made pretence)
 Set out in hyperbolic strains,
 A guinea shall reward your pain,
 For patrons never pay so well,
 As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.
 Next call him Neptune : With his trident
 He rules the sea, you see him ride in't ;
 And, if provok'd, he soundly ferks his
 Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
 He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,
 Had not the fleet gone out too late ;
 And in their very ports besiege 'em,
 But that he would not disoblige 'em ;
 And made the rascals pay him dearly
 For those affronts they give him yearly.

'Tis

'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
 Our ink is black, our paper white ;
 And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
 We blacken what was white before :
 I think this practice only fit
 For dealers in satiric wit.
 But you some white-lead ink must get,
 And write on paper black as jet ;
 Your int'rest lies to learn the knack
 Of whit'ning what before was black.

Thus your encomium, to be strong,
 Must be apply'd directly wrong.
 A tyrant for his mercy praise,
 And crown a royal dunce with bays :
 A squinting monkey load with charms,
 And paint a coward fiere in arms.
 Is he to avarice inclin'd ?
 Extol him for his gen'rous mind :
 And, when we starve for want of corn,
 Come out with Amalthæa's horn.
 For all experience this evinces
 The only art of pleasing princes :
 For, princes love you should descant
 On virtues which they know they want.
 One compliment I had forgot,
 But songsters must omit it not ;
 I freely grant the thought is old :
 Why then, your hero must be told,
 In him such virtues ly inherent,
 To qualify him God's vicegerent,
 That with no title to inherit,
 He must have been a king by merit.
 Yet, be the fancy old or new,
 'Tis partly false and partly true ;
 And take it right it means no more
 Than G——e and W——m claim'd before.

Should some obscure inferior fellow,
 Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,

When

When all your list of gods is out,
 Presume to shew his mortal snout,
 And as a Deity intrude,
 Because he had the world subdu'd ;
 Oh, let him not debase your thoughts,
 Or name him but to shew his faults.

Of Gods I only quote the best,
 But you may hook in all the rest.

Now, birth-day bard, with joy proceed
 To praise your Empress and her breed.
 First of the first, to vouch your lies,
 Bring all the females of the skies ;
 The Graces, and their mistress Venus,
 Must venture down to entertain us :
 With bended knees, when they adore her,
 What dowdies they appear before her ?
 Nor shall we think you talk at random,
 For Venus might be her great-grandam :
 Six thousand years has liv'd the goddess,
 Your Heroine hardly fifty odd is :
 Besides, you songsters oft have shown
 That she hath Graces of her own :
 Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
 Just three, and every Grace a daughter.
 Here many a King his heart and crown
 Shall at their swowy feet lay down ;
 In royal robes, they come by dozens
 To court their English-German cousins :
 Besides a pair of princely babies,
 That, five years hence, will both be *Hebes*.

Now see her seated in her throne
 With genuine lustre, all her own :
 Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
 Her splendour is but borrow'd light ;
 And only with her brother linkt
 Can shine, without him is extinct.
 But C—a shines the clearer
 With neither spouse nor brother near her ;

And

And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
 Tho' G——e is gone a thousand miles.
 Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
 Attended by her heav'nly race;
 And sees a son in ev'ry God,
 Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.

Now sing his little Highness * * * *
 Who struts like any King already:
 With so much beauty, shew me any maid
 That could resist this charming *Ganymede*?
 Where majesty with sweetness vies,
 And, like his father, early wise.
 Then cut him out a world of work,
 To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
 Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
 And golden times and halcyon days;
 And swear his line shall rule the nation
 For ever —— 'till the conflagration.

But, now it comes into my mind,
 We left a little D——e behind;
 A Cupid in his face and size,
 And only wants to want his eyes.
 Make some provision for the younker,
 Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
 Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
 Make *Gulliver* his Commodore;
 Into whose pocket valiant *Willie* put,
 Will soon subdue the realm of *Lilliput*.

A skillful critic justly blames
 Hard, tough, crank, gutt'ral, harsh, stiff names.
 The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
 But smooth your words to fit the tune.
 Hanover may do well enough,
 But George and Brunswick are too rough:
 Hesse Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
 And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
 In vain are all attempts from Germany
 To find out proper words for harmony;

And yet I must except the Rhine,
 Because it clicks to Caroline.
 Hail! Queen of Britain, Queen of rhymes!
 Be sung ten hundred thousand times!
 Too happy were the poets crew,
 If their own happiness they knew:
 Three syllables did never meet,
 So soft so sliding and so sweet:
 Nine other tuneful words like that
 Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
 Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
 With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
 In concord here for ever fix'd,
 No jarring consonant betwixt.

May C——e continue long,
 For ever fair and young! —— in song.
 What tho' the royal carcase must,
 Squeez'd in a coffin, turn'd to dust?
 Those elements her name compose,
 Like atoms, are exempt from blows.

Tho' C——e may fill your gaps,
 Yet still you must consult your maps:
 Finds rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
 Britannia long will wear like steel,
 But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
 And patience can endure no more
 To hear the Belgic lion roar.
 Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
 But proud Iberia soundly maul:
 Restore the ships by Philip taken,
 And make him crouch to save his bacon.
 Nassau, who got the name of Glorious
 Because he never was victorious,
 A hanger-on has always been;
 For old acquaintance bring him in.

To Walpole you might lend a line,
 But much I fear he's in decline;

And,

And, if you chance to come too late,
 When he goes out, you share his fate,
 And bear the new successor's frown;
 Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.

Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
 To praise your hero for devotion;
 Nor entertain a thought so odd,
 That princes should believe in God;
 But follow the securest rule,
 And turn it all to ridicule:

'Tis grown the choicest wit at Court,
 And gives the maids of honour sport.
 For, since they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,
 They now can venture in the dark:
 That sound Divine the truth hath spoke all,
 And pawn'd his word, Hell is not local.
 This will not give them half the trouble
 Of bargains fold, or meanings double.

Supposing now your song is done,
 To *Mynbeer Handel* next you run,
 Who artfully will pare and prune
 Your words to some Italian tune:
 Then print it in the largest letter,
 With capitals, the more the better
 Present it boldly on your knee,
 And take a Guinea for your fee.

On the HERMITAGE at RICHMOND.

LEWIS, the living learned fed,
 And rais'd the scientific head:
 Our frugal Q——n, to save her meat,
 Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION drawn from the above Epigram, and sent to the DRAPIER.

SINCE Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And since our good Queen to the wise is so just,
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust,
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted:
Prithee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

Dr. SWIFT's Answer.

HER Majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know, — by
a halter.

BILLET to the COMPANY of PLAYERS.

THE inclosed Prologue is formed upon the story of the Secretary's not suffering you to act, unless you would pay him 100 l. *per annum*, upon which you got a licence from the Lord Mayor to act as strollers.

The Prologue supposes, that, upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country-strollers came and hired the Playhouse, and your cloaths, &c. to act in.

The

The PROLOGUE.

OUR set of strollers, wand'ring up and down,
 Hearing the house was empty, came to town;
 And, with a licence from our good Lord May'r,
 Went to one Griffith, formerly a play'r:
 Him we persuaded with a mod'rate bribe,
 To speak to Elrington, and all the tribe,
 To let our company supply their places,
 And hire us out their scenes, and cloaths, and faces.
 Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
 I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
 When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
 There's not a creature here you ever knew.
 The former folks were servants to the king,
 We, humble strollers, always on the wing.
 Now, for my part, I think upon the whole,
 Rather than starve, a better man would stole.
 Stay, let me see — Three hundred pounds a year,
 For leave to act in town? 'Tis plaguy dear.
 Now, here's a warrant; Gallants, please to mark,
 For three thirteens, and sixpence to the clerk.
 Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
 The public should bestow the actors six.
 A score of guineas, given under hand,
 For a good word or so, we understand.
 To help an honest lad that's out of place,
 May cost a crown or so; a common case:
 And, in a crew, 'tis no injustice thought
 To ship a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
 But, in the chronicles of former ages,
 Who ever heard of servants paying wages?

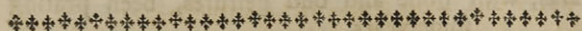
I pity Elrington with all my heart;
 Would he were here this night to act my part.

I told him what it was to be a stroller,
 How free we acted, and had no controller :
 In ev'ry town we wait on Mr. May'r,
 First get a licence, then produce our ware ;
 We found a trumpet, or we beat a drum ;
 Huzza ! the schoolboys roar, the play'rs are come !
 And then we cry, to spur the bumkins on,
 Gallants, by Tuesday next we must be gone.
 I told him in the smoothest way I could,
 All this and more, yet it would do no good.
 But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
 He that has shone with Betterton and Weeks,
 To whom our country has been always dear,
 Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
 Owns all your favours ; here intends to stay,
 And, as a stroller, act in ev'ry play :
 And the whole crew this resolution takes,
 To live and die all strollers for your sakes ;
 Not frighted with an ignominious name,
 For your displeasure is their only shame.

A pox on Elrington's majestic tone !
 Now to a word of bus'ness in our own !

Gallants, next Thursday night will be our last,
 Then, without fail, we pack up for Belfast,
 Lose not your time, nor our diversions miss,
 The next we act, shall be as good as this.

THE



T H E

YAHOO'S OVERTHROW;

O R,

The KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD, upon
Serjeant KITE'S insulting the DEAN.

To the Tune of, *Derry down.*

Jolly boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How B——th, that booby, and S——l in grain,
Hath insulted us all by insulting the Dean.

Knock him down, down, down, knock him down,

The Dean and his merits we ev'ry one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the De'el did he
grow?

How greater's his merit at four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse?

Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show,
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhet'ric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning than pleading at bar.

Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all sorts but applause;

Has,

Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating
 some years,
 What honefter folks never durst for their ears,
Knock him down, &c.

Of all sizes and sorts, the Fanatical crew
 Are his brother Protestants, good men and true ;
 Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the same,
 What the De'l is't to him whence the Devil they
 came ?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and
 Nayler,
 And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the taylor,
 Are Christians alike ; and it may be averr'd,
 He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
 Their rights ! their importance ! We'll set on new
 rates
 On their tythes, at half nothing, their priesthood
 at less :
 What's next to be voted with ease you may guess,
Knock him down, &c.

At length his Old Master (I need not him name)
 To this damnable Speaker had long ow'd a shame ;
 When his speech came abroad, he paid him off
 clean,
 By leaving him under the pen of the Dean,
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
 The oppression of Virtue, not wages of Sin :

He

He began as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounce'd, and he swore how he
swore.

Knock him down, &c.

Tho' he cringe'd to his Deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And flitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's Zags were more fit for the
shears.

Knock him down, &c.

On this worrier of Deans whene'er we can hit,
We'll shew him the way how to crop and to slit;
We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the Dean of all Deans, tho' he wears not a
sword.

Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him thro' Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore;
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powd'r him with
grains,

A modus right fit for insulters of Deans.

Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends,
To the Dean he shall go; they shall kifs and be
friends:

But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kifs, without eyes, ears, or nose.

Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard, on a man that is reckon'd
That serjeant at law, whom we call Kite the Se-
cond,

You mistake; for a Slave, who will coax his supe-
riors,

May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.

Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride ?
 Tho' his soul he despises, he values his hide :
 Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his
 knife ;
 He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, — keep him down.

ON THE

Archbishop of Cashel, and Bettsworth.

Dear Dick, prithee tell by what passion you
 move ?
 The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love ;
 And, while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
 They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
 You certainly know, tho' so loudly you vapour,
 His spite cannot wound, who attempted the drapier.
 Then, prithee reflect, take a word of advice ;
 And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice :
 On his virtues hold forth ; 'tis the very best way ;
 And say of the man what all honest men say.
 But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
 If still your soul bosom more rancour contains ;
 Say then more than they ; nay, lavishly flatter,
 'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter.
 For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak
 plain,
 Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

ON THE
IRISH CLUB.

Written in the year 1729.

YE paultry underlings of state,
Ye f——rs, who love to prate;
Ye r——ls of inferior note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote;
Ye pack of pensionary P——rs,
Whose fingers itch for poets ears;
Ye bishops far remov'd from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs* and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*?
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half
The point is plain. Remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise Champagne at court,
And chuse to dine at home with Port:
Let P——rs, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satyric muse
Virtue or innocence abuse;

A a 2

And

And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools :

But * * * * *
* * * * *

{(C 3)} * {(C 3)} * {(C 3)} * {(C 3)} * {(C 3)} * {(C 3)}

Dr. SWIFT to HIMSELF.

O N

St. CECILIA'S DAY.

G Rave Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to
pass,

That you who know music no more than an ass,
That you, who so lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your Cathedral to players and scrapers?
To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true Protestant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs and fing-
ing,

Will sure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
No Protestant prelate, his Lordship, or Grace,
Durst there shew his Right or most Reverend face:
How would it pollute their crofiers and rochets,
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crochets?

The rest is wanting.

T O

S T E L L A.

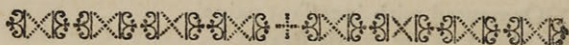
March 13. M, DCC, XXIII-IV.

[Written on the Day of her Birth, but not on the subject, when I was sick in bed.]

TOrmented with incessant pains,
 Can I devise poetic strains ?
 Time was, when I could yearly pay
 My verse on Stella's native day :
 But now, unable grown to write,
 I grieve she ever saw the light.
 Ungrateful ; since to her I owe
 That I these pains can undergo.
 She tends me, like an humble slave ;
 And, when indecently I rave,
 When out my brutish passions break,
 With gall in every word I speak,
 She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
 Or melts my passions down with tears :
 Although 'tis easy to desery
 She wants assistance more than I ;
 Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
 And is a Stoic in her own.
 When, among scholars, can we find
 So soft and yet so firm a mind ?
 All accidents of life conspire
 To raise up Stella's virtue higher ;
 Or else to introduce the rest
 Which had been latent in her breast.

Her

Her firmness who could e'er have known,
 Had she not evils of her own?
 Her kindness who could ever guess,
 Had not her friends been in distress?
 Whatever base returns you find
 From me, Dear Stella, still be kind.
 In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
 Tho' I continue still a brute.
 But when I once am out of pain,
 I promise to be good again:
 Mean time your other juster friends
 Shall for my follies make amends:
 So may we long continue thus,
 Admiring you, you pitying us.



ON THE
 GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

By Dr. DELANY.

AMphora, quæ mœstum linquis, lætumque
 revites
 Arentem dominum, sit tibi terra levis.
 Tu quoque depositum ferves, neve opprime mar-
 mor,
 Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.



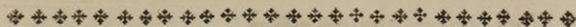
E P I T A P H II.

O N T H E

G R E A T B U R I E D B O T T L E .

By the same.

H^oc tumultata jacet proles Lenæa sepulchro,
 Immorale genus, nec peritura jacet,
 Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo :
 Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.



To Mr. DELANY.

Written Nov. 10. M,DCC,XVIII.

T^O you, whose virtues I must own
 With shame, I have too lately known ;
 To you, by art and nature taught
 To be the man I long have fought,
 Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
 Place'd you in life too far behind ;
 Or, what I should repine at more,
 Place'd me in life too far before :
 To you the Muse this verse bestows,
 Which might as well have been in prose :
 No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
 But simple topics told in rhyme.

Talents

Talents for conversation fit,
 Are humour, breeding, sense, and wit:
 The last, as boundless as the wind,
 Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd :
 For, sure, by wit is chiefly meant
 Applying well what we invent.
 What humour is, not all the tribe
 Of logic-mongers can describe ;
 Here nature only acts her part,
 Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art :
 For wit and humour differ quite,
 That gives surprize, and this delight.
 Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
 Only by affectation spoil'd :
 'Tis never by invention got,
 Men have it when they know it not.

Our conversation to refine,
 Humour and wit must both combine :
 From both we learn to rally well,
 Wherein sometimes the French excel.
 Voiture, in various lights, displays
 That irony which turns to praise :
 His genius first found out the rule
 For an obliging ridicule :
 He flatters with peculiar air
 The brave, the witty, and the fair ;
 And fools would fancy he intends
 A satire where he most commends.

