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LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

MDCCLXVII.

LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1703 TO 1740.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL,

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL. D.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

VOLUME I.

LONDON,

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Ruſſel-Street, Covent-Garden;
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in Holborn; and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

MDCCLXVII.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

RICHARD EARL TEMPLE,

VISCOUNT AND BARON COBHAM,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST

HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL,

AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE

ORDER OF THE GARTER;

THESE LETTERS,

OF PERSONS

EMINENT FOR THEIR RANK AND GENIUS,

ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM AND VENERATION,

DUE TO

A CHARACTER SO HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED

FOR PRIVATE AND PUBLIC VIRTUE;

FOR THE DISPLAY OF AMIABLE QUALITIES

AS A MAN,

AND THE EXERTION OF GREAT ABILITIES

AS A PATRIOT,

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THOMAS WILKES.

PREFACE.

THE letters here offered to the public were a preſent from the late Dr. *Swift* to Dr. *Lyon*, a clergyman of *Ireland*, for whom he had a great regard; they were obtained of Dr. *Lyon* by Mr. *Thomas Wilkes*, of *Dublin*, and of Mr. *Wilkes* by the bookſellers for whom they are publiſhed.

As many of them mention perſons who have been long dead, and allude to incidents not now generally known, t hey would have been too obſcure to afford general entertainment or information, if they had not been elucidated by notes.

This neceſſary elucidation I have endeavoured to ſupply, at the requeſt of the proprietors, from ſuch knowledge of the Dean's connections and writings as I was able to acquire, when I reviſed twelve volumes of his works, which were publiſhed about ten years ago, with notes of the ſame kind, and ſome account of his life.

Many paſſages, however, occurred, which, though they wanted explanation, I could not explain: theſe I made the ſubject of queries, which being ſhewn to the late reverend Dr. *Birch*, he furniſhed anſwers to moſt of them, which are diſtinguiſhed from the other notes by inverted commas. This favour coſt him ſome trouble; but he conferred it with that readineſs and pleaſure, which had made his character amiable, upon many occaſions of much greater importance.

It has been thought beſt to print all the letters in order of time, without regarding by whom they were written; for if all the letters of each perſon had been claſſed together, the pleaſure of the reader would have been greatly leſſened, by paſſing again and again through the ſame ſeries, as often as he came to a new collection; whereas the ſeries is now preſerved regular and unbroken through the whole correſpondence. Thoſe which, being of uncertain dates, could not be brought into this ſeries, are printed together in an appendix.

Three letters from the Dean to the late earl of *Bath*, general *Pulteney* was pleaſed to communicate to the editor, by the favour of the reverend Dr. *Douglas*; two of theſe will be found in the appendix, the other had been already printed from a copy in the Dean's hand writing. In the appendix will alſo be found ſome letters between the Dean and Mrs. *Eſther Vanhomrigh*, with a few others, which did not come to the hands of the proprietors till the reſt of the work was printed *.

Some letters of a private nature, and ſome that relate to perſons who are ſtill living, have been ſuppreſſed; but the number is very ſmall. Some are inſerted that perſons ſtill living have written; but they are ſuch as would reflect no diſhonour upon the higheſt character.

For the publication of letters, which certainly were not written for the public, I ſhall however make no apology in my own name, becauſe the publication

* Several letters, which made part of the appendix in the firſt edition, are now inſerted in their proper places.

of

of them is not my own act, nor at my own option, but the act of those, to whom they had been sold for that purpose, before I knew they were in being.

It may, however, be presumed, that though the publication of letters has been censured by some, yet that it is not condemned by the general voice, since a numerous subscription, in which are many respectable names, has been lately obtained, for printing other parts of the Dean's epistolary correspondence, by a relation who professes the utmost veneration for his memory; and a noble lord has permitted Mr. *Wilkes* to place this under his protection.

A recommendation of these volumes is yet less necessary than an apology; the letters are indisputably genuine; the originals, in the hand-writing of the parties, or copies indorsed by the Dean, being deposited in the *British Museum*; except of those in the appendix mentioned to have come to the proprietors hands after the rest was printed, the originals of which are in the hands of a gentleman of great eminence in the law in *Ireland*.

They are all written by persons eminent for their abilities, many of whom were also eminent for their rank; the greater part are the genuine effusions of the heart, in the full confidence of the most intimate friendship, without reserve, and without disguise. Such in particular are the letters between the Dean and Mrs. *Johnson*, and Mrs. *Dingley*, lord *Bolingbroke*, and Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Lewis*, Mr. *Ford*, and Mr. *Gay*.

They

They relate many particulars, that would not otherwiſe have been known, relative to ſome of the moſt intereſting events that have happened in this century: they abound alſo with ſtrains of humour, turns of wit, and refined ſentiment: they are all ſtrongly characteriſtic, and enable the reader "to catch the manners living as they riſe." Thoſe from the Dean to Mrs. *Johnſon* and Mrs. *Dingley* are part of the journal mentioned in his life; and from them alone a better notion may be formed of his manner and character than from all that has been written about him.

But this collection muſt not be conſidered as affording only entertainment to the idle, or ſpeculative knowledge to the curious; it moſt forcibly impreſſes a ſenſe of the vanity and brevity of life, which the moraliſt and the divine have always thought an important purpoſe, but which mere declamation can ſeldom attain.

In a ſeries of familiar letters between the ſame friends for thirty years, their whole life, as it were, paſſes in review before us; we live with them, we hear them talk, we mark the vigour of life, the ardour of expectation, the hurry of buſineſs, the jollity of their ſocial meetings, and the ſport of their fancy in the ſweeet intervals of leiſure and retirement; we ſee the ſcene gradually change; hope and expectation are at an end; they regret pleaſures that are paſt, and friends that are dead; they complain of diſappointment and infirmity; they are conſcious that the ſands of life which remain are few; and while we hear

hear them regret the approach of the laſt, it falls, and we loſe them in the grave. Such as they were, we feel ourſelves to be; we are conſcious to ſentiments, connections, and ſituations like theirs; we find ourſelves in the ſame path, urged forward by the ſame neceſſity, and the parallel in what has been, is carried on with ſuch force to what ſhall be, that the future almoſt becomes preſent, and we wonder at the new power of thoſe truths, of which we never doubted the reality and importance.

Theſe letters will, therefore, contribute to whatever good may be hoped from a juſt eſtimate of life; and for that reaſon, if for no other, are by no means unworthy the attention of the public.

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ERRATA.

Letter, dated June 8, 1714. *r.* at Letcomb *near Wantage*, &c.

July 29, 1714. *for* Buckinghamſhire *r.* Berkſhire.

Jan. 12, 1716-17. *for* Oxford, *r.* Orford.

Mar. 20, 1717-18. *for* Dr. Narciſſus Marſh, *r.* Dr. St. George Aſhe.

Feb. 3, 1723, *in the* Note, *inſtead of* Engraver, *r.* Improver.

Apr. 19, 1731. *for* Hamilton's Barn, *r.* Hamilton's Bawn.

Letter CCCC. (Appendix) *for* come off, *r.* come of yourſelf.

CCCCIII. dele at; *r.* you are preſent every where.

LETTERS

FROM AND TO

DOCTOR SWIFT.

LETTER I.

Dr. SWIFT to a Gentleman, an intimate friend of Mrs. ESTHER JOHNSON, in *Ireland*.

London, December 16, 1703.

I PUT great violence on myſelf in abſtaining all this while from treating you with politics. I wiſh you had been here for ten days, during the higheſt and warmeſt reign of party and faction that I ever knew or read of, upon the bill againſt occaſional conformity, which, two days ago, was, upon the firſt reading, rejected by the lords. It was ſo univerſal, that I obſerved the dogs in the ſtreets much more contumelious and quarrelſome than uſual; and the very night before the bill went up, a committee of whig and tory cats had a very warm and loud debate

upon the roof of our houſe. But why ſhould we wonder at that, when the very ladies are ſplit aſunder into high church and low, and, out of zeal for religion, have hardly time to ſay their prayers? The maſks will have a crown more from any man of the other party, and count it a high point of merit to a member, who will not vote on their ſide. For the reſt, the whole body of the clergy, with a great majority of the houſe of commons, were violent for this bill. As great a majority of the lords, amongſt whom all the biſhops, but four, were againſt it: the court and the rabble (as extremes often agree) were trimmers. I would be glad to know mens thoughts of it in *Ireland:* for myſelf, I am much at a loſs, though I was mightily urged by ſome great people to publiſh my opinion. I cannot but think (if mens higheſt aſſurances are to be believed) that ſeveral, who were againſt this bill, do love the church, and do hate or deſpiſe preſbytery. I put it cloſe to my lord *Peterborow* juſt as the bill was going up, who aſſured me in the moſt ſolemn manner, that if he had the leaſt ſuſpicion, the rejecting this bill would hurt the church, or do kindneſs to the diſſenters, he would loſe his right-hand rather than ſpeak againſt it. The like profeſſion I had from the biſhop of *Saliſbury*, my lord *Sommers*, and ſome others; ſo that I know not what to think, and therefore ſhall think no more; and you will forgive my ſaying ſo much on a matter, that all our heads have been ſo full of to a degree, that, while it was on the anvil, nothing elſe was the ſubject of converſation. I ſhall return in two months, in ſpite of my heart. I have

have here the beſt friends in nature, only want that little circumſtance of favour and power; but nothing is ſo civil as a caſt courtier. Pray let the ladies know I had their letter, and will anſwer it ſoon; and that I obeyed Mrs. *Johnſon's* commands, and waited on her mother, and other friend. You may add, if you pleaſe, that they adviſe her clearly to be governed by her friends there about the renewing her leaſe, and ſhe may have her mortgage taken up here whenever ſhe pleaſes, for the payment of her fine; and that we have a project for putting out her money in a certain lady's hands for annuities, if the parliament goes on with them, and ſhe likes it.

I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. *Johnſon:* it is a new-faſhioned way of being witty, and they call it a bite. You muſt aſk a bantering queſtion, or tell ſome damned lye in a ſerious manner, and then ſhe will anſwer or ſpeak as if you were in earneſt: then cry you, Madam, there's a bite. I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the conſtant amuſement in court, and every where elſe among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain among you, and teach you a new refinement.

LETTER II.

Dr. SWIFT to the ſame. (Part of a letter.)

London, Feb. 3, 1703-4.

I HAVE been ſo long and ſo frequently purſued with a little paltry ailment of a noiſe in my ears, that

I could never get humour and time to anſwer your letter. Pox on the diſſenters and independents, I would as ſoon trouble my head to write againſt a louſe or a flea. I tell you what, I wrote againſt the bill that was againſt occaſional conformity; but it came too late by a day: ſo I would not print it, but you may anſwer it, if you pleaſe; for you know you and I are whig and tory. And, to cool your inſolence a little, know you, that the queen and court, and houſe of lords, and half the commons almoſt, are whigs; and the number daily encreaſes.

LETTER III.

Dr. SWIFT to the ſame.

London, April 20, 1704.

YESTERDAY coming from the country I found your letter, which had been four or five days arrived, and by neglect was not forwarded as it ought. You have got three epithets for my former letter, which I believe are all unjuſt: you ſay it was unfriendly, unkind, and unaccountable. The two firſt, I ſuppoſe, may paſs but for one, ſaving (as Capt. *Fluellin* ſays) the phraſe is a little *variations*. I ſhall therefore anſwer thoſe two as I can; and for the laſt, I return it you again by theſe preſents, aſſuring you, that there is more unaccountability in your letter's little finger, than in mine's whole body. And one ſtrain I obſerve in it, which is frequent enough; you talk in a myſtical ſort of way, as if you would have me believe I had

had ſome great deſign, and that you had found it out: your phraſes are, that my letter had the effect you judge I deſigned; that you are amazed to reflect on what you judge the cauſe of it; and wiſh it may be in your power to love and value me while you live, *&c.* In anſwer to all this, I might with good pretence enough talk ſtarchtly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obſtructed your inſinuations to pleaſe my own, and that my intentions were the ſame with yours. In anſwer to all which, I will upon my conſcience and honour tell you the naked truth. Firſt, I think I have ſaid to you before, that if my fortunes and humour ſerved me to think of that ſtate, I ſhould certainly, among all perſons on earth, make your choice; becauſe I never ſaw that perſon whoſe converſation I entirely valued but her's; this was the utmoſt I ever gave way to. And, ſecondly, I muſt aſſure you ſincerely, that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you; but I judged it would, perhaps, be a clog to your riſing in the world; and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourſelf and her happy and eaſy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at preſent; and by the aſſurances of *Eaton's* livings. I told you indeed, that your authority was not ſufficient to make overtures to the mother, without the daughter's giving me leave under her own or her friend's hand, which, I think, was a right and a prudent ſtep. However, I told the mother immediately, and ſpoke with all the advan-

tages you deſerve. But the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor ſhall any conſideration of my own misfortune of loſing ſo good a friend and companion as her prevail on me, againſt her intereſt and ſettlement in the world, ſince it is held ſo neceſſary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the luſtre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herſelf, whether I was your friend or no in the whole concern; though the part I deſigned to act in it was purely paſſive, which is the utmoſt I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill conſequence, that may enſue in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay, I went ſo far both to her mother, herſelf, and, I think, to you, as to think it could not be decently broken; ſince I ſuppoſed the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miſcarry without ſome diſadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always deſcribed her to you in a manner different from thoſe, who would be diſcouraging; and muſt add, that though it hath come in my way to converſe with perſons of the firſt rank, and of that ſex, more than is uſual to men of my level, and of our function; yet I have nowhere met with a humour, a wit, or converſation ſo agreeable, a better portion of good ſenſe, or a truer judgment of men and things, I mean here in *England*; for as to the ladies of *Ireland*, I am a perfect ſtranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and, if you reſume your deſigns, and would

would have further intelligence, I ſhall ſend you a particular account.

I give you joy of your good fortunes, and envy very much your prudence and temper, and love of peace and ſettlement, the reverſe of which hath been the great uneaſineſs of my life, and is like to continue ſo. And what is the reſult? *En queis conſevimus agros!* I find nothing but the good words and wiſhes of a decayed miniſtry, whoſe lives and mine will probably wear out before they can ſerve either my little hopes, or their own ambition. Therefore I am reſolved ſuddenly to retire, like a diſcontented courtier, and vent myſelf in ſtudy and ſpeculation, till my own humour, or the ſcene here, ſhall change.

LETTER IV.

Earl of BERKELEY * to Dr. SWIFT.

Cranford, Friday Night.

I HOPE you continue in the mind of coming hither to-morrow; for upon my ſincerity, which is more than moſt people's, I ſhall be heartily glad to ſee you as much as is poſſible before you go for *Ireland*.

* 'He had been envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General in 1689; and in 1699 and 1700, one of the lords juſtices of *Ireland*. He died *Sept.* 24, 1710. Dr. *Swift* had been chaplain to him. This letter is without date, but endorſed by Dr. *Swift* "*about* 1706, *or* 1707."

Whether you are or are not for *Cranford*, I earneſtly intreat you, if you have not done it already, that you would not fail of having your bookſeller enable the archbiſhop of *York* to give a book * to the queen; for with Mr. *Nelſon* †, I am entirely of opinion, that her majeſty's reading of that book of the project for the increaſe of morality and piety, may be of very great uſe to that end.

I am entirely yours, B.

LETTER V.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Feb. 29, 1707-8.

MR. *Frowde* ‡ tells me, that you deſign me the honour of a viſit to-morrow morning; but my lord *Sunderland* § having directed me to wait on him at nine o'clock, I ſhall take it as a particular favour, if

* 'Dr. *Swift's Project for the Advancement of Religion, and the Reformation of Manners.*'

† 'Robert *Nelſon*, Eſq; eminent for his pious writings.'

‡ '*Philip Frowde*, Eſq; ſon of *Aſhburnham Frowde*, Eſq; comptroller of the foreign office in the poſt-office. Mr. *Philip Frowde* was educated at *Magdalen* college in *Oxford*, and was pupil of Mr. *Addiſon*. He was author of two tragedies, *The fall of Saguntum*, repreſented at the theatre in *Lincoln's-inn-Fields* in 1727; and *Philotas*, acted at the ſame theatre, in 1731. He died at his lodgings in *Cecil-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, *Dec.* 19, 1738, equally lamented, as he had been beloved, for his genius, learning, and the amiableneſs of his character.'

§ 'To whom Mr. *Addiſon* was ſecretary.'

you

you will give me your company at the *George* in *Pall-mall* about two in the afternoon, when I may hope to enjoy your converſation more at leiſure, which I ſet a very great value upon. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. ADDISON.

Mr. *Steele* and *Frowde* will dine with us.

LETTER VI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE, Dean of *St. Patrick's, Dublin.*

SIR, London, April 15, 1708.

I WONDER whether, in the midſt of your buildings, you ever conſider that I have broke my ſhins, and have been a week confined, this charming weather, to my chamber, and cannot go abroad to hear the nightingales, or pun with my lord *Pembroke*. *Pug* is very well, and likes *London* wonderfully, but *Greenwich* better, where we could hardly keep him from hunting down the deer. I am told by ſome at court, that the biſhop of *Kildare* * is utterly bent upon a removal on this ſide, though it be to *St. Aſaph*; and then the queſtion muſt be, whether Dr. *Pratt* will be dean of *St. Patrick's*, miniſter of *St. Catherine's*, or provoſt? For I tell you a ſecret, that the queen is reſolved the next promotion ſhall be to one of *Dublin* education: this ſhe told the lord lieutenant.

* Dr. *Wellbore Ellis*.

Your

Your new *Waterford* biſhop * franks his letters, which no biſhop does that writes to me; I ſuppoſe it is ſome peculiar privilege of that ſee. The diſſenters have made very good uſe here of your frights in *Ireland* upon the intended invaſion; and the archbiſhop writes me word, that the addreſs of *Dublin* city will be to the ſame purpoſe, which I think the clergy ought to have done their beſt to prevent, and I hope they did ſo. Here has the *Iriſh* ſpeaker † been ſoliciting to get the *Teſt Clauſe* repealed by an act here; for which I hope he will be impeached when your parliament meets again, as well as for ſome other things I could mention. I hope you will be of my opinion in what I have told the archbiſhop about thoſe addreſſes. And if his grace and clergy of the province ſend an addreſs, I deſire I may preſent it, as one of the chapter, which is the regular way; but I beg you will endeavour among you, that the church of *Ireland* gentlemen may ſend an addreſs to ſet the queen and court right about the teſt; which every one here is of opinion you ſhould do; or elſe I have reaſon to fear it will be repealed here next ſeſſion; which will be of terrible conſequence, both as to the thing and the manner, by the parliament here interfering in things purely of *Ireland*, that have no relation to any intereſt of theirs.

If you will not uſe me as your book-buyer, make uſe of Sir *Andrew Fountain*, who ſends you his hum-

* Dr. *Thomas Milles*.

† *Allen Broderick*, Eſq; afterwards lord chancellor of *Ireland*, and created lord *Middleton* of that kingdom.

ble

ble ſervice, and will carry over a cargo as big as you pleaſe towards the end of ſummer, when he and I intend my lord lieutenant * ſhall come into our company without fail, and in ſpite of *Iriſh* reports, that ſay we ſhall come no more.

I reckon by this time you have done with maſons and carpenters, and are now beginning with upholſterers, with whom you may go on as ſlow and ſoberly as you pleaſe.

But pray keep the garden till I come. I am, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

Direct the incloſed, and deliver it to the greateſt perſon in your neighbourhood.

LETTER VII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE.

SIR, June, 1708.

I WRIT to you ſome weeks ago, and incloſed (as now) a letter to your neighbour. But I fear it was kidnapp'd by ſome privateer, or elſe you were lazy or forgetful; or, which is full as good, perhaps it had no need of an anſwer; and I would not for a good deal, that the former had miſcarried, becauſe the incloſed was wonderfully politic, and would have been read to you, as this, I ſuppoſe, will, though it be not half ſo profound. Now are you

* *Thomas*, earl of *Pembroke*.

gone

gone ſome ſummer ramble, and will not receive this in a fortnight; nor ſend the incloſed in as much more. I have often begged you would let me buy you one fifty pounds worth of books; but now I have been here ſo long, I believe you will have reaſon to apprehend I may ſink the money. Sir *A. Fountain* * will never be ſatisfied till he gets into the little room, with the three *Aſhes*, the biſhop of *Killala*, and myſelf, to be happy at the expence of your wine and converſation. Here is a ſight of two girls † joined together at the back, which, in the news-monger's phraſe, cauſes a great many ſpeculations; and raiſes abundance of queſtions in divinity, law and phyſic. The boys of our town are mighty happy, for we are to have a beheading next week ‡, unleſs the queen will interpoſe her mercy. Here is a long lampoon publicly printed abuſing, by name at length, all the young people of quality, that walk in the park. Theſe are effects of our liberty of the preſs.

I long to know what is become of your new houſe, whether there is yet a union between that and the little one, or whether the work ſtops for want of money; and you pretend it is only, that the boards may have time to ſeaſon. We are ſtill in pain for Mr.

* Dr. *Swift*, in 1708, uſed to lodge with Sir *A. Fountain*, when he was in *London*.

† 'There is a particular account of them in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*, vol. 50. part 2. p. 311. for the year 1758.'

‡ 'Of *Edward*, lord *Griffin*, who had been attainted by outlawry for high treaſon, committed in the reign of king *William*, and was on the 15th of May, 1708, ordered for execution; but reprieved from time to time, till his death.'

Dopping's

Dopping's being in one of the pacquet-boats that were taken. He and many more have vowed never to return to *England* again; which, if they forget, they may properly be called vows written in water.

Pray, Sir, let me hear from you ſome time this hot weather, for it will be very refreſhing; and I am confined by buſineſs in this ugly town, which, at this ſeaſon of the year, is almoſt inſufferable. I am, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

J. S.

LETTER VIII.

ANTHONY HENLEY, Eſq; * to Dr. SWIFT.

Grange, Sept. 16, 1708.

YESTERDAY the weather-glaſs was at 28 inches, which is lower than ever I ſaw it; the wind was at eaſt, a very dull quarter; the garden ſo wet, there was no looking into it; and I myſelf, by conſequence, in the ſpleen. Before night, the glaſs roſe, the wind changed, the garden dried, I received your letter, and was as well as ever I was in my life, to my thinking, though perhaps you may think otherwiſe. The reaſon why your letter was ſo long a coming

* 'Of the *Grange*, in the county of *Southampton*, member of parliament for *Melcomb Regis*. He was a perſon of great abilities and learning; who mixed humour in the moſt ſerious debates. He was father of the preſent lord high chancellor, *Robert* earl of *Northington*.'

to

to my hands was, its being directed to me near *Winchester*, and *Alresford* is the poſt-town neareſt to me. If the officers ſhould come to you, Doctor, if you want a ſecurity, that your children ſhan't be troubleſome to the pariſh, pray make uſe of me. I'll ſtand 'em all, though you were to have as many as the *Holland* counteſs. We have had a tedious expectation of the ſucceſs of the ſiege of *Liſle:* the country people begin to think there is no ſuch thing, and ſay the news papers talk of it to make people bear paying taxes a year longer. I don't know how *Steele* * will get off of it; his veracity is at ſtake in *Hantſhire*. Pray deſire him to take the town, though he ſhould leave the citadel for a neſt-egg. I han't the honour to know colonel *Hunter*; but I never ſaw him in ſo good company as you have put him, lord *Halifax*, Mr. *Addiſon*, Mr. *Congreve*, and the *Gazetteer*. Since he is there, let him ſtay there. Pray, Doctor, let me know whether writing letters be talking to one's ſelf, or talking to other folks; for I think the world has ſettled it, that talking to one's ſelf, which offends no body, is madneſs; and talking to other people, which generally is not quite ſo harmleſs, is wit, or good breeding, or religion, or—I won't write a word more till you have ſatisfied me what I have been doing all this while. I am ſure one need not have writ two pages to introduce my aſſuring you, that I am your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

A. Henley.

* 'Who was writer of the *Gazette*.'

LETTER IX.

ANTHONY HENLEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DOCTOR, Nov. 2, 1708.

THOUGH you won't send me your broomstick †, I'll send you as good a reflection upon death as even *Adrian's* himself, though the fellow was but an old farmer of mine, that made it. He had been ill a good while; and when his friends saw him a going, they all came croaking about him as usual; and one of them asking him how he did? he replied, "In great pain. If I could but get this same breath out of my body, I'd take care, by G—, how I let it come in again." This, if it were put in fine *Latin*, I fancy would make as good a sound as any I have met with. I am your most affectionate humble servant,

A. HENLEY.

LETTER X.

Mr. HENLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Εὐδαιμονεῖν καὶ Εὐπράτλειν.

REVERND SIR,

IT is reported of the famous *Regiomontanus*, that he framed an eagle so artfully of a certain wood, that upon the approach of the emperor *Maximilian* to the

† Meditations on a broomstick, written by Dr. *Swift* about this time.

opulent

opulent city of *Neuremberg*, it took wing and flew out of the gates to meet him, and (as my author has it) appeared as though alive. Give me leave to attribute this excellent invention to the vehement desire he had to entertain his master with something extraordinary, and to say with the poet,

Amor addidit alas.

I am trying a like experiment, whether I cannot make this composition of old rags, galls, and vitriol fly to *Dublin*; and if (as the moving lion, which was composed by an *Italian* chymist, and opened his breast, and shewed the imperial arms painted in its heart) this could disclose itself, and discover to you the high esteem and affection I have for you, I should attain my end; and not only sacrifice an hecatomb, but cry out with extatic *Archimedes*, Εὕρηκα.

I should not have presumed to imagine, that you would deign to cast an eye on any thing proceeding from so mean an hand as mine, had I not been encouraged by that character of candour and sweetness of temper, for which you are so justly celebrated and esteemed by all good men, as the *Deliciæ humani generis*; and I make no question, but like your predecessor, an emperor again, you reckon every day as lost, in which you have not an opportunity of doing some act of beneficence. I was moreover emboldened by the adage, which does not stick to affirm, that one of the most despicable of animals may look upon the greatest of queens; as it has been proved to a demonstration by a late most judicious author, whom (as I take it) you have vouchsafed to immortalize

talize by your learned lucubrations *. And as proverbs are the wisdom of a nation, so I take the naturalizing such a quantity of very expressive ones, as we did by the act of union, to be one of the considerablest advantages we shall reap from it: and I do not question but the nation will be the wiser for the future.

But I have digressed too far, and therefore resume my thread. I know my own unworthiness to deserve your favour; but let this attempt pass on my account for some merit,

In magnis voluisse sat est.

And tho' all cannot be sprightly like *F——d*, wise like *T———rs*, agreeable like *B———th*, polite like *P——r——de*, or to sum up all, tho' there be but one *Phœnix*, and one *Lepidissimus Homuncio*, *T—p—m*; yet since a cup of cold water was not an unacceptable present to a thirsty emperor, I may flatter myself, that this tender of my services (how mean soever) may not be contemned; and, though I fall from my great attempt,

Spero trovar pieta non che perdono,

as that mellifluous ornament of *Italy*, *Franciscus Petrarcha*, sweetly has it.

Mr. *Crowder* I have often heard affirm, and the fine thinkers of all ages have constantly held, that much good may be attained by reading of history. And Dr. *Sloane* is of opinion, that modern travels are very behoveful towards forming the mind and in-

* The lucubrations of *Isaac Bickerstaff*, in the Tatler.

larging the thoughts of the curious part of mankind.

Give me leave to ſpeak a little from both theſe topics.

In the *Roman* triumphs, which were doubtleſs the moſt auguſt ſpectacles that were ever ſeen, it was the conſtant cuſtom, that the public executioner ſhould be behind the conqueror, to remind him (ſays my author) from time to time, that theſe honours were tranſitory, and could not ſecure him from the ſeverity of the laws.

Col. *Morriſon* of the guards [he lives next door to *Tart-Hall*] his father was in *Virginia*, and being like to be ſtarved, the company had recourſe to a learned maſter of arts; his name was *Venter:* he adviſed them to eat one another *pour paſſer le tems*, and to begin with a fat cook-maid. She had certainly gone to pot, had not a ſhip arrived juſt in the nick with a quantity of pork, which appeaſed their hunger, and ſaved the wench's bacon.

To apply theſe; Did you never (when rioting in the coſtly dainties of my lord high admiral's * table, when the polytaſted wine excited jovial thoughts, and baniſhed ſerious reflections) forget your frail mortal condition? Or when at another time, you have wiped the point of a knife, or perhaps with a little ſpoon taken ſome *Attic* ſalt out of Mrs. *F——'s* cadenat; and, as the poet ſings,

Qui ſedens adverſus identidem ——
Spectat et audit,

* *Thomas*, earl of *Pembroke*.

Did

Did you not think yourself *par Deo?* Pray God you did not; pray God you did not think yourself *superare divos.*

Confess the truth, Doctor, you did; confess it, and repent of it, if it be not too late: but, alas! I fear it is.

And now, methinks, I look down into that bog all flaming with bonnyclabber and usquebaugh; and hear you gnashing your teeth and crying, Oh! what would I give now for a glass of that small beer, I used to say was sour! or a pinch of that snuff, which I used to say was the curs'd'st stuff in the world! and borrow as much as would lie on a shilling the minute after. Oh! what would I give to have had a monitor in those moments to have put me in mind of the sword hanging by a twine-thread over my head; and to have cried in a voice as loud as *S—th—ll's, Memento*, Doctor, *quia Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris.*

Every man in the midst of his pleasures should remember the *Roman* executioner: and I have been assured, that had it not been for the unfortunate loss of his royal highness the prince*, Sir *Charles Duncomb* † would have revived that useful ceremony, which might be very properly introduced in the lord mayor's cavalcade.

I would not be mistaken, either in what has gone before, or in that which is to follow, as if I took you to be a belly-god, an *Apicius*, or him that wished his

* Of *Denmark*, who died *October* 28, 1708.

† Lord mayor of *London*, in 1708.

neck as long as a crane's, that he might have the greater pleaſure in ſwallowing. No, dear Doctor, far be it from me to think you *Epicuri de grege porcum.* I know indeed you are *Helluo*, but it is *librorum*, as the learned Dr. *Accepted Frewen*, ſome time archbiſhop of *York*, was; and *ingenii*, as the quaint Dr. *Offspring Blackall*, now biſhop of *Exeter*, is. Therefore let us return to the uſe which may be made of modern travels, and apply Mr. *Morriſon's* to your condition.

You are now caſt on an inhoſpitable iſland; no mathematical figures on the ſand, no *veſtigia hominum* to be ſeen; perhaps at this very time reduced to one ſingle barrel of damaged biſcuit, and ſhort-allowance even of ſalt-water. What's to be done? Another in your condition would look about; perhaps he might find ſome potatoes; or get an old piece of iron, and make an harpoon, and if he found *Higgon* ſleeping near the ſhore, ſtrike him and eat him. The weſtern iſlanders of *Scotland* ſay, 'tis good meat; and his train oil, bottled till it mantles, is a delicious beverage, if the inhabitants of *Lapland* are to be credited.

But this I know is to groſs a pabulum for one, who (as the camelion lives on air) has always hitherto lived on wit; and whoſe friends (God be thanked) deſign he ſhould continue to do ſo, and on nothing elſe. Therefore I would adviſe you to fall upon old *Joan*; eat, do, I live to bid thee! Eat *Addiſon* *;

* Then ſecretary to the earl of *Wharton*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

and

and when you have eat every body elſe, eat my lord lieutenant * [he is ſomething lean,] God help the while; and tho' 'twill, for aught I know, be treaſon, there will be nobody left to hang you, unleſs you ſhould think fit to do yourſelf that favour, which if you ſhould, pray don't write me word of it, becauſe I ſhould be very ſorry to hear of any ill that ſhould happen to you, as being, with a profound veneration, one of the greateſt of your admirers.

T. B. or any other two letters you like better.

Pray direct your anſwer to me, at the *Serjeant's Head* in *Cornwall*; or at Mr. *Sentiment's*, a Potty Carrier, in *Common Garden*, in the *Pbbs*.

LETTER XI.

† WILLIAM, lord achbiſhop of *Dublin*, to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, Dublin, Nov. 20, 1708.

I HAVE yours of the 9th inſtant, and if the ſcheme of alteration holds, as repreſented, I deſpair of our twentieth parts in the preſent method; yet I can't think it proper to move in any new courſe till the declaration of what is intended be more authentic. I

* Earl of *Wharton*.

† Doctor *William King*, archbiſhop of *Dublin*, author of the diſcourſe on the *Origin of Evil*; of the *State of the Proteſtants in* Ireland, and ſeveral other valuable pieces.

have no good ground for my doubt; and yet, in my own mind, I make ſome queſtion, whether all things will be juſt as ſurmiſed. If I find this to be ſo in earneſt, I will then endeavour to obtain an addreſs to my lord treaſurer, which, I ſuppoſe, has been hitherto wanting: but if the matter ſtick on any conſiderations not agreeable, there is an end of it. To deal freely, I have very little hope of ſucceeding any way; but it will not make things worſe to try the experiment.

I underſtand ſome diſſenters from hence will apply to the parliament of *England* this ſeſſion, to obtain a repeal of the teſt, and for a toleration on a larger foot than in *England*; and that a fund is raiſed, and agents appointed to ſolicit their affairs, by the preſbyters of the north. I have had ſome intimation, that all diſſenters are not of a mind in this point; the other ſects, if I am rightly informed, being as much afraid of them as of us; and that they would rather be as they are, than run the hazard of coming under the *jus divinum* of preſbytery. Something pleaſant enough is ſaid to have happened on this occaſion: a certain perſon endeavoured to comfort them, and remove their jealouſy, by telling them they needed not to fear; for that the greateſt friends to diſſenters, and who would be moſt zealous for toleration, never deſigned to eſtabliſh any church, but only to deſtroy that, which had the protection of the laws. Whether this will give them ſatisfaction I can't tell; but am certain, that if any have ſo wicked a deſign, they will fail in it.

I am

I am often alarmed with the fears of ſome good men, who would perſuade me, that religion is in danger of being rooted out of the hearts of men; and they wonder to ſee me ſo ſanguine in the cauſe. But I tell them, that I believe it is with religion as with paternal affection; ſome profligate wretches may forget it, and ſome may doſe themſelves ſo long with perverſe thinking, as not to ſee any reaſon for it: but in ſpite of all the ill-natured and falſe philoſophy of theſe two ſorts of people, the bulk of mankind will love their children. And ſo it is, and will be, with the fear of God and religion: whatever is general hath a powerful cauſe, though every one cannot find it out.

But I have forgot my diſſenters: the reaſon of their applying in *Great Britain* is, becauſe they ſee little reaſon to hope for ſucceſs here; and if I can judge of the ſenſe of gentlemen that compoſe the parliament, they never ſeemed to be farther from the humour of gratifying them.

As to your own concern, you ſee hardly any thing valuable is obtained any otherwiſe than by the government; and therefore, if you can attend the next lord lieutenant, you, in my opinion, ought not to decline it. I aſſure myſelf that you are too honeſt to come on ill terms; nor do I believe any will explicitly be propoſed. I could give ſeveral reaſons why you ſhould embrace this, though I have no exception againſt your ſecretaryſhip *; except that

* To the embaſſy at *Vienna*.

you may lose too much time in it, which, considering all things, you cannot so well spare at this time of the day.

As to my own part, I thank God, I was never much frightened by any alterations: neither king *James* nor the earl of *Tyrconnel* shocked me. I always comforted myself with the 112th psalm, 7th verse *. I never was a favourite of any government, nor have I a prospect of being so, though I believe I have seen forty changes; nor would I advise any friend to sell himself to any, so as to be their slave. I could write some other things, that you would desire to know; but pen and ink are dangerous tools in some mens hands, and I love a friend with an appetite. I am, *&c.*

W. DUBLIN.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE.

SIR, Nov. 30, 1708.

I RECEIVED a letter from you the Lord knows when, for it has no date; but I conceive it to have been a month ago, for I met it when I came from *Kent*, where, and at *Epsom*, I passed about six weeks, to divert myself the fag end of the summer, which proved to be the best weather we had. I am glad you made so good a progress in your building; but you had the emblem of industry in your mind, for the bees begin at the the top and work downwards, and at last work themselves out of house and home, as many of you builders do.

* 'He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.'

You

You know before this the great revolution we have had at court * ; and that Dr. *Lambert* is chaplain to the lord lieutenant : the archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, ſeveral other biſhops, and my lord treaſurer himſelf, would needs have it ſo. I made no manner of application for that poſt, upon certain reaſons, that I ſhall let you know, if ever I have the happineſs to ſee you again.

My lord *Sunderland* rallied me on that occaſion, and was very well pleaſed with my anſwer, that I obſerved one thing in all new *miniſtries :* for the firſt week or two, they are in a hurry, or not to be ſeen ; and when you come afterwards, they are engaged. What I have to ſay of the public, *&c.* will be incloſed, which, I ſuppoſe, will be ſhewn you, and you will pleaſe to deliver as formerly. Lord *Pembroke* takes all things mighty well, and we pun together as uſual; and he either makes the beſt uſe, or the beſt appearance with his philoſophy of any man I ever knew ; for it is not believed he is pleaſed at heart upon many accounts.

Sir *Andrew Fountain* is well, and has either writ to you laſt poſt, or deſigns it ſoon.

Dr. *Pratt* is buying good pennyworths of books for the college, and has made ſome purchaſes that would ſet you a longing. You have heard our mighty news is † extreamly dwindled in our laſt pacquets.

* On the 25th of *November*, 1708, the earl of *Pembroke* was made lord high admiral, the earl of *Wharton* lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, and lord *Sommers* lord preſident of the council.

† On the 11th of *November*, 1708, the duke of *Marlborough* and prince *Eugene* obliged the elector of *Bavaria* to raiſe the ſiege of *Bruſſels*.

However

However we expect a very happy end of the campaign, which this ſudden thaw and foul weather, begun here yeſterday, will ſoon bring to an iſſue. I am *&c.*

LETTER XIII.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, Feb. 10, 1708.

I RECEIVED your's of laſt *January* the 6th, and you will find but a ſorry coreſpondent of me. I have been confined near two months this winter, and forbid pen and ink by my phyſician; though, I thank God, I was more frightened, as it happened, than hurt. I had a colic about the year 96, that brought me to extremity, and all deſpair of my life, and the news-letters reported me dead. It began at the ſame time of the year, and the ſame way it did then, and the winters were much alike; and I verily believe had I not had the aſſiſtance of my old phyſician, Sir *Patrick Dun**, I ſhould have run the ſame courſe, which I could not have ſupported. But with a little phyſic, and the *Spaw* and *Bath* waters, I eſcaped without other hardſhips, than keeping at home; and ſo much for private affairs.

As to the public, I had a letter from my lord *Pembroke*, wherein he told me the firſt fruits and twentieth

* This gentleman founded three profeſſorſhips in the univerſity of *Dublin*, viz. theory and practice of phyſick, chirurgery and midwifery, pharmacy and the *Materia Medica*.

parts

parts were granted *, and that my lord lieutenant will bring over the queen's letter for them. I returned him my thanks, and as ſoon as the order comes, he will have a public acknowledgement.

I have ſeen a letter †, that paſſes as from a member of the houſe, &c. I think your judgment concerning it is very juſt. But pray by what artifice did you contrive to paſs for a whig? As I am an honeſt man, I courted the greateſt whigs I knew, and could not gain the reputation of being counted one.

But you need not be concerned; I will engage you will loſe nothing by that paper. I wiſh ſome facts had been well conſidered before vouched: if any one matter in it prove falſe, what do you think will come of the paper? In ſhort, it will not

* It appears from a letter of the archbiſhops and biſhops of *Ireland*, to Dr. *Hartſtonge*, biſhop of *Oſſory*, and Dr. *Lindſey*, biſhop of *Killaloe*, inſerted in this collection, that *Swift* was engaged to ſolicit the queen to exonerate the clergy of *Ireland* from paying the twentieth parts and firſt fruits, upon which his acquaintance with Mr. *Harley* began. The proceſs of his application may be traced by theſe letters, and he at length obtained a grant of the queen, which is dated *February* 7, 1710. The information, that the grant was obtained at the time this letter was written, 1708, though from lord *Pembroke*, was premature.

† 'In the third volume of the octavo edition of Dr. *Swift's* works, publiſhed by *Bathurſt* at *London*, in 1754, is *a letter from a member of the houſe of commons in* Ireland, *to a member of the houſe of commons in* England, *concerning the ſacramental teſt*, written in the year 1708, and republiſhed in *Ireland* in 1715.'

be

be in the power of man to hinder it from a warm entertainment.

As to the teſt, I believe that matter is over for this ſeaſon. I was much for diſſolving this preſent parliament, and calling a new one this ſpring. I had a pretty good account of the future elections, which, as far as my acquaintance reached, were ſettled; and I was ſure, that, without great force and artifice, the new members would never have repealed the teſt; but I did not know what the influence of a lord lieutenant * (when well acquainted in the kingdom, and who knew how to take his meaſures juſtly) might have effected, and we know very well what force management and timing matters have; and there is hardly any thing but powerful perſuaſions, terror, and oſtentation of intereſt may effect, eſpecially in popular elections. And to confeſs the truth to you, I am not altogether eaſy in that matter yet, eſpecially if things take any new turn in *England*. It is whiſpered, but I know not by what authority, that the queen herſelf was at the bottom of what paſſed in the houſe of commons with you; and that the miniſtry ſcreened her in that affair, for reaſons that may be gueſſed at.

I am wonderfully pleaſed at the good character you give Mr. *Addiſon* †. If he be the man, that you

* '*Thomas*, earl of *Wharton*, had been appointed to that poſt on the 25th of *November*, 1708.'

† *Swift's* friendſhip for *Addiſon* continued inviolable, during the adminiſtration of *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*, and with as much kindneſs, as when they uſed to meet at lord *Halifax's*, or lord *Sommers's*.

repreſent

repreſent him to be, (and I have confidence in your judgment,) he will be able to ſerve his lord * effectually, and procure himſelf love and reſpect here. I can't ſay it will be in my power to do him any ſervice; but my good wiſhes and endeavours ſhall not be wanting.

Mr. *Stoughton* preached *a ſermon* † here on the 30th of *January*, king *Charles's* martyrdom, that gives great offence: the government heard it, but I was ill at home, which dean *Sterne* will needs have a providence. If the repreſentation I have of it be true, I am ſure I ſhould have ſuſpended him, if it had coſt me both my reputation and intereſt. I have repreſented what I have heard of it, and have diſcourſed my lord chancellor ‡ about it, and told him of what conſequence I think it to be, both to him and us, and that it ſhould not paſs without cenſure. I have not as yet ſeen my lord primate. Wiſe men are doing all they can to extinguiſh faction; and fools and elves are throwing fire-brands. Aſſure your-

* The earl of *Wharton*, then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

† 'Dr. *Swift*, in anſwer to this letter, dated *March* 6, 1708-9, printed in his works, writes thus: "Mr. *Stoughton* is recommended for a chaplain to the lord lieutenant. His ſermon is much recommended by ſeveral here. He is a prudent perſon, and knows how to time things: others of ſomewhat better figure are as wiſe as he. A bold opinion is a ſhort, eaſy way to merit, and very neceſſary for thoſe, who have no other." It appears from *Boyer's Political State*, Vol. II. p. 639, that this ſermon had been preached on the 30th of *January*, 1705-6, at *Chriſt Church, Dublin*; and that it was burnt by the hands of the common hangman *November* 9, 1711.'

‡ 'Sir *Richard Cox*.'

ſelf this had an ill effect on the minds of moſt here: for though they eſpouſe the revolution, they heartily abhor forty-one. And nothing can create the miniſtry more enemies, and be a greater handle for calumny, than to repreſent them, and thoſe that eſpouſed them, to be ſuch, as murdered king *Charles* I. and ſuch are all, that approve or excuſe it.

As to our own affairs, I wiſh you could have come over chaplain as I propoſed; but ſince a more powerful intereſt interpoſed, I believe you had beſt uſe your endeavours there; but if nothing happens before my lord lieutenant comes over, you had beſt make us a viſit. Had you been here, I believe ſomething might have been done for you before this. The deanery of *Down* is fallen, and application has been made for it to my lord lieutenant, but it yet hangs, and I know not what will become of it: but if you could either get into it, or get a good man with a comfortable benefice removed to it, it might make preſent proviſion for you. I have many things more to ſay; but they are ſo much of a piece with theſe I have writ already, that you may gueſs at them all by this ſample. God be with you: Amen.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

Mr. Le Clerc to Mr. Addison.

A Amſterdam, le 12 de Fevrier, 1709.

JE m'étois donné l'honneur de vous écrire, Monſieur, des le commencement de cette année, pour vous prier ſur tout d'une choſe, qu'il me ſeroit important de ſavoir au plûtôt. Cependant je n'ai reçu aucune de vos nouvelles. J'ai appris ſeulement, que vous quittiez le poſte, où vous étiez, pour aller en Irlande en qualité de ſecretaire de my lord *Wharton*. Je m'en réjoüis avec vous, dans la ſuppoſition, que ce dernier emploi vaut mieux que le précedent, quoique je ſente bien, que je perdrai par vôtre éloignement. Je ne laſſe pas de vous ſouhaiter toute ſorte de ſatisfaction dans vôtre nouvel emploi, & de prier Dieu, qu'il vous donne un heureux ſuccès en tout ce que vous entreprendres. Je vous avois prié, Monſieur, de m'envoyer le nom propre & les titres de my lord *Halifax*, & de lui demander même, ſi vous le trouviez àpropos, la permiſſion de lui dedier mon *Tite-Live*. Comme vous m'aviez marqué par Mr. *Philips*, que vous aviez oublié la feuille, qui me manquoit de recueïl de Mr. *Rymer*, je vous avois mandé, que c'eſt la feuille 10 T. ou les 4 pages, qui précedent immediatement l'indice des noms, dans le tome I. Si vous l'avez euë depuis, faites moi la grace de l'envoyer á Meſſ. *Tonton & Stuiguer*, bien enveloppée, & de mettre mon addreſſe au deſſus. Je ſuppoſe,

poſe, Monſieur, que cette lettre vous trouvera encore à *Londres*, parce qu'on dit, que my lord *Wharton* ne partira que vers le mois d' *Avril*. Il ne ſe paſſe rien de nouveau ici dans la republique des lettres, qui merite de vous être mandé. Les Jeſuites de *Paris* ont condamné en termes très-fort, les ſentimens du P. *Hardouin*, & l'ont contraint de les retracter d'une maniere honteuſe. On verra quelle en ſera la ſuite. Je voudrois pouvoir vous être utile ici à quelque choſe : vous verriez par là, combien je ſuis, Monſieur, vôtre très humble & très obeïſſant ſerviteur,

J. Le Clerc.

LETTER XV.

Archbiſhop King to Dr. Swift.

REV. SIR, Dublin, March 12, 1708.

THE buſineſs of the twentieth parts and firſt-fruits is ſtill on the anvil. We are given to underſtand, that her majeſty deſigns, out of her royal bounty, to make a grant of them for charitable uſes, and that it is deſigned this grant ſhould come over with his excellency the lord lieutenant. The biſhops in this town at preſent thought it reaſonable to appriſe his excellency of the affair, and to addreſs him for his favour in it, which accordingly is done by this poſt. We have ſent with this addreſs the repreſentation made at firſt to her majeſty about it; the

the reference to the commiſſioners of the revenue here, and their report, together with the memorial to the lord *Pembroke*. In that there is mention of the ſtate of the dioceſe of *Dublin*, as a ſpecimen of the condition of the clergy of *Ireland*, by which it will appear how much we ſtand in need of ſuch a gift. This we could not well ſend to his excellency, becauſe it is very long, and we apprehend, that it might be improper to give him ſo much trouble at firſt, before he was any way appriſed of the matter; but if you think, that his excellency may judge it agreeable, that it ſhould be laid before him, I entreat the favour of you to apply to my lord *Pembroke's* ſecretary, with whom it is, for the original, or a copy of it, and preſent it to my lord lieutenant, or leave it with his ſecretary. I have engaged for you to my brethren, that you will be at this trouble; and there is a memorial to this purpoſe, at the foot of the copy of the repreſentation made to the earl of *Pembroke*, tranſmitted with the other papers. What charges you are at upon this account, will be anſwered by me.

