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L E T T E R S,

WRITTEN BY

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

A N D

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1703 TO 1740.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

W I T H

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL,

By JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL. D.

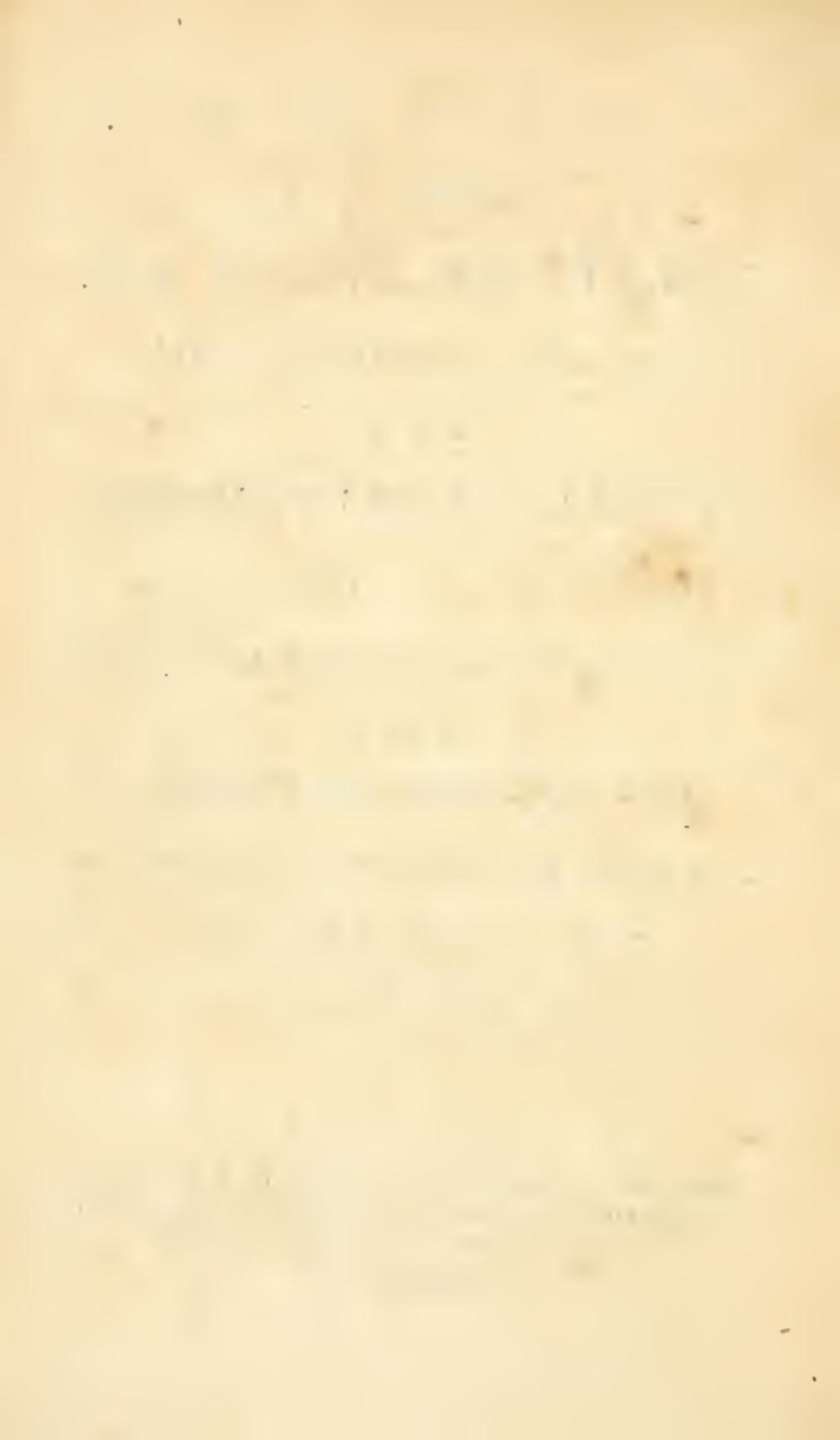
T H E F I F T H E D I T I O N .

V O L U M E I I .

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L E T T E R C.

Dr. SMALRIDGE * to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN,

Sept. 27, 1713.

WHEN you was so kind as to favour the master of the *Temple* † and me, with your company at the chaplain's table at *Kensington*, there dined with us one Mr. *Fiddes* ‡, a well-deserving clergyman, whose circumstances, we told you, were not at all suitable to his merits. You expressed on that occasion so generous a concern for him, and so great a readiness to do him any good offices, which might lie in your way, that he seems to think he should be wanting to himself, if he did not endeavour to cultivate an interest with one so willing and so able to serve him. He has therefore made repeated instances to me, that I

* 'Afterwards bishop of *Eristol*.'

† 'Dr. *Sberlock*, afterwards bishop of *London*.'

‡ 'Richard *Fiddes*, afterwards D. D. author of a *Body of Divinity, the Life of Cardinal Wolfey, &c.*'

would remind you of him, which I should not have hearkened to, were I not assured, that you would excuse, if not thank me, for furnishing you with an opportunity of doing a generous and good-natured thing. You will not, I fancy, think a formal application to any great man in his behalf, either proper or requisite; but if you should, upon the perusal of one or two of his sermons, think as well of them as I do, and should, in conversation with my lord treasurer, express a good opinion of the author, one kind word from you, seasonably dropped, might determine his fortune, and give you the satisfaction of having made him and his family happy as they can wish to be.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

GEO. SMALRIDGE.

L E T T E R C I.

Lord Chancellor PHIPPS to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dublin, Oct. 10, 1713.

I HAD the favour of your kind letter of the twenty-second of *September*, and had sooner acknowledged it, if I had not been prevented by the constant hurry we have been in, with relation to the city and parliament affairs.

I heartily congratulate your safe arrival in *London*, and return you, with all the gratitude imaginable, my thanks for the great trouble you have given yourself, as well on behalf of my son in particular, as of this kingdom in general. And I am sorry you should

venture so far as to burn your fingers ; but you prove such misfortunes often happen to gentlemen, who have a hearty zeal for the interest of their friends. But this comfort attends them, that the burning goes off soon ; whereas the credit and honour of serving one's friend last always. The account you sent me of Mr. *Worseley's* being an envoy was new, and had not reached us before your letter came. I know not how sufficiently to acknowledge the obligations you have laid on me ; but assure you, if you have any commands on this side of the water, there is no one will be more proud of being honoured with them, than he, who is, with very great respect, your most obedient humble servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

LETTER CII.

Lord Chancellor PHIPPS to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Dublin, Oct. 24, 1713.

I AM indebted to you for your kind letters of the eighth and tenth instant, and I very heartily acknowledge the obligation. That of the eighth gave me a great many melancholy thoughts, when I reflected upon the danger our constitution is in, by the neglect and supineness of our friends, and the vigilance and unanimity of our enemies : but I hope your parliament proving so good, will awaken our friends, and unite them more firmly, and make them more active.

That part of your letter of the tenth, which related to my son, gave me a great satisfaction; for though your commissioners here have heard nothing of it, yet I believed Mr. *Keightly* might bring over full instructions in it: but he is arrived, and knows nothing of it; so that whatever good intentions my lord treasurer had in relation to my son, his lordship has forgotten to give any directions concerning him; for, with him, things are just as they were when you left *Dublin*. If you will be so kind to put his lordship in mind of it, you will be very obliging.

I cannot discharge the part of a friend, if I omit to let you know, that your great neighbour at *St. Pulcher's* is very angry with you. He accuseth you for going away without taking your leave of him, and intends in a little time to compel you to reside at your deanry. He lays some other things to your charge, which you shall know in a little time.

We hourly expect my lord lieutenant*. The whigs begin to be sensible they must expect no great countenance from him, and begin to be a little down in the mouth, since they find *Broderick* is not to be their speaker †. I am, with very great truth, your most obedient servant.

* • Duke of *Surrey*.'

† 'He was, however, chosen speaker, by a majority of four voices.'

L E T T E R CIII.

Dr. DAVENANT * to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Windſor, Nov. 3, 1713.

YOU have the character of employing, in good offices to others, the honour and happineſs you have of being often with my lord treaſurer. This uſe of your acceſs to him is an uncommon inſtance of generoſity, deſerving the higheſt praiſes; for, moſt commonly, men are moſt apt to convert ſuch advantages to their own ſingle intereſt, without any regard of others; though, in my poor opinion, not ſo wiſely. Acts of friendſhip create friends, even among ſtrangers, that taſte not of them; and, in my experience, I hardly ever knew a man friendly in the courſe of his proceedings, but he was ſupported in the world; ingratitude being the vice, of which the generality of men are moſt aſhamed to be thought guilty.

My ſon † and I have reaſons to return you our thanks, for what you have already done of this kind in his favour, and we beg the continuance of it. Miniſters of ſtate have ſuch multiplicity of buſineſs, that it is no wonder, if they forget low individuals; and, in ſuch a caſe, private perſons muſt be beholden to ſome good-natured man, to put thoſe in power in mind of them; otherwiſe they may be forgotten, till

* Inſpector-general of the exports and imports.

† ‘Henry Davenant, Eſq; who had been employed in *Germany* as reſident.’

old age overtakes them. Such well-disposed remembrancers deserve access, familiarity, and interest with great men; and, perhaps, they are the most useful servants they can countenance in their hours of leisure.

I need not tell you, that, in point of time, he is above all pretenders to foreign business; that his affairs have now depended almost three years; that, in the interim, it has gone very hard with him; and, that he gave a very early instance of his zeal to the present administration. But what he builds his hopes most upon, is the promise my lord treasurer was pleased to make to the duke of *Shrewsbury*, just as his grace left *Windsor*, that a provision should be made for Mr. *Davenant*. We must intreat you to find some lucky moment of representing to my lord, that the young man is pressed by a nearer concern than that of making his fortune, and that lovers can hardly be persuaded to be as patient as other men. The duke has carried his mistress from him, and will not consent to make him happy, till he sees him in some way of being settled, in which how anxious any delay must be (possession depending upon it) he leaves you to judge, who have so well studied mankind, and who know, that love is a passion, in one of his age, much stronger than ambition. I beg your pardon for this long trouble, and am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

CHA. DAVENANT.

L E T-

L E T T E R C I V.

The Duchefs of O R M O N D to D R. S W I F T.

D O C T O R, N o v. 3, 1713. Eleven o'clock at night.

I H O P E your fervant has told you, I fent to beg the favour of you to come hither to-night; but fince you could not conveniently, I hope you will not deny me the fatisfaction of feeing you to-morrow morning. My lord joins with me in that request, and will fee no company but you. I hope you will come before ten o'clock, becaufe he is to go at that hour to *Windsor*. I beg your pardon for fending fo early as I have ordered them to carry this; but the fear of your being gone abroad, if they went later, occafioned that trouble given you by, Sir, your moft fincere and moft faithful humble fervant,

M. O R M O N D.

L E T T E R C V.

D R. S W I F T to the Bifhop of *Dromore**.

M Y L O R D, L o n d o n, D e c. 19, 1713.

I H A V E two letters from you to acknowledge, one of the fifth, and the other of the eleventh infant. I am very glad it lies in my way to do any fervice to Mr. *Werrall* †, and that his merits and my inclina-

* Dr. *Sterne*.

† See note preceding the first letter to Mr. *Werrall* in this collection.

tions agree so well. I wrote this post to Dr. *Synge*, to admit him. I am glad your lordship thinks of removing your palace to the old, or some better place, I wish I were near enough to give my approbation; and if you do not chuse till summer, I shall, God willing, attend you. Your second letter is about Dr. *Marsh*, who is one I always loved, and have shewn it lately, by doing every thing he could desire from a brother. I should be glad, for some reasons, that he would get a recommendation from the lord lieutenant, or at least that he be named. I cannot say more at this distance, but assure him, that all due care is taken of him. I have had an old scheme, as your lordship may remember, of dividing the bishoprics of *Kilmore* and *Ardagh* *. I advised it many months ago, and repeated it lately; and the queen and ministry, I suppose, are fallen into it. I did likewise lay very earnestly before proper persons the justice, and indeed necessity, of chusing to promote those of the kingdom; which advice has been hearkened to, and I hope will be followed. I would likewise say something in relation to a friend of your lordship's; but I can only venture thus much, that it was not to be done, and you may easily guess the reasons.

I know not who are named among you for the preferments; and, my lord, this is a very nice point to talk of at the distance I am. I know a person there better qualified, perhaps, than any that will succeed.

* These sees were then vacant, and were granted the month following to the lord lieutenant's chaplain, Dr. *Godwyn*.

But, my lord, our thoughts here are, that your kingdom leans too much one way; and, believe me, it cannot do so long, while the queen and administration here act upon so very different a foot. This is more than I care to say; and I will for once venture a step farther than, perhaps, discretion should let me, that I never saw so great a firmness in the court, as there now is, to pursue those measures, upon which this ministry began, whatever some people may pretend to think to the contrary: and were certain objections made against some persons we both know, removed, I believe I might have been instrumental to the service of some, whom I much esteem. Pick what you can out of all this, and believe me to be ever yours, &c.

L E T T E R C V I.

Lord Primate LINDSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dec. 26, 1713.

YOURS of *December* the 8th I have received, and have obeyed your commands; but am much troubled to find, that the trade of doing ill offices is still continued. As for my part, I can entirely clear myself from either writing or saying any thing to any one's prejudice upon this occasion*; and if others have

* 'There was at this time a great difference between the house of lords and commons in *Ireland*, about the lord chancellor *Pbiffs* of that kingdom; the latter addressing the queen to remove him from his post, and the former addressing in his favour.'

wounded

wounded me in the dark, is no more than they have done before; for archbishop *Tillotson* formerly remembered, that if he should hearken to what the *Irish* clergy said of one another, there was not a man in the whole country, that ought to be preferred.

We are now adjourned for a fortnight, and the commons for three weeks. I hear our lord lieutenant is not well pleased, that we have adjourned short of them: and I fancy the queen will not be well pleased, that the commons have had so little regard to the dispatch of public business, as to make so long an adjournment as three weeks: and indeed they lately seem to intimate, that if the lord chancellor * is not removed by that time, they will give her majesty no more money; and some of them do not stick to say as much; and think it a duty incumbent on the crown, to turn out that minister, (how innocent soever he be) whom the commons have addressed against.

I think it is plain to any, who know the state of affairs here, that no party hath strength enough directly to oppose a money-bill in this kingdom, when the government thinks fit to exert itself, as to be sure it always will do upon such occasions: and the half-pay officers, no doubt, will readily come in to that supply, out of which they are to receive their pay. But should all fail, yet the queen still may make herself easy, by disbanding two or three regiments, and striking off some unnecessary pensions.

* *Sir Constantine Phipps.*

Hobbes, in his *Behemoth*, talks of a height in time as well as place ; and if ever there was a height in time here, it is certainly now ; for some men seem to carry things higher, according to their poor power, than they did in *England* in 1641. And now they threaten, (and am pretty well assured, have resolved upon it) that if the chancellor is not discarded, they will impeach him before the lords in *England*. But if they have no more to say against him, than what their address contains, I think they will go upon no very wise errand. I question not but that you will receive the votes, addresses, and representations of both houses from other hands, and therefore I have not troubled you with them : but if the parliament shall continue to sit, you may expect a great product of that kind ; for the commons have taken upon themselves to be a court of judicature, have taken examinations out of the judges hands about murder, (which is treason here) without ever applying to the government for them ; and before trial, have voted the sheriffs and officers to have done their duty, and acquitted themselves well, when possibly the time may yet come, that some may still be hanged for that fact, which, in my poor opinion, is entirely destructive of liberty, and the freedom of elections.

I am your most humble servant, &c.

L E T T E R CVII.

Lord Primate LINDSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Jan. 5, 1713-14.

YOURS I received the 2d instant, and immediately got Mr. justice *Nutley* to write to the bishop of *Killala**, at *Kells*, to know of him, whether, if we could get him translated to the bishopric of *Raphoe*, he would accept of it: and this day we received his answer, that it was not worth his while to carry his family so far northwards, for so little advantage as that bishopric would bring him; his own being upwards of a thousand pounds a year, and *Raphoe* not much above eleven hundred. The reason why I got judge *Nutley* to write, was because I apprehended it might seem irksome to him to be persuaded by myself to accept of what I left: though at the same time I can assure you, I have done little more than saved myself whole by that bishopric; and he might, if he pleased, in a little time have received 1600*l.* or 1700*l.* for fines; so that if this comes time enough to your hands, you will prevent any further motion that way. But if *Meath* drops, I believe it would be an acceptable post; and the truth is, he hath always, in the worst of times, voted honestly, and behaved himself as a true son of the church. In the mean time, be assured the judge knows not that you are concerned in this affair.

* Dr. *William Lloyd*.

There is a gentleman, whom I believe you must have heard of, Dr. *Andrew Hamilton* *, archdeacon of *Raphoe*, a man of good learning and abilities, and one of great interest in that country, whom I could wish you would move for (since the bishop of *Killala* refuseth) to succeed me in *Raphoe*, as one, that is the most likely to do good in that part of the country, of any one man I know.

And now be pleased to accept my thanks for the great services you have done me; and as you have contributed much to my advancement, so I must desire you, upon occasion, to give me your farther assistance for the service of the church.

The parliament is prorogued to the 18th instant; but the whigs continuing obstinate, and deaf to all persuasions to carry on the queen's business with peace and gentleness, we conclude it must be dissolved.

If this should not come time enough to your hands, to prevent the bishop of *Killaloe*'s letter for a translation to *Raphoe*, I will labour all I can to make him easy. I am, &c.

* ' Though recommended by the primate to succeed him in the see of *Raphoe*, he was not preferred to it; Dr. *Edward Synge* being then advanced to that bishopric.'

L E T T E R CVIII.

Lord Chancellor PHIPPS to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Dublin, Jan. 15, 1713.

MANY of my letters from *London* tell me how much I am obliged to you for your friendly sollicitation on my son's behalf, which will be always remembered by us both, with the same gratitude, as if it had succeeded. I had congratulations from the duke of *Ormond*, my lord *Bolingbroke*, and others, on account of my son's having the place; for they sent me word it was actually done; and several others had letters of it, and our friends were extremely rejoiced at the well timing of it, and it was a great addition to the mortification of the whigs: and the disappointment will be a cause of great joy to them. But in this, and all other things, I submit to the judgment of my superiors, who know best what is fit to be done. As to looking out for any thing else for my son, there is nothing else here, that I know is fit for him; and if any thing worth his having falls in *England*, it will be disposed of before I can have notice of it.

We are told by every body, that the rest of our vacant bishoprics will be filled to our satisfaction: if they are, you must be one of them. But if you are resolved, that you will not yet *episcopari* there, give me leave to recommend to you an affair of my lord *Abercorn's*, which the vicars choral have made with him

him for renewing his lease *. I am informed there are some misunderstandings between you. It is very unhappy there should be any difference between two such sure and great friends to the common cause. I do assure you, we are very much obliged to my lord *Abercorn* for his great service in these times of difficulty: he is as good a friend as any in the world, and as bad an enemy; and I am very sure, if you would make him a compliment, and oblige him in this matter, you would gain an entire true friend of him for the future, and oblige a great many of your friends here, who have all a great value and esteem for him.

I heartily congratulate you on her majesty's recovery, and the good effect it has had in uniting our friends. That, together with the resolution, that is taken to support the church-interest, will, without doubt, in a little time render all things easy and quiet in both kingdoms; though as yet our whigs here are as obstinate and perverse as ever. The commons are resolved, they will give no money-bill till I am removed: and the aldermen will not own my lord mayor, nor proceed to any election, notwithstanding the opinion of all the judges here, and of the attorney-general, and all the queen's council (except Sir *Joseph Jekyll*) in England.

* This lease was for the greatest part of *York-street*, in which lord *Abercorn* lived; and by the terms of their charter, the vicars choral cannot make leases, without consent of the dean and chapter.

I wish you many happy new years, and should be very proud to receive your commands here, being, with the utmost sincerity and esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

L E T T E R C I X.

Earl of ANGLESEY to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN,

Dublin, Jan. 16, 1713-14.

YOU judg'd extremely right of me, that I should, with great pleasure, receive what you tell me, that my endeavours to serve her majesty, in this kingdom, are agreeable to my lord treasurer, and the rest of the ministers. I have formerly so freely expressed to you the honour I must always have for his lordship, that I think I cannot explain myself more fully on that subject. But what his lordship has already done for the church, and the church-interest here, and what we have assurance will soon be done, will give his lordship so entire a command in the affections of all honest men here (which are not a few) that, I am persuaded, he will soon find *Ireland* an easy part of the administration. For it is my firm opinion, that steady and vigorous measures will so strengthen the hands of our friends in both kingdoms, that, after the efforts of despair (which never last long) are over, her majesty, and her ministers, will receive but little trouble from the faction, either on this or your side of the water.

You

You are very kind to us in your good offices for Mr. *Phipps*, because a mark of favour so seasonably, as at this time, conferred on lord chancellor's son, will have a much greater influence, and reach farther than his lordship's person. I am preparing for my journey, and I hope I shall be able to lay such a state of this kingdom before my lord treasurer, as may prevent future disappointments, when it shall be thought necessary to hold a parliament. If this parliament is not to sit after the present prorogation, I do think, were I with you, I could offer some reasons why the filling the vacant bishoprics should be deferred for a little time. I praise God for his great goodness in restoring her majesty to her health; the blessing of which, if we had no other way of knowing, we might learn from the mortification it has given a certain set of men here.

I shall trouble you with no compliments, because I hope soon to tell you how much I am, dear Sir, yours,

ANGLESEY.

L E T T E R C X.

Earl of PETERBOROW to DR. SWIFT:

March 5, 1713-14.

QUERIES for Dr. *Swift*, next *Saturday*, at dinner.

W Hether any great man, or minister, has favoured the earl of *Peterborow* with one single line since he left

*land** ; for, as yet, he has not received one word from any of them, nor his friend of *St. Patrick*?

Whether, if they do not write till they know what to write, he shall ever hear from them?

Whether any thing can be more unfortunate, than to be overcome when strongest, outwitted having most wit, and baffled having most money?

Whether betwixt two fools (reverend Dean) be not a good old proverb, which may give subject for daily meditation and mortification?

I send the lazy scribler a letter from the extremities of the earth, where I pass my time, admiring the humility and patience of that power heretofore so terrible; and the new scene, which we see, to wit, the most Christian king waiting with so much resignation and respect, to know the emperor's pleasure as to peace or war.

Where I reflect, with admiration, upon the politics of those, who, breaking with the old allies, dare not make use of the new ones; who, pulling down the old rubbish and structure, do not erect a new fabric on solid foundations. But this is not so much to the purpose; for in the world of the moon, provided toastsings continue, the church and state can be in no danger.

But, alas! in this unmerry country, where we have time to think, and are under the necessity of thinking; where impiously we make use of reason, without a blind resignation to providence, the bottle

* This letter was written from *Sicily*, the earl of *Peterborough* being abroad on embassies,

or chance, what opinion, think you, we have of the present management in the refined parts of the world, where there are just motives of fear? When neither steadiness nor conduct appears, and when the evil seems to come on apace, can it be believed, that extraordinary remedies are not thought of?

Heavens! what is our fate! What might have been our portion, and what do we see in the age we live in? *France* and *England*, the kings of *Spain* and *Sicily*, perplexed and confounded by a headstrong youth*; one, who has lost so many kingdoms by pride and folly; and all these powerful nations at a gaze, ignorant of their destiny; not capable of forming a scheme, which they can maintain, against a prince, who has neither ships, money, nor conduct. Some of the ministers assisted and supported with absolute power, others with a parliament at their disposal, and the most inconsiderable of them with the Indies at their tail.

And what do I see in the centre, as it were, of ignorance and bigotry? The first request of a parliament to their king is to employ effectual means against the increase of priests; the idle devourers of the fat of the land. We see churches, shut up by the order of the pope, set open by dragoons, to the general content of the people. To conclude; it fell out, that one of our acquaintances † found himself, at a great

* *Charles* the twelfth of *Sweden*.

† 'Probably the Rev. Mr. *George Berkeley*, fellow of *Dublin-college*, who went chaplain and secretary to the earl of *Peterborough* to *Sicily*, at the recommendation of Dr. *Swift*.'

table, the only excommunicated person by his holiness; the rest of the company eating and toasting, under anathemas, with the courage of a hardened heretic.

Look upon the prose I send you. See, nevertheless, what a sneaking figure he makes at the foot of the parson. Who could expect this from him? But he thinks, resolves, and executes.

If you can guess from whence this comes, address your letter to him. A messieurs *Raffnell et Fretti Sacerdotti, Genoa.*

L E T T E R C X I.

Lord Treasurer OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT*.

Indorsed,

“ Letter with Bill £100.

Received March 14, 1713-14.”

Wednesday Night.

I HAVE heard, that some honest men, who are very innocent, are under trouble, touching a printed pamphlet. A friend of mine, an obscure person, but charitable, puts the enclosed bill in your hands, to answer such exigencies, as their case may immediately

* This letter, written in a counterfeit hand, was sent to Dr. Swift, when the printer *Morpheus* was prosecuted by the House of Lords, for *The public Spirit of the Whigs*: a pamphlet written in answer to a tract of Sir Richard Steele's, called the *Crisis*, and published on the second of March, 1713-14. All the Scots lords then in London went to the queen, and complained of the affront put on them and their nation by the author; upon which, a proclamation was published by her majesty, offering a reward of three hundred pounds to discover him.

require.

require. And I find he will do more, this being only for the present. If this comes safe to your hands, it is enough.

L E T T E R CXII.

A Letter from an Informer to Lord T R E A S U R E R, offering to discover the Author of the Pamphlet, called, *The public Spirit of the Whigs*.

March 18, 1713-14.

P U R S U A N T to her majesty's proclamation, of the fifteenth of this instant *March*, for discovering the author of a false, malicious, and factious libel, intituled, *The public Spirit of the Whigs*; wherein her majesty is graciously pleased to promise a reward of three hundred pounds, to be paid by your lordship; which said discovery I can make. But your lordship, or some persons under your lordship, have got such an ill name in paying such rewards. Instance two poor men, *viz.* *John Greenwood* and *John Bouch*, who took and brought to justice six persons, vulgarly *Mobbs*; which the said two poor men never received more than twenty pounds, and the latter thirty; and they had no partners concerned with them, as appears by the attorney-general's reports to your lordship; which if I should be so served, to cause any persons to be punished, and be no better rewarded, will be no encouragement for me to do it; for these two poor men being so plain a precedent for me to go by. Your lordship's most humble, and most obedient servant,

L. M.

L E T T E R CXIII.

Humourous Lines by Lord Treasurer OXFORD, sent
to Dr. SWIFT, Dr. ARBUTHNOT, Mr. POPE,
and Mr. GAY,

April 14, 1714. Back Stairs, past Eight.

Gay

I N a summons so large, which all clergy contains,
I must turn *Dismal's** convert, or part with my brains,
Should I scruple to quit the back stairs for your blind
ones,

Or refuse your true juncto † for one of ———

The following is their answer to his lordship, chiefly
written by the Dean.

Let not the whigs our tory club rebuke ;
Give us our earl ‡, the devil take their duke ||.

Quædam quæ attinent ad Scriblerum,
Want your assistance now to clear 'em.

One day it will be no disgrace,
In *Scribler* to have had a place.

Come then, my lord, and take your part in
The important history of *Martin*.

* *Dismal* was lord Nottingham.

† Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Gay, were writing the history of *Martinus Scriblerus*; and these four wits, in conjunction, are stiled by lord treasurer a juncto.

‡ 'Of Oxford.'

|| 'Of Marlborough.'

THE DEAN.

A pox on all fenders
 For any pretenders,
 Who tell us these troublesome stories,
 In their dull hum-drum key,
 Of *arma virumque*,
 * *Hannoniæ qui primus ab oris*.
 A pox too on *Hanner*,
 Who prates like his gran-mere,
 And all his old friends would rebuke.
 In spite of the carle,
 Give us but our earl,
 The devil may take their duke.
 Then come and take part in;
 The memoirs of *Martin*;
 Lay down your white staff and grey habit:
 For trust us, friend *Mortimer*,
 Should you live years forty more,
Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

LETTER CXIV.

More Lines of Humour, by Lord TREASURER.

April 14, 1714.

I HOHOOR the men, Sir,
 Who are ready to answer,

* The duchy of *Hainault*.

When I ask them to stand by the queen ;
 In spite of orators,
 And blood-thirsty praters,
 Whose hatred I highly esteem.
 Let our faith's defender
 Keep out ev'ry pretender,
 And long enjoy her own ;
 Thus you four, five,
 May merrily live,
 Till faction is dead as a stone.

L E T T E R C X V .

The Duchefs of O R M O N D to D R . S W I F T .

B R O T H E R * ,

April 24, 1714.

I SHOULD sooner have thanked you for your letter, but that I hoped to have seen you here by this time. You cannot imagine how much I am grieved, when I find people I wish well to, run counter to their own interest, and give their enemies such advantages, by being so hard upon their friends, as to conclude, if they are not without fault, they are not to be supported, or scarce conversed with. Fortune is a very pretty gentlewoman; but how soon she may be changed, no body can tell. Fretting her, with the seeing all she does for people only makes them despise her, may

* The duke of *Ormond* was one of the sixteen brothers; the duchess, therefore, calls *Swift* brother in her lord's right. See the note to a letter from lord *Harley* to the Dean, dated *July 17, 1714.*

make her so sick as to alter her complexion; but I hope our friends will find her constant, in spite of all they do to shock her. And remember the * story of the arrows, that were very easily broke singly; but when tied up close together, no strength of man could hurt them. But that you may never feel any ill consequences from whatever may happen, are the sincere wishes of, brother, yours, with all sisterly affection,

M. O.

* In this letter the duchess alludes to the division then subsisting among the ministers at court; and it is probable, that the hint *about the story of the arrows* produced the poem called *the faggot*, which the Dean wrote about this time. It is said, under the title, to have been written in the year 1713, when the queen's ministers were quarrelling among themselves. It begins thus;

Observe the dying father speak;
 Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
 Then bids the youngest of the six
 Take up a heap of well-bound sticks.
 They thought it was an old man's maggot,
 And strove by turns to break the faggot.
 In vain: the complicated wands
 Were much too strong for all their hands.
 See, said the sire, how soon 'tis done:
 Then took and broke them one by one.

&c.

L E T T E R CXVI.

CHIVERTON CHARLTON, Esq; Captain of the
Yeomen of the Guard, to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

May 22, 1714.

HEARING from honest *John**, that you still persist in your resolution of retiring into the country, I cannot but give you my thoughts of it, at the same time that I am sensible how intruding it may appear in me to trouble you with what I think: but you have an unlucky quality, which exposes you to the forwardness of those who love you; I mean, good nature. From which, though I did not always suspect you guilty of it, I now promise myself an easy pardon. So that, without being in much pain as to the censure you may pass upon my assurance, I shall go on gravely to tell you, I am intirely against your design.

I confess a just indignation at several things, and particularly as the return your services have met with, may give you a disgust to the court; and that retirement may afford a pleasing prospect to you, who have lived so long in the hurry, and have borne so great a share of the load of business; and the more so at this juncture, when the distraction among your friends is enough to make any one sick of a courtier's life. But on these very accounts, you should chuse to sleep, and convince the world, that you are as much

* Alderman Barber.

above private resentment, where the public is concerned, as you are incapable of being tired out in the service of your country; and that you are neither afraid, nor unwilling, to face a storm in a good cause.

It is true, you have less reason than any one I know, to regard what the world says of you; for I know none, to whom the world hath been more unjust. Yet since the most generous revenge is to make the ungrateful appear yet more ungrateful, you should still persecute the public with fresh obligations; and the rather, because some there are of a temper to acknowledge benefits; and it is to be hoped the rest may not always continue stupid. At least (suppose the worst) the attempt to do good carries along with it a secret satisfaction, with which if you are not sensibly affected, I am at a loss how to account for many of your actions. I remember very well, what you have sometimes said upon this subject; as if you were now grown useless, &c. To which I have this to answer, that though your efforts are in vain to-day, some unforeseen accident may make them otherwise to-morrow; and that, should you by your absence lose any happy opportunity, you will be the first to reproach yourself with running away, and be the last man in the world to pardon it. If I denied self-interest to be at the bottom of all I have said, I know you would think I ly'd villainously, and perhaps not think amiss; for I still flatter myself with the continuance of that favour you have, on many occasions, been pleased to shew me; and am vain enough to fancy I should be a

considerable loser, if you were where I could not have an opportunity of clubbing my shilling with you now and then at good eating. But as much as I am concerned on this account, I am not so selfish to say what I have done, if it were not my real opinion; which, whether you regard or not, I could not deny myself the satisfaction of speaking it, and of assuring you, that I am, with the utmost sincerity and respect, Sir, your most obliged, and most faithful humble servant,

CH. CHARLTON.

My lady duchess *, I can answer for her, is very much your servant, though I have not her commands to say so. She is gone to see the duke of *Beaufort*, who is so ill, 'tis feared he cannot recover. She went this morning so early, I have had no particular account how he is; but am told, he does nothing but doze. The messenger came to her at three in the morning; and she went away immediately afterwards.

Lady *Betty* desires me to thank you for your letter, and would be glad, since the provost is graciously pleased to stay her majesty's time, to know where it is he designs to stay,

Honest *Townshend* and I have the satisfaction to drink your health, as often as we do drink together. Whether you approve of your being toasted with the bishop of *London*, and such people, I cannot tell.

My servant is just now come from the duchess of *Ormond*, and gives such an account of the duke of *Beaufort*, that it is thought he cannot possibly recover.

* Of *Ormond*.

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

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T .

S I R ,

London, June 8, 1714.

SINCE you went out of the town, my lord *Clarendon* was appointed envoy extraordinary to *Hanover*, in the room of lord *Paget*; and by making use of those friends, which I entirely owe to you, he hath accepted me for his secretary. This day, by appointment, I met his lordship at Mr. secretary *Bromley's* office *: he then ordered me to be ready by *Saturday*. I am quite off from the duchess of *Monmouth* †. Mr. *Lewis* was very ready to serve me upon this occasion, as were Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and Mr. *Ford*. I am every day attending my lord treasurer for his bounty, in order to set me out; which he hath promised me upon the following petition, which I sent him by Dr. *Arbuthnot*.

The Epigrammatical Petition of *John Gay*.

I'm no more to converse with the swains,

But go where fine people resort.

One can live without money on plains,

But never without it at court —

If, when with the swains I did gambol,

I array'd me in silver and blue;

When abroad, and in courts I shall ramble,

Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

* *Bromley* was joint secretary with *Bolingbroke*.

† 'Mr. *Gay* had been secretary, or domestic steward, to the duchess, widow of the duke of *Monmouth*, who was beheaded in the first year of king *James II.*'

We had the honour of the treasurer's company last *Saturday*, when we sat upon *Scriblerus* *. *Pope* is in town, and hath brought with him the first book of *Homer*.

I am to be at Mr. *Lewis's* this evening with the provost †, Mr. *Ford*, *Parnell*, and *Pope*. It is thought my lord *Clarendon* will make but a short stay at *Hannover*. If it was possible, that any recommendation could be procured to make me more distinguished than ordinary, during my stay at that court, I should think myself very happy, if you could contrive any method to prosecute it; for I am told, that their civilities very rarely descend so low as the secretary. I have all the reason in the world to acknowledge this as wholly owing to you. And the many favours I have received from you, purely out of your love to doing good, assures me you will not forget me in my absence. As for myself, whether I am at home or abroad, gratitude will always put me in mind of the man to whom I owe so many benefits.

I am your most obliged humble servant,

J. G A Y.

* *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*; a joint work of *Pope*, *Arbutnot*, and others. See *Pope's* works.

† 'Of *Dublin-college*, Dr. *Benjamin Pratt*.'

L E T T E R CXVIII.

Mr. JOHN BARBER* to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, June 8, 1714.

I HAVE inclosed all the letters that have come to my hands. I saw my lord treasurer to-day, who asked me where you were gone? I told his lordship you were in *Berkshire* †. He answered, it is very well; I suppose I shall soon hear from him. My lord *Bolingbroke* was very merry with me upon your journey, and hoped the world would be the better for your retirement, and that I should soon be the midwife. The schism bill was read the second time yesterday, and committed for to-morrow, without a division. Every body is in the greatest consternation at your retirement, and wonders at the cause. I tell them, it is for your health's sake. Mr. *Gay* is made secretary to my lord *Clarendon*, and is very well pleased with his promotion. The queen is so well, that the *Sicilian*

* Afterwards alderman, and chosen lord mayor in *Sept.* 1732. In 1733 he distinguished himself in the opposition to what was called *The Excise Scheme*.