But, as a poor pretending beau,
 Because he fain would make a show,
 Nor can arrive at silver lace,
 Takes up with copper in the place :
 So the pert dunces of mankind,
 Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
 As if the diff'rence lay abstruse
 Twixt railery and gross abuse ;

To shew their parts will scold and rail,
 Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
 Such is that clan of boist'rous bears,
 Always together by the ears ;
 Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
 That meet for nothing but to gibe ;
 Who first run one another down,
 And then fall foul on all the town ;
 Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
 And call'd by excellence, The Club.
 I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
 All special friends, and always jar ;

The mettled and the vicious feed
 Differ as little in their breed ;
 Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Lee
 As rudeness is to repartee.

If what you said, I wish, unspoke,
 'Twill not suffice, it was a joke :
 Reproach not, tho' in jest, a friend
 For those defects he cannot mend ;
 His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
 If nam'd with scorn, gives just offence.

What use in life to make men fret,
 Part in worse humour than they met ?
 Thus all society is lost,
 Men laugh at one another's cost ;
 And half the company is teaz'd,
 That came together to be pleas'd :
 For, all buffoons have most in view
 To please themselves by vexing you.

You wonder now to see me write
 So gravely on a subject light ;

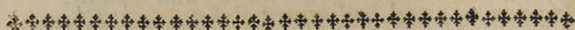
Some part of what I here design
 Regards a Friend * of your's and mine ;
 Who, neither void of sense nor wit,
 Yet seldom judges what is fit,
 But fallies oft beyond his bounds,
 And takes unmeasurable rounds.

When jests are carried on too far,
 And the loud laugh begins the war,
 You keep your countenance for shame,
 Yet still you think your friend to blame.
 For, though men cry, they love a jest,
 'Tis but when others stand the test :
 And, would you have their meaning known ?
 They love a jest that is their own.

You must, although the point be nice,
 Bestow your friend some good advice :
 One hint from you will set him right,
 And teach him how to be polite.
 Bid him, like you, observe with care,
 Whom to be hard on, whom to spare ;
 Nor, indistinctly, to suppose
 All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose :
 To study the obliging jest
 By reading those who teach it best ;
 For prose I recommend Voiture's,
 For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
 He'll find the secret out from thence,
 To rhyme all day without offence ;
 And I no more shall then accuse
 The flirts of his ill-manner'd muse.

If he be guilty you must mend him ;
 If he be innocent, defend him.

* He means Dr. Sheridan.



A N

INVITATION to DINNER,

FROM

DOCTOR SHERIDAN to DOCTOR SWIFT.

Written in the Year M,DCC,XXVII.

I'VE sent to the ladies *this morning, to warn 'em
 To order their chaise, and repair to † Rath-
 farnam ;
 Where you shall be welcome to dine, if your Dean-
 ship
 Can take up with me, and my friend's Stella's
 leanship †.
 I've got you some foals, and a fresh bleeding bret,
 That's just disengag'd from the toils of a net :
 An excellent loin of fat veal to be roasted,
 With lemons, and butter, and sippets well toasted :
 Some larks that descended, mistaking the skies,
 Which Stella brought down by the light of her
 eyes :
 And there like Narcissus,, they gaz'd till they dy'd,
 And now they're to ly in some crumbs that are
 fry'd.

* Mrs. Johnson [Stella] and her friend Mrs. Dingley.

† A village near Dublin, where Dr. Sheridan had a country-
 house.

‡ Stella was at this time in a very declining state of health. She
 died the January following.

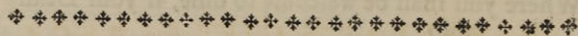
My wine will inspire you with joy and delight,
 'Tis mellow, and old, and sparkling, and bright ;
 An emblem of one that you love I suppose,
 Who gathers more lovers the older she grows *.
 Let me be your Gay, and let Stella be Pope,
 We'll wean you from fighting for England I hope :
 When we are together there's nothing that is dull,
 There's nothing like Durfey, or Smedly, or Tif-
 dall †.

We're sworn to make out an agreeable feast,
 Our dinner, our wine, and our wit to your taste.

Your answer in half an hour, though you are at
 prayers ; you have a pencil in your pocket.

* He means Stella, who was certainly one of the most amiable
 woman in the world.

† A gentleman of wit and learning, who had written some very
 sarcastic verses upon Sheridan.



DINGLEY, and BRENT *.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of *Ye Commons and Peers*.

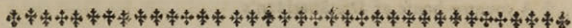
DINGLEY and Brent
 Wherever they went,
 Ne'er minded a word that was spoken :
 Whatever was said,
 They ne'er troubled their head,
 But laugh'd at their own silly joking.

* Dr. Swift's house-keeper.

Should

Should Solomon wise
 In majesty rise,
 And shew them his wit and his learning;
 They never would hear,
 But turn the deaf ear,
 As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jest,
 And please all the rest,
 Comes Dingley, and asks you, What was it!
 And curious to know,
 Away she will go
 To seek an old rag in the closet:



A

NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT for BEC*.

Written in the Year M,DCC,XXIII-IV.

RETURNING *Janus* now prepares,
 For Bec, a new supply of cares,
 Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
 Who thus displays a New-year's-gift.

First, this large parcel brings you tidings
 Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
 Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leafings,
 And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
 This box is cramm'd on ev'ry side
 With Stella's magisterial pride.
 Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
 First to be fondled, then be kill'd.

* Mrs Rebecca Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.

Now

Now to this hamper I invite you,
 With six imagin'd cares to fright you.
 Here in this bundle *Janus* sends
 Concerns by thousands for your friends :
 And here's a pair of leathern pokes,
 To hold your cares for other folks.
 Here from this barrél you may broach
 A peck of troubles for a coach.
 This ball of wax your ears will darken,
 Still to be curious, never hearken.
 Lest you the town may have less trouble in,
 Bring all your *Quilca* † cares to Dublin,
 For which he sends this empty sack ;
 And to take all upon your back.

† A country-house of Dr. Sheridan's.

B E C's BIRTH-DAY.

NOVEMBER 8. M.DCC,XXVI.

THIS day, dear *Bec*, is thy nativity,
 Had fate a lucky'r one, she'd give it ye !
 She chose a thread of greatest length
 And doubly twisted it for strength ;
 Nor will be able with her shears
 To cut it off these forty years.
 Then who says care will kill a cat ?
Rebecca shews they're out in that :
 For she, tho' over-run with care,
 Continues healthy, fat, and fair.

As, if the gout should seize the head,
 Doctors pronounce the patient dead ;

But,

But, if they can, by all their arts.
 Eject it to th' extremest parts,
 They give the sick man joy, and praise
 The gout that will prolong his days :
 Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
 Who drives her cares to hands and feet :
 For, tho' philosophers maintain
 The limbs are guided by the brain,
 Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
 Her hands and feet conduct her head,
 By arbitrary pow'r convey her
 She ne'er considers why, or where :
 Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
 Her head is but a mere by-stander :
 And all her bustling but supplies
 The part of wholesome exercise :
 Thus, nature hath resolv'd to pay her
 The cat's nine lives and eke the care,

Long may she live, and help her friends
 Whene'er it suits her private ends ;
 Domestic bus'ness never mind
 'Till coffee has her stomach lin'd ;
 But, when her breakfast gives her courage,
 Then, think on Stella's chicken porridge ;
 I mean when Tyger * has been serv'd,
 Or else poor Stella may be starv'd.

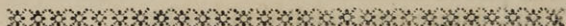
May Bec have many an ev'ning nap
 With Tyger flabb'ring in her lap ;
 But always take a special care
 She does not overset the chair ;
 Still be she curious, never hearken
 To any speech but Tyger's barking,

And, when she's in another scene,
 Stella long dead, but first the Dean,

* Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog.

May Fortune and her coffee get her
 Companions that will please her better ;
 Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
 Nor for neglects or blunders chide her ;
 A goodly set as can be found
 Of hearty gossips prating round ;
 Fresh from a wedding, or a christ'ning,
 To teach her ears the art of list'ning,
 And please her more to hear them tattle
 Than the Dean storm, or Stella rattle.

Late be her death, one gentle nod,
 When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
 Shall to Elysian fields invite her,
 Where there will be no cares to fright her.



MY LADY'S *

LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT
 against the DEAN.

JULY 28. 1728.

SURE never did man see
 A wretch like poor Nancy,
 So teaz'd day and night
 By a Deap and a Knight ;
 To punish my sins,
 Sir Arthur begins,
 And gives me a wipe
 With Skinny and Snipe : †
 His malice is plain,
 Hallooing the Dean.

* Lady Acheson, wife to Sir Arthur Acheson.

† The Dean used to call her by those names.

The Dean never stops,
 When he opens his chops;
 I'm quite over run
 With rebus and pun.

Before he came here
 To sponge for good cheer,
 I sat with delight,
 From morning till night,
 With two bony thumbs
 Could rub my own gums,
 Or scratching my nose,
 And jogging my toes;
 But at present, forsooth,
 I must not rub a tooth:
 When my elbows, he sees
 Held up by my knees,
 My arms, like two props,
 Supporting my chops,
 And just as I handle 'em
 Moving all like a pendulum;
 He trips up my props,
 And down my chin drops,
 From my head to my heels,
 Like a clock without wheels;
 I sink in the spleen,
 An useless machine.

If he had his will,
 I should never sit still:
 He comes with his whims,
 I must move my limbs:
 I cannot be sweet
 Without using my feet;
 To lengthen my breath
 He tires me to death.
 By the worst of all Squires,
 Thro' bogs and thro' briers,

Where a cow would be startled,
 I'm in spite of my heart led :
 And, say what I will,
 Haul'd up every hill ;
 'Till, daggled and tatter'd,
 My spirit's quite shatter'd,
 I return home at night,
 And fast out of spite :
 For I'd rather be dead,
 Than it e'er should be said
 I was better for him,
 In stomach or limb.

But, now to my diet,
 No eating in quiet,
 He's still finding fault,
 Too sour or too salt :
 The wing of a chick
 I hardly can pick ;
 But trash without measure,
 I swallow with pleasure.

Next, for his diversion,
 He rails at my person :
 What court-breeding this is ?
 He takes me to pieces.
 From shoulder to flank
 I'm lean and am lank :
 My nose, long and thin,
 Grows down to my chin ;
 My chin will not stay,
 But meets it half way :
 My fingers, prolix,
 Are ten crooked sticks :
 He swears my el—bows
 Are two iron crows,
 Or sharp pointed rocks,
 And wear out my smocks :

To 'scape them, Sir Arthur
Is force'd to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tusks of a boar.

Now, changing the scene,
But still to the Dean :
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate ;
If he sees her but once,
He'll swear she's a dunce ;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books :
Thro' each line of her face
Her folly can trace ;
Which spoils every feature
Bestow'd her by nature,
But sense gives a grace
To the homeliest face :
Wise books and reflection
Will mend the complexion.
(A civil Divine !
I suppose meaning mine.)
No Lady who wants them
Can ever be handsome.

I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff ;
He haws and he hums,
At last out it comes.

What, Madam ? no walking,
No reading, nor talking ?
You're now in your prime,
Make use of your time.
Consider, before
You come to threescore,
How the huffies will flee
Where'er you appear :

That filly old pufs
 Would fain be like us.
 What a figure she made
 In her tarnish'd brocade ?

And then he grows mild :
 Come, be a good child :
 If you are inclin'd
 To polish your mind,
 Be ador'd by the men
 'Till threescore and ten,
 And kill with the spleen
 The jades of sixteen,
 I'll shew you the way :
 Read six hours a-day.
 The wits will frequent ye,
 And think you but twenty.

Thus was I drawn in,
 Forgive me my sin
 At breakfast he'll ask
 An account of my task,
 Put a word out of joint,
 Or miss but a point,
 He rages and frets,
 His manners forgets ;
 And, as I am serious,
 Is very imperious.
 No book for delight
 Must come in my sight ;
 But, instead of new plays,
 Dull Bacon's essays,
 And pore ev'ry day on
 That nasty Pantheon.
 If I be not a drudge,
 Let all the world judge.
 'Twere better be blind,
 Than thus be confin'd

But

But, while, in an ill tone,
 I murder poor Milton,
 The Dean, you will swear,
 Is at study or pray'r.
 He's all the day faunt'ring,
 With labourers bant'ring,
 Among his colleagues,
 A parcel of Teagues,
 (Whom he brings in among us
 And bribes with mündungus).
 Hail fellow, well met,
 All dirty and wet :
 Find out, if you can,
 Who's master, who's man ;
 Who makes the best figure,
 The Dean or the digger ;
 And which is the best
 At cracking a jest.
 How proudly he talks
 Of zigzacks and walks
 And all the day raves
 Of cradles and caves ;
 And boasts of his feats,
 His grottos and feats ;
 Shews all his gew—gaws,
 And gapes for applause ?
 A fine occupation
 For one in his station !
 A hole where a rabbit
 Would scorn to inhabit,
 Dug out in an hour,
 He calls it a bow'r.

But, Oh ! how we laugh,
 To see a wild calf
 Come, driven by heat,
 And foul the green feat ;

Or

Or run helter skelter
 To his arbor for shelter,
 Where all goes to ruin
 The Dean has been doing.
 The girls of the village
 Come flocking for village,
 Pull down the fine briars,
 And thorns to make fires;
 But yet are so kind
 To leave something behind :
 No more need be said on't,
 I smell when I tread on't.

Dear friend, Doctor Jenny,
 If I could but win ye,
 Or Walmsley or Whaley,
 To come hither daily,
 Since Fortune, my foe,
 Will needs have it so,
 That I'm, by her frowns,
 Condemn'd to black gowns ;
 No 'Squire to be found
 The neighbourhood round,
 (For, under the rose,
 I would rather chuse those :)
 If your wives will permit ye,
 Come here out of pity,
 To ease a poor Lady,
 And beg her a play-day.
 So may you be seen
 No more in the spleen :
 May Walmsley give wine,
 Like a hearty divine ;
 May Whalley disgrace
 Dull Daniel's whey-face ;
 And may your three spouses,
 Let you lie at friends houses.



T O

D E A N S W I F T ;

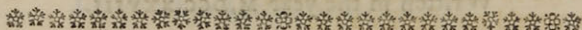
By Sir ARTHUR ACHESON.

Written in the year M,DCC,XXVIII.

GOOD cause have I to sing and vapour,
 For I am landlord to the Drapier :
 He, that of ev'ry ear's the charmer,
 Now condescends to be my farmer,
 And grace my villa with his strains ;
 Lives such a bard on British plains ?
 No ; not in all the British court ;
 For none but wirlings there resort,
 Whose names and works (tho' dead) are made
 Immortal by the Dunciad ;
 And sure, as monument of brass,
 Their fame to future times shall pass,
 How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
 Of Brazen Knight they vainly sung :
 A subject for their genius fit ;
 He dares defy both sense and wit.
 What dares he not ? He can, we know it,
 A laureat make that is no poet ;
 A judge, without the least pretence
 To common law, or common sense ;
 A bishop that is no divine ;
 And coxcombs in red ribbons shine :
 Nay, he can make what's greater far,
 A middle state 'twixt peace and war ;

And

And say, there shall, for years together,
 Be peace and war, and both, and neither,
 Happy, O Market-hill! at least,
 That court and courtiers have no taste:
 You never else had known the Dean,
 But, as of old, obscurely lain;
 All things gone on the same dull track,
 And Drapier's hill been still Drumlack;
 But now your name with Penshurst vies,
 And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.



T H E
 D E A N ' s R E A S O N S
 F O R

Not building at DRAPIER'S HILL.

I Will not build on yonder mount:
 And, should you call me to account,
 Consulting with myself, I find,
 It was no levity of mind.
 Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
 No fault of mine, the scheme is ended:
 Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
 I have a hundred causes ready:
 All risen since that flatt'ring time,
 When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.

I am, as now too late I find,
 The greatest cully of mankind:
 The lowest boy in Martin's school
 May turn and wind me like a fool.