The good impreſſion you have given me of Mr. *Addiſon*, my lord lieutenant's ſecretary, has encouraged me to venture a letter to him on this ſubject, which I have incloſed, and make you the full and ſole judge, whether it ought to be delivered. I can't be competently informed by any here, whether it may be pertinent or no; but I may and do depend on your prudence in the caſe, who, I believe, will neither omit what may be uſeful, nor ſuffer me to do

an officious or improper thing. I mix no other matter with this, beſides what agrees with all occaſions, the tender of the hearty prayers and wiſhes for you of, ſir, your &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

The reverſal of my lord *Slane's* * outlawry makes a mighty noiſe through this kingdom: for aught I can remember, the deſtroying of our woollen manufactory did not cauſe ſo univerſal a conſternation.

LETTER XVI.

Dr. SWIFT to the lord primate of *Ireland* †.

MY LORD, London, March 24, 1708-9.

I AM commanded by his excellency the lord lieutenant to ſend the incloſed to your grace, in anſwer to a letter his excellency lately received from your grace, and ſeveral biſhops, relating to the firſt-fruits of *Ireland*. This will ſpare your grace and their

* 'Chriſtopher *Fleming*, baron of *Slane*, having taken up arms for king *James* in 1688 in *Ireland*, where he was colonel of a regiment of foot, afterwards loſt his eſtate, and was outlawed, till queen *Anne* reverſed his attainder; upon which the houſe of commons of *Ireland*, on the 3d of *June*, 1709, unanimouſly reſolved, that an addreſs be made to the queen, "ſetting forth the fatal "conſequences of reverſing the outlawries of perſons attainted of "treaſon for the rebellions in 1641 and 1688." Lord *Slane* was in *November*, 1713, created by her majeſty viſcount *Longford*.

† Dr. *Narciſſus Marſh*.

lordſhips

lordſhips the trouble of any farther account from me. I ſhall therefore only add, that his excellency commands me to aſſure your grace of his hearty inclination in favour of the church of *Ireland*; and am, with great reſpect, my lord, your grace's moſt dutiful, and moſt obedient ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT *.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, April 22, 1709.

I AM in a very great hurry of buſineſs, but cannot forbear thanking you for your letter at *Cheſter*, which was the only entertainment I met with in that place. I hope to ſee you very ſuddenly, and will wait on our friend the biſhop of *Clogher* † as ſoon as I can poſſibly. I have had juſt time to tell him, *en paſſant*, that you were well. I long to ſee you, and am, dear ſir, your moſt faithful, and moſt obedient ſervant.

J. ADDISON.

We arrived yeſterday at *Dublin*.

* Mr. *Addiſon* at this time was ſecretary to the earl of *Wharton*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

† Dr. *St. George Aſhe*.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Caſtle, June 25, 1709.

I AM heartily glad to hear you are ſo near us. If you will deliver the incloſed to the captain of the *Wolf*, I dare ſay he will accommodate you with all in his power. If he has left *Cheſter*, I have ſent you a bill according to the biſhop of *Clogher's* deſire, of whom I have a thouſand good things to ſay. I do not aſk your excuſe about the yacht, becauſe I don't want it, as you ſhall hear at *Dublin:* if I did, I ſhould think myſelf inexcuſeable. I long to talk over all affairs with you, and am, dear ſir, your's moſt entirely,

J. ADDISON.

P. S. The yacht will come over with the acts of parliament and a convoy about a week hence, which opportunity you may lay hold of, if you do not like the *Wolf*. I will give orders accordingly.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Nine o'clock, Monday morning *.

I THINK it is very hard I ſhould be in the ſame kingdom with Dr. *Swift*, and not have the happineſs of his company once in three days. The biſhop of *Clogher* intends to call on you this morning, as will your humble ſervant in my return from *Chappel Izzard*, wither I am juſt now going. I am your humble ſervant,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER XX.

Earl of HALIFAX † to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, October 6, 1709.

OUR friend Mr. *Addiſon* telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away without telling you how much I am concerned to find them returned without you. I am

* This letter has no date: but it muſt have been written ſoon after Dr. *Swift*'s arrival in *Dublin*, which happened on the 30th of *June*, 1709. He ſet ſail from *Liverpool* for *Ireland* on the 29th of *June*, and landed at *Ringsend* the next day; and on the 8th of *September* following, Mr. *Addiſon* returned to *England* with the lord lieutenant.

† *Charles*, earl of *Halifax*: he was auditor of the exchequer.

quite aſhamed for myſelf and my friends, to ſee you left in a place ſo incapable of taſting you; and to ſee ſo much merit, and ſo great qualities, unrewarded by thoſe, who are ſenſible of them. Mr. *Addiſon* and I are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the purſuit, nor to ceaſe reminding thoſe who can ſerve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to ſhine *. Dr. *South* holds out ſtill †, but he cannot be immortal. The ſituation of his prebend would make me doubly concerned in ſerving you. And upon all occaſions, that ſhall offer, I will be your conſtant ſolicitor, your ſincere admirer, and your unalterable friend. I am your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

HALIFAX.

* Dr. *Swift* wrote thus on the back of the letter, *I kept this letter as a true original of courtiers and court promiſes:* and in the firſt leaf of a ſmall printed book, intitled, *Poeſies Chretiennes de Meſſ. Jollivet*, he wrote theſe words, "Given me by my "lord *Halifax*, *May* 3, 1709. I begged it of him, and deſired "him to remember it was the only *favour* I ever received from "him or his party."

† 'He was prebendary of *Weſtminſter*; but did not die till *July* 8, 1716.'

LET-

LETTER XXI.

Mr. STEELE to Dr. SWIFT.

Lord Sunderland's Office, October 8, 1709.

DEAR SIR,

MR. ſecretary *Addiſon* went this morning out of town, and left behind him an agreeable command for me, *viz.* to forward the incloſed, which lord *Halifax* ſent him for you. I aſſure you, no man could ſay more in praiſe of another, than he did in your behalf at that noble lord's table on *Wedneſday* laſt. I doubt not but you will find by the incloſed the effect it had upon him. No opportunity is omitted among powerful men, to upbraid them for your ſtay in *Ireland*. The company that day at dinner were lord *Edward Ruſſel*, lord *Eſſex*, Mr. *Maynwaring*, Mr. *Addiſon*, and myſelf. I have heard ſuch things ſaid of that ſame biſhop of *Clogher* with you, that I have often ſaid he muſt be entered *ad eundem* in our houſe of lords. Mr. *Phillips* * dined with me yeſterday; he is ſtill a ſhepherd, and walks very lonely through this unthinking crowd in *London*. I wonder you do not write ſometimes to me.

* *Ambroſe Phillips*, the author of the *Diſtreſſed Mother*, a tragedy, and ſome paſtorals, &c.

The town is in great expectation from *Bickerſtaffe* *; what paſſed at the election for his firſt table being to be publiſhed this day ſevennight. I have not ſeen *Ben Tooke* † a great while, but long to uſher you and yours into the world. Not that there can be any thing added by me to your fame, but to walk bare-headed before you. I am, ſir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, St. James's Place, April 11, 1710.

I HAVE run ſo much in debt with you, that I do not know how to excuſe myſelf, and therefore ſhall throw myſelf wholly upon your good nature;

* *Iſaac Bickerſtaffe* was the name aſſumed by the author of the Tatler, of which the Dean wrote No. 66, on eloquence and action, and the numbers 67, 74 and 81, on the chamber of fame, in which were to be three tables; the firſt to contain twelve perſons, the ſecond twenty, and the third one hundred. The election here alluded to is of the twelve perſons for the firſt table, public notice having been given from the *Grecian* coffee-houſe, in the Tatler of the 29th of *September* 1709, that on *Saturday* the 15th of *October* next, the author would ſettle his firſt table of Fame, requeſting all, that had competent knowledge, to ſend in liſts of ſuch twelve perſons as they imagined to be qualified for that pre-eminence. The twelve ſelected by the author are, *Alexander*, *Homer*, *Julius Cæſar*, *Socrates*, *Ariſtotle*, *Virgil*, *Cicero*, *Hannibal*, *Pompey*, *Cato of Utica*, *Auguſtus*, and *Archimedes*.

† The bookſeller.

and

and promiſe, if you will pardon what is paſſed, to be more punctual with you for the future. I hope to have the happineſs of waiting on you very ſuddenly at *Dublin*, and do not at all regret the leaving of *England*, whilſt I am going to a place, where I ſhall have the ſatisfaction and honour of Dr. *Swift's* converſation. I ſhall not trouble you with any occurrences here, becauſe I hope to have the pleaſure of talking over all affairs with you very ſuddenly. We hope to be at *Holyhead* by the 30th inſtant. Lady *Wharton* ſtays in *England*. I ſuppoſe you know, that I obeyed your's, and the biſhop of *Clogher's* commands, in relation to Mr. *Smith*; for I deſired Mr. *Davſon* to acquaint you with it. I muſt beg my moſt humble duty to the biſhop of *Clogher*. I heartily long to eat a diſh of bacon and beans in the beſt company in the world. Mr. *Steele* and I often drink your health.

I am forced to give myſelf airs of a punctual correſpondence with you, in diſcourſe with your friends at St. *James's* Coffee-Houſe, who are always aſking me queſtions about you, when they have a mind to pay their court to me, if I may uſe ſo magnificent a phraſe. Pray, dear Doctor, continue your friendſhip towards me, who love and eſteem you, if poſſible, as much as you deſerve. I am ever, dear ſir, your's entirely,

J. Addison.

LETTER XXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE, (with a proxy for his appearance as prebendary of *Dunlavin*, at the archbiſhop's viſitation.)

SIR, Laracor, April 17, 1710.

YOU have put me under a neceſſity of writing you a very ſcurvy letter, and in a very ſcurvy manner. It is the want of horſes, and not of inclination, that hinders me from attending on you at the chapter. But I would do it on foot to ſee you * viſit in your own right; but if I muſt be viſited by proxy, by proxy I will appear. The ladies of St. *Mary's* delivered me your commands; but Mrs. *Johnſon* had dropped half of them by the ſhaking of her horſe. I have made a ſhift, by the aſſiſtance of two civilians, and a book of precedents, to ſend you the jargon annexed, with a blank for the name and title of any prebendary, who will have the charity to anſwer for me. Thoſe two words, *gravi incommodo*, are to be tranſlated, the want of a horſe. In a few days I expect to hear the two ladies lamenting the fleſh-pots of *Cavan-ſtreet*. I adviſe them, ſince they have given up their title and lodgings of St. *Mary's*, to buy each of them a palfry, and take a ſquire, and ſeek adventures. I am here quarrelling with the froſty weather, for ſpoiling my poor half dozen of bloſſoms. *Spes anni collapſa ruit:* Whether theſe words be mine, or

* Dr. *Sterne* was then vicar-general of the dioceſe of *Dublin*, and was to viſit the clergy in the abſence of the archbiſhop.

Virgil's,

Virgil's, I cannot determine. I am this minute very buſy, being to preach to-day before an audience of at leaſt fifteen people, moſt of them gentle, and all ſimple.

I can ſend you no news; only the employment of my pariſhioners may, for memory-ſake, be reduced under theſe heads: Mr. *Percival* is ditching, Mrs. *Percival* in her kitchen; Mr. *Weſley* ſwitching; Mrs. *Weſley* ſtitching; Sir *Arthur Langford* riching, which is a new word for heaping up riches. Well, Sir, long may you live the hoſpitable owner of good bits, good books, and good buildings. The biſhop of *Clogher* would envy me for thoſe three B's*. I am your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

J. Swift.

LETTER XXIV.

Sir Andrew Fountain to Dr. Swift.

June 27, 1710.

I NEITHER can nor will have patience any longer; and, *Swift*, you are a confounded ſon of a ———. May your half acre turn to a bog, and may your willows periſh; may the worms eat your *Plato*, and may *Parviſole* † break your ſnuff-box. What! becauſe there is never a biſhop in *England* with half the wit of *St. George Aſhe*, nor ever a ſecretary of ſtate with a quarter of *Addiſon's* good ſenſe; therefore

* 'Viz. bits, books, and buildings.'

† The Dean's ſteward.

you

you can't write to thoſe, that love you, as well as any *Clogher* or *Addiſon* of them all. You have loſt your reputation here, and that of your baſtard, the *Tatler*, is going too; and there is no way left to recover either, but your writing. Well! 'tis no matter; I'll e'en leave *London*. *Kingsmill* is dead, and you don't write to me. Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Caſtle, July 23, 1710.

ABOUT two days ago I received the incloſed, that is ſealed up, and yeſterday that of my friend *Steele*, which requiring a ſpeedy anſwer, I have ſent you expreſs. In the mean time I have let him know, that you are out of town, and that he may expect your anſwer by the next poſt. I fancy he had my lord *Halifax's* authority for writing. I hope this will bring you to town. For your amuſement by the way, I have ſent you ſome of this day's news; to which I muſt add, that Drs. *Byſſe* * and *Robinſon* † are likely to be the biſhops of *Briſtol* and *St. David's*: that our politicians are ſtartled at the breaking off the negociations, and fall of ſtocks; in-

* 'Philip, firſt made biſhop of St. *David's*, and then of *Hereford*.'

† 'John: he was conſecrated biſhop of *Briſtol*, *November* 19, 1710, and tranſlated to the ſee of *London* in *March* 1713-14.'

ſomuch

ſomuch that it is thought they will not venture at diſſolving the parliament in ſuch a criſis. I am ever, dear Sir, your's entirely.

J. ADDISON.

Mr. *Steele* deſires me to ſeal your's before I deliver it; but this you will excuſe in one, who wiſhes you as well as he, or any body living can do.

LETTER XXVI.

IRISH BISHOPS to the biſhops of OSSORY and KILLALOE.

Dublin, Aug. 31, 1710.

OUR VERY GOOD LORDS,

WHEREAS ſeveral applications have been made to her majeſty about the firſt fruits and twentieth parts, payable to her majeſty by the clergy of this kingdom, beſeeching her majeſty, that ſhe would be graciouſly pleaſed to extend her bounty to the clergy here, in ſuch manner, as the convocation have humbly laid before her majeſty, or as her majeſty ſhall, in her goodneſs and wiſdom, think fit; and the ſaid applications lie ſtill before her majeſty; and we do hope, from her royal bounty, a favourable anſwer.

We do therefore intreat your lordſhips, to take upon you the ſolicitation of that affair, and to uſe ſuch proper methods and applications, as you in your prudence ſhall judge moſt like to be effectual. We have likewiſe deſired the bearer, Dr. *Swift*, to

concern

concern himſelf with you, being perſuaded of his diligence and good affection: and we deſire, if your lordſhips occaſions require your leaving *London* before you have brought the buſineſs to effect, that you would leave with him the papers relating to it, with your directions for his management in it, if you think it adviſeable ſo to do. We are your lordſhips moſt humble ſervants and brethren,

NARCISSUS ARMAGH.
WILL. DUBLINIENSIS.
W. CASSEL.
W. MEATH.
W. KILDARE.
WILLIAM KILLALA.

To the Right Rev. fathers in God, *John* lord biſhop of *Oſſory*, and *Thomas* lord biſhop of *Killaloe*.

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY*.

Cheſter, Sept. 2, 1710.

JOE will give an account of me till I got into the boat, after which the rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we ſhould not be able to overtake any ſhip; but in half an hour we got to the yacht, for the ſhips lay by to wait for my lord lieutenant's ſteward.

* Mrs. *Dingley* was a relation of Sir *William Temple*, who accompanied Mrs. *Johnſon* to *Ireland*, when ſhe went thither by *Swift's* invitation, about the year 1701.

We

We made our voyage in fifteen hours juſt. Laſt night I came to this town, and ſhall leave it, I believe, on *Monday:* the firſt man I met in *Cheſter* was Dr. *Raymond* *. He and Mrs. *Raymond* were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to ſell their eſtate. I got a fall off my horſe, riding here from *Parkgate*, but no hurt; the horſe underſtanding falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the biſhop of *Clogher* †. I ſaw him returning from *Dunlary*; but he ſaw not me. I take it ill he was not at convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your reſolution of going to *Trim*, and riding there as much as you can. Let the biſhop of *Clogher* remind the biſhop of *Killala* to ſend me a letter, with one incloſed to the biſhop of *Litchfield* ‡. Let all, who write to me, incloſe to *Richard Steele*, Eſq; at his office at the *Cockpit*, near *Whitehall*. My lord *Mountjoy* is now in the humour, that we ſhould begin our journey this afternoon, ſo that I have ſtole here again to finiſh this letter, which muſt be ſhort or long accordingly. I write this poſt to Mrs. *Weſley*, and will tell her, that I have taken care ſhe may have her bill of one hundred and fifteen pounds whenever ſhe pleaſes to ſend for it; and in that caſe I deſire you will ſend it her incloſed and ſealed. God almighty bleſs you, and for God's ſake be merry and get your health. I am perfectly reſolved to return as ſoon as I have done my commiſſion, whether it ſucceeds or no. I never

* Vicar of *Trim*.

† 'Dr. *St. George Aſhe*.'

‡ 'Dr. *John Hough*.'

went to *England* with so little desire in my life. If Mrs. *Curry* makes any difficulty about the lodgings, I will quit them.

The post is just come from *London*, and just going out, so I have only time to pray to God to bless you, *&c.*

LETTER XXVIII.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, Dublin, Sept. 16, 1710.

I RECEIVED your's, by the last pacquets, of *September* the 9th; and because you have missed the two bishops, I send you, with this, the papers relating to the first fruits, and twentieth parts. I send them in two bundles, being too big for one letter. The bishops, so far as I can learn from the bishop of *Ossory*, have not made any step since I left *London*. I will endeavour to get you a letter from the bishops to solicit that affair. In the mean time, open the letter to the two bishops, and make use of it as occasion shall serve. The scheme I had laid for them is crossed by my lord treasurer's * being out; though, perhaps, that would not have done; but her majesty's promise I depended on, and I had engaged the archbishop of *York* in it. When he comes to *London*, I will give you a letter to him. I can likewise find means, I believe, to possess my lord *Shrewsbury* and

* 'The earl of *Godolphin* had resigned his staff, *August* 8, 1710.'

Mr.

Mr. *Harley*, with the reaſonableneſs of the affair. I am not courtier enough to know the properneſs of the thing; but I had once an imagination to attempt her majeſty herſelf by a letter, modeſtly putting her in mind of the matter; and no time ſo proper, as when there is no lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, which perhaps may be ſoon; but this needs advice.

There are great men here as much out of humour, as you deſcribe your great *viſitee* * to have been; nor does the good news from *Spain* † clear them. I believe, however, they are glad at it, though another would have ſerved their occaſions as well.

I do not apprehend any other ſecret in all this affair, but to get whigs out of all theſe places of profit and truſt, and to get others in them. As for peace, it muſt be on no other terms than the preliminaries; and you'll find a tory parliament will give money as freely, and be as eager to proſecute the war, as the whigs were, or they are not the wiſe men I take them to be. If they do ſo, and take care to have the money well diſpoſed of when given, they will break the king of *France's* heart, and the whigs together, and pleaſe the nation ‡. There's an ugly accident, that happens here in relation to our twentieth parts and firſt-fruits: at *Midſummer*, 1709,

* 'Probably the earl of *Godolphin*, who was, perhaps, much viſited by his friends and party, after the reſignation of his ſtaff of lord treaſurer.'

† 'Probably of the battle near *Saragoza*, in which king *Charles* of *Spain* gained a compleat victory over his competitor king *Philip*, on the 10th of *Auguſt*, 1710.'

‡ This opinion of ſo great and good a man as Dr. *King* deſerves particular attention.

there was ready money in the treaſury, and good ſolvent debts to the queen, to the value of 70000*l.* Now I am told, by the laſt week's abſtract, there is only 223*l.* in the treaſury, and the army unpaid, at leaſt uncleared for a year; and all others, except penſioners, in the ſame condition. Now the great motive to prevail with her majeſty to give the clergy the bounty petitioned for, was the clearneſs of the revenue here; but if that be anticipated, perhaps it may make an objection. I will add no more, but my prayers for you. I am, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE.

SIR, London, Sept. 26, 1710.

ONE would think this an admirable place from whence to fill a letter; yet when I come to examine particulars, I find they either conſiſt of news, which you hear as ſoon by the public papers, or of perſons and things, to which you are a ſtranger, and are the wiſer and happier for being ſo. Here have been great men every day reſigning their places; a reſignation as ſincere, as that of an uſurer on his death-bed. Here are ſome, that fear being whipt, becauſe they have broken their rod; and ſome that may be called to an account, becauſe they could not caſt one up. There are now not much above a dozen great employments to be diſpoſed of, which, according to our computation, may be done in as many days. *Patrick* * aſſures me, his acquaintance are all very

* Dr. *Swift's* ſervant.

well

well ſatisfied with theſe changes, which I take for no ill ſymptom; and it is certain the queen has never appeared ſo eaſy or ſo chearful. I found my lord *Godolphin* the worſt diſſembler of any of them, that I have talked to; and no wonder, ſince his loſs and danger are greater, beſides the addition of age and complexion. My lord lieutenant * is gone to the country, to buſtle about elections. He is not yet removed; becauſe they ſay it will be requiſite to ſuperſede him by a ſucceſſor, which the queen has not fixed on; nor is it agreed whether the duke of *Shrewſbury* or *Ormond* † ſtand faireſt. I ſpeak only for this morning, becauſe reports uſually change every twenty-four hours. Mean time the pamphlets and half ſheets grow ſo upon our hands, it will very well employ a man every day from morning till night to read them; and ſo out of perfect deſpair I never read any at all. The whigs, like an army beat three quarters out of the field, begin to ſkirmiſh but faintly; and deſerters daily come over. We are amazed to find our miſtakes, and how it was poſſible to ſee ſo much merit where there was none, and to overlook it where there was ſo much. When a great miniſter has loſt his place, immediately virtue, honour, and wit fly over to his ſucceſſor, with the other enſigns of his office. Since I left off writing, I received a letter from my lord archbiſhop of *Dublin*, or rather two letters, upon theſe memorials. I think immediately to begin my ſoliciting, though they are not very perfect; for I would be glad to know, whe-

* 'Earl of *Wharton*.'

† The duke of *Ormond* was appointed lord lieutenant, *October* 26, 1710.

ther my lord archbiſhop would have the ſame method taken here, that has been done in *England*, to ſettle it by parliament: but, however, that will be time enough thought of this good while.

I muſt here tell you, that the dean of *St. Patrick's* lives better than any man of quality I know; yet this day I dined with the comptroller *, who tells me, he drinks the queen's wine to-day. I ſaw collector *Sterne*, who deſired me to preſent his ſervice to you, and to tell you he would be glad to hear from you, but not about buſineſs; by which, I told him, I gueſſed he was putting you off about ſomething you deſired.

I would much rather be now in *Ireland* drinking your good wine, and looking over, while you loſt a crown at penny ombre. I am weary of the careſſes of great men out of place. The comptroller * expects every day the queen's commands to break his ſtaff. He is the laſt great houſhold officer they intend to turn out. My lord lieutenant is yet in, becauſe they cannot agree about his ſucceſſor. I am your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXX.

A Memorial of Dr. SWIFT to Mr. HARLEY, about the Firſt-fruits.

Oct. 7, 1710.

IN *Ireland*, hardly one pariſh in ten hath any glebe, and the reſt very ſmall and ſcattered, except a very few; and theſe have ſeldom any houſes.

* Sir *John Holland*, Bart.

There

There are in proportion more impropriations in *Ireland* than in *England*, which, added to the poverty of the country, make the livings of very small and uncertain value, so that five or six are often joined to make a revenue of 50 *l. per annum*: but these have seldom above one church in repair, the rest being destroyed by frequent wars, &c.

The clergy, for want of glebes, are forced, in their own or neighbouring parish, to take farms to live on at rack rents.

The queen having some years since remitted the first-fruits to the clergy of *England*, the bishop of *Cloyne*, being then in *London*, did petition her majesty for the same favour in behalf of the clergy of *Ireland*, and received a gracious answer. But this affair, for want of soliciting, was not brought to an issue during the governments of the duke of *Ormond* and earl of *Pembroke*.

Upon the earl of *Wharton's* succeeding, Dr. *Swift* (who had solicited this matter in the preceding government) was desired by the bishops of *Ireland* to apply to his excellency, who thought fit to receive the motion as wholly new, and what he could not consider till he were fixed in the government, and till the same application were made to him as had been to his predecessors. Accordingly an address was delivered to his lordship, with a petition to the queen, and a memorial annexed from both houses of convocation; but a dispute happening in the lower house, wherein his chaplain was concerned, and which was represented by the said chaplain as an affront designed to his excellency, who was pleased to

underſtand and report it ſo to the court, the convocation was ſuddenly prorogued, and all farther thoughts about the firſt-fruits let fall as deſperate.

The ſubject of the petition was to deſire, that the twentieth parts might be remitted to the clergy, and the firſt-fruits made a fund for purchaſing glebes and impropriations, and rebuilding of churches.

The twentieth parts are twelve-pence in the pound, paid annually out of all eccleſiaſtical benefices, as they were valued at the Reformation. They amount to about 500 *l. per annum*; but of little or no value to the queen, after the officers and other charges are paid, though of much trouble and vexation to the clergy.

The firſt-fruits paid by incumbents upon their promotion amount to 450 *l. per annum*; ſo that her majeſty, in remitting about 1000 *l. per annum* to the clergy, will really loſe not above 500 *l.*

Upon *Auguſt* 31, 1710, the two houſes of convocation being met to be farther prorogued, the archbiſhops and biſhops, conceiving there was now a favourable juncture to reſume their applications, did, in their private capacities, ſign a power to the ſaid Dr. *Swift*, to ſolicit the remitting the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts.

But there is a greater burden than this, and almoſt intolerable, upon ſeveral of the clergy in *Ireland*; the eaſing of which, the clergy only looked on as a thing to be wiſhed, without making part of their petition.

The queen is impropriator of ſeveral pariſhes, and the incumbent pays her half-yearly a rent, generally

to

to the third part of the real value of the living, and ſometimes half. Some of theſe pariſhes, by the increaſe of graziers, are ſeized on by the crown, and cannot pay the reſerved rent. The value of all theſe impropriations are about 2000 *l. per annum* to her majeſty.

If the queen would graciouſly pleaſe to beſtow likewiſe theſe impropriations to the church, part to be remitted to the incumbent, where the rent is large, and the living ſmall, and the reſt to be laid out in levying glebes and impropriations, and building of churches, it would be a moſt pious and ſeaſonable bounty.

The utmoſt value of the twentieth parts, firſt-fruits, and crown-rents, is 3000 *l. per annum*, of which about 500 *l. per annum* is ſunk among officers; ſo that her majeſty, by this great benefaction, would loſe but 2500 *l. per annum*.

LETTER XXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Archbiſhop KING.

MY LORD, Oct. 10, 1710.

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of *September* 16, but I was in no pain to acknowledge it; nor ſhall be at any other time, till I have ſomething that I think worth troubling you, becauſe I know how much an inſignificant letter is worſe than none at all. I had likewiſe the memorial, *&c.* in another pacquet; and I beg your grace to incloſe whatever

pacquet you ſend me in a paper directed to Mr. *Steele*, and not for me at Mr. *Steele's*. I ſhould have been glad the biſhops had been here; though I take biſhops to be the worſt ſolicitors in the world, except for themſelves. They cannot give themſelves the little trouble of attendance that other men are content to ſwallow, elſe I am ſure their two lordſhips might have ſucceeded eaſier than men of my level are likely to do.

As ſoon as I received the pacquet from your grace, I went to wait upon Mr. *Harley*. I had prepared him by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myſelf repreſented (which I might juſtly do) as one extremely ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry, after ſome obligations, becauſe I refuſed to go certain lengths they would have had me. This happened to be, in ſome ſort, Mr. *Harley's* own caſe. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greateſt marks of kindneſs and eſteem, as I was whiſpered he would, and the more upon the ill uſage I had met with. I ſat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone, where I told him my buſineſs, and gave him the hiſtory of it, which he heard as I could wiſh, and declared he would do his utmoſt to effect it. I told him the difficulties we met with by lord lieutenants and their ſecretaries, who would not ſuffer others to ſolicit, and neglected it themſelves. He fell in with me entirely, and ſaid, neither they nor himſelf ſhould have they merit of it, but the queen, to whom he would ſhew my memorial with the firſt opportunity, in order, if poſſible, to have it done in this *inter-regnum*. I ſaid,

the

the honour and merit, next to the queen, would be his; that it was a great encouragement to the biſhops, that he was in the treaſury, whom they knew to be the chief adviſer of the queen to grant the ſame favour in *England*; that conſequently the honour and merit were nothing to him, who had done ſo much greater things; and that, for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of *Ireland*, for giving him an opportunity of gratifying the pleaſure he took in doing good to the church. He took my compliments extremely well, and renewed his promiſes. Your grace will pleaſe to know, that, beſides the firſt-fruits, I told him of the crown-rents, and ſhewed the nature and value of them; but ſaid, my opinion was, that the convocation had not mentioned them in their petition to the queen, delivered to lord *Wharton* with the addreſs, becauſe they thought the times would not then bear it; but that I looked on myſelf to have a diſcretionary power to ſolicit it in ſo favourable a juncture. I had two memorials ready of my own drawing up, as ſhort as poſſible, ſhewing the nature of the thing, and how long it had been depending, *&c.* One of theſe memorials had a paragraph at the end relating to the crown-rents; t'other had none. In caſe he had received the motion of the crown-rents, I would have given him the laſt; but I gave him the other, which he immediately read, and promiſed to ſecond both with his beſt offices to the queen. As I have placed that paragraph of the crown-rents in my memorial, it can do no harm, and may poſſibly do good. However, I beg your grace to ſay nothing of it; but, if it dies, let it die in ſilence, and we muſt

take up with what can be got. I forgot to tell your grace, that when I ſaid I was empowered, *&c.* he deſired to ſee my powers; and then I heartily wiſhed them more ample than they were; and I have ſince wondered what ſcruple a number of biſhops could have, to empower a clergyman to do the church and them a ſervice, without any imagination of intereſt for himſelf. Mr. *Harley* has invited me to dine with him to-day; but I ſhall not put him upon this diſcourſe ſo ſoon. If he begins it himſelf, I ſhall add it at the bottom of this. He ſays, Mr. ſecretary *St. John* deſires to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be a further help, though I told him I had no thoughts of applying to any but himſelf, wherein he differed from me, and deſired I would ſpeak to others, if it were but for form; and ſeemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of being thought to do ſuch a thing alone. But an old courtier, with whom I conſulted (an intimate friend), adviſed me ſtill to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations, and credit with the queen. I find I am forced to ſay all this very confuſedly, juſt as it lies in my memory; but perhaps it may give your grace a truer idea how matters are than if I had writ in more order.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, Dublin, Oct. 16, 1710.

I HAVE before me yours of the 4th inſtant, which I received two poſts ago. It was very grateful to me, and I hope it will have a good effect as to the church in general, and be of uſe to you in particular, which I heartily wiſh. My lord primate is out of town, and I have not ſeen him ſince I received your's, nor do I ſee any haſte to communicate it to him; but in due time there will be no need to make a ſecret of it. I durſt not have ſaid any thing of it, if you had not given me the caution, leſt any accident ſhould intervene, to which all matters of this nature are liable. It puts a man out of countenance to raiſe expectations, if he ſhould not be able to ſatisfy them. I underſtand that her majeſty deſigned this ſhould be her own act; but the good inſtruments, that have been ſubſervient, ought not to be forgot; and, with God's help, I will do my endeavour that they ſhall not. I ſhall be impatient to ſee the accompliſhment of this charitable work.

We are here in as great a ferment about chooſing parliament men, on a ſuppoſition that this parliament will be diſſolved as ſoon as yours in *England*. And it is remarkable, that ſuch as deſign to betray their country, are more diligent to make votes than thoſe that have ſome faint intentions to ſerve it. It would prevent

prevent a great deal of needleſs charges and heats, if we certainly knew whether we ſhould have a new parliament or no.

All buſineſs in chancery, and in truth all public buſineſs, is at at a ſtand, by the indiſpoſition of my lord chancellor. I would tell you, that I am engaged moſt unhappily this night to execute this ſhort letter; but the plain truth, I think, will do as well; which is, that I have no more to ſay but my prayers for you, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XXXIII.

Power from the LORD PRIMATE and the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN.

SIR, Oct. 24, 1710.

WE directed a letter to the biſhops of *Oſſory* and *Killalce* laſt *Auguſt*, deſiring and empowering them to ſolicit the affair of our firſt-fruits and twentieth parts with her majeſty, which has depended ſo long, notwithſtanding her majeſty's good inclinations, and ſeveral promiſes of the chief governors here, to lay our addreſſes before her majeſty in the beſt manner. We were then apprehenſive, that thoſe biſhops might return from *England* before the buſineſs could be effected; and therefore we deſired them to concern you in it, having ſo good aſſurance of your ability, prudence, and fitneſs to proſecute ſuch a matter. We find, the biſhops returned before you came to *London*,

don, for which we are very much concerned; and judging this the moſt proper time to proſecute it with ſucceſs, we intreat you to take the full management of it into your hands, and do commit the care of ſoliciting it to your diligence and prudence; deſiring you to let us know from time to time what progreſs is made in it: and, if any thing farther be neceſſary on our part, on your intimation we ſhall be ready to do what ſhall be judged reaſonable. This, with our prayers for you, and the good ſucceſs of your endeavours, is all from, ſir, your affectionate humble ſervants and brothers,

NARCISSUS ARMAGH.
WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XXXIV.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, Dublin, Nov. 2, 1710.

THE declaration of his grace the duke of *Ormond* to be our lord lieutenant, has ſtopped our further letters of recommendation deſigned to be ſent to you, becauſe the biſhops were unwilling to ſolicit the affair of the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts by any other hand. I gave them ſome account how far you had been concerned in it; and they ordered a letter to Mr. *Southwell*, to give him an account, that the papers were in your hands, and to deſire you to wait on him with them, and take your own meaſures in ſoliciting the affair. I am not to conceal from you, that ſome expreſſed a little jealouſy that you would

not

not be acceptable to the preſent courtiers, intimating that you were under the reputation of being a favourite of the late party in power*. You may remember I aſked you the queſtion before you were engaged in this affair, knowing of what moment it was; and by the coldneſs I found in ſome, I ſoon perceived what was at the bottom. I am of opinion, that this conjuncture of circumſtance will oblige you to exert yourſelf with more vigour; and if it ſhould ſucceed, you have gained your point; whereas, if you ſhould fail, it would cauſe no reflections, that having been the fate of ſo many before you.

I can be very little uſeful to you at this diſtance; but if you foreſee any thing, wherein I may be ſerviceable to the buſineſs or yourſelf, you may command, ſir, yours, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XXXV.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, Dublin, Nov. 30, 1710.

I RECEIVED your's of the 23d, by the laſt pacquet. I was aware of what you obſerved, when the letter to his grace was ſigned; but it was before

* Dr. *Swift* recommended himſelf to Mr. *Harley*, to whom he applied on that occaſion, by getting himſelf repreſented as a perſon who had been extremely ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry, becauſe he would not go certain lengths which they would have had him; this being in ſome ſort Mr. *Harley*'s own caſe. See his letter of *Oct.* 10, 1710.

I received

I received your's of the 4th inſtant, wherein you tell me, that the buſineſs was in effect done; nor could I have any certain proſpect that it would be done from any intimation that I had before from you. You muſt know, that this was not the only thing diſpleaſed me in the letter; it was drawn and ſigned by ſome before I ſaw it. I looked on it as a ſnare laid in my way; nor muſt you wonder that ſome are better at making their court than ſerving the church, and can flatter much better than vote on the right ſide. Thoſe, that had rendered themſelves juſtly obnoxious by deſerting his grace's * friends and intereſt in notorious inſtances, think they have ſalved all by this early application, and perhaps it may prove ſo.

But if the matter be done, aſſure yourſelf it will be known, by whom and what means it was effected.

In the mean time, God forbid you ſhould think of ſlacking your endeavours to bring it to perfection. I am yet under an obligation not to ſay any thing of the matter from your letter; and whilſt ſo, it would be hard for me to refuſe to ſign ſuch a letter as that you mention, or find a pretence for ſo doing: but when the buſineſs is done, the means and methods will likewiſe be known, and every body have their due that contributed to it.

I ſhall reckon nothing done till the queen's letter come here. You may remember how we were borne in hand in my lord *Pembroke's* time †, that the queen had paſſed the grant, which, after a whole year's

* 'The duke of *Ormond*, who was declared lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, *Oct.* 19, 1710.'

† See Letter of *Feb.* 10, 1708, and the note.

expectation and solicitation, proved only a mouthful of moonshine. But, if it succeeds better now, we must owe it, next to the queen's goodness and bounty, to the great care of the great man to whom you have applied, and to your management. It is seven or eight years since we first attempted this affair, and it passed through several hands; yet no progress was made in it, which was certainly due to the ill methods taken to put it forward; which, in truth, instead of promoting, obstructed it. At the very first motion, it was promised, and in a fair way; but the bishops here, out of their abundant deference to the government, made the same wrong step they would have done now; and we could never make the least progress since till now, and I pray God we have not put it back again.

You must not imagine, that it is out of any disaffection to you, or any distrust of your ability or diligence, that the bishops here were so cold in their employing you: but they reckoned on party; and though several knew what you were, yet they imagined, and some vouched, that you were looked on at court as engaged on the other side; and you cannot do yourself a greater service than to bring this to a good issue, to their shame and conviction. I heartily recommend you and your business to God's care. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Dublin, Dec. 16, 1710.

THIS is to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 20th inſtant, which came not to my hands till *Thurſday* laſt, by reaſon of winds, that kept the pacquets on the other ſide.

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

Things are taking a new turn here as well as with you; and I am of opinion, by the time you come here, few will profeſs themſelves whigs. The greateſt danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the fury and indiſcretion of ſome of our own people, who never had any merit, but by embroiling things; they did, and I am afraid will yet do miſchief. You will ſoon hear of a great conſpiracy diſcovered in the

county of *Weſtmeath*. I was uſed to ſo many diſcoveries of plots in the latter end of king *Charles's* time, and the beginning of king *James's*, that I am not ſurpriſed at this diſcovery. I muſt not ſay any thing of it, till all the witneſſes be examined: ſo many as have depoſed are not deciſive. The deſign of it is to ſhew all the gentlemen of *Ireland* to be a pack of deſperate whigs, ready to riſe up in arms againſt her majeſty for the old miniſtry, aſſociating to that purpoſe. Whether it be for the intereſt of *Ireland* to have this believed you may judge; and ſure there muſt be good evidence to make any reaſonable man believe it. Mr. *Higgins* * has drawn up the narrative, and ſent it to *England*, and will pawn all he is worth to make it good. I heartily recommend you to God's favour, and am, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN †.

* 'Francis Higgins, M. A. an *Iriſh* clergyman, extremely vehement againſt the whig party.'

† The archbiſhop, in another letter, gives this ſhort account of the plot: That four or five gentlemen of ſmall fortunes are ſaid to have ſigned an aſſociation to fight up to the knees in blood againſt the new miniſtry. The diſcoverer is one *Langton*, who ſwore to it: he was a converted prieſt. Several of the gentlemen were his pariſhioners. Mr. *Meares*, Mr. *Jones*, Mr. *Shoarn*, and Capt. *Newſtead*, are in the number. This informer was a ſervant of Mr. *Meares's*, who told him, that Capt. *Newſtead's* ſon brought the paper or parchment containing this aſſociation, as he believes; for he neither ſaw it nor heard it read. The ſervant being examined denies he ever ſaw any ſuch paper, or knows any thing of it, or ever told Mr. *Langton* any ſuch thing. This, with ſome ſeditious words ſpoken by ſome of thoſe gentlemen at

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN * to Dr. SWIFT.

Sunday, paſt twelve, Jan. 7, 1710.

THERE are few things I would be more induſtrious to bring about than opportunities of ſeeing you. Since you was here in the morning, I have found means of putting off the engagement I was under for to-morrow; ſo that I expect you to dine with me at three o'clock. I ſend you this early notice, to prevent you from any other appointment. I am ever, Rev. Sir, your obedient humble ſervant,

H. ST. JOHN.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN.

SIR, Jan. 7, 1710.

THOUGH I ſhould not value ſuch uſage from a ſecretary of ſtate, and a great miniſter; yet when I conſider the perſon it comes from, I can endure it no longer. I would have you know, ſir, that if the queen gave you a dukedom and the garter to-morow, with the treaſury juſt at the end of them, I would re-

dinner in their cups, or converſation, ſo far as I can remember, is the ſum of the evidence for the plot. A commiſſion of oyer and terminer went down to the country to find bills againſt the gentlemen; but the grand jury would not find the bills upon that evidence.

* Then principal ſecretary of ſtate for the ſouthern provinces.

gard you no more than if you were not worth a groat. I could almoſt reſolve, in ſpight, not to find fault with my victuals, or be quarrelſome to-morrow at your table: But if I do not take the firſt opportunity to let all the world know ſome qualities in you, that you take moſt care to hide, may my right hand forget its cunning. After which threatening, believe me, if you pleaſe, to be with the greateſt reſpect, ſir, your moſt obedient, *&c.*

LETTER XXXIX.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, Dublin, Jan. 9, 1710.

I RECEIVED yours of *December* the 30th by the laſt pacquets: it found me in the extremity of the gout, which is the more cruel, becauſe I have not had a fit of it for two years and a half. I ſtrain myſelf to give you an anſwer to-night, apprehending that as both my feet and knees are already affected, my hands may perhaps be ſo by the next poſt; and then, perhaps, I might not be able to anſwer you in a month, which might loſe me ſome part of the praiſe you give me as a good correſpondent.

As to my lord primate, he is much better ſince he was put into the government; and I reckon his life may be longer than mine; but, with God's help, hereafter I will ſay more on this ſubject.

As to what is reported of Mr. *Stanhope's* obſtinacy, I demur, till ſatisfied how far the kindneſs to him, as a manager, influences the report.

We have received an anſwer from his grace the duke of *Ormond* to our letter. It is in a very authen-

tic and solemn form, *that his grace will take a proper time to lay our request before her majesty, and know her pleasure on it.* By which I conclude two things; first, that his grace is not informed of any grant her majesty has made; for if he had, he would have applied immediately and sent it; and then it would have passed for his, and he would have had the merit of it. Secondly, that his grace is in no haste about it. And therefore let me beseech you to solicit and press it, and get the letter dated, as when first it was promised; but I confess I have still some scruple in my mind about it.

I acknowledge you have not been treated with due regard in *Ireland*, for which there is a plain reason, *prægravat artes infra se positas*, &c. I am glad you meet with more due returns where you are; and as this is the time to make some use of your interest for yourself, do not forget it.

We have published here a character of the earl of *Wharton**, late lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. I have so much charity and justice as to condemn all such proceedings. If a governor behave himself ill, let him be complained of and punished; but to wound any man thus in the dark * * * * to them before the funds are found and agreed on. When this is over, they may do what they please; and sure it will please them to see the crow stripped of her rappareed feathers. We begin to be in pain for the duke of *Marlborough*.

* 'One by Dr. *Swift*, dated at *London*, *August* 30, 1710, is printed in his works, vol. XIII. first published in 1762.'

I hear an answer is printing to the earl of *Wharton's* character. Pray was there ever such licentiousness of the press as at this time? Will the parliament not think of curbing it? I heartily recommend you, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XL.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 13, 1710.

MY gout gives me leave yet to answer yours of the 4th instant, which was very acceptable to me; because I find by it some farther steps are made in our business. I believe it will take up some time and thoughts to frame a warrant, and much more a patent for such an affair. Except your lawyers there be of another humour than ours here, they will not write a line without their fees; and therefore I should think it necessary some fund should be thought of to fee them. If you think this motion pertinent, I can think of no other way at present to answer it, than, if you think it necessary, to allow you to draw upon me; and my bill to this purpose, less than an 100*l.* shall be punctually answered. I write thus, because I have no notion how such a thing should pass the offices without some money; and I have an entire confidence in you, that you will lay out no more than what is necessary.

I think your ministers perfectly right to avoid all enquiry, and every thing that would embroil them.

To

To appeal to the mob, that can neither enquire nor judge, is a proceeding, that, I think, the common ſenſe of mankind ſhould condemn. Perhaps he may deſerve this uſage; but a good man may fall under the ſame.

We expect a new parliament, and many changes; but I believe ſome we hear of will not be.

Your obſervation of the two ſentences is juſt. You will pardon this disjointed letter. I believe my reſpects are better than the expreſſions here. I am, *&c.*

W. Dublin.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. Nelson to Dr. Swift.

Aſh-Wedneſday,

REVEREND SIR, Feb. 22, 1710-11.

I BEG leave to put you in mind of the inſcription, which you are to prepare for the earl of *Berkeley's* monument. My lady dowager has determined to have it in *Latin*; ſo that I hope you want no farther directions towards the finiſhing of it. The workman calls upon me for it, which is the reaſon of this trouble given you, by Rev. ſir, your moſt humble ſervant,

Robert Nelson.

On the back of this letter is the following inſcription in the hand-writing of Dr. *Swift:*

H. S. E.

CAROLUS comes de *Berkely*, vicecomes de *Dureſſy*, baro *Berkeley* de caſtro de *Berkeley*, dominus *Moubray*, *Segrave*, et *Bruce*; dominus locum tenens comitatus *Gloceſtriæ*; civitatis *Gloceſtriæ* ſeneſchallus; guardianus de foreſta de *Dean*; cuſtos rotulorum comitatus de *Surrey*; et reginæ *Annæ* à ſecretioribus conſiliis. Ob fidem ſpectatam, linguarum peritiam et prudentiam, a rege *Gulielmo* III. legatus et plenipotentiarius ad ordines *Fœderati Belgii* per quinque annos arduis reipublicæ negotiis feliciter invigilavit. Ob quæ merita ab eodem rege (vivente adhuc patre) in magnatum numerum adſcriptus et conſiliarius a ſecretis factus; et ad *Hiberniam* ſecundus inter tres ſummos juſticiarios miſſus; denique legatus extraordinarius deſignatus ad *Turcarum* imperium: et poſtea, regnante *Anna*, ad *Cæſarem* ablegatus: quæ munia, ingraveſcente valetudine et ſenectute, obire nequiit.

Natus *Londini*, 1649.
Obiit, 1710.
Ætatis 62.

LETTER XLII.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, March 17, 1710-11.

I RETURN you thanks for yours of the 8th inſtant. I do not wonder, that you were in ſome confuſion when you wrote it; for I aſſure you I read it with

with great horror, which such a fact is apt to create in every body, that is not hardened in wickedness. I received several other letters with narratives of the same, and seen some, that came to other hands; but none so particular, or that could be so well depended upon. I observe, that, among them all, there is no account of the matters laid to *Guiscard's* charge, of his design, or how he came to be discovered. I suppose those are yet secrets, as it is fit they should be. I do remember something of this *Guiscard*, and that he was to head an invasion; and that he published a very foolish narrative *; but neither remember exactly the time, or under what minister it was, or who were his patrons. It seems convenient, that these should be known, because it is reported, that Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John* were those, who chiefly countenanced him, and he their peculiar favourite †. One would think this should convince the world, that Mr. *Harley* is not in the *French* interest, but it has not yet had that effect with all: nay, some whisper the case of *Fenius Rufus*, and *Scevinus* in the 15th book of *Tacitus*, *accensis indicibus ad prodendum Fenium Rufum, quem eundem conscium et inquisitorem non tolerabant*. Mr.

* 'The Marquis de *Guiscard's Memoirs* were published with a dedication to queen *Anne*, dated at the *Hague*, *May* 10, 1705.'

† See an account of *Guiscard* in the *Examiner*, No. xxxii. *May* 15, 1711, and a note, Vol. VIII. of *Bathurst's* edition of *Swift* in 1755. He was a *Frenchman*, and employed by the whig ministry, in the beginning of the queen's reign, and commanded an unsuccessful expedition against *France*. He afterwards endeavoured to make his peace at home, by acting here as a spy, and was detected.