† *Swift* having in vain endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between lord *Oxford* and lord *Bolingbroke*, retired about this time to the house of a friend, the Rev. Mr. *Gerie*, at *Wantage*, in *Berkshire*, who is still living. While he was there, he wrote a discourse, called, "*Free thoughts on the present state of affairs*," and sent it up to *London*: but some difference of opinion between him and lord *Bolingbroke* prevented its publication at that time. The queen died about ten weeks afterwards, and the discourse has been since printed in his works.

ambassador hath his audience to-night. She can walk, thank God, and is very well recovered.

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

TYRANT*.

L E T T E R C X I X .

Dr. ARBUTHNOT, the Queen's domestic Physician,
to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER †, St. James's, June 12, 1714.

I AM glad your proud stomach is come down, and that you submit to write to your friends. I was of opinion, that if they managed you right, they might bring you to be even fond of an article in the *Post-Boy*, or *Flying-Post*. As for the present state of our court affairs, I thank God, I am almost as ignorant as you are, to my great ease and comfort. I have never enquired about any thing, since my lady *Masham* told the *dragon* ‡, that she would carry no more messages, nor meddle nor make, &c. I don't know whether things were quite so bad when you went. The *dragon* manages this bill § pretty well, for you know, that is his *forte*: and I believe, at the rate they go on, they

* Alderman *Barber* made a present of Dr. *Swift's* picture, taken in the early time of his life, to the university of *Oxford*.

† One of the sixteen.

‡ 'Lord treasurer *Oxford*.'

§ 'To prevent the growth of schism, and for the further security of the church of England, as by law established. It passed the house of lords, June 13, 1714.'

will do mischief to themselves, and good to no body else.

You know, that *Gay* goes to *Hanover*, and my lord treasurer has promised to equip him. *Monday* is the day of departure; and he is now dancing attendance for money to buy him shoes, stockings, and linen. The duchess has turned him off*, which I am afraid will make the poor man's condition worse, instead of better.

The *dragon* was with us on *Saturday* night last, after having sent us really a most excellent copy of verses. I really believe, when he lays down, he will prove a very good poet. I remember the first part of his verses was complaining of ill usage; and at last he concludes,

“ He that cares not to rule, will be sure to obey,
 “ When summon'd by *Arbutnot*, *Pope*, *Parnell*,
 and *Gay*.”

Parnell has been thinking of going chaplain to my lord *Clarendon* †; but they will not say whether he should or not. I am to meet our club at the *Pall-Mall* coffee-house, about one to day, where we cannot fail to remember you. The queen is in good health; much in the same circumstances with the gentleman I mentioned, in attendance upon her ministers for something she cannot obtain. My lord and my

* The duchess of *Monmouth*, to whom he had been secretary.

† ‘ Who was sent by the queen to the court of *Hanover*.’

lady *Masham*, and lady *Fair*, remember you kindly ;
and none with more sincere respect than your affectionate brother, and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

L E T T E R CXX.

THOMAS HARLEY*, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

June 19, 1714.

YOUR letter gave me a great deal of pleasure. I do not mean only the satisfaction one must always find in hearing from so good a friend, who has distinguished himself in the world, and formed a new character, which no body is vain enough to pretend to imitate. But you must know, the moment after you disappeared, I found it was to no purpose to be unconcerned, and to flight (as I really have done) all the silly stories and schemes I met with every day ; the effects of self-conceit, and a frightened, hasty desire of gain. They asked me, Has not the Dean left the town ? Is not Dr. *Swift* gone into the country ? Yes. And I would have gone into the country too, if I had not learned, one cannot be hurt, till one turns one's back : for which reason, I will go no more on their errands. But seriously, you never heard such bellowing about the town of the state of the nation, especially among the sharpers, fellers of bear-skins †,

* This gentleman was cousin to the lord treasurer. He died in *Jan.* 1737, and left his estate to *Edward Harley*, Esq;

† Stock-jobbers. He who sells that, of which he is not possessed,

and the rest of that kind : nor such crying and squalling among the ladies ; infomuch that it has at last reached the house of commons ; which I am sorry for, because it is hot and uneasy sitting there in this season of the year. But I was told to-day, that in some countries, people are forced to watch day and night, to keep wild beasts out of their corn. Do you not pity me, for yielding to such grave sayings, to be stifled every day in the house of commons ?

When I was out of *England*, I used to receive four or five letters each post with this passage, “ as for what passes here, you will be informed by others much better ; therefore I shall not trouble you with any thing of that sort.” You will give me leave to use it now, as my excuse to you for not writing news. I hope honest *Gay* will be better supplied by some friend or other. Before I received your direction, I had ordered my servant, who comes next *Monday* out of *Herefordshire*, to leave your horse at the *Crown* in *Farrington*, where you can easily fend for him. I hear he was so fat, they could not travel him till he was taken down ; and I ordered he should go short journeys : he is of a good breed, and therefore I hope will prove well ; if not, use him like a bastard, and I will chuse another for you.

I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

T. HARLEY.

essed, is said proverbially to sell the bear's skin, while the bear runs in the woods. And it being common for stock-jobbers to make contracts for transferring stock at a future time, though they were not possessed of the stock to be transferred, they were called sellers of bear-skins.

LETTER CXXI.

Mr. THOMAS* to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

June 22, 1714.

IT was with some difficulty, that I prevailed with myself to forbear acknowledging your kind letter. I can only tell you, it shall be the business of my life, to endeavour to deserve the opinion you express of me, and thereby to recommend myself to the continuance of your friendship.

My lord treasurer does, upon all occasions, do justice to your merit; and has expressed to all his friends the great esteem he has for so hearty and honest a friend, and particularly on occasion of the letter you mention to have lately writ to him. And all his friends can inform you with what pleasure he communicated it to them.

And now for business; I am to acquaint you, that last *Thursday* I received the 50*l.* (which now waits your orders) and dated your receipt accordingly, which I delivered to Mr. *Whetham*, who paid me the money.

I do not pretend to tell you how matters go. Our friend says very bad. I am sanguine enough to hope not worse.

I am, with all possible esteem, ever yours,
WILLIAM THOMAS.

* Secretary to rd treasurer.

L E T T E R CXXII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER, Kenfington, June 26, 1714.

I HAD almost resolved not to write to you, for fear of disturbing so happy a state as you describe. On the other hand, a little of the devil, that cannot endure any body should enjoy a paradise, almost provoked me to give you a long and melancholy state of our affairs. For you must know, that it is just my own case. I have with great industry endeavoured to live in ignorance, but at the same would enjoy *Kenfington* garden; and then some busy discontented body or another comes just croses me, and begins a dismal story; and before I go to supper, I am as full of grievances as the most knowing of them.

I will plague you a little, by telling you the *dragon* dies hard. He is now kicking and cuffing about him like the devil: and you know parliamentary management is the *forte*, but no hopes of any settlement between the two champions. The *dragon* said last night to my lady *Masham* and me, that it is with great industry he keeps his friends, who are very numerous, from pulling all to pieces. *Gay* had a hundred pounds in due time, and went away a happy man. I have solicited both lord treasurer and lord *Bolingbroke* strongly for the *Parnelian*, and gave them a memorial the other day. Lord treasurer speaks mighty affectionately of him, which you know is an ill sign in ecclesiastical preferments. Witness some, that you

and I know, when the contrary was the best sign in the world. Pray remember *Martin* *, who is an innocent fellow, and will not disturb your solitude. The ridicule of medicine is so copious a subject, that I must only here and there touch it. I have made him study physic from the apothecary's bill, where there is a good plentiful field for a satyr upon the present practice. One of his projects was, by a stamp upon blistering plaisters and melilot by the yard, to raise money for the government, and to give it to *Ratcliffe* and others to farm. But there was like to be a petition from the inhabitants of *London* and *Westminster*, who had no mind to be flead. There was a problem about the doses of purging medicines published four years ago, shewing, that they ought to be in proportion to the bulk of the patient. From thence *Martin* endeavours to determine the question about the weight of the ancient men, by the doses of physic, that were given them. One of his best inventions was a map of diseases for the three cavities of the body, and one for the external parts; just like the four quarters of the world. Then the great diseases are like capital cities, with their symptoms all like streets and suburbs, with the roads, that lead to other diseases. It is thicker set with towns than any *Flanders* map you ever saw. *Ratcliffe* is painted at the corner of the map, contending for the universal empire of this world, and the

* *Martinus Scriblerus*, of whom *Pope*, *Arbutnot*, and others, were to write the memoirs.

rest of the physicians opposing his ambitious designs, with a project of a treaty of partition to settle peace.

There is an excellent subject of ridicule from some of the *German* physicians, who set up a sensitive soul as a sort of a first minister to the rational. *Helmont* calls him *Archæus*. *Dolæus* calls him *Microcosmetor*. He has under him several other genii, that reside in the particular parts of the body, particularly prince *Cardimelech* in the heart; *Gasteronax* in the stomach; and the *plastick* prince in the organs of generation. I believe I could make you laugh at the explication of distempers from the wars and alliances of those princes; and how the first minister gets the better of his mistress *Anima Rationalis*.

The best is, that it is making reprisals upon the politicians, who are sure to allegorise all the animal œconomy into state affairs. *Pope* has been collecting high flights of poetry, which are very good; they are to be solemn nonsense.

I thought upon the following the other day, as I was going into my coach, the dust being troublesome.

The dust in smaller particles arose,
 'Than those, which fluid bodies do compose:
 Contraries in extremes do often meet;
 'Twas now so dry, that you might call it wet.

I don't give you these hints to divert you, but that you may have your thoughts, and work upon them.

I know you love me heartily, and yet I will not own, that you love me better than I love you. My

lord and lady *Masbam* love you too, and read your letter to me with pleasure. My lady says she will write to you, whether you write to her or not. Dear friend, adieu.

L E T T E R CXXIII.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR, London, July 6, 1714.

I HAD yours of the 3d instant, and am heartily glad of your being in health, which I hope will continue. Pray draw what bills you please: I'll pay them on demand.

I fortunately met lord *Bolingbroke* yesterday, the minute I had your letter. I attacked him for some wine, and he immediately ordered you two dozen of red *French* wine, and one dozen of strong *Arizona* white wine. The hamper will be sent to-morrow by *Robert Stone*, the *Wantage* carrier, and will be there on *Friday*. I am afraid it will cost you 5*s.* to *George*, my lord's butler; but I would do nothing without order. My lord bid me tell you this morning, that he will write to you, and let you know, that as great a philosopher as you are, you have had the pip; that the public affairs are carried on with the same zeal and quick dispatch as when you was there; nay, that they are improved in several particulars; that the same good understanding continues; that he hopes the world will be the better for your retirement; that your inimitable pen was never more wanted than
now;

now; and more, which I cannot remember. I believe he expects you should write to him. He spoke many affectionate and handsome things in your favour. I told him your story of the spaniel, which made him laugh heartily. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CXXIV.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Lambart Hill, July 6, 1714.

I Thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a packet* sent last *Sunday*. I have shewn it only to one person, who is charmed with it, and will make some small alterations and additions to it, with your leave. You will the easier give leave, when I tell you, that it is one of the best pens in *England*. Pray favour me with a line. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
JOHN BARBER.

Indorsed thus by the Dean;

“*John Barber’s* letter about the pamphlet.”

L E T T E R CXXV.

Mr. THOMAS to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

July 6, 1714.

I SHOULD not have presumed to break in upon your retirements, nor so much as enquire for your address, had not the enclosed given me a fair occasion

* Probably *Free thoughts on the present state of affairs*.

to ask after your health. I need not add any thing to what the papers will inform you touching that affair. The person mentioned in the baron's letter has not yet called upon me. When you have indorsed the letter of attorney, please to return that and the baron's letter, that I may follow his directions. I dare not mention any thing of politics to one, that has purposely withdrawn himself from the din of it. I shall only tell you, that your friends applaud your conduct with relation to your own ease; but they think it hard you should abdicate at a juncture your friendship seems to be of most use to them. I am sure some of them want your advice, as well as assistance. You will forgive this digression from business, when I tell you I shall not repeat this trouble, not having so much as kept a copy of your direction. You may direct your commands to me, under cover, to our common friend. I hope you believe me too sensible of obligations to need formal assurances of the sincere respect, wherewith I am, reverend Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM THOMAS.

I. E T T E R CXXVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Whitehall, July 6, 1714.

YOU give me such good reasons for your desire of knowing what becomes of our grand affair, that, to oblige you, and perhaps to give myself vent, I will
tell

tell you what I think on it. The two ladies * seem to have determined the fall of the *dragon* †, and to entertain a chimerical notion, that there shall be no *Monsieur le Premier*, but that all power shall reside in one, and profit in the other. The man of Mercury ‡ sooths them in this notion with great dexterity and reason, for he will be *Monsieur le Premier* then of course, by virtue of the little seal. His character is too bad to carry the great ensigns; therefore he takes another method, and I think it very artful, *viz.* to continue his present station, to which the power may altogether be as properly attached as to the wand. In this brangle I am no otherwise concerned, than that I must lose part of the pleasure I had in the conversation of my friends. And that I am really apprehensive the two ladies may suffer by the undertaking; for the man of Mercury's bottom is too narrow, his faults of the first magnitude; and we cannot find, that there is any scheme in the world how to proceed. *Mercurialis* || complains, that the *dragon* § has used him barbarously; that he is in with the democratics, and never conferred a single obligation upon him since he had the wand. *Le temps nous eclaircira.*

I propose to move on the 2d of *August* to *Bath*, and to stay there, or go from thence, according as our chaos settles here. I believe I shall not go to *Aber-*

* The queen and lady *Somerset.*

† ' Lord treasurer *Oxford.*'

‡ ' Lord *Bolingbroke.*'

|| ' Lord *Bolingbroke.*'

§ ' Lord treasurer.'

catby, otherwise I would attend you. Shall not we meet at *Bath*? Before I began this paragraph, I should have added something to the former, which is, that the *dragon* is accused of having betrayed his friends yesterday upon the matter of the three explanatory articles of the *Spanish* treaty of commerce, which he allowed not to be beneficial, and that the queen might better press for their being changed, if it was the sense of the house they ought to be so. The address then passed without a negative.

I thank you for the account you gave me of the farm in *Buckinghamshire*. I could like the thing, and the price too very well; but when it comes to a point, I own my weakness to you. I can't work myself up to a resolution, whilst I have any hope of the 200*l.* a Year I told you of in my own parish; it lies now at sale: if I miss, I would catch greedily at the other.

When I am at the *Bath* I will set down the hints you desire.

L E T T E R CXXVII.

CHARLES FORD.*, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 6 †.

IF *Barber* be not a very great blockhead, I shall soon send you a letter in print, in answer to your last: I

* This gentleman was by the Dean's interest made *Gazetteer*. See the Dean's letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, dated July 1, 1712.

† The year is omitted, but it should be 1714. This letter is indorsed "affairs go worse."

hope

hope it may be next post, for he had it on *Sunday*. I took care to blot the e's out of *onely*, and the a's out of *scHEME*, which I suppose is the meaning of your question, whether I corrected it? I don't know any other alteration it wanted; and I made none except in one paragraph, that I changed the present to the past tense four times; and I am not sure I did right in it neither. There is so great a tenderness and regard all along to the ———, that I could have wished this expression had been out [the uncertain timorous nature of the ———]. But there was no striking it out without spoiling the beauty of the passage: And as, if I had been the author myself, I preferred beauty to discretion, I really think it is at least equal to any thing you have writ; and I dare say it will do great service as matters stand at present*.

The *colonel* †, and his friends, give the game for lost on their side; and I believe by next week we shall see lord *Bolingbroke* at the head of affairs. The bishop of *Rocheſter* ‡ is to be lord privy seal. They talk of several other alterations, as that my lord *Trevor* is to be president of the council; lord *Abingdon*,

* It is not known that the Dean published, or was about to publish any thing at this time, except the *Free Thoughts*. It is therefore probable that this tract was printing, or printed, when the Dean suppressed it for the reasons mentioned before. The words, however, which Mr. *Ford* says he could have wished to have blotted out, but spared for the beauty of the passage, are not to be found in the copy printed in the Dean's works; nor is it easy to determine where they originally stood.

† Lord *Oxford*.

‡ See *Lewis's* letter of *August* 10, 1714.

lord *Chamberlain*; lord *Anglesey*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*; that Mr. *Bromley* * is to go out, and a great many more in lesser employments. I fancy these reports are spread to draw in as many as they can to oppose the new scheme. I can hardly think any body will be turned out of the cabinet, except the treasurer and the privy seal †. Perhaps my lord *Paulet* ‡ may lay down. Certainly the secretary may continue in, if he pleases, and I don't hear that he is disposed to resign, or that he is so attached to any minister, as to enter into their resentments. What has *John* of *Bucks* || done? and yet the report is very strong, that he is to be succeeded by my lord *T*——— or §. The duke of *Shrewsbury* was one out of eight or nine lords, that stood by my lord *Bolingbroke* yesterday, in the debate about the *Spanish* treaty, and spoke with a good deal of spirit. Is it likely he is to be turned out of all? The lords have made a representation to the queen, in which they desire her to surmount the insurmountable difficulties the *Spanish* trade lies under by the last treaty. It is thought there was a majority in the house to have prevented such reflection upon the treaty, if they had come to a division. The clamour of the merchants, whig and tory, has been too

* Secretary for the northern provinces.

† Lord *Dartmouth*.

‡ Lord steward.

|| ' *John Sheffield*, duke of *Buckinghamshire*.'

§ ' *Trevor*, lord chief justice of the common pleas. He had been created lord *Trevor* of *Bromham* in *Bedfordshire*, January 1, 1711-12.'

great to have passed a vote in vindication of it, as it stands ratified. But my lord *Anglesey* and his squadron seemed willing to oppose any censure of it; and yet this representation was suffered to pass nobody knows how. To-day they are to take into consideration the queen's answer to their address, desiring to know who advised her to ratify the explanation of the three articles. She sent them word she thought there was little difference between that and what was signed at *Utrecht*. When they rise I will tell you what they have done. The last money-bill was sent up yesterday; so that in all probability the parliament will be up in two or three days, and then we shall be entertained with court affairs. I hope you got mine last post, and one a fortnight ago. Will the change of the ministry affect *Elwood*? He is in pain about it. I am told the people of *Ireland* are making a strong opposition against the present provost.

The consideration of the queen's answer is deferred till to-morrow. I am now with lord *Guildford* and three other commissioners of trade, who were examined to-day at the bar of the house of lords. They are prodigiously pleased with what has been done. But I don't understand it well enough to give you an account of it. For the rapture they are in hinders them from explaining themselves clearly. I can only gather from their manner of discourse, that they are come off without censure.

L E T T E R CXXVIII.

C H A R L E S F O R D, Esq; to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

London, July 10, 1714.

W H A T answer shall I send? I am against any alteration, but additions, I think, ought by no means to be allowed. I wish I had called sooner at St. *Dunstan's*; but I did not expect it would have come out till *Thursday*, and therefore did not go there till yesterday. Pray let me know what you would have done. *Barber* was a blockhead to have shewed it at all; but who can help that? Write an answer either for yourself or me; but I beg of you to make no condescensions*.

Yesterday put an end to the session, and to your pain. We gained a glorious victory at the house of lords the day before: the attack was made immediately on *Arthur Moore* †, who appeared at the bar, with the other commissioners of trade. The *South-Sea* company had prepared the way for a censure, by voting him guilty of a breach of trust, and incapable of serving them in any office for the future. This passed without hearing what he had to say in his defence, and had the usual fate of such unreasonable reflections. Those, who proposed the resolutions, were blamed for their violence; and the person accused,

* This probably relates to the "*Free thoughts.*"

† ' One of the commissioners of trade and plantations, who was accused of being bribed by the court of *Spain*, to favour that kingdom in the treaty of commerce made between it and *England*.'

appearing to be less guilty than they made him, was thought to be more innocent than I doubt he is. The whigs proposed two questions in the house of lords against him, and lost both, one by twelve, and the other, I think, by eighteen votes.

Court affairs go on as they did. The cry is still on the *captain's* side *. Is not he the person *Barber* means by one of the best pens in *England*? It is only my own conjecture, but I can think of nobody else. Have you the queen's speech, the lord's address, &c. or shall I send them to you? and do you want a comment? Have *Pope* and *Parnell* been to visit you, as they intended?

I had a letter yesterday from *Gay*, who is at the *Hague*, and presents his humble service to you. He has writ to Mr. *Lewis* too, but his respect makes him keep greater distance with him; and I think mine is the pleasanter letter, which I am sorry for.

We were alarmed by *B.* † two days ago: he sent *Tooke* word, our friend was ill in the country; which we did not know how to interpret, till he explained it. It was Mrs. *M.* ‡ he meant; but she is in no danger. Pray, write immediately, that there may be no further delay to what we ought to have had a week ago.

* Lord *Bolingbroke*; alluding to his difference with lord *Oxford*. See the next letter.

† Probably *John Barber*.

‡ Probably Mrs. *Manley*, the writer of the *Atalantis*, who lived with *Barber* at that time.

LETTER CXXIX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER, Kenfington, July 10, 1714.

I HAVE talked of your affairs to nobody but my lady *Masham*. She tells me, that she has it very much at heart, and would gladly do it for her own sake, and that of her friends; but thinks it not a fit season to speak about it. We are indeed in such a strange condition as to politics, that nobody can tell now who is for who. It were really worth your while to be here for four and twenty hours only, to consider the oddness of the scene. I am sure it would make you relish your country life the better.

The *dragon* holds fast with a dead gripe the little machine*. If he would have taken but half so much pains to have done other things, as he has of late, to exert himself against the esquire, he might have been a *dragon*, instead of a *dragon*. I would no more have suffered and done what he has, than I would have sold myself to the gallies. *Hæc inter nos*. However, they have got rid of the parliament, and may have time to think of a scheme: perhaps they may have one already. I know nothing, but it is fit to rally the broken forces under some head or another. They really did very well the last day but one in the house of lords; but yesterday there were in a flame about the queen's answer, till the queen came in, and put an end to it.

* His treasurer's staff.

The *dragon* shewed me your letter, and seemed mightily pleased with it. He has paid ten pounds for the manuscript, of which I believe there are several in town.

It is a * history of the last invasion of *Scotland*, wrote just as plain, though not so well, as another history, which you and I know, with characters of all the men now living, the very names and invitation, that was sent to the pretender. This by a flaming *Jacobite*, that wonders all the world are not so. Perhaps it may be a whig, that personates a *Jacobite*. I

* This history was published about ten days after; being conveyed to the press by some of the transcribing clerks. The author laments the miscarriage of the pretender's expedition to *Scotland*, and hates the union, as a bar to the like designs of *France* for the future. It is plain enough from the preface, what induced Dr. *Arbutnot* (who had only read the two first sheets of it in manuscript) to say to the Dean, *It was wrote as plain, though not so well, as another history, that you and I know.* He means here, Dr. *Swift's* history of the peace of *Utrecht*, which he had then written, and had shewn to most of his friends. The *Scotch* author gives this account of his own work in the preface, *That having used a little freedom with several persons of rank and power in the characters I have given of them, and in the relation of several matters of fact; common prudence requires these memoirs should lie dormant, till such be out of capacity to resent the same either on myself or posterity.* From these words it is plain, Dr. *Arbutnot* did expect to find the characters of some considerable persons of that age drawn in that work, with the same freedom, that he found some others in the Dean's history; though he well knew, that this obscure writer was as far inferior to his friend in genius, as he was different in principles, the Dean having always been so firmly attached to the protestant settlement, that he never did, either directly or indirectly, write, or advise his friends to write, one word in favour of the pretender.

saw two sheets of the beginning, which was treason every line. If it goes on at the same rate of plain-dealing, it is a very extraordinary piece, and worth your while to come up to see it only. Mr. *Lockhart*, they say, owns it. It is no more his than it is mine. Do not be so dogged; but, after the first shower, come up to town for a week or so. It is worth your while. Your friends will be glad to see you, and none more than myself. Adieu.

L E T T E R CXXX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

July 13, 1714.

I NEVER laughed, my dear Dean, at your leaving the town: on the contrary, I thought the resolution of doing so, at the time when you took it, a very wise one. But, I confess, I laughed, and very heartily too, when I heard, that you affected to find, within the village of *Letcombe*, all your heart desired. In a word, I judged of you, just as you tell me in your letter, that I should judge. If my grooms did not live a happier life than I have done this great while, I am sure they would quit my service. Be pleased to apply this reflection. Indeed, I wish I had been with you, with *Pope* and *Parnell*, *quibus neque animi candidiores*. In a little time, perhaps, I may have leisure to be happy. I continue in the same opinions and resolutions as you left me in; I will stand or fall by them. Adieu. No alteration in my fortune,

fortune, or circumstances, can alter that sincere friendship, with which I am, dear Dean, yours.

I fancy you will have a visit from that great politician and casuist the duke *. He is at *Oxford*, with Mr. *Clarke* †.

L E T T E R CXXXI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

July 17, 1714.

I AM sorry to find by those, that have fresher advices from you, than yours of the eleventh instant to me, that *Parvisol's* † conduct puts you under a necessity of changing the administration; for it will probably draw you to *Ireland*, whether you will or no. However, I hope to see you at *Bath* three weeks hence, whatever happens. I meet with no man or woman, who pretend upon any probable grounds to judge who will carry the great point. [A] Our female friend told the [B] *dragon*, in her own house,

* Perhaps the duke of *Ormond*.

† *George Clarke*, doctor of laws, fellow of *All Souls*, who had been secretary to prince *George* of *Denmark*, as lord high admiral, and was member of parliament for the university of *Oxford*.

‡ *Parvisol* was the Dean's agent in *Ireland*. The Dean's observations on the names marked A, B, C, are thus written on the blank part of the original letter. [A] Mrs. *Masbam*, who was the queen's favourite, fell out in a rage, reproaching lord *Oxford* very injuriously. [B] the *dragon*, lord treasurer *Oxford*, so called by the Dean by contraries; for he was the mildest, wisest, and best minister, that ever served a prince. [C] Lord *Belingbrocke*, called so by Mr. *Lewis*.

last *Thursday* morning these words: *You never did the queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any.* He made no reply, but supped with her and [C] *Mercurialis*, that night, at her own house. His revenge is not the less meditated for that. He tells the words clearly and distinctly to all mankind. Those, who range under his banner, call her ten thousand bitches and kitchen-wenches. Those, who hate him, do the same. And from my heart I grieve, that she should give such a loose to her passion; for she is susceptible of true friendship, and has many sociable and domestic virtues. The great attorney *, who made you the sham offer of the *Yorkshire* living, had a long conference with the *dragon* on *Thursday*, kissed him at parting, and cursed him at night. He went to the country yesterday; from whence, some conjecture, nothing considerable will be done soon. Lord *Harley* †, and lady *Harriot* ‡, went this morning to *Oxford*. He has finished all matters with lord *Pelham* ||, as far as can be done without an act of parliament. The composition was signed by the auditor, and *Naylor*, brother-in-law to *Pelham*. This day se'n-night lord *Harley* is to have the whole *Cavendish* estate, which is valued at ten thousand pounds *per annum*, and has upon it forty thousand pounds worth of timber. But three of this ten thousand pounds a year he had by the will. He remits to lord *Pelham* the twenty

* Perhaps lord chancellor *Harcourt*.

† 'Edward, son to the lord treasurer *Oxford*.'

‡ 'Wife of lord *Harley*.'

|| 'The present duke of *Newcastle*.'

thousand pounds charged for lady *Harriot's* fortune on the *Holles* estate; and gives him some patches of land, that lie convenient to him, to the value of about twenty thousand pounds more. According to my computation, lord *Harley* gets by the agreement (if the timber is worth forty thousand pounds) one hundred and forty thousand pounds; and when the jointures fall in to him, will have sixteen thousand pounds a year. But the cant is, twenty-six thousand pounds. Lord *Pelham* will really have twenty-six thousand pounds a year from the *Newcastle* family, which, with his paternal estate, will be twice as much as lord *Harley's*. The estate of the latter is judged to be in the best condition; and some vain-glorious friends of ours say, it is worth more than the other's; but let that pass. Adieu.

L E T T E R CXXXII.

Lord HARLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

BROTHER SWIFT*,

July 17, 1714.

YOUR sister † has at last got rid of her lawyers. We are just sitting out for *Oxford*, where we hope to see you. I am your affectionate brother,

HARLEY.

* A company of sixteen, all men of the first class, *Swift* included, dined once a week at the house of each other, by rotation, and went under the general denomination of brothers. The number was afterwards enlarged, and they dined at a tavern every *Thursday*. Lord *Harley* was one, which accounts for the address of this letter.

† Lady *Henrietta Harley*, wife of lord *Harley*.

L E T T E R CXXXIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER, London, Ju'y 17, 1714.

I THOUGHT it necessary to speak to lady *Masham* about that affair, because I believe it will be necessary to give her majesty the same notion of it, which the memorial does *, and not that you are asking a little scandalous salary for a sinecure. *Lewis* despairs of it, and thinks it quite over since a certain affair. I will not think so. I gave your letter, with the inclosed memorial *cavalierment*, to lord *Bolingbroke*. He read it, and seemed concerned at some part of it, expressing himself thus; *That it would be amongst the eternal scandals of the government to suffer a man of your character, that had so well deserved of them, to have the least uneasy thought about those matters.* As to the fifty pounds, he was ready to pay it; and, if he had had it about him, would have given it me. The dragon was all the while walking with the duke of *Shrewsbury*. So my lord *Bolingbroke* told me, *I would immediately stir in this matter, but I know not how I stand with some folks; (for the duke of Shrewsbury has taken himself to the dragon in appearance.) I know how I stand with that man (pointing to the dragon.) But as to the other, I cannot tell; however, I will claim his promise: and so he took the memorial.*

* A memorial to the queen, humbly desiring her majesty to appoint him historiographer. See *Swift's* letter to Miss *Vanbomrigb*, in this collection, dated *August 1, 1714.*

Do not think I make you bare a compliment in what I am going to say; for I can assure you I am in earnest. I am in hopes to have two hundred pounds before I go out of town, and you may command all or any part of it you please, as long as you have occasion for it. I know what you will say; *To see a scoundrel pretend to offer to lend me money.* Our situation at present is in short thus: they have *rompu en visiere* with the *dragon*, and yet don't know how to do without him. My lady *Masham* has in a manner bid him defiance, without any scheme or likeness of it in any form or shape, as far as I can see. Notwithstanding he visits, cringes, flatters, &c. which is beyond my comprehension.

I have a very comical account of *Letcombe*, and the dean of *St. Patrick's*, from *Pope*, with an episode of the burning-glass. I was going to make an epigram upon the imagination of your burning your own history with a burning-glass. I wish *Pope* or *Parnell* would put it into rhyme. The thought is this: *Apollo* speaks, 'That since he had inspired you to reveal
' those things, which were hid, even from his own
' light, such as the feeble springs of some great
' events; and perceiving that a faction, who could
' not bear their deeds to be brought to light, had
' condemned it to an ignominious flame; that it
' might not perish so, he was resolved to consume it
' with his own; a celestial one.' And then you must conclude with some simile; thus, &c. There are two or three that will fit it.

Whiston has at last published his project of the longitude; the most ridiculous thing, that ever was thought on. But a pox on him! he has spoiled one of my papers of *Scriblerus*, which was a proposal for the longitude, not very unlike his, to this purpose; that since there was no pole for east and west, that all the princes of *Europe* should join and build two prodigious poles, upon high mountains, with a vast light house to serve for a pole-star. I was thinking of a calculation of the time, charges, and dimensions. Now you must understand, his project is by light-houses, and explosion of bombs at a certain hour.

Lewis invited me to dinner to-day, and has disappointed me. I thought to have said something more about you. I have nothing more to add, but, my dear friend, adieu.

LETTER CXXXIV.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 20, 1714.

WHO would ever do any thing for them, when they are so negligent of their own interest? The *captain* must see, what use it would be to him to have it published, and yet he has not returned it. You have another copy by you; I wish you would send it; and if you don't care it should appear in your own hand, I will get it transcribed. My secretary is a boy of ten or eleven years old, and no discovery can be made by him. I don't know what my lord *Bolingbroke* may do,

do, but I dare say *Barber* does not suspect from whence it comes. However, I wonder he has not mentioned it to you*.

I thought you had heard the historiographer's place has been disposed of this fortnight. I know no more of him who has it, than that his name is *Maddocks* †. It would be impudence in them to send for you, but I hope you will come. A reconciliation is impossible; and I can guess no reason why matters are delayed, unless it be to gain over some lords, who stick firm to the *dragon*, and others that are averse to the *captain* ‡. The duke of *Shrewsbury* declares against him in private conversation; I suppose because he is against every chief minister, for it is known he has no kindness for the *colonel* ||. Lord *Anglesey* rails at the chancellor, for some opinion the attorney and solicitor general have given relating to *Ireland*. Who can act, when they have so much caprice to deal with?

Mr. *Lewis* says, he will speak to Mr. *Bromley* for his part, and will engage it shall be paid as soon as lord *Bolingbroke* has given his. But it was mentioned before my lord treasurer, and he immediately took the whole upon himself. If they lived near one another, and a house between them was on fire, I fancy they would contend who should put it out, until the whole street were burned. Mr. *Lewis* goes into *Wales*

* This relates to the *Free Thoughts*.

† *Thomas Maddocks*, Esq;

‡ Lord *Bolingbroke*.

|| Lord *Oxford*.

the week after next. I shall have the whole town to myself. Now it is my own, I begin not to value it. *Pope* and *Parnell* tell me, you design them a visit. When do you go? If you are with them in the middle of a week, I should be glad to meet you there. Let me know where you are to be in *Herefordshire*, and I will send you some claret. It is no compliment, for I am overstocked, and it will decay before I drink it. You shall have either old or new; I have too much of both.

Pray send me the other copy*, or put me in a way of recovering the former.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R CXXXV.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Whitehall, July 22, 1714.

I RECEIVED a letter from you last *Monday*, for my lord treasurer, in a blank cover. Last *Friday* lord chancellor went into the country, with a design to stay there till the tenth of *August*; but last *Tuesday* he was sent for express by lord *Bolingbroke*. Next *Tuesday* the queen goes to *Windsor*. What changes we are to have, will probably appear before she goes. Dr. *Arbutnot* dines with me to-day, and in the evening we go to *Kensington*.

* Of the *Free Thoughts*.

L E T T E R CXXXVI*.

The Duke of ORMOND † to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

July 22, 1714.

I AM very glad to hear from you. I thought you had hid yourself from the world †, and given over all thoughts of your friends. I am very sorry for the reason of your retirement. I am a witness to your endeavours to have made up, what I believe the great man you mention will hardly compass. I am of your opinion, that it is shameful, that the vacant bishoprics are not disposed of. I shall do all that lies in my power to serve the gentlemen that I have already mentioned to the queen, and hope with good success.

For the lady you mention †, I shall endeavour to see her as often as I can. She is one, that I have a great esteem for. I send you some *Burgundy*, which I hope you will like. It is very good to cure the spleen. Believe me, with great truth, Sir, your most affectionate friend, and humble servant,

O R M O N D.

* See the letter, to which this is an answer, in the volumes just published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

† He was appointed lord lieutenant of *Ireland* in the year 1710. He succeeded the duke of *Marlborough* in the command of the army, and his duchess was lady of the bedchamber.

‡ He was now retired into *Buckinghamshire*.

§ Lady *Masham*.

L E T T E R CXXXVII:

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 22, 1714.

PRAY send me the other copy; and let us have the benefit of it, since you have been at the trouble of writing. Unless —— * be served against his will, it is not like to be done at all; but I think you used to take a pleasure in good offices of that kind; and I hope you won't let the cause suffer; though I must own, in this particular, the person who has the management of it does not deserve any favour. Nothing being left for me at *St. Dunstan's*, I sent to B —— † for an answer to my last. He says, it is not yet restored to him; as soon as it is, I shall have it. This delay begins to make me think all ministers are alike; and as soon as the *captain* is a colonel, he will act as his predecessors have done.

The queen goes to *Windsor* next *Tuesday*, and we expect all matters will be settled before that time. We have had a report, that my lord privy seal is to go out alone; but the learned only laugh at it. The *captain's* † friends think themselves secure; and the *colonel's* ‖ are so much of the same opinion, that they only drink his health while he is yet alive. However, it is thought he will fall easy, with a pension of four

* 'This blank should probably be filled up with the word *treasurer*, or *Oxford*.'

† *Barber*.

‡ *Bolingbroke*.

‖ *Oxford*.

thousand pounds a year, and a dukedom. Most of the staunch Tories are pleased with the alteration; and the whimsical pretend, the cause of their disgust was, because the Whigs were too much favoured.