How

How could I form so wild a vision,
 To seek, in desarts, fields Elysian ?
 To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
 With thieves, Fanatics, and Barbarians !

But here my Lady will object ;
 Your Deanship ought to recollect,
 That, near the Knight of Gosford * plac't,
 Whom you allow a man of taste,
 Your intervals of time to spend
 With so conversible a friend,
 It would not signify a pin
 Whatever climate you were in.

'Tis true, but what advantage comes
 To me from all a us'rer's plumbs ;
 Though I should see him twice a day,
 And am his neighbour cross the way ;
 If all my rhetoric must fail
 To strike him for a pot of ale ?

Thus, when the learned and the wise
 Conceal their talents from our eyes,
 And, from deserving friends, withhold
 Their gifts, as misers do their gold ;
 Their knowledge, to themselves confin'd,
 Is the same avarice of mind :
 Nor makes their conversation better,
 Than if they never knew a letter.
 Such is the fate of Gosford's Knight,
 Who keeps his wisdom out of sight ;
 Whose uncommunicative heart,
 Will scarce one precious word impart :
 Still rapt in speculations deep,
 His outward senses fast asleep ;

* Sir Arthur Acheson's great-grandfather was Sir Archibald of Gosford, in Scotland.

Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.

But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To understand Malebranch or Cambray;
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands fleeveless;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And, with attention, read Tom Thumb;
My spirits with my body proggling,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphysics smatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dreams of worlds intelligible;
And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the Knight sublime and me?
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust.

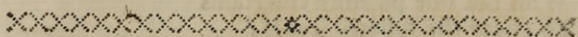
Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms an union in the mind:
But, here I differ from the Knight
In every point, like black and white:
For, none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met:
Not in philosophy, or ale,
In state-affairs, or planting cale:
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies,
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.

The neighbours wonder why the Knight
Should in a country-life delight,

Who

Who not one pleasure entertains
 To cheer the solitary scenes :
 His guests are few, his visits rare,
 Nor uses time, nor time will spare ;
 Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
 Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls ;
 But, seated in an easy chair,
 Despises exercise and air.
 His rural walks he ne'er adorns ;
 Here poor Pomona sits on thorns :
 And there neglected Flora settles
 Her bum upon a bed of nettles.

Those thankless and officious cares
 I use to take in friends affairs,
 From which I never could refrain,
 And have been often chid in vain ;
 From these I am recover'd quite,
 At least in what regards the Knight.
 Preserve his health, his store increase ;
 May nothing interrupt his peace.
 But now, let all his tenants round
 First milk his cows, and after, pound :
 Let ev'ry cottager conspire
 To cut his hedges down for fire ;
 The naughty boys about the village
 His crabs and sloes may freely pillage :
 He still may keep a pack of knaves
 To spoil his work, and work by halves :
 His meadows may be dug by swine,
 It shall be no concern of mine.
 For, why should I continue still
 To serve a friend against his will ?



D A P H N E.

DAphne knows, with equal ease,
 How to vex and how to please ;
 But, the folly of her sex
 Makes her sole delight to vex.
 Never woman more devis'd
 Surer ways to be despis'd :
 Paradoxes weakly wielding,
 Always conquered, never yielding.
 To dispute, her chief delight,
 With not one opinion right :
 Thick her arguments she lays on,
 And with cavils combats reason :
 Answers in decisive way,
 Never hears what you can say :
 Still her odd perverseness shows
 Chiefly where she nothing knows.
 And where she is most familiar,
 Always peevisher and fillier :
 All her spirits in a flame
 When she knows she's most to blame.

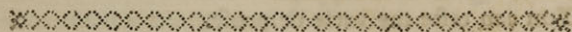
Send me hence ten thousand miles,
 From a face that always smiles :
 None could ever act that part,
 But a Fury in her heart.
 Ye who hate such inconsistency,
 To be easy keep your distance ;
 Or in folly still befriend her,
 But have no concern to mend her.
 Lose not time to contradict her,
 Nor endeavour to convict her.

Never

Never take it in your thought,
 That she'll own, or cure a fault.
 Into contradiction warm her,
 Then, perhaps, you may reform her :
 Only take this rule along,
 Always to advise her wrong ;
 And reprove her when she's right ;
 She may then grow wise for spight.

No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
 She has better learnt her creed :
 She's too cunning, and too skilful,
 When to yield, and when be wilful.
 Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
 One for truth, and one for errors :
 That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful ;
 This is flatt'ring and delightful :
 That she throws away as foul ;
 Sits by this, to dress her soul.

Thus you have the case in view,
 Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you ;
 Heav'n forbid he should despise thee,
 But will never more advise thee.



TWELVE ARTICLES.

I.

Left it may more quarrels breed,
 I will never hear you read.

II.

By disputing I will never
 To convince you, once endeavour.

When

III.

When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV.

When I talk, and you are heedless,
I will shew no anger needless.

V.

When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI.

When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

VII.

Not a jest, or hum'rous story,
Will I ever tell before ye :
To be chidden for explaining
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII.

Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX.

You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

X.

You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI.

Shew your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit ;

Give yourself ten thousand airs,
That with me shall break no squares.

XII.

Never will I give advice
'Till you please to ask me thrice;
Which, if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

R O B I N and H A R R Y*.

R O B I N, to beggars, with a curse,
Throws the last shilling in his purse;
And, when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.

Grave H A R R Y, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny, and God's blessing;
But, always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.

Robin, from noon to night will prate,
Runs out in tongue, as in estate;
And ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a story twice;

* These gentlemen were sons of the famous Dr. Leslie, and one of them was a colonel in the Spanish service.

And, if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last till five and fifty.

It so fell out that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And, with his Dame, the ocean cross,
All for Love, or the world well lost.
Repairs a cabbin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in ;
And, in his house, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum,
Where goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse ;
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound ;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her :
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a mess of broth.

Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux ;
But, when espous'd, he ran the fate
That must attend the married state ;
From gold brocade and shining armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer ;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd,
Nor twice a week will shave his beard.

Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,

Powder'd

Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
 In courtly style address'd Frank ;
 Twice ten years older than his wife,
 Is doom'd to be a beau for life :
 Supplying those defects by dress,
 Which I must leave the world to guess.

T H E

FIVE LADIES ANSWER

T O T H E

BEAU with the WIG and WINGS at his Head.

YOU little scribbling beau,
 What Dæmon made you write ?
 Because to write you know
 As much as you can fight.

For compliment so scurvy,
 I wish we had you here ;
 We'd turn you topsy-turvy
 Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
 The man and place we chose ;
 We're sure a single parson
 Is worth a hundred Beaux.

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E c

And

And you would make us vassals,
 Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
 To silver clocks and tassels;
 You wou'd, you thing of things!

Because around your cane
 A ring of diamonds is set;
 And you, in some bye-lane,
 Have gain'd a poultry grizette :

Shall we, of sense refin'd,
 Your trifling nonsense bear,
 As noisy as the wind.
 As empty as the air ?

We hate your empty prattle,
 And vow and swear 'tis true;
 There's more in one child's rattle
 Than twenty fops like you.



THE
 BEAU'S REPLY,
 TO THE
 FIVE LADIES ANSWER.

WHY, how now dapper black,
 I smell your gown and cassock,
 As strong upon your back,
 As Tisdal smells of a sock.

To write such scurvy stuff!
 Fine Ladies never do't;
 I know you well enough,
 And eke your cloven foot.

Fine Ladies when they write,
 Nor scold, nor keep a splutter;
 Their verses give delight,
 As soft and sweet as butter.

But Satan never saw
 Such haggard lines as these:
 They stick athwart my maw,
 As bad as Suffolk-cheese.



A

L E T T E R

FROM

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

I'D have you to know, as sure as you're Dean,
 On Thursday my cask of O'Brien I'll drain :
 If my wife is not willing, I say she's a queen,
 And my right to the cellar, I Gad I'll maintain
 As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain :
 Go tell her it over and over again.
 I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain ;
 For should it, I fear it should cool my hot brain,
 Intirely extinguish my poetic vein ;
 And then I should be as stupid as Kain,
 Who preach'd on three heads, tho' he mention'd
 but twain.
 Now Wardel's in haste, and begins to complain ;
 Your most humble servant, Dear Sir, I remain,

T. S——n.

Get Helsham, Walmsley, Delany,
 And some Grattans, if there be any ||,
 Take care you do not bid too many.

|| *i. e.* In Dublin, for they were country-clergy, living near
 the city.

Dr.

 Dr. S W I F T's A N S W E R

T O

D O C T O R S H E R I D A N.

THE verses you sent on the bottling your wine
 Were, in ev'ry one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
 And I must confess, as a Dean and Divine,
 I think you inspir'd by the Muses all nine.
 I nicely examin'd them ev'ry line,
 And the worst of them all, like a barn-door, did
 shine.

Oh, that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!
 With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine:
 I know they have many a wicked design;
 And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
 However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
 You would really on Thursday leave St. Catherine ||,
 Where I hear you are cramm'd ev'ry day like a swine.
 With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,
 Nor after your vittles lie sleeping supine:
 So I wish you were toothless, like Lord Mafferine,
 But, were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
 I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
 If, when you return, your road you don't line,
 On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine,
 Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
 In square, or in opposite circle, or trine,
 Your beef will on Thursday be saltier than brine:

|| St. Catherine's, the seat of Lady Mountcasser, about six miles from Dublin,

I hope

I hope you have swill'd, with new milk from the
kine,
As much as the Liffée's outdone by the Rhine ;
And Dan shall be with us, with nose aqualine.
If you do not come back, we shall weep out our eyes,
Or may your gown never be good *Lutherine*.
The beef you have got I hear is a chine :
But, if too many come, your Madam will whine ;
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry *Alexandrine* :
I hope you will not think this a *Pasquine*.



A PORTRAIT from the LIFE.

COME fit by my side, while this picture I draw :
In chatt'ring a magpie, in pride a jackdaw ;
A temper the Devil himself could not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle.
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed,
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit :
A house-wife in bed, at table a flattern ;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me friend Thomas *, Ford †, Grattan ‡,
and merry Dan §,
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan ?

* Doctor Thomas Sheridan.

† Charles Ford of Woodpark, Esq;

‡ Reverend John Grattan.

§ Reverend Daniel Jackson.



T H E

D E A N A N D D U K E .

J—S B—s and the Dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd; of course their friendship
ends.

But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke.
Yet, since just Heav'n the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipp'd; he tries no more in vain,
With hands of fidlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The Duke and Dean seem near upon a level.

Oh! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke
Humpry,
From Bailiff's claws thou scarce couldst keep thy
bum free.

A Duke to know a Dean! Go smooth thy crown:
Thy brother (far thy better) wore a gown.
Well, but a Duke thou art; so pleas'd the King:
Oh! would his Majesty but add a string.

A S . A .



A

S A T I R I C A L E L E G Y

On the Death of a late

F A M O U S G E N E R A L.

HIS Grace! impossible! what dead!
 Of old age too, and in his bed!
 And could that mighty warrior fall?
 And so inglorious after all!
 Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
 The last loud trump must wake him now:
 And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
 He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
 And could he be indeed so old
 As by the news-papers we're told?
 Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
 'Twas time in conscience he should die.
 This world he cumber'd long enough;
 He burnt his candle to the snuff;
 And that's the reason, some folks think,
 He left behind *so great a stink*,
 Behold his funeral appears,
 Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
 Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
 Attend the progress of his hearse.
 But what of that, his friends may say,
 He had those honours in his day.
 True to his profit and his pride,
 He made them weep before he dy'd.

Come

Come hither all ye empty things,
 Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of Kings;
 Who float upon the tide of state,
 Come hither, and behold your fate.
 Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
 How very mean a thing's a Duke;
 From all his ill-got honours flung,
 Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

 A N

E P I T A P H

O N

General G * * * * S and Lady M * * T H.

U N D E R this stone ly Dicky and Dolly;
 Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy;
 For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear,
 But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a year,
 A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms
 crost;
 Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he lost:
 The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

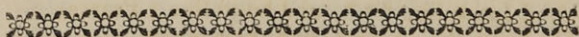
Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he cry'd;
 To live without both full three days he try'd:
 But lik'd neither loss, and so quietly dy'd.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after :
Then, reader, pray shed some tears of salt water ;
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

M—— th smiles for the jointure, tho' gotten
so late ;
The son laughs that got the hard-gotten estate ;
And * Cuff grins, forgetting the Alicant plate.

Here quietly they ly, in hopes to rise one day,
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest ; *sic transit gloria mundi.*

* General G——s's son-in-law.



T H E

P H E A S A N T and the L A R K.

A F A B L E.

By Dr. DELANY.

— *Quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se ?*
JUVENAL.

I N antient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have con'd the records right)
A Peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway
His subjects with delight obey ;
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold,

(Fair

(Fair emblem of that monarch's guise,
 Whose train at once is rich and wise)
 And princely rul'd he many regions,
 And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.

A Pheasant Lord *, above the rest,
 With ev'ry grace and talent blest,
 Was sent to sway, with all his skill,
 The scepter of a neighb'ring hill † ;
 No science was to him unknown,
 For all the Arts were all his own :
 In all the living learned read,
 Tho' more delighted with the dead :
 For birds, if ancient tales say true,
 Had then their Popes and Homers too,
 Cou'd read and write in prose and verse,
 And speak like * * *, and build like ‡ Pearce.
 He knew their voices, and their wings,
 Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings ;
 Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
 And who attain'd the true sublime :
 Their merits he could well descry,
 He had so exquisite an eye ;
 And when that fail'd, to shew them clear,
 He had as exquisite an ear.
 It chance'd as on a day he stray'd,
 Beneath an Academic shade,
 He lik'd, amidst a thousand throats,
 The wildness of a || Woodlark's notes,
 And search'd, and spy'd, and seiz'd his game,
 And took him home, and made him tame ;
 Found him on trial true and able,
 So cheer'd and fed him at his table.

* Lord Carteret Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

† Ireland.

‡ A famous modern architect.

|| Dr. D——y.

Here some shrewd critic finds him caught,
 And cries out, *Better fed than taught* ———
 Then jests on Game and Tame, and reads
 And jests, and so my tale proceeds.

Long had he study'd in the wood,
 Conversing with the wife and good ;
 His soul with harmony inspir'd,
 With love of truth and virtue fir'd :
 His brethren's good and Maker's praise,
 Were all the study of his lays ;
 Were all his study in retreat,
 And now employ'd him with the Great.
 His friendship was the sure resort
 Of all the wretched at the Court ;
 But chiefly merit in distress
 His greatest blessing was to bless.

This fix'd him in his Patron's breast,
 But fir'd with envy all the rest :
 I mean that noisy craving crew,
 Who round the court incessant flew,
 And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
 To fill the maws of sons and cousins :
 ' Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,
 " To ev'ry thought of common good,
 " Confining ev'ry hope and care"
 To their own low contracted sphere.
 These ran him down with ceaseless cry,
 But found it hard to tell you why,
 Till his own worth and wit supply'd,
 Sufficient matter to deride :
 " 'Tis envy's safest, surest rule,
 " To hide her rage in ridicule :
 " The vulgar eye she best beguiles,
 " When all her snakes are deck'd with smiles :"
 Sardonic smiles, by rancour rais'd !
 " Tormented most when seeming pleas'd !"

Their

Their spight had more than half expir'd,
 Had he not wrote what all admir'd ;
 What morsels had their malice wanted,
 But that he built, and plann'd, and planted !
 How had his sence and learning griev'd 'em.
 But that his charity reliev'd 'em !

“ At highest worth dull malice reaches,
 “ As flugs pollute the fairest peaches :
 “ Envy defames, as Harpies vile
 “ Devour the food they first defile.”

Now, ask the fruit of all his favour ——
 “ He was not hitherto a faver” ——
 What then could make their rage run mad?
 “ Why what he *hop'd*, not what he had.

“ What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
 “ Or racks, or rods, to punish hopes ?
 “ Th' inheritance of Hope and Fame
 “ Is seldom earthly wisdom's aim ;
 “ Or, if it were, is not so small,
 “ But there is room enough for all.”