St.

St. John is condemned for wounding *Guiscard*; and had he killed him, there would not have wanted some to suggest, that it was done on purpose, lest he should tell tales.

We had a strange piece of news by last pacquet, that the address to her majesty met with but a cold reception from one party in the house of commons; and that all the lords, spiritual and temporal, of that party, went out when it passed in the lords house. But I make it a rule, never to believe party news, except I have it immediately from a sure hand.

I was in hopes to have heard something of our first-fruits and twentieth parts; but I doubt that matter sleeps, and that it will be hard to awaken it.

You will expect no news from home. We eat and drink as we used to do. The parties are tolerably silent, but those for the late ministry seem to be united, keep much together, and are so wise as not to make much noise; nor have I heard any thing of their sentiments of late, only what has happened on this accident. I heartily recommend you to God's care. I am, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

Lord PETERBOROW to Dr. SWIFT.

For the Rev. Dr. SWIFT, Biſhop of, or Dean of, &c.

SIR, Vienna, April 18, 1711.

I HAVE often with pleaſure reflected upon the glorious poſſibilities of the *Engliſh* conſtitution; but I muſt apply to politics a *French* expreſſion, appropriated by them to beauty: there is a *je ne ſcai quoi* amongſt us, which makes us troubleſome with our learning, diſagreeable with our wit, poor with our wealth, and inſignificant with our power.

I could never deſpiſe any body for what they have not, and am only provoked, when they make not the right uſe of what they have. This is the greateſt mortification to know the advantages we have by art and nature, and ſee them diſappointed by ſelf-conceit and faction. What patience could bear the diſappointment of a good ſcheme by the *October* club?

I have with great uneaſineſs received imperfect accounts of diſagreement amongſt ourſelves. The party we have to ſtruggle with has ſtrength enough to require our united endeavours. We ſhould not attack their firm body like *Huſſars*. Let the victory be ſecure before we quarrel for the ſpoils; let it be conſidered whether their yoke were eaſy, or their burden light. What! muſt there ever be in *St. Stephen's* chapel, a majority either of knaves or fools?

But

But seriously I have long apprehended the effects of that universal corruption, which has been improved with so much care, and has so fitted us for the tyranny designed, that we are grown, I fear, insensible of slavery, and almost unworthy of liberty.

The gentlemen, who give you no other satisfaction in politics than the appearances of ease and mirth, I wish I could partake with them in their good humour; but Tokay itself has no effect upon me while I see affairs so unsettled; faction so strong, and credit so weak; and all services abroad under the truest difficulties by past miscarriages, and present want of money; but we are told here, that in the midst of victory, orders are given to sound a parly, I will not say a retreat. Give me leave to tell the churchmen, there is not in * * * *.

I have rid the resty horse you say they gave me, in ploughed lands, till I have made him tame. I wish they manage the dull jades as well at home, and get them forwards either with whip or spur. I depend much upon the three you mention; if they remember me with kindness, I am theirs, by the two strongest ties, I love them, and hate their enemies.

Yet you seem to wish me other work. It is time the statesmen employ me in my own trade, not theirs. If they have nothing else for me to subdue, let me command against that rank whiggish puppet-shew. Those junto pigmies, if not destroyed, will grow up to giants. Tell *St. John* he must find me work in the old world or the new.

I find Mr. *Harley* forgets to make mention of the most important part of my letter to him; which was

to

to let him know, that I expected immediately for one Dr. *Swift*, a lean bishoprick, or a fat deanry. If you happen to meet that gentleman at dinner, tell him, that he has a friend out of the way of doing him good, but that he would if he could, whose name is

PETERBOROW.

LETTER XLIV.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, April 19, 1711.

I HAD the favour of yours of the 10th instant, by which I understand how much I am obliged to you for the justice you did me as to the report, you let me know, was about to be printed in the Post-boy relating to Mr. *Harley*.

I think there is no man in this kingdom, on which such a report could be fixed with less colour of truth, having been noted for the particular regard I have always had for him. I have suffered in some cases too, for my zeal to defend him in the worst of times; for I confess I never could, with patience, bear the treatment he met with in *Gregg's* affair *. The

* *William Gregg* was an under-clerk to Mr. secretary *Harley* in 1708, and was detected in a treasonable correspondence. When he was indicted, he pleaded guilty; which gave occasion to Mr. *Harley's* enemies to insinuate, that he was privy to *Gregg's* practices, and had, by assurances of pardon, prevailed upon him to plead guilty, in order to prevent the examination of witnesses. When *Gregg* was at length executed, he left a paper behind him, in which Mr. *Harley* was fully and particularly justified.

truth

truth is, when I received the news of this laſt barbarous attempt made on him; I with indignation inſulted ſome, with whom I uſed to diſpute about the former caſe, and aſked them, whether they would now ſuſpect that he was in the conſpiracy to ſtab himſelf? The turn they gave it was what I wrote to you, that they imagined he might be in it notwithſtanding that; and that his diſcovering *Guiſcard*, and preſſing ſo hard on the examination, was the thing that provoked the man to ſuch a degree of rage, as appeared in that villainous act. And they inſtanced the ſtory of *Piſo* in *Tacitus*, and the paſſage of *Ruſus*. I know very well, that they did not believe themſelves, and amongſt other things I applied that paſſage of *Hudibras*, he, that beat out his brains, *&c.* * I believe I have told this paſſage to ſeveral as an example, to ſhew into what abſurdities the power of prejudice, malice, and faction will lead ſome men, I hope with good effect; and added, as ſeveral gentlemen that heard me can witneſs, that it was a ſtrange thing, that Mr. *Harley* ſhould diſcover *Gregg*, and have him hanged, and yet be ſuſpected to be partaker of his crime; but altogether unaccountable, that in a cauſe, wherein his life was ſo barbarouſly ſtruck at, it was a thouſand to one if he eſcaped, he ſhould ſtill be under the ſuſpicion of being a party with his murtherer; ſo that I could never imagine, that any one ſhould report, that I ſpoke my own ſenſe in a matter wherein I expreſſed

* But he that daſhes out his brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.

ſo

ſo great an abhorence, both of the fact, and the vile comment made upon it.

As to any ſpeech at the meeting of the clergy, or any reprimand given me by any perſon on this account, it is all, aſſure yourſelf, pure invention.

I am ſenſible of the favour you did me, in preventing the publiſhing of ſuch a falſe report, and am moſt thankful to Mr. ſecertary *St. John* for ſtopping it. I have not the honour to be known to him, otherwiſe I would give him the trouble of a particular acknowledgement. As to Mr. *Harley*, I have had the happineſs to have ſome knowledge of him, and received ſome obligations from him, particularly on the account of my act of parliament, that I obtained for the reſtitution of *Seatown* to the ſee of *Dublin*. I always had a great honour for him, and expected great good from his known abilities, and zeal for the common intereſt; and, as I believe he was the principal inſtrument of ſettling things on the preſent foot; ſo I believe every one, that wiſheth well to theſe kingdoms, is ſatisfied, that there is not any man, whoſe death would be a greater loſs to the public than is. The management of this parliament has, if not reconciled his worſt enemies to him, at leaſt ſilenced them; and it is generally believed, that his misfortune has much retarded public affairs.

I partly can gueſs who writ the letter you mention: it muſt be one of two or three, whoſe buſineſs it is to invent a lye, and throw dirt, ever ſince I was obliged by my duty to call them to account for their negligence and ill practices: they have publiſhed and diſperſed ſeveral libelous prints againſt me,

me, in one of which I marked forty-three downright falſehoods in matters of fact. In another, it is true, there was only one ſuch; the whole and every part of it, from beginning to end, being pure invention and falſhood. But, to my comfort, they are deſpiſed by all good men; and I like myſelf nothing leſs for being the object of their hate. You will excuſe this long letter, and I hope I may, by next, appriſe you with ſomething of conſequence. In the mean time, I heartily recommend you, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

I held my viſitation on the 9th inſtant, where you were excuſed, as abſent on the public buſineſs of the church *.

LETTER XLV.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, May 15, 1711.

I HAD the favour of yours of the 10th Inſtant, by the laſt pacquets, and cannot return you ſufficient acknowledgement for your kind and prudent management of that affair ſo much to my advantage. I confeſs that I did not much fear that ſuch a vile report would do me any great injury with Mr. *Harley*; for I was perſuaded he was too wiſe to believe ſuch an incredible ſtory. But the publiſhing it to the world might have influenced ſome to my diſadvan-

* Dr. *Swift* had then two livings in *Ireland*, *Laracor* and *Rathbeggin*, both in the dioceſe of *Meath*.

tage;

tage; and no man can be well pleaſed to be the ſubject of a libel, though it often happens to be the fate of honeſt men.

I doubt not but you will hear of an unlucky conteſt in the city of *Dublin* about their mayor. You may remember (I think, whilſt you were here, that is, in 1709) alderman *Conſtantine*, by a cabal, for ſo muſt I call it, loſt his election; and a junior alderman, one *Forreſt*, was elected mayor for the enſuing year. *Conſtantine* petitioned the council-board not to approve the election; for you muſt know, by the new rules, ſettled in purſuance of an act of parliament, for the better regulation of corporations, their chief officers muſt be approved of by the governor and council after they are elected, before they can enter into any of their reſpective offices; and, if not approved of in ten days, the corporation that choſe them muſt go to a new election. Now alderman *Conſtantine*, upon the corporation's return of *Forreſt*, complained of it as wrong, and deſired to be heard by counſel; but my lord *Wharton*, then lord lieutenant, would not admit it. This paſt on to the year 1710, and then the preſent mayor was choſen, alderman *Eccles*, another junior alderman; and this year one alderman *Barlow*, a taylor, another junior. *Conſtantine*, finding the government altered, ſuppoſed he ſhould have more favour, and petitions again of the wrong done him. The city replied, and we had two long hearings. The matter depended on an old bye-law, made about the 12th of queen *Elizabeth*; by which the aldermen, according to their ancientry, are required to keep their mayoralty, not-

withſtanding any licences or orders to the contrary. Several diſpenſations and inſtances of contrary practices were produced; but with a ſalvo, that the law of ſucceſſion ſhould ſtand good; and ſome aldermen, as appeared, had been diſfranchiſed for not ſubmitting to it, and holding their mayoralty. On the contrary, it was urged, that this rule was made in a time when the mayoralty was looked upon as a great burthen, and the ſenior aldermen got licences from ſerving it, and by faction and intereſt got it put on the junior and poorer; and moſt of the aldermen were then papiſts, and being obliged, on accepting the office, to take the oath of ſupremacy, and come to church, they declined it; but the caſe was now altered, and moſt were ambitious of it; and a rule or bye-law, that impoſed it as a duty and burthen, muſt be underſtood to oblige them to take it, but could not oblige the electors to put it on them; that it was often diſpenſed with, and, as alledged, altogether abrogated by the new rules, that took the election out of the city, where the charter places it, and gave it to the aldermen only; that ſince thoſe rules, which were made in 1672, the elections have been in another manner, and in about 36 mayors, eight or nine were junior aldermen. On the whole, the matter ſeemed to me to hang on a moſt ſlender point; and being archbiſhop of *Dublin*, I thought I was obliged to be for the city, but the majority was for the bye-law, and diſapproved alderman *Barlow*, who was returned for mayor. I did foreſee that this would beget ill blood, and did not think it for my lord duke of *Ormond's* intereſt to claſh with the city;

city; and I went to ſeveral of his grace's friends, whom I muſt truſt before the debate in council, and deſired them to conſider the matter, and laid the inconveniency I apprehended before them, and deſired them to take notice, that I had warned them; but they told me, that they did not foreſee any hurt it would be to his grace. And I pray God it may not; though I am afraid it may give him ſome trouble.

The citizens have taken it heinouſly; and, as I hear, met to-day, and in common council repealed the bye-law, and have choſen alderman *Barlow* again. I think them wrong in both, and a declaration of enmity againſt the council and government, which feud is eaſier begun than laid. It is certain the council muſt diſapprove their choice, it being againſt the new rules, as well as good manners: and what other ſteps will be made to correct them, I cannot ſay; whereas if they had appointed a committee to view and report what old obſolete bye-laws were become inconvenient, and repealed this among the reſt, it would not have given offence; and if they had choſen another inſtead of *Barlow*, I believe he would have been approved, and there had been an end of the conteſt.

You muſt know this is made a party affair, as *Conſtantine* ſets up for a high-churchman, which I never heard he did before: but this is an inconveniency in parties, that whoever has a private quarrel, and finds himſelf too weak, he immediately becomes a zealous partizan, and makes his private a public quarrel.

Perhaps it may not be ungrateful, nor perhaps altogether uſeleſs to you, to know the truth of this matter; for I imagine it will be talked of.

I believe, the generality of the citizens and gentlemen of *Ireland* are looked on as friends to the whiggiſh intereſt. But it is only ſo far as to keep out the pretender, whom they mortally fear with good reaſon; and ſo many villainous papers have been ſpread here, and ſo much pains taken to perſuade them that the tories deſign to bring him in, that it is no wonder they are afraid of them; but, God be thanked, this miniſtry and parliament has pretty well allayed that fear by their ſteady and prudent management. And if his grace the duke of *Ormond* proſecutes the ſame meaſures the miniſtry doth in *Britain* (as I believe he will), I perſuade myſelf, that the generality here will be as zealous for this as any miniſtry we ever had.

The death of the earl of *Rocheſter* is a great blow to all good men, and even his enemies cannot but do juſtice to his character. What influence it will have on public affairs, God only knows. I pray let me have your thoughts on it, for I have ſome fears, that I do not find affect other people: I was of opinion that he contributed much to keep things ſteady; and I wiſh his friends may not want his influence. I conclude with my prayers for you,

WILL. DUBLIN.

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LETTER XLVI.

Lord PETERBOROW to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Hanover, June 21, 1711.

YOU were returning me to ages paſt for ſome expreſſions in my letter. I find matter in yours to ſend you as far back as the golden age. How came you to frame a ſyſtem (in the times we live in) to govern the world by love?

I was much more ſurprized at ſuch a notion in your firſt, than to find your opinion altered in your laſt letter. My hopes were founded more reaſonably upon the contrary principle. I wiſh we could keep ourſelves ſteady by any; but I confeſs it was the hatred and contempt ſo juſtly conceived againſt our late governors, that gave me ſome little expectations we might unite at leaſt, in order to prevent a relapſe.

The conſequences of places not given were apparent; the whole party were then diſſatisfied; and when given, thoſe are only pleaſed who have them. This is what the honeſt management of paſt adminiſtrations has brought us to: but I ſhould not yet deſpair, if your loving principle could but have its force amongſt three or four of your acquaintance. Never perſons had more reaſon to agree; nor was it ever in the power of a few men to bring greater events to bear, or prevent greater inconveniencies; for ſuch are inevitable, without the niceſt management; and

I believe no perſon was ever better prepared to make this out than myſelf.

I wiſh, before I left *England*, that I had met, either in your letters or diſcourſe, any thing like what you hint in your laſt; I ſhould have found great eaſe, and you ſome ſatisfaction; for had you paſſed theſe ſix months with me abroad, I could have made you ſenſible, that it were eaſy to have brought the character and influence of an *Engliſh* peer equal to that of a ſenator in old *Rome*. Methinks I could have brought it to that paſs, to have ſeen a levee of ſuppliant kings and princes expecting their deſtinies from us, and ſubmitting to our decrees; but if we come in politics to your neceſſity of leaving the town for want of money to live in it, Lord, how the caſe will alter!

You threaten me with law, and tell me I might be compelled to make my words good. Remember your own inſinuations: what if I ſhould leave *England* in a week's time, and ſummon you in quality of chaplain and ſecretary, to be a witneſs to tranſactions perhaps of the greateſt importance, ſo great, that I ſhould think you might deſerve the biſhopric of *Wincheſter* at your return. Let me know, in a letter directed to *Parſon's-Green*, the moment you receive this, whether you are ready and willing; but you muſt learn to live a month, now and then, without ſleep. As to all other things, we ſhould meet with no mortifications abroad, if we could eſcape them from home.

But,

But, without raillery, if ever I can propoſe to myſelf to be of any great uſe, I foreſee this will be the caſe. This is ſo much my opinion, that I conclude, if it falls out otherwiſe, I ſhall never concern myſelf in any public buſineſs in *England*; that I ſhall either leave it for a better climate, or marry in a rage, and become the hero of the *October* club. Yours,

PETERBOROW.

LETTER XLVI.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, July 25, 1711.

YOU muſt not wonder, that I have been ſo ill a correſpondent of late, being, as I find, in debt to you for yours of *June* the 8th, and *July* the 12th. This did not proceed from any negligence, but from the circumſtances of things here, that were ſuch, that I could not return you any ſatisfactory anſwer.

We have now got over the preliminaries of our parliaments and convocation; that is to ſay, our addreſſes, *&c.* and as to the parliament, ſo far as appears to me, there will be an intire compliance with her majeſty's occaſions, and my lord duke of *Ormond's* deſires; and that funds will be given for two years from *Chriſtmas* next; by which we ſhall have the following ſummer free from parliamentary attendance, which proves a great obſtruction both

to church and country buſineſs. As to the convocation, we have no licence as yet to act. I have heard ſome whiſpers, as if a letter of licence had come over, and was ſent back again to be mended, eſpecially as to direction about a preſident. I may inform you, that that matter is in her majeſty's choice: we have on record four licences; the firſt directed to the archbiſhop of *Dublin* in 1614; the other three, that are in 1634, 1662, and 1665, directed to the then lords primates. I have not at preſent the exact dates; but I have ſeen the writs, and find the convocations ſat in theſe years.

His grace the duke of *Ormond*, in his ſpeech to the parliament (which I doubt not but you have ſeen), mentioned the remittal of the twentieth parts, and the grant of the firſt-fruits, for buying impropriations; but did not aſſume to himſelf any merit in the procuring of them; nor, that I can find by any intimation, ſo much as inſinuated, that the grant was on his motion; notwithſtanding, both in the houſe of lords and convocation, ſome laboured to aſcribe the whole to his grace; and had it not been for the account I had from you, his grace muſt, next to her majeſty, have had the entire thanks. You'll obſerve, from the lords addreſs and convocation, that his grace is brought in for a ſhare in both. But if the caſe ſhould be otherwiſe, yet his grace is no way to be blamed. The current runs that way; and perhaps neither you nor I have bettered our intereſt here at preſent, by endeavouring to ſtop it.

The concluſion was, that all the archbiſhops and biſhops agreed to return thanks to my lord treaſurer

treaſurer of *Great Britain*, by a letter, which all in town have ſigned, being convinced, that, next to her majeſty's native bounty, and zeal for the church, this favour is due to his lordſhip's mediation.

But they have employed no agent to ſolicit the paſſing the act through the offices, believing his lordſhip will take care of that of his own mere motion, as he did of the grant. This is meant as an inſtance of the great confidence of his lordſhip's concern for them, which makes it needleſs that any ſhould intermeddle in what he has undertaken.

If his lordſhip thinks fit to return any anſwer to the biſhops, I wiſh he would take ſome occaſion to mention you in it; for that would juſtify you, and convince the biſhops, ſome of whom, perhaps, ſuſpect the truth of what you ſaid of the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts being granted before his grace the duke of *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

I can't at preſent write of ſeveral matters, that perhaps I may have opportunity to communicate to you. I have ſent with this the lords and the convocation's addreſs to my lord duke.

If it may be proper, I would have my moſt humble reſpects to be laid before my lord treaſurer. You may be ſure I am his moſt humble ſervant, and ſhall never forget the advantages he has been the author of to the church and ſtate; and yet I believe, if it pleaſe God to prolong his life, greater things may be expected from him; my prayers ſhall not be wanting.

As

As for yourſelf, I will ſay more ſome other time: and for the preſent ſhall only aſſure you, that I am, ſir, your affectionate humble ſervant, and brother,

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XLVIII.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

Liſſenhall, July 28, 1711.

SINCE my lord duke of *Ormond's* arrival, I have been ſo continually hurried with company, that I retired here for two or three days. The preliminaries of our parliament are now over; that is to ſay, addreſſes, *&c.* and I find the uſual funds will be granted; I think unanimouſly for two years from *Chriſtmas* next, which is all the duke of *Ormond* deſires. I do not ſee much more will be done. You will obſerve ſeveral reflections are in the addreſſes on the late management here, in which the earl of *Angleſey* and I differed. If we could impeach, as you can in *Great Britain*, and bring the malefactors to account, I ſhould be for it with all my endeavour; but to ſhew our ill-will, when we can do no more, ſeems to be no good policy in a dependant people, and that can have no other effect, than to provoke revenge, without the proſpect of redreſs; of which we have two fatal inſtances. I reckon, that every chief governor, who is ſent here, comes with a deſign to ſerve firſt thoſe who ſent him; and that our good only muſt be ſo far conſidered, as it is ſubſervient to the main

design. The only difference between governors, as to us, is to have a good-natured man, that has some interest in our prosperity, and will not oppress us unnecessarily; and such is his grace. But I doubt, whether even that will not be an objection against him on your side of the water: for I have found, that those governors, that gained most on the liberties of the kingdom, are reckoned the best; and therefore it concerns us to be on our guard against all governors, and to provoke as little as we can. For he, that cannot revenge himself, acts the wise part, when he dissembles, and passes over injuries.

In my opinion, the best that has happened to us, is, that the parliament grants the funds for two years; for by these means we shall have one summer to ourselves, to do our church and country business. I have not been able to visit my diocese *ecclesiatim*, as I used to do, the last three years, for want of such a recess. I hope the parliament of *Great Britain* will not resume the yarn bill whilst they continue the same. The lords have not sat above four or five days, and are adjourned till *Monday* next; so we have no heads of bills brought into our house as yet: but if any be relating to the church, I will do my endeavour to give you satisfaction.

Our letter is come over for the remittal of the twentieth parts, and granting the first-fruits for buying impropriations, and purchasing glebes, which will be a great ease to the clergy, and a benefit to the church. We want glebes more than the impropriations; and I am for buying them first, where wanting; for without them, residence is impossible:

and,

and, beſides, I look upon it, as a ſecurity to tithes, that the laity have a ſhare in them; and therefore I am not for purchaſing them, but where they are abſolutely neceſſary.

We ſhall, I believe, have ſome conſiderations of methods to convert the natives; but I do not find, that it is deſired by all, that they ſhould be converted. There is a party amongſt us, that have little ſenſe of religion, and heartily hate the church: theſe would have the natives made Proteſtants; but ſuch as themſelves are deadly afraid they ſhould come into the church, becauſe, ſay they, this would ſtrengthen the church too much. Others would have them come in, but can't approve of the methods propoſed; which are, to preach to them in their own language, and have the ſervice in *Iriſh*, as our own canons require. So that between them, I am afraid that little will be done. I am, ſir, yours, *&c.*

LETTER XLIX.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Swords, Sept. 1, 1711.

I HAVE before me yours of the 15th and 21ſt, for which I return you my hearty thanks. I perceive you have the votes of our commons here, and I ſuppoſe the addreſs of the lords, that gave occaſion to them. I muſt let you know, that I was very poſitive againſt the clauſe that provoked them, and kept the houſe in debate about it at leaſt an hour, and

and ſpoke ſo often, that I was aſhamed of myſelf; yet there were but three negatives to it. I uſed ſeveral arguments againſt the lords concurring with their committee, and foretold all that has happened upon it. Upon which I was much out of favour with the houſe for ſome time; and induſtry has been uſed, as I was informed, to perſuade my lord duke, that what I did was in oppoſition to his intereſt: but when I had the opportunity to diſcourſe his grace laſt, he was of another opinion. And, in truth, my regard to his grace's intereſt was the principal reaſon of oppoſing a clauſe, that I foreſaw might embarraſs his buſineſs here.

There happened another affair relating to one *Langton*, of whom I formerly gave you ſome account. The commons found him on the eſtabliſhment for a ſmall penſion; and having an ill notion of him and his informations, they took this occaſion to examine his merits. In order to which, they ſent up a meſſage to the lords, to deſire leave for judge *Coſte*, who had taken his examinations, and thoſe of his witneſſes, to come down, and inform the committee: and this ſeemed the more neceſſary, becauſe the examinations taken by the council were burned: but the lords refuſed to let the judge go down, as deſired, and paſſed a vote to take the examination of the matter into their hands. This, I foreſaw, might prove another bone of contention, and did oppoſe it, but with the ſame ſucceſs as the former. *Langton* pleaded privilege, as chaplain to the biſhop of *Oſſory*, and refuſed to appeared before the commons; on which they paſſed the angry reſolves you will find

find in their votes. The examination of this matter has employed much of the lords time to very little purpose. My opposing this was made an objection against me by some, that wish now my advice had been taken.

The business of the city of *Dublin*, of which I gave you an account formerly, embroils us very much. We have at the council rejected four mayors and eight sheriffs, all regularly elected by the city, some of them the best citizens in the town, and much in the interest of the government. We begin to be sick of it, and I am afraid, that it may beget ill blood, and come into parliament here. We have rejected the elected magistrates in four other corporations, which adds to the noise. I own there were good reasons for rejecting some of them; but I can't say the same for *Dublin*. I wish this may not prove uneasy to us.

There was a motion made at the sessions for the county of *Dublin* at *Kilmainham*, for an address of thanks to her majesty for sending his grace the duke of *Ormond* to be our chief governor. Nine of the justices, that is, all that were then present, agreed to it, and an address was ordered to be drawn, which was brought next morning into court, and then there were above a score, that seemed to have come on purpose, and promised, that it should be rejected by a majority; for this reason only, that it would entail a necessity on them to address in favour of every new lord lieutenant, or disoblige him. For which reason it was rejected also in my lord *Wharton's* time. This no ways concerns his grace

grace himſelf; but in my opinion, ought to leſſen the eſteem of ſome perſons management, that attempt things, which would be better let alone, where they cannot be carried without oppoſition.

The houſe of commons ſeem to have received ill impreſſions of ſome. They reckon my lord duke's adviſers, as if they were ſecretly his enemies, and deſigned to betray him. They generally ſeemed perſuaded, that his grace is a ſincere honeſt man, and moſt in the intereſt of the kingdom of any chief governor they can ever expect; and that, therefore, they ought to ſupport him to the utmoſt of their power, and declare, that the quarrels his enemies raiſe, ſhall not hinder them from doing whatever he ſhall reaſonably deſire from them, or her majeſty's ſervice require; and as an inſtance of their ſincerity in this, they have granted funds for two years from *Chriſtmas* laſt; whereas at firſt they intended only two years from the 24th of *June* laſt.

I have been preaching a doctrine that ſeems ſtrange to ſome: 'tis, that her majeſty, and the miniſtry, will be inclined to employ ſuch as may be a help and ſupport to their intereſt, and not a clog. I mean, that theſe ſubalterns ſhould, by their prudence and dexterity, be able to remove any miſunderſtandings, that may be between the government and the people, and help to beget in them a good notion of the miniſtry; and, by all means, avoid ſuch things, as may embarraſs or beget jealouſies; ſo that the burthen or odium may not fall on the miniſtry, where any harſh things happen to be done: that it ſeems to me to be the duty of thoſe in

poſts,

poſts, to avoid unneceſſary diſputes, and not to expect, that the miniſtry will interpoſe to extricate them, when they, without neceſſity, have involved themſelves. But ſome are of a different opinion, and ſeem to think, that they have no more to do, when they meet with difficulties, perhaps of their own creating, than to call in the miniſtry, and deſire them to decide the matter by power: a method that I do not approve, nor has it ſucceeded well with former governers here: witneſs lord *Sydney*, and lord *Wharton*, in the caſe of the convocation.

There really needs but one thing to quiet the people of *Ireland*, and it is to convince them, that there is no eye to the pretender. Great induſtry has been, and ſtill is, uſed to bugbear them with that fear. I believe it is over with you; but it will require time and prudent methods to quiet the people here, that have been poſſeſſed for twenty-two years with a continual apprehenſion, that he is at the door, and that a certain kind of people deſigned to bring him in. The circumſtances of this kingdom, from what they ſaw and felt under king *James*, make the dread of him much greater than it can be with you.

As to our convocation, a letter came from her majeſty to give us licence to act; but it no ways pleaſed ſome people, and ſo it was ſent back to be modelled to their mind, but returned again without alteration. It came not to us till the day the parliament adjourned. I was at that time obliged to attend the council, there being a hearing of the quakers againſt a bill for recovering tithes. In my

abſence

abſence, they adjourned till the meeting of the parliament, without ſo much as voting thanks, or appointing a committee. The things that diſpleaſed ſome in the licence were, firſt, that my lord primate was not the ſole preſident, ſo as to appoint whom he pleaſed to act in his abſence. The ſecond was, the conſideration of proper methods to convert the natives, againſt which ſome have ſet themſelves with all their might. The third is, what concerns pluralities, and reſidence, which ſome have not patience to hear of. The lower houſe ſeem to have the matter more at heart; for they have appointed committees during the receſs, and are doing ſomething.

I can't but admire, that you ſhould be at a loſs to find what is the matter with thoſe, that would neither allow you, nor any one elſe, to get any thing for the ſervice of the church, or the public. It is, with ſubmiſſion, the filliеſt query I ever found made by Dr. *Swift*. You know there are ſome, that would aſſume to themſelves to be the only churchmen and managers, and can't endure that any thing ſhould be done but by themſelves, and in their own way; and had rather that all good things propoſed ſhould miſcarry, than be thought to come from other hands than their own, whoſe buſineſs it is to leſſen every body elſe, and obſtruct whatever is attempted, tho' of the greateſt advantage to church and ſtate, if it be not from their own party. And yet, ſo far as I have hitherto obſerved, I do not remember any inſtance of their propoſing, much leſs proſecuting with ſucceſs, any thing for the public good. They ſeem to have a much better hand at obſtructing

others, and embarraſſing affairs, than at propoſing or proſecuting any good deſign.

Theſe ſeem as uneaſy that more alterations are not made here, as thoſe you mention are with them. The reaſon is very plain, they would fain get into employments, which can't be without removes; but I have often obſerved, that none are more eager for poſts, than ſuch as are leaſt fit for them. I do not ſee how a new parliament would much mend things here; for there is little choice of men: perhaps it might be for the worſt, *rebus ſic ſtantibus*; though I always thought the honeſt part, is to allow the people to ſpeak their ſenſe on the change of affairs by new repreſentatives. I do not find, that thoſe that have embarraſſed the preſent, deſigned a new one; but they thought the commons ſo paſſive, that they might carry what they pleaſed, whatever their deſign might be. If they proſecute the preſent meaſures, I believe they will make new ones neceſſary, when there ſhall be occaſion to have a new ſeſſion.

I pray moſt heartily for her majeſty, and her miniſters; and am inclined to believe, that it is one of the moſt difficult parts of their preſent circumſtances, to find proper inſtruments to execute their good intentions, notwithſtanding the great crowds that offer themſelves; particularly, my lord treaſurer's welfare is at heart with all good men: I am ſure, with none more than, reverend ſir, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER L.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Swords, Sept. 1, 1711.

I GOT a little retirement here, and made uſe of it, to write you by the preſent pacquet. I promiſed to ſay ſomething as to your own affairs; and the firſt thing is not to neglect yourſelf on this occaſion, but to make uſe of the favour and intereſt you have at preſent, to procure you ſome preferment that may be called a ſettlement. Years come on; and after a certain age, if a man be not in a ſtation that may be a ſtep to a better, he ſeldom goes higher. It is with men as with beauties, if they paſs the flower, the grow ſtale, and lie for ever neglected. I know you are not ambitious; but it is prudence, not ambition, to get into a ſtation, that may make a man eaſy, and prevent contempt when he grows in years. You certainly may now have an opportunity to provide for yourſelf, and I intreat you not to neglect it.

The ſecond thing that I would deſire you to conſider, is, that God has given you parts and learning, and a happy turn of mind; and that you are anſwerable for thoſe talents to God: and therefore I adviſe you, and believe it to be your duty, to ſet yourſelf to ſome ſerious and uſeful ſubject in your profeſſion, and to manage it ſo, that it may be of uſe to the world. I am perſuaded, that if you will apply yourſelf this way, you are well able to do it; and that

your knowledge of the world, and reading, will enable you to furnish such a piece, with such uncommon remarks, as will render it both profitable and agreeable, above most things that pass the press. Say not, that most subjects in divinity are exhausted; for if you will look into Dr. *Wilkins's* Heads of Matters, which you will find in his *Gift of Preaching*, you will be surprized to find so many necessary and useful heads, that no authors have meddled with. There are some common themes, that have employed multitudes of authors; but the most curious and difficult are in a manner untouched; and a good genius will not fail to produce something new and surprizing on the most trite, much more on those that others have avoided, merely because they were above their parts.

Assure yourself, that your interest, as well as duty, requires this from you; and you will find, that it will answer some objections against you, if you thus shew the world, that you have patience and comprehension of thought, to go through with such a subject of weight and learning.

You'll pardon me this freedom, which I assure you proceeds from a sincere kindness, and true value that I have for you. I will add no more, but my hearty prayers for you. I am, Dr. *Swift*, yours,

WILL. DUBLIN.

LET-

LETTER LI.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, Oct. 27, 1711.

I HAVE before me yours of the 1ſt inſtant, but have been ſo employed with attending parliament, convocation and privy council, that I could neither compoſe my thoughts to write, nor find time. Beſides, our buſineſs is all in a hurry; and I may ſay in fine, that things admit of no perfect account. On *Wedneſday* the corn bill, which the commons ſeemed to value moſt, was thrown out; becauſe it reſerved a power to the lord lieutenant and council here, to prohibit or permit the tranſportation of grain at any time. There was a deſign to fall on the privy-council upon this occaſion; but gentlemen would not come into it; which ſhewed they had ſome wit in their anger. And I am ſtill of opinion, that, with tolerable good management, this would have been as quiet a ſeſſion as has been in *Ireland:* but the *Dublin* buſineſs, the addreſs of the lords, * *Langton's*

* 'Dominic *Langton*, clerk, formerly a fryar, had accuſed *Lewis Mears*, Eſq; and other Proteſtant gentlemen of the county of *Weſt-Meath*, of entering into an aſſociation againſt the queen and her miniſtry: upon which the houſe of commons in *Ireland*, on the 6th of *Auguſt*, 1711, voted ſeveral ſtrong reſolutions againſt the ſaid *Langton*, declaring his charge againſt Mr. *Mears*, &c. to be falſe, groundleſs, and malicious; and reſolved, that an addreſs ſhould be preſented to the lord lieutenant, the duke of *Ormond*, to deſire, that her majeſty would order the ſaid *Langton* to be ſtruck off the eſtabliſhment of *Ireland*.'

affair and now *Higgins's* *, have exaſperated the commons to ſuch a height, that will, as you obſerve, make this parliament to be impracticable any longer. It is true, the lords addreſs might have been interpreted to aim at lord *Wharton*, and was partly ſo intended; but it was ill expreſſed to bear that ſenſe; and, beſides, what did it ſignify for us to ſhew our reſentment, when it could only provoke a great man to revenge, and could not reach him?

As to the firſt-fruits, and twentieth parts, no body here dare ſay, that any body, beſide the duke of *Ormond*, procured them, but his grace himſelf; who, for aught I can learn, never aſſumed, either publicly or privately, any ſuch merit to himſelf: and yet, I confeſs, it is not amiſs, that it ſhould be thought he did thoſe things. For he could not think of governing the kingdom, if it be not believed, that he has great intereſt at court; and if that did not appear by ſome favours of moment obtained for the kingdom, none would ſuppoſe it. He is truly a modeſt, generous, and honeſt man; and

* 'Francis Higgins, M. A. prebendary of *Chriſt-church*, in *Dublin*, and rector of *Balruddery*, in that county, mentioned in a former note, p. 84. He had been preſented by the grand jury of the county of *Dublin*, on the 5th of *October*, 1711, as a ſower of ſedition, and groundleſs jealouſies, amongſt her majeſty's Proteſtant ſubjects. And on the 10th of the ſame month, *Henry* lord *Santry* preſented a petition to the lord lieutenant and privy-council of *Ireland*, deſiring, that Mr. *Higgins* might be turned out of the commiſſion of peace. But, after ſeveral hearings of the caſe, before the lord lieutenant and council, he was, on the 19th of *November* following, cleared; though the archbiſhop of *Dublin* voted in the negative againſt him.'

aſſure

aſſure yourſelf, that whatever diſturbance he has met with, proceeds from his ſticking too cloſe to his friends. It is a pity, ſuch a fault ſhould hurt a man. I ſend you, encloſed, the papers that relate to Mr. *Higgins*. Lord *Santry* was heard againſt him, before the lord lieutenant and council, *October* 27: he was allowed only to prove the articles in his petition, that are marked with P, and he ſeemed to prove them pretty fully; but Mr. *Higgins* not having yet made his defence, I can give no judgment. By the teſtimony of the lower houſe of convocation, in his favour, you will ſee how heartily they eſpouſe him. And ſurely both pains and art have been uſed to ſcreen him: with what effect you ſhall hear when the matter is concluded. I wiſh every good man may meet with as good and as faſt friends as he hath done. I ſend you likewiſe the votes, that kept the commons in debate, from eleven in the morning till ſeven at night. The queſtion was carried in the negative, by two accidents; the going out of one member, by chance, to ſpeak to ſomebody at putting the queſtion; and the coming in of another, in his boots, at the very minute. If either had not happened, it had gone the other way. The perſonal affection to the duke of *Ormond* divided the houſe. If they could have ſeparated him from ſome others, the majority had been great. You may eaſily, from this, ſee what way the bent of the kingdom goes; and that garbling corporations no way pleaſes them.

We have ſeveral printed accounts of preliminaries of the peace; but I believe them all amuſements; for, I imagine, none of the common ſcribblers know

any thing of them at all. I pray God they may be ſuch as may ſecure us from a new war; though, I believe, the death of the emperor makes a laſting peace much more difficult than before. That depends on a balance, and to that three things ſeem ſo neceſſary, than any two may ſtop the third; but now all is reduced to two. I reckon, as ſoon as the peace is ſettled, the dauphin will be taken out of the way, and then *France* and *Spain* will fall into one hand: a ſurmiſe I have had in mind ever ſince *Philip* got *Spain*; and I was of opinion, that if we could have been ſecured againſt this accident, there had been no need of a war at all.

As to the convocation, I told you formerly how we loſt all the time of the receſs, by a precipitate adjournment made by five biſhops, when the archbiſhop of *Tuam*, and as many of us as were of the privy-council, were abſent, attending at the board, upon a hearing of the Quakers againſt the bill for recovery of tithes. Since the meeting of the parliament, after the receſs, we have attended pretty cloſely, have drawn up and agreed to ſix or ſeven canons, and have drawn up a repreſentation of the ſtate of religion, as to infidelity, hereſy, impiety, and popery. We have gone through likewiſe, and agreed to, a great part of this; but I doubt we ſhall not be able to finiſh it. We have alſo before us the conſideration of reſidence, and the means of converting Papiſts. This laſt ſent up from the lower houſe. But I reckon it not poſſible to finiſh theſe things this ſeſſion. I need not tell you, that my lord primate's indiſpoſition is a great clog to diſpatch; but

but he is reſolved none elſe ſhall have the chair. So we diſpenſe with many things, that otherwiſe I believe we ſhould not. We had only two church-bills this time; one for unions, which was thrown out in our houſe; and another for recovery of tithes, which I underſtand will be thrown out by the commons. Our ſeſſion draws near an end, and every body is tired of it.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LII.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 31, 1711.

TO-DAY we had another hearing at council, concerning Mr. *Higgins's* buſineſs. Some of his witneſſes were examined. So far as we have yet heard, it doth not appear to me, that they have cleared him of tampering with witneſſes, ſhifting recognizances, or compounding felonies; but, it is ſaid, theſe things are common in the country; and, perhaps, that will ſave him. And I know not how far his other witneſſes, that are yet to be examined, may clear him. The hearing laſted above three hours. I was unwilling to make this pacquet too large, ſo I have incloſed the other prints in another. I want ſome affidavits of gentlemen, in which they depoſe Mr. *Higgins's* caſe to contain many falſhoods. I am, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

LET-

LETTER LIII.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, Nov. 1, 1718.

I HAVE conſidered that part of your letter that relates to your own concerns. I find you, in earneſt, very indifferent as to making your fortune; but you ought not to be ſo, for a weighty reaſon you inſinuate yourſelf, that you cannot, without a ſettlement, be maſter of your time in ſuch manner, as to apply yourſelf to do ſomething that may be uſeful to the church. I know it is not in your power to do it when you pleaſe; but yet ſomething may be done towards it. Get but a letter to the government, from my lord treaſurer, for the firſt good preferment; and you will, at the ſame time, fill it with a good man, and perhaps prevent a bad one from getting into it. Sure there is no immodeſty in getting ſuch a recommendation. Conſider that years grow upon you; and, after fifty, both body and mind decay. I have ſeveral things on the anvil, and near finiſhed, that perhaps might be uſeful, if publiſhed: but the continual avocation by buſineſs, the impoſitions on me by impertinent viſits, and the uneaſineſs of writing, which grows more intolerable to me every day, I doubt, will prevent my going any farther. Therefore loſe no time: *Qui non eſt hodie, cras minus aptus erit.* I am ſure, you are able to do good ſervice; and give me leave to be importunate with you to go about it. *Cæſar* wrote his Commentaries under the hurry and fatigues

fatigues of a general; and perhaps a man's ſpirit is never more awakened, nor his thoughts better, than in the intervals of a hurry of buſineſs. Read *Eraſmus's* life, and you'll find it was almoſt a continual journey. You ſee how malicious ſome are towards you, in printing a parcel of trifles, falſely as your works. This makes it neceſſary that you ſhould ſhame thoſe varlets, by ſomething that may enlighten the world, which, I am ſure, your genius will reach, if you ſet yourſelf to it. If I had the honour to have any correſpondence with my lord treaſurer, I would certainly complain of you to him, and get his lordſhip to join in this requeſt, which, I perſuade myſelf, he would readily do, if put in mind. I do not in the leaſt fear that you will be angry with me for this, ſince you cannot ſuſpect my ſincerity and kindneſs in it: and though I ſhould be angry with you, if you neglect yourſelf and intereſt, yet it ſhall go no farther, than to be a trouble to myſelf, but no abatement of the real friendſhip of yours, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LIV.

Archbiſhop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, Nov. 10, 1711.

PERHAPS it will not be ungrateful to you, to know our ſeſſion of parliament ended on *Friday* laſt. We threw out, in the houſe of lords, two bills; that

that againſt fines in the city of *Dublin*, and about quit-rents; and voted an addreſs, in oppoſition to the commons addreſs about revolution principles. We likewiſe burned Mr. *Stoughton's* ſermon, preached at *Chriſt-church* on the 30th of *January*, ſome years ago. The houſe were pleaſed to vote me thanks for proſecuting him, which, you may remember, I did in a difficult time, notwithſtanding the oppoſition I had from the government, and his protection by lord *Ikerin*, which he pleaded in court: and yet I followed him ſo cloſe, that I forced him out of his living. After this, we burned Mr. *Boyſe's* book of A Scriptural Biſhop *; and ſome Obſervators †. Our addreſs was brought in yeſterday; in which ſure we are even with the commons. I forgot to tell you, we agreed to another addreſs againſt diſſenting

* 'It was printed in 4to. at *Dublin*, under the title of, *The Office of a Chriſtian Biſhop deſcribed, and recommended from* 1 *Tim. ch.* iii. *ver.* 1. *An ordination-ſermon. With an appendix to it, and a poſtſcript, containing an apology for the publication of it.* The *appendix* and *poſtſcript* were added to the ſecond edition of the *ſermon*. The author was an eminent diſſenting miniſter, at *Dublin*.'

† 'Papers publiſhed under that title, by *John Tutchin*, Eſq; who had been ſeverely ſentenced by lord chief juſtice *Jeffreys*, in king *James* the ſecond's reign. He was, at laſt, attacked in the night, for ſome offence, which he had given by his writings, and died in conſequence of the violence uſed towards him. Dr. *Swift*, in his *Examiner*, No. 15. for *November* 16, 1710, ſpeaks of this writer, and of *Daniel de Foe*, author of *The Review of the State of the Britiſh Nation, as two ſtupid illiterate ſcribblers, both of them fanatics by profeſſion*, p. 300.'

miniſters,

miniſters, and their twelve hundred pounds * *per annum*. The commons made an addreſs to my lord lieutenant, in which they bring him in for revolution principles. The memorial of the church of *England* † was reprinted here, and dedicated to my lord lieutenant. This was brought into the houſe of commons; and, I doubt, would not have eſcaped, if the uſher of the black rod had not called them up to the prorogation. *Langton's* buſineſs came likewiſe into the houſe of lords, and when the houſe was full of ladies, an offer was made to receive the report of the committee, which contained many ſheets of paper. A great debate happened upon it; but at laſt it was waved, and ordered to be laid before the lord-lieutenant.

In ſhort, we parted in very ill humour; and, I apprehend, that the minds of the generality are not eaſy. My lord duke of *Ormond*, ſo far as I could take it, made a very modeſt and healing ſpeech; and his grace ſeemed, in it, to be altogether diſintereſted in parties. All theſe you have in public; and, if you think it worth while, I will take care to ſend them as they are printed.

* 'This addreſs was agreed upon *November* 9, 1711. The twelve hundred pounds *per annum* was originally a bounty to thoſe miniſters from king *Charles* the ſecond, confirmed by king *William*, and continued by queen *Anne*.'

† 'Publiſhed at firſt in 1705, 4to, under this title, *The Memorial of the Church of* England, *humbly offered to the conſideration of all true Lovers of our Church and Conſtitution*. This libel, upon its firſt publication, having been preſented as ſuch by the grand jury of *London* and *Middleſex*, on the 31ſt of *Auguſt*, 1705, was burnt by the common hangman.'

As

As to our convocation, thoſe, who had loitered and done nothing before laſt week, preſſed on the repreſentation of the ſtate of religion, as to infidelity, hereſy, impiety, and popery: it will, in ſome time, be printed. I had many reaſons, but inſiſted only on two; firſt, its imputing all vices to us, as if we were the worſt of people in the world; not allowing any good amongſt us. Secondly not aſſigning it a cauſe of the natives continuing Papiſts, that no care was ever taken to preach to them in their own language, or tranſlating the ſervice into *Iriſh*. You will find the matter in *Heylin's Reformation*, 2d *Eliz.* 1560, p. 128. I was forced to uſe art to procure this proteſt to be admitted, without which they would not have allowed me to offer reaſons, as I had cauſe to believe.

Both the parliament and convocation have been ſo ordered, as to make us appear the worſt people in the world, diſloyal to her majeſty, and enemies to the church; and I ſuſpect, with a deſign to make us appear unworthy to have any countenance or preferment in our native country. When the repreſentation is printed, I will, if you think it worth your while, ſend you my proteſt. We agreed likewiſe in ſome canons of no great moment, and ſome forms of prayer, and forms of receiving Papiſts and ſectaries; which, I think, are too ſtrait. I brought in a paper about reſidence; but here was no time to conſider it, nor that which related to the means of converting Papiſts. I did not perceive any zeal that way. A great part of our repreſentation relates to ſectaries; and many things, in the whole,

whole, ſeem to me not defenſible. I told you before, how we loſt ſix weeks, during the adjournment of the parliament; and ſince it ſat, we could only meet in the afternoon, and I was frequently in council; ſo that I was neither preſent when it was brought into the houſe, when it paſſed for the moſt part, or was ſent down in parcels, in foul raſed papers, that I could not well read, if I had an opportunity; and never heard it read through before it paſt.

I believe moſt are agreed, that if my advice had been taken, this would have been the peaceableſt ſeſſion ever was in *Ireland*; whereas it has been one of the moſt boiſterous. I believe it was his grace the duke of *Ormond's* intereſt to have it quiet; but then the managers conduct has ſhewed themſelves to be neceſſary. I have wearied myſelf with this ſcroll, and perhaps you will be ſo likewiſe. I am, &c.