In short, we propose very happy days to ourselves, as long as this reign lasts; and if the uncertain timorous nature of—— does not disappoint us, we have a very fair prospect. The *dragon* and his antagonist* meet every day at the cabinet. They often eat, and drink, and walk together, as if there was no sort of disagreement: and when they part, I hear they give one another such names, as nobody but ministers of state could bear, without cutting throats. The duke of *Marlborough* is expected here every day. Dr. *Garth* says, he only comes to drink the *Bristol* waters, for a diabetes. The Whigs are making great preparations to receive him. But yesterday I was offered considerable odds, that not one of those, who go out to meet him, will visit him in half a year. I durst not lay, though I can hardly think it. My lord *Marr* is married to lady *Frances Pierrepont*; and my lord *Dorchester*, her father, is to be married next week to lady *Bel. Bentinck*. Let me know if you go to *Pope's*, that I may endeavour to meet you there? I am, &c.

* *Boilingbroke*.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 24, 1714.

WE expected the grand affair would have been done yesterday, and now every body agrees it will be to-night*. The bishop of *London*, lord *Bathurst*, Mr. *Bridges*, Sir *William Wyndham*, and *Campion*, are named for commissioners of the treasury; but I have not sufficient authority for you to depend upon it. They talk of the duke of *Ormond* for our lord lieutenant. I cannot get the pamphlet back †. What shall I do? I wish you would send me the other copy. My lord *Anglesey* goes next *Monday* to *Ireland*. I hear he is only angry with the chancellor, and not at all with the *captain*. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXIX.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Whitehall, July 24, 1714.

I SAW lord *Harley* this morning. He tells me, that he left you horridly in the dumps. I wish you were; for, after giving a quarter of an hour's vent to our grief for the departure of our *Don Quixote* ‡, we

* The dismissal of lord *Oxford*.† *Free Thoughts*.‡ Lord *Oxford*, who was just at this time dismissed from his employment as first minister, and immediately succeeded by lord *Bolingbroke*.

should recover ourselves, and receive consolation from each other. The triumph of the enemy makes me mad. I feel a strange tenderness within myself, and scarce bear the thoughts of dating letters from this place, when my old friend is out, whose fortune I have shared for so many years. But *fiat voluntas tua*. The damned thing is, we are to do all dirty work. We are to turn out *Monckton* *. And, I hear, we are to pass the new commission of the treasury. For God's sake write to lady *Masham*, in favour of poor *Thomas* †, to preserve him from ruin. I will second it. I intended to have wrote to you a long letter; but the moment I had turned this page, I had intelligence that the *dragon* had broke out into a fiery passion with

lingbroke. On *Tuesday* the twenty-seventh of the same month he surrendered his staff as lord treasurer, and on the thirtieth lord *Shrewsbury* was appointed to succeed him in that office. See the letter from Mr. *Ford*, dated *July 31*; and an enquiry into the behaviour of the queen's last ministry, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

* *Robert Monckton*, one of the commissioners for trade and plantations, who had given information against *Arthur Moore*, one of his brother commissioners, for accepting a bribe from the *Spanish* court, to get the treaty of commerce continued.

† Mr. *Thomas* had been secretary under the old commission of the treasury, and he wrote to the Dean, by the same post, for a recommendation to lady *Masham*, either to be continued in the same office under the new commissioners, or to be considered in some other manner, by way of compensation. He urges a precedent for this in the case of his predecessor, who, being removed from his post of secretary, got the office of comptroller of the lotteries, worth five hundred pounds *per annum*, for thirty-two years.

my lord chancellor *, and swore a thousand oaths he would be revenged of him. This impotent, womanish behaviour vexes me more than his being out. This last stroke shews, *Quantula sint hominum corpuscula*. I am determin'd for the *Bath*, on the second or the ninth of *August* at farthest.

L E T T E R CXL.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER,

July 24, 1714.

I SUPPOSE you have received the account of *Sr. Kilda*. There is an officer there, who is a sort of *tribunus plebis*, whose office it is to represent the grievances of the people to the laird of *M^cLeod*, who is suppos'd to be their oppressor. He is bound to contradict the laird, till he gives him three strokes with a cane over the head, and then he is at liberty to submit. This I have done, and so has your friend *Lewis*. It has been said, that we and the Dean were the authors of all that has since happened, by keeping the *dragon* in, when there was an offer to lay down. I was told to my face, that what I said in this case went for nothing; that I did not care, if the great person's affairs went to entire ruin, so I could support the interests of the *dragon*. That I did not know the half of his proceedings. Particularly it was said, though I am confident it was a mistake, that he had

* Lord Harcourt.

attempted the removing her from the favour of a great person. In short, the fall of the *dragon* does not proceed altogether from his old friend, but from the great person, whom I perceive to be highly offended, by little hints that I have received. In short, the *dragon* has been so ill used, and must serve upon such terms for the future, if he should, that I swear I would not advise *Turk*, *Jew*, nor infidel, to be in that state. Come up to town, and I can tell you more. I have been but indifferently treated myself, by somebody at court in small concerns. I can tell who it is. But mum for that. Adieu.

L E T T E R C X L I.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

July 27, 1714*.

IF I tell my dear friend the value I put upon his undeserved friendship, it will look like suspecting you or myself. Though I have had no power since the twenty-fifth of *July*, 1713 †, I believe now, as a private man, I may prevail to renew your licence of absence, conditionally you will be present with me; for to-mor-

* 'Just before the loss of his staff.'

† 'The earl of *Oxford*, in his *Brief Account of Public Affairs*, presented to the queen, on the ninth of *June*, 1714, and published in the *Report of the Secret Committee*, mentions, that he wrote a large letter, dated *July* 25, 1713, to lord *Bolingbroke*, "containing his scheme of the queen's affairs, and what was necessary "for lord *Bolingbroke* to do;" which letter was answered by that lord, on the twenty-seventh of that month.'

row morning I shall be a private person. When I have settled my domestic affairs here, I go to *Wimble*; thence, alone, to *Herefordshire*. If I have not tired you, *tete a tete*, sling away so much time upon one, who loves you. And I believe, in the mass of souls ours were placed near each other. I send you an imitation of *Dryden*, as I went to *Kensington*.

To serve with love,
 And shed your blood,
 Approved is above.
 But here below,
 'Th' examples shew,
 'Tis fatal to be good.

I. E T T E R CXLII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R, Whitehall, July 27, 1714.

I HAVE yours of the twenty-fifth. You judge very right; it is not the going out, but the manner, that enrages me. The queen has told all the lords the reasons of her parting with him, *viz.* that he neglected all business; that he was seldom to be understood; that when he did explain himself, she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that, lastly, to crown all, he behaved himself towards her with bad manners, indecency, and disrespect. *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis.*

I am

I am distracted with the thoughts of this, and the pride of the conqueror *. I would give the world I could go out of town to-morrow; but the secretary saith, I must not go till he returns, which will not be till the sixteenth of *August*, or perhaps the twenty-third; but I am in hopes I may go towards *Bath* the sixteenth.

The runners are already employed to go to all the coffee-houses. They rail to the pit of hell. I am ready to burst for want of vent. The † stick is yet in his hand, because they cannot agree who shall be the new commissioners. We suppose the blow will be given to-night, or to-morrow morning. The sterility of good and able men is incredible. When the matter is over, I will wait upon our she friend ‡. If she receives me as usual, I'll propose to her, that I will serve where I do, provided I may be countenanced, and at full liberty to pay my duty to all the *Harleian* family in the same manner I used to do. If that is not allowed me in the utmost extent, consistent with

* Lord *Bolingbroke*.

† On the night of *Tuesday, July 27*, the day on which this letter is dated, a cabinet council was held (after the earl of *Oxford* had resigned the staff, which he did on that day) to consult what persons to be put in commission for the management of the treasury. The number to be five. Sir *William Wyndham*, chancellor of the exchequer, was to be one; but they could not agree in the choice of the other four. Their debate about the matter lasted till near two o'clock in the morning, at which the queen being present, it raised a violent agitation in her spirits, which affected her head.

‡ Lady *Masham*.

my trust here, I will propose an employment in the revenues, or to go out without any thing; for I will not be debarred going to him. If she does not receive me as she used to do, I will never go again. I flatter myself she will be so friendly as to enter into the consideration of my private circumstances, and preserve her old goodness to me.

There is no seeing the *dragon* till he is out, and then I will know his thoughts about your coming to *Brampton*. I hear he goes out of town instantly to *Wimple*, and my lady to *Brampton*; that he will join her there, after a few days stay at *Wimple*. Adieu. I am yours, &c.

L E T T E R CXLIII.

Lady MASHAM* to Dr. SWIFT.

MY GOOD FRIEND, July 29, 1714.

I OWN it looks unkind in me not to thank you, in all this time, for your sincere kind letter; but I was resolved to stay till I could tell you the queen had got so far the better of the *dragon*, as to take her power out of his hands. He has been the most ungrateful man to her, and to all his best friends, that ever was born. I cannot have so much time now to write all my mind, because my dear mistress is not

* This lady's name was *Hill*. She was bedchamber-woman to the queen, and, in conjunction with Mr. *Harley*, afterwards earl of *Oxford*, brought about the change in the ministry. See the note to a letter from lord and lady *Masham*, dated *April 17, 1733*.

well,

well, and I think I may lay her illness to the charge of the treasurer, who, for three weeks together, was teasing and vexing her without intermission, and she could not get rid of him till *Tuesday* last. I must put you in mind of one passage in your letter to me, which is, *I pray God send you wise and faithful friends to advise you at this time, when there are so great difficulties to struggle with.* That is very plain and true; therefore will you, who have gone through so much, and taken more pains than any body, and given wise advice (if that wretched man had had sense enough and honesty to have taken it); I say, will you leave us, and go into *Ireland*? No, it is impossible; your goodness is still the same, your charity and compassion for this poor lady, who has been barbarously used, won't let you do it. I know you take delight to help the distressed; and there cannot be a greater object than this good lady, who deserves pity. Pray, dear friend, stay here; and don't believe us all alike, to throw away good advice, and despise every body's understanding but their own. I could say a great deal upon the subject, but I must go to her, for she is not well. This comes to you by a safe hand, so that neither of us need be in any pain about it.

My lord and brother are in the country. My sister and girls are your humble servants.

L E T T E R CXLIV.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT,

S I R,

July 29, 1714.

I HAVE yours of the twenty-seventh. I write this in the morning, for I go in the evening to *Kensington*. If I am well received, I will continue my homage; if not, they shall hear of me no more. Where shall I write to you again? for I cannot stir from hence till the sixteenth of *August* at soonest. Nothing could please me more than to pass a few months with you at *Abercathy**; but I am yet uncertain whether I shall go there at all. All I am sure of is, that I will go out of town to some place for some time; first to the *Bath*, for I can't bear staying in this room. I want physic to help my digestion of these things, though the 'squire † is kinder to me than before. I am not mortified at what you tell of *Mercurialis*; only I would know, whether any disrespectful conduct of mine has brought it upon me; or whether it is only a general dislike of me, because I not a man of parts, or because I am in other interests. They would not give the *dragon* the least quarter, excepting only a pension, if he will work journey-work by the quarter. I have long thought his parts accused, and am more of that opinion than ever. The new commission is not yet named. Would not the world have roared against the *dragon*

* ' In *Caermarthenshire*, of which county Mr. Lewis was a native.'

† ' *William Bromley*, Esq; secretary of state.'

for such a thing? *Mercurialis* entertained *Stanhope*, *Craggs*, *Pulteney*, and *Walpole*. What if the *dragon* had done so? The duke of *Somerset* dines to-day with the fraternity, at *Greenwich*, with *Withers*. Nobody goes out with the *dragon*; but many will sit very loose. Some say, the new men will be *Lexington*, *Wyndham*, *Strangerways*, *Sir John Stonehouse*, and *Campion*.

L E T T E R CXLV.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, July 31, 1714. Past Six at Night.

I AM heartily sorry I should be the messenger of so ill news, as to tell you the queen is dead, or dying: if alive, 'tis said, she can't live till morning. You may easily imagine the confusion we are all in on this sad occasion. I had set out yesterday to wait on you, but for this sad accident, and should have brought letters from lord *Bolingbroke*, and lady *Masbam*, to have prevented your going. Pray don't go, for I will come to you when I see how things stand. My lord *Shrewsbury* is made lord treasurer, and every thing is ready for the proclaiming the duke of *Brunswick* king of *England*. The parliament will sit to-morrow, and chuse a new speaker, for *Sir Thomas* * is in *Wales*.

For God's sake don't go; but either come to *London*, or stay till I come to you. I am, &c.

* ' *Hanmer*.'

L E T T E R CXLVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Kensington, Saturday, July 31, 1714.
Six in the Evening.

AT the time I am writing, the breath is said to be in the queen's nostrils; but that is all. No hope left of her recovery. Lord *Oxford* is in council; so are the whigs. We expect the demise to-night. There is a prospect, that the elector will meet with no opposition; the *French* having no fleet, nor being able to put one out soon. Lady *Masham* did receive me kindly. Poor woman, I heartily pity her. Now is not the *dragon* born under a happy planet, to be out of the scrape? Dr. *Arbutnot* thinks you should come up. You will not wonder, if all my country resolutions are in suspense. Pray come up, to see how things go.

L E T T E R CXLVII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 31, 1714. Three in the Afternoon.

I DON'T doubt but you have heard the queen is dead, and perhaps we may be so unfortunate before this comes to you; but at present she is alive, and much better than could have been expected. I am just come from *Kensington*, where I have almost spent these two whole days. I am in great haste; but, till
dinner

dinner comes up, I will write to you, and give you as full an account as I can of her illness.

Her disorder began between eight and nine yesterday morning. The doctors ordered her head to be shaved; and while it was doing, she fell into a fit of the convulsion, or, as they thought, an apoplexy. This lasted near two hours, and she was speechless, and shewed little sign of life during that time; but came to herself on being blooded.

As soon as she recovered, my lord *Bolingbroke* went to her, and told her the privy-council was of opinion, it would be for the public service to have the duke of *Shrewsbury* made lord treasurer. She immediately consented, and gave the staff into the duke's hands. The great seal was put to the patent by four o'clock. She continued ill the whole day. In the evening I spoke to Dr. *Arbutnot*, and he told me, he did not think her distemper was desperate. *Radcliffe* was sent for to *Carlston* about noon, by order of council; but said he had taken physic, and could not come. In all probability he had saved her life, for I am told the late lord *Gower* had been often in the same condition with the gout in his head; and *Radcliffe* kept him alive many years after*. This morning, when I went there

* In the account, that is given of Dr. *Radcliffe*, in the *Biographia Britannica*, it is said, that the queen was struck with death the twenty eighth of July: that Dr. *Radcliffe*'s name was not once mentioned, either by the queen or any lord of the council; only, that lady *Mastam* sent to him, without their knowledge, two hours before the queen's death. In this letter from Mr. *Ford* to dean *Swift*, which is dated the thirty-first of July, it is said, that the queen's disorder began between eight and nine the morning before, which was
the

before nine, they told me she was just expiring. That account continued above three hours, and a report

the *thirtieth*; and that about noon, *the same day*, Radcliffe was sent for by *an order of council*. These accounts being contradictory, the reader will, probably, want some assistance to determine what were the facts. As to the time when the queen was taken ill, Mr. Ford's account is most likely to be true, as he was upon the spot, and in a situation, which insured him the best intelligence. As to the time when the doctor was sent for, the account in the *Biographia* is manifestly false; for if the doctor had been sent for only two hours before the queen's death, which happened incontestibly on the first of *August*, Mr. Ford could not have mentioned the fact on the thirty-first of *July*, when his letter was dated. Whether Radcliffe was sent for by lady *Masbam*, or by order of council, is therefore the only point to be determined. That he was generally reported to have been sent for by order of council, is certain; but a letter is printed in the *Biographia*, said to have been written by the doctor to one of his friends, which, supposing it to be genuine, will prove, that the doctor maintained the contrary. On the fifth of *August*, four days after the queen's death, a member of the house of commons, a friend of the doctor's, who was also a member, and one who always voted on the same side, moved, that he might be summoned to attend in his place, in order to be censured for not attending on her majesty. Upon this occasion the doctor is said to have written the following letter to another of his friends.

Dear Sir,

Carlbalton, August 7, 1714.

I Could not have thought, that so old an acquaintance, and so good a friend, as Sir *J——n* always professed himself, would have made such a motion against me. God knows my will to do her majesty any service has ever got the start of my ability; and I have nothing, that gives me greater anxiety and trouble, than the death of that great and glorious princess. I must do that justice to the physicians, that attended her in her illness, from a sight of the method, that was taken for her preservation by Dr. *Mead*, as to declare nothing was omitted for her preservation; but the people about her, the plagues of *Egypt* fall on them, put it out of the
power

was carried to town, that she was actually dead. She was not prayed for, even at her own chapel at *St.*

power of physic to be of any benefit to her. I know the nature of attending crowned heads, in their last moments, too well to be fond of waiting upon them, *without being sent for by a proper authority.* You have heard of pardons being signed for physicians, before a sovereign's demise: however, ill as I was, I would have went to the queen in a horse-litter, had either *her majesty,* or *those in commission next to her,* commanded me so to do. You may tell Sir *J——n* as much, and assure him, from me, that his zeal for her majesty will not excuse his ill usage of a friend, who has drank many a hundred bottles with him; and cannot, even after this breach of a good understanding, that ever was preserved between us, but have a very good esteem for him. I must also desire you to thank *Tom Chapman* for his speech in my behalf, since I hear it is the first he ever made, which is taken more kindly; and to acquaint him, that I should be glad to see him at *Carshalton*, since I fear (for so the gout tells me) that we shall never more sit in the house of commons together. I am, &c.

JOHN RADCLIFFE.

But whatever credit may now be paid to this letter, or however it may now be thought to justify the doctor's refusal to attend her majesty, he became, at that time, so much the object of popular resentment, that he was apprehensive of being assassinated; as appears by the following letter, directed to Dr. *Mead*, at *Child's* coffee-house, in *St. Paul's Church-yard.*

Dear Sir,

Carshalton, August 3, 1714.

I Give you, and your brother, many thanks for the favour you intend me to-morrow; and if there is any other friend, that will be agreeable to you, he shall meet with a hearty welcome from me. Dinner shall be on the table by two, when you may be sure to find me ready to wait upon you. Nor shall I be at any other time from home, because I have received several letters, which threaten me with being pulled to pieces, if ever I come to *London.* After such menaces as these, 'tis easy to imagine, that the conversation of two such very good friends is not only extremely desirable, but the enjoyment

James's; and, what is more infamous, stocks arose three *per cent.* upon it in the city. Before I came away, she had recovered a warmth in her breast and one of her arms, and all the doctors agreed, she would in all probability hold out till to-morrow, except *Mead*, who pronounced, several hours before, she could not live two minutes, and seems uneasy it did not happen so. I did not care to talk much to *Arbutnot*, because I heard him cautious in his answers to other people; but, by his manner, I fancy he does not yet absolutely despair. The council sat yesterday all day and night, taking it by turns to go out and refresh themselves. They have now adjourned, upon what the doctors said, till five. Last night the speaker and my lord chief justice *Parker* were sent for, and the troops from *Flanders*. This morning the *Hanoverian* envoy was ordered to attend with the black box *, and the heralds to be in readiness to proclaim the new king. Some of the whigs were at the council yesterday, but not one failed to-day; and most of the members of that party, in each house, are already come to town. If any change happens before the post goes out, I will send

joyment of it will be a great happiness and satisfaction to him, who is, &c.

JOHN RADCLIFFE.

Radcliffe died on the first of *November* the same year, having survived the queen just three months; and it is said, that the dread he had of the populace, and the want of company in the country village, which he did not dare to leave, shortened his life. He was just sixty-four years old.

* 'Containing the instrument nominating the persons, in number thirteen, to be added as lords justices to the seven great officers of the realm.'

you word, in a postscript; and you may conclude her alive, if you hear no more from me, and have no better authority than post-letters to inform you of the contrary. For God's sake don't think of removing from the place where you are, till matters are a little settled. *Ireland* is the last retreat you ought to think of; but you can never be better than you are now, till we see how things go.

I had yours with the printed pamphlet, as well as the other, and should have sent it away to-morrow. Pray let me hear from you.

Have you had all mine? I have failed you but one post (I think it was the last) for a fortnight, or more.

Eleven at Night.

The queen is something better, and the council again adjourned till eight in the morning.

L E T T E R CXLVIII.

Mr. JOHN BIRCH to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN, One o'Clock, Wantage, Aug. 1, 1714.

AT twelve o'clock lord *Bolingbroke's* man rid through *Wantage*, to call Mr. *Packer* to *London*, the queen being dead. I am confounded at the melancholy news; yet could not forbear sending it to you. Your truly humble servant,

JO. BIRCH.

L E T T E R CXLIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN,

August 3, 1714.

THE earl of *Oxford* was removed on *Tuesday*; the queen died on *Sunday*. What a world is this; and how does fortune banter us? *John Barber* tells me, you have set your face towards *Ireland*. Pray don't go. I am against it. But that is nothing; *John* is against it. *Ireland* will be the scene of some disorder, at least it will be the scene of mortification to your friends. Here every thing is quiet, and will continue so. Besides which, as prosperity divided, misfortune may perhaps in some degree unite us. The Tories seem to resolve not to be crushed; and that is enough to prevent them from being so. *Pope* has sent me a letter from *Gay*: being learned in geography, he took *Binfield** to be the ready way from *Hanover* to *Whitehall*. Adieu. But come to *London*, if you stay no longer than a fortnight. Ever yours, dear *Jonathan*, most sincerely.

I have lost all by the death of the queen, but my spirit; and I protest to you, I feel that increase upon me. The Whigs are a pack of *Jacobites*; that shall be the cry in a month, if you please.

* 'A village where Mr. *Pope's* father lived, and whence several of Mr. *Pope's* letters were written. It is in *Windsor-forest*, and lies in *Berkshire*.'

L E T T E R C L.

ERASMUS LEWIS Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Tuesday, August 3, 1714.

I AM overwhelmed with business, and therefore have only time to tell you, I received yours of *August* the 1st, and think you should come to town, to see how the world goes: for all old schemes, designs, projects, journeys, &c. are broke, by this great event. We are ill prognosticators. Every thing goes on with a tranquillity we durst not hope for. Earl *Berkeley* commands the fleet. Lord *Dorset* compliments the king. The duke of *Bolton*, lord-lieutenant of *Southampton*. *Addison*, secretary to the regents.

L E T T E R C L I.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR,

August 3, 1714.

YOU may easily imagine the concern we were all in at the sudden surprize of the queen's death. I have hardly recovered it yet. Lord *Bolingbroke* told me last *Friday*, that he would reconcile you to lady *Somerset**,

* We are told in the life of *Swift*, prefixed to *Bathurst's* edition of his works, that before his acquaintance with lord *Oxford*, a bishopric was intended for him by the queen; but that archbishop *Sharp*, and a certain great lady, having misrepresented his principles and character, her majesty gave it to another. The duchess of *Somerset* was this certain great lady. She was first lady of the bed-chamber, and lady of the robes. See an account of her in-

and then it would be easy to set you right with the queen, and that you should be made easy here, and not go over. He said twenty things in your favour, and commanded me to bring you up, whatever was the consequence. He said further, he would make clear work with them. But all vanished in a minute; and he is now threatened and abused every day by the party, who publicly rejoice, and swear, they will turn out every tory in *England*.

Inclosed you have a letter from my lord; he desires you would come up, and be any where *incognito*.

The earl of *Berkeley* is to command the fleet to fetch over the king, and the duke of *Argyle* is to go to *Scotland*. I send you the list of twenty-five kings †. Poor lady *Masham* is almost dead with grief.

The parliament meets to-morrow, which will hinder me from coming down for three or four days; but if you resolve to stay in the country farther, I will certainly come down; for I must needs see you. Pray favour me with a line. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant. Pray come up.

When my lord gave me the letter, he said, he hoped you would come up, and help to save the constitution, which, with a little good management, might be kept in tory hands.

terposing between her majesty's favour and the Dean, with her motive, in Vol. XIV. of *Swift's* works, 8vo. edition.

* The lords of the regency.

LETTER CLII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, August 5, 1714.

I HAVE writ to *Darvson* for a licence of absence for you; but you know you must take the oaths in *Ireland* within three months. There are a great many here in the same circumstances; and, in all probability, some of them will desire an act of parliament to have leave to do it here. In that case, it will be no difficult matter to have you included. Mr. *Lewis* tells me, he wrote to you to come up to town, and I see no reason why you should not. All matters go on very quiet, and we are not apprehensive of any disturbances. Stocks never rose so much in so few days. This is imputed to the hatred of the old treasurer, and the popularity of the new one. The whigs were not in the council when he was recommended. Lord *Bolingbroke* proposed it there, as well as to the queen; and, I hope, they two are upon very good terms, though Mr. *Lewis* seems positive of the contrary. I never heard of any pique the duke had to him, but that he was to be chief minister: and that being at an end, why may not they be reconciled? The *dragon* was thought to shew more joy upon proclaiming the king, than was consistent with the obligations he had received from ——. He was hissed all the way by the mob, and some of them threw halters into his coach. This was not the effect of party; for the duke of *Ormond* was huzza'd throughout the whole

city, and was followed by a vast crowd to his own house, though he used all possible endeavours to prevent it. There was an attempt to affront the *captain* in the cavalcade, but it did not succeed; and though a few hissed, the acclamations immediately drowned the noise. Not a single man shewed the least respect to the *colonel*; and last night my lord *Bingley** was beaten, by mistake, coming out of his house. I doubt he has disoblged both sides so much, that neither will ever own him; and his enemies tell stories of him, that I shall not believe till I find you allow them.

The lords justices made a speech to the parliament to-day. If it comes out time enough, I will send it you; but I hear it only contains their proceedings upon the queen's death; that they have yet received no directions from the king, and to desire the commons to continue the funds, which are expired. I am told, our regents are already divided into four parties. The greatest use they have made yet of their power, is to appoint my lord *Berkeley* to command the fleet, which is to bring over the king, and to make the duke of *Bolton* lord lieutenant of *Hampshire*.

I send you a *Gazette* †, though I am ashamed to have it seen. I had writ a great deal more of the queen's illness, an account of her birth, &c. but I could not find out Mr. *Lewis*, and had nobody to consult with, and therefore chose rather to say too little, than any

* ' Who had been appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of *Spain*, in the room of lord *Lexington*, in *December 1713*.'

† He was gazetteer,

thing I doubted might be improper. Yesterday the duke of *Marlborough* made his public entry thro' the city: first, came about two hundred horsemen, three in a row, then a company of train-bands, with drums, &c. his own chariot with himself, then his duchess, followed by sixteen coaches with six horses, and between thirty and forty with two horses. There was no great mob when he passed through the *Pall-Mall*, but there was in the city: and he was hissed by more than huzza'd. At *Temple-bar*, I am assured, the noise of hissing was loudest, though they had prepared their friends to receive him, and the gathering of others was only accidental. You may guess how great a favourite he is, by some old stories of his behaviour at the camp, when ——— was there, and afterwards at *Hanover*; and by the share he and his family have in the regency. But to be sure, this discreet action will endear him more than any subject in *England*. We had bonfires, &c. at night. From the list of the lords justices, and some other things, we imagine to ourselves there will not be many changes, but that the vacancies for some time will be filled up with whigs.

What I blotted out in my last, was something, that passed between the *captain* and *Barber*, relating to you. After I had writ, they told me all letters would be opened, which made me blot out that passage. *Barber* says, he gave you some account of it, though not a full one. I really believe lord *Bolingbroke* was very sincere in the professions he made of you, and he could have done any thing. No minister was ever in that height of favour; and lady *Masham* was

at least, in as much credit, as she had been in any time of her life. But these are melancholy reflections. Pray send me your poem *, *Hoc erat*, &c. or bring it up yourself. *Barber* told me, he had been several hours with the *captain*, upon a thing, that should have come out, but was now at an end †. He did not tell what it was; and I would not ask many questions, for fear of giving him suspicion,

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

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT,

SIR,

Whitehall, August 7, 1714.

IT is true you have nothing to do here; but what have you to do any where else till you go to *Ireland*, where you must indeed be before three months end, in order to qualify yourself? The law requires it, as much as if your deanry was but now conferred upon you.

Arbutnot is removed to *Cbelsea*, and will settle there. The town fills every moment. We are as full in the house of commons as at any time. We are gaping and staring to see who is to rule us. The whigs think they shall engross all. We think we shall have our share. In the mean time we have no division at

* This poem is an imitation of part of the sixth satire of the second book of *Horace*, and is printed in Vol. VI. of *Bathurst's* 8vo, edition of 1754, p. 55.

I often wish'd, that I had clear,

For life, six hundred pounds a year, &c.

† *Free Thoughts*.

council, or in parliament. I sent twice to *Kensington* to enquire after lady *Masham's* health. Next week I will go to see her, and will keep up my acquaintance, in all events, if she thinks fit. I will stay here till our commission is either renewed to us, or given to another. I am yours, &c.

L E T T E R CLIV.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Whitehall, August 10, 1714.

I NEVER differed from you, in my opinion, in any point so much, as in your proposal to accommodate matters between the *dragon* and his *quondam* friends. I will venture to go so far with you, as to say he contributed to his own disgrace, by his petiteffes, more than they did, or ever had it in their power to do. But since they would admit of no terms of accommodation, when he offered to serve them in their own way, I had rather see his dead carcase, than that he should now tamely submit to those, who have loaded him with all the obloquy malice could suggest, and tongues utter. Have not *Charteris* *, *Brinsden* †, and all the runners, been employed to call him dog,

* The celebrated colonel *Charteris*, whose character and epitaph may be found in the works of Mr. *Pope*.

† ' He is said, by Mr. *Boyer*, in *Political State*, vol. iii. for *Jan.* 1711-12, p. 52, to have been an oculist, and a private agent of lord *Bolingbroke*; and to have been employed by the government in *January*, 1711-12, to attend on prince *Eugene*, when his highness arrived in *England* in the beginning of that month.'

villain, sot, and worthless? And shall he, after this, join them? To what end? I have great tenderness for lady ——*, and think her best way is to retire, and enjoy the comforts of a domestic life. But sure the earth has not produced such monsters as *Mercurialis* †, and his companion ‡, and the prelate ||. The last openly avows he never had obligations to the *dragon*, loads him with ten thousand crimes; tho' his greatest, in reality, was preferring him. But to come out of this rant; What should they be friends for? *Cui bono*? Are we in a dream? Is the queen alive again? Can the lady § hereafter make any figure, but be a *persona muta* in a drama? If the *dragon* declares against the man of *mercury*, he may strike in with the *tertium quid*, that will probably arise; but with him he can never be otherwise than spurned and hated. The natural result of this is, that however I may, for my private satisfaction, desire to see you here, I cannot but think you should go to *Ireland* to qualify yourself, and then return hither, when the chaos will be jumbled into some kind of order. If the king keeps some Tories in employment, the notion of Whig and Tory will be lost; but that of court and country will arise*. The regency has declared in favour of the Whigs in *Ireland*. I believe Mr. *Thomas* will stand

* *Masbam.*

† Lord *Bolingbroke.*

‡ 'Probably the lord chancellor *Harcourt.*'

|| The bishop of *Rocheſter.*

§ Lady *Masbam.*

• This is a remarkable prediction, which we have seen fulfilled.
his

his ground. We shall be dissolved as soon as we have settled the civil list. We have no appearance, that any attempt will be formed by the pretender.

L E T T E R C L V .

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

August 11, 1714.

I SWEAR I did not imagine, that you could have held out through two pages, even of small paper, in so grave a stile. Your state of late passages is right enough. I reflect upon them with indignation, and shall never forgive myself for having trusted so long to so much real pride and aukward humility; to an air of such familiar friendship, and a heart so void of all tenderness; to such a temper of engrossing business and power, and so perfect an incapacity to manage one, with such a tyrannical disposition to abuse the other, &c*.

But enough of this, I cannot load him as k——, without fixing fool on myself.

For you I have a most sincere and warm affection, and in every part of my life will shew it. Go into *Ireland*, since it must be so, to swear †, and come back into *Britain* to bless me, and those few friends, who will enjoy you.

* He means lord *Oxford*.

† 'That is, to take the oaths to the government on king *George's* accession to the throne.'

Johannes Tonsor * brings you this. From him you will hear what is doing. Adieu, love me, and love me the better, because after a greater blow than most men ever felt, I keep up my spirit; am neither dejected at what has passed, nor apprehensive of what is to come. *Mea virtute me involvo.*

L E T T E R CLVI.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT,

London, Aug. 12, 1714.

OUR justices sit several hours every day, without affording us the least news. I don't hear any thing they have done worth mentioning, except some orders they have given about the dispute in the city of *Dublin*. You may be sure they are not such as will please our friends; but I think you and I agreed in condemning those proceedings in our own people. My lord *Darby* is made lord lieutenant of *Lancashire*. That and *Hampshire* are the only vacant employments they have filled up; I suppose, under pretence of their being maritime counties. If the whigs had directed the list of regents, *Marlborough*, *Sunderland* and *Wharton* had not been left out. There are five Tories too, that would not have been in. Though they were a little whimsical for three or four days about the succession, they seem'd to recant, and own themselves in an error by the later votes. Every one of them approved the peace, and were for the address at the

* *John Barber*,

end of the last session, that it was safe, honourable and advantageous. Considering what ministers were employed here by the court of *Hanover*, and that the king himself had little information but what he received from them, I think his list shews no ill disposition to the tories: and they say he is not apt to be hasty in removing the persons he finds in employment. The bill is brought in for granting him the old duties for the civil list. One *Wikes*, of *Northampton*, moved to tack the place-bill to it; but nobody seconded him, and he was extremely laughed at. He happens unluckily to be a tory.

Did you receive your papers last post? The first copy is not yet left at *St. Dunstan's*. Should I send to *Barber* for it in lord *Eclingbroke's* name? I have writ to him to bring in his bill, and as soon as he comes I will pay him. I suppose I shall see him tomorrow. I wish you a good journey to *Ireland*. But if I here *Saturday's* post comes into *Wantage* on *Sunday*, I may trouble you again. Pray let me know when you land in *Ireland*, that I may write to you, if any thing happens worth while. I shall be very impatient for what you promise me from thence. I should be very glad to hear from you while you are on the road.

Lord *Anglesey* came to town last *Tuesday*. They are all here now, except *Pembroke* and *Strafford*. *Charles Eversfield* is making his court to the dukes of *Somerset* and *Argyle*: he declares he will keep his place, if he can, and that he will not stir for *Campion's* election in the county of *Suffex*. *Campion* and he have had some high words upon that account. Lord *Orford* told the
 cdmmissioners

commissioners of the admiralty, they were ignorant, negligent of their duty, and wanted zeal for the king's service.

L E T T E R CLVII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, August 12, 1714.

I THANK you for your kind letter, which is very comfortable upon such a melancholy occasion. My dear mistress's days were numbered even in my imagination, and could not exceed such certain limits, but of that small number a great deal was cut off by the last troublesome scene of this contention among her servants. I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller than death was to her; only it surprized her too suddenly before she had signed her will; which no doubt her being involved in so much business hindered her from finishing. It is unfortunate, that she had been persuaded, as is supposed by *Lowndes*, that it was necessary to have it under the great seal. I have figured to myself all this melancholy scene; and even, if it be possible, worse than it has happened twenty times; so that I was prepared for it. My case is not half so deplorable as poor lady *Masham's*, and several of the queen's servants; some of whom have no chance for their bread but the generosity of his present majesty, which several people, that know him, very much commend. So far is plain from what has happened in public affairs, that what one party affirmed

firmed of the settlement has proved true, that it was firm : that it was in some measure an advantage to the successor not to have been here, and so obliged to declare himself in several things, in which he is now at liberty. And indeed, never any prince in this respect came to the crown with greater advantage. I can assure you the peaceable scene, that now appears, is a disappointment to more than one set of people.

I have an opportunity calmly and philosophically to consider that treasure of vileness and baseness, that I always believed to be in the heart of man ; and to behold them exert their insolence and baseness : every new instance, instead of surprizing and grieving me, as it does some of my friends, really diverts me, and in a manner improves my theory. Though I think I have not met with it in my own case, except from one man. And he was very far mistaken, for to him I would not abate one grain of my proud spirit. Dear friend, the last sentence of your letter quite kills me. Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am sure I never can forget you, till I meet with (what is impossible) another, whose conversation I can delight so much in as Dr *Swift's* : and yet that is the smallest thing I ought to value you for. That hearty sincere friendship, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I am sure I never can find in another man. I shall want often a faithful monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my faults to my face. God knows I write this
with

with tears in my eyes. Yet do not be obstinate, but come up for a little time to *London*; and if you must needs go, we may concert a manner of correspondence wherever we are. I have a letter from *Gay* just before the queen's death. Is he not a true poet, who had not one of his own books to give to the princess, that asked for one?