If he but chance to breathe a song
 (He seldom sang, and never long)
 The noisy, rude, malignant croud,
 Where it was high, pronounce'd it loud :
 Plain Truth was Pride, and what was fillier,
 Easy and Friendly was Familiar.

Or if he tun'd his lofty lays,
 With solemn air to Virtue's praise,
 Alike abusive and erroneous,
 They call'd it hoarse and unharmonious :
 Yet so it was to souls like theirs,
 Tuneless as Abel to the bears !

A * Rook with harsh malignant caw
 Began, was follow'd by a † Daw;
 (Tho' some, who would be thought to know,
 Are positive it was a Crow):
Jack Daw was seconded by *Tit*,
Tom Tit * could write, and so he writ,
 A tribe of tuneless Praters follow,
 The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow,
 And twenty more their throats let loose,
 Down to the witless waddling Goose.

Some pick'd at him, some flew, some flutter'd,
 Some hiss'd, some scream'd, and others mutter'd;
 The Crow, on carrion went to feast,
 The Carrion Crow condemn'd his taste:
 The Rook in earnest too, not joking,
 Swore all his singing was but croaking.

Some thought they meant to shew their wit,
 Might think to still, — “ But that they writ” —
 Could it be spite or envy? — “ No —
 “ Who did no ill, could have no foe.” —
 So Wise Simplicity esteem'd,
 Quite otherwise True Wisdom deem'd;
 This question rightly understood,
 “ What more provokes than doing?
 “ A soul ennobled and refin'd,
 “ Reproaches ev'ry baser mind:
 “ As frains exalted and melodious
 “ Make every meaner music odious.” —

At length the ‡ Nightingale was heard,
 For voice and wisdom long rever'd,
 Esteem'd of all the wise and good,
 The Guardian Genius of the wood:

* Doctor T———r.

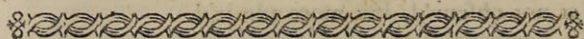
† Right Honourable R—— T———gh, Esq;

* Dr. Sh——d——n.

‡ Dean Swift.

He long in discontent retir'd,
Yet not obscur'd, but more admir'd,
His Brethren's servile souls disdain'd,
He liv'd indignant and complaining:
They now afresh provoke his choler,
It seems the Lark had been his scholar,
A fav'rite scholar always near him,
And oft had wak'd whole nights to hear him:
Enrag'd he canvasses the matter,
Exposes all their senseless chatter,
Shews him and them in such a light,
As more inflames, yet quells their spight;
They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had rais'd it very high:
Sham'd by the wisdom of his notes,
They hide their heads, and hush their throats.





A N
 A N S W E R
 T O
 Dr. DELANY'S FABLE.
 O F T H E
 P H E A S A N T and the L A R K.

Written in the Year M, DCC, XXX.

IN antient times the wise were able,
 In proper terms, to write a fable:
 Their tales would always justly suit
 The characters of ev'ry brute.
 The ass was dull, the lion brave,
 The stag was swift, the fox a knave;
 The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
 The hound wou'd scent, the wolf wou'd prole;
 A pigeon wou'd, if shown by Æsop,
 Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up.
 Far otherwise a great divine
 Has learnt his Fables to refine:
 He jumbles men and birds together,
 As if they all were of a feather:
 You see him first the peacock bring,
 Against all rules, to be a king;
 That in his tail he wore his eyes,
 By which he grew both rich and wise.

Now,

Now, pray, observe the doctor's choice,
 A peacock chose for flight and voice :
 Did ever mortal see a peacock
 Attempt a flight above a haycock ?
 And for his singing, doctor, you know,
 Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
 He squalls in such a hellish noise,
 It frightens all the village-boys.
 This peacock kept a standing force,
 In regiments of foot and horse ;
 Had statesmen too of ev'ry kind,
 Who waited on his eyes behind.
 (And this was thought the highest post ;
 For, rule the Rump, you rule the roast.)
 The doctor names but one at present,
 And he of all birds was a pheasant.
 This Pheasant was a man of wit,
 Cou'd read all books were ever writ ;
 And, when among companions privy,
 Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
 Birds, as he says, and I allow,
 Were scholars then, as we are now ;
 Could read all volumes up to folios,
 And feed on fricassees and olios.
 This Pheasant, by the Peacock's will,
 Was Viceroy of a neighb'ring hill ;
 And, as he wand'ring in his Park,
 He chance'd to spy a Clergy Lark ;
 Was taken with his person outward,
 So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d :
 Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,
 And in his palace both fed and taught him.
 The moral of the Tale is pleasant,
 Himself the Lark, my Lord the pheasant :
 A lark he is, and such a lark
 As never came from Noah's ark :
 And tho' he had no other notion,
 But building, planning, and devotion ;

Tho' 'tis a maxim you must know,
 Who does no ill, can have no foe,
 Yet how shall I express in words
 The strange stupidity of birds?
 This lark was hated in the wood,
 Because he did his brethren good.
 At last the Nightingale comes in,
 To hold the Doctor by the chin:
 We all can find out whom he means,
 The worst of disaffected Deans:
 Whose wit at best was next to none,
 And now that little next is gone.
 Against the Court is always blabbing,
 And calls the senate-house a cabbins;
 So dull, that but for spleen and spite,
 We ne'er shou'd know that he could write:
 Who thinks the nation always err'd,
 Because himself is not preferr'd:
 His heart is thro' his libel * seen,
 Nor could his malice spare the Q——n;
 Who, had she known his vile behaviour,
 Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.
 A Noble Lord † hath told his pranks,
 And well deserves the nation's thanks.
 O would the Senate deign to show,
 Resentment on this public Foe;
 Our Nightingale might fit a cage,
 There let him starve, and vent his rage.
 Or would they but in fetters bind
 This enemy of human-kind.
 Harmonious Coffee * show thy zeal,
 Thou champion for the common-weal:
 Nor on a theme like this repine,
 For once to wet thy pen divine:

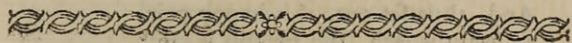
* Vide a Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret, Vol. VI. p.
322.

† Lord Allen, the same who is meant by Traulus.

* A Dublin Garrettee.

Bestow that libeller a lash,
 Who daily vends seditious trash :
 Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
 But in the praise of virtue is dumb :
 That scribbler lash, who neither knows
 The turn of verse, nor style of prose ;
 Whose malice, for the worst † of ends,
 Wou'd have us lose our ENGLISH friends,
 Who never had one public thought,
 Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
 One clincher more, and I have done,
 I end my labours with a pun.
 Jove send this Nightingale may fall,
 Who spends his day and night in gall.
 So Nightingale and Lark, adieu ;
 I see the greatest owls in you
 That ever screecht or ever flew.

}



T H E

PROGRESS of MARRIAGE.

ÆTatis suæ fifty-two,
 A rich Divine began to woo
 A handsome, young, imperious girl,
 Nearly related to an Earl.
 Her parents and her friends consent,
 The couple to the temple went :
 They first invite the Cyprian Queen ;
 'T was answer'd, She would not be seen :
 The Graces next, and all the Muses
 Were bid in form, but sent excuses.

† Vide Vol. VI, p. 265. A new song on a seditious pamphlet.

Juno attended at the porch,
 With farthing-candle for a torch,
 While Mistress Iris held her train,
 The faded bow distilling rain.
 Then Hebe came, and took her place,
 But shew'd no more than half her face.

Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
 In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
 The wedding-day, you take me right,
 I promise nothing for the night.
 The bridegroom drest, to make a figure
 Assumes an artificial vigour;
 A flourish'd night cap on, to grace
 His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
 Like the faint red upon a pippin,
 Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And, thus set out, this happy pair,
 The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
 But, what I gladly would forget,
 The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
 Both from the goal together start;
 Scarce run a step before they part;
 No common ligament that binds
 The various textures of their minds;
 Their thoughts, and actions, hopes and fears,
 Less corresponding than their years,
 Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
 She rises to her tea at noon.
 While he goes out to cheapen books,
 She at the glass consults her looks;
 While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
 Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!
 So odd a choice how could she make?
 Wist him a col'nel for her sake.
 Then, on her fingers ends, she counts,
 Exact, to what his age amounts.

The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
 Is sixty, if he be a day ;
 His ruddy cheeks are no disguise ;
 You see the crow's feet round his eyes.

At one she rambles to the shops,
 To cheapen tea, and talk with fops ;
 Or calls a council of her maids,
 And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
 Her weighty morning bus'ness o'er,
 Sits down to dinner just at four ;
 Minds nothing that is done or said,
 Her ev'ning-work so fills her head.
 The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
 Is maukish, and his stomach gone ;
 In thread-bare gown, would scarce a louse hold,
 Looks like the chaplain of his household,
 Beholds her from the chaplain's place
 In French brocades and Flanders lace ;
 He wonders what employs her brain,
 But never asks, or asks in vain ;
 His mind is full of other cares,
 And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
 Computes, that half a parish-dues
 Will hardly find his wife in shoes.

Can't thou imagine, dull divine,
 'Twill gain her love to make her fine ?
 Hath she no other wants beside ?
 You raise desire as well as pride,
 Enticing coxcombs to adore,
 And teach her to despise thee more.

If in her coach she'll condescend
 To place him at the hinder end,
 Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
 His odious gown would soil her cloaths,

And

And drops him at the church, to pray,
 While she drives on to see the play.
 He, like an orderly divine,
 Comes home a quarter after nine,
 And meets her hasting to the ball;
 Her chairmen push him from the wall.
 He enters in, and walks up stairs,
 And calls the family to pray'rs;
 Then goes alone to take his rest
 In bed, where he can spare her best.
 At five the footmen make a din,
 Her Ladyship is just come in,
 The masquerade began at two,
 She stole away with much ado:
 And shall be chid this afternoon
 For leaving company so soon:
 She'll say, and she may truly say't,
 She can't abide to stay out late.

But now, though scarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
 Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarry'd:
 The cause, alas, is quickly gueſt,
 The town has whisper'd round the jeſt.
 Think on ſome remedy in time,
 You find his Rev'rence paſt his prime,
 Already dwindled to a lath;
 No other way but try the Bath.

For Venus, riſing from the ocean,
 Infus'd a ſtrong prolific potion,
 That mixt with Achelaus ſpring,
 The horned flood, as poets ſing,
 Who, with an Engliſh beauty ſmitten,
 Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
 The genial virtue with him brought,
 And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
 Then fled, and left his horn behind
 For huſbands paſt their youth to find:

The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
 Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
 Where childless wives croud ev'ry morn
 To drink in Achelaus horn.
 And here the father often gains
 That title by another's pains.

Hither, though much against the grain,
 The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
 He, for a while, would not consent,
 But vow'd his money all was spent :
 His money spent ! a clownish reason !
 And must my Lady slip her season ?
 The Doctor, with a double fee,
 Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.

Here all diversions of the place
 Are proper in my Lady's case :
 With which she patiently complies,
 Merely because her friends advise ;
 His money and her time employs
 In music, raffling-rooms, and toys ;
 Or, in the Cross-bath, seeks an heir,
 Since others oft have found one there :
 Where, if the Dean, by chance appears,
 It shames his cassock and his years.
 He keeps his distance in the gallery
 'Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery ;
 For, 'twould his character expose
 To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So have I seen, within a pen,
 Young ducklings foster'd by a hen ;
 But, when let out, they run and muddle,
 As instinct leads them, in a puddle :
 The sober hen, not born to swim,
 With mournful note clucks round the brim.

The

The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
 Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
 A victim to the last essays
 Of vigor in declining days,
 He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
 (What could he less ?) his whole estate,

The widow goes through all her forms :
 New lovers now will come in swarms.
 Oh, may I see her soon dispensing
 Her favours to some broken ensign !
 Him let her marry, for his face,
 And only coat of tarnisht lace ;
 To turn her naked out of doors,
 And spend her jointure on his whores :
 But, for a parting present, leave her
 A rooted pox to last for ever.

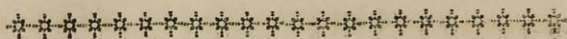
FABU-



F A B U L A

CANIS ET UMBRAE.

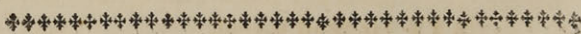
ORE cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago :
Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et alte
Ad latices inhiat, cadit ino vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non simulachrum corripit una.
Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram :
Illudit species, ac dentibus æra mordet.



EPIGRAMS.

Written upon a Window in an INN.

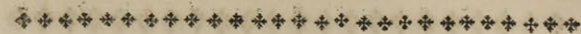
WE fly from luxury and wealth,
 To hardships in pursuit of health ;
 From gen'rous wines and costly fare,
 And dozing in an easy chair ;
 Pursue the Goddess Health in vain,
 To find her in a country-scene,
 And ev'ry where her footsteps trace,
 And see her marks in ev'ry face ;
 And still her favourites we meet,
 Crouding the roads with naked feet.
 But oh ! so faintly we pursue,
 We ne'er can have her full in view.



Written upon Windows at INNS in
 ENGLAND.

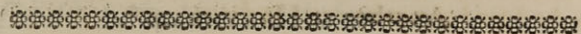
THE glass, by lovers nonsense blurr'd,
 Dims and obscures our sight :
 So when our passions Love hath stirr'd,
 It darkens Reason's light.

Another



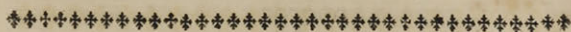
Another, written upon a Window where
there was no Writing before.

THanks to my stars, I once can see
A window here from scribbling free:
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paultry drabs on glass;
Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.



Another at CHESTER.

MY landlord is civil,
But dear as the D——l:
Your pockets grow empty
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is so four,
'Twill give you a scour:
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with stale.
The veal is such carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a smelt.



A N

A N S W E R

TO A CERTAIN

DOCTOR'S COMPLAINT *.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone;

ANSWER.

Except the first, the fault's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burthen grown.

ANSWER.

*Because to few you will be shown.
Give them good wine, and meat to stuff,
You may have company enough.*

DOCTOR.

*No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.*

ANSWER.

Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

* This poem is printed before, but without the answers.

DOCTOR.

*At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.*

ANSWER.

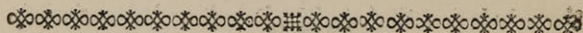
Think then of thunder when you f—t.

DOCTOR.

*And what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.*

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have skill,
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;
But louder than a bell or thunder:
That does, I own, increase my wonder.



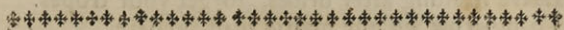
V E R S E S

O N

I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY Latest tribute here I send,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I consign you down to fame,
A character to praise or blame:
And, if the whole may pass for true,
Contented rest, you have your due.
Give future times the satisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

TO-



† T O L A N D ' s I N V I T A T I O N

T O

D I S M A L,

To dine with the CALVES-HEAD-CLUB.

Imitated from HORACE, Epist. V. Lib. I.

A B A L L A D.

I F, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
 Upon a single dish and tavern-wine,
 Toland to you this invitation sends,
 To eat the *Calves-head* with your trusty friends:
Suspend

S I Potes Archaicis conviva recumbere lectis,
 Nec modicâ cœnare times olus omne patellâ;
 Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.

* * * * *
Mitte

† This poem was occasioned by the Lord Treasurer Oxford's hinting one evening to Dr. Swift, that he wished a ballad was made on the Earl of Nottingham; and, accordingly, the ballad was written and printed the next morning. And when it was read after dinner, in a large circle, where my Lord Oxford was present, it made the whole company laugh a dozen times. *Vide* Swift's Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. Jonathan Swift, chap. II. p. 227.