W. DUBLIN.

LET-

LETTER LV.

Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN to Dr. SWIFT.

Hampton-Court, Nov. 16, 1711.

I RETURN you the ſheet*, which is, I think, very correct. *Sunday* morning I hope to ſee you. I am ſincerely your hearty friend, and obedient ſervant,

H. ST. JOHN.

I have a vile ſtory to tell you of the moral philoſopher *Steele*.

LETTER LVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE.

SIR, London, Dec. 29, 1711.

THE reaſon I have not troubled you this long time with my letters, was, becauſe I would not diſturb the quiet you live in, and which the greateſt and wiſeſt men here would envy, if they knew; and which it is one part of your happineſs that they do not. I have often ſent the archbiſhop † political letters, of which I ſuppoſe you have had part. I

* 'Probably of The conduct of the allies, which was publiſhed on the twenty-ſeventh of *November*, 1711.'

† 'Archbiſhop of *Dublin*, Dr. *King*.'

have ſome weeks ago received a letter from his grace, which I deſign to acknowledge in a ſhort time (as I deſire you will pleaſe to tell him) when things here come to ſome iſſue; and ſo we expect they will do in a little time. You know what an unexpected thing fell out the firſt day of this ſeſſion in the houſe of lords *, by the caprice, diſcontent, or ſome worſe motive of the earl of *Nottingham*.

In above twenty years, that I have known ſomething of courts, I never obſerved ſo many odd, dark, unaccountable circumſtances in any public affair. A majority againſt the court, carried by five or ſix depending lords, who owed the beſt part of their bread to penſions from the court, and who were told by the public enemy, that what they did would be pleaſing to the queen, though it was openly levelled againſt the firſt miniſter's head; again, thoſe, whoſe purſe-ſtrings and heart-ſtrings were the ſame, all on a ſudden ſcattering their money to bribe votes: a lord † who had been ſo far always a tory, as often to be thought in the pretender's intereſt, giving his vote for the ruin of all his old friends, careſſed by thoſe whigs, who hated and abhorred him: the whigs

* 'The earl of *Nottingham* propoſed, in the houſe of lords, a clauſe to be inſerted in the addreſs of thanks to the queen for her ſpeech, to repreſent to her majeſty, as the humble opinion and advice of the houſe, that no peace could be made ſafe or honourable to *Great Britain* or *Europe*, if *Spain* or the *Weſt-Indies* were to be allowed to any branch of the houſe of *Bourbon*. Which motion was carried by a majority of ſixty-one votes to fifty-five.'

† 'Earl of *Nottingham*.'

all chiming in * with a bill againſt occaſional conformity; and the very diſſenting miniſters agreeing to it, for reaſons that nobody alive can tell †; a reſolution of breaking the treaty of peace, without any poſſible ſcheme of continuing the war: and all this owing to a doubtfulneſs, or inconſtancy, in one certain quarter, which, at this diſtance, I dare not deſcribe. Neither do I find any one perſon, though deepeſt in affairs, who can tell what ſteps to take. On *January* the ſecond, the houſe of lords is to meet,

* 'One of the conditions upon which the earl of *Nottingham* was ſaid to have entered into ſtrict engagements with the lords of the moderate party, was their concurrence with him in a bill to prevent *occaſional conformity*, which he had formerly urged, and now deſigned to bring into the houſe of lords, though under another title, and with ſuch clauſes, as would, in ſome meaſure, inlarge the toleration of diſſenters, and be a farther ſecurity to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, in the houſe of commons. Accordingly, on *Saturday, December* 15, 1711, his lordſhip brought into the houſe of lords *a bill for preſerving the Proteſtant religion, by better ſecuring the church of England, as by law eſtabliſhed; and for confirming the toleration granted to the Proteſtant diſſenters, by an act, intituled,* An Act for exempting their Majeſties Proteſtant Subjects, diſſenting from the church of *England*, from the penalties of certain Laws; and for the ſupplying the defects thereof; *and for the farther ſecuring the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, by requiring the practiſers of the law, in* North Britain, *to take the oaths, and ſubſcribe the declaration therein mentioned.* His lordſhip was ſupported by the earls of *Scarborough* and *Wharton*, and ſeveral other lords; ſo that the bill was received, and read the firſt time without any oppoſition; and, on the 18th of *December*, it paſſed the houſe of lords, as it did that of the commons on the 20th of that month.'

† It is ſaid the diſſenters conſented to be kept out, that the Papiſts might not be let in.

and,

and, it is expected, they will go on in their votes and addreſſes againſt a peace.

On the other ſide, we are endeavouring to get a majority, and have called up two earls ſons to the houſe of peers; and I thought ſix more would have been called, and, perhaps, they may before *Wedneſday*. We expect the duke of *Somerſet* and lord *Cholmondley* will loſe their places; but it is not yet done, and we wiſh for one more change at court, which you muſt gueſs. To know upon what ſmall circumſtances, and by what degrees, this change has been brought about, would require a great deal more than I can or dare write.

There is not one, which I did not give warning of to thoſe chiefly concerned, many months ago; and ſo did ſome others, for they were viſible enough. This muſt infallibly end either in an entire change of meaſures and miniſtry, or in a firm eſtabliſhment of our ſide. Delay, and tenderneſs to an inveterate party, have been very inſtrumental to this ill ſtate of affairs. They tell me, you in *Ireland* are furious againſt a peace; and it is a great jeſt to ſee people in *Ireland* furious for or againſt any thing.

I hope to ſee you in ſpring, when travelling weather comes on. But I have a mind to ſee the iſſue of this ſeſſion. I reckon your hands are now out of mortar, and that your garden is finiſhed: and I ſuppoſe you have now one or two fifty pounds * ready for

* Dr. *Sterne* made a large collection of books, and placed them in the upper part of the deanry-houſe (then built by him) which

books, which I will lay out for you, if you will give me directions.

I have increaſed my own little library very conſiderably; I mean as far as one fifty pounds, which is very conſiderable for me. I have juſt had a letter from the *St. Mary* ladies, *&c* †. I thought they were both dead; but I find they ſometimes drink your claret ſtill, and win your money. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

You know *who*.

P. S. I had ſealed my letter, but have broke it open, to tell you, and all that love the church and crown, that all things are now well. The queen has turned out the duke of *Somerſet*, and has created twelve new lords, of which three are peers eldeſt ſons, the reſt new created; ſo that a majority is paſt diſpute. We are all in the greateſt joy imaginable to find her majeſty declare herſelf ſo ſeaſonably.

he fitted up for this purpoſe, in one great room, with a fire-place at each end. He enlarged this collection very much in the ſubſequent part of his life, and when he died biſhop of *Clogher*, in *June* 1745, he bequeathed ſuch books out of it, to the truſtees of the public library in *Dublin*, founded by primate *Marſh*, as they wanted. The remainder he directed to be ſold, and the money to be divided amongſt the curates of his dioceſe: but as thoſe gentlemen choſe rather to have the books divided amongſt them, their requeſt was complied with by the biſhop's executors; and all the books, being a great number, were divided into lots, as nearly equal as poſſible in value, and nailed up in boxes, that were numbered. Duplicates of theſe numbers were written on pieces of paper, and the curates drew for them.

† 'Mrs. *Johnſon* and Mrs. *Dingley*.'

LET-

LETTER LVII.

Dr. SACHEVERELL * to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Southwark, Jan. 31, 1711-12.

SINCE you have been pleaſed to undertake the generous office of ſoliciting my good lord treaſurer's favour in my behalf, I ſhould be very ungrateful, if I did not return you my moſt hearty thanks for it, and my humbleſt acknowledgements to his lordſhip for the ſucceſs it has met with.

I received laſt *Monday* a meſſage by my pupil Mr. *Lloyd*, repreſentative of *Shropſhire*, from Mr. *Harley*, by his lordſhip's order, to enquire what my brother was qualified for. I told him, having failed in his trade, he had been out of buſineſs for ſome years, during which time I had entirely maintained him and his family: that his education had not qualified him for any conſiderable or nice poſt; but that, if his lordſhip thought him an object of his favour, I entirely ſubmitted him to his diſpoſal, and ſhould be very thankful to his goodneſs to eaſe me of part of that heavy burthen of my family, that required more than my poor circumſtances could allow of.

* This gentleman's trial, upon an impeachment, is well known. *Swift* ſays, it aroſe from a fooliſh paſſionate pique of the earl of *Godolphin*, whom he was ſuppoſed in a ſermon to have reflected on, under the name of *Volpone*. See *Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Miniſtry*, in the volumes juſt publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

I am informed alſo, that I am very much indebted to my great countryman, Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, for his generous recommendation of this matter to his lordſhip. I ſhould be proud of an opportunity of expreſſing my gratitude to that eminent patriot, for whom no one, that wiſhes the welfare or honour of his church or country, can have ſo great a veneration.

But for yourſelf, good Doctor, who was the firſt ſpring to move it, I can never ſufficiently acknowledge the obligation. I ſhould be glad, if you will command me, in any time or place to do it, which will be a farther favour conferred on, reverend ſir, your moſt faithful ſervant,

H. SACHEVERELL.

P. S. I am told there is a place in the cuſtom-houſe void, called the *ſearcher's*; which, if proper to ask, I would not preſume; but rather leave it to his lordſhip's diſpoſal.

LETTER LVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON*.

Feb. 9, 1711.

I DINED to-day with Sir *Michael Dudley*, who is newly turned out of the commiſſion of the cuſtoms. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity

* Mrs. *Johnſon* was a lady, with whom *Swift* became acquainted, while he lived with Sir *William Temple*. She was the daughter of his ſteward; and when he died, he left her a thouſand pounds,

of

of whiggery, which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little, while he kept in employment. We can get no pacquets from *Holland*. I have not been with any of the miniſtry theſe two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpoſe, for a certain reaſon, for ſome time, tho' I muſt dine with the ſecretary * to-morrow. The chooſing of the company being left to me, I have engaged lord *Angleſey* and lord *Carteret*, and have promiſed to get three more; but I have a mind, that none elſe ſhould be admitted. However, if I like any body at court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad.

10th, I ſaw prince *Eugene* at court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly beſides. The court was very full, and people had their birth-day cloaths. No pacquets from *Holland* yet. Here are a parcel of drunken whiggiſh lords, like your lord *Santry*, who come into chocolate-houſes,

in conſideration of her father's faithful ſervices. She was about 18 when ſhe went to *Ireland*; and after a moſt intimate friendſhip of more than 16 years, ſhe was, in 1716, married to the dean, by Dr. *Aſh*, then biſhop of *Clogher*, to whom he had been a pupil in *Trinity College*, *Dublin*, though it is not known that they ever cohabited. This, and the following letters, are part of the journal, which, in the life of *Swift*, prefixed to *Batburſt's* edition, he is ſaid to have written, and ſent to this lady every fortnight. The letters are addreſſed, ſometimes to Mrs. *Johnſon*, and ſometimes to Mrs. *Dingley*; and ſeem to be conſidered as written not to one, but both; for they are frequently addreſſed jointly; "are you houſewives? are you readers?" See his letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, dated *March* 22, 1711-12.

* *St. John.*

and rail aloud at the tories, and have challenges ſent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General *Roſs* was like to ſwinge the marquis of ——— for this trick, the other day; and we have nothing elſe now to talk of till the parliament has had another bout with *the ſtate of the war*, as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the barrier treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked ſome time ago, as if there was a deſign to impeach lord *Townſend* who made it.

11th, I dined with lord *Angleſey* to-day, who had ſeven *Iriſhmen* to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young *Bligh*, who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He aſked me, one day at court, when I had been juſt talking with ſome lords, who ſtood near me, Doctor, when ſhall we ſee you in the county of *Meath?* I whiſpered him to take care what he ſaid, for the people would think *he was ſome Barbarian.* He never would ſpeak to me ſince, till we met to-day. I went to lady *Maſham's* to-night, and ſat with lord treaſurer and the ſecretary there till paſt two o'clock; and when I came home, found ſome letters from *Ireland*, which I read, but can ſay nothing of them till to-morrow: it is too late.

12th, One letter was from the biſhop of *Clogher* laſt night, and the other from *Walls*, about Mrs. *South's* ſalary, and his own penſion of eighteen pounds for his tithes of the *Park*. I will do nothing in either. The firſt I cannot ſerve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him I had his letter, and will ſpeak to *Ned Southwell* about what he deſigns

ſigns me. You ſay nothing of your dean's receiving my letter.

I find, *Clements*, whom I recommended to lord *Angleſey* laſt year, at *Walls's* deſire, or rather the biſhop of *Clogher's*, is mightily in lord *Angleſey's* favour. You may tell the biſhop and *Walls* ſo. I ſaid to lord *Angleſey*, that I was glad I had the good luck to recommend him, &c.

I dined in the city with my printer, to conſult with him about ſome papers lord treaſurer gave me laſt night, as he always does, too late. However, I will do ſomething with them. My third cold is a little better, I never had any thing like it before, three colds ſucceſſively. Three meſſengers come from *Holland* to-day, and they brought over the ſix pacquets that were due. I know not the particulars yet; for when I was with the ſecretary at noon, they were juſt opening. But one thing I find, the *Dutch* are playing us tricks, and tampering with the *French*; they are dogs; I ſhall know more.

13th, I dined to-day privately with my friend *Lewis* *, at his lodging, to conſult about ſome obſervations on the barrier treaty. Our news from *Holland* is not good. The *French* raiſe difficulties, and make ſuch offers to the allies, as cannot be accepted; and the *Dutch* are uneaſy, that we are like to get any thing for ourſelves; and the whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very buſy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr. *Pratt* to-day by a private hand, recommending the

* *Eraſmus Lewis*, ſecretary to lord *Oxford*.

bearer

bearer to me, for ſomething I ſhall not trouble myſelf about. *Weſley* writ to recommend the ſame fellow to me. His expreſſion is, that hearing I am acquainted with my lord treaſurer, he deſires I would do ſo and ſo. A matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind! I hope I ſhall be wiſer when I have once done with courts. I think you have not troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the ſervice I could.

14th, Our ſociety dined to-day at Mr. ſecretary's houſe. I went there at four; but hearing the houſe of commons would ſit late upon the barrier treaty, I went for an hour to *Kenſington*, to ſee lord *Maſham's* children. My young nephew*, his ſon of ſix months old, has got a ſwelling in his neck. I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at night, and I left them at ten. The commons have been very ſevere on the barrier treaty, as you will find by their votes. A whig member took out the *Conduct of the Allies*†, and read that paſſage about the ſucceſſion with great reſentment; but none ſeconded him. The church party carried every vote by a great majority. The archbiſhop of *Dublin* is ſo railed at by all who come from *Ireland*, that I can defend him no longer. Lord *Angleſey* aſſured me, that the ſtory of applying *Piſo* out of *Tacitus* to

* Lord *Maſham* was probably one of the ſixteen brothers; which accounts for *Swift's* calling his ſon nephew. See the note on a letter from lord *Harley*, dated *July* 17, 1714.

† A pamphlet written by the dean. See his works.

lord

lord treasurer being wounded is true *. I believe the duke of *Beaufort* will be admitted to our society † next meeting. To-day I published the *Fable of Midas*, a poem, printed in a loose half sheet. I know not how it will take; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night. Mr. secretary read it before me the other night, to lord treasurer, at lord *M.sham's*, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you? I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is a six days journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear these journals are very dull.

15th, Mr. *Lewis* and I dined by invitation with a *Scotch* acquaintance, after I had been very busy in my chamber, till two in the afternoon. My third cold is now very troublesome on my breast, especially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never used to return so soon with me, or last so long. It is very surprising the news this day: the dauphin and dauphiness, both dying within six days. They say the old king is almost heart-broke: he has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The dauphin has left two little sons, of four and two years old; the eldest is sick. There is a foolish story got about town, that lord *Strafford*, one of our plenipotentiaries, is in the interests of *France:* And it has been a good while said, that lord

* For an account of the treasurer's being wounded, see a letter from the archbishop of *Dublin*, dated *March* 17, 1710, and note.

† The society of sixteen, called Brothers.

privy

privy ſeal * and he do not agree very well; they are both long practiſed in buſineſs, but neither of them of much parts. *Strafford* hath ſome life and ſpirit; but is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate.

16th, I dined to-day in the city with my printer, to finiſh ſomething I am doing about the barrier treaty; but is not quite done †. I went this evening to lord *Maſham's*, where lord treaſurer ſat with us till paſt twelve. The lords have voted an addreſs to the queen, to tell her, they are not ſatisfied with the king of *France's* offers. The whigs brought it in of a ſudden; and the court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppoſe it. The houſe of lords is too ſtrong in whigs, notwithſtanding the new creations: for they are very diligent, and the tories as lazy: The ſide that is down hath always moſt induſtry. The whigs intended to have made a vote, that would reflect on lord treaſurer; but their project was not ripe.

17th, The court was mighty full to-day, and has been ſo theſe many *Sundays*; but the queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in her foot. The good of going to court is, that one ſees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwiſe I ſhould hardly meet twice a year. Prince *Eugene* dines with the ſecretary to-day, with about ſeven or eight general officers, or foreign miniſters. They will

* Dr. *John Robinſon* biſhop of *Briſtol*. He was ſworn lord privy ſeal, *Sept.* 3, 1711.

† It was publiſhed under the title of "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty." See *Bathurſt's* edition, octavo, vol. ix.

be

be all drunk I am ſure. I never was in company with this prince. I have propoſed to ſome lords, that we ſhould have a ſober meal with him; but I cannot compaſs it. It is come over in the *Dutch* news prints, that I was arreſted on an action of 20,000 *l.* by the duke of *Marlborough*. I did not like my court invitations to-day; ſo Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I went and dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* *. I came home at ſix, and have been very buſy till this minute, and it is paſt twelve. We reckon the dauphin's death will ſet forward the peace a good deal.

18th, *Lewis* had *Guiſcard's* picture; he bought it, and offered it to lord treaſurer, who promiſed to ſend for it, but never did; ſo I made *Lewis* give it me, and I have it in my room; and now lord treaſurer ſays, he will take it from me. Is that fair? He deſigns to have it at length in the cloaths he wore when he did the action, and a penknife in his hand. *Kneller* is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with lord treaſurer to-day, but he has put me off till to-morrow; ſo I dined with lord *Dupplin*. You know lord *Dupplin* very well; he is a brother of the ſociety †. Well, but I have received a letter from the biſhop of *Clogher*, to ſolicit an affair for him with lord treaſurer, and with the parliament, which I will do as ſoon as fly. I am not near ſo keen

* The mother of *Vaneſſa*. See an account of her in *Swift's* life, and the verſes called *Cadenus* and *Vaneſſa*. See alſo the note to the Dean's letter to Miſs *Vankomrigh*, dated *July* 8, 1713.

† The ſociety of ſixteen.

about

about other people's affairs as you uſed to reproach me. It was a judgment on me. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my being arreſted. The pamphleteers have let me alone this month, which is a great wonder; only the third part of the anſwer to the *conduct*, which is lately come out. Did I tell you of it before? The houſe of commons goes on in mauling the late miniſtry and their proceedings.

19th, I dined with lord treaſurer to-day, and ſat with him till ten in ſpight of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a ſheet. I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil, on a bit of paper in his houſe, while he lay wounded. Some of the ſervants, I ſuppoſe, made waſte paper of them, and he never heard of them. They were inſcribed to Mr. *Harley's* phyſician thus:

> On *Britain Europe's* ſafety lies;
> *Britain* is loſt, if *Harley* dies:
> *Harley* depends upon your ſkill:
> Think what you ſave, or what you kill.

I propoſed that ſome company ſhould dine with him on the eighth of *March*, which was the day he was wounded; but he ſays he deſigns, that the lords of the cabinet, who then ſat with him, ſhould dine that day with him: however, he has invited me to dinner. I am not yet rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly.

20th, After waiting to catch the ſecretary coming out from Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, for two hours in vain, about

about ſome buſineſs, I went into the city to my printer to correct ſome ſheets of the barrier treaty, and remarks, which muſt be finiſhed to-morrow. I have been hourly buſy for ſome days paſt, with this and ſome other things; and I wanted ſome very neceſſary papers, which the ſecretary was to give me, and the pamphlet muſt not be publiſhed without them; but they are all buſy too. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* is chairman of the committee, for drawing up a repreſentation of the ſtate of the nation to the queen, where all the wrong ſteps of the allies, and the late miniſtry about the war, will be mentioned. The ſecretary I ſuppoſe, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a pepperer.

21ſt, I have been ſix hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to lord treaſurer, about forming a ſociety or academy, to correct and fix the *Engliſh* language. Is *Engliſh* a ſpeech, or a language? It will not be above five or ſix more. I will ſend it him to-morrow, and will print it, if he deſires me *. I dined, you know, with our ſociety to-day; *Thurſday* is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the duke of *Beaufort*. We were thirteen met; brother *Ormond* was not there, but ſent his excuſe, that prince *Eugene* dined with him. I left them at ſeven, being engaged to go to Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, who deſired I would ſee him at that hour. His buſineſs was, that I would † hoen Ibp ihainm itaoi dsroanws ubpl tohne sroe qporaenſie p not las toi qobn, which I conſented to do; but do not know whether I ſhall ſuc-

* It is printed in his works.

† Thus decyphered, "help him to draw up the repreſentation."

ceed, becauſe it is a little out of my way: however, I have taken my ſhare.

22d, I finiſhed the reſt of my letter to lord treaſurer to-day, and ſent it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr. *Lewis*, to talk over ſome affairs of moment. I have gotten the 13th volume of *Rymer's* collection of the records of the *Tower*, for the univerſity of *Dublin* *. I will write to the provoſt to know how I ſhall ſend them to him; no, I won't, for I will bring them myſelf among my own books. I was with *Hanmer* this morning, and there was the ſecretary and chancellor of the exchequer † very buſy with him, laying their heads together about the repreſentation. I went to lord *Maſham's* to-night ‡, and lady *Maſham* made me read her a pretty two-penny pamphlet called the *St. Alban's* ghoſt ||. I thought I had writ it myſelf; ſo did they; but I did not. Lord treaſurer came down to us from the queen, and we ſtayed till two o'clock. This is the beſt night place I have. The uſual company are lord and lady *Maſham*, lord treaſurer, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and I; ſometimes the ſecretary §, and ſometimes Mrs. *Hill*, of the bedchamber, lady *Maſham's* ſiſter.

* See a letter from lady *B. G.* to Dr. *Swift*, dated *Nov.* 7, 1734, and note.

† 'Robert *Benſon*, Eſq; afterwards created lord *Bingley*.'

‡ It ſhould be laſt night, for this appears to have been written after two o'clock in the morning.

|| 'The title is, the ſtory of *St. Alban's* ghoſt, or the apparition of mother *Haggy*, collected from the beſt manuſcripts.'

§ Mr. *St. John*.

23d,

23d, I have no news to tell you this laſt day, nor do I know where I ſhall dine. I hear the ſecretary is a little out of order. Perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I ſent *Hanmer* what he wanted from me. I know not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the ſame ſort. On *Tueſday* it will be four weeks ſince I had your laſt, N° 26. This day ſe'night I expect one, for that will be ſomething more than a full month. Farewel.

LETTER XLVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, Feb. 23, 1711-12.

AFTER having diſpoſed my laſt letter in the poſt-office, I am now to begin this, with telling you that I dined with the ſecretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feveriſh; yet he went to the cabinet council to-night at ſix, againſt my will. The ſecretary is much the greateſt commoner in *England*, and turns the whole parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives, and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him ſometimes, that if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour, and truſt my fortune with his. But what care you for all this? I am ſorry when I came firſt acquainted with this miniſtry, that I did not ſend you their names and characters, and then you would

have reliſhed what I would have writ, eſpecially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: but enough of this.

24th, I went early this morning to the ſecretary, who is not yet well. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and the chancellor of the exchequer came while I was there, and he would not let me ſtir; ſo I did not go to church, but was buſy with them till noon, about the affair I told you of in my laſt. The other two went away, and I dined with the ſecretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no abſolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has ſhook me a little. I ſometimes ſit up very late at lord *Maſham's*, and have writ much for ſeveral days paſt; but I will amend both; for I have now very little buſineſs, and hope I ſhall have no more. I am reſolved to be a great rider this ſummer in *Ireland*. I was to ſee Mr. *Weſley* this evening, who has been ſomewhat better for this month paſt, and talks of returning to the *Bath* in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but ſlowly; the *Dutch* are playing tricks, and we do not puſh it as ſtrongly as we ought. The fault of our court is delay, of which the queen has a great deal; and lord treaſurer is not without his ſhare. But pray let us know a little of your life and converſation. Do you play at ombre, or viſit the dean, and goody *Wall's* and *Stoyte's*, and *Manly's* as uſual? I muſt have a letter from you. Let me know what you do; Is my aunt alive yet? Oh, pray, now I think of it, be ſo kind to ſtep to my aunt, and take notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a ſeal of an anchor

and

and dolphin about it; but I think there is beſides, at the bottom of the picture, the ſame coat of arms quartered with another, which I ſuppoſe was my great-grandmother's. If this be ſo, it is a ſtronger argument then the ſeal. And pray ſee whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the ſame time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and aſk my aunt what ſhe knows about it. But perhaps there is no ſuch coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reaſon is, becauſe I would aſk ſome herald here, whether I ſhould chuſe that coat, or one in *Guillim's* large folio of heraldry, where my uncle *Godwin* is named with another coat of arms of three ſtags. This is ſad ſtuff to write.

25th, I was this morning again with the ſecretary, and we were two hours buſy; and then went together to the Park, *Hyde-Park*, I mean; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two *Arabian* horſes, ſent ſome time ago to lord treaſurer. The duke of *Marlborough's* coach overtook us, with his grace and lord *Godolphin* in it; but they did not ſee us, to our great ſatisfaction; for neither of us deſired that either of thoſe two lords ſhould ſee us together. There was half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the ſecretary; but we did no buſineſs after dinner, and at ſix I walked into the fields; then I went to viſit *Percival* and his family, whom I had ſeen but once ſince they came to town. They are going to *Bath* next month. Counteſs *Doll* of

Meath * is such an owl, that wherever I visit, people are asking me, whether I know such an *Irish* lady, and her figure and her foppery? I came home early, and have been amusing myself with looking into one of the volumes of *Rymer's* records of the *Tower*, and am mighty easy to think I have no urgent business upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; I sometimes cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you, that I believe it is lady *Masham's* hot rooms that give it me? I never knew such a stove; and in my conscience, I believe both my lord and she, my lord treasurer, Mr. secretary, and myself, have all suffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot.

26th, I was again busy with the secretary. We read over some papers, and did a good deal of business. I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner; an old saying and a true, much drinking, little thinking. We had company with us, and nothing could be done. I am to go there to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the parliament, by the queen's recommendation, is to take some method for preventing libels, *&c.* which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes on in a day or two. To-day in the morning I visited upwards; first I saw the duke

* 'Dorothy, daughter to *James Stopford*, Esq; and second wife of *Edward Brabazon*, earl of *Meath*, who died 22 *Feb.* 1708, without issue.'

of

of *Ormond* below ſtairs, and gave him joy of his being declared general in *Flanders*; then I went up one pair of ſtairs, and ſat with the ducheſs; then I went up another pair of ſtairs, and paid a viſit to lady *Betty*; and deſired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might paſs half an hour with her; but ſhe was young and handſome, and would not. The duke is our preſident this week, and I have beſpoke a ſmall dinner on purpoſe for good example.

27th, I was again with the ſecretary this morning; but we only read over ſome papers with ſir *Thomas Hanmer:* then I called at lord treaſurer's; it was his levee-day, but I went up to his bed-chamber, and ſaid what I had to ſay. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two ſtreets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer *, and came back at ſix to lord treaſurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refuſed him. I ſat there an hour or two, and then went to lord *Maſham's*. They were all abroad; ſo truly I came home, and read whatever ſtuff was next me. I can ſit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year paſt. However, I will ſtay out the ſeſſion, to ſee if they have any further commands for me, and that I ſuppoſe will end in *April*. But I may go ſomewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we ſhall have either a certain peace, or a certain war. The miniſtry is continuing new funds for money by lotteries; and we go on as if

* This printer was *John Barber*, afterwards alderman and lord mayor of *London*.

the war were to continue; but I believe it will not.

28th, I have been packing up ſome books in a great box I have bought, and muſt buy another for cloaths and luggage. This is a beginning towards a removal. I have ſent to *Holland* for a dozen ſhirts, and deſign to buy another new gown and hat. I have writ this night to the provoſt. Our ſociety met to-day as uſual, and we were fourteen, beſides the earl of *Arran*, whom his brother the duke of *Ormond* brought among us againſt all order. We were mightily ſhocked; but after ſome whiſpers, it ended in chuſing lord *Arran* one of our ſociety, which I oppoſed to his face; but it was carried by all the the reſt againſt me.

29th, This is leap-year, and this is leap-day; prince *George* was born on this day. People are miſtaken; and ſome here think it is St. *David's* day; but they do not underſtand the virtue of leap-year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like gum-dragon; and yet I was dictating ſome trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was ſo diſcouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of *Arian* *. *Alexander the Great* is juſt dead. I do not think he was poiſoned: betwixt you and me, all thoſe are but idle ſtories. It is certain, that neither *Ptolemy* nor *Ariſtobulus* thought ſo, and they were both with him when he

* 'The *Greek* hiſtorian, who writ the life of *Alexander the Great*.'

died.

died. It is a pity we have not their hiſtories. The bill for limiting members of parliament to have but ſo many places paſt the houſe of commons, and will paſs the houſe of lords, in ſpight of the miniſtry; which you know is a great leſſening of the queen's power. Four of the new lords voted againſt the court in this point. It is certainly a good bill in the reign of an ill prince; but I think things are not ſettled enough for it at preſent, and the court may want a majority at a pinch.

March 1, I went into the city, to enquire after poor *Stratford*, who has put himſelf a priſoner into the *Queen's Bench*, for which his friends blame him very much, becauſe his creditors deſigned to be very eaſy with him. He graſped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumſtance relative to lieutenant-general *Meredith*, that is very melancholy: *Meredith* was turned out of all his employments laſt year, and had about 10,000 *l.* left to live on. *Stratford*, upon friendſhip, deſired he might have the management of it for *Meredith*, to put it into the funds and ſtocks for the beſt advantage; and now he has loſt it all. You have heard me often talk of *Stratford*; we were claſs-fellows at ſchool and univerſity. I dined with ſome merchants, his friends, to-day, and they ſaid they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace, while it was a ſecret, of which he might have made good uſe, but that helped to ruin him; for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and conſequently

ſtocks to riſe high. *Ford* narrowly eſcaped loſing 500 *l.* by him, and ſo did I too.

2d, Morning. I was awakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the houſe telling me of a great fire in the *Hay-Market*. I ſlept again, and two hours after my man came in again, and told me it was my poor brother Sir *William Wyndham's* * houſe that is burned †; and that two maids leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, fell both on their heads, one of them upon the iron ſpikes before the door, and both lay dead in the ſtreets. It is ſuppoſed to have been ſome careleſſneſs of one or both thoſe maids. The duke of *Ormond* was there helping to put out the fire. Brother *Wyndham* gave 6000*l.* but a few months ago for that houſe, as he told me, and it was very richly furniſhed. I ſhall know more particulars at night. He married lady *Catherine Seymour*, the duke of *Somerſet's* daughter; you know her, I believe.

At night. Sir *William Wyndham's* young child eſcaped very narrowly; lady *Catherine* eſcaped barefoot; they all went to *Northumberland* houſe. Mr. *Bridges's* houſe at next door is damaged much, and was like to be burned. *Wyndham* has loſt above 10,000 *l.* by this accident. His lady above 1000 *l.* worth of cloaths. He was not at court to-day. I

* *Wyndham* was a brother of the ſociety.

† It is not much to *Swift's* credit that he went quietly to ſleep, after he had been told there was a great fire in the *Hay-Market*, where he knew a friend had a houſe and family; yet he had a quick and ſtrong ſenſe of the calamities of others. See his letter to Mrs. *Dingley* of *Nov.* 15, and *Dec.* 18, 1712.

dined with lord *Maſham*. The queen was not at church.

3d, Pray tell *Walls*, that I ſpoke to the duke of *Ormond* and Mr. *Southwell* about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed not me for a ſolicitor; for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewiſe mentioned his own affair to Mr. *Southwell*, and I hope that will be done too; for *Southwell* ſeems to think it reaſonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are ſecrets, one of them is about Mrs. *South* having a penſion; the other about his ſalary from the government for the tithes of the park, that lies in his pariſh, to be put upon the eſtabliſhment. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had ſome ſmall affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with lord treaſurer this morning; and dined with the dean. *Monday* is parſon's holiday.

4th, I ſat to-day with poor Mrs. *Weſley*, who made me dine with her. She is much better than ſhe was. I heartily pray for her health out of the intire love I bear to her worthy huſband. This day hath paſſed very inſignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now, that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at lord *Maſham's* to-night, and ſtayed there till one. Lord treaſurer was there; but I thought he looked melancholy, juſt as he did at the beginning of the ſeſſion, and he was not ſo merry as uſual. In ſhort, the majority in the houſe of lords is a very weak one. He has much to do to keep it up; and he is not able

to

to make thoſe removes he would, and oblige his friends; and I doubt too he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himſelf, and will not employ others; which is his great fault, as I have often told you.

5th, I wiſh you a merry *Lent*. I hate *Lent*; I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porridge; and the four devout faces of people, who only put on religion for ſeven weeks. I was at the ſecretary's office this morning; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated laſt *October*; one from the biſhop of *Clogher*, and the other from *Walls*. The gentleman is called colonel *Newburgh*. I think you mentioned him to me ſome time ago. He has buſineſs in the houſe of lords. I will do him what ſervice I can. The repreſentation of the houſe of commons is printed; I have not ſeen it yet; it is plaguy ſevere, they ſay. I dined with Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but ſpleen; for his wife and a child or two were ſick in the houſe, and that was full as mortifying as fiſh. We have had mighty fine cold froſty weather for ſome days paſt. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never anſwer that part of my letters, where I deſire you to walk. I muſt keep my breath to cool my lenten porridge.

6th, I hear Mr. *Prior* has ſuffered by *Stratford's* breaking. I was yeſterday to ſee *Prior*, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to loſe money. I walked before dinner in the *Mall* a good while with lord *Arran* and lord *Dupplin*, two of my brothers, and then we went to dinner,

dinner, where the duke of *Beaufort* was our preſident. We were but eleven to-day.

We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The duke of *Beaufort* had the confidence to propoſe his brother-in-law, the earl of *Darby*, to be a member; but I oppoſed it ſo warmly, that it was waved. *Darby* is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I ſtayed till eight, and then we all went away ſoberly. The duke of *Ormond's* treat laſt week coſt 20 *l.* though it was only four diſhes, and four without a deſert; and I beſpoke it in order to be cheap, yet I could not prevail to change the houſe. Lord *Maſham* made me go home with him to eat boiled oyſters. Take oyſters, waſh them clean; that is, waſh their ſhells clean; then put your oyſters into an earthen pot, with their hollow ſides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and ſo let them boil. Your oyſters are boiled thus in their own liquor, and not mixed with water. Lord treaſurer was not with us; he was very ill to-day with a ſwimming in the head, and is gone to be cupped, and ſent to deſire lady *Maſham* to excuſe him to the queen.

7th, I was to-day at the houſe of lords about a friend's bill. Then I croſs'd the water at *Weſtminſter* ſtairs to *Southwark*, went through *St. George's Fields* to the *Mint*, which is the dominion of the *King's Bench* priſon, where *Stratford* lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him; but he was gone to the *Change*. I thought he had ſomething to ſay to me about his own affairs. I found him at his uſual coffee-houſe,

coffee-houſe, and went to his old lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His buſineſs was only to deſire I would intercede with the miniſtry about his brother-in-law, *Benjamin Burton* of *Dublin*, the banker, who is like to come into trouble, as we hear, about ſpreading falſe whiggiſh news. Mrs. *Stratford* tells me her huſband's creditors have conſented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and ſhe hopes he will pay them all. He was chearfuller than I have ſeen him this great while. I have walked much to-day.

8th, This day twelve months Mr. *Harley* was ſtabbed *. He is ill, and takes phyſic to-day, I hear, ('tis now morning) and cannot have the cabinet-council with him, as he intended, nor me to ſay grace. I am going to ſee him. Pray read the repreſentation; it is the fineſt that ever was writ. Some of it is my ſtile; but not very much. This is the day of the queen's acceſſion to the crown, ſo that it is a great day. I am going to court, and will dine with lord *Maſham*; but I muſt go this moment to the ſecretary, about ſome buſineſs; ſo I will ſeal up this, and put it in the poſt. Farewel.

* See the next letter, and note on paragraph dated 13.

LETTER LX.

Dr. Swift to Mrs. Johnson.

London, March 8, 1711-12.

I Carried my forty-ſecond letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the general poſt. I went in the morning to ſee lord treaſurer, who had taken phyſic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the ſecretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr. *Friend*, to be phyſician-general; and the ſecretary promiſed to mention it to the queen. I can ſerve every body but myſelf. Then I went to court, and carried lord keeper and the ſecretary to dine with lord *Maſham*, when we drank the queen and lord treaſurer with every health, becauſe this was the day of his ſtabbing. Then I went and played at picquet with lady *Maſham* and Mrs. *Hill*; won ten ſhillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, ſlit people's noſes, and beat them?

9th, I was at court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care to dine with; ſo I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*. Young *Davenant* was telling us, how he was ſet upon by the Mohocks, and how they ran his chair through with a ſword. It is not ſafe being in the

ſtreets

ſtreets at night. The biſhop of *Salisbury's* ſon * is ſaid to be of the gang. They are all whigs. A great lady ſent to me, to ſpeak to her father, and to lord treaſurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewiſe of myſelf; for ſhe heard they had malicious intentions againſt the miniſtry, and their friends. I know not whether there be any thing in this, tho' others are of the ſame opinion. The weather ſtill continues very fair and froſty. I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early, to avoid the Mohocks. Lord treaſurer is better.

10th, I went this morning again to lord treaſurer, who is quite recovered, and I ſtayed till he went out. I dined with a friend in the city, about a little buſineſs of printing; but not my own. You muſt buy a ſmall two-penny pamphlet, called, *Law is a bottomleſs Pit* †. It is very prettily written, and there will be a ſecond part. The commons are very ſlow in bringing in their bill to limit the preſs, and the pamphleteers make good uſe of their time; for there come out three or four every day.

11th, Lord treaſurer has lent the long letter I writ him to *Prior* ‡ and I can't get *Prior* to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this academy for the improvement of our language. I dined privately with my friend *Lewis*, and then went to ſee *Nea Southwell*, and talked with him

* 'Thomas, then at the *Temple*, afterwards conſul at *Liſbon*, and at laſt one of the juſtices of the *Common-Pleas*.'

† Or, *The Hiſtory of John Bull*, written by Dr. *Arbuthnot*, but printed with *Swift's* works.

‡ Concerning the *Engliſh* Language.

about

about *Walls's* buſineſs, and Mrs. *South's*. The latter will be done; but his own not. *Southwell* tells me, that it muſt be laid before me lord treaſurer, and the nature of it explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and may be, lord treaſurer won't do it at laſt; and it is, as *Wall's* ſays himſelf, not above forty ſhillings a year difference.

12th, There is the devil and all to do with theſe Mohocks. *Grubſtreet* papers about them fly like lightning, and a liſt printed of near eighty put into ſeveral priſons, and all a lye; and I begin almoſt to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole ſtory. He that abuſed *Davenant*, was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me, that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-houſe, publickly, that one deſign of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and, though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of ſome ſhillings already. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer, and two gentlemen of the Highlands of *Scotland*; yet very polite men. I ſat there till nine, and then went to lord *Maſham's*, where lord treaſurer followed me, and we ſat till twelve; and I came home in a chair, for fear of the Mohocks; and I have given him warning of it too. Little *Harriſon*, whom I ſent to *Holland*, is now actually made queen's ſecretary at the *Hague*. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow. It is worth one thouſand two hundred pounds a year *.

* See a letter from this gentleman to the Dean, dated *Dec.* 16, 1712.

Here

Here is a young fellow, who has writ some sea-eclogues, poems of mermen, resembling pastorals of shepherds, and they are very pretty. The thought is new; mermen are he-mermaids, tritons, natives of the sea. Do you understand me? I think to recommend him to our society to-morrow. His name is *Diaper**, p— on him; I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise; but when they do rise, I would encourage them: they tread on our heels, and thrust us off the stage.

13th, You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our society after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he seldom fails to do. Lord *Lansdown*, one of our society, was offended at a passage in this day's *Examiner*, which, he thinks, reflects on him, as I believes it does, though in a mighty civil way. It is only that † his underlings cheat; but that he is a

* 'John *Diaper*, educated at *Baliol College, Oxford*.'

† 'In the *Examiner*, Vol. II. No. 15. from *Tuesday, March* 6, to *Tuesday, March* 13, 1711, was published the following letter, addressed to the *Examiner*.'

SIR,

YOU have been so taken up with censuring the corruptions of the *adverse party*, that you seem to have wanted either time or disposition, to take notice of those among your *own*; which tho' not so *flagrant*, or universal, do daily produce very pernicious consequences. I know a certain person in employment, who besides the firmness of his *principles*, in respect to the present proceedings of the court, is a man of undoubted honour and virtue, of admirable sense and learning, and every way qualified for

very fine gentleman every way, *&c.* Lord *Orrery* was preſident to-day; but both our dukes were abſent. Brother *Wyndham* recommended *Diaper* to the ſociety. I believe we ſhall make a contribution

for the execution of any office. I am convinced as much as it is poſſible to be of any truth, that no *bribe* whatſoever can corrupt his integrity, or ſway him in the leaſt to act againſt his opinion; being juſt and liberal in his nature, and eaſy in his fortune: yet ſo it happens, that there are no where greater, or groſſer abuſes; no where more *bribery* and *oppreſſion*, than what are practiſed by thoſe, who are employed under him. The worſt of it is, that theſe miſchiefs are the *accidental* effects of this *perſon's* good qualities, whoſe ſpirit being above any ſordid aims of his own, can never be brought to ſuſpect them in thoſe, whom he hath thought fit to truſt. This candid diſpoſition not only unqualifies him from ſuſpecting any abuſes in his *officers*; but likewiſe from admitting or believing whatever complaints are made againſt them. By this means, the public is wholly diſappointed of all the good effects, it might hope from a worthy man being in employment. The chief *underlings*, by oppreſſing not only thoſe, who apply to them for buſineſs, but their own inferiors in office, grow to much greater riches than their maſter; and it is an aggravation, that ſince the public muſt be defrauded, the profit ſhould accrue to thoſe, who leaſt deſerve it. I hope all thoſe, who are in high ſtation, if they chance to read this paper, will from hence take the hint to examine amongſt their dependants, by what means ſome of them have come, in ſo ſhort a time, to ſuch prodigious wealth; and thereupon proceed to puniſh thoſe crimes, from which themſelves are ſo *exempt*. I therefore deſire you will be pleaſed to print this letter in your next paper, if you think it deſerves that honour, and give the public and me your opinion of the matter.

I am with much reſpect, ſir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

among ourſelves, which I don't like. Lord treaſurer has yet done nothing for us; but we ſhall try him ſoon. The company parted early; but *Freind*, and *Prior*, and I, ſat a while longer, and reformed the ſtate, and found fault with the miniſtry. *Prior* hates his commiſſion of the cuſtoms, becauſe it ſpoils his wit. He ſays he dreams of nothing but cockets, and dockets, and drawbacks, and other jargon, words of the cuſtom-houſe. Our good weather went away yeſterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten.

14th, I have been plagued this morning with ſolicitors, and with nobody more than my brother, Dr. *Freind*, who muſt needs have me get old Dr. *Lawrence*, the phyſician-general, turned out, and himſelf in. He has argued me ſo long upon the reaſonableneſs of it, that I am fully convinced it is very unreaſonable; and ſo I would tell the ſecretary, if I had not already made him ſpeak to the queen. Beſides, I know not but my friend, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, would be content to have it himſelf, and I love him ten times better than *Freind*. What's all this to you? but I muſt talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know any thing of them or not. I dined in the city, and, coming back, one parſon *Richardſon**, of *Ireland*, overtook me. He was here laſt

* '*John Richardſon*, a clergyman of *Ireland*, who in 1711, publiſhed at *Dublin*, in quarto, *A Propoſal for the Converſion of the Popiſh Natives of* Ireland, *to the eſtabliſhed religion. With the Reaſons, upon which it is grounded, and an Anſwer to the Objections made to it.* And in 1713 he publiſhed, at *London*, in octavo, *A ſhort Hiſtory of the Attempts, that have been made to convert the*

ſummer,

ſummer, upon a project of converting the *Iriſh*, and printing bibles, &c. in that language, and is now returned to purſue it. He tells me, Dr. *Coghill* came laſt night to town. I will ſend to ſee how he does to-morrow.

15th, I had intended to be early with the ſecretary this morning, when my man admitted up-ſtairs one Mr. *Newcomb*, an officer, who brought me a letter from the biſhop of *Clogher*, with four lines added by Mrs. *Aſhe*, all about that *Newcomb*. I think, indeed, his caſe is hard; but God knows whether I ſhall be able to do him any ſervice. People will not underſtand: I am a very good ſecond, but I care not to begin a recommendation, unleſs it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do what I can. I miſſed the ſecretary, and then walked to *Chelſea*, to dine with the dean of *Chriſt-church**, who was engaged to lord *Orrery*, with ſome other *Chriſt-church* men. He made me go with him, whether I would or no; for they have, this long time, admitted me a *Chriſt-church* man. Lord *Orrery*, generally every winter, gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergymen at table, and four lay-

Popiſh Natives of Ireland *to the eſtabliſhed Religion. With a Propoſal for their Converſion, and a Vindication of Archbiſhop* Uſher's *Opinion concerning the Performance of divine Offices to them in their own Language. The ſecond Edition with Additions.* In the title-page the author ſtiles himſelf rector of *Annalt*, alias *Belturbet*, in the dioceſe of *Kilmore* in *Ireland*, and chaplain to his grace the duke of *Ormond*, and the lord biſhop of *Clogher*.'

* 'Dr. *Francis Atterbury*, who was promoted to that deanry in *September* 1711, on the death of Dr. *Henry Aldrich*.'

men. The dean and I ſoon left them; and after a viſit or two, I went to lord *Maſham's*; and lord treaſurer, *Arbuthnot*, and I ſat till twelve. I came home a-foot, but had my man with me. Lord treaſurer adviſed me not to go in a chair, becauſe the Mohocks, inſult chairs more than they do thoſe on foot. They think there is ſome miſchievous deſign in thoſe villains. Several of them, lord treaſurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard, at dinner, that one them was killed laſt night. We ſhall know more in a little time.

16th, This morning, at the ſecretary's, I met general *Roſs*, and recommended *Newcomb's* caſe to him, who promiſes to join me in working up the duke of *Ormond* to do ſomething for him. Lord *Winchelſea* told me to day at court, that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old lady *Winchelſea's*, at the door of their houſe in the Park, with a candle, as ſhe had juſt lighted out ſomebody. They cut her face, and beat her without any provocation. I hear my friend *Lewis* has got a Mohock in one of the meſſenger's hands. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, as *Arbuthnot*, her phyſician, ſays. I dined with *Crow*, late governor of *Barbadoes*, an acquaintance of *Sterne's*. After dinner, I aſked him, whether he had heard of *Sterne?* Here he is, ſaid he, at the door in a coach; and in came *Sterne*. He has been here this week. He is buying a captain-ſhip, in his couſin *Sterne's* regiment. He told me, he left *Jemmy Leigh* playing at cards with you. He is to give eight hundred gunieas for his commiſſion.