L E T T E R CLVIII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 14, 1714*.

I SUPPOSE you expect news upon *Craggs's* return from *Hanover*; but I don't hear a word more than what you have in the lords justices speech. Yesterday morning after he came, the whigs looked dejected, and our friends very much pleased; tho' I do not know any reason for either, unless it was expected by both sides, that he would have brought orders for alterations. It seems the *dragon's* entertainment was on a family account, upon the agreement between lord *Harley* and lord *Pelham*; and only those, who were concerned in their affairs, were invited. But slighter grounds would have served to raise a story at this time; and it was sufficient, that my lord *Townshend* and lord *Cowper* dined at his house. However, we look upon him as lost to our side; and he has cer-

* 'On the back of this letter is the following note of the Dean. "Memorandum, I left *Letcomb*, August 16, 1714, in order to go to *Ireland*."

tainly

tainly made advances of civility to the whigs, which they have returned with the utmost contempt. I am told *Dismal** begins to declare for his old friends, and protests he was really afraid for the protestant succession, which made him act in the manner he did. The foreign peers are certainly deprived of their right of voting by the express words of the act of succession; and it appears it was the intention of the legislature at that time, for prince *George of Denmark* was excepted by name; but it is thought the lords will interpret it otherwise when it comes to be tried. They don't lose the other privileges of peerage, and their posterity born here may sit in the house. The same clause extends to the house of commons; and no foreigner can enjoy any employment, civil or military. They may be favourable to the lords, who are all whigs; but I doubt poor *Duke Disney* will lose his regiment. I suppose *Barber* has given you an account of lord *B——*'s pamphlet. If you and he are not come to an eclairecissement upon it, shall I send to him for it? I long for the other. Yesterday the commons voted *nemine con.* to pay the *Hanover* troops, that deserted us in 1712. To-day Sir *William Wyndham, Campion*, and two or three more, gave some opposition to it; for which they are extremely blamed. I think they had acted right, if they had spoke against it yesterday; but it seems they were not then in the house. They had not strength enough to-day to come to a division.

* The earl of *Nottingham*.

Once more I wish you a good journey and a quick return ; and I hope you will find things go better than you expect.

L E T T E R CLIX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. ARBUTHNOT, or the DEAN of
St. *Patrick's*.

Hanover, Aug. 16, 1714.

YOU remember, I suppose, that I was to write you abundance of letters from *Hanover* ; but as one of the most distinguishing qualities of a politician is secrecy, you must not expect from me any arcanas of state. There is another thing, that is necessary to establish the character of a politician ; which is, to seem always to be full of affairs of state ; to know the consultations of the cabinet council, when at the same time all his politics are collected from news-papers. Which of these two causes my secrecy is owing to, I leave you to determine. There is yet one thing more, that is extremely necessary for a foreign minister, which he can no more be without, than an artizan without his terms ; I mean, the terms of his art. I call it an art or science, because I think the king of *France* hath established an academy to instruct the young *Machiavellians* of his country in the deep and profound science of politics. To the end that I might be qualified for an employment of this nature, and not only be qualified myself, but (to speak in the stile of Sir *John Falstaff*) be the cause of qualifications in others,

I have made it my business to read memoirs, treaties, &c. And as a dictionary of law terms is thought necessary for young beginners; so I thought a dictionary of terms of state would be no less useful for young politicians. The terms of politics being not so numerous, as to swell into a volume, especially in time of peace, (for in time of war all the terms of fortification are included) I thought fit to extract them in the same manner, for the benefit of young practitioners, as a famous author hath compiled his learned treatise of the law, called the Doctor and Student. I have not made any great progress in this piece; but, however, I will just give you a specimen of it, which will make you in the same manner a judge of the design and nature of this treatise.

Politician. What are the necessary tools for a prince to work with?

Student. Ministers of state.

Politician. What are the two great qualities of a minister of state?

Student. Secrecy and dispatch.

Politician. Into how many parts are the ministers of state divided?

Student. Into two. First, ministers of state at home; secondly, ministers of state abroad, who are called foreign ministers.

Politician. Very right. Now, as I design you for the latter of these employments, I shall wave saying any thing of the first of these. What are the different degrees of foreign ministers?

Student. The different degrees of foreign ministers are as follow. First, Plenipotentiaries. Second, Embassadors extraordinary. Third, Embassadors in ordinary. Fourth, Envoys extraordinary. Fifth, Envoys in ordinary. Sixth, Residents. Seventh, Consuls. And eighth, Secretaries.

Politician. How is a foreign minister to be known?

Student. By his credentials.

Politician. When are a foreign minister's credentials to be delivered?

Student. Upon his first admission into the presence of the prince, to whom he is sent, otherwise called his first audience.

Politician. How many kind of audiences are there?

Student. Two, which are called a public audience, and a private audience.

Politician. What should a foreign minister's behaviour be when he has first audience?

Student. He should bow profoundly, speak deliberately, and wear both sides of his long periwig before.

By these few questions and answers you may be able to make some judgment of the usefulness of this politic treatise. *Wicquefort*, it is true, can never be sufficiently admired for his elaborate treatise of the conduct of an embassador in all his negotiations: but I design this only as a compendium, or the embassador's manuel, or *vade mecum*.

I have wrote so far of this letter, and do not know who to send it to; but I have now determined to send

it, either to Dr. *Arbutnot*, or the dean of *St. Patrick's*, or to both. My lord *Clarendon* is very much approved of at court; and I believe is not dissatisfied with his reception. We have not much variety of diversions: what we did yesterday and to-day we shall do to-morrow; which is to go to court, and walk in the gardens at *Herenhausen*. If I write any more, my letter will be just like my diversions, the same thing over and over again. So, Sirs, your most obliged, humble servant,

J. G A Y.

I would have writ this letter over again, but I had not time,
Correct all erratas.

L E T T E R CLX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER,

Oct. 19, 1714.

EVEN in affliction your letter made me melancholy, and communicated some of the spleen, which you had, when you wrote it, and made me forfeit some of my reputation of chearfulness and temper under affliction. However, I have so many subjects amongst my friends and fellow-servants to be grieved for, that I can easily turn it off myself with credit. The queen's poor servants are like so many poor orphans exposed in the very streets. And those, whose past obligations of gratitude and honour ought to have engaged them to have represented their case, pass by them, like so many abandoned creatures, without the possibility of ever being able to make the least return

for a favour, which has added to my theory of human virtue.

I wish I did not only haunt you in the obliging and affectionate sense you are pleased to express it, but were personally present with you; and I think it were hardly in the power of fortune not to make some minutes pleasant. I dine with my lord and lady *Masham* to-day, where we will, as usually, remember you.

You have read ere this time the *history of the White Staff**, which is either contrived by an enemy, or by himself, to bring down vengeance; and I have told some of his nearest friends so. All the *dragon* can say will not give him one single friend amongst the whole party; and therefore I even wonder at him, which you will say is a strange thing. The very great person of all † can hardly speak of him with patience. The *Conde* acts like a man of spirit, makes up to the *k*——, and talks to him, and would have acted with more sense than any of them, could he have had any body to have acted along with him: *nos numerus sumus*, &c. The man you speak of is just as you de-

* 'A pamphlet written by Mr. *Daniel de Foe*, and published in 1714, in 8vo, in two parts, under the title of *The secret history of the White Staff; being an account of affairs under the conduct of some late ministers, and of what might probably have happened, if her majesty had not died*. Soon after the publication of it came out in 8vo, *A deteſtion of the ſophiſtry and falſities of the pamphlet, entitled, The ſecret hiſtory of the White Staff, containing an enquiry into the Staff's conduct in the late management, particularly with reſpect to the proteſtant ſucceſſion.*'

† Probably king *George I.*'

scribe, so I beg pardon. *Shadwell* says, he will have my place at *Chelsea*. *Garth* told me, his merit was giving intelligence about his mistress's health. I desired he would do me the favour to say, that I valued myself upon quite the contrary; and I hoped to live to see the day, when his majesty would value me the more for it too. I have not seen any thing as yet to make me recant a certain inconvenient opinion I have, that one cannot pay too dear for peace of mind.

Poor philosopher *Berkeley* has now the idea * of health, which was very hard to produce in him; for he had an idea of a strange fever upon him so strong, that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one. Poor *Gay* is much where he was, only out of the † duchess's family and service. He has some confidence in the princess and countess of *Picborough*; I wish it may be significant to him. I advised him to make a poem upon the princess before she came over, describing her to the *English* ladies; for it seems the princess does not dislike that. She is really a person, that I believe will give great content to every body. But *Gay* was in such a groveling condition, as to the affairs of the world, that his muse would not stoop to visit him. I can say no more of news, than that you will find the proceedings hitherto have been comparatively gentle. Adieu.

* This alludes to his book, in which he attempts to prove, that all things supposed to depend upon a material world subsist only in idea.

† The duchess of *Monmouth*.

L E T T E R CLXI*.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

I THANK you kindly for yours, with the inclosed from our friend. I would have obeyed your commands as to the *history of the White Staff*; but that there really is no answer to it, more than a thing, that rises just out of what is said in the history. None wrote on purpose by any one, that knows matters of fact, or can contradict what he says; or indeed wrote by concert of the persons, that are attacked. And I reckon any other is not worth your while to read. The *dragon* denies it; but as I told the governor, it is necessary for him to do that in a very solemn and strong manner; else there will be a ripping answer, as you say. All things go on at the usual rate. I am at an uncertainty still as to my little office. I leave them to do just as they please. *George Fielding* and brigadier *Brittain* are grooms of the bedchamber, which does not seem altogether the doing of a certain great man. The groom of the stole is still uncertain, lying betwixt two, that you know. I am told, that the great person of all has spoke more contemptibly of the *dragon* than of any body, and in very hard terms. Has not he managed finely at last? The princess gives great content to every body. I will add no more, being to write on the other side to the dean; which pray forward.

* Written on the same paper with the last.

L E T T E R CLXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Sir ARTHUR LANGFORD.

S I R,

Trim, Oct. 30, 1714.

I WAS to wait on you the other day, and was told by your servant, that you are not to be seen till towards evening, which, at the distance I am at this time of the year, cannot-easily be compassed. My principal business was to let you know, that since my last return from *England* many persons have complained to me, that I suffered a conventicle to be kept in my parish, and in a place, where there never was any before. I mentioned this to your nephew *Rowley* in *Dublin*, when he came to me with this message from you; but I could not prevail with him to write to you about it. I have always looked upon you as an honest gentleman, of great charity and piety in your way, and I hope you will remember at the same time, that it becomes you to be a legal man, and that you will not promote or encourage, much less give a beginning to, a thing directly contrary to the law. You know the dissenters in *Ireland* are suffered to have their conventicles only by connivance, and that only in places where they formerly used to meet. Whereas this conventicle of yours is a new thing, in a new place, entirely of your own erection, and perverted to this ill use from the design you outwardly seemed to have intended it for. - It has been the weakness of the dissenters to be too sanguine and assuming upon events in the state, which appeared to give them the least en-

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couragement;

couragement; and this, in other turns of affairs, hath proved very much to their disadvantage. The most moderate churchmen may be apt to resent when they see a sect, without toleration by law, insulting the established religion. Whenever the legislature shall think fit to give them leave to build new conventicles, all good churchmen will submit; but till then we can hardly see it without betraying our church. I hope therefore you will not think it hard, if I take those methods, which my duty obliges me, to prevent this growing evil, as far as it lies in my power, unless you shall think fit from your own prudence, or the advice of some understanding friends, to shut up the doors of that conventicle for the future. I am, with true friendship and esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

B.

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

E R A S M U S L E W I S , E s q ; t o D r . S W I F T .

S I R ,

N o v . 4 , 1 7 1 4 .

I HAVE one letter from you to acknowledge, which I will do very soon. In the mean time, I send this to acquaint you, that if you have not already hid your papers in some private place in the hands of a trusty friend, I fear they will fall into the hands of our enemies. Sure, you have already taken care in this matter, by what the public prints told you of the proceedings of the great men towards the earl of *Strafford* and *Mr. Prior*. However, for greater caution, this is sent you by —— I am, &c.

L E T -

L E T T E R CLXIV.

MONSIEUR SWIFT a Monsieur GIRALDI.

MONSIEUR, De Dublin, Fevrier 25, 1714-15.

J'E prens la liberté de vous presenter le porteur de cellucy, Monsieur *Howard*, gentilhomme favant et de condition de ce pais cy; qui pretend de faire le tour d'*Italie*; et qui etant chanoine en mon doyenné et professeur de college icy, veut en voyageant parmi les catholique s'opiniatrer le plus dans son heresie. Et apres tout, Monsieur, il n'est que juste, que puis-que vous avez derobé notre franchise *Angloise* pour l'ajouter à vôtre politesse *Italienne*, que quelques uns de nous autres tramontanes devoient en voyageant chez vous a faire des reprisailles. Vous me souffriez aussi de vous prier de presenter mes tres humble devoirs à son altesse royale le Grand Duc.

Pour mon particulier, Monsieur, je prens la liberté de vous dire, que deux mois devant la mort de la reine, voyant, qu'il etoit tout a fait impossible de r'accommoder mes amis du ministere, je me retiré a la campagne en *Berkshire*, d'ou apres ce triste evenement je venois en *Irlande*, ou je demure en mon doyenné, et atiens avec la resignation d'un bon Chrétien la ruin de nôtre cause et de mes amis, managée tous les jours par la faction dominante. Car ces Messieurs font tout a fait resolu de trancher une demi-douzaine des tetes des milleurs d'*Angleterre*, et que vous avez fort bien connûs et estimés. Dieu sait que en fera l'evenement. Pour moy, j'ai quitte pour jamais la politique,

litique, et avec la permission des bons gens, qui sont maintenant en vogue, je demeureray la reste de ma vie en mon hermitage pour songer à mon salut.

Adieu, Monsieur, et me faites la justice de croire, que je suis, avec beaucoup de respect, Monsieur, votre, &c.

Note, Monsieur Giraldi was secretary to the duke of Tuscany.

L E T T E R C L X V .

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO DR. SWIFT.

Aug. 6, 1715.

I RECEIVED your very Heraclitian letter. I am kinder than you. I desire to hear your complaints, and will always share them, when I cannot remove them. I should have the same concern for things as you, were I not convinced, that a comet will make much more strange revolutions upon the face of our globe, than all the petty changes, that can be occasioned by governments and ministries. And you will allow it to be a matter of importance, to think of methods to save one's self and family in such a terrible shock, when this whole earth will turn upon new poles, and revolve in a new orbit. I consider myself as a poor passenger, and that the earth is not to be forsaken, nor the rocks removed for me. But you are certainly some first minister of a great monarch, who, for some misbehaviour, are condemned, in this revolution of things, to govern a chapter, and a choir of singing-men. I am sure I should think myself happy,

if

if I had only such a province as the latter. Certainly your chapter is too peaceable, and not like other chapters; else they would give you more occupation. You see I begin with philosophy. As to business, I this moment saw the *dragon*. He had your letters, and shewed them to me some time ago, and seems to be mighty fond of the project: only he is to be at *Wimple*, and not in *Herefordshire*, and it is but a step further. He is to write to-night, if you believe him, to that very purpose; nay, I am to have the letter to inclose, and I intend to keep mine open till eleven. It is strange, that you should imagine the *dragon* had cast his exuviae in his den *, or that confinement is a cure for inactivity; so far from it, all these habits are ten times stronger upon him than ever. *Lewis* will furnish you with a collection of new stories, that are as far beyond the old ones, as you can imagine. Therefore I say again, come, and you will be far from finding any such dismal scenes as you describe. Your own letter will furnish you with topics to conquer your melancholy. For in such a mutability what is it, that must not in time cast up? Even the return of that brother † you mention. And as philosophical as I am, I should be very sad, if I did not think that very probable and feasible. As to your friends, tho' the world is changed to them, they are not changed to you; and you will be caressed as much as ever, and by some, that bore you no good will formerly. Do you think there is no pleasure in hearing

* He was sent to the *Tower*.

† *Boungbucke*.

the *H——* club * declaim upon the clemency and gentleness of the late reign, and a thousand stranger things? As for the constitution, it is in no more danger than a strong man, that has got a little surfeit by drunkenness. All will be well, and people recover their sober senses every day. Several of your friends dine with me to-day, lady *Ma——*, *John Drummond*, the judge, &c. where you will be remembered. I wish I could return your compliments as to my wife and bairns. Sure you are a very ill husband, for you had the compleat thousand, when you were in *England*, and sixpence of another thousand given by the *dragon*. I remember that full well. *L——* is gone his progress. I shall be at *Bath* in a fortnight. Come that way. Adieu.

I really think the person I recommended will do well; he will be quite another thing before *Michaelmas*, with *Rosgrave's* † teaching, &c. He has a good voice.

L E T T E R CLXVI.

Dr. FRIEND † to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN,

Westm. Sept. 20, 1715.

I AM much obliged to lady *Kerry* for giving you an occasion of writing, and shall always be pleased in receiving any commands from you. Mr. *Fitzmaurice*

* *Hanover* club, of which *Ambrose Phillips*, esq; was secretary.

† See the note on *Prior's* letter, dated *August 16, 1713*.

‡ 'Robert Friend, D. D. master of *Westminster-school*.'

is very promising, and a favourite of mine already. I had never seen nor heard from any one, that was concerned for him, till I had the favour of yours; but as I had taken a particular notice of him on his own account, I shall now do it much more upon yours. This will be brought to you by your kinsman, Mr. *Rolt*. I am glad I can tell you, that he has behaved himself very well here. He is not of the highest fort, but is very sober and industrious, and will work out his way, and, I believe, deserve any encouragement you are pleased to give him. Things are in an odd posture with us at present; and the state of banishment you are in, may be endured without much regret: however, I shall hope in a little time to see you here, when more of your friends are in town.

The bishop* and my brother † are much yours, and very desirous of a happy meeting with you. Before this can be with you, you'll be able to guess how soon that may happen. And may it be as soon as is wished by, Sir, your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

R. FRIEND.

L E T T E R CLXVII.

The Ducheſs of O R M O N D to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Octob. 17, 1715.

I WAS extremely pleased to find you had not forgot your friends, when it is so hard for them to write to you,

* 'Dr. Francis Atterbury, bishop of Rochester.'

† 'John Friend, M. D.'

and, by their concern for you, put you in mind of them. But I find no misfortunes can lessen your friendship, which is so great, as to blind you of the side of their faults, and make you believe you see virtues in them, it were happy for them they enjoyed in any degree; for, I am sure, some of those you named are much wanted at this time. I was, as you heard, very well pleased, that my friend * was safe as to his person, but very uneasy at seeing his reputation so treated. As to his fortune, it is yet in dispute. However, as long as he is well, I am satisfy'd. It is with difficulty I do hear but now and then; a straggling body brings me an account of him; for there has been no encouragement to write by the post, all letters miscarrying, that either he or I have wrote that way, that we have given it over now, and trust to accident for the news of each other. I hope I shall hear from you oftner than I have done for some months past: for no friend you have has more respect for you, than, your most humble servant,

M. ORMOND,

Your niece *Betty* † is your humble servant.

* The Duke, who being suspected of treasonable Practices, or designs, went abroad.

† Her grace's daughter,

L E T T E R CLXVIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR FRIEND,

Indorsed

"Received Dec. 2, 1715"

I HOPE this will find you in good health, and I hope in greater tranquillity of mind, than when we used to lament together at your office for the eternal faults of our friends. I have seen the *dragon* thrice since I wrote to you. He is without shadow of change; the greatest example of an unshaken tranquillity of mind, that ever I yet saw, seeming perfectly well satisfied with his own conduct in every particular. You know we have often said, that there is but one *dragon* in *rerum natura*. I don't know what he thinks, but I am perfectly well satisfied, that there will not be that one *dragon* left, if some people have their will. *Haly Bessa*, they say struggles for his son-in-law. It is generous and grateful. There is a prodigious quarrel between him and the president about it*. I am not yet out, but expect to be soon. Adieu.

I had almost forgot to tell you of the Pretender's declaration, in which there are words to this purpose: 'That he had no reason to doubt of the good intention of his sister, which was the reason that he sat quiet in her time; but now was disappointed by the deplorable accident of her sudden death.'

* 'The president of the council, who at that time was *Daniel* earl of *Nottingham*.'

L E T T E R CLXIX*.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER,

I SEND you the scrap of a letter begun to you by the whole society, because I suppose you even value the fragments of your friends. The honest gentleman, at whose lodgings we wrote, is gone for *France*. I really value your judgment extremely in chusing your friends. I think worthy Mr. *Ford* is an instance of it, being an honest, sensible, firm, friendly man, *et qualis ab inceptu processerat, &c.*

Tho', by the way, praising your judgment is a little compliment to myself, which I am apt to fall into of late, no-body now being at the trouble of doing it for me. The *Parnellian*, who was to have carried this letter, seems to have changed his mind by some sudden turn in his affairs; but I wish his hopes may not be the effect of some accidental thing working upon his spirits, rather than any well-grounded project.

If it be any pleasure to you, I can assure you, that you are remembered kindly by your friends, and I believe not altogether forgot by your enemies. I think both is for your reputation. I am told, that I am to lose my little preferment: however, I hope to be able to keep a little habitation warm in town. I cannot but say, I think there is one thing in your circumstances, that must make any man happy; which is, a

* Written on the same Paper with the last.

liberty to preach. Such a prodigious privilege, that if it did not border upon simony, I could really purchase it for a sum of money. For my part, I never imagine any man can be uneasy, that has the opportunity of venting himself to a whole congregation once a week. And you may pretend what you will, I am sure you think so too, or you don't judge right. As for news, I never enquire about any. *Fumus Troes, &c.*

My present politics is to give no disturbance to the present folks in the due exercise of their power, for fear of forcing them to do very strange things, rather than part with what they love so well. Untoward reports in the country will make elections dearer, which I am sorry for. The *dragon*, I am afraid, will be struck at. Adieu, in haste.

L E T T E R CLXX.

Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Jan. 23, 1715-16.

Y OUR letter was a great while upon the road, before I had the good luck to have it; and I think I was happy, that it ever arrived here; for it is the second letter I have received out of *Ireland* in above seven months. Either those few friends I have there are afraid of taking notice of me, or my enemies won't let me have the comfort of thinking I have any left and therefore stop my letters. I give you a thousand thanks for so kindly remembering an absent friend. As

you always think right, I don't wonder you are of the opinion our *friend** has not all his good offices very well returned. But who live in this world, must arm themselves with patience, and a resolution able to bear ingratitude, reproach, poverty and afflictions of all kinds; or submit to the discipline of *Bedlam*.

I have not heard from my master † these many months. I hope he is well, because the good nature of the world would take care I should hear, if he were otherwise.

The lady, you name in your letter, lives at her house in *Berkshire*. I can't entertain you with so much as the tittle-tattle of the town, having not seen it these four months, nor scarce any thing but frost and snow; which makes me converse most with robin-redbreasts, that do me the favour to come in at the windows to see me. Your niece is your humble servant; but not well, having a rash.

I believe by this time you wish you had not provoked me to write; since you are troubled with so long a scroll from me; who am, with great truth, Sir, your most sincere friend, and humble servant.

* 'Probably the earl of *Oxford*.'

† 'The duke of *Ormond*, her husband.'

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

Bishop ATTERBURY to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD MR. DEAN, Bromley*, April 6, 1716.

MY gout kept me so long a prisoner at *Westminster* this winter, that I have fixed at *Bromley* this spring much sooner than ever I yet did, for which reason my meeting with Dr. *Younger* will be more difficult, than it would be, had I been still at the deanry †.

The best (or rather the worst) is, that I believe he can say nothing to you upon the matter, about which you write, which will please you. His deanry ‡ is of the old foundation, and in all such foundations the deans have no extraordinary power or privilege, and are nothing more than residentiaries, with a peculiar corps belonging to them as deans; the first of the chapter, but such, whose presence is not necessary towards the dispatch of any one capitular act, the senior residentiary supplying their absence, in every case, with full authority. Thus, I say, the case generally is in the old deanries, unless where the local statutes may have expressly reserved some peculiar power or privilege to the deans of those churches. But none of them, I dare say, have a negative, either by common law, custom, or local statute. Thus much to shew you, that a nice search into the pecu-

* *Bromley* in *Kent*, where the bishops of *Rocheſter* have an episcopal palace.

† Of *Westminster*, which has long been connected with the bishopric of *Rocheſter*.

‡ 'Of *Salisbury*.'

liar rights of the dean of *Sarum* will be needless, if not mischievous to you. The three deanries, which I have had, are all of the new foundation, by *Henry VIII.* or queen *Elizabeth.*

In the charters of all there is a clause, empowering the dean to make, punish, and unmake all the officers. In the statutes of one of them (*Carlisle*) the dean's consent, in all *gravioræ causæ*, is made expressly necessary, and in the other two nothing from the foundation of those churches ever passed the seal without the dean's *sigilletur* first written on the lease, patent, presentation, &c. which is a manifest and uncontested proof of his negative. As to the power of proposing, that I apprehend not to be exclusive to the other members of the chapter. It is a point chiefly of decency and convenience; the dean being the principal person, and supposed best to be acquainted with the affairs of the church, and in what order they are fittest to be transacted: But if any one else of the body will propose any thing, and the rest of the chapter will debate it, I see not how the dean can hinder them, unless it be by leaving the chapter; and that itself will be of no moment in churches, where his absence doth not break up and dissolve the chapter; as it does, where his consent to any thing there treated of is expressly required before it can pass into an act. Where, indeed, he is allowed such a negative, he is generally allowed to make all proposals; because it would be to no purpose for any one to make a proposition, which he can quash by a dissent: but this is not, I say, a matter of right, but prudence.

Upon

Upon the whole, the best advice I can give you, is, whatever your powers are by statute or usage, not to insist on them too strictly in either of the cases mentioned by you, unless you are very sure of the favour and countenance of your visitor. The lawyers, you will find, whenever such points come before them for a decision, are very apt to disregard statutes and custom in such cases; and to say, that their books make the act of the majority of the corporation the legal act of the body, without considering, whether the dean be among the minority or no. And therefore your utmost dexterity and address will be necessary, in order to prevent such a trial of your right at common law; which, it is ten to one, (especially as things now stand) will go against you. If the refractory part of your chapter are stout, and men of any sense, or supported underhand, (the last of these is highly probable) you had better make use of expedients to decline the difficulty, than bring it at present to a decision. These are the best lights, and this the best advice, I can give you, after a long experience of the natural consequence of such struggles, and a careful search into the foundation of the powers and privileges claimed and disputed on the one side and the other. I wish I could say any thing more to your satisfaction, but I cannot; and I think, in all such cases, the best instance I can give you of my friendship, is not to deceive you.

There is a statute in the latter end of king *Henry* the eighth's reign worthy of your perusal. The title of it relates to the *leases of hospitals*, &c. and the tenor

nor of it did, in my apprehension, seem always to imply, that, without the dean, master, &c. nothing could be legally done by the corporation. But the lawyers will not allow this to be good doctrine, and say, that statute (notwithstanding a constant phrase of it) determines nothing of this kind, and, at the most, implies it only as to such deanries, &c. where the dean, master, &c. have the right of a negative, by statute or usage. And few lawyers there are, who will allow even thus much. I cannot explain myself farther on that head; but, when you peruse the statute, you will see what I mean; though, after all, it does not, I believe, include *Ireland*. However, I look upon it as a declaration of the common law here in *England*.

I am sorry you have any occasion to write to me on these heads, and much sorer, that I am not able to give you any tolerable account of them. God forgive those, who have furnished me with this knowledge, by involving me designedly into those squabbles. I thank God, I have forgiven them.

I will enter into nothing but the enquiries of your letter, and therefore add not a word more, either in *English* or *Latin*, but that I am, with great esteem, good Mr. Dean, your very affectionate humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER CLXXII.

Lady BOLINGBROKE * to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Aug 4, 1716.

I WISH your last had found me in the country, but, to my misfortune, I am still kept in town, soliciting my unfortunate business. I have found great favour from his majesty. But form is a tedious thing to wait upon. Since 'tis my fate, I must bear it with patience, and perfect it, if I can; for there is nothing like following business one's self. I am unwilling to stir without the seals, which I hope to have soon. I have been very ill; this place never agreeing with me, and less now than ever, it being prodigious hot weather.

I know not what to say as to one part of yours; only this, that you will forgive the fears of a woman, if she says she is glad it is as it is, though it has almost ruined her. I hope, one time or other, his majesty will find my lord has been misrepresented; and, by that means, he may be restored to his country once more with honour; or else, however harsh it may sound out of my mouth, I had rather wear black. These are my real sentiments. I never thought myself, nor my health, of any consequence till lately; and since you tell me 'tis so to the unworthy, as you please to term it, I shall take care of it: for the worthy, which I once thought so, they are good for nothing, but to neglect distressed friends. Those few

* *Frances, first wife of the lord viscount Bolingbroke, and daughter of Sir Henry Winchcomb, of Bucklebury, in Berks.*

friends I meet with now, are worth a thousand relations: that I found long ago. We have the happiness of odd, half-witted relations, and silly, obstinate, opiniatre friends, that are a severe plague to me. I never could have the pleasure of talking one moment to the d—— of O——*. She had always company, and some, that I wish she had not. She is now out of town, and we do not correspond at present. I wish her all happiness, and in better hands as to her business. You have a much better opinion of me than I deserve; but I will study all I can to merit that favour, which you are kind to assure me of.

I wish it were possible for us two to meet, that I might assure you, in person, that am yours most faithfully.

P. S. Yours came safe. I hope this will to you. There is a lady, who never forgets you, and a particular friend to me, and has been a great comfort to me in my trouble; I mean my tenant: she is now in the country, to my grief.

L E T T E R CLXXIII.

Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Sept. 14, 1716.

I HAD the ill fortune to miss of that letter you upbraid me with. I had deserved any reproaches you could make me, if it had come to my hands, and I not made due acknowledgments for your inquiries

* 'Duchess of Ormond.'

after me. I'll make you wish you'd not been so angry with me; for I will scrawl out myself, what you'd rather *Betty* or my maid had, for they would have made shorter work of it; but I will answer every part of yours, that you obliged me with by *Mr. Ford*.

First, as to the lady you mention, the reason I had not seen her in a great while was, my being in the country. To tell you the truth, I believe her husband has been a better courtier, than either she, or any of her sex could be; because men have it in their power to serve, and I believe hers has effectually done what lay in him.

You kindly ask how my affairs go. There is yet no end of them, and God only knows when there will be. For when every thing was thought done, a sudden blast had blown all hopes away, and then they give me fresh expectations. In the mean time, I am forced to live upon the borrow; my goods all taken away; that I shan't have so much as a bed to lie upon, but what I must buy; and no money of my own to do that with; so that you may imagine me in a cheerful way. I pray God support me.

The gentleman you enquired after is verywell now. The illness you heard he had, he has been subject to a good while. What you desire, I wish were in the power of either his brother or I; but all will go from both of us of every kind. Only they say, that the cloaths upon my back I may perhaps call my own, and that's all. I was obliged to leave the country. I was so ill there, that, if I had not come to the physicians, I can't tell what might have happened.

My daughter is your most humble servant, and is pretty well in health.

Am not I one of my word, and troubled you twice as long as you'd have wish'd? But you'll find by this, that a woman's pen should no more be set at work than her tongue; for she never knows when to let either of 'em rest. But my paper puts me in mind, that I have but just room to tell you I wish much to see you here, if it could be with your satisfaction; and that I am, with great sincerity, Sir, your faithful humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

LETTER CLXXIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Octob. 23, 1716.

IT is a very great truth, that, among all the losses, which I have sustained, none affected me more sensibly than that of your company and correspondence; and yet, even now, I should not venture to write to you, did not you provoke me to it. A commerce of letters between two men, who are out of the world, and who do not care one farthing to return into it again, must be of little moment to the state; and yet I remember enough of that world, to know, that the most innocent things become criminal in some men, as the most criminal pass applauded in others.

Your letter breathes the same spirit as your conversation at all times inspired, even when the occasions of practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude
seemed

seemed most remote, if such occasions could ever seem remote to men, who are under the direction of your able and honest friend Sir^s Roger*.

To write about myself is no agreeable task, but your commands are sufficient at once to determine and excuse me. Know therefore, that my health is far better than it has been a great while; that the money, which I brought over with me will hold out some time longer; and that I have secured a small fund, which will yield in any part of the world a revenue sufficient for one, *qui peut le retrancher meme avec plaisir dans la mediocrité*. I use a *French* expression, because I have not one, that pleases me, ready in *English*. During several months after my leaving that obscure retreat, into which I had thrown myself last year, I went through all the mortifying circumstances imaginable. At present I enjoy, as far as I consider myself, great complacency of mind; but this inward satisfaction is imbittered, when I consider the condition of my friends. They are got into a dark hole, where they grope about after blind guides; stumble from mistake to mistake; jostle against one another, and dash their heads against the wall; and all this to no purpose. For assure yourself, that there is no returning to light; no going out, but by going back. My stile is mystic, but it is your trade to deal in mysteries, and therefore I add neither comment nor

* Sir Roger is the name given to lord treasurer Oxford, in the history of John Bull. As Bolingbroke is known to have hated and despised the treasurer, the words *able* and *honest* must be taken ironically.

excuse. You will understand me; and I conjure you to be persuaded, that if I could have half an hour's conversation with you, for which I would barter whole hours of life, you would stare, haul your whig, and bite paper more than ever you did in your life*. Adieu, dear friend; may the kindest influence of heaven be shed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again, that heaven only knows; if we do, what millions of things shall we have to talk over! In the mean while, believe, that nothing fits so near my heart as my country and my friends; and that among these you ever had, and ever shall have, a principal place.

If you write to me, direct *A Monsieur Charlot, chez Monsieur Cantillon, banquier, rue de l'Arbre sec* †. Once more adieu.

L E T T E R CLXXV.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Paris, Oct. 28, 1716.

IF I was to see you again, you would give twice as much as you offered six weeks ago not to have seen me. By the same rule, you might afford something not to hear from me; but the inclosed came this morning to me, and I could not send it away, without adding a few lines in the cover. They are not to put you again into the spleen, but only to ask how you do, and how you employ yourself? Do the great

* This is a strong picture of *Swift's* manner.

† The name of a street in *Paris*.

designs go on at *Laracor**? Or have the rains put a stop to your improvements, as well as to my journey? It will cost you but a penny, and a few minutes, to answer these questions; and, in return, you shall know any thing you desire to know of me in my travels. I shall go on as soon as we have five or six days days sunshine to dry the roads, and make the finest country in the world supportable. I am laughed at here, when I talk of travelling, and yet of waiting for fair weather; but to me the journey is the greatest part of the pleasure. And whereas my companion is continually wishing himself at *Rome*, I wish *Rome* was a thousand leagues farther, that I might have more way to pass in *France* and *Italy*.

If you will do me the favour to write to me, direct to be left with Mr. *Cantillon*, banker, in *Paris*.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R CLXXVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Jan. 11, 1716-17.

ABOUT two months ago I sent you a very long epistle, and was in hopes you would either have made us a visit, or have let us heard from you. Since you have done neither, we must flatter ourselves, that you will be better the new year than the former.

Our friend *Prior*, not having had the vicissitude of human things before his eyes, is likely to end his

The Dean's living,

days

days in as forlorn a state as any other poet has done before him, if his friends do not take more care of him than he did of himself. Therefore, to prevent the evil, which we see is coming on very fast, we have a project of printing his *Solomon*, and other poetical works, by subscription; one guinea to be paid in hand, and the other at the delivery of the book. He, *Arbutnot*, *Pope* and *Gay*, are now with me, and remember you. It is our joint request, that you will endeavour to procure some subscriptions: you will give your receipts for the money you receive, and when you return it hither, you shall have others in lieu. There are no papers printed here, nor any advertisements to be published; for the whole matter is to be managed by friends in such a manner, as shall be least shocking to the dignity of a plenipotentiary.