Suspend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
 Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
 To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
 Where thou, our latest profelyte, shalt share :
 When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell
 How, by *brave hands*, the ROYAL TRAITOR fell :
 The meat shall represent the TYRANT's head,
 The wine his blood our predeceffors shed ;
 Whilst an alluding hymn some artists sings,
 We toast confusion to the race of kings :
 At monarchy we nobly shew our spite,
 And talk *what fools call treason* all the night.
 Who, by disgraces or ill-fortune sunk,
 Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk ?
 Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face.
 And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place ;
 By force of wine ev'n Scarborough is brave,
 Hal * grows more pert, and Sommers not so grave :
Wine

Mitte leves spes, et certamina divitiarum,
 Et Moschi causam. Cras nato Cæsare festus
 Dat veniam somnumque dies : impune licebit
 Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.

* * * * *
 Quid non ebrietas designat ? operta recludit ;
 Spes jubet esse ratas ; in prælia trudit inermem :
 Solicitis animis onus eximit ; addocet artes.
 Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum ?
 Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum ?

Hæc

* Harry Boyle, who is mentioned three times in this ballad.

Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland sense,
 Montague learning, Bolton eloquence :
 Cholmondley, when drunk, can never lose his
 wand,

And L——n then imagines he has land.

My province is, to see that all be right,
 Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright ;
 From our *mysterious club* to keep out spies,
 And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
 You shall be coupled as you best approve,
 Seated at table next the men you love.
 Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's
 Grace

Will come ; and Hampden shall have Walpole's *
 place.

Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
 Will hardly fail, and there is room for more ;
 But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
 And honest Harry is too apt to fit——k.

Let no pretence of bus'ness make you stay,
 Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
 If Guernsey † call, send word you're gone abroad,
 He'll teaze you with King Charles and Bishop Laud,
 Or,

Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
 Invitus ; ne turpe toral, ne fordida mappa
 Corruget nares ; ne non et cantharus, et lanx,
 Ostendat tibi te ; ne fidos inter amicos
 Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet : ut coeat par,
 Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi, Septimiumque,
 Et, nisi cœna prior, potiorque puella Sabinum
 VOL. XIII. I i Detinet,

* Walpole was then confined in the Tower,

† The Earl of Nottingham's brother.

Or make you fast, and carry you to pray'rs ;
But if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there ;
Then order Squash to call a hackney chair.

Detinet, affumam ; locus est et pluribus umbris :
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu, quotus esse velis, rescribe ; et, rebus omiffis,
Atria fervantem postico falle clientem.



GEORGE * NIM-DAN-DEAN'S
I N V I T A T I O N †.

T O

Mr. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gallstown, August 2. 1721.

DEAR Tom, this verse, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the *end's good metre*, Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation comes, your *friends you'd meet here*.

* In the year 1721, Doctor Swift, Doctor Delany, Doctor Sheridan, Doctor Stopford, the Reverend Dan Jackson, and some other company, spent a great part of the summer at Gallstown, in the county of Westmeath, the seat of George Rochfort Esq; father to the present Earl of Bellvidere. Many of the gentlemen assembled in this groupe had a genius for poetry, and a taste for the polite arts. In this retirement they passed their hours very agreeably, and frequently amused themselves with poetical jests and whimsies of the brain, which undoubtedly were never designed originally for the press. However, since by one means or other, several of those ingenious rapid performances have already appeared in some of the former volumes of Doctor Swift's works, it is hoped the two or three following copies of verses, which were communicated to the editor of these volumes by a gentleman who had them long in his possession, will not meet with an ungracious reception from persons of taste and refinement.

† This Invitation seems to have been the joint composition of George Rochfort, John Rochfort, (who was called Nim, or Nimrod, by Doctor Swift, because he was fond of hunting) Dan Jackson, and Doctor Swift, in a vein of whim and merriment, and, in all probability, was sent off directly by the post to Sheridan.

For, why should you stay in that filthy hole, I mean
the *city so smoaky*,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at
least not one that's *witty to joke w'ye?*
For, as for honest John *, tho' I am not sure on't,
yet I'll be *hang'd, less he*
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that
great peer the Lord Anglesey †.
Oh ! but I forgot, perhaps, by this time, you may
have one come to town, but I don't know whe-
ther he be friend or foe, Delany :
But, however, if he be come, bring him down,
and you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know
there's *no delaying ye.*
Oh ! I forgot too, I believe there may be one more,
I mean that great fat joker, *friend Helsham, he*
That wrote the Prologue ‡, and if you stay with
him, depend on't, in the *end, he'll sham ye.*
Bring

* It is supposed that by John, in this passage, is meant Dr Walmfley.

† Arthur, Earl of Anglesey.

‡ It was customary with Dr. Sheridan to have a Greek play acted. by his head class just before they entered the University; and accordingly, in the year 1720, the Doctor having fixed on Hippolytus, writ a Prologue in English, to be spoken by Mr. Tom Putland, one of the youngest children he had in the school. The prologue was very neat and elegant, but extremely puerile, and quite adapted to the childhood of the speaker, who as regularly was taught, and rehearsed his part, as any of the upper lads did theirs. However, it unfortunately happened, that Doctor King, Archbishop of Dublin, had promised Sheridan that he would go and see his lads perform the tragedy. Upon which Doctor Helsham writ another prologue, wherein he laughed egregiously at Sheridan's, and privately instructed Mr. Putland how to act his part; and, at the same time, exacted a promise of the child, that no consideration should make him repeat that prologue which he had been taught by Sheridan. When the play was to be acted, the Archbishop attended according to his promise, and Mr. Putland began Helsham's prologue, and went through it to the amazement of Sheridan; which fired him to such a degree, (although he was one of the best natured men in the world) that he would have entirely put off the play, had it not been in respect to the Archbishop, who was indeed highly complimented in Helsham's performance. When the play was over, the Archbishop was very desirous

Bring down Long Shanks Jim * too, but now I think on't, he's not come yet from Courtown †, *I fancy* ;
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there *a courting* Sly Nancy.

However, bring down yourself, and you bring down all; for, to say it *we may venture*,
In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Hellsham's jokes, and the soft soul of amorous Jemmy center.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a *gun, and own it* ;

I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can boast of, your own spirit of *pun, and own wit*.

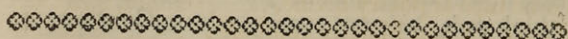
And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which I must say is (tho' written somewhat at large) *trim and clean* ;

And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual,
Your most dutiful and obedient George Nim-Dan-Dean.

desirous to hear Sheridan's prologue; but all the intreaties of the Archbishop, the child's father, and Sheridan, could not prevail with Master Putland to repeat it, having, he said, promised faithfully that he would not, upon any account whatever; and therefore insisted that he would keep his word.

* Doctor James Stopford, late Bishop of Cloyne.

† Courtown, the seat of — Hurray, Esq; in the county of Kildare.



T O

GEORGE NIM-DAN-DEAN, Esq;

Upon his incomparable Verses, &c. of August 2.
M, DCC, XXI.

Written by Dr. DELANY, in the Name of
THOMAS SHERIDAN*.

HAIL, human compound quadrifarious!
 Invincible as wight Briaræus!
 Hail! doubly doubled mighty merry one,
 Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon!
 O may your vastness deign t'excuse
 The praises of a puny Muse,
 Unable in her utmost flight,
 To reach thy huge Colossian height:
 T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
 Whose lines are like thyself gigantic.

Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
 Thy vast, thy bold Cambyrian vein,
 Pour'd out t' enrich thy native isle,
 As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
 Oh how I joy to see thee wander,
 In many a winding loose meander,
 In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
 And ending in a clink quadruple;
 Loud, yet agreeable withal,
 Like rivers rattling in their fall.

* These verses were all written in circles, one within another, as appears from the observations in the following poem by Dr. Swift.

Thise

Thine sure is poetry divine,
 Where wit and Majesty combine ;
 Where ev'ry line, as huge as seven,
 If stretch'd in length, would reach to heav'n ;
 Here all comparing wou'd be stand'ring.
 The least is more than Alexandrine.

Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
 He whets his envious scythe in vain ;
 For, tho' from thee he much may pare,
 Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.

Thou hast alone the skill to feast
 With Roman elegance of taste,
 Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
 As Pompey's caterer of courses.

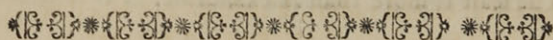
Oh thou, of all the Nine inspir'd !
 My languid soul, with teaching tir'd,
 How is it raptur'd, when it thinks
 On thy harmonious sett of clinks ;
 Each answer'ing each in various rhymes,
 Like Echo to St. Patrick's chimes ?

Thy Muse, majestic in her rage,
 Moves like Statira on the stage,
 And scarcely can one page sustain
 The length of such a flowing train:
 Her train, of variegated dye,
 Shews like Thaumantia's in the sky ;
 Alike they glow, alike they please,
 Alike impress'd by Phœbus rays.

Thy verse——(Ye Gods ! I cannot bear it)
 To what, to what shall I compare it ?
 'Tis like, what I have oft heard spoke on,
 The famous statue of Laocoon.
 'Tis like, —— O yes, 'tis very like it,
 The long long string with which you fly kite.

'Tis

'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
 Roar to your echo † in good humour;
 And ev'ry couplet thou hast writ
 Concludes like Rattah-whittah-whit †.



T O

Mr. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

Upon his VERSES written in Circles.

By DOCTOR SWIFT.

IT never was known that circular letters,
 By humble companions were sent to their betters:
 And, as to the subject, our judgement *mebercle*
 Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
 But now for your verses; we tell you *imprimis*,
 The segment so large 'twixt your reason and rhyme
 is,
 That we walk all about, like a horse in a pond,
 And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
 Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant
 To give us your measures of lines by a quadrant.
 But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd
 metre,
 In each single verse, took up a diameter.

* At Gallstown there is so famous an Echo, that, if you repeat two lines of Virgil out of a speaking-trumpet, you may hear the nymph return them to your ear with great propriety and clearness.

† Theſe words allude to their amusements with the Echo, having no other signification but to express the sound of stones returned by the Echo, when beaten one against the other.

But

But how, Mr. Sheridan came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim to place in the cen-
tre * ?

'Twill appear to your cost, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the cord of your circle is now in their hand ;
The cord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegasus fixt in a tether,
As his betters are us'd, shall be lash'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the
string.

Will Hancock declares you are out of your compass,
T' encroach on his art by writing of bombas';
And has taken just now a firm resolution
To answer your style without circumlocution.

Lady Betty † presents you her service most humble,
And is not afraid your worship will grumble,
That she makes of your verses a hoop for Miss Tam ‡,
Which is all at present ; and so I remain —

* There were four human figures in the center of the circular verses.

† Daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochford, Esq.

‡ Miss Tam, (a short name for Thomason) Lady Betty's daughter ; then perhaps about a year old. She is now married to Gustavus Lambert, Esq; of Payntown, in the county of Meath,



O F

MEAN and GREAT FIGURES, made by
several Persons.

Of those who have made GREAT FIGURES in some particular action or circumstance of their lives.

Alexander the Great, after his victory, [at the Streights of Mount Taurus] when he entered the tent where the Queen and the Princeesses of Persia fell at his feet.

Socrates, the whole last day of his life, and particularly from the time he took the poison to the moment he expired.

Cicero, when he was recalled from his banishment; the people, through every place he passed, meeting him with shouts of joy and congratulation, and all Rome coming out to receive him.

Regulus, when he went out of Rome attended by his friends to the gates, and returned to Carthage according to his word of honour, although he knew he must be put to a cruel death, for advising the Romans to pursue their war with that commonwealth.

Scipio

Scipio the Elder, when he dismissed a beautiful captive lady, presented to him after a great victory, turning his head aside to preserve his own virtue.

The same Scipio, when he and Hannibal met before the battle, if the fact be true.

Cincinnatus, when the messengers, sent by the senate to make him Dictator, found him at the plough.

Epaminondas, when the Persian ambassador came to his house, and found him in the midst of poverty.

The Earl of Strafford, the day that he made his own defence at his trial.

King Charles the Martyr, during his whole trial, and at his death.

The Black Prince, when he waited at supper on the King of France, whom he had conquered and taken prisoner the same day.

Virgil, when at Rome, the whole audience rose up, out of veneration, as he entered the theatre.

Mahomet the Great, when he cut off his beloved mistress's head, on a stage erected for that purpose, to convince his soldiers, who taxed him for preferring his love to his glory.

Cromwell, when he quelled a mutiny in Hyde-park.

Harry the Great of France, when he entered
K k 2 Paris,

Paris, and sat at cards the same night with some great ladies, who were his mortal enemies.

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, at his trial.

Cato of Utica, when he provided for the safety of his friends, and had determined to die.

Sir Thomas More, during his imprisonment, and at his execution.

Marius, when the soldier, sent to kill him in the dungeon, was struck with so much awe and veneration, that his sword fell from his hand.

- Douglas, when the ship he commanded was on fire, and he lay down to die in it, because it should not be said, that one of his family ever quitted their post.

Sir Jerom Bows, * * * *

* * * * *

*Of those who have made a mean contemptible figure,
in some action or circumstance of their lives.*

Antony, at Actium, when he fled after Cleopatra.

Pompey, when he was killed on the sea-shore in Egypt.

Nero and Vitellius, when they were put to death.

Lepidus,

Lepidus, when he was compelled to lay down his share of the triumvirate.

Cromwell, the day he refused the Kingship out of fear.

Perseus King of Macedon, when he was led in triumph.

Richard II. of England, after he was deposed.

The late King of Poland, when the King of Sweden forced him to give up his kingdom; and when he took it again upon the King of Sweden's defeat by the Mutcovites.

King James II. of England, when the Prince of Orange sent to him at midnight to leave London.

King William III. of England, when he sent to beg the House of Commons to continue his Dutch guards, and was refused.

The late Queen Anne of England, when she sent Whitworth to Muscovy on an embassy of humiliation, for an insult committed here on that prince's ambassador.

The Lord Chancellor Bacon, when he was convicted of bribery.

The late Duke of Marlborough, when he was forced, after his own disgrace, to carry his Dutches's gold-key to the Queen.

The old Earl of Pembroke, when a Scotch Lord gave him a lash with a whip at New-market, in
presence

presence of all the nobility, and he bore it with patience.

King Charles II. of England, when he entered into the second Dutch war, and in many other actions during his whole reign.

Philip II. of Spain, after the defeat of the Armada.

The Emperor Charles V. when he resigned his crown, and nobody would believe his reasons.

King Charles I. of England, when, in gallantry to his Queen, he thought to surprize her with a present of a diamond buckle, which he pushed down her breast, and tore her flesh with the tongue; upon which she drew it out and flung it on the ground.

Fairfax, the parliament-general, at the time of King Charles's trial.

Julius Cæsar, when Antony offered to put a diadem on his head, and the people shouted for joy to see him decline it; which he never offered to do until he saw their dislike in their countenances.

Coriolanus, when he withdrew his army from Rome at the intreaty of his mother

Hannibal at Antiochus's court.

Beau Fielding, at fifty years old, when, in a quarrel upon the stage, he was run into his breast, which he opened and shewed to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a laughing.

The Count de Buffy Rabutin, when he was recalled to Court after twenty years banishment into the country, and affected to make the same figure he did in his youth.

The Earl of Sunderland, when he turned Papist in the time of King James II. and underwent all the forms of a Heretic converted.

Pope ——— when he was taken prisoner, at Rome, by the Emperor Charles V's forces.

Queen Mary of Scotland, when she suffered Bothwel to ravish her, and pleaded that as an excuse for marrying him.

King John of England, when he gave up his kingdom to the Pope, to be held as a fief from the see of Rome.

CON-



CONCERNING
 THAT UNIVERSAL HATRED,
 WHICH
 PREVAILS against the CLERGY.

MAY 24. M,DCC,XXXVI.