17th,

17th, Dr. *Sacheverel* came this morning, to give me thanks for getting his brother an employment. It was but ſix or ſeven weeks ſince I ſpoke to lord treaſurer for him. *Sacheverel* brought *Trap* * along with him. We dined together at my printer's, and I ſat with them till ſeven. I little thought, and I believe ſo did he, that ever I ſhould be his ſolicitor to the preſent miniſtry, when I left *Ireland*. This is the ſeventh I have now provided for ſince I came, and can do nothing for myſelf. I don't care; I ſhall have *miniſtries* and *other people* obliged to me. *Trap* is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep; and their judgment in things of wit and ſenſe, is miraculous. The ſecond part of *Law is a bottomleſs Pit* is juſt now printed, and better, I think, than the firſt.

18th, There is a proclamation out againſt the Mohocks. One of thoſe that are taken, is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs. *Weſley*, who is returning to the *Bath*. I walked this evening in the Park, and met *Prior*, who made me go home with him, where I ſtayed till paſt twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do ſo no more, though I got home ſafe. *Prior* and I were talking diſcontentedly of ſome managements, that no more people are turned out, which gets lord treaſurer many enemies; but whether the fault be in him, or the queen, I know

* 'Joſeph Trap, M. A. then profeſſor of poetry in the univerſity of *Oxford*. He had publiſhed there, in 1711, the firſt volume of his *Prælectiones poeticæ*, with a dedication to Mr. ſecretary *St. John*.'

not; I doubt, in both. I wiſh you good luck at ombre with the dean.

19th, *Newcomb* came to me this morning, and I went to the duke of *Ormond* to ſpeak for him; but the duke was juſt going out to take the oaths for general. The duke of *Shrewsbury* is to be lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. I walked with *Domville* and *Ford* to *Kenſington*, where we dined, and it coſt me above a crown. I don't like it, as my man ſaid. It was very windy walking. The gardens there are mighty fine. I paſſed the evening at lord *Maſham's*, with lord treaſurer, and *Arbuthnot*, as uſual, and we ſtayed till paſt one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from one *Fetherſton*, a parſon, with a poſtſcript of *Tindall's* to recommend him. And *Fetherſton*, whom I never ſaw, has been ſo kind as to give me a letter of attorney, to recover a debt for him; another from lord *Abercorn*, to get him the dukedom of *Chatellaraut* from the king of *France*; in which I will do what I can, for his pretenſions are very juſt: the third from you. It is a great air this, of getting a dukedom from the king of *France*; but it is only to ſpeak to the ſecretary, and get the duke of *Ormond* to engage in it, and mention the caſe to lord treaſurer, *&c.* and this I ſhall do.

20th, I was with the duke of *Ormond* this morning, about lord *Abercorn*, Dr. *Freind*, and *Newcomb*. Some will do, and ſome will not do. The duke of *Shrewsbury* is certainly to be your governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the ducheſs joy, and recommend the archbiſhop of *Dublin* to her.

I writ

I writ to the archbiſhop, ſome months ago, that it would be ſo; and told him I would ſpeak a good word for him to the ducheſs; and he ſays he has a great reſpect for her, *&c.* I made our ſociety change their houſe, and we met to-day at the ſtar and garter in the *Pall-mall.* Lord *Arran* was preſident. The other dog was ſo extravagant in his bills, that, for four diſhes, and four, firſt and ſecond courſe, without wine or deſert, he charged twenty-one pounds, ſix ſhillings, and eight-pence, to the duke of *Ormond.* We deſign, when all have been preſidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of ſo much a head; but we ſhall break up when the ſeſſion ends.

21ſt, I am not dean of *Wells,* nor know any thing of being ſo; nor is there any thing in the ſtory; and that's enough. It was not *Roper* ſent that news: *Roper* is my humble ſlave. I will bring over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I ſent you, by *Leigh,* all that were good at that time. The author of the Sea Eclogues ſent books to the ſociety yeſterday, and we gave him guineas a-piece; and, may be, will do further for him. So the biſhop of *Clogher,* and lady, were your gueſts for a night or two. The ſeſſion, I doubt, will not be over till the end of *April*; however, I ſhall not wait for it, if the miniſtry will let me go ſooner. I wiſh I were juſt now in my little garden at *Laracor.* I would ſet out for *Dublin,* and bring you an account of my young trees. I will do what you deſire me for *Tiſdall,* when I next ſee lord *Angleſea.*

LETTER LXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 22, 1711-12.

UGLY, nasty weather. I dined with a friend, and went to see lord treasurer; but he had people with him I did not know: so I went to lady *Masham*, and lost a crown with her at picquet, and then sat with lord *Masham* and lord treasurer, *&c.* till past one; but I had my man with me, to come home. Our Mohocks are all vanished; however, I shall take care of my person.

23d, I was this morning, before church, with the secretary, about lord *Abercorn's* business, and some others. My soliciting season is come, and will last as long as the session. I went late to court, and the company was almost gone. The court serves me for a coffee-house; once a week I meet an acquaintance there, that I should not otherwise see in a quarter. There is a flying report, that the *French* have offered a cessation of arms, and to give us *Dunkirk*, and the *Dutch Namure*, for security, till the peace is made. The duke of *Ormond*, they say, goes in a week. Abundance of his equipage is already gone. His friends are afraid the expence of this employment will ruin him, since he must lose the government of *Ireland*. I dined privately with a friend, and refused all dinners offered me at court; which, however, were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of a scoundrel about the court,

that

that ſells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the vice-chamberlain's place, for ſeven thouſand pounds, and had received ſome guineas earneſt; but the whole thing was diſcovered the other day, and examinations taken of it by lord *Dartmouth*, and I hope he will be ſwinged. The vice-chamberlain told me ſeveral particulars of it laſt night at lord *Maſham's*.

24th, This morning I recommended *Newcomb* again to the duke of *Ormond*, and left *Dick Stewart* to do it farther. Then I went to viſit the duchеſs of *Hamilton*, who was not awake. So I went to the duchеſs of *Shrewsbury*, and ſat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the duke's being lord lieutenant. She ſaid ſhe knew nothing of it; but I rallied her out of that, and ſhe reſolves not to ſtay behind the duke. I intend to recommend the biſhop of *Clogher* to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: ſhe is, indeed, a moſt agreeable woman, and a great favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in *Ireland* will like her. I was at the *Court of Requeſts*, to get ſome lords to be at a committee to-morrow, about a friend's bill: and then the duke of *Beaufort* gave me a poem, finely bound in folio, printed at *Stamford*, and writ by a country 'ſquire. Lord *Exeter* deſired the duke to give it the queen, becauſe the author is his friend; but the duke deſired I would let him know whether it was good for any thing. I brought it home, and will return it to-morrow, as the dulleſt thing I ever read; and adviſe the duke not to preſent it.

I dined

I dined with *Domville* at his lodgings, by invitation. He goes in a few days for *Ireland*.

25th, There is a mighty feaſt at a tory ſheriff's to-day in the city; twelve hundred diſhes of meat. About five lords, and ſeveral hundred gentlemen, will be there, and give four or five guineas a-piece, according to cuſtom.. Dr. *Cogbill* and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs *Van's* *. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new anſwers come out to *The Conduct of the Allies*. The laſt year's *Examiners*, printed together in a ſmall volume, go off but ſlowly. The printer over-printed himſelf by at leaſt a thouſand; ſo ſoon out of faſhion are party-papers, however ſo well writ. The *Medleys* are coming out in the ſame volume, and perhaps may ſell better. Our news about a ceſſation of arms begins to fly, and I have not theſe three days ſeen any body in buſineſs to aſk them about it. We had a terrible fire laſt night in *Drury-Lane*, or thereabouts, and three or four people deſtroyed. One of the maids of honour has the ſmall-pox; but the beſt is, ſhe can loſe no beauty; and we have one new handſome maid of honour.

26th, I forgot to tell you, that on *Sunday* laſt, about ſeven at night, it lightned about fifty times as I walked the *Mall*, which I think is extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very hot. Had you any thing of this in *Dublin?* I intended to dine with lord treaſurer to-day; but lord *Manſel* and Mr. *Lewis* made me dine with them at

* *Vanlomrigh.*

Kit

Kit Muſgrave's. Now you don't know who *Kit Muſgrave** is. The news of the *French* deſiring a ceſſation of arms, *&c.* was but town-talk. We ſhall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or no. The duke of *Ormond* will go in a week for *Flanders*, they ſay. Our Mohocks go on ſtill, and cut people's faces every night; but they ſhan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will coſt me at leaſt a crown a week in chairs. I believe the ſouls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't diſtinguiſh between a *cow* and a *Chriſtian*. I ought to wiſh you yeſterday a happy new year. You know the twenty-fifth of *March* is the firſt day of the year, and now you muſt leave off cards, and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the firſt of *April*, cold or not cold. I believe I ſhall loſe credit with you, by not coming over at the beginning of *April*; but I hoped this ſeſſion would be ended, and I muſt ſtay till then; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my willows growing. *Percival* tells me, that the quickſets upon the flat in the garden do not grow ſo well as thoſe famous ones on the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry-trees, by the river-ſide, my heart is ſet upon.

27th, Society-day, you know: I ſuppoſe Dr. *Arbuthnot* was preſident. His dinner was dreſſed in the queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. We eat it at *Ozinda's* coffee-houſe, juſt by *St. James's*. We were never merrier, nor better company, and did

* 'Chriſtopher *Muſgrave*, Eſq; clerk of the ordnance.'

not part till after eleven. I did not ſummons lord *Lanſdown:* he and I are fallen out. There was ſomething in an *Examiner* * a fortnight ago, that, he thought, reflected on the abuſes in his office, (he is ſecretary at war) and he writ to the ſecretary, that he heard I had inſerted that paragraph. This I reſented highly, that he ſhould complain of me before he ſpoke to me. I ſent him a peppering letter, and would not ſummon him by a note, as I did the reſt; nor ever will have any thing to ſay to him, till he begs my pardon. I met lord treaſurer to-day at lady *Maſham's*. He would fain have carried me home to dinner. No, no; what! upon a ſociety-day!

28th, I was with my friend *Lewis* to-day, getting materials for a little miſchief; and I dined with lord treaſurer, and three or four fellows I never ſaw before. I left them at ſeven, and came home, and have been writing to the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, and couſin *Deane*, in anſwer to one of his four months ſtanding, that I ſpied by chance among my papers. *Domville* is going to *Ireland*; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I ſhall dine with him to-morrow. Does the biſhop of *Clogher* talk of coming for *England* this ſummer? I think lord *Moleſworth* told me ſo about two months ago. The weather is bad again! rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the longitude is? A projector has been applying himſelf to me, to recommend him to the

* 'That of *March* 13, 1711. See letter dated *March* 8, 1711-12.'

miniſtry,

miniſtry, becauſe he pretends to have found out the longitude. However, I will gravely hear what he ſays, and diſcover him a knave or a fool.

29th, I am plagued with a pain in my ſhoulder; I believe it is rheumatic; I will do ſomething for it to-night. Mr. *Lewis* and I dined with Mr. *Domville*, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glaſſes of champaign by perfect teazing, tho' it is bad for my pain; but if it continues, I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I have put flannel to my ſhoulder, and rubbed it with *Hungary* water. It is hard. I never would drink any wine, if it were not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abſtemiouſneſs for a while. You muſt know I hate pain, as the old woman ſaid. My fleſh ſucks up *Hungary* water rarely. My man is an aukward raſcal, and makes me peeviſh. Do you know, that the other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not ſhave my head, his hand ſhook ſo? He is drunk every day, and I deſign to turn him off as ſoon as ever I get to *Ireland*.

30th, I was not able to go to church or court to-day. The pain has left my ſhoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. Dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs. *Van*, where I could be eaſy, and came back at ſeven. It has rained terribly hard all day long, and is extremely cold. I am very uneaſy, and have cruel twinges every moment.

31ſt, *April* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All theſe days I have been extremely ill; tho' I twice crawled out

out a week ago, tho' very weak. The pain encreaſes, with mighty violence in my left ſhoulder and collar-bone, and that ſide my neck. On *Thurſday* morning appeared great red ſpots in all thoſe places where my pain was, which was ſo violent, that I had not a minute's eaſe, or hardly a minute's ſleep in three days and nights. The ſpots encreaſed every day, and red little pimples, which are now grown white, and full of corruption, tho' ſmall. The red ſtill continues too, and moſt prodigious hot and inflamed. The diſeaſe is the ſhingles. I eat nothing but water-gruel; am very weak; but out of all violent pain. The doctors ſay it would have ended in ſome violent diſeaſe, if it had not come out thus. I ſhall now recover faſt. I have been in no danger of life, but miſerable torture. So adieu. The next letter will not be in the old order of journal, till I have done with phyſic.

LETTER LXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, April 24, 1712.

I HAD yours two or three days ago. I can hardly anſwer it now. Since my laſt I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day juſt a month ſince I felt the pain on the tip of my left ſhoulder. Where my pain was, a cruel itching ſeized me, beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake ſeveral nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not ſcratch it; then

it

it grew into three or four great ſores like bliſters, and run; at laſt I adviſed the doctor to uſe it like a bliſter, ſo I did with melilot plaiſters, which ſtill run; and I am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two but confined myſelf two days ago. I went to a neighbour to dine, but yeſterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never ſuffered ſo much in my life. I will go and try to walk a little. Farewel.

LETTER LXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, May, 10, 1712.

I HAVE not yet eaſe or humour enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber theſe ten days. A journal, while I was ſick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and phyſic, viſits and meſſages; the two laſt were almoſt as troubleſome as the two firſt. One good circumſtance is, that I am grown much leaner. In anſwer to your good opinion of my diſeaſe, the doctors ſaid they never ſaw any thing ſo odd of the kind; they were not properly ſhingles, but *herpes miliaris*, and twenty other hard names. I can never be ſick like other people, but always ſomething out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came nor ſtayed, nor went, without pain, and the moſt pain I ever bore

bore in my life. It is not a ſign of health, but a ſign, that if it had not come out, ſome terrible fit of ſickneſs would have followed. I was at our ſociety laſt *Thurſday*, to receive a new member, the chancellor of the exchequer; but I drink nothing above wine and water. We ſhall have a peace ſoon, I hope, or at leaſt entirely broke; but I believe the firſt. My letter to lord treaſurer, about the *Engliſh* tongue, is now printing; and I ſuffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The appendix to the third part of *John Bull* was publiſhed yeſterday; it is equal to the reſt. I hope you read *John Bull*. It was a *Scotch* gentleman, a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me. The parliament will hardly be up till *June*. We were like to be undone ſome days ago with a tack *; but we carried it bravely, and the whigs came in to help us. Poor lady *Maſham*, I am afraid, will loſe her only ſon, about a twelvemonth old, with the king's evil. *Bernage* has been twice to ſee me of late. His regiment will be broke, and he only upon half pay; ſo perhaps he thinks he will want me again. I have been returning the viſits of thoſe, that ſent "How do you" in my ſickneſs? particularly the ducheſs of *Hamilton*, who came and ſat with me two hours. I make bargains with all people that I dine with, to let me ſcrub my back againſt a chair; and the ducheſs of *Ormond* was

* A tack is a bill tacked to a money bill, that, as both muſt be paſſed or rejected together, the tacked bill may paſs, becauſe the money bill muſt.

forced to bear it the other day. Many of my friends are gone to *Kenſington*, where the queen has been removed for ſome time. This is a long letter for a ſick body. I will begin the next in the journal way, though my journals will be ſorry ones. My left-hand is very weak, and trembles; but my right ſide has not been touched. This is a pitiful letter for want of a better; but plagued with a tetter my fancy does fetter. Ah! my poor willows and quickſets! Well, but you muſt read *John Bull*: do you underſtand it at all? Farewel.

LETTER LXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, May 31, 1712.

I CANNOT yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing ſtill, though with leſs violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am in pain. But however, I am ſo much mended, that I intend my next ſhall be in the old way; and yet I ſhall, perhaps, break my reſolution when I feel pain. I believe I have loſt credit with you, in relation to my coming over; but I proteſt it is impoſſible for one, who has any thing to do with this miniſtry, to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a buſineſs, which, till it take ſome turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never inclined ſo much as now, that I had ſtayed in *Ireland*; but the dye is caſt, and is now a ſpinning, and till it

 ſettles,

ſettles, I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a ſiſe. The moment I am uſed ill, I will leave them; but know not how to do it while things are in ſuſpence. The ſeſſions will ſoon be over (I believe in a fortnight); and the peace, we hope, will be made in a ſhort time; and there will be no further occaſion for me; nor have I any thing to truſt to but court gratitude; ſo that I expect to ſee my willows a month after the parliament is up. Have you ſeen my letter to lord treaſurer? There are two anſwers come out to it already; though it is no politics, but a harmleſs propoſal about the improvement of the *Engliſh* tongue. I believe, if I writ an eſſay upon a ſtraw, ſome fool would anſwer it. I am juſt now thinking to go lodge at *Kenſington*, for the air. Lady *Maſham* has teazed me to do it, but buſineſs has hindered me; but now lord treaſurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our ſociety dined together under a canopy in an arbour at *Parſon's-Green* laſt *Thurſday*; I never ſaw any thing ſo fine and romantic. We got a great victory laſt *Wedneſday* in the houſe of lords by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the whigs had deſired their friends to beſpeak places to ſee lord treaſurer carried to the *Tower*. I met your *Higgins* here yeſterday; he roars at the inſolence of the whigs in *Ireland*, talks much of his own ſufferings and expences in aſſerting the cauſe of the church; and I find he would fain plead merit enough to deſire, that his fortune ſhould be mended. I believe he deſigns to make as much noiſe as he can, in order to preferment. I am printing a three-penny pamphlet, and ſhall print another in a fortnight, and

then I have done, unleſs ſome new occaſion ſtarts. I believe the news of the duke of *Ormond* producing letters in the council of war, with orders not to fight, will ſurprize you in *Ireland*. Lord treaſurer ſaid in the houſe of lords, that in a few days the treaty of peace ſhould be laid before them; and our court thought it wrong to hazard a battle, and ſacrifice many lives in ſuch a juncture. If the peace holds, all will do well, otherwiſe I know not how we ſhall weather it. And it was reckoned as a wrong ſtep in politics, for lord treaſurer to open himſelf ſo much. The ſecretary would not go ſo far to ſatisfy the whigs in the houſe of commons; but there all went ſwimmingly. I dined the other day with lord *Rivers*, who is ſick at his country-houſe, and he ſhewed me all his cherries blaſted. Farewel.

LETTER LXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Kenſington, June 17, 1712.

I HAVE lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exerciſe, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On *Saturday* I dined with the ducheſs of *Ormond*, at her lodge near *Sheen*, and thought to get a boat as uſual. I walked by the bank to *Kew*, but no boat; then to *Mortlake*, but no boat; and it was nine

clook. At laſt a little ſculler called, full of naſty people. I made him ſet me down at *Hammerſmith*, ſo walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Laſt night I had another ſuch difficulty. I was in the city till paſt ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It was over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love theſe ſhabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them, becauſe they ariſe from not having a thouſand pounds a year. I had yours about three days ago, which I will now anſwer. And firſt, I did not relapſe, but I came out before I ought. The firſt going abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more maſſages afterwards. Well, but *John Bull* is not wrote by the perſon you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been *Grubſtreet*, I would have let people think as they pleaſe; and I think that's right: is it not? I am againſt Dr. *Smith*. I drink little water with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Dr. *Cockburn* told me a little wine would not hurt me; but it is hot and dry, and water is dangerous. The worſt thing here is my evenings at lord *Maſham's*, where lord treaſurer comes, and we ſit till after twelve. But it is convenient I ſhould be among them for a while as much as poſſible. I need not tell you why. But I hope that will be at an end in a month or two, one way or other, and I am reſolved it ſhall; but I can't go to *Tunbridge*, or any where elſe out of the way, in this juncture. *Higgins* is here, roaring that all is wrong in *Ireland*, and would have me get him an audience of lord treaſurer to tell

him ſo; but I will have nothing to do in it, no not I. We have had no thunder till laſt night, and till then we were dead for want of rain; but there fell a great deal: no field looked green. I reckon the queen will go to *Windſor* in three or four weeks; and if the ſecretary takes a houſe there, I ſhall be ſometimes with him. I heard ſomebody coming up ſtairs, and forgot I was in the country. I was afraid of a viſiter; that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teazed with ſolicitors. *Moult* the chymiſt is my acquaintance. I ſent the queſtion to him about ſir *Walter Raleigh's* cordial, and the anſwer he returned is in theſe words; "my ſervice to Dr. *Smith*; it is directly after Mr. *Boyle's* receipt." That commiſſion is performed; if he wants any of if, *Moult* ſhall uſe him fairly. I ſuppoſe *Smith* is one of your phyſicians. Well, but now for the peace: why we expect it daily; but the *French* have the ſtaff in their own hands, and we truſt to their honeſty. I wiſh it were otherwiſe. Things are now in the way of being ſoon in the extreams of well or ill. I hope and believe the firſt. Lord *Wharton* is gone out of town in a rage, and curſes himſelf and friends, for ruining themſelves in defending lord *Marlborough* and *Godolphin*, and taking *Nottingham* into their favour. He ſwears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty ſpeech at ſixty-ſix, and the queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health; for you muſt know her health is fixed by a certain reaſon, that ſhe has done with braces (I muſt uſe the expreſſion) and nothing

ill has happened to her ſince; ſo ſhe has a new leaſe of her life. Read *The Letter to a Whig Lord**. Farewel.

LETTER LXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Kenſington, July 1, 1712.

I NEVER was in a worſe ſtation for writing letters, than this; for I go to town early; and when I come home at night, I generally go to lord *Maſham's*, where lord treaſurer comes, and we ſtay till paſt twelve; but I am now reſolved to write journals again, tho' my ſhoulder is not well. It is now high cherry-time with us; take notice. Is it ſo ſoon with you? And we have early apricots; and gooſeberries are ripe. On *Sunday* archdeacon *Parnel* came here to ſee me. It ſeems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death, and has been two months at the *Bath*. He has a mind to go to *Dunkirk* with *Jack Hill*, and I perſuade him to it, and have ſpoke to *Hill* to receive him; but I doubt he won't have ſpirit to go. I have made *Ford*† Gazetteer, and got two hundred

* 'It was publiſhed under the title of *A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord*, dated at *Germains*, *July* 8, 1712. The deſign of this fictitious letter was to throw off the odium of an intention to bring in the pretender, from the high church party, on their antagoniſts the whigs.'

† *Charles Ford*, Eſq; ſeveral of whoſe letters are in this collection.

pounds

pounds a year ſettled on the employment, by the ſecretaries of ſtate, beſide the perquiſites. It is the prettieſt employment in *England* of its bigneſs; yet the puppy does not ſeem ſatisfied with it. I think people keep ſome ſollies to themſelves, till they have occaſion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. It is impoſſible to make any man eaſy. His ſalary is paid him every week, if he pleaſes, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, candles, papers, *&c.* can frank what letters he will; and his perquiſites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the biſhop of *Clogher* is landing, or landed, in *England*; and I hope to ſee him in a few days. I was to ſee Mrs. *Bradley* on *Sunday* night. Her youngeſt ſon is to marry ſomebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave lady *Giffard**, becauſe ſhe was ſtriking up an intrigue with a footman, who played well on the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yeſterday the old biſhop of *Worceſter* †, who pretends to be a prophet, went to the queen, by appointment, to prove to her majeſty, out of *Daniel* and the *Revelations*, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the king of *France* would be a Proteſtant, and fight on their ſide; that the popedom would be deſtroyed, *&c.* And declared, that he would be content to give

* 'Martha, ſiſter to ſir *William Temple*. She died in 1722, aged 84.'

† 'Dr. *William Lloyd*.'

up his biſhopric, if it were not true. Lord treaſurer, who told it me, was by, and ſome others; and I am told lord treaſurer confounded him ſadly in his own learning, which made the old fool very quarrelſome. He is near ninety years old. Have you ſeen *Toland's* invitation to *Diſmal**? How do you like it? But it is an imitation of *Horace*, and perhaps you do not underſtand *Horace*. Here has been a great ſweep of employments, and we expect ſtill more removals. The court ſeems reſolved to make thorough work. Mr. *Hill* intended to ſet out to-morrow for *Dunkirk*, of which he is appointed governor; but he tells me to-day, he cannot go till *Thurſday* or *Friday*. I wiſh it were over. Mr. ſecretary tells me, he is in no fear at all, that *France* will play tricks with us. If we have *Dunkirk* once, all is ſafe. We rail now all againſt the *Dutch*, who indeed have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr. ſecretary is ſoon to be made a viſcount. He deſired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but I excuſed myſelf from a work, that might loſe me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the court make him an earl, but it will not be; and therefore he will not take the title of *Bolingbroke*, which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have adviſed him to be called lord *Pomfret*; but he thinks that title is already in ſome other family; and, beſides, he objects, that it is in *Yorkſhire*, where he has no

* The earl of *Nottingham*. See the poem among the poſthumous pieces publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

eſtate;

eſtate; but there is nothing in that, and I love *Pomfret*. Why? 'Tis in all our hiſtories; they are full of *Pomfret-caſtle*. *Steele* was arreſted the other day for making a lottery, directly againſt an act of parliament. He is now under proſecution; but they think it will be dropped out of pity. I believe he will very ſoon loſe his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his *Spectators*; and I will never offer a word in his behalf. *Raymond* writes me word, that the biſhop of *Meath* * was going to ſummon me, in order to ſuſpenſion for abſence, if the provoſt had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their firſt-fruits. We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of *June*; and for a week paſt, we have had a great deal of rain, tho' not every day. I am juſt now told, that the governor of *Dunkirk* has not orders yet to deliver up the town to *Jack Hill* and his forces, but expects them daily. This muſt put off *Hill's* journey a while, and I don't like theſe ſtoppings in ſuch an affair. Farewel.

LETTER LXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Kenſington, July 17, 1712.

I AM weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it ſoon. The queen goes on *Tueſday* to *Windſor*,

* 'Dr. *William Moreton*, tranſlated to that ſee from *Kildare* in 1705. He died the twenty-firſt of *November* 1715.'

and

and I shall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to *London*, and coming late from it, and supping at lady *Masham's*. I dined to-day with the duke of *Argyle* at *Kew*, and would not go to the court to-night, because of writing to you. Since *Dunkirk* has been in our hands, *Grubstreet* has been very fruitful. I have wrote five or six *Grubstreet* papers this last week.

Have you seen *Toland's* invitation to *Dismal*, or a hue and cry after *Dismal*, or a ballad on *Dunkirk*, or an agreement that *Dunkirk* is not in our hands? Poh! You have seen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good; but my shoulder is not yet right; itchings and scratchings, and small akings. I have heard of the bishop's * making me uneasy, but I did not think it was because I never wrote to him. A little would make me write to him. I find I am obliged to the provost, for keeping the bishop from being impertinent. I never talked to *Higgins* but once in the street, and I believe, he and I shall hardly meet, but by chance. What care I, whether my letter to lord treasurer be commended there or no? Why does not somebody among you answer it, as three or four have done here? You hear secretary *St. John* is made viscount *Bolingbroke*. I could hardly persuade him to take that title, because the eldest branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was last year extinct. *Jack Hill* sent his sister a pattern of a head-dress from *Dunkirk*;

* 'Of *Meath*.'

it

it was like a fashion twenty years ago, only not quite so high, and looks very ugly. I have made *Trap* chaplain to lord *Bolingbroke*, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr. *Addison* returned me my visit this morning. He lives in our town. I shall be mighty retired, and mighty busy for a while at *Windsor*. Pray, why don't you go to *Trim*, and see *Laracor*, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the hollies, and the cherry-trees on the river-walk?

19th, I could not send this letter last post, being called away before I could finish it. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer; sat with him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for some business I had with him. He brought me to *Kensington*, and lord *Bolingbroke* would not let me go away till two. To-day there will be another *Grub*, *A letter from the Pretender to a whig lord*. *Grubstreet* has but ten days to live; then an act of parliament takes place, that ruins it, by taxing every half sheet at a half-penny. We have news just come, but not the particulars, that the earl of *Albemarle*, at the head of eight thousand *Dutch*, is beaten, lost the greatest part of his men, and himself made a prisoner. This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The duke of *Ormond* has got abundance of credit by his good conduct of affairs in *Flanders*. Farewel.

LETTER LXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Aug. 7, 1712.

I LEFT *Windſor* on *Monday* laſt, upon lord *Bolingbroke's* being gone to *France*; and ſomebody's being here, that I ought often to conſult with in an affair I am upon: but that perſon talks of returning to *Windſor* again, and I believe I ſhall follow him. I am now in a hedge-lodging very buſy, as I am every day till noon; ſo that this letter is like to be ſhort, and you are not to blame me theſe two months; for I proteſt, if I ſtudy ever ſo hard, I believe I cannot in that time compaſs what I am upon. We have a fever both here and at *Windſor*, which hardly any body miſſes; but it laſts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The queen had forty ſervants down in it at once. I dined yeſterday with lord treaſurer, but could do no buſineſs, though he ſent for me, I thought, on purpoſe; but he deſires I will dine with him again to-day. *Windſor* is a moſt delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings look upon *Eaton* and the *Thames*. I wiſh I was owner of them; they belong to a prebend. Do you know, that *Grubſtreet* is dead and gone laſt week? No more ghoſts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty cloſe the laſt fortnight, and publiſhed at leaſt ſeven penny-papers of my own, beſides ſome of other people's;

people's; but now every ſingle half ſheet pays a halfpenny to the queen. The *Obſervator* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Poſt*; the *Examiner* is deadly ſick; the *Spectator* keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you ſeen the red ſtamp the papers are marked with? Methinks the ſtamping is worth a halfpenny. Lord *Bolingbroke* and *Prior* ſet out for *France* laſt *Saturday*. My lord's buſineſs is to haſten the peace before the *Dutch* are too much mauled; and to hinder *France* from carrying the jeſt of beating them too far. Have you ſeen the fourth part of *John Bull?* It is equal to the reſt, and extremely good. The biſhop of *Clogher's* ſon has been ill of St. *Anthony's* fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would have been ſpoiled, but it is not. *Dilly* is juſt as he uſed to be, and puns as plentifully and as bad. *Raymond* wrote to me, that he intended to invite you to *Trim*. Are you, have you, will you be there? If you have not your letters in due time for two months hence, impute it to my being toſticated between this and *Windſor*. Poor lord *Winchelſea** is dead, to my great grief. He was a worthy honeſt gentleman, and a particular friend of mine: and, what is yet worſe, my old acquaintance Mrs. *Finch*† is now counteſs of *Winchelſea*, the title

* '*Charles*, earl of *Winchelſea*, firſt lord commiſſioner of trade and plantations. He died *Auguſt* 14, 1712.'

† '*Ann*, daughter of Sir *William Kingſmill*, of *Sidmonton*, in *Hampſhire*, wife of *Heneage Finch*, earl of *Winchelſea*. She was author of *The Spleen*, and other poems. She died *Auguſt* 5, 1720.'

being

being fallen to her husband, but without much estate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now past two afternoon, so I shall take a little walk in the park. Do you play at ombre still? Or is that off by Mr. *Stoyte's* absence, and Mrs. *Manley's* grief? Farewel.

LETTER LXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Windsor, Sept. 15, 1712.

I HAVE been much out of order of late, with the old giddiness in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty little fruit; yet I impute my disorder to that little, and shall for henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for some papers from the ministry for materials for the rest; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I asked them; so that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to study. One is kept constantly out of humour by a thousand unaccountable things in public proceedings; and when I reason with some friends, we cannot conceive how affairs can last as they are. God only knows; but it is a very melancholy subject for those, who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavouring, as I was last year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon

upon a hundred misunderstandings. One cannot with-hold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to destroy both. See how my stile is altered, by living and thinking, and talking among these people. Instead of my canal and river, walk and willows, I lose all my money here among the ladies; so that I never play when I can help it, being sure to lose. I have lost five pounds the five weeks I have been here. I hope you are luckier at picquet with the dean and Mrs. *Wall*. I wait here but to see what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from me, I will go over.

18th, I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I shall be better. I have been very giddy since I wrote what is before, yet not as I used to be; more frequent, but not so violent. Yesterday we were alarmed with the queen's being ill; she had an aguish and feverish fit; and you never saw such countenances as we all had, such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for; but towards night she grew better; to-day she is on her feet, and was up: we are not now in any fear; it will be at worst but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord treasurer would not come here from *London*, because it would make a noise, if he came before his usual time, which is *Saturday*, and he goes away on *Mondays*. The whigs have lost a great support in the earl of *Godolphin**. It is a good jest to hear the ministers talk of him now with humanity

* 'He died *September* 15, 1712.'

and

and pity, becauſe he is dead, and can do them no more hurt. Lady *Orkney*, the late king's miſtreſs, who lives at a fine place five miles from hence (called *Cliffden)* and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wiſeſt woman I ever ſaw; and lord treaſurer made great uſe of her advice in the late change of affairs. I hear lord *Marlborough* is growing ill of his *diabetes*; which, if it be true, may ſoon carry him off; and then the miniſtry will be ſomething more at eaſe. The doctor tells me I muſt go into a courſe of ſteel, though I have not the ſpleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. *Bernage's* regiment is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not ſeen him this long time; but I ſuppoſe he is over-run with melancholy. My lord *Shrewsbury* is certainly deſigned to be governor of *Ireland*; and, I believe, the ducheſs will pleaſe the people there mightily. I hear there are five or ſix people putting ſtrongly in for my livings, God help them. But if ever the court ſhould give me any thing, I would recommend *Raymond* to the duke of *Ormond*; not for any particular friendſhip to him, but becauſe it would be proper for the miniſter of *Trim* to have *Laracor*. You may keep the gold ſtudded ſnuff-box now; for my brother * *Hill*, governor of *Dunkirk*, has ſent me the fineſt that ever you ſaw. It is allowed at court, that none in *England* comes near it, though it did not coſt above twenty pounds †. And the ducheſs of *Hamilton* has

* One of the ſociety.

† This is the box, on the bottom of which the gooſe and ſnail were painted, that gave occaſion to the jeſt and repartee between I.

made

made me a pocket for it, like a woman's, with a belt and buckle, (for I wear no waiſtcoat in ſummer) and there are ſeveral diviſions, and one on purpoſe for my box. We have had moſt delightful weather this whole week; but illneſs and vomiting have hindered me from ſharing in a great part of it. Lady *Maſham* made the queen ſend to *Kenſington* for ſome of her preſerved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope it will do me good. The queen will ſtay here about a month longer, I ſuppoſe; but lady *Maſham* will go in ten days to lie-in at *Kenſington*. Poor creature, ſhe fell down in the court here the other day. She would needs walk acroſs it upon ſome diſpleaſure with her chairmen, and was like to be ſpoiled, ſo near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a ſore ſide; though I ſhall not be at eaſe till ſhe is brought to-bed. I find I can fill up a letter, ſome way or other, without a journal. If I had not a ſpirit naturally chearful *, I ſhould be very much diſcontented at a thouſand things. Pray God preſerve your health, and that I may live free from the envy and diſcontent, that attends thoſe, who are thought to have more favour at court than they really poſſeſs. Farewel.

Swift and lord *Oxford*. See *Swift's* life, and a particular deſcription of the box, in a letter to general *Hill*, dated *Auguſt* 12, 1712, printed in the volumes publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

* His life is a mournful and ſtriking inſtance of the power of diſappointment, totally to ſubvert natural chearfulneſs, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginary evil.

LETTER LXX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Oct. 9, 1712.

I HAVE left *Windſor* theſe ten days, and am deep in pills, with *aſſa fœtida*, and a ſteel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much diſcouraged; for I uſed to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a day, and have taken, I believe, one hundred and fifty already. The queen, lord treaſurer, lady *Maſham*, and I, were all ill together, but are now all better; only lady *Maſham* expects every day to lie-in at *Kenſington*. There was never ſuch a lump of lies ſpread about the town together as now. I doubt not but you will have them in *Dublin* before this comes to you, and all without the leaſt ground of truth. I have been mightily put back in ſomething I am writing by my illneſs, but hope to fetch it up, ſo as to be ready when the parliament meets. Lord treaſurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatiſm, but is now near quite well. I was playing at *one and thirty* with him, and his family, the other night. He gave us all twelve pence a-piece to begin with. It put me in mind of Sir *William Temple* *.

* Sir *William* treated *Swift* with ſo little liberality, after encouraging him to hope he would provide for him, that it was like giving him a ſhilling to begin the world with.

I aſked

I asked both him and lady *Masham* seriously, whether the queen were at all inclined to a dropsy? And they positively assured me she was not: so did her physician *Arbuthnot*, who always attends her. Yet these devils have spread that she has holes in her legs, and runs at her navel, and I know not what. *Arbuthnot* has sent me from *Windsor* a pretty discourse upon lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called, *The Art of Political Lying*, in two volumes, *&c.* And then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like those pamphlets called *The Works of the Learned.* Pray get it when it comes out*. The queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe she will stay a month still at *Windsor*. Lord treasurer shewed me the kindest letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one secret, that there will be soon made some knights of the garter. You know another is fallen by lord *Godolphin's* death: he will be buried in a day or two at *Westminster-Abbey*. I saw *Tom Leigh* in town once. The bishop of *Clogher* has taken his lodging for the winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town abundance of people from *Ireland*; half a dozen bishops at least. The poor old bishop of *London* †, at past fourscore, fell down backwards going up stairs, and I hear broke or cracked his skull; yet is

* This is published among the Dean's works, and is part of the Miscellany, which he printed in conjunction with Mr. *Pope*.

† 'Dr. *Henry Compton*, translated to that see from the bishoprick of *Oxford*, in 1675.'

now recovering. The town is as empty as at *Midſummer*; and if I had not occaſion for phyſic, I would be at *Windſor* ſtill. Did I tell you of lord *Rivers's* * will? he has left a legacy to about twenty paultry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependent or relation: he has left from his only child, lady *Barrymore*, her mother's eſtate, and given the whole to his heir male, a popiſh prieſt, a ſecond couſin, who is now earl *Rivers*, and whom he uſed in his life like a footman. After him it goes to his chief wench and baſtard †. Lord treaſurer and lord chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, and deteſt his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the *Dutch* are ſo wilful, becauſe they are told the queen cannot live. I believe I eſcaped the fever, becauſe I am not well; ſome phyſicians here talk very melancholy, and think it foreruns the plague, which is actually

* 'Richard Savage, earl of *Rivers*, who died 18th *Aug.* 1712.'

† Among other natural children of this nobleman was *Richard Savage*, a man celebrated for his genius and misfortunes. His mother was *Anne* counteſs of *Macclesfield*, to whom *Savage* addreſſed a poem called, *The Baſtard*, and who afterwards married colonel *Bret*. Lord *Rivers* having committed the child to her care, ſhe placed him with a poor woman in an obſcure village; and when he enquired after him on his death-bed, that he might provide for him among other natural children, ſhe told him he was dead; and, by this diabolical and unprovoked cruelty, ſhe deprived her ſon of a legacy of ſix thouſand pounds, which his father had bequeathed to him in his will, and which, not ſuſpecting that there could exiſt in a human form a mother, that would ruin her ſon without enriching herſelf, he beſtowed upon ſome other perſon. See the Life of *Savage*, by *Johnſon*.

at

at *Hamburgh*. I think we both have the faculty never to part with a diſorder for ever; we are very conſtant. I have had my giddineſs twenty three years by fits.

October 11th, Lord treaſurer ſent for me yeſterday and the day before to ſit with him, becauſe he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I could not finiſh my letter. How the deuce came I to be ſo exact in your money? Juſt ſeventeen ſhillings and eightpence more than due; I believe you cheat me. *Ppt.* * makes a petition with many apologies. *John Danvers*, you know, is lady *Giffard's* friend. I tell you what, as things are at preſent, I cannot poſſibly ſpeak to lord treaſurer for any body. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs; if the former, I will be a ſolicitor for your ſiſter; if the latter, I have done with courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way, if I am uſed well, and I will then make it my buſineſs. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deſerve it, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of *Ppt.* whoſe affairs *Ppt.* has ſo at heart. I have taken down his name and his caſe (not her caſe,) and whenever a proper time comes, I will do all I can: that is enough to ſay, when I can do no more; and I beg your pardon a thouſand times, that I cannot do better. I hope the

* *Ppt.* is Mrs. *Johnſon*. Mrs. *Dingley*, the lady to whom this letter is addreſſed, though a relation of Sir *William Temple's*, had no more than an annuity of 27 *l.* for a ſubſiſtence; this the Dean uſed to receive for her; and it was known by an accident, after his memory failed, that he allowed her an annuity of fifty.

dean of *St. Patrick's* * is well of his fever; he has never wrote to me: I am glad of it; pray don't desire him to write. I have dated your bill late, because it must not commence till the first of *November* next. Are you good housewifes and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gamesters. Are you drinkers? Are you ——— hold, I must go no farther, for fear of abusing fine ladies. *Parvisol* has not sent me one word how he set this year's tithes. Pray, ask whether tithes set well or ill this year. Bishop of *Killaloe* † tells me wool bears a good rate in *Ireland*; but how is corn? I dined yesterday with lady *Orkney*, and we sat alone from two till eleven at night. You have heard of her, I suppose. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am so lazy and so busy, I cannot answer them, and they grow upon me for several months. Have I any apples at *Laracor?* It is strange every year should blast them, when I took so much care for shelter. Lord *Bolingbroke* has been idle at his country house this fortnight, which puts me backwards in business I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of stairs, and see nobody, if I can help it; yet some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as *Patrick* at denying me. *Patrick* has been soliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with some of the new whims printed, and has taken up my time, I am just going out, and can only bid you farewel.

* ' Dr. *Sterne*.'

† Dr. *William Lloyd*, who died in *December*, 1716.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, Oct. 28, 1712.

I HAVE been in phyſic this month, and have been better theſe three weeks. I ſtop my phyſic, by the doctor's orders, till he ſends me farther directions. *D. D.* * grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we ſhall have it ſoon, for the *Dutch* are fully humbled; and *Prior* is juſt come over from *France* for a few days; I ſuppoſe upon ſome important affair. I ſaw him laſt night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks riſe upon his coming. As for my ſtay in *England*, it cannot be long now, and ſo tell my friends. The parliament will not meet till after *Chriſtmas*, and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing ſhall keep me. I am very much diſcontented at *Parviſol*, about neglecting to ſell my horſes, *&c.*

Lady *Maſham* is not yet brought to-bed; but we expect it daily. I dined with her to-day. Lord *Bolingbroke* returned about two months ago, and *Prior* about a week; and goes back (*Prior* I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my ſnuff-box and pockets? did I? I had a letter to-day from Dr. *Coghill*, deſiring me to get *Rapho* for dean *Sterne*, and the deanry for myſelf. I ſhall indeed, I have ſuch obligations to *Sterne*. But, however, if I am aſked

* Perhaps Mrs. *Dingley*.

who will make a good biſhop, I ſhall name him before any body. Then comes another letter, deſiring I would recommend a provoſt, ſuppoſing that *Pratt* * (who has been here about a week) will certainly be promoted; but I believe he will not. I preſented *Pratt* to lord treaſurer, and truly young *Molyneux* † would have had me preſent him too; but I directly anſwered him I would not, unleſs he had buſineſs with him. He is the ſon of one Mr. *Molyneux*, of *Ireland*. His father wrote a book ‡; I ſuppoſe you know it. Here is the duke of *Marlborough* going out of *England* (Lord knows why), which cauſes many ſpeculations. Some ſay he is conſcious of guilt, and dare not ſtand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the government, as who ſhould ſay, that one, who has done ſuch great ſervices to his country, cannot live quietly in it, by reaſon of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up theſe people together once more. God knows how long it may laſt. I was to-day at a trial between lord *Lanſdown* and lord *Carteret*, two friends of mine. It was in the *Queen's-Bench*, for about ſix thouſand pounds a year (or nine, I think). I ſat under lord chief

* 'Dr. *Benjamin Pratt*, provoſt of *Trinity-College* at *Dublin*.'

† '*Samuel*, ſon of *William Molyneux*, Eſq; the friend and correſpondent of Mr. *Locke*. Mr. *Samuel Molyneux* was afterwards ſecretary to the late king *George* II. when prince of *Wales*. He married lady *Elizabeth Capell*, daughter of *Algernon* earl of *Eſſex*. He died in *April*, 1728.'

‡ *The caſe of* Ireland's *being bound by acts of parliament in* England *ſtated*, publiſhed in 1698, in octavo.'

juſtice *Parker*, and his pen falling down, I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going to whiſper him that *I had done good for evil*; *for he would have taken mine from me.* I told it lord treaſurer and *Bolingbroke*. *Parker* would not have known me, if ſeveral lords on the bench, and in the court, bowing, had not turned every body's eyes, and ſet them a-whiſpering. I owe the dog a ſpite, and will pay him in two months at fartheſt, if I can. So much for that. But you muſt have chat, and I muſt ſay every ſorry thing that comes into my head. They ſay the queen will ſtay a month longer at *Windſor*. Theſe devils of *Grubſtreet* rogues, that write the *Flying-Poſt* and *Medley* in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling lord treaſurer, lord *Bolingbroke*, and me. We have the dog under proſecution, but *Bolingbroke* is not active enough; but I hope to ſwinge him. He is a *Scotch* rogue, one *Ridpath*. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get freſh bail; and ſo it goes round. They ſay, ſome learned *Dutchman* has wrote a book, proving, by civil law, that we do them wrong by this peace; but I ſhall ſhew, by plain reaſon, that we have ſuffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horſe, and have hundreds of letters ſtill to read; and ſqueeze a line perhaps out of each, or at leaſt the ſeeds of a line. *Strafford* goes back to *Holland* in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write (this is to be extracted) which will be ſixty in print. It is the moſt troubleſome part of all, and I cannot keep myſelf private, tho' I ſtole into a room up two

pair

pair of ſtairs, when I came from *Windſor*; but my preſent man has not yet learned his leſſon of denying me diſcreetly.

30th, The ducheſs of *Ormond* found me out to-day, and made me dine with her. Lady *Maſham* is ſtill expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not finiſh my letter laſt poſt for the ſoul of me. Lord *Bolingbroke* has had my papers theſe ſix weeks, and done nothing to them. Is *Tiſdall* yet in the world? I propoſe writing controverſies, to get a name with poſterity. The duke of *Ormond* will not be over theſe three or four days. I deſign to make him join with me in ſettling all right among our people. I have ordered the ducheſs to let me have an hour with the duke at his firſt coming, to give him a true ſtate of perſons and things. I believe the duke of *Shrewſbury* will hardly be declared your governor yet; at leaſt I think ſo now; but reſolutions alter very often. Duke *Hamilton* gave me a pound of ſnuff to-day, admirable good. I wiſh *D. D.* had it, and *Ppt.* too, if ſhe likes it. It coſt me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady *Orkney* is making me a writing table of her own contrivance, and a bed night-gown. She is perfectly kind like a mother. I think the d—— was in it the other day, that I ſhould talk to her of an ugly ſquinting couſin of hers, and the poor lady herſelf, you know, ſquints like a dragon. The other day we had a long diſcourſe with her about love; and ſhe told us a ſaying of her ſiſter *Fitzharding*, which I thought excellent, that *in men, deſire begets love*, and *in women, love begets deſire*. We have abundance of our old criers ſtill hereabouts. I hear every morning your women with the old ſattin and taffata, *&c.* the

fellow

fellow with old coats, ſuits, or cloaks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable days in twenty. I have loſt money again at ombre, with lord *Orkney* and others; yet, after all, this year I have loſt but three and twenty ſhillings; ſo that, conſidering card-money, I am no loſer.

Our ſociety hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we ſhall continue to do ſome good this winter; and lord treaſurer promiſes the academy for reforming our language ſhall ſoon go forward. I muſt now go hunt thoſe dry letters for materials. You will ſee ſomething very notable, I hope. So much for that. God Almighty bleſs you.

LETTER LXXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Nov. 15, 1712.

BEFORE this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the moſt terrible accident that hath almoſt ever happened. This morning, at eight, my man brought me word, that duke *Hamilton* had fought with lord *Mohun*, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately ſent him to the duke's houſe, in *St. James's-ſquare*; but the porter could hardly anſwer him for tears, and a great rabble was about the houſe. In ſhort, they fought at ſeven this morning. The dog *Mohun* was killed on the ſpot; but, while the duke was over him, *Mohun* ſhortened his ſword, ſtabbed him in at the ſhoulder to the heart.