I am told the archbishop of *Dublin* shews a letter of yours, reflecting on the high-flying clergy. I fancy you have writ to him in an *ironical style*, and that he would have it otherwise understood. This will bring to your mind what I have formerly said to you on that figure. Pray condescend to explain this matter to me. The removal of my lord *Townshend* has given a little spirit; but that will soon flag, if the king, at his return, does not make farther changes. What measures his majesty will take is uncertain; but this we are very sure of, that the division of the whigs is so great, that, morally speaking, nothing but another rebellion can ever unite them. *Sunderland*, *Stanhope* and *Cadogan* are of one side; *Townshend*, *Walpole*,
Oxford,

Oxford, Devonshire, and the chancellor*, of the other. The latter seem at present to be strongest; but when the former appear with a *German* reinforcement, they will undoubtedly turn the balance. They are both making their court to the tories, who, I hope, will be a body by themselves, and not serve as recruits to either of the other two. Lord *Townshend's* friends give out, that his disgrace is owing to refusing four things, *viz.* to keep up the army; repeal the limitations of the succession-act; to send money to *Germany* for carrying on a war against *Sweden*; and to attain lord *Oxford*. When lord *Sunderland* † comes over, he will probably cry *whore again*, and endeavour to saddle lord *Townshend* in his turn. For these reproaches now are like that of *Jacobitism* in former reigns. We are told, that lord *Bolingbroke* has permission to stay in *France*, notwithstanding the late treaty, provided he retires from *Paris*. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CLXXVII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, June 15, 1717.

LAST night I received yours of the 5th instant; and since you tell me I am your only correspondent, I think I ought to be the more punctual in my returns,

* ‘*William earl Cowper.*’† ‘By whose intrigues the lord viscount *Townshend* had been removed from the post of secretary of state, which was given to *James Stanhope*, afterwards earl *Stanhope.*’

and the more full in what relates to our friends here. You'll see by the public prints, that *Monday* next come se'ennight is appointed for the trial of my lord *Oxford*, and that no less than six-and-twenty doughty members are appointed to manage it. The lords have likewise settled the whole forms of the proceedings. My lord has asked, that two lawyers more might be added to his council: yet is all this but a farce; for there is not a creature living, who thinks he will ever be tried; for they publicly own, that they neither have, nor ever had, any evidence; and laugh at impeachments, and attainders, and party-gambols; and say, that all people deserve to be so punished, who presume to dispossess the whigs of their indefeasible right to the administration. But since he is not to be tried, the next question is, In what manner is he to be brought off, so as to save the honour of his prosecutors? I think it will be by an act of grace. Others say, it will be by the commons asking more time, and the lords of their party agreeing to refuse it. But as we are wholly ignorant of their intentions, it is possible neither of these guesses may be right; and that they may keep him yet another year in prison; which my lord *Marlborough* seems passionately to desire.

We labour here under all the disadvantages in the world in every respect; for the tide of party runs still very strong every where, but in no place more than in *Westminster-hall*. Those on this side, whose honour and interest both require, that all people, who pay obedience, should be protected, seem to want a capacity

city to govern; and the similitude of circumstances between the ——* and the regent render the latter a firm ally, contrary to the natural interest of *France*. Thus we are secure from any foreign enemy.

I agree with you, that *Snape's* letter † is really but a letter, and that it is much too short and too slight for such a subject. However, his merit was great, in being the first to give the alarm to his brethren, and setting himself in the front of the battle against his adversaries. In those respects, his letter has had its full effect.

I desire you will be as quick as you can in the assistance you intend *Prior*; for those, who subscribed here, are impatient to have their books; and we cannot keep it off much longer, without passing for common cheats. *Dr. Arbuthnot*, and *Mr. Charleton*, and I, remember you often. *Lady Masham* always asks for you very affectionately. By the way, I am perfectly restored to grace there, and am invited to their house in the country, as soon as lord *Oxford's* affair is over, I intend to go amongst my friends in the country, not to return hither till about *Michaelmas*. But if you'll direct to me at my house in town, your letters will be conveyed to me, where-ever I am. *Mr. Rochfort* ‡ seems to have a great many good

* 'King should probably fill the blank.'

† 'To the bishop of *Bangor*, *Dr. Hadley*, occasioned by his lordship's sermon preached before the king, on *March 31, 1717*, concerning the nature of the kingdom and church of *Christ*.'

‡ The Dean was intimate with a family of this name in *Ireland*, and, among his works, is a poem, called, *The Country Life*, written while he was spending part of a summer at the house of *George Rochfort*, Esq; son of the lord chief baron of that name.

qualities, and I am heartily glad he has met with success. Adieu.

L E T T E R CLXXVIII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, June 18, 1717.

HAVING acquainted you in my letter of last post, that it was the universal opinion the commons would not proceed to the trial of my lord *Oxford*, I think myself obliged to tell you, that we begin now to be something doubtful; for the managers, who are twenty-seven in number, strenuously give out, that they shall be ready to proceed on *Monday* next. Therefore, if you have any thoughts of coming over, let not any thing, which I have said in my last, have any weight with you to alter that resolution. I am wholly taken up with the men of the law, and therefore have nothing to say to you at present upon any public matters. I shall only just trouble you with one word relating to a private affair. My brother is chaplain to Sir *Charles Hotham's* regiment, which is now ordered to *Ireland*. If you could find any young fellow, who would buy that commission, my brother thinks his patron, my lord *Carlisle*, will easily prevail with my lord duke of *Bolton* for leave to dispose of it. I should be very glad you could find him a chapman.

LETTER CLXXIX.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, July 2, 1717.

I HAVE the pleasure to inform you, that lord *Oxford's* impeachment was discharged last night, by the unanimous consent of all the lords present; and, as nearly as I could count, their number was one hundred and six, the duke of *Marlborough*, my lord *Cadogan*, lord *Coringby*, and a few others of the most violent, having withdrawn themselves before the lords came into *Westminster-hall*. The acclamations were as great as upon any occasion; and our friend, who seems more formed for adversity than prosperity, has at present many more friends, than ever he had before, in any part of his life. I believe he will not have the fewer, from a message he received this morning from the K——, by my lord chamberlain, to forbid him the court. You know the prosecution was at first the resentment of a party; but it became at last a ridiculous business, weakly carried on by the impotent rage of a woman; I mean, of my lady *Marlborough*, who is almost distracted, that she could not obtain her revenge.

I am now going out of town, with an intention to roll about from place to place, till about *Michaelmas* next. Direct to me hither as usual, and your letter will be conveyed to me wherever I am.

Dr. *Arbutnot*, Mr. *Charleton*, and Mr. *Currey*, have dined with me to-day, and you have not been

forgot. I was in hopes we should have seen you ere this. The doctor says, you wait for the act of grace. If so, I hope to see you by next winter. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CLXXX.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Westm. July 30, 1717.

I HAVE the favour of four letters from you, of the ninth, thirteenth, sixteenth, and twentieth instant. They all came safe to me, however variously directed. I find myself equally comforted by your philosophy, and assisted by your friendship. You will easily imagine, that I have an hundred things to say to you, which for as many reasons I omit, and only touch upon that business, to which, in the pride of your heart, you give the epithet sorry*. I return you the names of those, who were kind enough to subscribe, that you may see, if they are rightly spelt, as likewise the right titles put to them, &c. I am sensible this has given you too much trouble, but it is too late now to make an apology. Let Mr. *Lewis*, who is now with me, do it for me, at what time, and in what manner, he pleases. I take it for granted, that whatever I write, as whatever is writ to me, will be broke open; so you'll expect nothing from me, but what you may have as particularly from the *Post-boy*. We are all pretty well in health. I have my old whorson

* Subscriptions for Mr. *Prior's* poems, procured by the Dean. The subscription was two guineas,

cough, and I think I may call it mine for life. The earl* is *semper idem*. Lord *Harley* is in the country. Our brotherhood is extremely dispersed; but so as that we have been three or four times able to get as many of the society together, and drink to our absent friends. I have been made to believe, that we may see your reverend person this summer in *England*: if so, I shall be glad to meet you at any place; but, when you come to *London*, do not go to the *Cocoa-Tree*, (as you sent your letter) but come immediately to *Duke-Street*, where you shall find a bed, a book, and a candle: so pray think of sojourning no where else. Pray give my service to all friends in general. I think, as you have ordered the matter, you have made the greater part of *Ireland* list themselves under that number. I do not know how you can recompense them, but by coming over to help me to correct the book, which I promise them.

You will pardon my having used another hand, since it is so much better than my own; and, believe me, ever with greatest truth, dear Sir, yours,

M. P R I O R.

L E T T E R CLXXXI.

Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 6, 1717.

TWO years retreat has made me taste the conversation of my dearest friend with a greater relish, than

* Of *Oxford*.

ever at the time of my being charmed with it in our frequent journeys to *Windsor*. Three of your letters have come safe to my hands. The first about two years since: that my son keeps as a family monument. The other two arrived since the first of *July*. My heart is often with you, but I delayed writing in expectation of giving a perfect answer about my going to *Brampton*; but the truth is, the warmth of rejoicing in those parts is so far from abating, that I am persuaded by my friends to go into *Cambridgeshire*, where you are too just not to believe you will be welcome before any one in the world. The longing your friends have to see you must be submitted to the judgment yourself makes of all circumstances. At present this seems to be a cooler climate, than your island is like to be, when they assemble, &c. Our impatience to see you should not draw you into uneasiness. We long to embrace you, if you find it may be of no inconvenience to yourself.

O X F O R D.

L E T T E R CLXXXII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

Heathrop, Aug. 24, 1717.

YOURS, my good friend, of the sixth, finds me in *Oxfordshire* with the duke of *Shrewsbury*, which would sooner have been acknowledged, had it stayed in *London*. Before I left that pious city, I made due enquiries into the methods and regularity of your correspondence

respondence with the earl *. He has received your letters; he will answer them, but not to-day, *sic olim*. Nothing can change him. I can get no positive answer from him, nor can any man else; so trouble yourself no more on that head than he does. He is still in *London*, and possibly has answered you; while I am a little arraigning his neglect, but in all cases *liberavi animam meam*.

I wish you were in *England*, that you might a little look over the strange stuff, that I am to give our friends for their money. I shall be angry, if you are near and not with me; but when I see you, that weighty question may easily be decided. In the mean time, I am taking your good counsel, and will be in the country as much as I can.

You have found two mistakes in the list, but have not corrected them. I presume we shall have it of the best edition, when you send the list back again; of which, I say, no haste is required.

Give my service and thanks to all friends; reserve only to yourself the assurance of my being, beyond expression, my friend, yours,

M. PRIOR.

* Of *Oxford*.

L E T T E R CLXXXIII.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

March 20, 1717-18.

MULTIPLICITY of business, and a long dangerous fit of sickness, prevented me from answering the obliging letter you honoured me with some time since: but, God be thanked, I cannot make use of either of these excuses at present, being entirely free both of my office* and my asthma. I dare not however venture myself abroad yet, but have sent the contents of your last to a friend of mine (for he is very much so, tho' he is my successor †) who I hope will turn it to the advantage of the gentleman whom you mention. I know you have so much zeal and pleasure in doing kind offices for those you wish well to, that I hope you represent the hardship of the case in the strongest colours, that it can possibly bear. However, as I always honoured you for your good-nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man, who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world, I should be glad, if I could any way concur with you, in putting a stop to what you say is now in agitation.

I must here condole with you upon the loss of that excellent man, the bishop of *Derry* ‡, who has scarce left behind him his equal in humanity, agreeable con-

* 'Of secretary of state, which post Mr. Addison resigned on the 14th of *March*, 1717-18, and had a pension granted him of one thousand five hundred pounds a year.'

† 'James Craggs, Esq.'

‡ 'Dr. Narcissus Marsh.'

versation,

versation, and all kinds of learning. We have often talked of you with great pleasure; and, upon this occasion, I cannot but reflect upon myself, who, at the same time that I omit no opportunity of expressing my esteem for you to others, have been so negligent in doing it to yourself. I have several times taken up my pen to write to you, but have been always interrupted by some impertinence or other; and, to tell you unreservedly, I have been unwilling to answer so agreeable a letter, as that I received from you, with one written in form only; but I must still have continued silent, had I deferred writing, till I could have made a suitable return. Shall we never again talk together in laconic? Whenever you see *England*, your company will be the most acceptable in the world at *Holland-house*, where you are highly esteemed by lady *Warwick*, and the young lord, though by none any where more than by, Sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

L E T T E R CLXXXIV.

Lord HARLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

April 12, 1713.

HIS lordship writes to the Dean, that he hopes to see him at *Wimble* this year: that lord *Oxford* was well, and talked of going into *Herefordshire*. He adds, your sister is obliged to go to *Bath*, presents her humble service, and desires you to accept of a little etuy.

I beg

I beg you will not deny me the favour to take the snuff-box, which comes along with it, to supply the place of that, which was broke by accident some time ago. I am, with true respect, your most humble servant, and brother,

HARLEY.

L E T T E R CLXXXV.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

May 1, 1718.

A PRETTY kind of amusement I have been engaged in; comma's, semicolons, italics, and capitals, to make nonsense more pompous, and furbelow bad poetry with good printing. My friends letters, in the mean time, have lain unanswered; and the obligations I have to them, on account of the very book itself, are unacknowledged. This is not all; I must beg you once more to transfer to us an intire list of my subscribers, with their distinct titles, that they may, for my honour, be printed at the beginning of my book. This will easily be done by revising the list, which we sent to you. I must pray of you, that it may be exact.

E— of O—— * has not at all disappointed my expectations. He is *semper idem*, and has as much business to do now, as when he was governing *England*, or impeached for treason. He is still in town, but going in a week or ten days into *Hercfordshire*. Lord and lady *Harley* are at the *Bath*, and as soon as

* Lord *Oxford*.

I shall have settled my affairs of the printing-press, (sad business! as you very well call it) I shall go into the country to them.

My health, I thank you, is pretty good. My courage better. I drink very often to your health, with some of our friends here; and am always, with the greatest truth and affection, dear Sir, your obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PRIOR.

L E T T E R CLXXXVI.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

May 29, 1713.

I HAVE received yours of the sixth, with the list corrected. I have two colon and comma men. We correct and design to publish, as fast as the nature of this great or sorry work, as you call it, will bear; but we shall not be out before *Christmas*, so that our friends abroad may compleat their collection till *Michaelmas*, and be returned soon enough to have their names printed and their books got ready for them.

I am going to-morrow morning to the *Bath*, to meet lord *Harley* there. I shall be back in a month. The earl of *Oxford* is still here. He will go into *Heresfordshire* some time in *June*. He says he will write to you himself. Am I particular enough? Is this prose? And do I distinguish tenses? I have nothing more to tell you, but that you are the happiest man in the world; and, if you are once got into *la bagatelle*,
you

you may despise the world. Besides contriving emblems, such as Cupids, torches, and hearts for great letters, I am now unbinding two volumes of printed heads, to have them bound together in better order than they were before. Don't you envy me? For the rest, matters continue *sicut olim*. I will not tell you how much I want you, and I cannot tell you how well I love you. Write to me, my dear Dean, and give my service to all our friends. Yours, ever,

M. P R I O R.

L E T T E R CLXXXVII.

Mr. P R I O R to Dr. S W I F T.

MY DEAR DEAN, London, Sept. 25, 1718.

I HAVE now made an end of what you, in your haughty manner, call wretched work. My book is quite printed off; and if you are as much upon the *bagatelle*, as you pretend to be, you will find more pleasure in it than you imagine. We are going to print the subscribers names: if, therefore, you have any by you, which are not yet remitted, pray send them over by the next post. If you have not, pray send me word of that too; that, in all cases, I may at least hear from you. E— of O—— has been in town all this summer, is now going into *Heresfordshire*, and says he shall see you very soon in *England*. I would tell you with what pleasure this would be, if I knew upon what certainty the hopes of it were founded. Write me word of this too; for upon it I would

order

order my matters so, that I may be as much with you as I can; and this you will find no little favour: for I assure you we are all so changed, that there is very little choice of such company as you would like; and, except about eighteen hundred, that have subscribed to my book, I do not hear of as many more in this nation, that have common sense. My cousin *Pennyfather*, and *Will. Phillips*, drink your health. I cough, but am otherwise well; and till I cease to cough, *i. e.* to live, I am, with entire friendship and affection, dear Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

L E T T E R CLXXXVIII.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Bristol, Oct. 3, 1718.

I HAVE received the honour of your letter at *Bristol*, where I have just finished a course of water-drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, tho' you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor safely be trusted in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint Sir *Ralph Gore*, that I was under a pre-engagement, and not at my own choice to act in it, and have since troubled my lady *Ashe* with a letter to the same effect, which I hope has not miscarried. However, upon my return to *London*, I will farther enquire into that matter, and

see

see, if there is any room left for me to negotiate as you propose.

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

J. ADDISON.

L E T.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Oct. 14, 1718.

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

* The contriver of the *Mississippi* scheme.† The celebrated beauty Miss *Nelly Bennet*, on whom these lines were written.For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,

(Invited by her cousins)

Acoss the *Tuileries*, each glanceKill'd *Frenchmen* by whole dozes.

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

If it be possible for you, obey the contents of the inclosed; which, I suppose is a kind invitation. The *dragon* is just as he was, only all his old habits ten times stronger upon him than ever. Let me beg of you not to forget me, for I can never cease to love

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

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

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

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

and

and esteem you, being ever your most affectionate and obliged humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

L E T T E R CXC.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER,

London, Dec. 11, 1718.

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

more need of *Lucan's* present, than *Sir Richard Blackmore*. I would fain have *Pope* get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in *Durfey* his deputy. The *dragon* is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reasons of state, that kept him from appearing at the beginning, &c. when I did believe, at the same time, it was only a law of nature, to which the *dragon* is most subject, *Remanere in statu in quo est nisi deturbetur ab extrinseco*. Lord *Harley* and lady *Harley* give you their service. *Lewis* is in the country with lord *Bathurst*, and has wrote me a most dreadful story of a mad dog, that bit their huntsman; since which accident, I am told, he has shortened his stirrups three bores; they were not long before. Lord *Oxford* presented him with two horses. He has sold one, and sent the other to graze, *avec beaucoup de sagesse*. I do not believe the story of lord *Bolingbroke's* marriage, for I have been consulted about the lady; and by some defects in her constitution, I should not think her appetite lay much towards matrimony. There is some talk about reversing his attainder; but I wish he may not be disappointed. I am for all precedents of that kind. They say the pretender is like to have his chief minister impeached. He has his wife prisoner. The footmen of the house of commons choose their speaker, and impeach, &c. I think it were proper, that all monarchs should serve their apprenticeships as pretenders, that we might discover their defects. Did you ever expect to live to see the duke of *Ormond* fighting against the Protestant succession, and the duke

duke of *Berwick* fighting for it? *France*, in confederacy with *England*, to reduce the exorbitant power of *Spain*? I really think there is no such good reason for living till seventy, as curiosity. You say you are ready to resent it as an affront, to say, that a lady, hardly known or observed for her beauty in *Ireland*, is a curiosity in *France*. All deans naturally fall into paralogisms. My wife gives you her kind love and service, and, which is the first thing, that occurs to all wives, wishes you well married.

L E T T E R C X C I.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

March 17, 1719, N. S.

I HAVE not these several years tasted so sensible a pleasure, as your letters of the 16th of *January* and 16th of *February* gave me; and I know enough of the tenderness of your heart, to be assured, that the letter I am writing will produce much the same effect on you. I feel my own pleasure, and I feel yours. The truest reflection, and, at the same time, the bitterest satyr, which can be made on the present age, is this; that, to think as you think, will make a man pass for romantic. Sincerity, constancy, tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of use, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends; the greatest part of those, who pass for such, are, properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and no wonder, since

Tully's maxim is certainly true, that friendship can subsist *non nisi inter bonos*, at that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocence of our own heart inspires, and the experience of other men's destroys. I was apt to confound my acquaintance and my friends together. I never doubted but that I had a numerous cohort of the latter. I expected, if ever I fell into misfortune, to have as many, and as remarkable instances of friendship to produce, as the *Scythian*, in one of *Lucian's Dialogues*, draws from his nation. Into these misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious stars have not disappointed my expectations. The rest have almost entirely failed me. The fire of my adversity has purged the mass of my acquaintance; and, the separation made, I discover, on one side, an handful of friends; but, on the other, a legion of enemies, at least of strangers. Happily this fiery trial has had an effect on me, which makes me some amends. I have found less resource in other people, and more in myself, than I expected. I make good, at this hour, the motto which I took nine years ago, when I was weak enough to list again under the conduct of a man *, of whom nature meant to make a spy, or, at most, a captain of miners; and whom fortune, in one of her whimsical moods, made a general.

I enjoy, at this hour, with very tolerable health, great tranquility of mind. You will, I am sure, hear

* 'Robert, Earl of Oxford.'

this with satisfaction; and sure it is, that I tell it you without the least affectation. I live, my friend, in a narrower circle than ever; but, I think, in a larger. When I look back on what is past, I observe a multitude of errors, but no crimes. I have been far from following the advice which *Cælius* gave to *Cicero*; *Id melius est statuere quod tutius sit*: and, I think, may say to myself, what *Dolabella* says, in one of his letters, to the same *Cicero*: *Satisfactum est jam a te, vel officio, vel familiaritati: Satisfactum etiam partibus, et ei reipublicæ, quam tu probabas. Reliquum est, ubi nunc est respublica, ibi simus potius, quam, dum illam veterem sequamur, simus in nullâ.* What my memory has furnished on this head, (for I have neither books nor papers here concerning home affairs) is writ with great truth, and with as much clearness as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will, perhaps, not think two or three hours absolutely thrown away in reading it. One thing I will venture to assure you of beforehand, which is, that you will think I never deserved more to be commended, than whilst I was the most blamed; and that you will pronounce the highest part of my character to be that, which has been disguised by the nature of things, misrepresented by the malice of men, and which is still behind a cloud. In what is past, therefore, I find no great source of uneasiness. As to the present my fortune is extremely reduced; but my desires are still more so. Nothing is more certain than this truth, that all our wants, beyond those, which a very moderate income will supply, are purely imaginary; and that his hap-

pinefs is greater, and better affured, who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his, who feels them, and has wherewithal to fupply them.

Hor. epift. i. lib. 1.

— *Vides, quæ maxima credis,*

Esse mala, exiguum cenfum, turpemq; repulfam,

Quanto devites, &c.

Which I paraphrafed thus, not long ago, in my poft-chaise:

Survey mankind, obferve what rifques they run,
What fanfy'd ills, thro' real dangers, fhun;
Thofe fanfy'd ills, fo dreadful to the great,
A loft election, or impair'd eftate.

Obferve the merchant, who, intent on gain,
Affronts the terrors of the *Indian* main;

Tho' ftorms arife, and broken rocks appear,
He flies from poverty, and knows no other fear.

Vain men, who might arrive, with toil far lefs,
By fmoother paths, at greater happinefs.

For 'tis fuperior blifs, not to defire

That trifling good, which fondly you admire,

Poffefs precarious, and too dear acquire.

What hackney gladiator can you find,

By whom th' Olympic crown would be declin'd?

Who, rather than that glorious palm to feize,

With fafety combat, and prevail with eafe,

Would chufe on fome inglorious ftage to tread,

And, fighting, ftroll from wake to wake for bread?

As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it: on which subject, I have twenty fine quotations at the end of my pen; but, I think, it is better to own frankly to you, that, upon a principle (which I have long established) that we are a great deal more mechanical than our vanity will give us leave to allow, I have familiarized the worst prospects to my sight; and that, by staring want, solitude, neglect, and the rest of that train in the face, I have disarmed them of their terrors. I have heard of somebody, who, whilst he was in the *Tower*, used, every morning, to lay down on the block, and so act over his last scene.

Nothing disturbs me, but the uncertainty of my situation, which the zeal of a few friends, and the inveteracy of a great many enemies entertain. The more prepared I am to pass the remainder of my life in exile, the more sensibly shall I feel the pleasure of returning to you, if his majesty's unconditional favour, (the offers of which prevented even my wishes) proves at last effectual. I cannot apply to myself, as you bid me do; ——— *Non tibi parvum ingenium, non incultum est*, and what follows; and, if ever we live in the same country together, you shall not apply to me, ——— *Quod si frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses*.

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

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

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

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

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

L E T T E R CXCII.

Mr. P R I O R to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Westm. May 5, 1719.

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

health with our friends, which is all I can do for you at this distance, till your particular order enjoins me any thing, by which I may shew you, that I am, and desire always to continue, with the greatest truth and regard, - Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

L E T T E R CXCIII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Westm. Dec. 8, 1719.

HAVING spent part of my summer very agreeably in *Cambridgeshire* with dear lord *Harley*, I am returned without him to my own palace in *Duke-street*, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noise of the neighbouring Court of Requests, and to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo*, till he comes to town. But there is worse than this yet. I have treated lad *Harriot** at *Cambridge*. Good God! a fellow of a college treat! and spoke verses to her † in a gown and cap! What! the plenipotentiary so far concerned in the damned peace at *Utrecht*; the man, that makes up half the volume of terse prose, that makes up the report of the committee, speaking verses! *Sic est, homo sum*; and am not ashamed to send those very verses to

* 'Lady *Harriot Harley*, only daughter of *Edward lord Harley*, now duchess dowager of *Portland*.'

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

one, who can make much better. And now let me ask you, How you do? and what you do? How your *Irish* country air agrees with you, and when you intend to take any *English* country air? In the spring I will meet you where you will, and go with you where you will; but I believe the best rendezvous will be *Duke street*, and the fairest field for action *Wimple**, the lords of both those seats agreeing, that no man will be more welcome to either than yourself.

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

M. P R I O R.

P. S. Service to *Matthew Pennyfeather*,
and all friends. Adieu.

* The feat of lord *Harley*.

L E T-

L E T T E R CXCIV.

Duchefs of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

April 18, 1720.

YOU'D have great reason to be angry with me, if my long filence had been occafioned by any thing but my care of you; for having no safe hand to fend by till now, I would not write, for fear it might be conftrued a fort of treason (mifprifion at leaft) for you to receive a letter from one half of a proferibed man. I enquire of every body I fee, that I imagine has either feen you or heard from you, how you have your health; for wealth and happinefs I don't fuppose you abound in; for it is hard to meet with either in the country you are in, and be honeft as you are. I thank God our parliament has taken them to task, and finding how ill a ufe they made of their judicature when they had it, have thought it not fit to truft them with it any longer*. I hope the next thing will be to tax *Ireland* from hence, and then no more opportunities for bills of attainder, which is very happy; for elfe

* 'The houfe of peers in *Ireland* having tranfmitted to king *George I.* a long representation, fetting forth their right to the final judicature of caufes in that kingdom, the houfe of lords in *England* refolved, on the eighth of *January, 1719-20,* on the contrary, that the barons of the *Exchequer* in *Ireland* had acted, in the affair of *Annesley* and *Skerlock*, with courage, according to law, in fupport of his majefty's prerogative, and with fidelity to the crown of *Great Britain*; and a bill was foon after brought in, for the better fecuring the dependency of the kingdom of *Ireland* upon the crown of *Great Britain.*'

young *Hopeful** might have been in danger. They were so good and obedient to the powers above, that whether there were reason or not, or as prince *Butler* said, crime or no crime, the man was condemned, and a price set upon his head.

I want much to hear what you think of *Great Britain*; for all your relations here want much to see you, where are strange changes every day. You remember, and so do I, when the *South-sea* was said to be my lord *Oxford's* brat, and must be starved at nurse. Now the king has adopted it, and calls it his beloved child; tho', perhaps, you may say, if he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much: but he loves it as well as he does the duchess of *K——*†, and that is saying a good deal. I wish it may thrive, for many of my friends are deep in it: I wish you were so too. I believe, by this time, you are very sorry I have met with an opportunity of troubling you with this scrawl; but the strong must bear with the infirmities of the weak; and therefore, brother, I hope you will pardon the impertinencies of your poor sister, whose brain may be reasonably thought turned with all she has met with. But nothing will hinder her from being, as long as she lives, most sincerely your very humble servant, and faithful friend,

M. O R M O N D.

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

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

L E T T E R C X C V .

M R . P R I O R T O D R . S W I F T .

S I R ,

Westm. May 4, 1720.

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

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

Dimanche, une Esclanche;

Lundi, froide et Salade;

Mardi, j'aime la Grillade;

Mecredi, Hacbee;

Jeudi, bon pour la Capillotade;

Vendredi, Point de Gras;

Samedi, Qu'on me casse les os, et les chiens se Creveront des restes de mon Mouton.

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

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

I labour under the distemper you complain of, deafness, especially upon the least cold. I did not take care of my ears, till I knew if my head was my
own

own or not; but am now syringing, and I hope to profit by it. My cousin is here, and well, and I see him sometimes; but I find he has had a caution, which depended upon his expecting more from court, and is justifiable in a man, who, like him, has a great family. I have given your compliments to my two favourites. We never forget your health.

I have seen Mr. *Butler*, and served him to the utmost of my power with my *amici potentiores*.¹ Though he had a good cause, and a strong recommendation, he trusted wholly to neither of them, but added the greatest diligence in his solicitations.

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

Friend *Ford* salutes you. Adieu.

Richardson, whom I take to be a better painter than any named in your letter, has made an excellent picture of me; from whence lord *Harley* (whose it is) has a stamp taken by *Vertue*. He has given me some of them for you to give to our friends at or about *Dublin*. I will send them by *Tonson's* canal to *Hyde* at *Dublin*, in such a manner, as that, I hope, they may come safe to you.

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

LETTER CXCVI.

SIR THOMAS HANMER TO DR. SWIFT.

SIR,

Mildenhall, October 22, 1720.

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

If the thing is done, it will be best, that the means should be a secret by which it is brought about; and for this reason you will excuse me, if I avoid putting my name to the outside of my letter, lest it should excite the curiosity of the *Post-Office*. If this affair

* ‘*Charles*, whose mother *Isabella*, daughter of *Henry Bennet*, earl of *Arlington*, married to her second husband *Sir Thomas Hanmer*.’

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

ends to your satisfaction, I am glad it has proved to me a cause of hearing from you, and an occasion of assuring you, that I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

T H O. H A N M E R.

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

Sir C O N S T A N T I N E P H I P P S t o D r. S W I F T.

S I R,

Ormond-Street, Jan. 14, 1720-21.

HAVING been a little indisposed, I went at *Christmas* into the country, which prevented me from sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter. As to *Waters's* * case, I was informed of it; and the last term I spoke to Mr. attorney-general † about it; but he told me, he could not grant a writ of error in a criminal case, without direction from the king: so that *Waters* is not like to have much relief from hence, and therefore I am glad you have some hopes it will drop in *Ireland*. I think the chief justice ‡ should have that

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

† 'Sir Robert Raymond.'

‡ *Whitshed*.

regard

regard to his own reputation, to let it go off so; for I believe the oldest man alive, or any law-book, cannot give any instance of such a proceeding. I was informed who was aimed at by the prosecution, which made me very zealous in it; which I shall be in every thing, wherein I can be serviceable to that gentleman, for whom no body has a greater esteem than your most humble and most obedient servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

LETTER CXCVIII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Westm. Feb. 28, 1720-21.

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

Non sum qualis eram bonæ

Sub Regno Cynaræ—Pass for that.

I am tired with politics, and lost in the *South-sea*. The roaring of the waves, and the madness of the people, were justly put together. I can send you no

fort of news, that holds either connexion or sense. It is all wilder than St. *Anthony's* dream; and the *bagatelle* is more solid than any thing, that has been endeavoured here this year. Our old friend *Ox*—— is not well, and continues in *Herefordshire*. *John* of *Bucks* * died last week, and *Coningby* was sent last week to the *Tower*. I frequently drink your health with lord *Harley*, who is always the same good man, and grows daily more beloved as more universally known. I do so too with our honest good-natured friend *Ford*, whom I love for many good reasons, and particularly for that he loves you.

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

M. PRIOR.

LETTER CXCIX.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Westm. April 25, 1721.

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

* 'John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamshire.'

men,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

M. P R I O R.

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

L E T T E R C C.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

July 28, 1721.

I NEVER was so angry in all my life, as I was with you last week, on the receipt of your letter of the 19th of *June*. The extream pleasure it gave me takes away

* ' Lord *Harcourt*.'

all the excuses, which I had invented for your long neglect. I design to return my humble thanks to those men of eminent gratitude and integrity, the weavers and the judges, and earnestly to entreat them, instead of tossing you in the person of your proxy, who had need to have iron ribs to endure all the drubbings you will procure him, to toss you in your proper person, the next time you offend, by going about to talk sense, or to do good to the rabble. Is it possible, that one of your age and profession should be ignorant, that this monstrous beast has passions to be moved, but no reason to be appealed to; and that plain truth will influence half a score men at most in a nation, or an age, while mystery will lead millions by the nose?

Dear *Jonathan*, since you cannot resolve to write as you preach, what public authority allows, what councils and senates have decided to be orthodox, instead of what private opinion suggests, leave off instructing the citizens of *Dublin*. Believe me, there is more pleasure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendship, than in taking care of the state. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last; and none but men of sense and virtue are capable of the other. How comes it then to pass, that you, who have sense, tho' you have wit, and virtue, tho' you have kept bad company in your time, should be so surprized, that I continue to write to you, and expect to hear from you, after seven years absence.

Anni prædantur euntes, say you; and time will lop off my luxuriant branches: perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruning-hook into an hand, which

works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut; and, as they lessen in number, the bough, which bears the golden fruit of friendship, shoots, swells, and spreads.

Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly said, when he told you, that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have resolved to think two minutes a day about stocks, to flatter *Lazv** half an hour a week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved nor valued, certain it is, that I might have gained immensely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of these kinds, which *France* furnished, and which *England* sent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any secret, very negligently: and if I have secured enough to content me, it was because I was soon contented. I am sorry to hear you confess, that the love of money has got into your head. Take care, or it will, ere long, sink into your heart, the proper seat of passions. *Plato*, whom you cite, looked upon riches, and the other advantages of fortune, to be desirable; but he declared, as you have read in *Diogenes Laertius*; *Ea etsi non affuerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore sapientem*. You may think it, perhaps, hard to reconcile his two journeys into *Sicily* with this maxim, especially since he got fourscore talents of the tyrant. But I can assure you, that he went to the elder *Dionysius* only to buy books,

* The projector of the *Mississippi* scheme in *France*, which produced the *South-sea* scheme here.

and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a number of men, women and children, to try his *Utopia*. *Aristippus* was in *Sicily* at the same time; and there passed some *Billinggate* between these reverend persons. This philosopher had a much stronger fancy to grow rich than *Plato*: he flattered, he cracked jests, and danced over a stick to get some of the *Sicilian* gold; but still even he took care, *sibi res, non se rebus submittere*. And I remember, with great edification, how he reprov'd one of his catechumens, who blush'd, and shrunk back, when his master shew'd him the way to the bawdy-house. *Non ingredi turpe est, sed egredi non posse turpe est*. The conclusion of all is this; *un bonnete homme* ought to have *cent mille livres de rente*, if you please; but a wise man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us not refuse riches, when they offer themselves; but let us give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let us enjoy wealth, without suffering it to become necessary to us. And, to finish with one of *Seneca's* quaint sentences; *Let us place it so, that fortune may take it without tearing it from us*. The passage you mention does follow that, which I quoted to you, and the advice is good. *Solon* thought so; nay, he went further: and you remember the reason he gave for sitting in the council of *Pisistratus*, whom he had done his utmost to oppose; and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epistle is not writ by *Cicero*, as you seem to think. It is, if I mistake not, an epistle of *Delabella* to him. *Cato*, you say, would not be of the same mind. *Cato* is a most venerable name, and

Dolabella was but a scoundrel with wit and valour; and yet there is better sense, nay, there is more virtue, in what *Dolabella* advises, than in the conduct of *Cato*. I must own my weakness to you. This *Cato*, so sung by *Lucan* in every page, and so much better sung by *Virgil* in half a line, strikes me with no great respect. When I see him painted in all the glorious colours, which eloquence furnishes, I call to mind that image of him, which *Tully* gives in one of his letters to *Atticus*, or to somebody else; where he says, that having a mind to keep a debate from coming on in the senate, they made *Cato* rise to speak, and that he talked till the hour of proposing matters was over. *Tully* insinuates, that they often made this use of him. Does not the moving picture shift? Do you not behold *Clarke* of *Taunton-dean*, in the gown of a Roman senator, sending out the members to piss? The censor used sharp medicines; but, in his time, the patient had strength to bear them. The second *Cato* inherited this receipt without his skill; and, like a true quack, he gave the remedy, because it was his only one, tho' it was too late. He hastened the patient's death; he not only hastened it, he made it more convulsive and painful.