I HAVE been long considering and conjecturing, what could be the causes of that great disgust, of late, against the clergy of both kingdoms, beyond what was ever known 'till that monster and tyrant, Henry VIII. who took away from them, against law, reason, and justice, at least two thirds of their legal possessions; and whose successors (except Queen Mary) went on with their rapine, till the accession of King James I. That detestable tyrant Henry VIII. although he abolished the Pope's power in England, as universal bishop, yet what he did in that article, however just it were in itself, was the mere effect of his irregular appetite, to divorce himself from a wife he was weary of, for a younger and more beautiful woman, whom he afterwards beheaded. But, at the same time, he was an entire defender of all the Popish doctrines, even those which were the most absurd. And, while he put people to death for denying him to be head of the church, he burned every offender against the doctrines of the Roman Faith; and

and cut off the head of Sir Thomas More, a person of the greatest virtue this kingdom ever produced, for not directly owning him to be head of the church. Among all the princes who ever reigned in the world there was never so infernal a beast as Henry VIII. in every vice of the most odious kind, without any one appearance of virtue; But cruelty, lust, rapine, and atheism, were his peculiar talents. He rejected the power of the Pope for no other reason, than to give his full swing to commit sacrilege, in which no tyrant, since Christianity became national, did ever equal him by many degrees. The abbeyes, endowed with lands by the mistaken notion of well-disposed men, were indeed too numerous, and hurtful to the kingdom; and, therefore, the legislature might, after the Reformation, have justly applied them to some pious or public uses.

In a very few centuries after Christianity became national in most parts of Europe, although the Church of Rome had already introduced many corruptions in religion; yet the piety of early Christians, as well as new converts, was so great, and particularly of princes, as well as noblemen and other wealthy persons, that they built many religious houses for those who were inclined to live in a reclus or solitary manner, endowing those monasteries with land. It is true, we read of monks some ages before, who dwelt in caves and cells in desert places. But, when public edifices were erected and endowed, they began gradually to degenerate into idleness, ignorance, avarice, ambition, and luxury, after the usual fate of all human institutions. The popes, who had already aggrandized themselves, laid hold of the opportunity to subject all religious houses with their priors and abbots, to their peculiar authority; whereby these religious orders became of an interest directly different from the rest of mankind, and wholly at the Pope's devotion.

need say no more on this article, so generally known and so frequently treated, or of the frequent endeavours of some other princes, as well as our own, to check the growth, and wealth, and power of the regulars.

In later times, this mistaken piety, of erecting and endowing abbeys, began to decrease. And therefore, when some new-invented sect of monks and friars began to start up, not being able to procure grants of land, they got leave from the Pope to appropriate the tithes and glebes of certain parishes, as contiguous or near as they could find, obliging themselves to send out some of their body to take care of the people's souls: And, if some of those parishes were at too great a distance from the abbey, the monks appointed to attend them were paid, for the cure, either a small stipend of a determined sum, or sometimes a third part, or what are now called the vicarial tithes.

As to the church-lands, it hath been the opinion of many writers, that, in England, they amounted to a third part of the whole kingdom: And therefore, if that wicked Prince above-mentioned, when he had cast off the Pope's power, had introduced some reformation in religion, he could not have been blamed for taking away the abbey-lands by authority of parliament. But, when he continued the most cruel persecutor of all those who differed in the least article of the popish religion, which was then the national and established faith, his seizing on those lands, and applying them to profane uses, was absolute sacrilege, in the strongest sense of the word; having been bequeathed by princes and pious men to sacred uses.

In the reign of this Prince, the Church and Court of Rome had arrived to such a height of corruption, in doctrine and discipline, as gave great offence to many wise, learned, and pious men through most parts of Europe; and several countries

countries agreed to make some reformation in religion. But, although a proper and just reformation were allowed to be necessary, even to preserve Christianity itself, yet the passions and vices of men had mingled themselves so far, as to pervert and confound all the good endeavours of those who intended well : And thus the reformation, in every country where it was attempted, was carried on in the most impious and scandalous manner that can possibly be conceived. To which unhappy proceedings we owe all the just reproaches, that Roman Catholics hath cast upon us ever since. For, when the northern kingdoms and states grew weary of the Pope's tyranny, and when their preachers, beginning with the scandalous abuses of indulgencies, and proceeding farther to examine several points of faith, had credit enough with their princes, who were in some fear lest such a change might affect the peace of their countries, because their bishops had great influence on the people by their wealth and power; these politic teachers had a ready answer to this purpose. " Sir, your Majesty need not be in any pain or apprehension : " Take away the lands, and sink the authority of " the Bishops : Bestow those lands on your courtiers, on your nobles, and your great officers in " your army; and then you will be secure of the " people." This advice was exactly followed. And, in the Protestant monarchies abroad, little more than the shadow of Episcopacy is left; but, in the republics, is wholly extinct.

In England, the Reformation was brought in after a somewhat different manner, but upon the same principle of robbing the church. However, Henry VIII. with great dexterity, discovered an invention to gratify his insatiable thirst for blood, on both religions,

* * * *

* * *



A

L E T T E R

Giving an ACCOUNT of

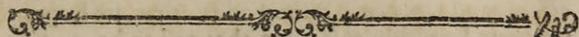
A PESTILENT NEIGHBOUR.

S I R,

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

I am, &c.

A



A

L E T T E R

T O T H E

E A R L of P E M B R O K E.

M Y L O R D,

1709, at a Conjecture.

IT is now a good while since I resolv'd to take some occasion of congratulating with your Lordship, and condoling with the public, upon your Lordship's leaving the Admiralty; and I thought I could never chuse a better time, than when I am in the country with my Lord Bishop of Clogher and his brother the Doctor *: For we pretend to a *triumvirate* of as humble servants and true admirers of your Lordship, as any you have in both islands. You may well call them a *triumvirate*; for, if you please to *try-um*, they will *vie* with the best, and are of the first *rate*, though they are not *men of war*, but men of church. To say the truth, it was a pity your Lordship should be confined to the *Fleet*, when you are not in debt. Though your Lordship is *cast away*, you are not *sunk*; nor ever will be, since nothing is out of your Lordship's *depth*. Dr. *Ashe* says, it is but justice that your Lordship, who

* Dr. St. George Ashe,

is a man of *letters*, should be place'd upon the *post-office*; and my Lord Bishop adds, that he hopes to see your Lordship toft from that *post* to be a *pillar* of state again; which he desired I would put in by way of *Postscript*.

I am,

MY LORD, &c.



A

L E T T E R

T O T H E

E A R L of P E M B R O K E,

Pretended to be the Dying Speech of TOM ASHE, whose Brother, the Reverend DILLON ASHE, was nicknamed DILLY*.

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

TOM ASHE died last night. It is conceived he was so puffed up by my Lord Lieutenant's *favour*, that it struck him into a *fever*. I here send you his dying

* Thomas Ashe, Esq; descended from an ancient family of that name in Wiltshire, was a gentleman of fortune in Ireland. He was

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

MY FRIENDS,

IT is time for a man to look *grave* when he 'has one foot there. I once had only a *punnick* fear of death, but, of late, I have *pundred* it more seriously. Every fit of *coffing* hath put me in mind of my *coffin*; though *dissolute* men seldomest think of *dissolution*. This is a very great alteration: I, that supported myself with good *wine*, must now be myself supported by a small *beer*.—A fortune-teller once looked on my hand, and said, This man is to be a great traveller: He will soon be at the *Diet of Worms*, and from thence go to *Ratis-bone*. But now I understand his double meaning.—I desire to be privately *buried*, for I think a public

a facetious pleasant companion, but the most eternal unwearied punster that perhaps ever lived. He was thick and short in his person, being not above five feet high at the most, and had something very droll in his appearance. He died about the year 1719, and left his whole estate, of about a thousand pounds a year, to his intimate friend and kinsman Richard Ashe of Ashfield, Esq; There is a whimsical story, and a very true one of Tom Ashe, which is well remembered to this day. It happened, that, while he was travelling on horseback, and at a considerable distance from any town, there burst from the clouds such a torrent of rain as wetted him through. He galloped forward; and, as soon as he came to an inn, he was met instantly by a drawer: "Here," said he to the fellow, stretching out one of his arms, "Take off my coat immediately." "No, Sir, I won't," said the drawer. "Pox confound you," said Ashe, "take off my coat this instant." No, Sir, (replied the drawer) I dare not take off your coat; for it is felony to "strip an Ash." Tom was delighted beyond measure, frequently told the story, and said he would have given fifty guineas to have been the author of that pun. This little tract of Dr. Swift's, intituled, *The Dying Words of Tom Ashe*, was written several years before the decease of Tom, and was merely designed to exhibit the manner in which such an eternal punster might have expressed himself on his death-bed.

funeral

funeral looks like *Bury Fair*; and the *rites* of the dead too often prove *wrong* to the living. Methinks the word itself best expresses the number, neither *few* nor *all*.—A dying man should not think of *obsequies*, but *ob se quies*: — Little did I think you would so soon see poor *Tom* stown under a *tomb-stone*. But, as the *mole* crumbles the *mold* about her, so a man of my small *mold*, before I am *old*, may *molder* away.—Sometimes I've rav'd that I should *re-vive*; but physicians tell me that when once the great *artery* has drawn the *heart awry*, we shall find the *cor die all*, in spite of the highest *cordial*. —Brother, you are fond of *Daffy's elixir*; but, when death comes, the world will see that in spite of *Daffy-down-Dilly* *—Whatever doctors *may design* by their *medicines*, a man in a *dropsy drops* he not, in spite of *Goddard's drops*, though none are reckoned such *high drops*.—I find death smells the blood of an *Englishman*. A *fee* faintly fumbled out, will be a weak defence against his *fee fa-fum*. ——— *P. T.* are no letters in death's *alphabet*; he has not *half a bit* of either: He moves his *sithe*, but will not be moved by all our *sighs*.—Every thing ought to put us in mind of death: Physicians affirm that our very food breeds it in us, so that in our *dieting*, we may be said to *di eating*.—There is something ominous, not only in the names of diseases, as *di-arrhœa*, *di-abetes*, *di-sentery*, but even in the drugs designed to preserve our lives; as *di-acodium*, *di-apente*, *di-ascordium*. ——— I perceive Dr. Howard (and I feel *how hard*) lay *thumb* on my *pulse*, then *pulls* it back, as if he saw *Lethum* in my face. I see as bad in his; for sure there is no *physick* like a *sic Pbiz*. He thinks I shall *decease* before the *day cease*; but, before I die, before the bell hath *toll'd*, and *Tom Tollman* is *told* that little *Tom*, though not *old*, has paid na-

* A nickname of Tom Ashe's brother.

ture's toll, I do desire to give some advice to those that survive me. First, let gamesters consider that death is *hazard* and *passage*, upon the turn of a *die*. Let lawyers consider it as a hard *case*. And let punners consider how hard it is to *die jesting*, when death is so hard in *digesting*.

As for my Lord-Lieutenant the Earl *Mungomerry*, I am sure he *be-wales* my misfortune; and it would move him to stand by, when the carpenter (while my friends grieve and make an *odd splutter*) *nails* up my coffin. I will make a short *affidavi-*, that, if he makes my *epitaph* I will take it for a great honour; and it is a plentiful subject. His Excellency may say, that the art of punning is dead with *Tom*. *Tom* has taken all puns with him: *Omne tulit pun-Tom*.—May his Excellency long *live tenant* to the Queen in Ireland. We never *Herberd* so good a governor before. Sure he *mungo-merry* home, that has made a kingdom so happy.

— I hear my friends design to publish a collection of my puns. Now I do confess, I have let many a *pungo*, which did never *pungo*; therefore the world must read the bad as well as the good. *Virgil* has long foretold it: *Punica mala leges*.— I have had several fore-bodings that I should soon die: I have, of late, been often at committees, where I have fate de *die in diem*.— I conversed with the *Usher* of the *black rod*: I saw his *medals*; and wo is *me* dull soul, not to consider they are but dead mens faces, *stamp'd over and over* by the living, which will shortly be my conditon.

Tell Sir *Andrew Fountain* I ran clear to the *bottom*, and wish he may be a late *a-river* where I am going. He used to *brook* my compliments. May his *sand* be long a *running*; not *quicksand* like mine. Bid him avoid *poring* upon monuments and books, which is in reality but *running* among *rocks* and *shelves*, to *stop* his *course*. May his *waters* never be *troubled* with *mud* or *gravel*, nor *slopt* by any

grinding stone. May his friends be all true *trouts*, and his enemies laid flat as *flounders*. I ok upon him as the most *fluent* of his *race*; therefore let him not *despond*. I foresee his black *rod* will *advance* to a *pike*, and *destroy* all our *ills*.

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

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

A

L E T T E R

T O T H E

K I N G A T A R M S.

[From a reputed ESQUIRE, one of the Subscribers to the BANK.]

S I R,

Nov. 18. 1721.

I N a late printed paper, containing some notes and queries upon that list of the subscribers names, which was published by order of the commissioners

missioners for receiving of subscriptions, I find some hints and inuendos that would seem to insinuate, as if I and some others were only *reputed* Esquires; and our case is referred to you, in your kingly capacity. I desire you will please to let me know the lowest price of a real Esquire's coat of arms: And, if we can agree, I will give my bond to pay you out of the first interest I receive for my subscription; because things are a little low with me at present, by throwing my whole fortune into the bank, having subscribed for five hundred pounds *Sterling*.

I hope you will not question my pretensions to this title, when I let you know that my godfather was a justice of peace, and I myself have been often a keeper of it. My father was a leader and commander of horse, in which post he rode before the greatest lords of the land; and, in long marches, he alone presided over the baggage, advancing directly before it. My mother kept open house in Dublin, where several hundreds were supported with meat and drink, bought at her own charge, or with her personal credit, until some envious brewers and butchers forced her to retire.

As to myself, I have been, for several years, a foot-officer; and it was my charge to guard the carriages, behind which I was commanded to stick close, that they might not be attacked in the rear. I have had the honour to be a favourite of several fine ladies; who, each of them, at different times, give me such coloured knots and public marks of distinction, that every one knew which of them it was to whom I paid my address. They would not go into their coach without me, nor willingly drink unless I gave them the glass with my own hand. They allowed me to call them my mistresses, and owned that title publicly. I have been told, that the true ancient employment of a Squire was to carry a Knight's shield, painted with his
M m 2 colours

colours and coat of arms. This is what I have witness'd to produce that I have often done; not indeed in a shield, like my predecessors, but that which is full as good, I have carried the colours of a Knight upon my coat. I have likewise born the King's Arms in my hand, as a mark of authority; and hung them painted before my dwelling-house, as a mark of my calling: So that I may truly say, his Majesty's Arms have been my supporters. I have been a strict and constant follower of men of quality: I have diligently pursued the steps of several Squires, and am able to behave myself as well as the best of them, whenever there shall be occasion.

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

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

S I R,

Your friend, and

Servant to command,

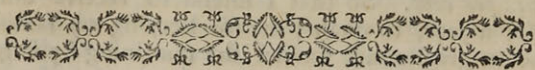
A. B. ESQUIRE.

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

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



A L E T.



A

L E T T E R

T O

Mrs. SUSANNA NEVILLE*.

MADAM,

June 24. 1732.

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

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

* This letter is fictitious, and was written by Dr. Sheridan.

ought

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

Your very humble servant,

MARY HOWE.

ON



O N

BARBAROUS DENOMINATIONS
IN IRELAND.

S I R,

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

If I could wonder at any thing barbarous, ridiculous, or absurd among us, this should be one of the first. I have often lamented that Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, was not prevailed on by that petty King from Ireland, who followed his camp, to come over and civilize us with a conquest, as his countrymen did Britain, where several Roman appellations remain to this day; and so would the rest have done, if that inundation of Angles, Saxons, and other northern people, had not changed them so much for the worse, although in no comparison with ours. In one of the advertisements just mentioned, I encountered near a hundred words together, which I defy any creature in human shape, except an Irishman of the savage kind, to pronounce; neither would I undertake such a task, to be owner of the lands, unless I had
liberty

liberty to humanize the syllables twenty miles round. The legislature may think what they please, and that they are above copying the Romans in all their conquests of barbarous nations; but I am deceived, if any thing hath more contributed to prevent the Irish from being tamed, than this encouragement of their language, which might easily be abolished, and become a dead one in half an age, with little expence, and less trouble.