The

The duke was helped towards the cake-houſe, by the ring, in *Hyde-park* (where they fought) and died on the graſs, before he could reach the houſe; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor ducheſs was aſleep. *Maccartney* and one *Hamilton* were the ſeconds, who fought likewiſe, and are both fled. I am told, that a footman of lord *Mohun's* ſtabbed duke *Hamilton*; and ſome ſay *Maccartney* did ſo too. *Mohun* gave the affront, and yet ſent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honeſt, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greateſt mind in the world to have me go with him to *France*, but durſt not tell it me; and theſe he did tell ſaid I could not be ſpared, which was true. They have removed the poor ducheſs to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am juſt come away. I never ſaw ſo melancholy a ſcene; for indeed all reaſons for real grief belong to her; nor is it poſſible for any one to be a greater loſer in all regards. She has moved my very ſoul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not ſuffer it, becauſe it had no room backwards, and ſhe muſt have been tortured with the noiſe of the *Grubſtreet* ſcreamers, ringing her huſband's murder in her ears.

I believe you have heard the ſtory of my eſcape, in opening the band-box ſent to the lord treaſurer. The prints have told a thouſand lies of it; but at laſt we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in the *Evening-poſt*; only I would not ſuffer them to name me, having been ſo often named before, and teazed to death

death with queſtions. I wonder how I came to have ſo much preſence of mind, which is not uſually my talent; but ſo it pleaſed God, and I ſaved myſelf and him; for there was a bullet-piece. A gentleman told me, that if I had been killed, the whigs would have called it a judgment, becauſe the barrels were of ink-horns, with which I had done them ſo much miſchief. There was a pure *Grubſtreet* of it, full of lies and inconſiſtencies. I do not like theſe things at all, and I wiſh myſelf more and more among my willows. There is a deviliſh ſpirit among people, and the miniſtry muſt exert themſelves, or ſink.

16th, I thought to have finiſhed this yeſterday; but was too much diſturbed. I ſent a letter early this morning to lady *Maſham*, to beg her to write ſome comforting words to the poor ducheſs. I dined to-day with lady *Maſham* at *Kenſington*, where ſhe is expecting theſe two months to lie-in. She has promiſed me to get the queen to write to the ducheſs kindly on this occaſion; and to-morrow I will beg lord treaſurer to viſit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worſe. Her violences not ſo frequent, but her melancholy more formal and ſettled. She has abundance of wit and ſpirit; about thirty-three years old; handſome and airy, and ſeldom ſpared any body that gave her the leaſt provocation; by which ſhe had many enemies, and few friends. Lady *Orkney*, her ſiſter-in-law, is come to town on this occaſion; and has been to ſee her, and behaved herſelf with great humanity. They have been always very ill together, and the poor ducheſs could not have patience, when people told her I went

often

often to lady *Orkney's*. But I am resolved to make them friends; for the duchess is now no more the object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, *affliction*. I design to make the ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) against that villain *Maccartney*. What shall we do with these murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion; for I cannot send it till *Tuesday*, and the coroner's inquest on the duke's body is to be to-morrow. Then I shall know more. This is a very surprising event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals.

17th, I was to-day at noon with the duchess of *Hamilton* again, after I had been with lady *Orkney*, and charged her to be kind to her sister in her affliction. The duchess told me lady *Orkney* had been with her, and that she did not treat her as gently as she ought. They hate one another, but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for the *Postboy*, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as possible, and very proper for *Abel Roper*, the printer of it. I dined at lord treasurer's at six in the evening, which is his usual hour of returning from *Windsor*: he promises to visit the duchess to-morrow, and says he has a message to her from the queen. 'Tis late; I have stayed till past one with him.

18th, The committee of council is to sit this afternoon upon the affair of the duke of *Hamilton's* murder, and I hope a proclamation will be out against *Maccartney*. I was just now ('tis now noon) with the duchess, to let her know lord treasurer will see her. She is mightily out of order. The jury have not yet

brought in their verdict upon the coroner's inquest. We suspect *Maccartney* stabbed the duke while he was fighting. The queen and lord treasurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with lord treasurer; but must send this to the post-office before, because else I shall not have time; he usually keeps me too late. *Ben Tooke* bid me write to *D. D.* * to send her certificate, for it is high time it should be sent, he says. Pray make *Parvisol* write to me, and send me a general account of my affairs; and let him know I shall be over in spring, and that by all means he sells the horses. *Prior* has kissed the queen's hand, and will return to *France* in a few days, and lord *Strafford* to *Holland*. Now the king of *Spain* has renounced his pretensions to *France*, the peace must follow very soon unavoidably. You must no more call *Philip* duke of *Anjou*, for we now acknowledge him king of *Spain*. Dr. *Pratt* tells me, you are all mad in *Ireland* with your playhouse frolics and prologues, and I know not what. Mr. *Verdoen* was with me yesterday, and enquired after you. He was a lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He asked me nothing for himself; but wanted an employment for a friend, *who wou'd give a handsome pair of gloves*. One *Hales* sent me up a letter the other day, which said you lodged in his house, and therefore desired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be within, and have directed my man to give him an answer, that I never open letters brought me by the writers, *&c.* I was complaining to a lady, that I wanted to mend an

* 'Mrs. *Dirgly*.'

employment

employment from forty to ſixty pounds a year in the ſalt-office, and thought it hard I could not do it. She told me Mr. *Griffin* ſhould do it. And afterwards I met *Griffin* at her lodgings; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named *Filly* to him, and his abode ſome-where near *Nantwich*. He ſaid frankly, he had formerly examined the man, and found he underſtood very little of his buſineſs; but if he heard he mended, he would do what I deſired. I will let it reſt a while, and then reſume it; and if *Ppt.* writes to *Filly*, ſhe may adviſe him to diligence, *&c.* I told *Griffin* poſitively I would have it done, if the man mended. This is an account of *Ppt's* commiſſion to her moſt humble ſervant. I have a world of writing to finiſh, and little time; theſe toads of miniſters are ſo *ſlow in their helps*.

LETTER LXXIII.

Counteſs of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 21, 1712.

THIS key will open treaſures; but vain in me to know them *. Your conveniency is my ſatisfaction. If I can or may read what will be in this table, it ought and ſhall be my happineſs. You muſt diſcern this comes from the moſt intereſted joiner that ever

* This letter was accompanied with a preſent of a writing-table, ſeal, paper, wax, &c.

made

made a thing of this nature. Peruſe narrowly, and what faults you find, they ſhall be mended, in every particular, to the utmoſt capacity of, ſir, your obliged humble ſervant,

E. ORKNEY.

LETTER LXXIV.

Counteſs of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 22, 1712.

YOU are extremely obliging to write how well you take my whim, in telling my true thoughts of your mind: for I was aſhamed, when I reflected, and hoped I ſhould ſee you ſoon, after expreſſing the value I have of you in an uncommon way. But this I write with aſſurance, that I am very ſincerely, ſir, your obliged humble ſervant,

E. ORKNEY.

LETTER LXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Dec. 12, 1712.

I Proteſt ſolemnly I am not able to write to you for other buſineſs, but I will renew my journal method to you next time. I find it is eaſier, tho' it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three

weeks, till this buſineſs is off my hands, which muſt be in ſix, I think, at fartheſt. Oh! I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs: I have enough of it now with a worrier. Two women have been here ſix times a-piece; I never ſaw them yet. The firſt I have diſpatched with a letter; the other I muſt ſee, and tell her I can do nothing for her: ſhe is wife of one Mr. *Connor*, an old college acquaintance, and comes on a fooliſh errand, for ſome old pretenſions, that will ſucceed, when I am lord treaſurer. I am got up two pair of ſtairs in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to diſcover where I am; yet every morning two or three ſets are plaguing me, and my preſent ſervant has not yet his leſſon perfect of denying me. I have written one hundred and thirty pages in folio to be printed, and muſt write thirty more, which will make a large book of four ſhillings*. I wiſh I had an opportunity of ſending you ſome ſnuff. I will watch who goes to *Ireland*, and do it if poſſible. I had a letter from *Parviſol*, and find he has ſet my livings very low. Colonel *Hamilton*, who was ſecond to duke *Hamilton*, is tried to day. I ſuppoſe he is come off, but have not heard. I dined with lord treaſurer, but left him by nine, and viſited ſome people. Lady *Betty*, his daughter, will be married on *Monday* next (as I ſuppoſe) to the marquis of *Caermarthen*. I did not know your country place had been *Portrain*, till you told me ſo in your laſt. Has *Swanton* taken it of *Wallis?* That *Wal-*

* 'This ſeems to be his *Hiſtory of the Peace of* Utrecht, not publiſhed till after his death.'

lis

Iis was a grave, wife coxcomb. God be thanked that *Ppt.* is better of her diſorders. God keep her ſo. The pamphlet of political lying is written by Dr. *Arbuthnot*, the author of *John Bull*; 'tis very pretty, but not ſo obvious to be underſtood. *Higgins*, firſt chaplain to duke *Hamilton?* Why, duke *Hamilton* never dreamed of a chaplain, nor I believe ever heard of *Higgins*. You are glorious newſmongers in *Ireland*; dean *Francis*, Sir *Richard Levinge*, ſtuff, ſtuff, and *Pratt*, more ſtuff. We have loſt our fine froſt here; and *Abel Roper* tells me you have had floods in *Dublin*. So, you read one of the *Grubſtreets* about the band-box. The whig papers have abuſed me about the band-box. God help me, what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account of it in the *Poſt Boy*, and *Evening Poſt* of that day. Lord treaſurer has had the ſeal ſent him, that ſealed the box, and directions where to find the other piſtol in a tree in *St. James's Park*, which lord *Bolingbroke's* meſſengers found accordingly; but who ſent the preſent is not yet known. Duke *Hamilton* avoided the quarrel as much as poſſible, according to the foppiſh rules of honour in practice. What ſignified your writing angry to *Filly?* I hope you ſaid nothing of having any thing from me. The queen is in town, and lady *Maſham's* month of lying-in is within two days of being out. I was at the chriſtening on *Monday*. I could not get the child named *Robin*, after lord treaſurer; it is *Samuel*, after the father. My brother *Ormond* ſent me ſome chocolate to-day. I wiſh you had ſhare of it: they ſay it is good for me, and I

deſign to drink ſome in the morning. Our ſociety meets next *Thurſday*, now the queen is in town; and lord treaſurer aſſures me, that the ſociety for reforming the language ſhall ſoon be eſtabliſhed. I have given away ten ſhillings this day to ſervants. What a ſtir about company? I kept no company at all, nor have I any deſire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-houſe nor a tavern, nor have touched a card ſince I left *Windſor*. I make few viſits, nor go to levees! my only debauching is ſitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almoſt dropped the ducheſſes of *Shrewsbury* and *Hamilton*, and ſeveral others. Lord treaſurer, the duke of *Ormond*, and lady *Orkney*, are all that I ſee very often. O yes, lady *Maſham* and lord *Bolingbroke*, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meaneſt of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on *Sundays* to ſee the world; but, to ſay the truth, I am growing weary of it. I diſlike a million of things in the courſe of public affairs; and if I were to ſtay here much longer, I am ſure I ſhould ruin myſelf with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into ſchemes of doing this, but I cannot find any, that will probably ſucceed. It is impoſſible to ſave people againſt their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patch-work already. Do you underſtand all this ſtuff? No. Well, then, you are now returned to *Ombre* and the dean, and *Chriſtmas*; I wiſh you a very good merry one. It is late, I'll go to ſleep; I don't ſleep well,

and

and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner.

13th, Morning. I am so very sleepy in the mornings, that my man wakens me above ten times; and now I can tell you no news of this day. Here is a restless dog, crying cabbages and savoys, plagues me every morning about this time; he is now at it. I wish his largest cabbage were sticking in his throat. I lodge over against the house in *Little Rider-street*, where *D. D.* lodged. To-night I must see the Abbé *Gaultier*, to get some particulars for my history *. It was he, who was first employed by *France* in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to see him; he is but a puppy too. Lady *Orkney* has just sent to invite me to dinner; she has not yet given me the bed night-gown; besides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute; but I stay till my fire is burned up. Lord *Abercorn* is come to *London*, and will plague me, and I can do him no service. The duke of *Shrewsbury* goes in a day or two for *France*, perhaps to-day. We shall have a peace very soon; the *Dutch* are almost entirely agreed, and if they stop, we shall make it without them. That has been resolved. This is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelve-penny weather. I must see my brother *Ormond* at eleven, and then the duchess of *Hamilton*, with whom I doubt I am in disgrace, not having seen her these ten days. Abbé *Gaultier* sends me word I can-

* 'Probably that of the peace of *Utrecht*.'

not see him to-night. I don't value any thing but one letter he has of *P's* shewing the roguery of the *Dutch*. Did not the *Conduct of the allies* make you great politicians? Here is somebody coming, that I must see, that wants a little place; the son of cousin *Rooke's* eldest daughter, that died many years ago. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVI.

THOMAS HARRISON, Esq; * to Dr. SWIFT.

Utrecht, Dec. 16, 1712.

YOUR thanks of the 25th of *November*, sir, came before their time; the condition of the obligation

* 'This gentleman, who owed his post of secretary to the *British* embassy at *Utrecht* to the recommendation of Dr. *Swift*, and was eminent for his genius and learning, was educated at *Queen's College*, in *Oxford*, where he took the degree of master of arts, *December* 15, 1705. Mr. *Tickell*, who was of the same college, in his *poem to his excellency the lord privy seal, on the prospect of peace*, pays a compliment to his friend Mr. *Harrison*, in these lines:

"That much lov'd youth, whom *Utrecht's* walls confine,
"To *Bristol's* praises shall his *Strafford's* join."

The reader will find some circumstances relating to him and his last sickness in Dr. *Swift's* letter, or journal, written to Mrs. *Dingley*, beginning *January* 25, 1712-13, by which it appears, that Mr. *Harrison* coming over to *England* from *Utrecht* with the barrier treaty, died on *February* 14, 1712-13. Mr. *Jacob*, in his *lives and characters of all the* English *poets*, Vol. I. p. 70, has

being,

being, that you ſhould receive twelve ſhirts, which number ſhall be compleated by the firſt proper occaſion. Your kind letter, however, is extremely ſeaſonable: and (next to a note from the treaſury) has proved the moſt vivifying cordial in the world. If you pleaſe to ſend me now and then as much of the ſame, as will lie upon the top of your pen, I ſhould be contented to take ſheets for ſhirts to the end of the chapter.

Since you are ſo good as to enter into my affairs, I ſhall trouble you with a detail of them, as well as of my conduct ſince I left *England*; which, in my opinion, you have a right to inſpect, and approve or condemn as you think fit. During my ſtate of probation with the earl of *Strafford*, it was my endeavour to recommend myſelf to his excellency by fidelity, ſilence, and an entire ſubmiſſion, more than by an affectation to ſhine in his ſervice: And whatever difficulties, whatever diſcouragements fell in my way, I think it appears, that they were ſurmounted in the end; and my advancement followed upon it ſooner than I expected; another would ſay, much ſooner than I deſerved, which I ſhould eaſily agree to, were it not, that I flatter myſelf there is ſome merit in the behaviour I kept, when the hopes and temptation of being preferred glittered in my eyes. All the world knows upon what footing Mr.

committed two miſtakes, in calling him *William* inſtead of *Thomas*, and in ſaying, that he died in *Holland* in 1713. He mentions, among Mr. *Harriſon*'s works, *Woodſtock Park*, inſcribed to the lord chancellor *Cowper*."

Watkins * thought himſelf with my lord *Strafford* †; and though all the world does not know what I am going to tell you, yet Mr. *Watkins* does on one hand, and my *S*——— on the other, that all the credit I had with either, was heartily, and without reſerve, employed to make matters eaſy; and to cultivate in my humble ſtation that good underſtanding, which our court deſired ſhould be between them. I had my reaſons for this, and ſuch perhaps as flowed from an inclination to promote my own intereſt. I knew as well as any man living almoſt, how much Mr. *Watkins* was valued by my lord *Bolingbroke* and others. I foreſaw the danger of ſtanding in competion with him, if that caſe ſhould happen: and, to tell you the truth, I did not think myſelf ripe in regard to intereſt at home, or of any ſervice I could pretend to have done abroad, to ſucceed Mr. *Watkins* in ſo good an employment. Above all, I proteſt to you, ſir, that, if I know my own heart, I am capable of ſuffering the utmoſt extremities rather than violate the infinite duty and gratitude I owe my lord *Bolingbroke*, by doing an ill office to a perſon honoured with ſuch particular marks of his lordſhip's eſteem. I might add to this, that I really loved Mr. *Watkins*; and I beg you, ſir, to urge him to the proof, whether my whole behaviour was not ſuch, as might juſtify the warmeſt profeſſions I can make of that kind. After all this, how comes it, that he, either in raillery or good earneſt, accuſes me of having

* *Henry Watkins*, eſq; late ſecretary.

† *Thomas* earl of *Strafford*, ambaſſador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the ſtates general.

any

any reſentment againſt him? By word of mouth when he left us, by letters ſo long as he allowed me to correſpond with him, and by all the people that ever went from *Utrecht* to *Flanders*, have I importuned him for the continuance of his friendſhip; and, perhaps, even in his abſence (if he pleaſes to reflect) given him a very eſſential proof of mine. If any body has thought it worth their while to ſow a diviſion between us, I wiſh he thought it worth his to let me into the ſecret; and nothing, he may be ſure, ſhall be wanting on my ſide to defeat a ſtratagem, which, for aught I know, may end in the ſtarving of his humble ſervant.

Which leads me naturally to the ſecond thing propoſed to be ſpoken to in my text; namely my circumſtances. For between you and me, ſir, I apprehend the treaſury will iſſue out no money on my account, till they know what is due on that of Mr. *Watkins*. And if he has any pretenſions, I have none, that I know of, but what are as precarious to me, as a ſtiver, I gave away but now to a beggar, was to him. Is it poſſible, that Mr. *Watkins* can demand the pay of a commiſſion, which is by the queen herſelf actually ſuperſeded, during his abſence from his poſt? Or is it not as plainly ſaid in mine, that I am her majeſty's ſecretary during ſuch his abſence, as in his that he was ſo, whilſt he reſided here? If I muſt be cruſhed, ſir, for God's ſake let ſome reaſon be alledged for it; or elſe an ingenuous confeſſion made, that *ſtat pro ratione voluntas*. If you can fix Mr. *Watkins* to any final determination on this ſubject, you will do me a ſingular ſervice, and I

ſhall

ſhall take my meaſures accordingly. Though I know your power, I cannot help diſtruſting it on this occaſion. Before I conclude, give me leave to put you mind of beating my thanks into lord *Boling-broke's* ears, for his late generoſity, to the end that his lordſhip may be wearied out of the evil habit he has got of heaping more obligations and goodneſs on thoſe he is pleaſed to favour, than their ſhoulders are able to bear. For my own part, I have ſo often thanked his lordſhip, that I have now no more ways left to turn my thoughts; and beg, if you have any right good compliments neat and fine by you, that you will advance the neceſſary, and place them, with the other helps you have given me, to my account; which I queſtion not, but I ſhall be able to acknowledge at one and the ſame time, *viz. ad Græcas calendas.*

In the mean time, I ſhall do my beſt to give you juſt ſuch hints as you deſired by the next poſt. Though I cannot but think there are ſome letters in the office, which would ſerve your turn a good deal better than any thing I can tell you about the people at the *Hague.* Your acceſs there abundantly prevents my attempting to write you any news from hence. And I aſſure you, ſir, you can write me none from *England* (however uneaſy my circumſtances are) which will be ſo agreeable, as that of your long-expected advancement. It grieves me to the ſoul, that a perſon, who has been ſo inſtrumental to the raiſing of me from obſcurity and diſtreſs, ſhould not be yet ſet above the power of fortune, and the malice of thoſe enemies your real merit has

created. I beg, dear sir, the continuance of your kind care and inspection over me; and that you would in all respects command, reprove, or instruct me, as a father. For I protest to you, sir, I do, and ever shall honour and regard you with the affection of a son. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Dec. 18, 1712.

OUR society was to meet to-day, but lord *Harley*, who was president this week, could not attend, being gone to *Wimbleton* with his new brother-in-law, the young marquis of *Caermathen*, who married lady *Betty Harley* on *Monday* last; and lord treasurer is at *Wimbleton* too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I proposed our meetings should be only once a fortnight; for, betwixt you and me, we do no good. It cost me nineteen shillings to-day for my club dinner; I don't like it. We have terrible slobbery weather. Lord *Abercorn* is come to town, and will see me, whether I will or not. You know he has a pretence to a dukedom* in *France*, which duke *Hamilton* was soliciting for; but *Abercorn* resolves to spoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have advised the duchess to compound with him, and have made the ministry of my opinion.

* 'Of *Chastelherauld*.'

19th,

19th, Lord treasurer is returned from *Wimbleton*. 'Tis not above eight miles off, and he sent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with another, with honest *Ben Tooke*, by invitation. The duchess of *Ormond* promised me her picture, and coming home to-night, I found her's and the duke's, both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil surprize? They are in fine gilded frames too. I am writing a letter to thank her *. I will tell her, she is such a prude, that she will not let so much as her picture be alone in a room with a man, unless the duke's be with it; and so forth. We are full of snow and dabbling. Lady *Masham* has come abroad these three days, and seen the queen. I dined with her the other day at her sister *Hill's*. I hope she will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at St. *James's* from *Kensington*.

20th, I deny myself to every body almost, yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are lost with people, who will not take answers below stairs; such as *Dilly*, and the bishop, and the provost, *&c.* Lady *Orkney* invited me to dinner to-day, which hindered me from dining with lord treasurer. This is his day, that his chief friends in the ministry dine with him. However, I went there about six, and sat with him till past nine, when they all went off; but he kept me back, and told me the circumstances of lady *Betty's* match. The young fellow has 60,000 *l.* ready money, three great houses furnished, 7,000 *l.* a year at present, and about five

* See this letter among the collection published by Mr. Dean *Swift*.

more

more after his father and mother die. I think lady *Betty's* portion is not above 8,000*l.* Pray tell Mr. *Wall*, that lord *Anglesea* thanked me for recommending *Clements* to him; that he says he is 20,000*l.* the better for knowing him. But pray don't let *Clements* go and write a letter of thanks, and tell my lord, that he hears so and so, *&c.* Sad weather! two shillings in coaches to day, and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over something, and correct it.

21st, Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed for me at lord treasurer's, sometimes with inclosed ones to him, and sometimes with projects, and sometimes with libels. I usually keep them three or four days without opening. I was at court to-day, as I always am on *Sundays*, instead of a coffee-house, to see my acquaintance. This day se'nnight, after I had been talking at court with Sir *William Wyndham*, the *Spanish* ambassador came to him, and said, he heard that was Dr. *Swift*, and desired him to tell me, that his master, and the king of *France*, and the queen, were obliged to me more than to any man in *Europe*; so we bowed and shook hands, *&c.* I took it very well of him *. I dined with lord treasurer, and must again to-morrow, though I had rather not: but now the queen is in town, he does not keep me so late. Our peace now will soon be determined; for lord *Bolingbroke* tells me this morning, that four

* It may, perhaps, be thought strange, that *Swift* should be gratified, by being told he was the best friend of the enemies of his country.

provinces

provinces of *Holland* have complied with the queen; and we expect the reſt will do ſo immediately.'

22d, Lord keeper promiſed me yeſterday the firſt convenient living to poor *Gery* *, who is married, and wants ſome addition to what he has. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter ſome weeks ago from *Elnick*, who married *Betty Gery*. It ſeems the poor woman died ſome time laſt ſummer. *Elnick* grows rich; and purchaſes lands. I dined with lord treaſurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave lord *Bolingbroke* a poem of *Parnell's* †. I made *Parnell* inſert ſome compliments in it to his lordſhip. He is extremely pleaſed with it, and read ſome parts of it to-day to lord treaſurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he out-does all our poets here a bar's-length. Lord *Bolingbroke* has ordered me to bring him to dinner on *Chriſtmas-day*, and I made lord treaſurer promiſe to ſee him. It may one day do *Parnell* a kindneſs. You know *Parnell*. I believe I have told you of that.

23d, This morning I preſented one *Diaper* ‡, a poet, to lord *Bolingbroke*, with a new poem §, which

* 'Mr. *Gery*, rector of *Litcombe*, in *Berks*, to whoſe houſe Dr. *Swift* retired about ten weeks before queen *Ann's* death, upon occaſion of the incurable breach between the earl of *Oxford* and lord viſcount *Bolingbroke*.'

† 'It is not in the collection publiſhed by Mr. *Pope* in 1726; but it is printed in Dr. *Parnell's Poſthumous Works*, p. 248, publiſhed at *Dublin* in 1758, and intitled, *On Queen Ann's Peace* 1713.'

‡ Author of the *Sea Eclogues* mentioned before.

§ 'Intitled *Dryades, or the Nymphs Prophecy*, printed in 1713, in folio.'

is

is a very good one; and I am to give him a ſum of money from my lord. I have contrived to make a parſon of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and ſerves a ſmall cure in the country; but has a ſword at his tail here in town. 'Tis a poor, little, ſhort wretch, but will do beſt in a gown, and we will make lord keeper give him a living. Lord *Bolingbroke* writ to lord treaſurer to-day, to excuſe me; ſo I dined with the former and *Monteleon*, the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador, who made me many compliments. I ſtaid till nine, and now it is paſt ten, and my man has locked me up, and I have juſt called to mind, that I ſhall be in diſgrace with *Tom Leigh*. That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one *Eckerſall*, clerk of the kitchen to the queen, who was civil to him at *Windſor* on my account; for I had done ſome ſervice to *Eckerſall*. *Leigh* teazes me to paſs an evening at his lodgings with *Eckerſall*. I put it off ſeveral times, but was forced at laſt to promiſe I would come to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called and called, but my man is gone to-bed; ſo I will write an excuſe to-morrow. I deteſt that *Tom Leigh*, and am as formal to him as I can, when I happen to meet him in the park. The rogue frets me, if he knew it. He aſked me, why I did not wait on the biſhop of *Dromore** ? I anſwered, I had not the

* 'Dr. *Tobias Pullen*, tranſlated to that ſee from *Cloyne*, *May* 7, 1695. He died in 1713, and was ſucceeded in *May* that year, by Dr. *John Sterne*, dean of *St. Patrick's*, to which deanry Dr. *Swift* was then promoted.'

honour

honour to be acquainted with him, and would not presume, &c. He takes me seriously, and says, the bishop is no proud man, &c. He tells me of a judge in *Ireland*, that has done ill things. I ask, Why is he not out? Says he, I think the bishops, and you, and I, and the rest of the clergy, should meet and consult about it. I beg his pardon, and say, I cannot be serviceable that way. He answers, Yes, every body may help something. Don't you see how curiously he continues to vex me? for the dog knows, that with half a word I could do more than all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humourous design of teazing. He is one of those, that would rather a service should not be done, than done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this; don't you?

24th, I dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer *, in order to look over some of my papers; but nothing was done.

I have been also mediating between the *Hamilton* family and lord *Abercorn*, to have them compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord *Selkirk*, the late duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to *France*, to make the demands; and the ministry are of opinion, they will get some satisfaction, and they empowered me to advise the *Hamilton* side to agree with *Abercorn*, who asks a fourth part, and will go to *France* and spoil all, if they don't yield it.

* 'Robert Benson, esq;'

25th, I carried *Parnell* to dine at lord *Bolingbroke's*, and he behaved himſelf very well; and lord *Bolingbroke* is mightily pleaſed with him. I was at *St. James's* chapel by eight this morning; and church and ſacrament were done by ten. The queen has the gout in her hand, and did not come to church to-day; and I ſtayed ſo long in my chamber, that I miſſed going to court. Did I tell you that the queen deſigns to have a drawing-room and company every day?

26th, I was to wiſh the duke of *Ormond* a happy *Chriſtmas*, and give half a crown to his porter. It will coſt me a dozen half crowns among ſuch fellows. I dined with lord treaſurer, who chid me for being abſent three days. We hear *Maccartney* is gone over to *Ireland*. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be ſet upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was *Maccartney* * ? Upon which they brought him to a juſtice of peace, in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were ſent to gaol. Was it not great preſence of mind? But may be you hear of this already; for there was a *Grubſtreet* of it. Lord *Bolingbroke* told me I muſt walk away to-day after dinner, becauſe lord treaſurer and he and another were to enter upon buſineſs; but I ſaid it was as fit I ſhould know their buſineſs as any body, for I was to juſtify. So the reſt went, and I ſtayed, and it was ſo important, I was like to ſleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve.

* *Maccartney* was lord *Mohun's* ſecond, in the duel between him and duke *Hamilton*, and fled on that occaſion. See Letter LXXIII.

27th, I dined to-day with general *Hill*, governor of *Dunkirk*. Lady *Maſham* and Mrs. *Hill*, his two ſiſters, were of the company, and there have I been ſitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for I have left off loving play myſelf. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them ſeldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr. *Addiſon* and paſtoral *Philips* on the *Mall* to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terrible dry and cold. A curſe of party! And do you know, I have taken more pains to recommend the whig wits to the favour and mercy of the miniſters, than any other people? *Steele* I have kept in his place. *Congreve* I have got to be uſed kindly, and ſecured. *Rowe* I have recommended, and got a promiſe of a place. *Philips* I ſhould certainly have provided for, if he had not run party-mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations. I ſet *Addiſon* ſo right at firſt, that he might have been employed, and have partly ſecured him the place he has *; yet I am worſe uſed by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, and dreſs the wine and orange.

28th, My cold is ſo bad, that I could not go to church to-day, nor to court; but I was engaged to lord *Orkney's*, with the duke of *Ormond*, at dinner; and ventured, becauſe I could cough and ſpit there as I pleaſed. The duke and lord *Arran* left us, and I have been ſitting ever ſince with lord and

* It was a uſual ſubject of raillery towards him among the miniſters, that he never came to them without a whig in his ſleeve. See his life prefixed to *Bathurſt's* edition.

lady *Orkney* till paſt eleven; and my cold is worſe, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold, and no more; but I'll go to bed, for the fellow has bawled paſt twelve.

29th, I got out early to-day, and eſcaped all my duns. I went to ſee lord *Bolingbroke* about ſome buſineſs, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the city, upon the broiled leg of a gooſe and a bit of bacon, with my printer. Did I tell you, that I forbear printing what I have in hand, till the court decides ſomething about me? I will contract no more enemies, at leaſt I will not imbitter worſe thoſe I have already, till I have got under ſhelter; and the miniſters know my reſolution, ſo that you may be diſappointed in ſeeing this thing as ſoon as you expected. I hear lord treaſurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Every body has one.

30th, I ſuppoſe this will be full by *Saturday*. Duke of *Ormond*, lord *Arran*, and I, dined privately to-day at an old ſervant's houſe of his. The council made us part at ſix. One Mrs. *Ramſay* dined with us; an old lady of about fifty-five, that we are all very fond of. I called this evening at lord treaſurer's, and ſat with him two hours. He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with *Parnell* and me at lord *Bolingbroke's* tomorrow; but ſays he will ſee *Parnell* ſome other time. I hoiſt up *Parnell* partly to ſpite the envious *Iriſh* folks here, particularly *Tom Leigh*. I ſaw the biſhop of *Clogher's* family to-day; Miſs is mighty ill of a cold, and coughs inceſſantly.

31ſt, To-day *Parnell* and I dined with lord *Bolingbroke*, to correct *Parnell's* poem. I made him ſhew all the places he diſliked; and when *Parnell* has corected it fully, he ſhall print it. I went this evening to ſit with lord treaſurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I ſat with him while the young folks went to ſupper, and then went down, where they were all merry together, having turned lady *Oxford* up to my lord, and I ſtayed with them till twelve. There was the young couple, lord and lady *Caermarthen*, lord and lady *Dupplin*, and lord *Harley* and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done ſo often; ſtealing together from the old folks, tho' indeed it was not from poor lord treaſurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: but lady *Oxford* is a mere old woman. My cold is ſtill ſo bad, that I have not the leaſt ſmelling. I am juſt got home, and 'tis paſt twelve; and I will go to bed, and ſettle my head, heavy as lead.

Jan. 1ſt, I forgot to tell you, that yeſterday lord *Abercorn* was here, teazing me about his *French* duchy, and ſuſpecting my partiality to the *Hamilton* family, in ſuch a whimſical manner, that Dr. *Pratt*, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no ſooner gone, but lord *Orkney* ſent to know, whether he might come and ſit with me half an hour upon ſome buſineſs. I returned anſwer, that I would wait on him; which I did. We diſcourſed a while, and he left me with lady *Orkney*; and in came lord *Selkirk*, whom I had never ſeen before. He is another brother of duke *Hamilton's*, and is going to *France*, by

by a power from his mother the old ducheſs, to negociate their pretenſions to this duchy of *Chaſtleherauld*. He teazed me for two hours in ſpite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to ſtir; would have had me engage the miniſtry to favour him againſt lord *Abercorn*, and to convince them, that lord *Abercorn* had no pretenſions; and deſired I would alſo convince lord *Abercorn* himſelf ſo; and concluded, he was ſorry I was a greater friend to *Abercorn* than *Hamilton*. I had no patience, and uſed him with ſome plainneſs. Am not I purely handled between a couple of puppies? Ah, ſays *Ppt*, you muſt be meddling in other people's affairs. I appeal to the biſhop of *Clogher*, whether *Abercorn* did not complain, that I would not let them ſee me laſt year, and that he ſwore he would take no denial from my ſervant when he came again. The miniſters gave me leave to tell the *Hamilton* family, it was their opinion, that they ought to agree with *Abercorn*. Lord *Angleſea* was then by, and told *Abercorn*; upon which he gravely tells me, I was commiſſioned by the miniſters, and ought to perform my commiſſion, *&c.* But I'll have done with them. I have warned lord treaſurer and lord *Bolingbroke*, to beware of *Selkirk's* teazing; yet *Abercorn* vexes me more. He owes me all the kind receptions he has had from the miniſtry. I dined to-day at lord treaſurer's, with the young folks, and ſat with lord treaſurer till nine, and then was forced to go to lady *Maſham's*, and ſat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I am out of humour, as every one muſt, that knows them inwardly. A thouſand things wrong, and moſt of

them eaſy to mend; yet our ſchemes availing at beſt but little, and ſometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I patched up twice, with the hazard of all the credit I had, is now ſpread more than ever. But burn politics and ſend me from courts and miniſters!

2d, I ſauntered about this morning, and went with Dr. *Pratt* to a picture auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture, that I was fond of; but, it ſeems, was good for nothing. *Pratt* was there to buy ſome pictures for the biſhop of *Clogher*, who reſolves to lay out ten pounds to furniſh his houſe with curious pictures. We dined with the biſhop, I being by chance diſengaged. And this evening I ſat with the biſhop of *Oſſory* *, who is laid up with the gout. The *French* ambaſſador, duke *d'Aumont*, came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with ſhouts. I cannot ſmell yet, though my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard froſty weather.

3d, Lord *Dupplin* and I went with lord and lady *Orkney* this morning at ten to *Wimbleton*, ſix miles off, to ſee lord and lady *Caermarthen*. It is much the fineſt place about this town. Did you never ſee it? I was once there before, about five years ago. I came back juſt by night-fall, and felt cruel cold weather. I am juſt now told, that poor lady *Aſhburnham*, the duke of *Ormond's* daughter, died yeſterday at her country-houſe. The poor creature was

* 'Dr. *John Hartſtrong*, tranſlated from that ſee to *Derry*, *March* 3, 1713-14.'

with

with child. She was my greateſt favourite, and I am in exceſſive concern for her death. I hardly knew a more valuable perſon on all accounts. You muſt have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to ſee the duke and ducheſs. She was naturally very healthy, and I fear has been thrown away for want of care. Pray, condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving *. I hate life, when I think it expoſed to ſuch accidents; and to ſee ſo many thouſand wretches burthening the earth, while ſuch as ſhe dies, makes me think God did never intend life for a bleſſing. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Jan. 4, 1712-13.

I ENDED my laſt with the melancholy news of poor lady *Aſhburnham's* death. The biſhop of *Clogher* and Dr. *Pratt* made me dine with them to-day at lord *Mountjoy's*, purſuant to an engagement, which I had forgot. Lady *Mountjoy* told me, that *Maccartney* was got ſafe out of our clutches, for ſhe had ſpoke with one, who had a letter from him from *Holland*.

* From theſe expreſſions, and thoſe he uſes in the account of the ducheſs of *Hamilton's* affliction on the death of her husband, *Swift* appears to have had a ſtrong ſympathy in the diſtreſs of others; which he has generally, even by his advocates, been ſuppoſed to want. See his letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, dated *Nov.* 15, 1712.

Others say the same thing. As I left lord *Mountjoy's*, I saw the duke *d'Aumont*, the *French* ambassador, going from lord *Bolingbroke's*, where he dined, to have a private audience of the queen. I followed, and went up to court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the duke of *Argyle*, by the fire-side in the bed-chamber, when the ambassador came out from the queen. *Argyle* presented me to him, and lord *Bolingbroke* and we walked together a while. He is a fine gentleman, something like the duke of *Ormond*, and just such an expensive man. After church to-day, I shewed the bishop of *Clogher*, at court, who was who.

5th, Our frost is broke, but it is very cold. Lord treasurer is recovered, and went out this evening to the queen. I dined with lady *Oxford*. Lord treasurer gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr. *Brown*, bishop of *Cork*, recommending him to a better bishopric, as a person who opposed lord *Wharton*, and was made a bishop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, *&c.* In short, all directly contrary to his character, which I made bold to explain. What dogs there are in the world? I was to see the poor duke and duchess of *Ormond* this morning. The duke was in his public room, with Mr. *Southwell*, and two more gentlemen. When *Southwell* and I were alone with him, he talked something of lord *Ashburnham*, that he was afraid the whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in discourse, the tears were just falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him

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an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw any thing so moving, nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness, and discretion.

6th, Lord *Bolingbroke* and *Parnell*, and I dined, by invitation, with my friend *Dartineuf**, whom you have heard me talk of. Lord *Bolingbroke* likes *Parnell* mightily; and it is pleasant to see, that one, who hardly passed for any thing in *Ireland*, makes his way here with a little friendly forwarding. It is scurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad to-day, nor know any thing that passes. Lord treasurer is quite recovered, and I hope will take care to keep himself well. The duchess of *Marlborough* is leaving *England*, to go to her duke, and makes presents of rings to several friends, they say worth two hundred pounds a-piece. I am sure she ought to give me one, tho' the duke pretended to think me his greatest enemy, and got people to tell me so, and very mildly to let me know how gladly he would have me softened towards him. I bid a lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know, that I had hindered many a bitter thing against him; not for his own sake, but because I thought it looked base; and I desired every thing should be left him, except power.

* 'This gentleman, whose name was spelt *Dartiquenave*, is mentioned on account of his taste for good eating, by Mr. *Pope*, in his Imitation of the second Epistle of the second book of *Horace*, ver. 87.'

"When *Oldfield* loves what *Dartineuf* detests."

7th,

7th, I dined with lord and lady *Maſham* to-day, and this evening played at ombre with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, merely for amuſement. The miniſters have got my papers, and will neither read them, nor give them to me; and I can hardly do any thing. Very warm ſlabby weather, but I made a ſhift to get a walk; yet I loſt half of it, by ſhaking off lord *Rocheſter**, who is a good, civil, ſimple man. The biſhop of *Oſſory* will not be biſhop of *Hereford*, to the great grief of himſelf and his wife. I think it is not certain yet that *Maccartney* is eſcaped. I am plagued with bad authors in verſe and proſe, who ſend me their books and poems, the vileſt traſh I ever ſaw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them ſee me.

8th, You muſt underſtand that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate-pot, a preſent from Mrs. *Aſh* of *Clogher*, and ſome chocolate from my brother *Ormond*, and I treat folks ſometimes. I dined with lord treaſurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by, while he and lord *Bolingbroke* were at buſineſs; for it is fit I ſhould know all that paſſes now, becauſe, *&c.* The duke of *Ormond* employed me to ſpeak to lord treaſurer to-day about an affair, and I did ſo; and the duke had ſpoke himſelf two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the duke about it. I'll tell you a good thing; there is not

* 'Henry Hyde, ſon of *Laurence* earl of *Rocheſter*, younger ſon of the lord chancellor *Clarendon*. This *Henry* ſucceeded to the title of earl of *Clarendon*, *March* 31, 1723, on the death of *Edward*, the third earl of *Clarendon*.'

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one of the miniſtry but what will employ me, as gravely to ſpeak for them to lord treaſurer, as if I were their brother, or his; and I do it as gravely, though I know they do it only becauſe they will not make themſelves uneaſy, or had rather I ſhould be denied than they. I believe our peace will not be finiſhed theſe two months; for, I think, we muſt have a return from *Spain* by a meſſenger, who will not go till *Sunday* next. Lord treaſurer has invited me to dine with him again to-morow. Your commiſſioner, *Knightley*, is to be there.

9th, Dr. *Pratt* drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yeſterday with him to ſee lady *Betty Butler*, grieving for her ſiſter *Aſhburnham*. The jade was in bed in form, and ſhe did ſo cant, ſhe made me ſick. I meet *Tom Leigh* every day in the Park, to preſerve his health. He is as ruddy as a roſe, and tells me his biſhop of *Dromore* recovers very much. That biſhop has been very near dying. This day's *Examiner* talks of the play of *What is it like?* and you will think it to be mine, and be bit; for I have no hand in theſe papers at all. I dined with lord treaſurer, and ſhall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the miniſters dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on *Saturday*, and we do indeed equally rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor lord *Rivers*, lord keeper, and lord *Bolingbroke* came; but now *Ormond*, *Angleſea*, lord ſteward, *Dartmouth*, and others intrude, and I ſcold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and indeed many *Saturdays*

I am

I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it.

10th, At ſeven this evening, as we ſat after dinner at lord treaſurer's, a ſervant ſaid, lord *Peterborough* was at the door. Lord treaſurer and lord *Bolingbroke* went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was juſt returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. As ſoon as he ſaw me, he left the duke of *Ormond* and other lords, and ran and kiſſed me before he ſpoke to them*; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this laſt time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places ſo often, it was impoſſible a letter ſhould overtake him. He left *England* with a pleuriſy, by his coach overturning, that made him ſpit blood, and was ſo ill, we expected every poſt to hear of his death; but he out-rode it, or out-drank it, or ſomething, and he is come home luſtier than ever. He is at leaſt ſixty, and has more ſpirits than any young fellow I know in *England*. He has got the old lord *Oxford's* regiment of horſe, and, I believe, will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly.

11th, The court was crammed to-day, to ſee the *French* ambaſſador; but he did not come. Did I never tell you, that I go to court on *Sundays* as to a coffee-houſe, to ſee acquaintance, whom I ſhould not otherwiſe ſee twice a year? The provoſt and I dine with *Ned Southwell*, by appointment, in order

* The Dean had addreſſed ſome verſes to him in the year 1706. See Vol. VII. 8vo.

to

to ſettle your kingdom, if my ſcheme can be followed; but I doubt our miniſtry will be too tedious. You muſt certainly have a new parliament; but they would have that a ſecret yet. Our parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Thoſe puppies will not yet come in, tho' they pretend to ſubmit to the queen in every thing; but they would fain try firſt how our ſeſſion begins, in hopes to embroil us in the houſe of lords; and if my advice had been taken, the ſeſſion ſhould have begun, and we would have truſted the parliament to approve the ſteps already made towards the peace, and had an addreſs perhaps from them to conclude without the *Dutch*, if they would not agree.

Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned ſo ſafe, it ſeems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready ſo ſoon as three weeks, but that is a ſecret.

12th, *Pratt* and I walked into the city to one *Bateman's*, a famous bookſeller for old books. There I laid out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge ale-houſe, for two ſhillings and two-pence, like emperors. Let me ſee, I bought *Plutarch*, two volumes, for thirty ſhillings, *&c.* We have no news, and I have nothing more to ſay to-day, and I can't finiſh my work. Theſe miniſters will not find time to do what I would have them.

13th, I was to have dined to-day with lord keeper; but would not, becauſe that brute Sir *John Walter* was to be one of the company. You may remember he railed at me laſt ſummer was twelve months at *Windſor*, and has never begged my pardon, tho' he promiſed to do it; and lord *Manſel*, who was one of

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the company, would certainly have ſet us together by the ears, out of pure roguiſh miſchief. So I dined with lord treaſurer, where there was none but lord *Bolingbroke*. I ſtayed till eight, and then went to lady *Orkney's*, who has been ſick, and ſat with her till twelve. The parliament was prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad, and ſlobbery, and I ſhall ſpoil my new hat, or empty my pockets. Lord *Abercorn* plagues me to death. I have now not above ſix people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many that I will do nothing for.

14th, To-day I took the circle of morning viſits. I went to the ducheſs of *Ormond*, and there was ſhe, and lady *Betty*, and lord *Aſhburnham* together. That was the firſt time the mother and daughter ſaw each other ſince lady *Aſhburnham's* death. They were both in tears, and I chid them for being together, and made lady *Betty* go to her own chamber; then ſat a while with the ducheſs, and went after lady *Betty*, and all was well. There is ſomething of farce in all theſe mournings, let them be ever ſo ſerious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the ducheſs of *Hamilton*, who never grieved*, but raged, and ſtormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord keeper and his ſon, and their two ladies, and I,

* The Dean expreſſes different ſentiments of this lady, in his letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, dated *Nov.* 15, 1712; but it is probable he had then very little acquaintance with her.

dined

dined to-day with Mr. *Cæſar*, treaſurer of the navy, at his houſe in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of *Brutus*, and I ſaid ſomething in his praiſe, when it ſtruck me immediately, that I had made a blunder in doing ſo; and therefore I recollected myſelf, and ſaid, Mr. *Cæſar*, I beg your pardon. So we laughed, *&c.*

15th, I forgot to tell you, that laſt night I had a preſent ſent me (I found it when I came home in my chamber) of the fineſt wild fowl I ever ſaw, with the vileſt letter, and from the vileſt poet in the world, who ſent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I know not where the ſcoundrel lived, ſo I could not ſend them back; and therefore gave them as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue ſhould have kept the wings at leaſt for his muſe. One of his fowls was a large capon pheaſant, as fat as a pullet. I ate ſhare of it to-day with a friend. We have now a drawing room every *Wedneſday*, *Thurſday*, and *Saturday*, at one o'clock. The queen does not come out; but all her miniſters, foreigners, and perſons of quality, are at it. I was there to-day; and as lord treaſurer came towards me, I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church or court. He knows it, for I have told him ſo; and to-night, at lord *Maſham's*, he gave an account of it to the company; but my reaſons are, that people ſeeing me ſpeak to him, cauſes a great deal of teazing. I tell you what comes into my head, that I never knew whether you were whigs or tories, and

I value

I value our converſation the more, that it never turned on that ſubject. I have a fancy that *Ppt.* is a tory, and a rigid one. I don't know why; but methinks ſhe looks like one, and *D. D.* a ſort of a trimmer. Am I right? I gave the *Examiner* a hint about this prorogation, and to praiſe the queen for her tenderneſs to the *Dutch*, in giving them ſtill more time to ſubmit. It fitted the occaſions at preſent.

16th, I was buſy to-day at the ſecretary's office, and ſtayed till paſt three. The duke of *Ormond* and I were to dine at lord *Orkney's*. The duke was at the committee, ſo I thought all was ſafe. When I went there, they had almoſt dined; for the duke had ſent to excuſe himſelf, which I never knew. I came home at ſeven, and began a little whim, which juſt came into my head, and will make a three-penny pamphlet. It ſhall be finiſhed and out in a week; and if it ſucceeds, you ſhall know what it is; otherwiſe, not. I cannot ſend this to-morrow, and will put it off till next *Saturday*, becauſe I have much buſineſs. So my journals ſhall be ſhort, and *Ppt.* muſt have patience.