The condition of your wretched country is worse than you represent it to be. The healthful *Indian* follows his master, who died of sickness, to the grave; but I much doubt, whether those charitable legislators exact the same, when the master is a lunatick, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over *Ireland* with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your

letter, I feel your pulse; and I judge of your distemper as surely by the figures, into which you cast your ink, as the learned doctor, at *the hand and the urinal* could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You say your memory declines: I believe it does, since you forget your friends, and since repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind, as well as the body: and what do you imagine, that *Plato*, since you have set me upon quoting him (who thanked heaven, that he was not a *Bæotian*) would have said of the *ultima Thule*? Shake off your laziness, ramble over hither, and spend some months in a kinder climate. You will be in danger of meeting but one plague here, and you will leave many behind you. Here you will come among people, who lead a life singular enough to hit your humour; so near the world, as to have all its conveniencies; so far from the world, as to be a stranger to all its inconveniencies; wanting nothing, which goes to the ease and happiness of life; embarrassed by nothing, which is cumbersome. I dare almost venture to say, that you will like us better than the persons you live with, and that we shall be able to make you retrograde (that I may use a canonical simile) as the sun did on the dial of *Hezekias*, and begin anew the twelve years, which you complain are gone. We will restore to you the *nigros angusto fronte capillos*; and, with them, the *dulce loqui*, the *ridere decorum*, et *inter vina fugam Cynaræ mærerere præterva*. *Hæc est vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique*, and not yours.

I was

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

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

* 'Thomas Marten, D. D. who had been ejected from the rectory of *Covent garden* for non conformity, after the restoration. He was a voluminous writer in divinity, and published a large folio of sermons on the *114th* psalm.'

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

Propter fidem adversus reginam, et partes,
Intemeratè servatam,
Propter operam, in pace generali conciliandâ
Strenue saltem navatam,
Impotentia vesanæ factionis
Solum vertere coactus,
Hic ad aquæ lene caput sacræ
Injustè exulat
Dulcè vivit
H. De B. An. &c.

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

Si resipiscat patria, in patriam rediturus ;
Si non resipiscat, ubi vis melius quam inter
tales ci-ves futurus,
Hanc villam instauro et exorno :
Hinc, velut ex portu, alienos casus
Et fortunæ ludum insolentens
Cernere suæve est.
Hic, mortem nec appetens nec timens
Innocuis deliciis,
Doctâ quiete,
et
Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate,
Frunifcor.
Hic mihi vivam quod super est aut exilii, aut ævi.

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

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

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

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

L E T T E R C C I.

Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Sept. 3, 1721.

I DON'T know how to account for your long silence, unless your time has been taken up in making an interest with those in power here, for one of the two archbishoprics, that, we hear, were void; (but I am very glad, are not so). Set your heart at rest, for they are promised; and therefore you may as well write to a sister, when next you honour this kingdom
with

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

M. ORMOND.

L E T T E R C C II.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 1, 1721-2.

I RECEIVED your letter of the twenty-ninth of *September*, above a fortnight ago; and should have set you an example, by answering it immediately, (which I do not remember you ever set me) if I had not been

* Another of the sixteen.

obliged

obliged to abandon the silence and quiet of this beloved retreat, and to thrust myself into the hurry and rabble of an impertinent town. In less than ten days, which I spent at *Paris*, I was more than ten times on the point of leaving my business there undone; and yet this business was to save four-fifths of four hundred thousand livres, which I have on the town-house; *restes miserables du naufrage de ma fortune*. Luckily I had the fear of you before my eyes; and tho' I cannot hope to deserve your esteem by growing rich, I have endeavoured to avoid your contempt by growing poor. The expression is equivocal; a fault, which our language often betrays those, who scribble hastily, into; but your own conscience will serve for a comment, and fix the sense. Let me thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and for using your credit above so generously in my behalf. To despise riches with *Seneca's* purse is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philosophy.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?

You are not like *H. Guy**, who among other excellent pieces of advice, gave me this, when I first came to court; to be very moderate and modest in my

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

applications for my friends, and very greedy and importunate, when I asked for myself. You call *Tully* names, to revenge *Cato's* quarrel; and to revenge *Tully's*, I am ready to fall foul on *Seneca*. You churchmen have cried him up for a great saint; and, as if you imagined, that to have it believed, he had a month's mind to be a Christian, would reflect some honour on Christianity, you employed one of those pious frauds, so frequently practised in the days of primitive simplicity, to impose on the world a pretended correspondence between him and the great apostle of the *Gentiles* *. Your partiality in his favour shall bias me no more than the pique, which *Dion Cassius* and others shew against him. Like an equitable judge, I shall only tax him with avarice in his prosperity, adulation in his adversity, and affectation in every state of life. Was I considerable enough to be banished from my country, methinks I would not purchase my restoration, at the expence of writing such a letter to the prince himself, as your Christian Stoic wrote to the emperor's slave *Polybius* †. Thus I think of the man, and yet I read the author with pleasure; tho' I join in condemning those points,

* 'It consists of thirteen letters, which seemed to St. *Jerome* and St. *Augustine* to have been genuine. But *Du Pin* (*Nouvelle Bibliothèque des Auteurs Ecclesiastiques*, Tom. I. p. 24. edit. 1690, quarto) acknowledges, that they contain nothing worthy of the the apostle or philosopher, and have not the least resemblance to the style of either. This is likewise the judgment of the most learned among the modern critics.'

† 'Seneca de Consolatione ad Polybium.'

which he introduced into the *Latin* stile; those eternal witticisms, strung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the passions, before he has gone about to convince the judgment; which *Erasmus*, if I remember right, objects to him. He is seldom instructive, but he is perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre. I have lately wrote an excellent treatise in praise of exile *. Many of the hints are taken from *Consolatio ad Helviam*, and other parts of his works. The whole is turned on his stile and manner; and there is as much of the spirit of the *portique*, as I could infuse without running too far into the *mirabilia, inopinata, et paradoxa*; which *Tully*, and I think *Seneca* himself, ridicules the school of *Zeno* for. That you may laugh at me in your turn, I own ingenuously, that I began in jest, grew serious at the third or fourth page, and convinced myself, before I had done, of what perhaps I shall never convince any other, that a man of sense and virtue may be unfortunate, but can never be unhappy. Do not imagine, however, that I have a mind to quarrel with *Aristippus*: he is still my favourite among the philosophers; and, if I find some faults in him, they are few and venial.

You do me much honour, in saying, that I put you in mind of lord *Digby* †; but say it to no one else, for fear of passing for partial in your parallels, which

* 'It is printed in his works, under the title of *Reflections upon Exile*.'

† 'George lord *Digby*, afterwards earl of *Bristol*. Dr. *Swift*, in a letter

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

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

a letter to lord *Bolingbroke*, dat'd *April 5, 1729*, and printed in his works, files lord *Digby* the prototype of lord *Bolingbroke*.'

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

* 'He died Sept. 18, 1721.'

† 'In the following triplet, written by himself.

"To me 'tis given to die; to you 'tis given

"To live. Alas! one moment sets us even.

"Mark how impartial is the will of heaven!"

}
}

Bishop *Aterbury*, in a letter to Mr. *Pope*, dated *September 27, 1721*, says; "I will take care to make good, in every respect, what I said to him when living, particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was dean of *Westminster*."

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

|| 'Edward lord *Harley*, who married, in *October 1713*, the lady *Henrietta Cavendish Holles*, only daughter and heir of *John duke of Newcastle*.'

have

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

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

L E T T E R CCIII.

Dr. S N A P E to Dr. S W I F T.

R E V, S I R,

Windsor, Apr. 23, 1722.

I TAKE the opportunity of two of our choir going over to try their fortune in your country, at once to return my thanks for a very obliging letter you favoured me with some years ago, and your kind interpretation of my endeavours at that time to assert the cause of our establishment against a prelate †, who was undermining it: and also to recommend to your favour the bearer, Mr. *Elford*, who, upon the encouragement of your worthy primate, is going to settle at *Armagh*. I cannot pretend to say, he has the same

* ‘*Gulliver’s*.’† ‘*Bishop Hadly*.’

compass of voice with his late brother, whom the good queen so much admired; but I will venture to say, he has a greater compass of understanding; and, upon the whole, that he is a good choir-man. The other that bears him company, was a very useful chorister to us. His voice, since its breaking, is somewhat harsh, but I believe will grow mellow. If you find either of them for your purpose, especially the bearer, when you have a vacancy in your church I shall be much obliged to you for any favour you are pleased to shew him, and be ready to approve myself, on any occasion, reverend Sir, your most obedient and affectionate servant,

A. SNAPE.

L E T T E R CCIV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Dec. 22, 1722.

AFTER every post-day, for these eight or nine years, I have been troubled with an uneasiness of spirit, and, at last, I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I don't deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve; for I have not professed to you, that I love you as much as ever I did: but you are the only person of my acquaintance almost, that does not know it. Whoever I see, that comes from *Ireland*, the first question I ask is after your health; of which I had the pleasure to hear very lately from Mr. *Berkeley*. I think of you very often: no-body wishes you

you better, or longs more to see you. Duke *Disney*, who knows more news than any man alive, told me I should certainly meet you at the *Bath* the last season: but I had one comfort in being disappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a cholic, that I have been often troubled with of late; but have not found all the benefit I expected.

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

J. GAY.

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

L E T T E R C C V .

Dr. SWIFT to the Duke of GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

Dublin, Jan. 24, 1722-3.

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

I heartily wish your grace full success in all your great and good endeavours for the service of your

* ' Dr. King.'

country,

country, and particularly of this kingdom; and am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CCVI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Feb. 3, 1722-3.

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

information. If you had been there, the duke promised, upon my giving him notice, to make you a visit. He often talks of you, and wishes to see you.

I was two or three days ago at Dr. *Arbutnot's*, who told me, he wrote you three letters, but had received no answer. He charged me to send you his advice, which is, to come to *England*, and see your friends. This, he affirms (abstracted from the desire he has to see you) to be very good for your health. He thinks, that your going to *Spa*, and drinking the waters there, would be of great service to you, if you have resolution enough to take the journey. But he would have you try *England* first. I like the prescription very much, but I own, I have a self-interest in it; for your taking this journey would certainly do me a great deal of good. *Pope* has just now embarked himself in another great undertaking as an author; for, of late, he has talked only as a gardener. He has engaged to translate the *Odyssy* in three years, I believe rather out of a prospect of gain than inclination; for I am persuaded he bore his part in the loss of the *South-sea*. He lives mostly at *Twickenham*, and amuses himself in his house and garden. I sup'd about a fortnight ago with lord *Bathurst* and *Lewis* at Dr. *Arbutnot's*. Whenever your old acquaintance meet, they never fail of expressing their want of you. I wish you would come, and be convinced, that what I tell you is true.

As for the reigning amusement of the town, it is intirely music; real fiddles, bass viols, and hautboys; not poetical harps, lyres and reeds. There's no-body

allowed to say, *I sing*, but an eunuch, or an *Italian* woman. Every body is grown now as great a judge of music, as they were, in your time. of poetry; and folks, that could not distinguish, one tune from another, now daily dispute about the different titles of *Handel*, *Bononcini*, and *Attilio*. People have now forgot *Homer*, and *Virgil*, and *Cæsar*; or, at least, they have lost their ranks. For in *London* and *Westminster*, in all polite conversations, *Senesino* is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived.

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

J. G A Y.

* A celebrated engraver, to whom *Pope*, speaking of *Fisher*, a seat of the late Mr. *Pe'lham's*, pays a most elegant compliment:

“ Where *Kent* and nature vie for *Pe'lham's* love.”

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

Dr. ARBUTHNOT TO Dr. SWIFT.

D E A R S I R ,

Indorfed,
"Received Nov. 17, 1723."

I HAVE as good a right to invade your solitude as lord *B——*, *Gay*, or *Pope*, and you see I make use of it. I know you wish us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you shall have a sheet of paper every post till you come to yourself. By a paragraph in yours to Mr. *Pope*, I find you are in the case of the man, who held the whole night by a broom brush, and found when day-light appeared, he was within two inches of the ground. You don't seem to know how well you stand with our great folks. I myself have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent *Irish* whigs, the whole table-talk turn upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topic of your good qualities, and the good you did, I should have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expostulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes any body, that has the misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myself, if I had a mind, and will propose a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late sent several patients in that case to the *Spa*, to drink there of the *Geronster water*, which will not carry from the spot. It has succeeded marvellously with them all.

There

There was indeed one, who relapsed a little this last summer, because he would not take my advice, and return to his course, that had been too short the year before. But, because the instances of eminent men are most conspicuous, lord *Whitworth*, our plenipotentiary, had this disease, (which, by the way, is a little disqualifying for that employment:) he was so bad, that he was often forced to catch hold of any thing to keep him from falling. I know he has recovered by the use of that water, to so great a degree, that he can ride, walk, or do any thing as formerly. I leave this to your consideration. Your friends here wish to see you, and none more than myself; but I really don't advise you to such a journey to gratify them or myself; but I am almost confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The *dragon* is just the old man, when he is roused. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities just as of old. Lord *B*—— is much improved in knowledge, manner, and every thing else. The shaver* is an honest friendly man as before: he has a good deal to do to smother his *Welsh* fire, which you know, he has in a greater degree than some would imagine. He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies money at ombre, and convinces them, that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and lady *M*—— †, Mr. *Hill*, and Mrs. *Hill*, often remember you with affection.

* *Erasmus Lewis*, Esq; who in Dr. *Swift's* imitation of *Horace*, Ep. vii. B. 1. is so called:

“ This *Lewis* is an errant shaver.”

† *Massham*,

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

J. ARBUTHNOT.

L E T T E R CCVIII.

Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Dec. 9, 1723.

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

I am surprized at the account you give me of that part of *Ireland* you have been in : for the best I expect from that grateful country is to be forgotten by
the

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

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

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

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

M. ORMOND.

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

L E T T E R CCIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT*.

Dec. 25, 1723.

NEVER letter came more opportunely than your last. The gout had made me a second visit, and several persons were congratulating with me on the good effect of the waters, which had determined my former illness to a distemper so desirable. My toe pained me; these compliments tired me; and I would have taken my fever again to give the gout to all the company. At that instant your letter was delivered to me. It cleared my brow, diverted my ill humour, and at last made me forget my pain. I told the persons, who were sitting round my bed, and who testified some surprize at so sudden a change, that this powerful epistle came from *Ireland*. At which, to say the truth, I did not observe, that their surprize diminished. But the dullest fellow among them, who was a priest, (for that happens to be the case sometimes in this country) told the others, that *Ireland* formerly had been called *Insula sanctorum*: that, by the acquaintance he had at the *Irish* college, he made no doubt of her deserving still the same appellation: and that they might be sure, that the three pages were filled with *matiere d'edification et matiere de consolation*,

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

which

which he hoped I would be so good as to communicate to them. A learned *Rosycrucian* of my acquaintance, who is a fool of as much knowledge and as much wit as ever I knew in my life, smiled at the doctor's simplicity; observed, that the effect was too sudden for a cause so heavy in its operations; said a great many extravagant things about natural and theurgic magic; and informed us, that though the sages, who deal in occult sciences, have been laughed out of some countries, and driven out of others, yet there are, to his knowledge, many of them in *Ireland*. I stopped these guessers, and others, who were perhaps ready, by assuring them, that my correspondent was neither a saint nor a conjuror. They asked me, what he was then? I answered, that they should know it from yourself; and opening your letter, I read to them in *French* the character, which you draw of yourself. Particular parts of it were approved or condemned by every one, as every one's own habits induced them to judge; but they all agreed, that my correspondent stood in need of more sleep, more victuals, less ale, and better company. I defended you the best I could; and, bad as the cause was, I found means to have the last word, which in disputes you know is the capital point. The truth is, however, that I convinced nobody, not even the weakest of the company, that is, myself.

I flatter my friendship for you with the hopes, that you are really in the case, in which you say, that our friend *Pope* seems to be; and that you do not know your own character. Or did you mean to amuse your-

self, like that famous painter, who, instead of copying nature, tried in one of his designs, how far it was possible to depart from his original? Whatever your intention was, I will not be brought in among those friends, whose misfortunes have given them an habitual sourness. I declare to you once for all, that I am not unhappy, and that I never shall be so, unless I sink under some physical evil. Retrench therefore the proportion of peevishness, which you set to my account. You might for several other reasons retrench the proportions, which you set to the account of others, and so leave yourself without peevishness, or or without excuse. I lament, and have always lamented, your being placed in *Ireland*; but you are worse than peevish, you are unjust, when you say, that it was either not in the power or will of a ministry to place you in *England*. Write *minister*, friend *Jonathan*, and scrape out the words, *either, power, or*; after which the passage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one man * who had power at that time, and that wretched man had neither the will nor the skill to make a good use of it.

We talk of characters; match me that, if you can, among all the odd phenomena, which have appeared in the moral world. I have not a *Tacitus* by me; but I believe, that I remember your quotation, and as a mark that I hit right, I make no comment upon it. As you describe your public spirit, it seems to me to be a disease, as well as your peevishness. Your pro-

* Lord Oxford.

posals for reforming the state are admirable; and your schemes concise. With respect to your humble servant, you judge better than you did in a letter I received from you about four years ago. You seemed at that time not so afraid of the nightingale's falling into the serpent's mouth. This reflection made me recollect, that I writ you at that time a long epistle in metre. After rumaging among my papers I found it, and send it with my letter: it will serve to entertain you the first fast-day. I depend on the fidelity of your friendship, that it shall fall under no eye but your own. Adieu.

I read in *English* (for she understands it) to a certain lady, the passage of your letter, which relates to her. The *Latin* I most generously concealed. She desires you to receive the compliments of one, who is so far from being equal to fifty others of her sex, that she never found herself equal to any one of them. She says, that she has neither youth nor beauty, but that she hopes on the long and intimate acquaintance she has had with you, when you meet, if that ever happens, to cast such a mist before your eyes, that you shall not perceive she wants either of them.

L E T T E R CCX.

Lord C———— * to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Arlington-street, June 20, 1724.

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

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

* Lord C———— was then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. In the letter, to which this is an answer, the Dean complained, that a former letter had been a month unanswered. For both these letters of the Dean see the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*, in 1765.

The principal affair you mention is under examination *; and till that is over, I am not informed sufficiently to make any other judgment of the matter, than that, which I am naturally led to make, by the general averſion, which appears to it in the whole nation.

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

C.

L E T T E R C C X I.

Lord C ——— to Dr. SWIF T.

S I R,

Arlington ſtreet, Aug. 4, 1724.

YOUR claim to be the laſt writer is what I can never allow: that is the privilege of ill writers. And I am reſolved to give you compleat ſatisfaction by leaving it with you, whether I ſhall be that laſt writer or not. Methinks I ſee you throw this letter upon your table in the height of ſpleen, becauſe it may have interrupted ſome of your more agreeable thoughts. But then, in return, you may have the

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

comfort of not answering it, and so convince my lord lieutenant, that you value him less now than you did ten years ago. I don't know but this might become a free speaker and a philosopher. Whatever you may think of it, I shall not be testy, but endeavour to shew, that I am not altogether insensible of the force of that genius, which hath outshone most of this age, and when you will display it again, can convince us, that its lustre and strength are still the same.

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

C*.

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

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr SWIFT.

Sep. 12, 1724.

IT is neither sickness, nor journeys, nor ill humours, nor age, nor vexation, nor stupidity, which has hindered me from answering sooner your letter of the month of *June*; but a very prudent consideration, and one of the greatest strains of policy I ever exercised in my life. Should I answer you in a month, you might think yourself obliged to answer me in six; and, scared at the fore fatigue of writing twice a year to an absent friend, you might (for ought either you or I can tell) stop short and not write at all. Now this would disappoint all my projects; for, to confess the

* See the letter, to which this is an answer, in the volumes published by Mr. *D.ane Swift*.

truth,

truth, I have been drawing you in these several years, and by my past success, I begin to hope, that in about ten more, I may establish a right of hearing from you once a quarter. The gout neither clears my head, nor warms my imagination, and I am ashamed to own to you, how near the truth I kept in the description of what passed by my bedside in the reading of your letter. The scene was really such as I painted it; and the company was much better than you seem to think it. When I, who pass a great part, very much the greatest, of my life alone, sally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myself by the conversation I find there; and still farther from caring one jot of what passes there. In short, I am no longer the bubble you knew me; and therefore, when I mingle in society, it is purely for my amusement. If mankind divert me (and I defy them to give me your distemper, the spleen) it is all I expect or ask of them. By this sincere confession you may perceive, that your great masters of reason are not for my turn; their thorough bass benumbs my faculties. I seek the fiddle or the flute, something to raise, or something to calm my spirits agreeably; gay flights, or soothing images. I do not dislike a fellow, whose imagination runs away with him, and who has wit enough to be half mad; nor him, who atones for a scanty imagination by an ample fund of oddnesses and singularity. If good sense and great knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I desire there may be at least some latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occasion and render the person a

tolerable companion. By this sketch you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends, with whom I pass my time, you know. The living ones are of the same sort, and therefore few.

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

I must, on this occasion set you right, as to an opinion, which I should be very sorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *sprit fort*, in *English* free-thinker, is, according to my observation, usually applied to them, whom I look upon to be the pests of society ; because their endeavours are directed to loosen the bands of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man, when it would be

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

well if he was checked by half a score others. Nay, they go farther. Revealed religion is a lofty and pompous structure, erected close to the humble and plain building of natural religion. Some have objected to you, who are the architects *et les concierges* (we want that word in *English*) of the former, to you who build, or at least repair the house, and who shew the rooms, that, to strengthen some parts of your own building, you shake and even sap the foundation of the other. And between you and I, Mr. Dean, this charge may be justified in several instances; but still your intention is not to demolish: whereas the *esprit fort*, or the free-thinker, is so set upon pulling down your house about your ears, that if he was let alone, he would destroy the other for being so near it, and mingle both in one common ruin. I therefore not only disown, but detest this character. If indeed by *esprit fort*, or free-thinker, you only mean a man, who makes a free use of his reason, who searches after truth without passion or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it, you mean a wise and honest man, and such an one as I labour to be. The faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, true and false, which we call reason, or common sense, which is given to every man by our bountiful Creator, and which most men lose by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to guide all operations of it. To abandon this rule, and to guide our thoughts by any other, is full as absurd, as it would be, if you should put out your eyes, and borrow even the best staff, that ever was in the family of the staffs, when you set out upon

one of your dirty journeys. Such free-thinkers as these I am sure you cannot, even in your apostolical capacity, disapprove: for since the truth of the divine revelation of Christianity is as evident, as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of justice, these free-thinkers must needs be Christians on the best foundation; on that, which *St. Paul* himself established, I think it was *St. Paul*, *omnia probate, quod bonum est, tenete.*

But you have a further security from these free-thinkers, I do not say a better, and it is this: the persons I am describing think for themselves, and to themselves. Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty not to disturb the peace of the world by opposing you *. The peace and happiness of mankind is the great aim of these free-thinkers; and,

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

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

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

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

serve

serve metaphysics substituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality?

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

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

read it out, though you yawn from the first to the last page.

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

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

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

L'Abbé des FONTAINES * à Monsieur SWIFT.

A Paris, le 4 Juillet, 1725.

J'AI l'honneur, monsieur, de vous envoyer la 2de edition de votre ouvrage, que j'ai traduit en *Francois*. Je vous aurois envoyé la premiere, si je n'avois pas été obligé, pour des raisons, que je ne puis vous dire, d'insérer dans la preface un endroit, dont vous n'aurez pas eu lieu d'être content, ce que j'ai mis assurément malgré moi. Comme le livre s'est débité sans contradiction, ces raisons ne subsistent plus, et j'ai aussitôt supprimé cet endroit dans la 2de edition, comme vous verrez. J'ai aussi corrigé l'endroit de monsieur *Carteret*, sur lequel j'avois eu de faux memoires. Vous trouverez, monsieur, en beaucoup d'endroits une traduction peu fidele; mais tout ce qui plaît en *Angleterre*, n'a pas ici le meme agrément; soit parce que les mœurs sont differentes, soit parceque que les allusions et les allegories, qui sont sensibles dans une pays, ne les sont pas dans une aûtre; soit enfin parce que le goût des deux nations n'est pas le même. J'ai voulu donner aux *François* un livre, qui fut a leur usage: voila ce qui m'a rendu traducteur libre et peu fidele. J'ai meme pris

* *Peter Francis Guyet des Fontaines*, born at *Roan* in *Normandy*, 29 *June*, 1685. He entered into the society of the *Jesuits* in 1700; but quitted it sixteen years after. He liv'd for some years with the cardinal d' *Auvergne*, and died at *Paris*, 16 *December* 1745, being well known for several works, and particularly for his *Observations sur les écrits modernes*, in a great number of volumes.

la liberté d'ajouter, selon que vôtre imagination est echauffoit la mienne. C'est à vous seul, monsieur, que je suis redevable de l'honneur, que me fait cette traduction, qui à été débitée icy, avec une rapidité etonnante, et donc il y'a déjà trois éditions. Je suis penetré d'une si grande estime pour vous, et je vous suis si obligé, qui si la suppression, que j'ai faite, ne vous satisfait pas entierement, je ferai volontiers encore d'avantage pour effacer jusqu'au souvenir de cet endroit de la preface : au surplus je vous supplie, monsieur, de vouloir bien faire attention à la justice, que je vous ai rendu dans la même preface.

On se flatte, monsieur, qu'on aura bien tôt l'honneur de vous posséder ici. Tous vos amis vous attendent avec impatience. On ne parle ici que de vôtre arrivée ; et tout *Paris* souhaitte de vous voir. Ne deferrés pas nôtre satisfaction : vous verrez un peuple, qui vous estime infinement. En attendant je vous demande, monsieur, l'honneur de vôtre amitié, et vous prie d'être persuadé, que personne ne vous honore plus que moi, et n'est avec plus de consideration et d'estime, votre tres humble, et tres obeissant serviteur,

L'Abbé des FONTAINES.

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

L E T T E R. CCXIV.

R E P O N S E de Monsieur SWIFT.

I L y a plus d'un mois que j'ay recûe vôtre lettre du 4 de *Juillet*, Monsieur ; mais l'exemplaire de 2de édition de vôtre ouvrage ne m'a pas été encore remis. J'ay lû la preface de la premiere ; et vous me permettrez de vous dire, que j'ay été fort surpris d'y voir, qu'en me donnant pour patrie un pais, dans lequel je suis né, vous ayez trouvé a propos de m'attribuer un livre, qui porte le nom de son auteur, qui a eu le malheur de déplaire a quelques uns de nos ministres, et qui je n'ay jamais avoué. Cette plainte, qui je fais de vôtre conduite a mon egard, ne m'empêche pas de vous rendre justice. Les traducteurs donnent pour la plupart des louanges excessives aux ouvrages, qu'ils traduisent, et s'imaginent peut être, que leur reputation depend en quelque façon de celles des auteurs, quil's ont choisis. Mais vous avez senti vos forces, qui vous mettent au dessus de pareilles precautions. Capable de corriger un mauvais livre, enterprise plus difficile, que celle d'en composer un bon, vous n'avez pas craint de donner au public la traduction d'un ouvrage, que vous assurez être plein de pollifoneries, de sottises, de puerilites, &c. Nous convenons icy, que le goût des nations n'est pas toujours le meme. Mais nous sommes portes a croire, que le bon goût est même le par tout, ou il y a des gens d'esprit, de jugement et de scavoir. Si donc les livres du sieur *Gulliver* ne sont calcules que pour les isles *Britanniques*, ce voyageur

geur doit passer pour un tres pitoyable ecrivain. Les memes vices et le memes follies regnent par tout ; du moins, dans tous les pais civilisés de l'*Europe* : et l'auteur, qui n'ecrit que pour une ville, une province, un royaume ou meme un siecle, merite si peu d'etre traduit, qu'il ne merite pas d'etre lû.

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

Vous jugez bien, que les gens, dont je viens de vous parler, n'approvent pas fort votre critique, et vous ferez sans doute surpris de scavoir, qu'ils regardent ce chirurgien de vaisseau, comme un auteur grave, qui ne fort jamais de son serieux, qui n'emprunte aucun fard, qui ne se pique point d'avoir l'esprit, et qui se contente de communiquer au public dans une narration simple et naive les avantüres, qui lui sont arrivées, et les choses, qu'il a vû ou entendu dire pendant ses voyages.

Quant a l'article qui regarde my lord *Carteret*, sans m'informer d'ou vous tirez vos memoires, je vous diray, que vous n'avez ecrit que la moitié de la verité ; et que ce *Drapier* ouü réel ou supposé á sauvé l'*Irlande*, en mettant toute la nation contre un projet, qui devoit enrichir au depense du public un certain nombre de particuliers.

Plusieurs accidens, qui sont arrivé, m'empêcheront de faire le voyage de *France* presentement, et je ne suis plus assez jeune pour me flatter de retrouver une autre occasion. Je sçais, que j'ay perdu beaucoup, et je suis tres sensible a cette perte. L'unique consolation, qui me reste, c'est de songer, que j'en supporteray mieux la pais, au quel la fortune m'a condamné. Je suis, &c.

L E T T E R C C X V .

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 24, 1725.

MR. *Ford* will tell you how I do, and what I do. Tired with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life, I desired, after nine years of autumnal promises and vernal excuses, a decision; and very little cared what that decision was, provided it left me a liberty to settle abroad, or put me on a foot of living agreeably at home. The wisdom of the nation has thought fit, instead of granting so reasonable request, to pass an act, which fixing my fortune-unalterably to this country, fixes my person here also: and those, who had the least mind to see me in *England*, have made it impossible for me to live any where else. Here I am then, two-thirds restored, my person safe, (unless I meet hereafter with harder treatment than even that of *Sir Walter Raleigh*) and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired, or may acquire, secured to me. But the attainder is kept carefully

fully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the house of lords, and his bad leaven should sour that sweet, untainted mass. Thus much I thought I might say about my private affairs to an old friend, without diverting him too long from his labours to promote the advantage of the church and state of *Ireland*; or, from his travels into those countries of giants and pigmies, from whence he imports a cargo I value at an higher rate than that of the richest galeon. *Ford* brought the dean of *Derry* * to see me. Unfortunately for me, I was then out of town; and the journey of the former into *Ireland* will perhaps defer for some time my making acquaintance with the other; which I am sorry for. I would not by any means lose the opportunity of knowing a man, who can espouse in good earnest the system of *father Mallebranche*, and who is fond of going a missionary into the *West Indies* †. My zeal for

* *Dr. Berkeley*.

† *Dr. Berkeley* formed a design of fixing an university in *Bermudas*, for the improvement of our colonies, and the education of *Indians*, to be employed as missionaries among their countrymen. For this college he obtained a charter, in which he was appointed president, and a certain number of fellows, selected by himself, were incorporated; but the design miscarried for want of money. The system of *Mallebranche* here referred to was, "that our ideas are distinct from our understanding, and that we see all things in God." In other words, that material objects are not the causes of our ideas. *Berkley*, in the early part of his life, wrote a dissertation against the existence of material beings, and external objects, with such subtilty, that *Wibson* acknowledged himself unable to confute it, and recommended the task to *Dr. Clarke*. The Doctor however did not perform it; and the dissertation remains un-

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

Let me hear how you are, and what you do; and if you really have any latent kindness still at the bottom of your heart for me, say something very kind to me, for I don't dislike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, say nothing, that I may take the hint, and wean myself from you by degrees. Whether I shall compass it or no, God knows: but, surely

swered to this time, except what has been attempted by *Baxter* in his treatise on the soul.

Bayle says, that *Mallebranche's* system was only that of *Democritus*, amended and unfolded.

See a farther account of *Dr. Berkeley*, in a letter from *Swift* to lord *Carteret*, dated *September 3, 1724*, lately published in two post-humous volumes by *Mr. Deane Swift*.

this

this is the properest place in the world to renounce friendship in, or to forget obligations. Mr. *Ford* says, he will be with us again by the beginning of the winter. Your *star** will probably hinder you from taking the same journey. Adieu, dear Dean. I had something more to say to you, almost as important as what I have said already, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

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

Dr. SWIFT TO Mr. WORRALL †.

DEAR JACK, Gallstown, Sept. 14, 1721.

I ANSWERED your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I shall be in town by the beginning of next month, altho' a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles intended; but I row or ride every day, in spite of the rain, in spite of a broken shin, or falling into the lakes, and several other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the *Litchfield* man? Hath he mended his voice, or is

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

† This gentleman was a foundling, and *Swift* used to call him *Melchisedeck*, because *Melchisedeck* is said to have neither father nor mother: he was a clergyman, a master of arts, a reader, and a vicar of *Swift's* cathedral, and master of the song: he was nearly of the Dean's own standing in the college, had good sense, and much good humour. His wife was a woman of great sprightliness, good nature, and generosity; remarkably cleanly, and elegant in her house, and at her table; the Dean therefore was of his guests, and contracted great intimacy with him.

he content to sit down with his *Christchurch* preferment? I doubt Mrs. *Brent* will be at a loss about her industry-books, for want of a new leaf, with a list drawn of the debtors. I know you are such a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey list in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve till I come. Present my service to Mrs. *Worrall*, I wonder how you and she and your heir have spent the summer, and how often you have been at *Dunleary*, and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying and the country as much as ever.—Desire Mrs. *Brent*, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatnings with my head; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray send them inclosed to the post-office. I hear you have let your house to Mrs. *Dopping*, who will be a good tenant if she lives. I suppose your new house is finished, and if Mrs. *Worrall* does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better than a boat at *Dalky*. I hope you have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been so bad as usual during my sickness in town; if so, I have but an ill sub-dean.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

P. S. Tell Mrs. *Brent*, that, if *Lloyd* agrees, I will but be glad one of his hogheads was left unrack'd.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Rev. Mr. WORRALL.

Quilca, July 12, 1725.

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

I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather.

ther. But *Charles Grattan*, the critic, says the cocks are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best.

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

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

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

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

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

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs. *Johnson*, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, and so do I, and am ever

yours, &c.

* In *Nabob's* vineyard,

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

JONATH. SWIFT.

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

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

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

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. W O R R A L L .

Quilca, Aug. 27, 1725.

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

your

your activity in leaping down a ditch hurt your foot in such a manner, as to end in your present disease.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I gave *Jack Grattan* the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled, by the cowardly caution of him

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

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

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

J. S W I F T.

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

Dr. S W I F T to the Rev. Mr. W O R R A L L .

Quilca, Aug. 31, 1725.

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

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

agree; therefore, if it be with the printer, I would have it taken back, and the prefs broke, and let her be satisfied.

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

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

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

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

J. S.

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

L E T T E R C C X X .

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Octob. 17, 1725.

I HAVE the vanity to think, that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneasy when I am in distress; in consequence of which, I ought to communicate with them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a most kind paragraph in your letter to Mr. *Pope*, to convince me, that you are of the number;

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

* *Gulliver's travels*,

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

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

J. ARBUTHNOT.

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

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

London, April 16, 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ several times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again.

I send

I send you inclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea ; you will be so kind to get it out of the custom-house. Mr *Medlicot* will make it easy, if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, and the ladies and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me ; I can say no more. I hope you are all well.

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

L E T T E R CCXXII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT *.

DEAR SIR,

(Indorsed, 1726.)

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

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

I hope you will not engage yourself at that hour ; but I shall see you before that time.
Tuesday, 3 o'clock.

* Then in London. The Dean went thither in the beginning of *April*, 1726 ; and this invitation was made by her royal highness, afterwards queen *Caroline*, soon after ; but is uncertain on what day.

L E T T E R CCXXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

Twickenham, July 15, 1726.

I WISH you would send me a common bill in form upon any banker for one hundred pounds, and I will wait for it, and in the mean time borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. *Johnson*, I have long expected, with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to *Ireland*, and have been ever since my constant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed, upon the score of every good quality, that can possibly recommend a human creature. I have these two months seen through Mrs. *Dingley's* disguises *. And, indeed, ever since I left you, my heart had been so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again; but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away. I must tell you, as a friend, that if you have reason to believe Mrs. *Johnson* cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to *Ireland*; and, in that case, I would expect of you, in the beginning of *September*, to renew my licence for another half year; which time I will spend in some retirement far from *London*, till I can be in a disposition of appearing, after an accident, that must

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

be so fatal to my quiet. I wish it could be brought about, that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister, during their lives, and afterwards to Dr. *Stephens's* hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there, as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends, that, upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some airy healthy part, and not in the deanry; which besides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in. This I leave to your discretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what steps to take; for I am determined not to go to *Ireland*, to find her just dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me so familiar with those terrible words, applied to such a dear friend. Let her know, I have bought her a repeating gold watch, for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it; but now I would have her know it, that she may see how my thoughts are always to make her easy. I am of opinion, that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which

must always leave the survivor miserable. On the back of *Brereton's* note there was written the account of *Mrs. Johnson's* sickness. Pray, in your next, avoid that mistake, and leave the backside blank. When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I desire, pray burn it; and let all I have said lie only in your own breast. Pray write every week. I have (till I know further) fixed on *August* the fifteenth to set out for *Ireland*. I shall continue or alter my measures according to your letters. Adieu.