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

It is true, that, in the city-part of London, the trading-people have an affected manner of pronouncing; and so, in my time, had many ladies and coxcombs at court. It is likewise true, that there is an odd provincial cant in most counties of England, sometimes not very pleasing to the ear: And the Scotch cadence, as well as expression, are offensive enough. But none of these defects derive contempt to the speaker; whereas, what we call the Irish brogue is no sooner discovered, than it makes the deliverer, in the last degree, ridiculous and despised; and, from such a mouth, an Englishman expects nothing but bulls, blunders, and follies. Neither does it avail whether the censure be reasonable or not, since the fact is always so. And, what is yet worse, it is too well known that the bad consequence of this opinion affects those among us who are not the least liable to such reproaches, further than the misfortune of being

born in Ireland, although of English parents, and whose education hath been chiefly in that kingdom.

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

But I have wandered a little from my subject, which was only to propose a wish, that these execrable denominations were a little better suited to an English mouth, if it were only for the sake of the English lawyers; who, in trials upon appeals to the House of Lords, find so much difficulty in repeating the names, that, if the plaintiff or defendant were by, they would never be able to discover which were their own lands. But, besides this, I would desire, not only that the appellations of what they call Town-lands were changed, but likewise of larger districts, and several towns, and some counties; and, particularly, the seats of country-gentlemen, leaving an *alias* to solve all difficulties in point of law. But I would by no means trust these alterations to the owners themselves; who, as they are generally no great clerks, so they seem to have no large vocabulary about them, nor to be well skilled in prosody. The utmost extent of their genius lies in naming their country-habitation by a hill, a mount, a brook, a burrough, a castle, a bawn, a ford, and the like ingenious conceits. Yet these are exceeded by others, whereof some have continued anagrammatical appellations, from half their own and their wives names joined together, others only from the lady. As, for instance, a person, whose wife's name was Elisabeth, calls his
feat

Feat by the name of Bess-borow. There is likewise a famous town, where the worst iron in the kingdom is made, and it is called Swandlingbar. The original of which name I shall explain, lest the antiquaries of future ages might be at a loss to derive it. It was a most witty conceit of four gentlemen, who ruined themselves with this iron-project. Sw. stands for Swift, And. for Sanders, Ling. for Darling, and Bar. for Barry. Methinks I see the four loggerheads sitting in consult, like Smectimus, each gravely contributing a part of his own name to make up one for their place in the iron-work; and could wish they had been hanged, as well as undone, for their wit. But I was most pleased with the denomination of a town-land, which I lately saw in an advertisement of Pue's paper: "This is to give notice, that the lands of "Douras, *alias* WHIG-borow, &c." Now this zealous proprietor, having a mind to record his principles in religion or loyalty, to future ages, within five miles round him, for want of other merit, though fit to make use of this expedient; wherein he seems to mistake his account: For this distinguishing term, Whig, had a most infamous original, denoting a man who favoured the fanatic sect, and an enemy to kings, and so continued till the idea was a little softened, some years after the Revolution, and during a part of her late Majesty's reign. After which it was in disgrace until the Queen's death: Since which time it hath, indeed, flourished with a witness: But how long it will continue so, in our variable scene, or what kind of mortal it may describe, is a question which this courtly landlord is not able to answer. And therefore, he should have set a date on the title of his burrow, to let us know what kind of creature a Whig was in that year of our LORD. — I would readily assist nomenclators of this costive imagination; and therefore I propose, to others of the

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

But the scheme I would propose, for changing the denominations of land into legible and audible syllables, is by employing some gentlemen in the university; who, by the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and their judgement in sounds, might imitate the Roman way, by translating those hideous words into their English meanings, and altering the termination, where a bare translation will not form a good cadence to the ear, or be easily delivered from the mouth. And, when both these means happen to fail, then to name the parcels of land from the nature of the soil, or some peculiar circumstance belonging to it; as, in England, Farnham, Oat-lands, Black-heath, Corn-bury, Rye-gate, Ash-burnham, Barn-elms, Cole-ortum, Sandwich, and many others.

I am likewise apt to quarrel with some titles of Lords among us, that have a very ungracious sound, which are apt to communicate mean ideas
to

T O

FRANCIS GRANT, Esq;
MERCHANT in LONDON.

[Francis Grant, Esq; of London, Merchant, younger son of Sir Francis Grant of Cullen, Baronet, having an high opinion of the herring and other fisheries in the British seas, writ and published a pamphlet, in the year 1733, on that subject; principally with a view to excite the encouragement of the public, to such of the mercantile people as might engage in a project so extremely beneficial. The pamphlet was much esteemed; but the ministry of England, in those days, fearing to offend the Dutch, were not inclined to favour it. Whereupon Mr. Grant writ a letter to the Reverend Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's Dublin, who was then very eminent in Ireland, to try if the patriot-party there would espouse the design, and reap benefit to their country from what was thus rejected in England: To which letter the Dean wrote the following answer, which greatly shews the man, as well as the general opinion he had of those times.]

S I R,

Dublin, March 23. 1733-4.

I Return you my hearty thanks for your letter, and discourse upon the Fishery: You discover, in both, a true love of your country, and (excepting your civilities to me) a very good judgement, good wishes to this ruined kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the subject you treat. But you are
more

to those who have not the honour to be acquainted with their persons, or their virtues, of whom I have the misfortune to be one. But I cannot pardon those gentlemen, who have gotten titles since the judicature of the peers among us hath been taken away, to which they all submitted with a resignation that became good Christians, as undoubtedly they are. However, since that time, I look upon a graceful harmonious title to be, at least forty *per cent.* in the value intrinsic of an Irish peerage: And, since it is as cheap as the worst, for any Irish law hitherto enacted in England to the contrary, I would advise the next sett, before they pass their patents, to call a consultation of scholars, and musical gentlemen, to adjust this most important and essential circumstance. The Scotch noblemen, though born almost under the North Pole, have much more tuneable appellations, except some very few, which, I suppose, were given them by the Irish, along with their language, at the time when that kingdom was conquered, and planted from hence; and, to this day, retain the denominations of places, and surnames of families, as all historians agree.

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

hatred of tyranny and oppression, for which I had a proclamation against me of 300 l. which my old friend my Lord Carteret was forced to consent to, the very first or second night of his arrival hither. The crime was that of writing against a project of one Wood, an iron-monger, to coin 100,000 l. in halfpence, not worth a sixth part of the money, which was laid before the people in so plain a manner, that they all refused it; and so the nation was preserved from immediate ruin.

I have done some smaller services to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many years upon me, and have too much sickness. I am out of favour at court, where I was well received, during two summers, six and seven years ago. The governing people here do not love me. For as corrupt as England is, it is an habitation of saints in comparison of Ireland. We are all fl—s, and kn—s, and fools; and all, but bishops and people in employments, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to 200,000 l. The few honest men among us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this House of Commons, now sitting here; and, mentioning your scheme, shewed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland. They agreed with me; but said, that if such a thing were proposed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.

I believe the people of Lapland, or the Hottentots, are not so miserable a people as we; for oppression supported by power, will infallibly introduce slavish principles. I am afraid, that, even in England, your proposal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind. If your scheme should pass into an act, it will become a job: Your sanguine temper will cool: R—s will be the only gainers. Party and faction
will

more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser: For corruptions are apt to make me impatient, and give offence, which you prudently avoid.

Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England, in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery, just under our noses.

The last Lord Wemys told me, he was governor of a castle in Scotland near which the Dutch used to fish: He sent to them, in a civil manner, to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused; whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle, (for their boats were in reach of the shot); and, immediately, they sent him more than he wanted.

The Dutch are like a knot of sharpers among a parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they have to their country; which, however, is no virtue in them, because it is their private interest, which is directly contrary in England. In the Queen's time, I did often press the Lord-Treasurer Oxford, and others of the ministry, upon this very subject; but the answer was, "We must not offend the Dutch;" who, at that very time, were opposing us in all our steps towards a peace. I laughed to see the zeal that ministry had about the fishing at Newfoundland, I think, while no care was taken against the Dutch fishing just at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened indeed, by a perfect accident, to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her house at Leicester, and I was a year old before I was sent to England: And thus I am a Teague, or an Irish man, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England.

What I did for this country was from perfect
hatred

will intermingle, and defeat the most essential parts of the whole design. Standing armies, in times of peace, projects of excise, and bribing at elections, are all you are like to be employed in; not forgetting septennial parliaments, directly against the old Whig-principles, which always have been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with some others in a fishery here, in the northern parts: They advanced 200 l. by way of trial: They got men from Orkney to cure their fish, who understood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are so lazy and so knavish, that it turned to no account, nor would any body join with them: And so the matter fell, and they lost two thirds of their money. Oppressed beggars are always knaves; and, I believe, there hardly are any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery, than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost 30,000 l. a-year for ever, in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland: But the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen, that it was all returned back, or sold for a fourth part of the value. This is our condition, which you may please to pity, but never can mend. I wish you good success with all my heart, I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, Sir, with true esteem for your good intentions,

Your most

Obedient

Servant.

P. S. I would subscribe my name, if I had not a very bad one; so I leave you to guess it. If I can be of any service to you in this kingdom, I shall be glad you will employ me.

A

LATIN LETTER,
IN THE
GRATTANIAN STYLE.

Written by Dr. SHERIDAN,

LATINITAS GRATTANIANA.

DOMINE,

TU cogitabas quod egi duram rem in intrando
judicium supra vinculum tuum, et quatuor
claudendo mortgagiam: non potui adjuvare id,
quoniam eram valde durum positus ei pro num-
mum. Ego desidero te tenere linguam, et ne ter-
gum morde me aliquid longior; nam si facis, su-
pra meam animam te tundam deorsum primum
tempus quod occuro te. Est pulchra res quod
homo non potest rogare pro suo quin vocas illum
nomina, et das illi pessimum verbum in ore tuo.
Semel magis jubeo te tenere linguam, vel potes esse
certus quod non frangam juramentum. Sum nun-
ciatus quod uxor tuus simile sapienti capit magnas
libertates cum me; profecto illa habuit melior esse
quietus, vel nunciabo illi suam ac cito ac video il-
lam. Nosco valde bene tu potes gignere pecuniam
a centum manibus, si places, igitur fac festinatio-
nem, nam diabolus cape me si famulabor unus
dies plus. Sic do te pulchram cautionem aspicere
ad teipsum, nam habebis te in carcere ante mensis
it circa, si non sum solvitus. Prope est indusium,
sed proprior est cutis, it charitas incipit apud do-
mum.

mum. Habeo novem infantes et uxor ; non possum
 tenere illos supra nihil, et ora habebunt cibum.
 Sic necessitas habet nullam lex. Omnes hi res
 sunt fatis ostendere te magnus opus in quo sum ;
 ideo dico te in brevi, habebo pecuniam quodlibet
 quadrantem. Sum

Tuus humilis famulus

BLUNDERORIUS PETYIFOGARIUS.

Sine me habere lineam vel duo, ut sciam quid
 dependeam supra.



A

L E T T E R

T O

DOCTOR SHERIDAN.

ANGLO-LATIN.

[As the following is the only piece of the kind that perhaps ever was written; we doubt not but the curious and polite will find some agreeable entertainment in the perusal of it.]

Ill us try figh may Do my nay,

IN vain I vye am new pear am descry bend a late
 in night a tea. Dice ease force an spay row
 hock effay a liquid no vye ake way a claw dabble
 is. Tame pufs e'er it pose stack come me a fye
 low so fye a law dabb bitter a tea. East nay ill lay
 a my cuz vest err it a e'er you dye t'us you teague
 o some; add some mum all tear sock rates, ought
 a wrist I days? Can toe carr-men I am be come,
 here o I come, home e'er I come. Egg o a mow
 tea; said ease nay Sr does come add tea meat toe
 litter as tun on lay jays, neck aw dire veal is? Aw
 dye vye tea few is sea a man tame you nigh us pew
 ell lay leap I dice I may, for mow say, said paw
 pear I may, said dive ease may lye us place sea bitt
 patt rye vest row.

Codd add raise belly eat pace is at tin net, my
 high my nigh may like wet, neck raise aw like as
 no vye Sat is east aw dye ray a ball I is. Wrecks
 bay nay valet, come rage in a eat inn fan tye bufs,
 eat

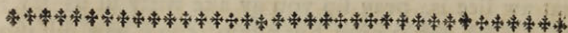
eat aw lice is, pray sip you ay ake witty ill us try :
Said hock egg o nigh hill cur o, come paw lull'um
may a matt; at egg o ill losf mine us. Feel licks
fort tea may ah : Sick dice it whore as I us : In tea
jear vye tea seal err risque pure us: I dame vye day
eat fet her a. Dum spy row, spay row.

Some hew my lime us domine afs I own is vest
ray

Vye like us.

P. S. Ray sea pye vest ram ape pist lamb, quay
east a duck inn many busf.

A N



A N

E P I S T L E

I N

H A R D L A T I N

F R O M

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

DOMINE,

A Udivi * quod abra feminæ nobilis et mihi amicæ offendendo pedem ad paxillum vel ridicam, vel, ut alii dicunt, rutabulum, valdè læsit uropygium, et est miserè catax. Novi ejus patrem, capitularem, et sublestum, et carnarium, qui furatus erat hornotinum per ostium clathratum, et, ut meruit,

[* *As all the words in this and the following letter, which cause any difficulty, are extremely uncommon, we presume it will not be amiss to print a glossary, in order to save our readers the plague and trouble of turning over a Dictionary.*]

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

Paxillus, a stake, pale, or post.

Ridica, the prop of a wine, &c.

Rutabulum, a maulkin, a cole-rake to make clean an oven, an oven-sweep, a skealing stick.

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

Catax,

ruit, a vulgo occillatus. Pauper enim erat, gaudaco et decotibus vestitus; pernonibus claudicans laboravit. Frequentavit sui similes, propolas nempe, arilatores, cociones, imo salisubfulos et labdas, omnes, ut meruerant tribonibus vestitos.

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

Amicus

Gatax, lame, hip-halt.

Capitularis, a tax-gatherer, an exciseman.

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

Carnarius, a butcher.

Hornotinus, a fawn or hind-calf.

Clathratus, latticed, barred, grated.

Occillo, to buffet, or beat and maul.

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

Decotes, *Togæ detrita*, garments worn bare.

Pernio, a kibe on the heel.

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

Arilator, a pedlar.

Cocio, a higler.

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

Labda, any sort of vile filthy rascal.

Tribon, a threadbare cloak.

Tabellio, a carrier of letters.

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

Catta, *nomen navis*.

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

Strobilus, a pine-apple.

Plerus, idem quod *plenus*.

Haustrum,

Amicus noster catulaster lepidissimus hominum miserè vivit in domuncula vescarum plena, proficibus pascitur, operando strigans et conquinisens, et turundis pullos pascit in tuguriolo serphorum pleno.

Hesternæ nocte cecidit terribilissima labes mantiffa, quæ indices omnes implevit.

Sum humilissimus, &c.

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

Calpar, an earthen vessel, or tun.

Scutella, any kind of dish or platter.

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

Crocotula, a little saffron coloured, or yellow garment.

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

Catulaster, a little whelp.

Vesca, a cobweb.

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

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

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

Turunda, a pellet of bread, dough, or paste, where-with capons are crammed.

Serphus, a kind of vermine like an ant.

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

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

Inlex, *indices*, *canales*, gutters in streets.



A N

A N S W E R

T O T H E

EPISTLE in HARD LATIN,

By DOCTOR SHERIDAN.

Doctissime Decane,

FOrbum tabellarum methodium vestrarum lagonopono me ferme affecit, quocirca hostire vestrae reverentiae gerras aggredior. Quid mea refert si uropygium abrae ignobilis sit laesum, ejusmodi etenim mulieres plerumque sunt exbuæ, atque rimatum non minus plenæ quam excernicula, profecto non mihi injucundum foret, si tu esses illi iatraliptes,

Forbus, Calidus, Serv. Formus a *Deqmos*: Æol. *Φεγμος*,
aliter a *forbo*, vel *forvo*; i. e. *ferveo*, hot, warm.