17th, This rogue *Parnell* has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer, and his *Saturday's* company, nine of us in all. They went away at ſeven, and lord treaſurer and I ſat talking an hour after. After dinner, he was talking to the lords about the ſpeech the queen muſt make when the parliament meets. He aſked me how I would make it? I was going to be ſerious, becauſe it was ſeriouſly put; but I turned

it

it to a jeſt. And becauſe they had been ſpeaking of the ducheſs of *Marlborough* going to *Flanders* after the duke, I ſaid, the ſpeech ſhould begin thus: "My lords and gentlemen, In order to my own quiet, and that of my ſubjects, I have thought fit to ſend the ducheſs of *Marlborough* abroad after the duke." This took well, and turned off the diſcourſe. I muſt tell you, I do not at all like the preſent ſituation of affairs, and remember I tell you ſo. Things muſt be on another foot, or we are all undone. I hate this driving always to an inch.

18th, We had a mighty full court to-day. *Dilly* was with me at the *French* church, and edified mightily. Duke of *Ormond* and I dined at lord *Orkney's*; but I left them at ſeven, and came home to my whim. I have made a great progreſs. My large treatiſe * ſtands ſtock-ſtill. Some think it too dangerous to publiſh, and would have me print only what relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I ſhall do. The biſhop of *Dromore* is dying. They thought yeſterday he could not live two hours: yet he is ſtill alive, but is utterly paſt all hopes.

19th, I was this morning to ſee the duke and ducheſs of *Ormond*. The duke *d'Aumont* came in while I was with the duke of *Ormond*, and we complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door where I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a preſent for me. I bid my man learn what his name was, and whence it came. He ſent word his name was *Bun*, and that I knew him very well. I bid my man tell him I was buſy, and he could not ſpeak

* 'His *Hiſtory of the Peace of* Utrecht.'

to me; and not to let him leave his oranges. I know no more of it, but I am ſure I never heard the name, and I ſhall take no ſuch preſents from ſtrangers. Perhaps he might be only ſome beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be ſomething worſe. Let them keep their poiſon for their rats. I don't love it.

20th, A committee of our ſociety dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer. Our ſociety does not meet now as uſual, for which I am blamed; but till lord treaſurer will agree to give us money and employments to beſtow, I am againſt it; and he gives us nothing but promiſes. Biſhop of *Dromore* is ſtill alive, and that is all. We expect every day he will die, and then *Tom Leigh* muſt go back, which is one good thing to the town. I believe *Pratt* will drive at one of theſe biſhoprics. Our *Engliſh* biſhopric * is not yet diſpoſed of. I believe the peace will not be ready by the ſeſſion.

21ſt, I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I have written, but not politics. It will be out by *Monday*. If it ſucceeds, I will tell you of it; otherwiſe not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain; yet I walked like a good boy all the way. The biſhop of *Dromore* ſtill draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large book lies flat. Some people think a great

* 'Probably that of *Hereford*, vacant by the death of Dr. *Humphry Humphreys*, on the 20th of *November* 1712, who was ſucceeded by Dr. *Philip Biſſe*, tranſlated from the ſee of *St. David's*.'

part

part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you ſo before. This letter ſhall not go till *Saturday*, which makes up the three weeks exactly, and I allow ſix weeks.

22d, This is one of our court days, and I was there. I told you there is a drawing-room *Wedneſday*, *Thurſday*, and *Saturday*. The *Hamiltons* and *Abercorns* having done teazing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to *France*. Lord treaſurer quarrelled with me at court, for being four days without dining with him; ſo I dined there to-day, and he has at laſt fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining halfpence and farthings with devices, like medals, in honour of the queen, every year changing the device. I wiſh it may be done.

23d, Duke of *Ormond* and I appointed to dine with *Ned Southwell* to-day, to talk of ſettling your affairs of parliament in *Ireland*; but there was a mixture of company, and the duke of *Ormond* was in haſte, and nothing was done. If your parliament meets this ſummer, it muſt be a new one; but I find ſome are of opinion there ſhould be none at all theſe two years. I will trouble myſelf no more about it. My deſign was to ſerve the duke of *Ormond*. Dr. *Pratt* and I ſat this evening with the biſhop of *Clogher*, and played at ombre for three-pence. That I ſuppoſe is but low with you. I found at coming home, a letter from *M*, No. 37. I ſhall not anſwer it this bout, but will the next. I have got a terrible new cold, before my old was quite gone, and don't know how. I ſhall have *D. D's* money ſoon from

the exchequer. The biſhop of *Dromore* is dead now at laſt.

24th, I was at court to-day, and it was comical to ſee lord *Abercorn* bowing to me, but not ſpeaking, and lord *Selkirk* the ſame. I dined with lord treaſurer, and his *Saturday* club, and ſat with him two hours after the reſt were gone, and ſpoke freer to him of affairs than I am afraid others do, who might do more good. All his friends repine, and ſhrug their ſhoulders; but will not deal with him ſo freely as they ought. It is an odd buſineſs; the parliament juſt going to ſit, and no employments given. They ſay they will give them in a few days. There is a new biſhop made of *Hereford*; ſo *Oſſory* is diſappointed. I hinted ſo to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himſelf and being indiſcreet, as he was.

LETTER LXXIX.

Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN to Dr. SWIFT *.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I ASK pardon for my miſtake, and I ſend you the right paper. I am, in ſickneſs and in health, ever your faithful friend, and obedient ſervant,

H. ST. JOHN.

* In 1712, when he was writing *The Hiſtory of the four laſt Years of Queen Anne.*

LET-

LETTER LXXX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Thurſday morning, two o'clock, Jan. 5, 1712.

THO' I have not ſeen you, I did not fail to write to lord treaſurer. *Non tua res agitur*, dear *Jonathan*. It is the treaſurer's cauſe *, it is my cauſe, 'tis every man's cauſe, who is embarked on our bottom. Depend upon it, that I never will neglect any opportunity of ſhewing that true eſteem, that ſincere affection, and honeſt friendſhip for you, which fills the breaſt of your faithful ſervant,

BOLINGBROKE.

LETTER LXXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, January 25, 1712-13.

WE had ſuch a terrible ſtorm to-day, that going to lord *Bolingbroke's* I ſaw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one ſwinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have killed a horſe: ſo after church and court, I walked through the Park, and

* This ſeems to relate to the promotion of Dr. *Swift*, in which lord *Bolingbroke*, in one of his letters, charges the lord treaſurer with being extremely backward. Dr. *Swift* was made dean of St. *Patrick's April* 23, following. See *Swift's* letter to Mrs. *Dingley April* 7, 1713.

took a chair to lord treaſurer's. Next door to his houſe a tin chimney-top had fallen down, with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you ſuch a wind to-day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord treaſurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has thoſe tricks ſometimes of inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My little pamphlet is out; 'tis not politics.

26th, This morning I felt a little touch of giddineſs, which has diſordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. After dinner at lord treaſurer's, the *French* ambaſſador, duke *d'Aumont*, ſent lord treaſurer word, that his houſe was burned down to the ground. It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with *Monteleon*, the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador, and other perſons; and ſoon after lord *Bolingbroke* came to us with the ſame ſtory. We are full of ſpeculations upon it, but I believe it was the careleſſneſs of his *French* raſcally ſervants. 'Tis odd, that this very day lord *Sommers*, *Wharton*, *Sunderland*, *Halifax*, and the whole club of whig lords, dined at *Pontac's* in the city, as I received private notice they have ſome damned deſign. I tell you another odd thing; I was obſerving it to lord treaſurer, that he was ſtabbed on the day king *William* died, and the day I ſaved his life, by opening the band-box, was king *William's* birth-day. My friend Mr. *Lewis* * has had a lye ſpread on him by the

* *Eraſmus Lewis*, ſecretary to the earl of *Dartmouth*, one of the ſecretaries of ſtate, and afterwards to the earl of *Oxford*,

miſtake

miſtake of a man, who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for paſſing his privy ſeal to come from *France*. That other *Lewis* ſpread about, that the man brought him thanks from lord *Perth* and lord *Melfort* (now lords with the Pretender) for his great ſervices, &c. The lords will examine that other *Lewis* to-morrow in council; and I belive you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make *Abel Roper* give a relation of it.

27th, I dined to-day with lord treaſurer; this makes four days together; and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I abſolutely refuſed him. I was this evening at a chriſtening with him of lord *Dupplin's* daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and ſome others till paſt twelve; ſo you may be ſure it is late, as they ſay. We have now ſtronger ſuſpicions, that the duke *d'Aumont's* houſe was ſet on fire by malice. I was to-day to ſee lord keeper, who has quite loſt his voice with a cold. There Dr. *Ratcliffe* told me, that it was the ambaſſador's confectioner ſet the houſe on fire by boiling ſugar, and going down and letting it boil over. Yet others ſtill think differently; ſo I know not what to judge.

28th, I was to-day at court, where the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador talked to me, as if he did not ſuſpect any

lord high treaſurer. He was member for *Leſtwithiel*, in *Cornwall*, in the parliament which began *April* 9, 1713. A particular account of this affair may be ſeen in the *Examiner*, Vol. III. N° 21, for *Feb.* 2, 1712-13, and in *Boyer's Political State*, Vol. V. p. 25, & ſeq.

design in burning *d'Aumont's* house, but the abbé *Gaultier*, secretary for *France* here, said quite otherwise; and that *d Aumont* had a letter the very same day, to let him know his house should be burned, and tells several other circumstances, too tedious to write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles just when the fire broke out, saw a pot with wild-fire in the room. I dined with lord *Orkney*. Neither lord *Abercorn* nor *Selkirk* will now speak with me. I have disobliged both sides.

29th, Our society met to-day, fourteen of us, and at the tavern. We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven to consult about doing some good. I proposed another message to lord treasurer by three principal members, to give one hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We also raised sixty guineas upon our own society; but I made them do it by assessors, and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the several estates. The duke of *Ormond* pays ten guineas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate, they may tax as often as they please.

30th, I have drank *Spa* waters these two or three days; but they do not pass, and make me very giddy. I am not well; I will take them no more.

I sauntered after church to-day with the provost; to see a library to be sold, and dined at five with lord *Orkney*. We still think there was malice in burning *d'Aumont's* house. I hear little *Harrison* is come over; it was he I sent to *Utrecht*. He is now queen's secretary to the embassy, and has brought

with him the barrier treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the *Dutch*, which was the greateſt difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will ſend him back as ſoon as poſſible. I long to ſee the little brat, my own creature. His pay is in all a thouſand pounds a year, and they have never paid him a groat, though I have teazed their hearts out. He muſt be three or four hundred pounds in debt at leaſt.

31ſt, *Harriſon* was with me this morning; we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it; but he whiſpered me, it was impoſſible to do otherwiſe; and in the coach he told me, he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money ſome where or other. So there was the queen's miniſter intruſted in affairs of the greateſt importance, without a ſhilling in his pocket to pay a coach. I paid him while he was with me ſeven guineas, in part of a dozen of ſhirts he bought me in *Holland*. I preſented him to the duke of *Ormond*, and ſeveral lords at court; and I contrived it ſo, that lord treaſurer came to me, and aſked (I had *Parnell* by me) whether that was Dr. *Parnell*, and came up and ſpoke to him with great kindneſs, and invited him to his houſe. I value myſelf upon making the miniſtry deſire to be acquainted with *Parnell*, and not *Parnell* with the miniſtry. His poem is almoſt fully corrected, and ſhall be ſoon out. Here is enough

enough for to-day; only to tell you, that I was in the city with my printer to alter an * *Examiner*, about my friend *Lewis's* ſtory, which will be told with remarks.

February 1ſt, I could do nothing till to-day about the *Examiner*; but the printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be ſaid, and then Mr. *Lewis* came and corrected it as he would have it; ſo I was neither at church nor court. The duke of *Ormond* and I dined at lord *Orkney's*. I left them at ſeven, and ſat with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, who has a very bad ſore leg, for which he deſigns to go to *France*. The parliament is to ſit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days; for the queen is laid up with the gout, and both ſpeakers out of order, though one of them, lord keeper, is almoſt well. I ſpoke to the duke of *Ormond* a good deal about *Ireland*. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of *Iriſh* affairs; but I will ſpeak to lord treaſurer to-morrow, that we three may ſettle them ſome way or other.

2d, It rained all this day, and *Dilly* came to me, and was coaching it into the city; ſo I went with him for a ſhaking, becauſe it would not coſt me a farthing. There I met my friend *Stratford*, the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world. He begged me I would dine with ſome merchant friends of ours there, becauſe it was the laſt time I ſhould ſee him: ſo I did, and thought to have ſeen lord treaſurer in the even-

* See *Examiner*, Vol. III. No. 21.

ing,

ing, but he happened to go out at five; so I visited some friends, and came home. The parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight; which disappointment will, I believe, vex abundance of them, though they are not whigs; for they are forced to be in town at expence for nothing: but we want an answer from *Spain*, before we are sure of every thing being right for the peace; and God knows whether we can have that answer this month. It is a most ticklish juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch: I am weary of it.

3d, The parliament met, and was prorogued, as I said; and I found some cloudy faces, and heard some grumbling. We have have got over all our difficulties with *France*, I think. They have now settled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much disposed to play the rogue, if we had not held them to; and this business we wait for from *Spain*, is to prevent some other rogueries of the *French*, who are finding an evasion to trade to the *Spanish West Indies*; but I hope we shall prevent it. I dined with lord treasurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuscript to read, where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the bishop of St. *David's* * (now removing to *Hereford*) came and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and sat till twelve with the provost and bishop of *Clogher*.

* 'Dr. *Philip Bisse*.'

4th,

4th, I was to-day at court, but kept out of lord treasurer's way, because I was engaged to the duke of *Ormond*, where I dined, and, I think, eat and drank too much. I sat this evening with lady *Masham* and then with lord *Masham* and lord treasurer at lord *Masham's*. It was last year, you may remember, my constant evening place. I saw lady *Jersey* with lady *Mesham*, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promise from me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I shall perform, for I do not much like her character; but she is very malicious, and therefore I think I must keep fair with her. I did not write to Dr. *Coghill* that I would have nothing in *Ireland*; but that I was soliciting nothing any where, and that is true. I have named Dr. *Sterne* * to lord treasurer, lord *Bolingbroke*, and the duke of *Ormond*, for a bishopric, and I did it heartily. I know not what will come of it; but I tell you as a great secret, that I have made the duke of *Ormond* promise me to recommend no-body till he tells me, and this for some reasons too long to mention. My head is still in no good order.

5th, I dined to-day with Sir *Andrew Fountain* and the provost, and played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet Sir *Andrew* is an admirable player. Lord *Pembroke* came in, and I gave him three or four scurvy *Dilly*-puns, that begin with an *if*. I believe I shall write no more this good while, nor publish what I have done. Pray God mend *Ppt's*

* 'Dean of *St. Patrick's*.'

health;

health: mine is but very indifferent. I have left off *Spa* water; it makes my legs ſwell.

6th, This is the queen's birth-day, and I never ſaw it celebrated with ſo much luxury and fine cloaths. I went to court to ſee them, and I dined with lord keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I paſſed the evening at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*, and came home pretty early. Pray God keep the queen; ſhe was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her ſtomach. When I came from lord keeper's, I called at lord treaſurer's, becauſe I heard he was very ſine, and that was a new thing, and it was true; for his coat and waiſtcoat were embroidered. All things grow dear in *Ireland*, but corn to the parſons; for my livings are fallen much this year by *Parviſol's* account.

7th, I was at court to-day, but ſaw no birth-day cloaths; the great folks never wear them above once or twice. I dined with lord *Orkney*, and ſat the evening with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, whoſe leg is in a very dubious condition. This, I believe, will hardly go till *Saturday*; for being not very well, I dare not ſtudy much: ſo I let company come in a morning, and paſs the afternoon in dining and ſitting ſomewhere. Lord treaſurer is angry, if I don't dine with him every ſecond day, and I cannot part with him till late. He kept me laſt night till near twelve. Our weather is conſtant rain above theſe two months, which hinders walking, ſo that our ſpring is not like yours. I have not ſeen *Fanny Manly* yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my

health

health and the weather. Colds! why we are all dying with colds; but now they are a little over, and my second is almost over.

8th, It was terrible rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer, but went to see Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and he kept me to dinner, which saved coach hire, and I staid with him all the afternoon, and lost thirteen shillings and sixpence at ombre. There was management! and lord treasurer will chide; but I'll dine with him to-morrow. The bishop of *Clogher's* daughter has been ill some days, and it proves the small pox. She is very full; but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady *Orkney* has given me her picture; a very fine original of Sir *Godfrey Kneller's*; it is now a mending. He has favoured her squint admirably; and you know I love a cast in the eye. I was to see lady *Worsley* to-day, who is just come to town; she is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old and sickly.

9th, I thought to have dined with lord treasurer to-day, but he dined abroad at *Tom Harley's*; so I dined at lord *Masham's*, and so was winning all I had lost playing with lady *Masham* at crown picquet, when I went to *Pool's*, and I lost it again. Lord treasurer came to us, and chid me for not following him to *Tom Harley's*. I was this morning to see lady *Jersey*, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I shall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced after all her greatness to seven servants, and a small house, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet.

10th, I made visits this morning to the duke and duchess of *Ormond*, and lady *Betty*, and the duchess of *Hamilton*. When I was writing this near twelve o'clock, the duchess of *Hamilton* sent to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my answer through the door, for my man has got the key, and is gone to bed; but I cannot obey her, for our society meets to-morrow. I stole away from my lord treasurer by eight, and I intended to have passed the evening with Sir *Thomas Clarges* and his lady; but met them in another place, and have there sat till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at court, and made lord *Mansel* walk with me in the park before we went to dinner. Yesterday and to-day have been fair, but yet it rained all last night. I saw *Sterne* staring at court to-day. He has been often to see me, he says; but my man has not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife. I did not ask him.

12th, I have reckoned days wrong all this while; for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I lost it. I dined to-day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at *Jack Hill's*, the governor of *Dunkirk*. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow. And lord treasurer has promised me one hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night, to tell me, that poor little *Harrison*, the queen's secretary, that came lately from *Utrecht* with the barrier treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day.

have

I have often mentioned him in my letters, you may remember. I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from lord *Bolingbroke*, and an order for one hundred pounds from the treasury, to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to *Knightsbridge* for air. He has a fever and inflammation on his lungs; but I hope will do well.

13th, I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. *Diaper*, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord *Bolingbroke*, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the one hundred pounds for poor *Harrison*, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. I dined in the city.

14th, I took *Parnell* this morning, and we walked to see poor *Harrison*. I had the one hundred pounds in my pocket. I told *Parnell* I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I did knock, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord treasurer, nor any where else; but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature! Pray God al-

mighty

mighty bleſs you. Adieu. I ſend this away to-night, and I am ſorry it muſt go while I am in ſo much grief.

LETTER LXXXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Feb. 15, 1712-13.

I DINED to-day with Mr. *Rowe*, and a projector, who has been teazing me with twenty ſchemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and, beſides, I was out of humour for the loſs of poor *Harriſon*. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as poſſible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to ſit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night, in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed.

16th, I dined to-day with lord *Dupplin*, and ſome company, to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a fooliſh book for amuſement. I ſhall never have courage again to care for making any body's fortune. The parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which ſeveral of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though every thing about the peace is paſt all danger. I never ſaw ſuch a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days

together theſe ten weeks. I have not dined with lord treaſurer theſe four days, nor can till *Saturday*; for I have ſeveral engagements till then, and he will chide me to ſome purpoſe. I am perplexed with this one hundred pounds of poor *Harriſon's* what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they adminiſter, for he is much in debt; but I will have the ſtaff in my own hands, and venture nothing.

17th, Lady *Jerſey* and I dined, by appointment, to-day with lord *Bolingbroke*. He is ſending his brother to ſucceed Mr. *Harriſon*. It is the prettieſt poſt in *Europe* for a young gentleman. I loſt my money ſadly at ombre; I make a thouſand blunders at it, and play but three-penny ombre; but it is what you call running ombre. Lady *Clarges*, and a drab I hate, won a dozen ſhillings of me laſt night. The parliament was prorogued to-day. People grumble; and the good of it is, the peace cannot be finiſhed by the time they meet, there are ſo many fiddling things to do. I reckon you have all your cards from *France*, for ours pay ſix-pence a pack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have given away all my *Spa* water, and take ſome naſty ſteel drops, and my head has been better this week paſt. I ſend every day to ſee how Miſs *Aſhe* does. She is very full, they ſay, but in no danger. I fear ſhe will loſe ſome of her beauty. The ſon lies out of the houſe. I wiſh he had them too, while he is ſo young.

18th, The earl of *Abingdon* had been teazing me theſe three months to dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company;

company; lord *Stawell*, colonel *Diſney*, and Dr. *Arbuthnot*; but the two laſt ſlipped out their necks, and left *Stawell* and me to dine there. We did not dine till ſeven, becauſe it is *Aſh-Wedneſday*. We had nothing but fiſh, which lord *Stawell* could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poiſon; yet the puppy has twelve thouſand pounds a year. His carps were raw, and his candles tallow. He ſhall not catch me in haſte again, and every body has laughed at me for dining with him. I was to-day to let *Harriſon's* mother know I could not pay her till ſhe adminiſters; which ſhe will do. There were more whigs to-day at court than tories. I believe they think the peace muſt be made, and ſo come to pleaſe the queen. She is ſtill lame with the gout.

19th, I was at court to-day, to ſpeak to lord *Bolingbroke*, to look over *Parnell's* poem ſince it is corrected; and *Parnell* and I dined with him, and he has ſhewn him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady *Bolingbroke* came down to us while we were at dinner, and *Parnell* ſtared at her, as if ſhe were a goddeſs. I thought ſhe was like *Parnell's* wife, and he thought ſo too. *Parnell* is much pleaſed with lord *Bolingbroke's* favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues raining as freſh as if it had not rained at all. I ſat to night at lady *Maſham's*, where lord treaſurer came, and ſcolded me for not dining with him. I told him I would not till *Saturday*. I have ſtayed there till paſt twelve; ſo good night.

20th, Lady *Jerſey*, lady *Catherine Hyde**, the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador, the duke *d'Atree*, another *Spaniard*, and I, dined to-day, by appointment, with lord *Bolingbroke*; but they fell a drinking ſo many *Spaniſh* healths in champagne, that I ſtole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight; and then went on and loſt my money at ombre with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, who has a very bad leg. Miſs *Aſhe* is paſt all danger; and her eye, which was lately bad (I ſuppoſe one effect of her diſtemper) is now better. I do not let the biſhop ſee me, nor ſhall this good while. I will ſpeak to Mr. *Griffin* to-morrow, about *Ppt's* brother *Filly*, and deſire, that his employment may be mended.

21ſt, I ſaw *Griffin* at court. He ſays he knows nothing of a ſalt-work at *Rection*; but that he will give *Filly* a better employment, and deſires *Filly* will write to him. If I knew where to write to *Filly*, I would; but pray do you. Bid him let Mr. *Griffin* know, that he has had the honour to be recommended by Dr. *Swift*, &c. that he will endeavour to deſerve, &c. I think Mr. *Griffin* lives in *Bury-ſtreet*, near *St. James's-ſtreet*, hard by me; but I ſuppoſe your brother may direct to him to the ſalt-office, and, as I remember, he knows his chriſtian name, becauſe you ſent it to me in the liſt of the commiſſioners.

I dined with lord treaſurer and ſeven lords to-day. You know *Saturday* is his great day. I ſat with them till eight, and then came home, and have been

* The preſent ducheſs of *Queensberry*.

writing

writing a letter to Mrs. *Davis*, at *York*. She took care to have a letter directed for me at lord treasurer's; for I would not own one she sent by post. She reproaches me for not writing to her these four years; and I have honestly told her, it was my way never to write to those whom I am never likely to see, unless I can serve them, which I cannot her, *&c.* *Davis*, the schoolmaster's widow.

22d, I dined to-day at lord *Orkney's*, with the duke of *Ormond* and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*. Have you ever heard of the latter? He married the duchess of *Grafton* in his youth (she dined with us too). He is the most considerable man in the house of commons. He went last spring to *Flanders*, with the duke of *Ormond*; from thence to *France*, and was going to *Italy*; but the ministry sent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humour with things. He thinks the peace is kept off too long, and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is designed for secretary of state, instead of lord *Dartmouth*. We have been acquainted these two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I saw the bishop of *Clogher* at court. Miss is recovering. I know not how much she will be marked. The queen is slowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to parliament, when it meets, which will be the third of *March*; for I suppose they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be signed then, and we apprehend the tories themselves will many of them be discontented.

23d, It was ill weather to-day, and I dined with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and in the evening played at ombre with him and the provoſt, and won twenty-five ſhillings; ſo I recovered myſelf pretty well. *Dilly* has been dunning me to ſee *Fanny Manly*; but I have not yet been able to do it.

24th, I walked this morning to *Chelſea*, to ſee Dr. *Atterbury*, dean of *Chriſt-church*. I had buſineſs with him about entering Mr. *Fitz-Maurice*, lord *Kerry's* ſon, into his college; and lady *Kerry* is a great favourite of mine. Lord *Harley*, lord *Dupplin*, young *Bromley*, the ſpeaker's ſon, and I, dined with Dr. *Stratford* and ſome other clergymen; but I left them at ſeven, to go to lady *Jerſey*, to ſee *Monteleon*, the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador, play at ombre. Lady *Jerſey* was abroad, and I chid the ſervants, and made a rattle; but ſince I came home, ſhe ſent me a meſſage, that I was miſtaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow. I have a worſe memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow; for lady *Catherine Hyde* and lady *Bolingbroke* are to be there by my appointment.

25th, Lord treaſurer met me laſt night at lord *Maſham's*, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, becauſe I had not dined with him in three days. He chides me if I ſtay but two days away together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grand-mother uſed to ſay, More of your lining, and leſs of your dining. However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight, to go to lady *Jerſey's* where

where five or six foreign ministers were, and as many ladies. *Monteleon* played like the *English*, and cried gacco, and knocked his knuckles for trump, and played at small games like *Ppt*. Lady *Jersey* whispered me to stay, and sup with the ladies when the fellows were gone; but they played till eleven, and I would not stay. Lady *Catherine Hyde* had a mighty mind I should be acquainted with lady *Dalkeith*, her sister, the duke of *Monmouth's* eldest son's widow, who was of the company to night; but I did not like her; she paints too much.

26th, This day our society met at the duke of *Ormond's*; but I had business that called me another way; so I sent my excuse, and dined privately with a friend. Besides, Sir *Thomas Hanmer* whispered me last night, at lady *Jersey's*, that I must attend lord treasurer and duke of *Ormond* at supper, at his house to night; which I did at eleven, and stayed till one. There was the duchess of *Grafton*, and the duke her son; nine of us in all. Duke of *Ormond* chid me for not being at the society to-day, and said sixteen were there. I said, I never knew sixteen people good company in my life; no, nor eight neither. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know less of what passes than any body, because I go to no coffee-house, nor see any but ministers, and such people; and ministers never talk politics in conversation. The whigs are forming great schemes against the meeting of parliament, which will be next *Tuesday*, I still think, without fail; and we hope to

hear, by then, that the peace is ready to ſign. The queen's gout mends daily.

27th, I paſſed a very inſipid day, and dined privately with a friend in the neighbourhood. Did I tell you that I have a very fine picture of lady *Orkney*, an original, by Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, three quarters length? I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord *Bolingbroke* and lady *Maſham* have promiſed to ſit for me; but I deſpair of lord treaſurer only. I hope he will give me a copy, and then I ſhall have all the pictures of thoſe I really love here; juſt half a dozen; only I will make lord keeper give me his print in a frame. I have little to do now with my pen; for my grand buſineſs * ſtops till they are more preſſing, and till ſomething or other happens; and I believe I ſhall, with diſguſt, return to finiſh it, it is ſo very laborious. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* has my papers now. You are now at ombre with the dean, always on *Friday* night. I ſtood by, the other night, while the duke *d'Atree* loſt ſix times with *Manille*, *Baſto*, and three ſmall trumps; and lady *Jerſey* won above twenty pounds.

28th, I was at court to-day, when the abbé *Gaultier* whiſpered me, that a courier was juſt come with an account, that the *French* king had conſented to all the queen's demands, and his conſent was carried to *Utrecht*, and the peace will be ſigned in a few days. I ſuppoſe the general peace cannot be ſo ſoon ready; but that is no matter. The news preſently ran about the court. I ſaw the queen car-

* 'His *Hiſtory of the Peace of* Utrecht.'

ried

ried out in her chair, to take the air in the garden. I met *Griffin* at court, and he told me that orders were ſent to examine *Filly*; and, if he be fit, to make him, I don't know what, ſuperviſor. It is ſome employment, a good deal better than his own. The parliament will have another ſhort prorogation; though it is not known yet. I dined with lord treaſurer, and his *Saturday* company, and left him at eight. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Dr. Swift to Mrs. Dingley.

London, March 1, 1712-13.

I SEE I anſwered a good deal of your laſt letter about your brother, *&c.* I dined with lady *Orkney*, and we talked politics till eleven at night; and, as uſual, found every thing wrong, and put ourſelves out of humour. Yes, I have lady *Giffard's* picture ſent me by your mother. It is bound up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places; and when I leave a lodging, I box up the books I get (for I always get ſome) and come naked into a new lodging; and ſo on. Talk not to me of deanries; I know leſs of that than ever by much.

2d, I went into the city, to ſee *P.* at *Rolt*, who lodges with a city couſin, a daughter of couſin *Clerk* (you are much the wiſer). I had never been at her houſe before. My he-couſin *Thomſon* is dead, or dy-

ing. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to ſit with lady *Clarges*. I found four of them, of which lady *Godolphin* was one. I ſat by her, and talked of her cards, *&c.* But ſhe would not give one look, nor ſay a word to me. She refuſed ſome time ago to be acquainted with me. You know ſhe is lord *Marlborough's* eldeſt daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I will pull her down. What can I do for Dr. *Smith's* daughter's huſband? I have no perſonal credit with any of the commiſſioners. I will ſpeak to *Keightley*; but I believe it will ſignify nothing. In the cuſtoms, people muſt riſe by degrees, and he muſt at firſt take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. *Ppt.* miſtakes me; I am not angry at your recommending any one to me, provided you will take my anſwer. Some things are in my way, and then I ſerve thoſe I can. But people will not diſtinguiſh, but take things ill, when I have no power; but *Ppt.* is wiſer, and employments in general are very hard to get.

3d, I dined to-day with lord treaſurer, who chid me for my abſence, which was only from *Saturday* laſt. The parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I ſuppoſe the peace will be ready by then, and the queen will be able to be brought to the houſe, and make her ſpeech. I ſaw Dr. *Griffith* two or three months ago, at a *Latin* play at *Weſtminſter*; but did not ſpeak to him. I hope he will not die; I ſhould be ſorry for *Ppt's* ſake; he is very tender of her. I have long loſt all my colds, and the weather mends a little. I take ſome ſteel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I

can, but am grown very idle; and, not finiſhing my thing, I ramble abroad, and play at ombre. I ſhall be more careful in my phyſic than Mrs. *Price:* 'tis not a farthing matter her death, I think; and ſo I ſay no more to-night, but will read a dull book, and go ſleep.

4th, Mr. *Ford* has been this half year inviting me to dine at his lodgings; ſo I did to-day, and brought the provoſt and Dr. *Parnell* with me, and my friend *Lewis* was there. *Parnell* went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on, which I love, and would not play. *Tiſdall* is a pretty fellow, as you ſay; and when I come back to *Ireland* with nothing, he will condole me with abundance of ſecret pleaſure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, *That I have ſaved* England, *and he* Ireland: but I can bear that. I have learned to hear and ſee, and ſay nothing. I was to ſee the ducheſs of *Hamilton* to-day, and met *Bligh* of *Ireland* juſt going out of her houſe into his coach. I aſked her how ſhe came to receive young fellows. It ſeems he had a ball in the duke of *Hamilton's* houſe when the duke died; and the ducheſs got an advertiſement put in the *Poſt Boy*, reflecting on the ball, becauſe the *Marlborough* daughters were there; and *Bligh* came to beg the ducheſs's pardon, and clear himſelf.

5th, Lady *Maſham* has miſcarried; but is almoſt well again. I have paid many viſits to-day. I met *Bligh* at the duke of *Ormond's*; and he begged me to carry him to the ducheſs of *Hamilton*, to beg her pardon again. I did, on purpoſe to ſee how the blunderbuſs behaved himſelf; but I begged the ducheſs

chefs to uſe him mercifully, for ſhe is the devil of a teazer. The good of it is, ſhe ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet ſhe would not allow him to put in an advertiſement to clear himſelf from hers, though hers was all a lye. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it againſt him. I was at court to-day, and the foreign miniſters have got a trick of employing me to ſpeak for them to lord treaſurer and lord *Bolingbroke*; which I do when the caſe is reaſonable. The college need not fear; I will not be their governor. I dined with Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and his ducheſs. The duke of *Ormond* was there, but we parted ſoon, and I went to viſit lord *Pembroke* for the firſt time; but it was to ſee ſome curious books. Lord *Cholmondeley* came in; but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances.

6th, I was to-day at an auction of pictures with *Pratt*, and laid out two pounds four ſhillings for a picture of *Titian*; and if it were a *Titian*, it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to lord *Maſham:* if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myſelf. But I made *Pratt* buy ſeveral pictures for lord *Maſham*. *Pratt* is a great virtuoſo that way. I dined with lord treaſurer, but made him go to court at eight. I always teaze him to be gone. I thought to have made *Parnell* dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more conſtant. Poor boy! I was at lord treaſurer's levee with the provoſt, to aſk a book of the college. I never go to his levee, unleſs it be to preſent ſomebody.

7th,

7th, Yes, I hope *Leigh* will ſoon be gone. A p— on him! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of not ſeeing the *Iriſh* biſhops here, and the *Iriſh* gentlemen; but I believe my anſwers fretted him enough. I would not dine with lord treaſurer to-day, though it was *Saturday*, for he has engaged me for to-morrow; but went and dined with lord *Maſham*, and played at ſix-penny running ombre for three hours. There were three voles againſt me, and I was once a great loſer; but came off for three ſhillings and ſix-pence. One may eaſily loſe five guineas at it. Lady *Orkney* is gone out of town to-day, and I could not ſee her for lazineſs, but wrote to her. She has left me ſome phyſic. I never ſaw *D. D's* politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people converſed ſo much with ſo little politics. *Parviſol* has ſent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him, which, I hope, will ſerve me, and bring me over. I was not at court to-day; a wonder!

8th, You muſt know, I give chocolate almoſt every day to two or three people, that I ſuffer to come to ſee me in a morning. My man begins to lye pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will ſee, and denies me to every body elſe. This is the day of the queen's coming to the crown, and the day lord treaſurer was ſtabbed by *Guiſcard*. I was at court, where every body had their birth-day cloaths on, and I dined with lord treaſurer, who was very fine. He ſhewed me ſome of the queen's ſpeech, which I cor-

rected

rected in several places, and penned the vote of address of thanks for the speech * ; but I was of opinion the house should not sit on *Tuesday* next, unless they hear the peace is signed; that is, provided they are sure it will be signed the week after, and so have one scolding for all.

9th, Lord treasurer would have had me dine with him to-day; he desired me last night, but I refused, because he would not keep the day of his stabbing with all the cabinet, as he intended: so I dined with my friend *Lewis*; and the provost, and *Parnell*, and *Ford* were with us. I lost sixteen shillings at ombre; I don't like it. At night *Lewis* brought us word, that the parliament does not sit to-morrow. I hope they are sure of the peace by next week, and then they are right, in my opinion: otherwise I think they have done wrong, and might have sat three weeks ago. People will grumble; but lord treasurer cares not a rush. Lord keeper is suddenly taken ill of a quinsey, and some lords are in commission. I think lord treasurer is to prorogue the parliament in his stead. You never saw a town so full of ferment and expectation. Mr. *Pope* has published a fine poem, called *Windsor Forest*. Read it.

10th, I was early this morning to see lord *Bolingbroke*. I find he was of opinion the parliament should sit; and says, they are not sure the peace will be signed next week. The prorogation is to this day se'nnight. I went to look on a library I am going

* See this address in the volumes just published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

to buy, if we can agree. I have offered one hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten pounds more. Lord *Bolingbroke* will lend me the money. I was two hours poring over the books. I will ſell ſome of them, and keep the reſt; but I doubt they won't take the money. I dined in the city, and ſat an hour in the evening with lord treaſurer, who was in a very good humour; but reproached me for not dining with him yeſterday and to-day. What will all this come to? Lord keeper had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him.

11th, I was this morning to viſit the duke and ducheſs of *Ormond*, and the ducheſs of *Hamilton*, and went with the provoſt to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen ſhillings. I am in for it, if I had money; but I doubt I ſhall be undone; for Sir *Andrew Fountain* invited the provoſt and me to dine with him, and play at ombre, when I fairly loſt fourteen ſhillings. I am come home; 'tis late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed, and writing there, and it is paſt twelve a good while. Went out four mattadores and a trump in black, and yet was baſted.

12th, I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made lord *Maſham* lay out forty pounds. There were pictures ſold of twice as much value a piece. Our ſociety met to-day at the duke of *Beaufort's*; a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did ſome buſineſs. Our printer was to attend us, as uſual; and the chancellor

cellor of the exchequer * ſent the author of the *Examiner* † twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the moſt confounded coxcomb in the world, ſo that I dare not let him ſee me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much diſcourſe with the duke of *Ormond* this morning, and am driving ſome points, to ſecure, *&c.* I left the ſociety at ſeven. I can't drink now at all with any pleaſure. I love white *Portugal* wine better than claret, *Champagne*, or *Burgundy*. I have a ſad vulgar appetite; I cannot endure above one diſh, nor ever could ſince I was a boy, and loved ſtuffing. It was a fair day, which is a rarity with us, I aſſure you. Never fair two days together.

13th, I had a rabble of *Iriſh* parſons this morning drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have ſupped laſt night with the *Swediſh* envoy at his houſe, and ſome other company; but forgot it, and he raillied me to-day at lord *Bolingbroke's*, who excuſed me, ſaying, the envoy ought not to be angry, becauſe I ſerve lord treaſurer and him the ſame way. For that reaſon, I very ſeldom promiſe to go any where. I dined with lord treaſurer, who chid me for being abſent ſo long, as he always does, if I miſs a day. I ſat three hours this evening with lady *Jerſey*; but the firſt two hours ſhe was at ombre with ſome company. I left lord treaſurer at eight; I fancied he was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange

* 'Robert Benſon Eſq;'

† 'Mr. Oldiſworth.'

by

by fits, which I told him, among common men, looked like the ſpleen. I wiſh the peace may be ready; I mean, that we have notice it is ſigned, before *Tueſday*; otherwiſe the grumbling will encreaſe.

LETTER LXXXIV.

ROBERT HUNTER *, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

New-York, March 1, 1712-13.

I THINK I am indebted to you for two letters, and ſhould have continued ſo, had it not been for the apprehenſion of your putting a wrong conſtruction upon my neglect. My friends being few in number, I would not willingly, or by any fault, neglect nor loſe thoſe I have. The true cauſe is this. My unhappy circumſtances have ſo ſoured me, that whatever I write muſt be vinegar and gall to a man of your mirth. For the better underſtanding of which, be pleaſed to read them in the words of one of my moſt renowned predeceſſors: *Quando penſe venir a eſte govierno a comer caliente y a bever frio, y a recrear il cuerpo entre ſabanas de Olanda, ſobre colchones de pluma, he venido a hazar penitencia, como ſe fuera Ermetanno, y como no la hago de me volontad, penſo que al cabo al cabo, me ha de nevar el diablo.* This worthy indeed was but a type of me, of which I could fully convince

* Brigadier *Hunter*, governor of *New-York* and *New-Jerſey*, who was afterwards appointed governor and captain-general of *Jamaica*, in the room of the duke of *Portland*, who died there, *July* 4th, 1726.

you, by an exact parallel between our administrations and circumstances, which I shall reserve to another opportunity.

The truth of the matter is this: I am used like a dog, after having done all that is in the power of man to deserve a better treatment, so that I am now quite jaded. *Male vehi malo alio gubernante, quam tam malis rectoribus bene gubernare.*

The approaching peace will give leisure to the ministry to think of proper remedies for the distracted state of all the provinces; but of this more particularly, the importance of it by its situation being greater, and the danger by their conduct more imminent, than that of the rest. I have done my duty in representing their proceedings, and warning them of the consequences; and there I leave it. *Neque tam me* ευελπιστια *consolatur ut antea quam* αδιαφορια, *qua nulla in re tam utor quam in hac civili et publica.*

I have purchased a seat for a bishop, and by orders from the society have given directions to prepare it for his reception. You once upon a day gave me hopes of seeing you there. It would be to me no small relief to have so good a friend to complain to. What it would be to you to hear me, when you could not help me, I know not. *Cætera desunt*, for the post cannot stay. Adieu. I am, very sincerely, yours,

R. Hunter.

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LETTER LXXXV.

ROBERT HUNTER, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

New-York, March 14, 1712-13.

QUONOROGH quaniou diadega generoghqua aquegon tchitchenagaree; or, lest you should not have your *Irequoise* dictionary at hand, Brother, I honour you and all your tribe; tho' that is to be taken *cum grano salis*. For one of them has done me much harm. God reward him, *&c.* For that, and what you want to know besides relating to me, I refer you to the bearer, Mr. *Sharp*, our chaplain; a very worthy, ingenious, and conscientious clergyman. I wrote to you some time ago by a merchant-ship, and therein gave you some hints of my sufferings, which are not diminished since that time. In hopes of a better settlement, I wished for your company. Until that comes, I can contribute to nothing but your spleen. Here is the finest air to live upon in the universe. And if our trees and birds could speak, and our assemblymen be silent, the finest conversation too. *Fert omnia tellus*, but not for me. For you must understand, according to the custom of our country, the sachims are of the poorest of the people. I have got the wrong side of Sir *Polidore's* office; a great deal to do and nothing to receive. In a word, and to be serious at last, I have spent three years of life in such torment and vexation, that nothing in

life can make me amends for it. *Tu interim ſis lætus et memor noſtrûm, vale.*

R. HUNTER.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 14, 1712-13.

I T was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good deal in the Park, before I went to court. Colonel *Diſney*, one of our ſociety, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loſs. I doubt I ſhall not buy the library: for a roguiſh bookſeller has offered ſixty pounds more than I deſigned to give. So you ſee I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with lord treaſurer, and his *Saturday* company; but there were but ſeven at table. Lord *Peterborow* is ill, and ſpits blood, with a bruiſe he got before he left *England*; but, I believe, an *Italian* lady he has brought over is the cauſe, that his illneſs returns. You know old lady *Belleſis* is dead at laſt? She has left lord *Berkeley* of *Stratton* one of her executors, and it will be of great advantage to him; they ſay above ten thouſand pounds. I ſtaid with lord treaſurer, upon buſineſs, after the company was gone; but I dare not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs, if I durſt venture to ſay a thouſand things that paſs; but I hear ſo much

much of letters opening at your poſt-office, that I am fearful, &c.

15th, Lord treaſurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted; but he would not ſee it, but put me off till to-morrow. The queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to parliament on *Tueſday*, if the houſes meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the miniſters themſelves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumſtances of negociation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at lord treaſurer's to-morrow, upon that ſuppoſition, to ſettle ſome things relating that way. *Ppt.* may underſtand me. The doctors tell me, that if poor colonel *Diſney* does not get ſome ſleep to-night, he muſt die. What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our ſociety; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old battered rake; but very honeſt. Not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that ſaid of *Jenny Kingdom*, the maid of honour, who is a little old, that, ſince ſhe could not get a huſband, the queen ſhould give her a brevet, to act as a married woman. You don't underſtand this. They give brevets to majors and captains, to act as colonels in the army. Brevets are commiſſions. Aſk ſoldiers.

16th, I was at lord treaſurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he told me, the parliament was prorogued till *Thurſday* ſe'nnight. They have had ſome expreſſes, by which they count, that the peace will be ſigned by that time; at leaſt that *France*,

Holland, and we will ſign ſome articles, by which we ſhall engage to ſign the peace, when it is ready. But *Spain* has no miniſter there; for *Monteleon*, who is to be their ambaſſador at *Utrecht*, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there, the *Spaniards* can ſign no peace. And one thing take notice of, that a general peace can hardly be finiſhed theſe two months, ſo as to be proclaimed here; for, after ſigning, it muſt be ratified; that is, confirmed by the ſeveral princes at their courts, which to *Spain* will coſt a month; for we muſt have notice, that it is ratified in all courts, before we can proclaim it; ſo be not in too much haſte.

17th, The *Iriſh* folks were diſappointed, that the parliament did not meet to-day, becauſe it was *St. Patrick's-day*; and the *Mall* was ſo full of croſſes, that I thought all the world was *Iriſh*. Miſs *Aſhe* is almoſt quite well, and I ſee the biſhop, but ſhall not yet go to his houſe *. I dined again with lord treaſurer; but, the parliament being prorogued, I muſt keep what I have till next week; for I believe he will not ſee it till juſt the evening before the ſeſſion. He has engaged me to dine with him again to-morrow, though I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to diſoblige him.

18th, I have now dined ſix days ſucceſſively with lord treaſurer; but at night I ſtole away, while he was talking with ſomebody elſe, and ſo am at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general ceſſation of arms: every body had it at court; but,

* This ſeems to indicate, that *Swift* never had the ſmall-pox.

I believe,

I believe, there is nothing in it. I aſked a certain *French* miniſter how things went? And he whiſpered me in *French*, Your plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool. None of us indeed approve of the conduct of either at this time; but lord treaſurer was in full good humour for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the *Harley* family but myſelf. *Diſney* is recovering, tho' you don't care a ſtraw. *Dilly* murders us with his if-puns. You know them.

19th, The biſhop of *Clogher* has made an if-pun, that he is mighty proud of, and deſigns to ſend it over to his brother *Tom*; but Sir *Andrew Fountain* has wrote to *Tom Aſhe* laſt poſt, and told him the pun, and deſired him to ſend it over to the biſhop as his own; and, if it ſucceeds, it will be a pure bite. The biſhop will tell it us as a wonder, that he and his brother ſhould jump ſo exactly. I'll tell you the pun. If there was a hackney coach at Mr. *Pooley's* door, what town in *Egypt* would it be? Why, it would be *Hecatompolis*; *Hack at Tom Pooley's*. Silly, ſays *Ppt*. I dined with a private friend to-day; for our ſociety, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not ſeen *Fanny Manley* yet; I can't help it. Lady *Orkney* is come to town: why ſhe was at her country-houſe; but what care you?

20th, *Dilly* read me a letter to-day, from *Ppt*. She ſeems to have ſcratched her head when ſhe wrote it. 'Tis a ſad thing to write to people without taſte. There you ſay, you hear I was going to *Bath*. No ſuch thing; I am pretty well, I thank God. The

town is now ſending me to *Savoy*; forty people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the leaſt truth that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was ſo glad of my liberty, that I would dine no where; but, the weather being fine, I ſauntered into the city, and ate a bit about five, and then ſupped at Mr. *Burke's*, the accomptant-general, who had been engaging me this month. The biſhop of *Clogher* was to have been there, but was hindered by lord *Paget's* funeral. The provoſt and I ſat till one o'clock; and, if that be not late, I don't know what is late. *Parnell's* poem will be publiſhed on *Monday*, and to-morrow I deſign he ſhall preſent it to lord treaſurer and lord *Bolingbroke* at court. The poor lad is almoſt always out of order with his head. *Burke's* wife is his ſiſter.

21ſt, Morning. I will now finiſh my letter; for company will come, and a ſtir, and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pocket, and give it into the poſt. I muſt go to court, and you know on *Saturday* I dine with lord treaſurer of courſe. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Dr. Swift to Mrs. Dingley.

London, March 21, 1712-13.