Pray tell *Mr. Dobbs*, of the college, that I received his letter; but cannot possibly answer it, which I certainly would, if I had materials. As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to *Maule*, as I am told; and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to those in power hath been directly contrary, since I came here. I had rather have good news from you than *Canterbury*, though it were given me upon my own terms.

L E T T E R CCXXIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to the Three Yahoos of
Twickenham, JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN*.

MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF
PARNASSUS,

THOUGH you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing; yet I resolve to believe the

* John Gay.

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

From the banks of the *Severne*, July 23, 1726.

L E T T E R CCXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

London, Aug. 6, 1726.

AT the time that I had your letter, with the bill, (for which I thank you) I received another from Dr. *Sheridan*, both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The doctor advises me to go over at the time I intended, which I now design to do, and to set out on *Monday* the fifteenth from hence. However, if any accident should happen to me, that you do

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

not find me come over on the first of *September*, I would have you renew my licence of absence from the second of *September*, which will be the day that my half year will be out ; and since it is not likely, that you can answer this, so as to reach me before I leave *London*, I desire you will write to me, directed to Mrs. *Kenab*, in *Chester*, where I design to set up, and shall hardly be there in less than a fortnight from this time ; and if I should then hear our friend was no more, I might probably be absent a month or two in some parts of *Derbyshire*, or *Wales*. However, you need not renew the licence till the first of *September*, and, if I come not, I will write to you from *Chester*. This unhappy affair is the greatest trial I ever had ; and I think you are unhappy in having conversed so much with that person under such circumstances. Tell Dr. *Sheridan*, I had his letter ; but care not to answer it. I wish you would give your opinion, at *Chester*, whether I shall come over or no. I shall be there, God willing, on *Thursday*, the eighteenth instant. This is enough to say, in my present situation. I am, &c.

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

L E T T E R CCXXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to the Rev. Mr. WORRALL.

August 15th, 1726.

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

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

I am, &c.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CCXXVII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Sept. 3, 1726.

I RECEIVED the favour of your kind letter at my lord *Chetwyn's*; and though you had so much goodness,

ness, as to forbid my answering it at that time; yet I should be inexcusable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and strength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illness. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to assure you, that even among your old friends, you have not many, who have a juster regard for your merit than I have. I could wish, that those, who are more able to serve you than I am, had the same desire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I consider it, and reflect who they are, I should be sorry they had the merit of doing so right a thing. As well as I wish you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by those that I don't like. Mr. *Pope* tells me, that we shall see you in spring. When we meet again, I flatter myself we shall not part so soon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a longer share of your company than you did. All I can say to engage you to come a little oftener to my house, is, to promise, that you shall not have one dish of meat at my table so disguised, but you shall easily know what it is. You shall have a cup of your own for small beer and wine mixed together; you shall have no women at table, if you don't like them, and no men, but such as like you. I wished mightily to be in *London* before you left it, having something, which I would willingly have communicated you, that I do not think so discreet to trust to a letter. Do not let your expectations be raised, as if it was a matter of any great consequence: it is
not

not that, though I should be mighty glad you knew it, and perhaps I may soon find a way of letting you do so.

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

W. PULTENEY.

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

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Sept. 16, 1726.

SINCE I wrote last, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in *Oxfordshire* with the duke and duchess of *Queensberry*, and at *Petersham*, and wheresoever they would carry me; but as they will

go to *Wiltshire* without me, on *Tuesday* next, for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go farther from *London*, than now and then to *Twickenham*. I saw Mr. *Pope* on *Sunday*, who hath lately escaped a very great danger; but is very much wounded across his right-hand. Coming home in the dark, about a week ago, alone in my lord *Bolingbroke's* coach from *Dawley*, he was overturned, where a bridge has been broken down, near *Whitton*, about a mile from his own house. He was thrown into the river, with the glasses of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his perriwig in water. The footman broke the glass to draw him out; by which, he thinks he received the cut across his hand. He was afraid he should have lost the use of his little finger, and the next to it; but the surgeon, whom he sent for last *Sunday* from *London* to examine it, told him, that his fingers were safe, that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good spirits, and the wound in a fair way of being soon healed*. The instructions you sent me to communicate to the doctor about the finger, I transcribed from your own letter, and sent to him; for, at that time, he was going every other day to *Windfor Park* to visit Mr. *Congreve*, who hath been extremely ill, but is now recovered. I dined and supped on *Monday* last with lord and lady *Bolingbroke*, at lord *Berkley's*, at *Cranford*, and returned to *London*, with the

* See lord *Bolingbroke's* account of this accident, in his letter, dated *September 22, 1726*.

duke and duchess of *Queensberry*, on *Tuesday* by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great respect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wishes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on *Monday* next, but my week of attendance will be the first in *October*. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them dispatch my plates for the fables; for without it, I find they proceed but very slowly. I take your advice in this, as I wish to do in all things, and frequently revise my work, in order to finish it as well as I can. Mr. *Pulteney* takes the letter you sent him in the kindest manner; and I believe he is, except a few excursions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair, that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr. *Pope* will follow your instructions. I have not seen Mrs. *Howard* a great while, which you know must be a great mortification and self-denial; but in my case, it is particularly unhappy, that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the same time: if I could, while you are there, one of them should be always *Dublin*. But, after all, it is a silly thing to be with a friend by halves, so that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive, that we shall meet again soon. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and affectionate friend, and servant,

J. GAY.

L E T-

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

Dr. ARBUTHNOT TO Dr. SWIFT.

London, Sept. 20, 1726.

I HAVE been balancing, dear Sir, these three days, whether I should write to you first. Laying aside the superiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: then, I considered, that this was done in the public news, with all the formalities of reception of a lord lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of *Ireland*; but, said I, what if my friend should dispute this? Then I considered, that letters were always introduced at first from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In short, my affection, and the pleasure of corresponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and, since you most disdainfully, and barbarously confined me to two lines a month, I was resolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a sort of a compliment, to be supposed capable of saying any thing in two lines. The *Gascoyne* asked only to speak one word to the *French* king, which the king confining him to, he brought a paper, and said, *signez*, and not a word more. Your negotiation with the singing man is in the hands of my daughter *Nancy*, who, I can assure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: she has wrote about it. Mr. *Pope* has been in hazard of his life by drowning: coming late, two weeks ago, from lord *Bolingbroke's* in his coach and six, a bridge on a little river being broke down,

they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it; and the glass being up, which he could not break, nor get down, he was very near drowned; for, the footman was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to his assistance. He had that in common with *Horace*, that is was occasioned by the trunk of a tree: but it was *trunco rheda illapsa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levabat*; for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but by the cutting of a large vessel, lost a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs. *Howard*, who has a most intolerable pain in one side of her head. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her royal highness. She insisted upon your wit, and good conversation. I told her royal highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere, honest man, and speaking the truth, when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the duchess of *Marlborough's*, with Mr. *Congreve*, who has been like to die with a fever, and the gout in his stomach; but he is now better, and like to do well. My brother was like to be cast away going to *France*: there was a ship lost just by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with most sincere affection, to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds every body more than me, except what concerns my interest. My dear friend, farewell.

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

L O R D B O L I N G B R O K E t o D R . S W I F T .

L o n d o n , S e p t . 2 2 , 1 7 2 6 .

A BOOKSELLER, who says he is in a few days going to *Dublin*, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I can not resist the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to say more by this conveyance, than I should have by that of the post; though I have lately clubbed with *Pope* to make up a most elegant epistle to you in prose and verse; and though I wrote the other day the first paragraph of that Chedder * letter, which is preparing for you. The only excuse then, which I can plead for writing now, is, that the letters will cost you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befel poor *Pope* in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank steep, an hole on one side, and a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In short, he overturned, the fall was broke by the water; but the glasses were up. and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glass, and pulled him out through the window. His right-hand was se-

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

verely

verely cut ; but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of losing the use of his fingers : however, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downwards, which might create a suspicion, that some of the glass remains still in the flesh. *St. André* says, there is none. If so, these pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him across the water to see Mrs. Howard, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Just as I am writing, I hear, that doctor *Arbuthnot* says, that *Pope's* pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound. He suffers very much ; I will endeavour to see him to-morrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would say something to you of myself, if I had any good to say ; but I am much in the same way in which you left me, eternally busy about trifles, disagreeable in themselves, but rendered supportable by their end ; which is, to enable me to bury myself from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable sepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next spring, and shall be glad to see you at my funeral. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCXXXI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Whitehall, October 22, 1726.

BEFORE I say one word to you, give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair. The

letter was sent; and the answer was, that every thing was finished and concluded according to orders, and that it would be publicly known to be so in a very few days; so that, I think, there can be no occasion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr. *Pope*, was not received till eleven or twelve days after date; and the post-office, we suppose, have very vigilant officers; for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wish, I could tell you, that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a joke; but it is really so: the wound is quite healed; his hand is still weak, and the two fingers drop downwards, as I told you before*; but, I hope, it will be very little troublesome or detrimental to him. In answer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find some lines of Mrs. *Howard*, and some of Mr. *Pulteney*, which you have not taken the least notice of. The receipt of the veal is of Monsieur *Davaux*, Mr. *Pulteney*'s cook; and it hath been approved of at one of our *Twickenham* entertainments. The difficulty of the saucepan, I believe you will find, is owing to a negligence in perusing the manuscript; for, if I remember right, it is there called a stew-pan. Your earthen vessel, provided it is close stopped, I allow to be a good *succedaneum*. As to the boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I shall be quite

* In the preceding letter he says, no tendon is cut: he must therefore refer to a letter not in this collection, if his memory did not fail him.

ashamed to consult Mrs. *Howard* upon your account, who thinks herself intirely neglected by you, in not writing to her, as you promised: however, let her take it as she will, to serve a friend, I'll venture to ask it of her. The prince and his family come to settle in town to-morrow. That Mr. *Pulteney* expected an answer to his letter, and would be extremely pleased to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with 'expectation for above a fortnight.

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

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

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

† 'Arbutnot's tables of ancient coins, &c.'

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

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

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

* Afterwards countess of *Suffolk*, from whom *Gay* at this time had expectations.

in return, to make mine to Mr. *Ford*. Next week I shall have a new coat, and new buttons, for the birth-day, though I don't know, but a turn-coat might have been more for my advantage. Yours most sincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I hear that lord *Bolingbroke* will be in town, at his house in *Pallmall* next week:

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

Take a knuckle of veal ;
 You may buy it, or steal.
 In a few pieces cut it :
 In a stewing-pan put it.
 Salt, pepper, and mace
 Must season this knuckle ;
 Then † what's join'd to a place,
 With other herbs muckle ;
 That, which killed king ‡ *Will* :
 And what never || stands still.
 Some § sprigs of that bed
 Where children are bred ;

* This is supposed to be the receipt of Mr. *Pulteney's* cook, mentioned in the preceding part of this letter, verified,

† *Vulgo*, salary.

‡ Supposed *sorril*.

|| This is by Dr. *Bentley* thought to be *time*, or *thyme*.

§ *Parasley*. Vide *Chamberlayne*.

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

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

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 8, 1726.

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

* Copper.

† ' Which we suppose to be near four hours.'

I am sorry your commission about your finger has not been executed sooner. It is not *Nanny's* fault, who has spoke several times to Dr. *Pepusch* about it, and wrote three or four letters, and received for answer, that he would write for the young fellow; but still, nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myself.

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

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

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

† 'Probably, archbishop King of Dublin.'

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

|| 'Erasmus Lewis, Esq;'

refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like *Barnevelt** in time. I gave your service to lady *Harvey*. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad, that was wrote on her, to the tune of *Molly Mog*, and sent to her, in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres; which the authors, Mr. *Pulteney* and lord *Chesterfield*, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeas'd, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

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

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered: so is Mr. *Pope*. We shall meet at lord *Bolingbroke's* on *Thursday*, in town, at dinner, and remember you. *Gulliver* is in every body's hands. Lord *Scarborough*, who is no inventor of stories, told me,

* This refers to a pamphlet, intitled, *A Key to the Lock: Or, a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem, intitled, The Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion.* By *Esdras Barnevelt*, Apothecary. The second edition of this piece was published 1715, 8vo.

† Written by Mr. *Congreve*.

that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him, that he was very well acquainted with *Gulliver*; but that the printer had mistaken, that he lived in *Wapping*, and not at *Rotherhithe*. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to search for *Lilliput*.

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

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

J O. A R B U T H N O T.

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

L E T T E R CCXXXIII.

Mrs. H O W A R D to Dr. S W I F T.

Nov. 1726.

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

* See *Gulliver's travels*.

I think

I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the chequer might be best managed.

The princess will take care, that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to *England*; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels*, and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive. Here are several *Lilliputian* mathematicians, so that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Don't forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here, whether the *Big-Endians* and *Lesser-Endians* ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached? Or whether this part of cookery was ever known in *Lilliput*? I cannot conclude without telling you, that our island is in great joy; one of our yahoos have been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black † rabbits. May we not hope, and, with some probability, expect, that, in time, our female yahoos will produce a race of *Houyhnhnms*? I am, Sir, your humble servant,

SIEVE YAHOO †.

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

† This alludes to a famous impostor, *Mary Tofts*, of *Godaimin*, in *Surry*, called the rabbitwoman, who, in *Nov. 1756*, pretended to be delivered of living rabbits, and imposed, among others, upon *D. St. André*, a physician, who was her advocate, I think, in print.

‡ *Sieve Tabco* is a name given by *Swift*, in his *Gulliver's travels*, to a court lady.

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

The Earl of P E T E R B O R O W to D r . S W I F T .

S I R ,

Novemb. 29, 1726.

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

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

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

* Probably *Arbushnot*.

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

This was the scene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizard. But what mutations amongst the *Lilliputians*! The greatest lady in the nation resolves to send a pair of shoes without heels to captain *Gulliver*: she takes *vie et armis* the plaid from the lady it was sent to, which is soon to appear upon her royal person; and now, who but

* *Gulliver's travels*.

† ' *Mary Tofts* pretended to do this; but being brought up to town, and well watched, the imposture was detected.'

‡ The Dean.

|| In the drapier's letters against *Wood's* halfpence.

§ *Leinuel Gulliver*.

captain *Gulliver*? The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to see him a bishop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in such imminent danger of preferment. Sir, your affectionate tar.

L E T T E R CCXXXV.

E A R L of P E T E R B O R O W to D r. S W I F T.

S I R,

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

Sir *Robert Walpole*, any morning, except *Tuesday* and *Thursday* (which are his public days) about nine o'clock, will be glad to see you at his *London* house. On *Monday*, if I see you, I will give you a fuller account. Your affectionate servant,

P E T E R B O R O W.

Saturday evening.

* *Wood's* halfpence.

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

Lady B O L I N G B R O K E † to Dr. S W I F T .

de Dawleo ce premier Fevrier 1726-7.

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

† ' Second wife of lord viscount *Bolingbroke*, born in *France*. She had been second wife of the marquis de *Villette*, chef d'escadre, nephew or cousin to madame de *Maintenon*. See *Voltaire Siecle de Lewis XIV.* tom. II. She died *March 18, 1749*. Lord *Bolingbroke* survived her, dying *December 15, 1751*, aged 78.'

patriotes, je suis ravi qu'ils puissent participer au plaisir, que m'a fait ce bon monsieur, & profiter de ses decouvertes. Je ne désespère pas que 12 vaisseaux que la *France* vient d'armer ne puissent être destiné a une ambassade ches messieurs les *Hoububms*. En ce cas je vous proposerai, que nous fassions ce voyage. En attendant je fais bon gré a un ouvrier de votre nation, qui pour instruire les dames, lesquelles comme vous scavies, monsieur, (font ici un grand usage) de leurs éventails, en a fait faire ou toutes les aventures de notre veridique voyageur sont depeintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leurs conversation. Cela fera a la verité beaucoup de tort a la pluye & au beau tems, qui en remplisoient une partie, & en mon particulier je ferai privée des very cold & very warm, qui sont les peu mots que j'entende. Je conte de vous envoyer des ces éventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un mérite avec les dames d'*Irelande*, si tant est que vous en ayez besoin ; ce que je ne croi pas, du moins si elles pensent comme les *Françoises*. Le Seigneur de *Dawley*, Mr. *Pope*, & moi sommes ici occupés a boire, manger, dormir, ou ne ainsaire priant Dieu qu'a rien, si soit de vous. Revenes ce printems nous revoir, monsieur, attend votre retour avec impatience pour tuer le bœuf le plus pesant, & le cochon le plus gros, qui soit dans ma ferme : l'un & l'autre seront servis en entier sur la table de votre reverence, craint qu'elle n'aucun mon cuisinier deguisement. Vous brillieres parmi nous du moins autant que parmi vos Chanoins, & nous ne serons pas moins empressé a vous plaire. Je le disputrai

terai a tout autre, étant plus que personne du monde
votre très humble and très obeissante servante.

L E T T E R CCXXXVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 17, 1726-7.

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

Adieu,

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

L E T T E R CCXXXVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Whitehall, Feb. 18, 1726-7.

I BELIEVE it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr. *Pope* hath taken all I have to say, and put it into a long letter, which is sent too by Mr. *Stopford*: but however, I could not omit this occasion for thanking you for his acquaintance. I don't know whether I ought to thank you or not, considering I have lost him so soon, though he hath given me some hopes of seeing him in the summer. He will give you an account of our negotiations together ; and I may now glory in my success, since I could contribute to his. We dined together to-day at the doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr. *Stopford* gave us, that we are like to see you soon. My fables are printed ; but I cannot get my plates finished, which hinders the publication. I expect
nothing,

nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needless to write, for Mr. *Stopford* can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs. *Howard* desires me to make her compliments; she hath been in an ill state of health all this winter, but I hope is some what better. I have been very much out of order myself for the most part of the winter: upon my being let blood last week, my cough and my head-ach are much better. Mrs. *Blount* always asks after you. I refused supping at *Burlington* house, in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the park. The contempt of the world grows upon me, and I now begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with less than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I shall bring myself into that state, which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with so little, lest my good friends should censure me for indolence, and the want of a laudable ambition. So that it will be absolutely necessary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How solicitous is mankind to please others? Pray give my sincere service to Mr. *Ford*. Dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

J. G A Y,

L E T.

LETTER CCXXXIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

May 18, 1727.

I LIVED on *Tuesday* with you and *Pope*. Yesterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat *, and I shall pass this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the same manner; two thirds to friendship, one third to myself, and not a moment of it to the world.

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

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

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have slipped out of my memory. Do not forget the sixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min—character

* ‘*Darwley*.’† Printed in his lordship’s works. They were first published in *Feb.* 1726.

transferred into the administration. Adieu, I am very faithfully yours, my dear and reverend Dean. I embrace *Pope*.

Friday morning.

L E T T E R C C X L .

L O R D B O L I N G B R O K E t o D r . S W I F T .

Saturday, at *Pope's*, June 24, 1727.

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

There would not be common sense in your going into *France* at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit, which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting *Ireland* for *England* is, I believe, fairly before you.* To hanker after a court is fit for men with blue ribbands, pompous titles, and overgrown estates. It is below either you or me; one of whom never made his fortune, and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe. But, without hankering, without assuming a suppliant dependent's air, you may spend in *England* all the time you can be absent from *Ireland*, & *faire la guerre à Poil*. There has not been so much inactivity as you imagine; but I cannot answer for contingencies. Adieu.

* See a letter from Dr. *Swift* to Dr. *Sheridan*, dated 24 *June*, 1727. vol. xii. p. 213. edit. 8vo, 1755.

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

I shall return again to *London* on *Monday* evening.

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

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Cranford, Tuesday.

I HAVE so severe a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly stir abroad. You will be ready to say, Physician, cure thyself; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yesterday fourteen ounces of blood; and such an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than steel, bitters, waters and drops. I wish *John Gay* success in his pursuit; but I think he has some qualities, which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man? polished, civilized, learned man! A liberal education fits him for slavery; and the pains he has taken gives him the noble pretension of dangling away life in an ante-chamber, or of employing real talents to serve those, who have none; or, which is worse than all the rest, of making his reason and his knowledge serve all the purposes of other mens follies and vices. You say not a word to me about the public, of whom I think as seldom as possible. I consider myself as a man with some little satisfaction, and with some use; but I have no pleasure in thinking I am an *Englishman*; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpose

purpose to act like one. *Serfit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum semel cœpit, labitur. Plures enim discunt quemadmodum hæc fiant, quam quemadmodum his resistatur.* Adieu.

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

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

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Sunday. Indorsed "On going to France, about June 1727."

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

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

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

* Mr. Pope, the Dean being at *Twickenham*.

L E T T E R CCXLIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Tuesday.

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

L E T T E R CCXLIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Thursday.

LORD B. is so ill, and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power, that I have not left him one day since my return from *London*. Let me know how you are. Say something very kind from
from

from me to *Pope*. Toss *John Gay* over the water to *Richmond*, if he is with you. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCXLV.

Mr. PULTENEY to Mr. POPE,

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

Eleven o'clock, *Tuesday* morning.

L E T T E R CCXLVI.

Mrs. HOWARD * to Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 1727.

I WRITE to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy because you have a bad head, and deaf

* This lady, who was sister to *John*, late earl of *Buckinghamshire*, went, in the prime of her youth, to the court of *Hanover*, with her husband, the hon. *Charles Howard*, and became of the bedchamber to the electoral princess, afterwards princess of *Wales*, and then queen *Caroline*. Upon the death of queen *Anne*, she came over with her mistress, and was reckoned the greatest favourite at *Leicester house*. Some time after the accession of *George II.* her

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

L E T T E R CCXLVII.

Mrs. HOWARD to Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 1727.

I DID desire you to write me a love letter; but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I had rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your head-ach, or any other complaint you

husband became earl of *Suffolk*, by the death of his elder brother, *Edward*, earl of *Suffolk*; and in a few years she retired from court: She survived her first husband (by whom she had one son *Henry*, who succeeded his father, and died without issue) and being countess dowager of *Suffolk*, married the hon. Mr. *George Berkeley*, brother to lady *Betty Germain*, in the year 1735. See lady *B. G.*'s letter, dated *July 12, 1735*.

have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave *England* till I see you; which must be here, for the most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking: I dare not go to you. Believe nobody, that talks to you of the queen, without you are sure the person likes both the queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years, without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleasure, once in my life, of absolute power; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given them.

L E T T E R CCXLVIII.

Chevalier RAMSAY* to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Paris, Aug. 1, 1727. N. S.

MR. *Hooke* having acquainted me with what goodness and patience you have been pleased to examine a

* *Andrew Michael Ramsay*, knight of *St. Lazarus* in *France*, and doctor of laws of the university of *Oxford*. He was born in *Scotland* 9th of *June*, 1686, and educated a Protestant, but converted to the church of *Rome* in 1709, by *Fenelon*, archbishop of *Cambrai*, whose life he published. In 1724, he was sent for to *Rome* by the Pretender, in order to be tutor to his two sons; but the divisions and jealousies of that court induced him to desire leave to return to *France*, where he was appointed governor of the duke of *Chateau-Thierry*, and afterwards of the prince of *Turenne*. He died 6 *May*, 1743, at *St. Germain-en-Laye*, at the age of fifty-

performance of mine *, I take this occasion to make my acknowledgements. Nothing could flatter me more sensibly than your approbation. To acquire the esteem of persons of your merit is the principal advantage I could wish for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myself with. I should be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way useful to you in this part of the world, where, I assure you, your reputation is as well established as in your own country. I am with the utmost regard and esteem, reverend Sir, your most humble, and most obliged, obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

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

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

London, Sept. 12, 1727.

I HAVE not wrote to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not necessary. By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters, I am every post expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years, that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. Brent, that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minimé decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim malignos, qui sinistré hoc interpretabuntur, si*

seven. He is well known for his *Travels of Cyrus*, his *Life of Marshal Turenne*, &c.

* The travels of Cyrus.

eveniat (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur. I am in such a condition of health, that I cannot possibly travel. Dr. *Sheridan*, to whom I wrote this last post, will be more particular, and spare my weak disordered head. Pray, answer all calls of money in your power to Mrs. *Dingley*, and desire her to ask it. I cannot come back at the time of my licence, I am afraid. Therefore the second or third day before it expires, which will be the beginning of *October*, (you will find by the date of the last) take out a new one for another half year; and let the same clause be in (of leave to go to *Great-Britain*, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health) for very probably, if this unfortunate event should happen of the loss of our friend (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better) I will go to *France*, if my health will permit me to forget myself*. I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr. *Deacon*, or alderman *Pearson*, come to pay rent, take it on account, unless they bring you their last acquittance to direct you. But *Deacon* owes me seventy-five pounds; and interest, upon his bond; so that you are to take care, of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs. *Worrall* have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am sincerely yours.

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

* Soon after the date of this letter the Dean went to *Ireland*; and Mrs. *Johnson*, after languishing about two months, died on the 29th of *January*, 1727, in the 44th year of her age.

L E T T E R C C L.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. HOWARD.

MADAM,

Sept. 1727.

THIS cruel disorder of deafness, attended with giddiness, still confines me. I have been debating with myself, that having a home in *Dublin* not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my sickness will allow me to travel. I am therefore setting out for *Ireland*; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troublesome companion.

I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me so far, as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow, that my disorder was of such a nature, as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours*. I am, &c.

* His opinion of this lady, and sense of her majesty's favours, are expressed very differently in other places: it is therefore to be presumed, they were changed by some events subsequent to this letter, though I think he was never afterwards in *England*. See verses on his own death, and the letters of lady B. G. in this collection, *Nov. 7,* and *Feb. 1732.*

L E T T E R C C L I .

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 30, 1727.

I HAVE heard, dear Sir, with great pleasure, of your safe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the best expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the inclosed comes from; and, I hope, will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myself. Either you have not done me justice, or they have not done you; for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curiosity wanted only to be gratified, I don't stand in need of a letter from yourself, to inform me what you are doing; for there are people about court, who can tell me every thing, that you do or say; so that you had best take care of your conduct. You see of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aside, I must ask you, if you have any interest? Or, do you think, that I could have, or procure any with my lord lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one captain *Innes*, I think in colonel *Wilson's* regiment, and now in *Limerick*? He is an exceeding worthy man, but has stuck long in a low post, for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I shall proceed in this matter.

I was yesterday with all your friends at *St. James's*. There is certainly a fatality upon poor *Gay*. As for
hope

hope of preferment there by favour, he has laid it aside. He has made a pretty good bargain (that is, a *Smithfield* one) for a little place in the custom-house, which was to bring him in about an hundred a year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to *Gay*. When every thing was concluded, the man repented, and said, he would not part with his place. I have begged *Gay* not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am sure I should not live a week. I long to hear of the safe arrival of *Dr. Delany*. Pray, give my humble service to him.

As for news, it was wrote from *Spain*, to me, from my brother in *France*, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the ministry know nothing of it. Nay, some told me, that the answer was rather furly. Lord *Townshend* is very ill; but I think, by the description of his case, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back-stairs yesterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, &c. The first part of the discourse was about you, *Mr. Pope*, *Curle*, and myself. My family are well: they, and my brother in *France*, and one that is here, all give their service to you. If you had been so lucky as to have gone to *Paris* last summer, you would have had health, honour, and diversion in abundance; for I will promise, you would have recovered of the spleen. I shall add no more, but my kindest wishes, and that I am, with the greatest affection and respect,
yours, &c.

L E T T E R CCLII.

Monsieur VOLTAIRE to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

In London, at the White Peruke,
Covent-Garden, 14th Dec. 1727.

YOU will be surprized in receiving an * *English* essay from a *French* traveller. Pray, forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the rash attempt of writing in *English*.

You will see by the advertisement, that I have some designs upon you, and that I must mention you, for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name. Let me indulge the satisfaction of talking of you, as posterity will do.

In the mean time, can I make bold to intreat you to make some use of your interest in *Ireland*, about some subscriptions for the *Henriade*; which is almost ready, and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The subscriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the highest esteem, and the utmost gratitude, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

* An essay on the civil wars of *France*, which he made the foundation of his *Henriade*, an heroic poem, since well known. He had been imprisoned in the *Bastille*, in *Paris*, but being released about the year 1725, he came to *England*, and solicited subscriptions for his poem. In about a Year and an half, he had made himself master of our language; and, in 1727, when this letter was written, he published the essay here mentioned, with an essay on the epic poetry of the *European* nations, from *Homer* to *Milton*.

L E T-

LETTER CCLIII.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE TO DR. SWIFT:

SIR,

I SENT the other day a cargo of *French* dulness to my lord lieutenant. My lady *Bolingbroke* has taken upon herself to send you one copy of the *Henriade*: She is desirous to do that honour to my book; and, I hope, the merit of being presented to you by her hands will be a commendation to it. However, if she has not done it already, I desire you to take one of the cargo, which is now at my lord lieutenant's. I wish you a good hearing; if you have got it, you want nothing. I have not seen Mr. *Pope* this winter; but I have seen the third volume of the *Miscellanea*; and the more I read your works, the more I am ashamed of mine. I am, with respect, esteem, and gratitude, Sir, your most humble obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER CCLIV.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Whitehall, Feb. 15, 1727-8.

I HAVE deferred writing to you from time to time, till I could give you an account of the *Beggar's Opera*. It is acted at the play-house in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* with such success, that the play-house hath been crouded every night. To-night is the fifteenth time
of

of acting; and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I have ordered *Motte** to send the play to you the first opportunity. I made no interest, either for approbation, or money; nor hath any body been pressed to take tickets for my benefit: notwithstanding which, I think, I shall make an addition to my fortune of between six and seven hundred pounds. I know this account will give you pleasure, as I have pushed through this precarious affair without servility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the same state you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have no expectations. The duchess of *Queensberry* hath signalized her friendship to me upon this occasion, in such a conspicuous manner, that I hope (for her sake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths †. Lord *Cobham* says, that I should have printed it in *Italian* over-against the *English*, that the ladies might have understood what they read. The outlandish (as they now call it) opera hath been so thin of late, that some have called that the *Beggar's Opera*; and, if the run continues, I fear, I shall have remonstrances drawn up against me by the royal academy of music. As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health: I beg we may hear from you soon. By my constant attendance on this affair, I

* ' Benjamin, the bookseller.'

† See the letter of November 9, 1729,

have almost worried myself into an ill state of health ; but I intend in five or six days to go to our country-seat at *Twickenham*, for a little air. Mr. *Pope* is very seldom in town. Mrs. *Howard* frequently asks after you, and desires her compliments to you. Mr. *George Arbutnot*, the doctor's brother, is married to Mrs. *Peggy Robinson*.

I would write more, but as to-night is for my benefit, I am in a hurry to go out about business. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant,

J. G A Y.

L E T T E R CCLV.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

March 20, 1727-8.

I AM extremely sorry, that your disorder is returned ; but as you have a medicine, which hath twice removed it, I hope by this time you have again found the good effects of it. I have seen Dr. *Delany* at my lodgings ; but, as I have been for a few days with Mr. *Pulteney* at *Cashioberry*, I have not yet returned his visit. I went with him to wait upon lord *Bathurst*, and lord *Bolingbroke* ; both of whom desire me to make you their compliments. Lady *Belingbroke* was very much out of order, and with my lord is now at *Darwley* : she expects a letter from you. Mrs. *Howard* would gladly have the receipt you have found so much benefit by : she is happier than I have seen her, ever since you have left us, for she is free as to her conjugal affairs,

affairs, by articles of agreement. The *Beggar's Opera* hath been acted now thirty-six times, and was as full the last night as the first; and as yet, there is not the least probability of a thin audience: though there is a discourse about the town, that the doctors of the royal academy of music design to solicit against its being played on the outlandish opera days, as it is now called. On the benefit-day of one of the actresses last week, one of the players falling sick, they were obliged to give out another play, or dismiss the audience. A play was given out, but the audience called out for the *Beggar's Opera*; and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have staid.

I have got by all this success between seven and eight hundred pounds; and *Rich*, deducting the whole charge of the house, hath cleared already near four thousand pounds. In about a month I am going to *Bath* with the duchess of *Marlborough*, and Mr. *Congreve*; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The duchess of *Queensberry* is in *Wiltshire*, where she hath had the small-pox, in so favourable a way, that she had not above seven or eight on her face; she is now perfectly recovered. There is a metzotinto print published to-day of *Polly*, the heroine of the *Beggar's Opera* *; who was before unknown, and is now in so high vogue, that I am in doubt, whether her fame does not surpass that of the opera itself. I would not have talked so much on this subject, or upon any thing that regards myself, but to you: as I know you interest yourself so sincerely

* Miss *Fenton*,

in every thing that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me, if I had said less.

I saw Dr. *Arbutnot* last night with Mr. *Lewis*, at Sir *William Wyndham's*, who, if he had not the gout, would have answered your letter you sent him a year and a half ago. He said this to me a week since, but he is now pretty well again, and so may forget to write ; for which reason, I ought to do him justice, and tell you, that I think him a sincere well-wisher of yours. I have not seen Mr. *Pope* lately, but have heard, that both he and Mrs.* *Pope* are every well. I intend to see him at *Twickenham* on *Sunday* next. I have not drank out the *Gutheridge* cyder yet ; but I have not so much as a single pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of sheets against your coming to town, so that we need not send any more to *Jervais* upon that account. I really miss you every day ; and I would be content, that you should have a whole window to yourself, and half another, to have you again. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately.

You have half a years interest due at *Lady-day*, and now it is *March* the 20th, 1727-8.

L E T T E R CCLVI.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. W O R R A L L.

Market-Hill, Jan. 4, 1728.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf

* Mr. *Pope's* mother.

and

and giddy ; but however, I would certainly come to town not only for my visitation, but because in these circumstances, and in winter, I had rather be at home. But it is now *Saturday* night, and that beast *Sheridan* is not yet come, although it has been thawing since *Monday*. If I do not come, you know what to do.

My humble service to our friends, as usual.

L E T T E R CCLVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

Market-Hill, Jan. 13, 1728-9,

I JUST received your letter, and should never have done if I returned you thanks so often as I ought for your care and kindness ; both my disorders still continue ; however, I desire that Mrs. *Brent* may make things ready, for my raggedness will soon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are so kind to speak loud enough for me to hear them ; and my deafness is not so extream as you have known, when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. *Worrall*.

I send you inclosed the fruit of my illness, to make an *Intelligencer* ; I desire you will inclose it in a letter to Mrs. *Harding*, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and desire her to shew it to the author of the *Intelligencer*, and to print it, if he thinks fit. There is a letter, you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verses, which letter is grounded on a report, and

if that report be false, the former part of the letter will be unseasonable, but the latter will not, and therefore the Intelligencer must be desired to alter it accordingly.

It should be sent soon, to come time enough for the next Intelligencer.

Pray, in your letter to Mrs. *Harding*, desire her to make her people be more correct, and that the Intelligencer himself may look over it, for that every body who reads those papers, are very much offended with the continual nonsense made by her printers.

I am yours,

D. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CCLVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. W O R R A L L.

Market-Hill, Jan. 18. 1728-9.

I HAVE yours of the 14 instant, but you had not then received my last, in which was inclosed a paper for the Intelligencer, which I hope you have disposed of as desired. My disorder still continues the same for this fortnight past, and am neither better nor worse. However, I resolve to return on the first mending of the weather; these three last days there being as violent a storm as I have known, which still continues: we have been told my lord *Martcaffell* is dead at *Drogbeda*, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is so tender, and affects so much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had

I had a letter two days ago, which cost me six shillings and four-pence; it consisted of the probate of a will in *Leicestershire*, and of two inclosed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to *London*, she married an inn-keeper in *Loughborough*, in that county, by whom she had several children. The old mother died, and left all that she had to her daughter aforesaid, separate from her husband. This woman (my mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, *Ann* by name. This *Ann*, for it must be she, about seven years ago writ to me from *London*, to tell me she was daughter of *Betty Jones*, for that was my mistress's name, till she was married to one *Perkins*, inn-keeper, at the *George* in *Loughborough*, as I said before. The subject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an *Irishman*, who pretended to be barrack-master-general of *Ireland*, and desired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother, *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, to enquire about this *Irishman*. I answered, that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat; I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, to let me know, that her daughter *Ann Giles*, married an *Irishman*, one *Giles*, and was now come over to *Ireland* to pick up some debts due to her husband, which she could not get; that the young widow (for her husband

Giles is dead) hath a mind to settle in *Ireland*, and to desire I would lend her daughter *Giles* three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in *England*, and Mrs. *Giles* writes me a letter to that purpose. She intends to take a shop, and will borrow the money from Mrs. *Brent* (whose name she hath learned) and pay me as others do. I was at first determined to desire you would, from me, make her a present of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother used to call cousin. She hath sent me an attested copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, cost me six shillings and four-pence. But I am in much doubt; for by her mother's letters, she is her heiress, and the grandmother left *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, the mother of this woman in *Dublin*, all she had, as a separate maintenance from her husband (who proved a rogue) to the value of five hundred pounds. Now, I cannot conceive why she would let her only daughter and heiress come to *Ireland*, without giving her money to bear her charges here, and put her in some way. The woman's name is *Ann Giles*, she lodges at one Mrs. *Wilmot's*, the first house in *Molefworth-court*, on the right hand, in *Fishamble-street*. I have told you this long story, to desire you will send for the woman, this *Ann Giles*, and examine her strictly, to find if she be the real daughter of *Elizabeth Jones*, alias *Perkins*, or no, and how her mother, who is so well able, came to send her in so miserable a condition to *Ireland*. The errand is so romantic, that I know not what to say to it. I would be ready to sacrifice five pounds, on old acquaintance, to help
the

the woman ; I suspect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember she spells like a kitchen maid. And so I end this worthy business.