Tabella, a letter, or epistle.

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

Lagonoponos, a fretting to the gutts.

Hostio, to recompence, to return like for like.

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

Exbuæ, tipling-gossips.

Excerniculum, a sieve.

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

VOL. XIII.

P p

Crotaphitæ,

tes. Si vero curam suscipias, non abs re fuerit illius crotaphitas ambabus calidè manibus fricare ne spiritus deficiant, atque inde porro ad podicem descendens, postquam complutum aquà vitæ feceris, applicueris emplastrum calligoni, mattiacarum tritarum, daucorum, suffitieteridis, gethyonum. Caveto interim ne tibi manus imbulbitaverit, aut imbubinaverit, partiliter quando prædicti spiritus urticam senserit; sed ne forsan obliviscaris te moneo, ut pars crepidinis dorsi interior sit fissiculanda. Memini illius patrem ex infimâ plebis ruderatione gingrinatorem, lucuntis olim vendidit, admodum fuit procellulus, eximius autem pilicrepus; sed
 salaconem

Crotaphita, the two muscles that are in the temples.
Complutus, wetted all over.

Calligenum, way-grass, knot-grass.

Mattiacæ, [pilæ dict. quod præstantissimæ apud Mattiacum Germaniæ oppidum conficerentur].
 Soap-balls, wash-balls.

Tritus, common, much used.

Daucus, a kind of wild carrot.

Suffitieteridis. As there is no such word as this to be found in the common Dictionaries, it is imagined to have been coined by Dr. Sheridan, when he was writing this letter, in order to amuse and puzzle his correspondent: Or, if it be not too wild a conjecture, let us suppose the word to be thus divided, *Suffiti et Eridis*; and then it may refer to the rest of the ingredients of the plaister, and especially to the severe poignancy of the onions, in the next and last article: And then, perhaps, the latter part of the sentence may be thus paraphrastically interpreted: "You might apply to the part affected a plaister of knot-grass, common wash-ball, wild carrot, and among the rest of the ingredients," [for Συνοχτος signifies a companion] "by way of giving
 ing

falaconem atque dofonem nimium se ostendendo, minuit hanc gloriam quam exercitiis meruit. Si vis ut nostra denuò amicitia inalefcat, te mecum cras prandere prorito, habebis sympinium vel ap-
plam vini non vulgaris absque floebus, cum fer-
vifia æque pellucidum ac glæfum. Sepiffimè futab-
bas in ædibus meis nequè unquam inanias, de qui-
bus mentionem in epiftola veftirà fecifti, in ulla
nofttrarum confpexifti camerarum. Hefterno die
nimium

“ing the whole a poignancy,” [for *Egis* fignifies a contention for victory] “you fhould take care
“that a mixture of onion predominate in the
“composition.” The word *Urtica*, in the follow-
ing period, feems to favour this conjecture.

Gethyon, a kind of onions, hollow leeks.

Imbulbito, to defile one’s felf with any thing detest-
able. Vide Dictionary.

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

Partiliter, particularly, with exactness or fubtilty.

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

Crepido, *dorsi crepido*, the rump.

Fifficulandus, to be cleft, or cut open.

Ruderatio, rubbish.

Gingrinator, a piper or minftrel.

Lucuns, a kind of meat; or rather fome baked
thing; a fpice cake.

Pilicrepus, a ball-player.

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

Dofo, a great promifer, but who does nothing.

Inalefco, *ut Coalefco*, to grow together, to flick one
to another.

Prorito, to provoke, ftir up, egg on.

Sympinium, a kind of wooden vefsel for wine, used
of

nimum ambulando flegmine laboro, quod ex stomachi ventositate evenisse comperio, ideoque magnam git quantitatem, ut postico emurmuret, de glutire statuo.

Sum tibi humillimus, &c.

Manaco, Maii 15. 1732.

of old in their holy rites and divine services; a stone-jug, or pitcher; a drinking cup.

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

Flores, pl. the dregs or lees of wine.

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

Futo, to blame or reprove.

Glæsum, a kind of amber.

Inaniæ, emptinesses, cobwebs.

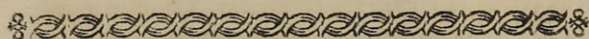
Flegmen, an inflammation or swelling in the legs, tired by over-much walking.

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

Posticum, a back-door.

Manacus, a month.

The E N D.



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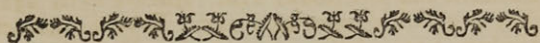
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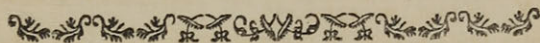
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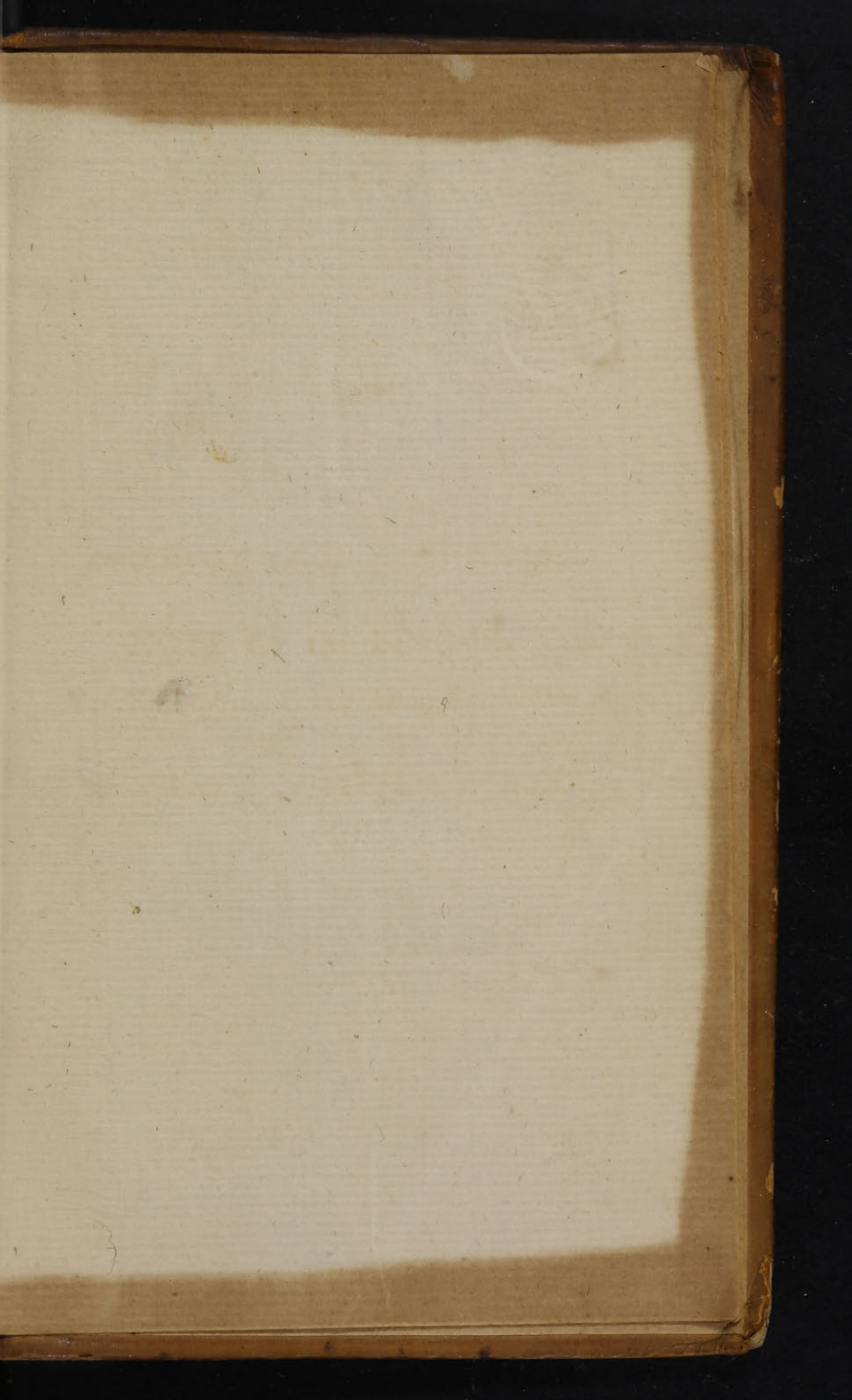


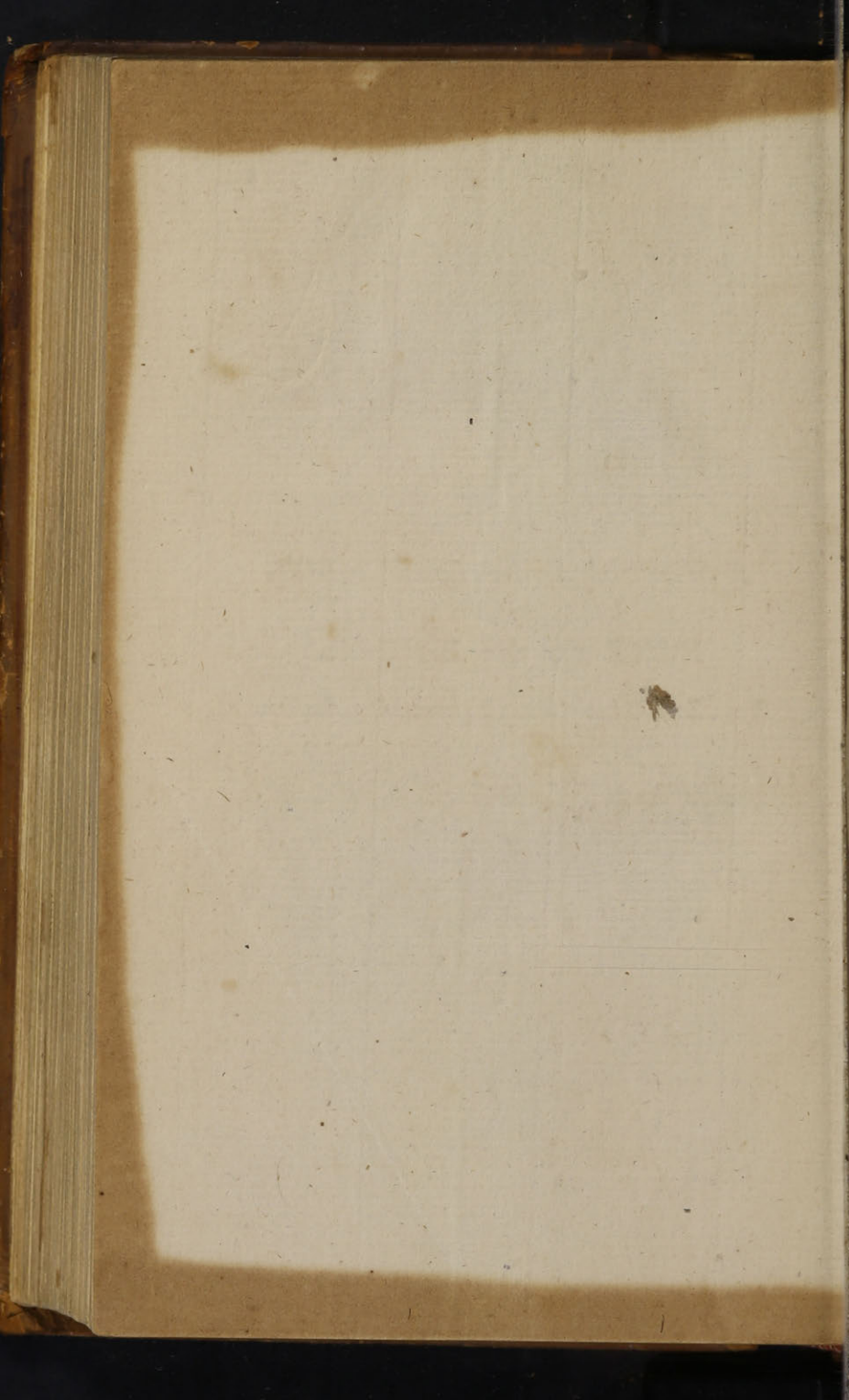
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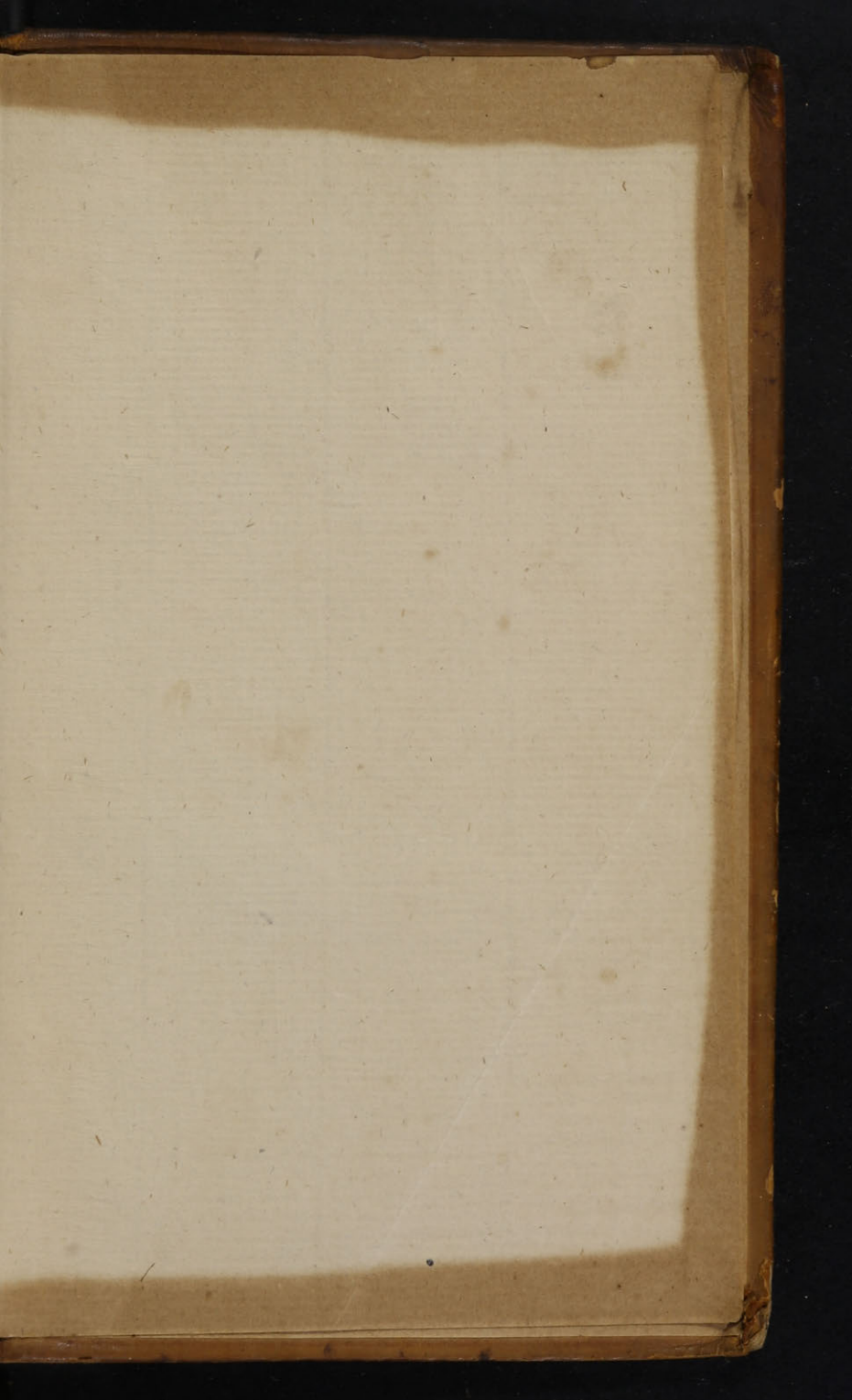
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