I DINED with lord treaſurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at lord *Halifax's* houſe with four principal whigs; but he is reſolved to begin a ſpeech againſt them when the parliament ſits; and I have

I have begged that the miniſters may have a meeting on purpoſe to ſettle that matter, and let us be the attackers; and I believe it will come to ſomething, for the whigs intend to attack the miniſters: and if, inſtead of that, the miniſters attack the whigs, it will be better. And further, I believe we ſhall attack them on thoſe very points they intend to attack us. The parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, becauſe of Paſſion-week. I forgot to tell you, that Mr. *Griffin* has given *Ppt's* brother a new employment, better than his former; but more remote, and conſequently cheaper. I wiſh I could have done better, and hope you will take what can be done in good part, and that *Ppt's* brother will not diſlike it.

22d, I dined to-day with lord ſteward. There *Frank Anneſley* (a parliament-man) told me he had heard, that I had wrote to my friends in *Ireland* to keep firm to the whig intereſt; for that lord treaſurer would certainly declare for it after the peace. *Anneſley* ſaid twenty people had told him this. You muſt know this is what they endeavour to report of lord treaſurer, that he deſigns to declare for the whigs; and a *Scotch* fellow has wrote the ſame to *Scotland*; and his meeting with thoſe lords gives occaſion to ſuch reports. Let me henceforth call lord treaſurer *Eltee*, becauſe poſſibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember *L. T.* and *Eltee* are pronounced the ſame way. You ſee why I cannot come over the beginning of *April*. Whoever has to do with this miniſtry can fix no time.

23d,

23d, I dined to-day at Sir *Thomas Hanmer's*, by an old appointment: there was the duke of *Ormond*, and lord and lady *Orkney*. I left them at six; every body is as sour as vinegar. I endeavour to keep a firm friendship between the duke of *Ormond* and *Eltee*. I have great designs, if I can compass them; but delay is rooted in *Eltee's* heart; yet the fault is not altogether there, that things are no better. Here is the cursedest libel in verse come out, called *The Ambassadress* *; it is very dull too; it has been printed in three or four different ways, and is handed about, but not sold. It abuses the queen horribly. The *Examiner* † has cleared me to-day of being au-

* 'It was intitled, *The* British *ambassadress's speech to the* French *king*; for publishing of which Mr. *William Hart*, the printer of the *Flying Post*, was tried in the court of *King's Bench*, *June* 27, 1713, and sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, to pay a fine of 50*l.* to her majesty, to be imprisoned two years, and till he should pay the said fine; and to find sufficient sureties for his good behaviour during life.'

† 'The paper is No. 35. Vol. III. and the passage as follows: "They have been a long time laying a load upon a gentleman "of the first character for learning, good sense, wit, and more "virtues, than even they can set off and illustrate by all the "opposition and extremes of vice, which are the compounds of "their party. He is indeed fully accomplished to be mortally "hated by them, and they needed not to charge him with writing "the *Examiner*, as if that were a sufficient revenge; in which "they shew as little judgment as truth. I here pronounce him "clear of that imputation; and, out of pure regard to justice, "strip myself of all the honour that lucky untruth did this "paper, reserving to myself the entertaining reflection, that I "was once taken for a man, who has a thousand other recom-

thor

thor of his paper, and done it with great civilities to me. I hope it will ſtop people's mouths; if not, they muſt go on and be hanged, I care not. 'Tis terrible rainy weather, I'll go ſleep.

24th, It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach-hire. I went to ſee colonel *Diſney*, who is paſt danger. Then I viſited lord keeper, who was at dinner. I would not dine with him, but drove to lord treaſurer *(Eltee* I mean) paid the coachman, and went in; but he dined abroad: ſo I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to lord *Bolingbroke's*. He dined abroad too; and at lord *Dupplin's* I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner there, and then went to the *Latin* play at *Weſtminſter* ſchool, acted by the boys; and lord treaſurer, *Eltee* I mean again, honoured them with his preſence. Lady *Maſham's* eldeſt ſon, about two years old, is ill, and I am afraid will not live. She is full of grief, and I pity and am angry with her. Four ſhillings to-day in coach-hire; it won't do. Our peace will certainly be ready by *Thurſday* fortnight; but our plenipo-

" mendations, beſides the malice of the worſt men, to make " him loved and eſteemed by the beſt. This is the ſecond time " I have humoured that party, by publicly declaring who is not " the author of the *Examiner*. I will lend them no more light, " becauſe they do not love it. I could only wiſh, that their " invectives againſt that gentleman had been conſiderable enough " to call forth his public reſentments; and I ſtand amazed at " their folly, in provoking ſo much ruin to their party. Their " intellectuals muſt be as ſtupid as their conſciences, not to dread " the terrors of his pen, though they met him with all that " ſpite to his perſon, which they ever expreſſed againſt his " order."

tentiaries

tentiaries were to blame, that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full enough to ſign the peace, unleſs every prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for *Spain* has no miniſter yet at *Utrecht*: but now ours have new orders.

25th, Weather worſe than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was reſolved I would ſpend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr. *Pratt*, and there met the duke of *Beaufort*, who promiſed to come with me to court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to court, and did ſome little buſineſs there, but was forced to go home; for you muſt underſtand I take a little phyſic over-night, which works me next day. Lady *Orkney* is my phyſician. It is hierapicra two ſpoonfuls, deviliſh ſtuff! I thought to have dined with *Eltee*; but would not, merely to ſave a ſhilling: but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won ſix ſhillings. Here are ſeveral people of quality lately dead of the ſmall-pox. I have not yet ſeen Miſs *Aſhe*, but hear ſhe is well. The biſhop of *Clogher* has bought abundance of pictures, and Dr. *Pratt* has got him very good pennyworths. I can get no walks, the weather is ſo bad.

26th, Though it was ſhaving-day, head and beard, yet I was out early to ſee lord *Bolingbroke*, and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to the duke of *Ormond*, and ſo to court, where the miniſters did not come, becauſe the parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had terrible rain and hail to-day. Our ſociety met this day, but I left them before ſeven, and went to Sir *Andrew Fountain*,

Fountain, and played at ombre with him and Sir *Thomas Clarges* till ten, and then went to Sir *Thomas Hammer*. His wife, the dutchess of *Grafton*, left us after a little while, and I stayed with him about an hour upon some affairs, &c. Lord *Bolingbroke* left us at the society before I went; for there is an express from *Utrecht*, but I know not yet what it contains; only I know the ministers expect the peace will be signed in a week, which is a week before the session.

27th, *Parnell's* poem is mightily esteemed; but poetry sells ill. I am plagued with poor *Harrison's* mother: you would laugh to see how cautious I am of paying her the 100*l.* I received for her son from the treasury. I have asked every creature I know, whether I may do it safely; yet durst not venture, till my lord keeper assured me there was no danger. Yet I have not paid her, but will in a day or two; though I have a great mind to stay till *Ppt.* sends me her opinion, because *Ppt.* is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a *Scotchman's*, who made the invitation to Mr. *Lewis* and me, and has some design upon us, which we know very well. I went afterwards to see a famous moving picture, and I never saw any thing so pretty. You see a sea ten inches wide, a town at the other end, and ships sailing in the sea, and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky, with moon and stars, &c. I am a fool.

28th, I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myself to every body, except about half a dozen, and they were all here, and Mr. *Addison* was one. I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy

weather

weather continues. Coach hire goes deep. I dined with *Eltee* and his *Saturday* company, as uſual, and could not get away till nine. Lord *Peterborow* was making long harangues, and *Eltee* kept me in ſpite. Then I went to ſee the biſhop of *Oſſory*, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to *Ireland*. The biſhop of *Killaloe* and *Tom Leigh* were with us. The latter had wholly changed his ſtile by ſeeing how the biſhops behaved themſelves; and he ſeemed to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the biſhops about the firſt-fruits, with relation to *Eltee* and me, ſtrongly upon *Killaloe*, and ſhewed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called *The Crown Rents*, which the queen had promiſed. He had nothing to ſay; but was humble, and deſired my intereſt in that and ſome other things.

29th, I have been employed in endeavouring to ſave one of your * junior fellows, who came over here for a diſpenſation from taking orders, and, in ſoliciting it, has run out his time, and now his fellowſhip is void, if the college pleaſes, unleſs the queen ſuſpends the execution, and gives him time to take orders. I ſpoke to all the miniſters yeſterday about it: but they ſay the queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her; and ſhe is poſitive, and ſo the man muſt be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never ſaw him in my life; but the caſe was ſo hard, I could not forbear interpoſing. Your government recommended him to the duke of

* Mr. *Charles Grattan*.

Ormond.

Ormond, and he thought they would grant it; and by the time it was refuſed, the fellowſhip, by rigour, is forfeited. I dined with Dr. *Arbuthnot* (one of my brothers) at his lodgings in *Chelſea*, and was there at chapel; and the altar put me in mind of *Tiſdal's* outlandiſh mould at your hoſpital for ſoldiers. I was not at court to-day, and I hear the queen was not at church. Perhaps the gout has ſeized her again. Terrible rain all day.

30th, Morning. I was naming ſome time ago, to a certain perſon, another certain perſon, that was very deſerving, and poor and ſickly; and the other, that firſt certain perſon, gave me 100 *l.* to give the other, which I have not yet done. The perſon who is to have it, never ſaw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the leaſt knowledge or imagination of it; ſo I believe it will be very agreeable ſurprize; for I think it a handſome preſent enough.

At night I dined in the city, at *Pontac's*, with lord *Dupplin* *, and ſome others. We were treated by one colonel *Cleland*, who has a mind to be governor of *Barbadoes*, and is laying theſe long traps for me and others to engage our intereſt for him. He is a true *Scotchman*. I payed the 100 *l.* this evening, and it was a great ſurprize to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now ſigned, and that we ſhall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty ſure.

31ſt, I thought to-day on *Ppt.* when ſhe told me, ſhe ſuppoſed I was acquainted with the ſteward, when I was giving myſelf airs of being at ſome lord's houſe.

* Then one of the tellers of the exchequer.

Sir

Sir *Andrew Fountain* invited the biſhop of *Clogher* and me; and ſome others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the duke of *Kent's*, who was gone out of town; but the ſteward treated us nobly, and ſhewed us the fine pictures, *&c.* This evening, lady *Maſham*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and I, were contriving a lye for to-morrow, that Mr. *Noble* *, who was hanged laſt *Saturday*, was recovered by his friends, and then ſeized again by the ſheriff, and is now in a meſſenger's hands at the *Black Swan* in *Holborn*. We are all to ſend to our friends, to know whether they have heard any thing of it, and ſo we hope it will ſpread. However we ſhall do our endeavours; nothing ſhall be wanting on our parts, and leave the reſt to fortune.

April 1ſt, We had no ſucceſs in our ſtory, tho' I ſent my man to ſeveral houſes, to inquire among the footmen, without letting him into the ſecret; but I doubt my collegues did not contribute as they ought. *Parnell* and I dined with *Dartineuf* to-day. You have heard of *Dartineuf:* I have told you of him. After dinner we all went to lord *Bolingbroke's*, who had deſired me to dine with him; but I would not, becauſe I heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parſon *Trap*, upon the peace. The *Swediſh* envoy told me to-day at court, that he was in great apprehenſions about his maſter; and indeed we are afraid that prince † is dead among thoſe *Turkiſh*

* 'Richard Noble, an attorney at *New Inn*, executed at *Kingſton*, for the murder of *John Sayer*, eſq; whoſe wife, the daughter of admiral *Nevill*, he had ſeduced from her huſband.'

† *Charles* the XIIth.

dogs.

dogs. I prevailed on lord *Bolingbroke* to invite Mr. *Addiſon* to dine with him on *Good Friday*. I ſuppoſe we ſhall be mighty mannerly. *Addiſon* is to have a play on *Friday* in *Eaſter* week: 'tis a tragedy, called *Cato*; I ſaw it unfiniſhed ſome years. Did I tell you, that *Steele* has begun a new daily paper, called the *Guardian**? they ſay good for nothing. I have not ſeen it.

2d, I was this morning with lord *Bolingbroke*, and he tells me a *Spaniſh* courier is juſt come with the news that the king of *Spain* has agreed to every thing that the queen deſires; and the duke *Oſſuna* has left *Paris*, in order to his journey to *Utrecht*. I was prevailed on to come home with *Trap*, and read his poem, and correct it; but it was good for nothing. While I was there employed, Sir *Thomas Hanmer* came up to my chamber, and baulked me of a journey he and I intended this week to lord *Orkney's*, at *Cliffden*; but he is not well, and his phyſician will not let him undertake ſuch a journey. I intended to have dined with lord treaſurer; but going to ſee colonel *Diſney*, who lives with general *Withers*, I liked the general's little dinner ſo well, that I ſtayed and took ſhare of it, and did not go to lord treaſurer till ſix, where I found Dr. *Sacheverell*, who told us, that the bookſeller had given him 100*l.* for his † ſermon, preached laſt *Sunday*, and

* 'That paper began to be publiſhed on *Thurſday*, *March* 12, 1712-13.'

† 'His (*Sacheverell's*) ſermon, preached at *St. Saviour's* church, in *Southwark*, of which he was one of the chaplains, on *Luke* xxiii. 34. on occaſion of the expiration of the three

intended to print 30,000; but I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly ſell above half. I have fire ſtill, though *April* is begun, againſt my old maxim; but the weather is wet and cold. I never ſaw ſuch a long run of ill weather in my life.

3d, I was at the queen's chapel to-day, but ſhe was not there. Mr. *St. John*, lord *Bolingbroke's* brother, came this day at noon with an expreſs from *Utrecht*, that the peace is ſigned by all the miniſters there, but thoſe of the emperor, who will likewiſe ſign in a few days; ſo that now the great work is in effect done, and I believe will appear a moſt excellent peace for *Europe*, particularly for *England*. *Addiſon* and I, and ſome others, dined with lord *Bolingbroke*, and ſat with him till twelve. We were very civil; but yet, when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. *Addiſon* raiſed his objections, and lord *Bolingbroke* anſwered them with great complaiſance. *Addiſon* began lord *Sommers's* health, which went about; but I bid him not name lord *Wharton's*, for I would not pledge it; and I told lord *Bolingbroke* frankly, that *Addiſon* loved lord *Wharton* as little as I did: ſo we laughed, *&c.* Well, but you are glad of the peace,

years ſilence impoſed upon him by the houſe of lords, in conſequence of his impeachment in 1709. The ſermon was publiſhed under the title of *The Chriſtian triumphant, or the duty of praying for our enemies.* In *April*, 1713, he was preſented by the queen to the rectory of *St. Andrew's, Holborn*, which had been held *in commendam* by Dr. *Thomas Manningham*, with the biſhopric of *Chicheſter*.'

you

you *Ppt.* the trimmer, are not you? As for *D. D.* I don't doubt her.

4th, This Paſſion-week people are ſo demure, eſpecially this laſt day, that I told *Dilly*, who called here, that I would dine with him, and ſo I did; and had a ſmall ſhoulder of mutton of my own beſpeaking. It rained all this day. I came home at ſeven, and have never ſtirred out, but have been reading *Sacheverell's* long dull ſermon, which he ſent me. It is the firſt ſermon ſince his ſuſpenſion is expired; but not a word in it upon the occaſion, except two or three remote hints. The biſhop of *Clogher* has been ſadly bit by *Tom Aſhe*, who ſent him a pun, which the biſhop had made, and deſigned to ſend to him, but delayed it; and lord *Pembroke* and I made Sir *Andrew Fountain* write it to *Tom*. I believe I told you of it in my laſt; it ſucceeded right, and the biſhop was wondering to lord *Pembroke* how he and his brother could hit on the ſame thing. I'll go to bed ſoon, for I muſt be at church by eight to-morrow, *Eaſter-day*.

5th, *Warburton* wrote to me two letters about a living of one *Foulkes*, who is lately dead in the county of *Meath*. My anſwer is, that before I received the firſt letter, general *George* had recommended a friend of his to the duke of *Ormond*, which was the firſt time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the provoſt told me of it. I believe verily that *Foulkes* was not dead when *George* recommended the other. For *Warburton's* laſt letter ſaid, that *Foulkes* was dead the day before the date. This has pre-

vented me from ſerving *Warburton*, as I would have done, if I had received notice early enough. Pray ſay or write this to *Warburton*, to juſtify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and ſhaved and dreſſed after. I came back, but was too late at court; and lord *Abington* had like to have ſnapped me for dinner, and I believe will fall out with me for refuſing him: but I hate dining with him, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks; for it was a very fine day, the firſt we have had a great while. Remember, was *Eaſter-day* a fine day with you? I have ſat with lady *Worſley* till late.

6th, I was this morning at ten, at the rehearſal of Mr. *Addiſon's* play, called *Cato*, which is to be acted on *Friday*. There were not above half a ſcore of us to ſee it. We ſtood on the ſtage, and it was fooliſh enough to ſee the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab, that acts *Cato's* daughter *, out in the midſt of a paſſionate part, and then calling out, What's next? The biſhop of *Clogher* was there too, but he ſtood privately in a gallery. I went to dine with lord treaſurer, but he was gone to *Wimbledon*, his daughter *Caermathen's* conntry ſeat, ſeven miles off; ſo I went back, and dined privately with Mr. *Addiſon*, whom I had left to go to lord treaſurer. I keep fire yet; I am very extravagant. I ſat this evening with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and we amuſed ourſelves with making *if-puns* for *Dilly*. It is rainy weather;

* 'Mrs. *Oldfield*.'

never

never ſaw the like. Pray tell *Savanton* I had his letter, but cannot contrive how to ſerve him. If a governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more; and you know all employments in *Ireland*, at leaſt almoſt all, are engaged in reverſions. If I were on the ſpot, and had credit with a lord lieutenant, I would very heartily recommended him; but employments here are no more in my power than the monarchy itſelf.

7th, Morning. I have had a viſiter here, that has taken up my time. I write by this poſt to the dean, but it is not above two lines, and one incloſed to you, but that incloſed to you is not above three lines; and then one incloſed to the dean, which he muſt not have, but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are ſome things in it I would not have liable to accident. You ſhall only know in general, that it is an account of what I have done to ſerve him in his pretenſions on theſe vacancies, *&c.* But he muſt not know that you know ſo much.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, April 7, 1713.

I DINED with lord treaſurer; and though the buſineſs I had with him is ſomething againſt *Thurſ-*

day, when the parliament is to meet, and this is *Tuesday*, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, left this letter ſhould miſcarry, or be opened; but I never ſaw his fellow for delays*. The parliament will now certainly ſit, and every body's expectations are ready to burſt. At a council to-night, the lord chief juſtice *Parker* †, a whig, ſpoke againſt the peace; ſo did lord *Cholmondley*, another whig, who is treaſurer of the houſhold. My lord keeper was this night made lord chancellor. We hope there will ſoon be ſome removes.

8th, Lord *Cholmondley* is this day removed from his employment, for his laſt night's ſpeech; and Sir *Richard Temple*, lieutenant-general, the greateſt whig in the army, is turned out; and lieutenant-general *Palmer* will be obliged to ſell his regiment. This is the firſt fruits of a friendſhip I have eſtabliſhed between two great men. I dined with lord treaſurer, and did the buſineſs I had for him to his ſatisfaction. I won't tell you what it was. The parliament ſits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in *Maccartney's* name, vindicating himſelf from the murder of duke *Hamilton*. I muſt give ſome hints to have it anſwered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of expoſing that party. To-morrow will be a very important day. All the world will be at *Weſtminſter*. Lord treaſurer is as eaſy as a

* This buſineſs, moſt probably, was the addreſs of the houſe of lords to the queen, drawn up at the command of the treaſurer, by Dr. *Swift*. See his Works, vol. xvi. p. 73.

† Afterwards earl of *Macclesfield*.

lamb.

lamb. They are muſtering up the proxies of the abſent lords; but they are not in any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increaſed this year.

9th, I was this morning with lord treaſurer, to preſent to him a young ſon of the late earl of *Jerſey*, at the deſire of the widow. There I ſaw the mace and great coach ready for lord treaſurer, who was going to parliament. Our ſociety met to-day; but I expected the houſes would ſit longer than I cared to faſt; ſo I dined with a friend, and never enquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to lord *Orkney's*, where I found Sir *Thomas Hanmer*. The queen delivered her ſpeech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vaſt. The order for an addreſs was moved, and oppoſed by lords *Nottingham*, *Halifax* and *Cowper*. Lord treaſurer ſpoke with great ſpirit and reſolution; lord *Peterborow* ſlirted againſt the duke of *Marlborough* (who is in *Germany*, you know) but it was in an anſwer to one of lord *Halifax's* impertinences. The order for an addreſs paſſed by a majority of thirty-three, and the houſes roſe before ſix. This is the account I heard at lord *Orkney's*. The biſhop of *Cheſter* *, a high tory, was againſt the court. The ducheſs of *Marlborough* ſent for him ſome months ago, to juſtify herſelf to him in relation to the queen, and ſhewed him letters, and told him ſtories, which the weak man believed, and was perverted.

* 'Dr. *Francis Gaſtrell*, conſecrated to that ſee *April* 4, 1713.'

10th, I dined with a couſin in the city, and poor *Patty Rolt* was there. I have got her rogue of a huſband leave to come to *England* from *Portmahon*. The whigs are much down; but I reckon they have ſome ſcheme in agitation. This parliament time hinders our court-meetings on *Wedneſdays*, *Thurſdays*, and *Saturdays*. I had a great deal of buſineſs to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle; and I loſt a dozen ſhillings at ombre with Dr. *Pratt* and another. It rains every day, and yet we are all over duſt. Lady *Maſham's* eldeſt boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and ſhe ſtays at *Kenſington* to nurſe him, which vexes us all. She is ſo exceſſively fond, it makes me mad. She ſhould never leave the queen; but leave every thing, to ſtick to what is ſo much the intereſt of the public, as well as her own. This I tell her; but talk to the winds.

11th, I dined at lord treaſurer's with his *Saturday* company. We had ten at table, all lords but myſelf and the chancellor of the exchequer. *Argyle* went off at ſix, and was in very indifferent humour, as uſual. Duke of *Ormond* and lord *Bolingbroke* were abſent. I ſtaid till near ten. Lord treaſurer ſhewed us a ſmall picture, enamelled work, and ſet in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean of the queen, which ſhe gave to the ducheſs of *M—gh*, ſet in diamonds. When the ducheſs was leaving *England*, ſhe took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs. *Higgins*, (an old intriguing woman, whom every body knows) bidding her make the beſt of it ſhe could. Lord treaſurer ſent to Mrs. *Higgins*

Higgins for this picture, and gave her one hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that duchess? or did you ever hear such a story? I suppose the whigs will not believe it. Pray try them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence; and gives it to her to sell, like a piece of old-fashioned plate.

12th, I went to court to-day, on purpose to present Mr. *Berkeley* *, one of your fellows of *Dublin* college, to lord *Berkeley* of *Stratton*. That Mr. *Berkeley* is a very ingenious man, and a great philosopher, and I have mentioned him to all the ministers, and have given them some of his writings; and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit towards helping forward men of worth in the world †. The queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at lord *Orkney's* with the duke of *Ormond*, lord *Arran*, and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*. Mr. *St. John*, secretary at *Utrecht*, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace.

13th, This morning my friend, Mr. *Lewis*, came to me, and shewed me an order for a warrant for the three vacant deanries; but none of them to

* This Mr. *Berkeley* was afterwards the celebrated bishop of *Cloyne*. See lord *Bolingbroke's* letter, dated *July* 24, 1725; and the note.

† *Swift* procured him to be sent secretary and chaplain to *Sicily*, with the earl of *Peterborow*.

me.

me. This was what I always foreſaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. *Lewis* tell my lord treaſurer, that I take nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he promiſed to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me. At noon, lord treaſurer hearing I was in Mr *Lewis's* office, came to me, and ſaid many things, too long to repeat. I told him, I had nothing to do but go to *Ireland* immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, ſtay longer here, unleſs I had ſomething honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the duke of *Ormond's*. He there told me, he had ſtopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me, might be at the ſame time, and he hoped to compaſs it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the duke of *Ormond* my intentions. He is content *Sterne* ſhould be a biſhop, and I have *St. Patrick's*; but, I believe, nothing will come of it, for ſtay I will not; and ſo I believe you will ſee me in *Dublin* before *April* ends. I am leſs out of humour than you would imagine; and if it were not, that impertinent people will condole with me, as they uſed to give me joy, I would value it leſs. But I ſtill avoid company, and muſter up my baggage, and ſend them next *Monday* by the carrier to *Cheſter*, and go ſee my willows, againſt the expectation of all the world.

14th, I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me againſt I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as ſoon as ever the warrants for the deanries are out, which are yet ſtopped. Lord treaſurer told Mr. *Lewis*,

Lewis, that it ſhould be determined to-night; and ſo he will ſay an hundred nights; ſo he ſaid yeſterday, but I value it not. My daily journals ſhall be but ſhort till I get into the city, and then I will ſend away this, and follow it myſelf; and deſign to walk it all the way to *Cheſter*, my man and I, by ten miles a day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I ſhall do it in fourteen days.

15th, Lord *Bolingbroke* made me dine with him to-day, (I was as good company as ever) and told me the queen would determine ſomething for me to-night. The diſpute is *Windſor*, or *St. Patrick's*. I told him I would not ſtay for their diſputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord *Maſham* told me, that lady *Maſham* is angry I have not been to ſee her ſince this buſineſs, and deſires I will come to-morrow.

16th, I was this noon at lady *Maſham's*, who was juſt come from *Kenſington*, where her eldeſt ſon is ſick. She ſaid much to me of what ſhe had talked to the queen, and lord treaſurer. The poor lady fell a ſhedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having *St. Patrick's*, &c. I was never more moved than to ſee ſo much friendſhip. I would not ſtay with her, but went and dined with Dr. *Arbuthnot*, with Mr. *Berkeley*, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor, *&c.* Mr. *Lewis* tells me, that the duke of *Ormond* has been to-day with the queen: and ſhe was content, that Dr. *Sterne* ſhould be biſhop of *Dromore*, and I dean of *St. Patrick's*; but then out came lord treaſurer, and ſaid, he would not be ſatisfied, but that I muſt

be a prebendary of *Windſor*. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confeſs, as much as I love *England*, I am ſo angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have *St. Patrick's*. Lady *Maſham* ſays, ſhe will ſpeak to the purpoſe to the queen to-morrow.

17th, I went to dine at lady *Maſham's* to-day, and ſhe was taken ill of a ſore throat, and is aguiſh. She ſpoke to the queen laſt night, but had not much time. The queen ſays, ſhe will determine to-morrow with lord treaſurer. The warrants for the deanries are ſtill ſtopped, for fear I ſhould be gone. Do you think any thing will be done? I don't care whether it is or no. In the mean time I prepare for my journey, and ſee no great people, nor will ſee lord treaſurer any more, if I go. Lord treaſurer told Mr. *Lewis* it ſhould be done to-night; ſo he ſaid five nights ago.

18th, This morning Mr. *Lewis* ſent me word, that lord treaſurer told him the queen would determine at noon. At three lord treaſurer ſent to me to come to his lodgings at St. *James's*, and told me the queen was at laſt reſolved, that Dr. *Sterne* ſhould be biſhop of *Dromore*, and I dean of *St. Patrick's*; and that *Sterne's* warrant ſhould be drawn immediately. You know the deanry is in the duke of *Ormond's* gift; but this is concerted between the queen, lord treaſurer and the duke of *Ormond*, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; ſome unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at paſſing my days in *Ireland*; and I confeſs

fefs I thought the miniſtry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it.

19th, I forgot to tell you, that lord treaſurer forced me to dine with him yeſterday as uſual, with his *Saturday* company; which I did, after frequent refuſals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at court. After dinner, Mr. *Lewis* ſent me word, that the queen ſtayed till ſhe knew whether the duke of *Ormond* approved of *Sterne* for a biſhop. I went this evening, and found the duke of *Ormond* at the *Cockpit*, and told him, and deſired he would go to the queen, and approve of *Sterne*. He made objections, and deſired I would name any other deanry, for he did not like *Sterne*; that *Sterne* never went to ſee him; that he was influenced by the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, &c. ſo all is now broken again. I ſent out for lord treaſurer, and told him this. He ſays all will do well; but I value not what he ſays. This ſuſpence vexes me worſe than any thing elſe.

20th, I went to-day, by appointment, to the *Cockpit*, to talk to the duke of *Ormond*. He repeated the ſame propoſals of any other deanry, &c. I deſired he would put me out of the caſe, and do as he pleaſed. Then, with great kindneſs, he ſaid he would conſent; but would do it for no man elſe but me, &c. And he will ſpeak to the queen to-day or to-morrow: ſo, perhaps, ſomething will come of it. I can't tell.

21ſt, The duke of *Ormond* has told the queen, he is ſatisfied, that *Sterne* ſhould be biſhop, and ſhe conſents I ſhall be dean; and I ſuppoſe the warrants

rants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouſe with *Parnell* and *Berkeley*; for I am not in humour to go among the miniſters, though lord *Dartmouth* invited me to dine with him to-day, and lord treaſurer was to be there. I ſaid I would, if I were out of ſuſpenſe.

22d, The queen ſays warrants ſhall be drawn, but ſhe will diſpoſe of all in *England* and *Ireland* at once, to be teazed no more. This will delay it ſome time; and, while it is delayed, I am not ſure of the queen, my enemies being buſy. I hate this ſuſpenſe.

23d, I dined yeſterday with general *Hamilton*. I forgot to tell you. I write ſhort journals now. I have eggs on the ſpit. This night the queen hath ſigned all the warrants, among which *Sterne* is biſhop of *Dromore*, and the duke of *Ormond* is to ſend over an order for making me dean of *St. Patrick's*. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now paſt. But you ſee what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but ſix hundred pounds for the houſe; but the biſhop of *Clogher* ſays eight hundred pounds; firſt-fruits about one hundred and fifty pounds *Iriſh*, and ſo with a patent, &c. a thouſand pounds in all; ſo that I ſhall not be the better for the deanry theſe three years. I hope, in ſome time, they will be perſuaded here to give me ſome money to pay off theſe debts. I muſt finiſh the book * I am writing, before I can go over; and they expect I ſhall paſs next winter here, and then I will drive them to give

* 'The *Hiſtory of the Peace of* Utrecht.'

me

me a ſum of money. However, I hope to paſs four or five months with you. I received yours to-night; juſt ten weeks ſince I had your laſt. I ſhall write next poſt to biſhop *Sterne*. Never man had ſo many enemies in *Ireland* as he. I carried it with the ſtrongeſt hand poſſible. If he does not uſe me well, and gently, in what dealings I ſhall have with him, he will be the moſt ungrateful of mankind. The archbiſhop of *York* *, my mortal enemy, has ſent, by the third hand, that he would be glad to ſee me. Shall I ſee him or not? I hope to be over in a month. I ſhall anſwer your rattle ſoon; but no more journals. I ſhall be very buſy. Short letters from henceforward. I ſhall not part with *Laracor*. That is all I have to live on, except the deanry be worth more than four hundred pounds a year. Is it? Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever ſo ſhort. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they ſay here, it is much to my reputation, that I have made a biſhop, in ſpite of all the world, and to get the beſt deanry in *Ireland*.

24th, I forgot to tell you I had *Sterne's* letter yeſterday, in anſwer to mine. I dined in the city to-day with my printer, and came home early, and am going to be buſy with my work. I will ſend this to-morrow, and I ſuppoſe the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr. *Coghill*, to take care of paſſing my patent; and to *Parviſol*, to attend him with

* Dr. *Sharp*, who, with the ducheſs of *Somerſet*, prevented the queen from giving him a biſhopric.

money,

money, if he has any, or to borrow ſome where he can.

25th, Morning. I know not whether my warrant be got ready from the duke of *Ormond*. I ſuppoſe it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unſealed, till I know whether all be finiſhed.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr. *Lewis* ſent to *Southwell's* clerk at ten; and he ſaid the biſhop of *Killaloe* had deſired they ſhould be ſtopped till next poſt. He ſent again, that the biſhop of *Killaloe's* * buſineſs had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myſelf, but it was paſt eleven, and aſked the reaſon. *Killaloe* is removed to *Raphoe*, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of *Raphoe*, that have fallen due ſince the vacancy, and he would have all ſtop till he has gotten that. A pretty requeſt! But the clerk, at Mr. *Lewis's* meſſage, ſent the warrants for *Sterne* and me; but then it was too late to ſend this, which frets me heartily.

26th, I was at court to-day, and a thouſand people gave me joy; ſo I ran out. I dined with lady *Orkney*. Yeſterday I dined with lord treaſurer, and his *Saturday* people, as uſual; and was ſo bedeaned, &c. The archbiſhop of *York* ſays, he will never more ſpeak againſt me. Pray ſee that *Parvifol* ſtirs about getting my patent. I have given *Took D. D's* note, to prove ſhe is alive.

* 'Dr. *Thomas Lindſay*.'

27th,

27th, Nothing new to-day. I dined with *Tom Harley*, &c. I will ſeal up this to-night. Pray write ſoon.

LETTER LXXXIX.

MATTHEW PRIOR *, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Paris, April 8, 1713.

PRAY take this word, writ after our pacquets cloſed, and the meſſenger's ſtaying for it, as an equivalent for your diſpatches at midnight, when the writer was half aſleep. Hang me if I know how to go on, tho' I am in a country where every body does not only write letters, but print them. Our great affair goes on very ſucceſsfully. We tranſmit the *Spaniſh* treaty, concluded at *Madrid*, for your approbation in *England*, and tranſmiſſion to *Utrecht*; after which, I think, *pax fit* will become authentic *Latin:* after which, I ſuppoſe, our ſociety will flouriſh, and I ſhall have nothing to do but to partake of that univerſal protection, which it will receive. In the mean time, pray give my great reſpects to our brethren †; and tell them, that, while in hopes of being favoured they are ſpending their own money, I am advancing my intereſt in the *French language*, and forgeting my own mother tongue.

* He was plenipotentiary to *France*.

† The ſixteen. See note to a letter from lord *Harley* to *Swift*, dated *July* 17, 1714.

But we ſhall have time enough to perfect our *Engliſh*, when we have done with other matters. I want mightily to hear from lord treaſurer. Tell him ſo. I owe brother *Arbuthnot* a letter. Excuſe my not writing to him, till I know what to ſay. I cannot find *Vanhomrigh* * ſince he brought me your letter. I have a rarity of a book to ſend you by the firſt fair occaſion. It makes but little of the *Engliſh* wit, *The Guardian*; but, poſſibly, I do not yet enter into his deſign. Let lord *Bolingbroke* know I love him mightily; and pray do you as much for *Dick Skelton*. Adieu, my good friend. I am, very truly, your obedient and faithful ſervant,

M. PRIOR.

LETTER XC.

Dr. ATTERBURY, afterwards Biſhop of Rocheſter, to Dr. SWIFT.

Chelſea, Tueſday Morning,
Mr. DEAN, April 21, 1713.

GIVE me leave to tell you, that there is no man in *England* more pleaſed with your being preferred than I am. I would have told you ſo myſelf at your lodgings, but that my waiting confines me. I had heard a flying report of it before; but my lord *Bolingbroke* yeſterday confirmed the welcome news to me.

* One of the brothers of *Vaneſſa*. See the note prefixed to the Dean's letter to miſs *Eſther Vanhomrigh*, dated *July* 8, 1713.

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I could not excuſe myſelf without ſaying thus much; and I have not time to ſay more, but that I am your moſt affectionate and faithful ſervant,

FR. ATTERBURY.

LETTER XCI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, May 16, 1713.

YOUR new biſhop acts very ungratefully. I cannot ſay ſo bad of him as he deſerves. I begged, by the ſame poſt his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave thoſe livings to my diſpoſal. I ſhall write this poſt to him, to let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me, that I ought to think of employing ſomebody to ſet the tythes of the deanry. I know not what to do at this diſtance. I cannot be in *Ireland* under a month. I will write two orders; one to *Parviſol*, and the other to *Parviſol* and —; a blank for the fellow whom the laſt dean employed; and I would deſire you to adviſe with friends, which to make uſe of. If the latter, let the fellow's name be inſerted, and both may act by commiſſion. If the former, then ſpeak to *Parviſol*, and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a ſtranger alone, as *Parviſol* is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his intereſt with me; but that is needleſs, for I am willing to do him any good, that will do me no harm. Pray adviſe with *Walls* and *Raymond*, and a little with biſhop *Sterne* for form.

Tell *Raymond* I cannot ſucceed to get him the living of *Moymed*. It is repreſented here as a great fine-cure. Several chaplains have ſolicited for it; and it has vexed me ſo, that, if I live, I will make it my buſineſs to ſerve him better in ſomething elſe. I am heartily ſorry for his illneſs. I thank Mr. *Wall* for his letter. Tell him, that muſt ſerve for an anſwer, with my ſervice to him and her. I ſhall buy biſhop *Sterne's* hair, as ſoon as his houſhold goods. I ſhall be ruined, or at leaſt ſadly cramped, unleſs the queen will give me one thouſand pounds. I am ſure ſhe owes me a great deal more. Lord treaſurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but *quando?* I am adviſed to haſten over as ſoon as poſſible, and ſo I will, and hope to ſet out the beginning of *June*. Take no lodging for me; I can lie ſomewhere after I land, and I care not where, nor how. Pray think immediately, and give me ſome commiſſions, and I will perform them. You did not write to the Dean, &c. and I think you might have had a Dean under your girdle for the ſubſcription. I have juſt finiſhed my treatiſe *, and muſt be ten days in correcting it.

* ' His *Hiſtory of the Peace of* Utrecht.'

LET-

LETTER XCII.

Sir THOMAS HANMER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Tuesday.

I KEEP only the last book *, which I shall have gone through before night. The rest I send you, with a very few observations I made upon them, which yet were as many as I could see occasion for; though, I do assure you, I read with the same strictness and ill-nature as in the former part. I am your most, &c.

THO. HANMER.

Indorsed, Received about May, 1713.

LETTER XCIII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; † to Dr. SWIFT.

June 2, 1713.

I HOPE this will meet you at *Chester*, and that your passage at sea will be favoured with as mild weather as your journey by land has been these two first days. The division yesterday, in the house of lords, was fifty-four against fifty-four. Proxies were

* 'Of the MS. history of the Peace of *Utrecht*.'

† 'Secretary to the lord treasurer, the earl of *Oxford*, and member for *Lostwithiel* in *Cornwall* in the parliament, which met *April* 9, 1713.'

called for, and we had ſeventeen to thirteen. This is the greateſt victory we ever had. The duke of *Argyle* and the *Scotch* were againſt us to a man. The lords *Weymouth* and *Carteret* were with them. It was very comical to ſee the tories, who voted with lord treaſurer againſt the diſſolution of the Union, under all the perplexities in the world, leſt they ſhould be victorious; and the *Scotch*, who voted for a bill of diſſolution, under agonies, leſt they themſelves ſhould carry they point they pretended to deſire. In all the time I have been converſant in buſineſs, I never before obſerved both ſides, at the ſame time, acting parts which they thought contrary to their intereſts. Let us hear from you ſometimes, and believe there is nobody with more ſincerity yours, than, *&c.*

LETTER XCIV.

The Rev. Mr. SHARPE to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, London, June 4, 1713.

I WAS commanded by his excellency brigadier *Hunter*, governor of *New-York* *, to deliver the incloſed with my own hand. Had I been ſo happy, for his ſervice and my own ſatisfaction, as to have ſeen you at *London*, I am perſuaded your influence here might have contributed to create a better opinion of him, amongſt ſome leading men in the ſociety for propagation of the goſpel in foreign parts, who

* 'He was chaplain to brigadier *Hunter*, governor of *New-York*.'

have

have been much impoſed on by the clamorous memorials of ſome indiſcreet miſſionaries abroad. He has the juſt eſteem of two-thirds of the clergy in his government, and the greateſt part of the laity, who have either ſenſe, probity, or honour; but his adverſaries have made the church's cauſe a favourable handle for their repeated complaints, which, with the application of their friends here, makes them hopeful of ſucceſs.

I have been twelve years abroad, in the ſervice of the church in *America*: the laſt ten were in the ſtation of chaplain to her majeſty's forces at *New-York*, where I had the opportunity of being very near to the ſeveral governors; and do aſſure you, that, if I had ever obſerved in him any inclination to weaken the intereſt of the church there, I could not in conſcience offer to excuſe him; but he is better known to you, than that I, who am altogether unknown, ſhould preſume to give his character.

What I beg leave to intreat of you is, torecomend me, in my endeavours for his ſervice, to the advice and aſſiſtance of your friends.

The perplexity of all his affairs at this time claims the good offices of all that wiſh him well. If, in favour to his excellency, you are pleaſed to honour me with the pardon of this, and what return the incloſed may require, direct for me to the care of Mr. *James Douglas*, in *Fen-court*, *Fenchurch-Street*, *London*. I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, with great reſpect, reverend Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN SHARPE.

LETTER XCV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Chester, June 6, 1713.

I AM come here after six days. I set out on *Monday* last, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider! and all the ships and people went off yesterday, with a rare wind. This was told me, to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not been used to riding these three years, made me terrible weary; yet I resolve on *Monday* to set out for *Holyhead*, as weary as I am: 'tis good for my health. I will come when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I shall be three days going to *Holyhead*; I cannot ride faster. You will say, I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would fain escape this *Holyhead* journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it will be almost necessary I should be in *Dublin* before the twenty-fifth instant, to take the oaths; otherwise I must wait to a quarter session. I will lodge as I can; therefore take no lodgings for me, to pay in my absence. The poor Dean can't afford it. I spoke again to the duke of *Ormond* for *Raymond*, and hope he may have it; for I laid it strongly to the duke, and gave him the bishop of *Meath's* memorial. I will speak to lord treasurer about Mrs. *South* to-morrow.—— Odso! I forgot; I thought I had been in *London*. The letters to *Ire-*

land

land go at ſo uncertain an hour, that I am forced to conclude. Farewel.

LETTER XCVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Whitehall, July 9, 1713.

WE are all running headlong into the greateſt confuſion imaginable. Sir *Thomas Hanmer** is gone into the country this morning, I believe much diſcontented; and I am very apprehenſive neither lord *Angleſea* †, nor he, will continue long with us. I heartily wiſh you were here; for you might certainly be of great uſe to us, by your endeavours to reconcile, and by repreſenting to them the infallible conſequences of theſe diviſions. We had letters this morning from *Ireland*. What is the reaſon I had none from you? Adieu. I hope your want of health is not the cauſe.

LETTER XCVII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Whitehall, July 30, 1713.

THIS day ſe'nnight the queen goes to *Hampton-Court*, and the *Monday* following to *Windſor*. I fancy

* Speaker of the houſe of commons.

† 'Arthur, who was joint vice-treaſurer of *Ireland* with *Edward* earl of *Clarendon*.'

by that time Mr. *Bromley* * will be ſecretary of ſtate, in the room of my lord †. Lord treaſurer was abroad this evening, for the firſt time after a fortnight's illneſs. I hear there came a dozen of letters from you by the ſame poſt to your friends here. My lord treaſurer deſires you'll make all poſſible haſte over; for we want you extremely.

LETTER XCVIII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

Paris, Auguſt 15-16, 1713.

AS I did not expect, my good friend *Jonathan*, to have received a letter from you at *Dublin*, ſo I am ſure I did not intend to write one thither to you; but Mr. *Roſingrave* ‡ thinks it may do him ſervice,

* '*William Bromley*, Eſq; appointed ſecretary of ſtate, *Aug.* 17, 1713, in the room of *William* earl of *Dartmouth*, made lord privy-ſeal.'

† '*Dartmouth*, to whom Mr. *Lewis* had been ſecretary.'

‡ *Thomas Roſingrave*, a celebrated performer in muſic. When he arrived in *Ireland*, he played a voluntary at *St. Patrick's* cathedral, Dr. *Pratt*, then provoſt of *Dublin-college*, and the Dean being preſent. The Doctor, who happened to dine at the deanry the ſame day, was ſo extravagant in his encomiums on *Roſingrave's* voluntary, that ſeveral of the company ſaid they wiſhed they had heard it. Do you? ſaid *Swift*; then you ſhall hear it ſtill: and he immediately ſung out ſo lively, and yet ſo ridiculous an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter, except one old gentleman, who ſat with great com-

in recommending him to you. If ſo, I am very glad of it; for it can be of no other uſe imaginable. I have writ letters now above twenty-two years. I have taken towns, deſtroyed fleets, made treaties, and ſettled commerce, in letters. And what of all this? Why nothing; but that I have had ſome ſubject to write upon. But to write a letter only, becauſe Mr. *Roſingrave* has a mind to carry one in his pocket, to tell you, that you are ſure of a friendſhip, which can never do you three pence worth of good, and to wiſh you well in *England* very ſoon, when I do not know when I am likely to be there myſelf. All this, I ſay, is very abſurd for a letter, eſpecially when I have this day written a dozen much more to the purpoſe. If I had ſeen your manuſcriipt *; if I had received Dr. *Parnell's* poem; if I had any news of *Landen* being taken, why well and good; but as I know no more than that the duke of *Shrewſbury* deſigns for *England* within three weeks; that I muſt ſtay here till ſomebody elſe comes, and then brings me neceſſarily to ſay, good Mr. Dean, that I am like the fellow in the *Rehearſal;* who did not know if he was to be merry or ſerious, or in what way or mood to act his part. One thing only I am aſſured of, that

ſure, and though he liſtened, yet neither ſhewed curioſity nor approbation. After the entertainment, he was aſked by ſome of the company, how it happened, that he had been no more affected by the muſic? To which he anſwered, with great gravity, that he heard Mr. *Roſingrave* play it himſelf before.

* 'Of the Hiſtory of the Peace of *Utrecht*.'

I love

I love you very well; and am, moſt ſincerely and faithfully, dear Sir, your ſervant and brother *.

M. Prior.

Lord and lady *Shrewſbury* give their ſervice to you. *Vanhomrigh* has run terribly here in debt, and, being in durance, has ſent to his mother upon pecuniary concerns. Adieu once more.

What we are doing, or what is to become of us, I know not.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſâ nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque ———

This is all the *Latin* and writing I can at preſent ſpare you.

Pray give my ſervice to your Chancellor †, and be much acquainted with judge *Nutley*, and love him very well for my ſake. Adieu. Once more, find out my couſin *Pennyfather* and *Nutley* (if he is not too grave for you); and according to the laudable cuſtom of your country, drink this Louis out, for a token of my generoſity and your ſobriety. And now, I think, I have furniſhed out a very pretty letter.

* He was one of the ſixteen.

† 'Sir *Conſtantine Phipps*.'

LET-

LETTER XCIX.

Mr. LEWIS to Dr. SWIFT.

Whitehall, Auguſt 6, 1713.

I HAVE ſo often, and in ſo preſſing a manner, deſired you to come over, that, if what I have already ſaid has no effect, I ſhall deſpair of better ſucceſs by any farther arguments. If I were to recapitulate the ſeveral reaſons you offer to the contrary, and anſwer them ſeparately, I ſhould grow peeviſh; which I have no way to avoid, but by telling you in general, it is all wrong. You and I have already laid it down for a maxim, that we muſt ſerve lord t——*, without receiving orders or particular inſtructions; and I do not yet ſee a reaſon for changing that rule. His mind has been communicated more freely to you than any other †: but you will not underſtand it. The deſires of great men are commands at leaſt; the only ones, I hope, they ever will be able to uſe. You have a mind to ſtay in *Ireland* till *October*, and deſire me to give my opinion whether you ſhould come ſooner. I anſwer yes. Then you bid me conſider again; that is, you would have me ſay I am of opinion you ſhould ſtay till *October*. When judges would have a jury change their verdict, they bid them conſider again; when a man is determined to marry a

* Treaſurer.

† By this it appears, that the late lord *Orrery* was miſtaken, when he ſaid that *Swift* was *employed, not truſted.*

woman,

[woman, and his friend adviſes him againſt it, he aſks his opinion again; and if his friend is ſo ſilly as not to alter his advice, he marries without it. I am as much in the ſpleen now I am anſwering your letter, as you were when you writ it. Come over; you will cure yourſelf and me too. Adieu.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

This Day are Published,

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