My bookfeller, Mr. *Motte*, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. *Hyde* ; there are some accounts between them, and *Hyde* is in his debt. He hath desired me to speak to Mr. *Hyde's* executors to state the account, that Mr. *Motte* may be in a way to recover the balance. I wish you would step to Mr. *Hyde's* house, and enquire how that matter stands, and how Mr. *Motte* is to be paid. I suppose Mr. *Hyde* died in good circumstances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors suffering by his death.

I inclose a letter to Mr. *Motte*, which you will be so kind to send to the post office.

I desire likewise that you will make Mrs. *Brent* buy a bottle of usquebaugh, and leave it with the woman who keeps Sir *Arthur Acheson's* house in *Capel-street*, and desire her to deliver it to captain *Creighton*, who lodges at the *Pyed Horse*, in *Capel-street*, and is to bring down other things to my lady *Acheson*.

My most humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, Mrs. *Dingley*, and love to Mrs. *Brent*.

I wish you all a happy new year.

L E T T E R CCLIX,

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Bath, May 16, 1728,

I HAVE been at the *Bath* about ten days, and I have played at no game but once, and that at backgammon with Mr. *Lewis*, who is very much your humble servant. Lord and lady *Bolingbroke* are here; I think she is better: they stay, as I guess, about a fortnight longer. They both desired me to make their compliments; as does Mr. *Congreve* *, who is in a very ill state of health, but somewhat better since he came here. I do not know how long I shall stay here, because I am now, as I have been all my life, at the disposal of others. I drink the waters, and am in hopes to lay in a stock of health; some of which I wish to communicate to you. Dr. *Delany* told me you had been upon a journey, and I really fancy, taking horse is as good as taking the waters: I hope you have found benefit by it. The *Beggar's Opera* is acted here; but our *Polly* hath got no fame, though the actors have got money. I have sent by Dr. *Delany* the opera, *Polly Peachum* and captain *Macheath*. I would have sent you my own head (which is now engraving) to make up the gang, but it is not yet finished. I suppose you must have heard, that I had the honour to have had a sermon preached against

* ' He died 19 January, 1728-9.'

my works by a court-chaplain *, which I look upon as no small addition to my fame. Direct to me here when you write; and the sooner that is, the sooner you'll make me happy.

L E T T E R CCLX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Bath, July 6, 1728.

THE last news I have heard of you, was from Mr. *Lancelot*, who was at this place with lord *Suffex*, who gave me hopes of seeing you the latter end of this summer. I wish you may keep that resolution, and take the *Bath* in your way to town. You in all probability will find here some, or most of those you like to see. Dr. *Arbutnot* wrote to me to-day from *Tunbridge*, where he is now for the recovery of his health, having had several relapses of a fever: he tells me he is much better, and that in *August* he intends to come hither. Mr. *Congreve* and I often talk of you, and wish you health, and every good thing; but often, out of self-interest, we wish you with us. In five or six days, I set out upon an excursion to *Herefordshire*, to lady *Scudamore's*, but shall return here the beginning of *August*. I wish you could meet me at *Guthridge*. The *Bath* did not agree with lady *Bolingbroke*. Since

* 'Dr. *Thomas Herring*, then preacher to the society of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and afterwards archbishop of *Canterbury*. Dr. *Swift*, in the *Intelligencer*, N^o III. published in *Ireland*, speaks with great asperity of Dr. *Herring*, on account of his sermon against the *Beggar's Opera*.'

she went to *Darwley*, by her own inclination, without the advice of physicians, she hath taken to a milk-diet, and writes me an account of prodigious good effects in the recovery of her appetite and spirits. The weather is extremely hot, the place is very empty. I have an inclination to study, but the heat makes it impossible. The d— of — * I hear hath run away with *Polly Peachum*, having settled 400*l.* a year upon her during pleasure; and, upon disagreement, 200*l.* a year. Mr. *Pope* is in a state of persecution for the *Dunciad*: I wish to be witness of his fortitude, but he writes but seldom. It would be a consolation to me to hear from you. My portrait metzotinto is published from Mr. *Howard's* painting; I wish to send you one, but I fancy I could get a better impression at *London*. I have ten thousand things to talk to you, but few to write; yet defer writing to you no longer, knowing you interest yourself in every thing that concerns me, so much, that I make you happy, as you will me, if you can tell me you are in good health; which I wish to hear every morning as soon as I awake. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately.

* The duke of *Bolton*, who afterwards married M^{rs} *Fenton*.

L E T T E R CCLXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

Sep. 28, 1728.

I HAD all the letters given me by my servant: so tell Mrs. *Brent* * and Dr. *Sheridan*; and I thank you for the great care you had in the commissions I troubled you with. We have a design upon *Sheridan*. He sent us in print a ballad upon *Ballyspellin*, in which he has employed all the rhimes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abusing his ballad, and *Ballyspellin* too. I here send you a copy, and desire you will get it printed privately, and published †. I am ever yours, &c.

L E T T E R CCLXII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Dec. 2, 1728.

I THINK this is my fourth letter; I am sure it is the third, without any answer. If I had any assurance of your health, I should have been more easy. I should have wrote to you upon this subject above a month ago, had it not been for a report, that you were upon the road in your way to *England*; which I fear now was without foundation. Lord and lady

* His housekeeper.

† The verses are printed in vol. xiv. *Swift's works*, 8vo edit.

Bolingbroke are in town: she hath been lately very ill, but is now somewhat better. I have had a very severe attack of a fever, which, by the care of our friend Dr. *Arbutnot*, hath, I hope, almost left me. I have been confined about ten days, but never to my bed, so that I hope soon to get abroad about my business; that is, the care of the second part of the *Beggars's Opera*, which was almost ready for rehearsal; but *Rich* received the duke of *Grafton's* commands (upon an information, that he was rehearsing a play improper to be represented) not to rehearse any new play whatever, till his grace hath seen it. What will become of it, I know not; but I am sure, I have written nothing, that can be legally suppressed, unless the setting vice in general in an odious light, and virtue in an amiable one, may give offence. I passed five or six months this year at the *Bath* with the duchess of *Marlborough*; and then, in the view of taking care of myself, writ this piece. If it goes on, in case of success, I have taken care to make better bargains for myself: I tell you this, because I know you are so good as to interest yourself so warmly in my affairs, that it is what you would want to know. I saw Mr. *Pope* on *Friday*, who, as to his health, is just as you left him. Dr. *Arbutnot* particularly desires his compliments; and Mrs. *Howard* often asks after you. Prince *Frederick* is expected over this week. I hope to go abroad in two or three days. I wish I could meet you either abroad, or at home.

L E T T E R CCLXIII.

M. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

March 18, 1728-9.

I HAVE writ to you several times; and having heard nothing from you makes me fear my letters are miscarried. Mr. *Pope's* letter hath taken off my concern in some degree; but I hope good weather will intirely re-establish you in your health. I am but just recovered from the severest fit of sickness, that ever any body had, who escaped death. I was several times given up by the physicians, and every body that attended me; and, upon my recovery, was judged to be in so ill a condition, that I should be miserable for the remainder of my life: but, contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder of the distempers that attacked me, which were at the same time, fever, asthma, and pleurisy. I am now in the duke of *Queensberry's* house, and have been so ever since I left *Hampstead*; where I was carried at a time, that it was thought I could not live a day. Since my coming to town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has been so severe.

I must acquaint you, (because I know it will please you) that during my sickness I had many of the kindest proofs of friendship, particularly from the duke and duchess of *Queensberry*, who, if I had been their nearest relation, and nearest friend, could not have treated me with more constant attendance then; and they continue the same to me now.

You must undoubtedly have heard, that the duchess took up my defence with the king and queen, in the cause of my play, and that she hath been forbid the court for interesting herself to increase my fortune, by the publication of it, without being acted. The duke too hath given up his employments (which he would have done, if the duchess had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill usage from the ministers; but this hastened him in what he had determined. The play is now almost printed, with the music, words, and bases, engraved on thirty-one copper plates, which, by my friends assistance, hath a probability to turn greatly to my advantage. The duchess of *Marlborough* hath given me a hundred pounds for one copy; and others have contributed very handsomely; but, as my account is not yet settled, I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cause of virtue, and against the fashionable vices, I am looked upon at present as the most obnoxious person almost in *England*. Mr. *Pulteney* tells me, I have got the start of him. Mr. *Pope* tells me, that I am dead, and that this obnoxiousness is the reward for my inoffensiveness in my former life. I wish I had a book ready to send you; but, I believe, I shall not be able to compleat the work till the latter end of next week. Your money is still in lord *Bathurst's* hands; but, I believe, I shall receive it soon: I wish to receive your orders how to dispose of it. I am impatient to finish my work, for I want the country air; not that I am ill, but to recover my strength; and I cannot leave the work till it is finished. While I am
writing

writing this, I am in the room next to our dining-room with sheets all round it, and two people from the binder folding sheets. I print the book at my own expence, in quarto, which is to be sold for six shillings, with the music. You see I do not want industry; and, I hope you will allow, that I have not the worst oeconomy. Mrs. *Howard* hath declared herself strongly, both to the king and queen, as my advocate. The duchess of *Queensberry* is allowed to have shewn more spirit, more honour, and more goodness, than was thought possible in our times; I should have added too more understanding and good sense. You see my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increases by oppression. I go to no courts; I drink no wine; and am calumniated, even by ministers of state, and yet am in good spirits. Most of the courtiers, though otherwise my friends, refused to contribute to my undertaking. But the city and the people of *England* take my part very warmly; and, I am told, the best of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I am afraid I shall write too much for you, and for myself. I have not writ so much together since my sickness. I cannot omit telling you, that Dr. *Arbutnot's* attendance and care of me shewed him the best of friends. Dr. *Hollings*, though intirely a stranger to me, was joined with him, and used me in the kindest and most handsome manner. Mr. and Mrs. *Pulteney* were greatly concerned for me, visited me, and shewed me
the

the strongest proofs of friendship. When I see you I will tell you of others, as of Mr. *Pope*, Mrs. *Blount*, Mr. and Mrs. *Rollinson*, lord and lady *Bolingbroke*, &c. I think they are all your friends and well-wishers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget Mr. *Lewis*, nor lord *Bathurst*, Sir *William Wynham*, and lord *Gower*, and lord *Oxford*, among the number.

L E T T E R CCLXIV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, March 19, 1728-9.

THIS is the second or third time, dear Sir, that I have wrote to you, without hearing a word of you, or from you; only, in general, that you are very much out of order; sometimes of your two old complaints, the vertigo and deafness, which I am very sorry for. The gentleman, who carries this, hath come better off than I did imagine: I used my little interest as far as it would go, in his affair. He will be able to give you some account of your friends, many of whom have been in great distress this winter for *John Gay*. I may say, without vanity, his life, under God, is due to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant: for a physician, who had not been passionately his friend, could not have saved him. I had, besides my personal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a public person, a little *Sacheverell*; and I took the same pleasure

in saving him, as *Radcliffe* did in preserving my lord chief justice *Holt's* wife, whom he attended out of spite to the husband, who wished her dead.

The inoffensive *John Gay* is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of *Europe*, the terror of the ministers, the chief author of the *Craftsman*, and all the seditious pamphlets, which have been published against the government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the court banished from it for his sake; another great lady in danger of being *chassé* likewise; about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the ancient *circumcelliones* in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him, since he became so conspicuous. *Will. Pulteney* hangs his head, to see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play; but, I really believe, he would get more by shewing his person: and, I can assure you, this is the very identical *John Gay*, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in *Whitehall* two years ago. I have been diverting myself with making an extract out of a history, which will be printed in the year 1948. I wish I had your assistance to go through with it; for I can assure you, it riseth to a very solemn piece of burlesque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine; for Mr. *Pope* is as high in favour, as I am afraid the rest are

out of it. The king, upon the perusal of the last edition of his *Dunciad*, declared he was a very honest man. I did not know till this moment, that I had so good an opportunity to send you a letter; and now I know it, am' called away, and am obliged to end with my best wishes and respects, being most sincerely yours, &c.

L E T T E R CCLXV.

Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London 10, 1729.

ONE of the greatest pleasures I proposed to myself in a journey to *England*, was that of seeing you at *London*; and it is a very sensible mortification to me to find myself disappointed in so agreeable an expectation. It is now many years since I had the highest esteem of your genius and writings; and when I was very young, I found, in some of them, certain ideas, that prepared me for relishing those principles of universal religion, which I have since endeavoured to unfold in *Cyrus*. I could not let our common friend Mr. *Lesley** go back to *Ireland*, without seizing the opportunity of acknowledging the obliging zeal you have shewn to make my work esteemed. Such marks of friendship do me a great deal of honour, as well as pleasure, and I hope I have a thorough sense of them. As I have much enlarged my book, I am going to publish a new edition by subscription. I have given an

* Son of the reverend Mr. *Charles Lesley*, the famous Nonjuror.

hundred copies of the proposals to our friend, and flatter myself, that I may count upon the continuation of your friendship. I am, with great respect, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

A. RAMSAY:

L E T T E R CCLXVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, May 8, 1729.

I HAVE wrote three times to Mr. Dean of *St. Patrick's*, without receiving so much as an acknowledgement of the receipt of my letters. At the same time I hear of other letters, which his acquaintances receive from him. I believe I should hardly have brought myself to have written this, were it not to serve you, and a friend at the same time.

I recommended one Mr. *Mason*, son of *Mason*, gentleman of the queen's chapel, a bary tone voice, for the vacancy of a singer in your cathedral. This letter was wrote from *Bath* last *September*. The same *Mason* informs me, that there is another vacancy: therefore I renew my request. I believe you will hardly get a better: he has a pleasant mellow voice, and has sung several times in the king's chapel this winter, to the satisfaction of the audience. I beg at least your answer to this. Your friends in town, such as I know, are well. Mr. *Pope* is happy again, in having his mother recovered. Mr. *Gay* is gone to *Scotland* with the duke of *Quensberry*. He has about twenty law-

suits with booksellers for pirating his book. The king goes soon to *Hanover*. These are all the news I know. I hope you don't imagine I am so little concerned about your health, as not to desire to be informed of the state of it from yourself. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother *Robin* is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This, with my best wishes and respects,

from, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,
J. O. ARBUTHNOT.

L E T T E R CCLXVII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, June 9, 1729.

THIS is given you by Mr. *Mason*, whom I believe you will find answering the character I gave of him, which really was not partial; for I am not so much as acquainted with his father or himself. I explained every thing to him according to the tenor of the letter which I received from you some time ago, and for which I most heartily thank you. Let him now speak for himself. I have been enquiring about a counter-tenor; but have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am really sensibly touched with the account you give of *Ireland*. It is not quite so bad here; but really bad enough: at the same time we are told, that we are in great plenty and happiness.

Your friends, whom you mention in yours, are well. Mr. *Gay* is returned from *Scotland*, and has recovered

his

his strength by his journey. Mr. *Pope* is well; he had got an injunction in chancery against the printers, who had pirated his *Dunciad*: it was dissolved again, because the printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr. *Gay's* case; for he has owned his book. Mr. *Pulteney* gives you his service. They are all better than myself; for I am now so bad of a constant convulsion in my heart, that I am like to expire sometimes. We have no news, that I know of. I am apt to believe, that in a little time, this matter of the provisional treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I shall trouble you no more at present, but remain, with my best wishes, and most sincere affection, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

LETTER CCLXVIII.

Lady CATHARINE JONES * to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Chelsea, June 11, 1729.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter of the 22 of *May*, and own my obligation to Mr. Dean for the in-

* 'Daughter of Richard earl of Ranelagh, who had been paymaster-general and governor of Chelsea hospital, and great-niece to Mr. Boyle, being one of the grand daughters of his sister Catharine countess of Ranelagh.'

formation of the decay of my grandfather's * monument in the cathedral church of *St. Patrick*.

Mr. *French*, the present receiver of my father's estate, will be, some time next month, in that kingdom, whom I have ordered to wait upon you for your direction in that affair; in which, when he has informed me of the expence, I shall immediately give directions to have it done, agreeably to the desire of the dean and chapter, as well as the duty done to the memory of my grandfather, without adding further trouble to Mr. Dean, from his most humble and obedient servant,

CATHARINE JONES.

L E T T E R CCLXIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Aug. 30, 1729. N. S.

I TOOK a letter of yours from *Pope*, and brought it with me to this place, that I might answer at least a part of it. I begin to-day: when I shall finish I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been persuaded to drink, and those, which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are spent in airings or visits, and we go to bed with the chicken †.

* A monument erected to the memory of archbishop *Jones*, and his son lord viscount *Ranelagh*. It was then in a ruinous condition; but repaired by the order of this lady.

† The remainder of this letter, dated Brusick's, Sept. 27, is printed in Mr. *Pope's* works, Vol. IX.

LETTER CCLXX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Middleton Stoney, Nov. 9, 1729.

I HAVE long known you to be my friend upon several occasions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing, which you have often put me in mind of, the over-running you with an answer before you had spoken. You find I am not a bit the better for it; for I still write and write on, without having a word of an answer. I have heard of you once by Mr. *Pope*: let Mr. *Pope* hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me, I mean, by your not letting me know, that you remember me, you are very partial to me, I should have said, very just to me. You seem to think, that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true; for I think of you very often, and as often wish to be with you. I have been in *Oxfordshire* with the duke of *Queensberry* for these three months, and have had very little correspondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new-writing a damned play, which I wrote several years ago, called *The wife of Bath* *. As it is approved or disapproved of by

* This comedy was the first he wrote, and was unsuccessfully performed at the theatre in *Drury Lane*, in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived several years after [1729-30] at the theatre in *Lincoln's-inn-fields*, and damned a second time, although the author's reputation was then at its height, from the uncommon success of his *Beggar's Opera*.

my friends, when I come to town, I shall either have it acted, or let it alone, if my ** brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon superstition, and I have avoided the very words bribery and corruption. Folly indeed is a word, that I have ventured to make use of; but that is a term, that never gave fools offence. It is a common saying, that he is wise, that knows himself. What hath happened of late, I think, is a proof, that it is not limited to the wise.

My lord *Bathurst* is still our cashier: when I see him, I intend to settle our accounts, and repay myself the five pounds of the two hundred I owe you. Next week I believe I shall be in town; not at *Whitehall*, for those lodgings were judged not convenient for me, and were disposed of. Direct to me to the duke of *Queensberry's*, in *Burlington-gardens*, near *Piccadilly*. You have often twitted me in the teeth for hankering after the court. In that you mistook me; for I know by experience, that there is no dependance, that can be sure, but a dependance upon one's self. I will take care of the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this resolution kindly, and you see my inclinations will make me write to you, whether you will write to me or no. I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely and most affectionately,

J. G A Y.

P. S. To the lady I live with I owe my life and fortune: think of her with respect; value and esteem

her

her as I do ; and never more despise a fork with three prongs. I wish too you would not eat from the point of your knife *. She hath so much goodness, virtue, and generosity, that if you knew her, you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do. She often wishes she had known you.

L E T T E R CCLXXI.

Lord B———— to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR DEAN,

Febr. 12, 1729-30.

I HAVE this moment received a letter from you ; but it is the first I can call a letter : the other scraps were only to direct me to convey your correspondence to others, and I thought I answered them best by obeying your commands. But now you have deigned to send me one in form, with a proper beginning and ending, I will not wait even for a post-day ; but I have taken pen and ink immediately to tell you, how much I think myself obliged to you, and how sincerely I am————

Well, I might end here, if I would ; but I can't part with you so soon ; and I must let you know, that as to your money affairs, though I have paid off *John Gay*, I still keep the 200*l.* for which I have given him a note. I have paid him interest to this time for it, which he must account to you for. Now you must imagine, that a man, who has nine children to feed, can't long afford *alienos pascere nummos* ; but I have

* See the letter of Feb. 15, 1727-8.

four or five, that are very fit for the table *. I only wait for the lord mayor's day to dispose of the largest ; and I shall be sure of getting off the youngest, whenever a certain great man † makes another entertainment at *Chelsea*. Now you see, though I am your debtor, I am not without my proper ways and means to raise a supply answerable to your demand. I must own to you, that I should not have thought of this method of raising money ; but that you seemed to point it out to me. For just at the time that scheme came out, which pretended to be calculated only for *Ireland*, you gave me a hint in one of the envelopes [*anglice covers*] that you wished I might provide for my numerous family ; and in this last you harp upon the same string. I did immediately propose it to lady *Bathurst* as your advice, particularly for her last boy, which was born the plumpest, finest thing, that could be seen ; but she fell in a passion, and bid me send you word, that she would not follow your direction, but that she would breed him up to be a parson, and he should live upon the fat of the land ; or a lawyer, and then, instead of being eat himself, he should devour others. You know women in passion never mind

* This alludes to a tract of the Dean's, intitled, " A modest proposal for preven ing the children of poor people in *Ireland* from being a burden to their parents or country, and for making them beneficial to the public." The Dean had proposed many useful schemes, which having been neglected, he satirically and humourously proposes to fatten and eat the children of the poor, as the only remaining expedient to prevent misery to themselves, and render them of some benefit to the public,

† ' Sir Robert Walpole.'

what they say; but, as she is a very reasonable woman, I have almost brought her over now to your opinion; and having convinced her, that as matters stood, we could not possibly maintain all the nine, she does begin to think it reasonable the youngest should raise fortunes for the eldest. And upon that foot a man may perform family duty with more courage and zeal; for if he should happen to get twins, the selling of one might provide for the other. Or if, by any accident, whilst his wife lies-in with one child, he should get a second upon the body of another woman, he might dispose of the fattest of the two, and that would help to breed up the other. The more I think upon this scheme, the more reasonable it appears to me; and it ought by no means to be confined to *Ireland*; for in all probability we shall, in a very little time, be altogether as poor here as you are there. I believe indeed we shall carry it farther, and not confine our luxury only to the eating of children; for I happened to peep the other day into a large assembly * not far from *Westminster-hall*, and I found them roasting a great fat fellow †. For my own part, I had not the least inclination to a slice of him; but, if I guessed it right, four in five of the company had a devilish mind to be at him. You begin now to wish I had ended, when I might have done it so conveniently. Well, Adieu.

* 'The parliament.'

† 'Sir Robert Walpole.'

L E T T E R CCLXXII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

London, March 3, 1729-30.

I FIND you are determin'd not to write to me, according to our old stipulation. Had I not been every post for some time in expectation to have heard from you, I should have wrote to you before, to let you know the present state of your affairs. Let me know what I shall do with the interest-money I have received. What I have done for you, I did for myself, which will be always the way of my transacting any thing for you. My old rumped play got me no money; for it had no success. I am going very soon into *Wiltshire* with the duke of *Queensberry*, with intention to stay there till the winter. Since I had that severe fit of sickness, I find my health requires it; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly. I hope another summer's air, and exercise, will reinstate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, so that you can't require any poetry from me. I have been very seldom abroad since I came to town, and not once at court. This is no restraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wish for retirement. I saw Mr. *Pope* a day or two ago in good spirits, and with good wishes for you. We always talk of you; the doctor does the same. I have left off all great folks but our own family. Perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us, in our present situation. I don't hate the world, but I laugh at it; for none
but

but fools can be in earnest about a trifle. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately.

Direct for me at the D—— of Q——, in *Burlington-gardens*.

L E T T E R CCLXXIII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

March 31, 1730.

I EXPECT, in about a fortnight, to set out for *Wiltshire*, and am as impatient as you seem to be to have me get on horseback. I thought proper to give you this intelligence, because Mr. *Lewis* told me last *Sunday*, that he was, within a day or two, to set out for the *Bath*; so that very soon you are like to have neither of your cashiers in town. Continue to direct for me at this house: the letters will be sent to me, where-ever I am. My ambition, at present, is levelled to the same point, that you direct me to; for I am every day building villakins, and have given over that of castles. If I were to undertake it in my present circumstance, I should, in the most thrifty scheme, soon be straitened; and I hate to be in debt; for I can't bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a taylor or a butcher. I grant you, this is not having the true spirit of modern nobility; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education. I have made your compliments to Mr. *P——*; who is very much your humble servant. I have not seen the doctor, and am not like to see his *Rouen* brother very soon; for he is
gone

gone to *China*. Mr. *Pope* told me, he had acquainted the doctor with the misfortune of the four hermitage. My lord *Oxford* told me, he at present could match yours, and from the same person. The doctor was touched with your disappointment, and hath promised to represent this affair to his brother, at his return from *China*. I assure you, for all your gibes, that I wish you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myself. When lord *Bolingbroke* is in town, he lodges at Mr. *Chetwynd's*, in *Dover-street*. I do not know how to direct to him in the country. I have been extremely taken up of late in settling a steward's account. I am endeavouring to do all the justice and service I can to a friend; so I am sure you will think I am well employed upon this occasion. I now and then have seen *Jo. Taylor*, who says he hath a demand upon you for rent, you having taken his house in the country, and he being determined not to let it to any body else; and he thinks it but reasonable, that you should either come and live in it, or pay your rent. I neither ride nor walk; but I design to do both this month, and to become a laudable practitioner.

The duchess wishes she had seen you, and thinks you were in the wrong to hide yourself, and peep through the window, that day she came to Mr. *Pope's*. The duke too is obliged to you for your good opinion, and is your humble servant. If I were to write, I am afraid I should incur the displeasure of my superiors. I can't for my life think so well of them, as they themselves think they deserve. If you
have

have a very great mind to please the duchess, and at the same time to please me, I wish you would write a letter to her, to send to her brother, lord *Cornbury*, to advise him in his travels; for, she says, she would take your advice rather than mine; and she remembers, that you told her in the Park, that you loved and honoured her family. You always insisted upon a lady's making advances to you; I do not know whether you will think this declaration sufficient. Then too, when you were in *England*, she writ a letter to you, and I have been often blamed since for not delivering it.

The day the pension bill was thrown out of the house of lords, lord *Bathurst* spoke with great applause. I have not time to go to Mr. *Pope's*: in a day or two very probably I shall see him, and acquaint him about the usquebaugh. I will not imbezzle your interest-money; though, by looking over your accounts, I see how money may be imbezzled. As to my being engaged in an affair of this kind, I say nothing for myself, but that I will do all I can: for the rest I leave *Jo. Taylor* to speak for me. To-day I dine with alderman *Barber*, the present sheriff, who holds his feast in the city. Does not *Charteris's* misfortunes * grieve you? For that great man is like to save his life, and lose some of his money. A very hard case!

P. S. I am just now come from the alderman's feast, who had a very fine dinner, and a very fine appearance of company.

The post is just going away.

* 'He was condemned at the *Old Bailey*, Feb 27, 1729-30. for a rape.'

L E T T E R CCLXXIV.

Lord B———— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R D E A N,

June 30, 1730.

I RECEIVED a letter from you some time ago; which gave me infinite pleasure; and I was going to return you an answer immediately: but when I sat down to write, I found my thoughts rolled upon the trifles; which fill the scene of life in that busy, senseless place, where I then was *; and though I had nothing to do there, at least nothing worth doing, and time lay upon my hands, I was resolved to defer writing to you, till I could clear my head from that rubbish, which every one must contract in that place. I cannot but fancy, if one of our heads were dissected after passing a winter's campaign there, it would appear just like a pamphlet shop; you'd see a collection of treaties, a bundle of farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of satires, speeches, novels, sermons, bawdy songs, addresses, epigrams, proclamations, poems; divinity, lectures, quackbills, historical accounts, tables, and God knows what.

The moment I got down here, I found myself quite clear from all those affairs: but really, the hurry of business, which came upon me after a state of idleness for six months, must excuse me to you. Here I am absolute monarch of a circle of above a mile round, at least one hundred acres of ground, which (to speak in the stile of one of your countrymen) is very populous in cattle, fish, and fowl.

* *London.*

To enjoy this power, which I relish extremely, and regulate this dominion, which I prefer to any other, has taken up my time from morning to night. There are *Yaboos* in the neighbourhood; but having read in history, that the southern part of *Britain* was long defended against the *Picts* by a wall, I have fortified my territories all round. That wise people the *Chinese*, you know, did the same thing to defend themselves against the *Tartars*. Now, I think on it, as this letter is to be sent to you, it will certainly be opened; and I shall have some observations made upon it, because I am within three miles of a certain castle. Therefore, I do hereby declare, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, so far: and further-more, I think myself in honour bound to acknowledge, that under our present just and prudent ministry, I do not fear the least molestation from that quarter. Neither are the fortifications afore-mentioned in any-wise designed to keep them out; for I am well satisfied they can break through much stronger fences than these, if they should have a mind to it. Observe how naturally power and dominion are attended with fear and precaution. When I am in the herd, I have as little of it about me as any body; but now that I am in the midst of my own dominions, I think of nothing but preserving them, and grow fearful, lest a certain great man should take a fancy to them, and transport them into *Norfolk* *, to place them in an island in one of his new-made fish-ponds. Or, if you take this for too proud a thought,

* 'To *Houghton*, the seat of Sir *Robert Walpole*.'

I will only suppose it to be hung out under a great bow-window.

In either case I must confess to you, that I don't like it. In the first place, I am not sure his new-made ground may hold good: in the latter case, I have some reason to doubt the foundations of his house are not so solid, as he may imagine. Now, therefore, I am not so much in the wrong, as you may conceive, to desire, that my territory may remain where it is: for, though I know you could urge many arguments to shew the advantages I might reap by being so near him, yet I hold it as a maxim, that he who is contented with what he has, ought not to risque that, even though he should have a chance to augment it in any proportion. I learned this from our friend *Erasmus*; and the corrupt notions, that money is power, and therefore every man ought to get as much as he can, in order to create more power to himself, have no weight with me.

But now, to begin my letter to you, I have received four bottles of usquebaugh, and sent three of them to Mr. *Pope*; so that I have detained only one for myself. I don't believe, such an instance of honesty, punctuality, disinterestedness, and self-denial, can be given in this age. The whole being in my power, I have withheld but the quarter part. I expect, if ever I come to be a great man, you will write a vindication of me, whether I am aspersed or not. Till then, I remain your most faithful and most obedient servant.

L E T T E R CCLXXV.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, July 4, 1730.

YOU tell me, that I have put myself out of the way of all my old acquaintance, so that unless I hear from you, I can know nothing of you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me so long without writing one word to me? If you can't write to me for my sake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money? If you had drawn upon me, when I expected it, you might have had your money, for I was then in town; but I am now at *Amesbury*, at the duke of *Queensberry's*. The duchess sends you her services. I wish you were here: I fancy you would like her and the place. You might fancy yourself at home; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a bishop of the same name* You might ride upon the downs, and write conjectures upon *Stonehenge*. We are but five and twenty miles from the *Bath*; and I was told this very evening by general *Dormer*, (who is here) that he heard somewhere or other, that you had some intentions of coming there the latter season. I wish any thing would bring us together, but your want of health. I have left off wine and writing; for I really think, that man must be a bold writer, who trusts to wit without it. I took your advice; and some time

* ' Dr. Benjamin Hoady, bishop of *Salisbury* whose brother, Dr *John Hoady* succeeded archbishop *King* in the see of *Dublin*, Jan. 19, 1729-30.'

ago took to love, and made some advances to the lady, you sent me to in *Sobo*, but I met no return; so I have given up all thoughts of it, and have now no pursuit or amusement. A state of indolence is what I don't like; 'tis what I would not chuse. I am not thinking of a court, or preferment; for I think the lady I live with is my friend, so that I am at the height of my ambition. You have often told me, there is a time of life, that every one wishes for some settlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot; so that I will endeavour to pass away life as agreeably as I can, the way I am in. I often wish to be with you, or you with me; and I believe you think I say true. I am determined to write to you, though those dirty fellows of the post-office do read my letters; for since I saw you, I am grown of that consequence to be obnoxious to the men I despise; so that it is very probable in their hearts they think me an honest man. I have heard from Mr. *Pope* but once since I left *London*: I was sorry I saw him so seldom, but I had business, that kept me from him. I often wish we were together again. If you will not write, come. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately.

L E T T E R CCLXXVI.

Lord B———— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cirencester, Sept. 9, 1739.

YOU have taken all the precaution, which a reasonable man could possibly take, to break off an impertinent correspondence, and yet it will not do. One
must

must be more stupid than a *Dutch* burgomaster, not to see through the design of the last letter. “ I shew all your letters to our *Irish* wits. One of them is going to write a treatise of *English* bulls and blunders.” And for further security, you add at last, I am going to take a progress, God knows where, and shan’t be back again God knows when. I have given you a reasonable breathing time; and now, I must at you again. I receive so much pleasure in reading your letters, that according to the usual good-nature and justice of mankind, I can dispense with the trouble I give you in reading mine; but if you grow obstinate, and won’t answer, I’ll plague and pester you, and do all I can to vex you. I’ll take your works to pieces, and shew you, that it is all borrowed or stole. Have not you stol’n the sweetest of your numbers from *Dryden* and *Waller*? Have not you borrowed thoughts from *Virgil* and *Horace*? At least, I am sure I have seen something like them in those books. As to your prose writings, which they make such a noise about, they are only some little improvements upon the humour you have stole from *Miguel de Cervantes* and *Rabelais*. Well, but the stile,——a great matter indeed, for an *Englishman* to value himself upon, that he can write *English*: why, I write *English* too, but it is in another stile.

But I won’t forget your political tracts. You may say, that you have ventured your ears at one time, and your neck at another, for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in another manner, upon less occasions, and are not at all proud

of it. . You have overturned and supported ministers; you have set kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray, what is there in that, but having the knack of hitting the passions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern history, and seeing a little further into the inside of things than the generality of men, you have made this bustle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and don't remember any of those pretty flowers, those just antitheses, which one meets with so frequently in the *French* writers. None of those clever turns upon words, nor those apt quotations out of *Latin* authors, which the writers of the last age, amongst us abounded in. None of those pretty similes, which some of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like the thing they would illustrate, but are also like twenty other things. In short, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been so tired with them, that I have never been easy till I got to the end of them. I have found my brain heated, my imagination fired, just as if I was drunk. A pretty thing indeed for one of your gown to value himself upon, that with sitting still an hour in his study, he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil, and good-natured, and will send me a long, a very long letter, in answer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had a better pen, I can tell you, that I should not have concluded so soon.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCLXXVII.

Lady B—— G———* to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Sept. 19, 1730.

HAD I not been retired into the country, yours should have been answered long ago. As to your poetess, I am her obliged servant, and must confess the fact is just as you state it. It is very true I was gaming; and upon the dapper youth's delivering me a paper, which I just opened, found they were verses; so slunk them into my pocket, and there truly they were kept exceeding private; for I cannot accuse myself of shewing them to a mortal. But let me assure you, it was not out of modesty, but in great hopes, that the author would have divulged them; which, you know, would have looked decenter than trumpeting my own fame. But it seems unhappily we were both bit, and judged wrong of each other. However, since you desire it, you may be very sure she shall not fail of my entreaties to his grace the duke of *Dorset* for her, though you have not yet let me into

* This lady was daughter of the earl of *Berkley*, one of the lords justices of *Ireland* in 1692, with whom Dr. *Swift* went over as chaplain, and private secretary. He lived in his lordship's family at the castle of *Dublin*; and lady *Betty Berkley* finding a ballad on the game of traffic unfinished upon *Swift's* table, added a stanza of raillery upon him, and left the paper where she found it. This occasioned another ballad of *Swift's*, to the tune of *The Cutpurse*. The ballad on traffic is found among the posthumous Pieces in vol. vii. and that to the tune of *The Cutpurse* in vol. vi. 1754, 8vo. Lady *Betty Berkley* married Sir *John Germain* baronet, of *Drayton*, in *Northamptonshire*.

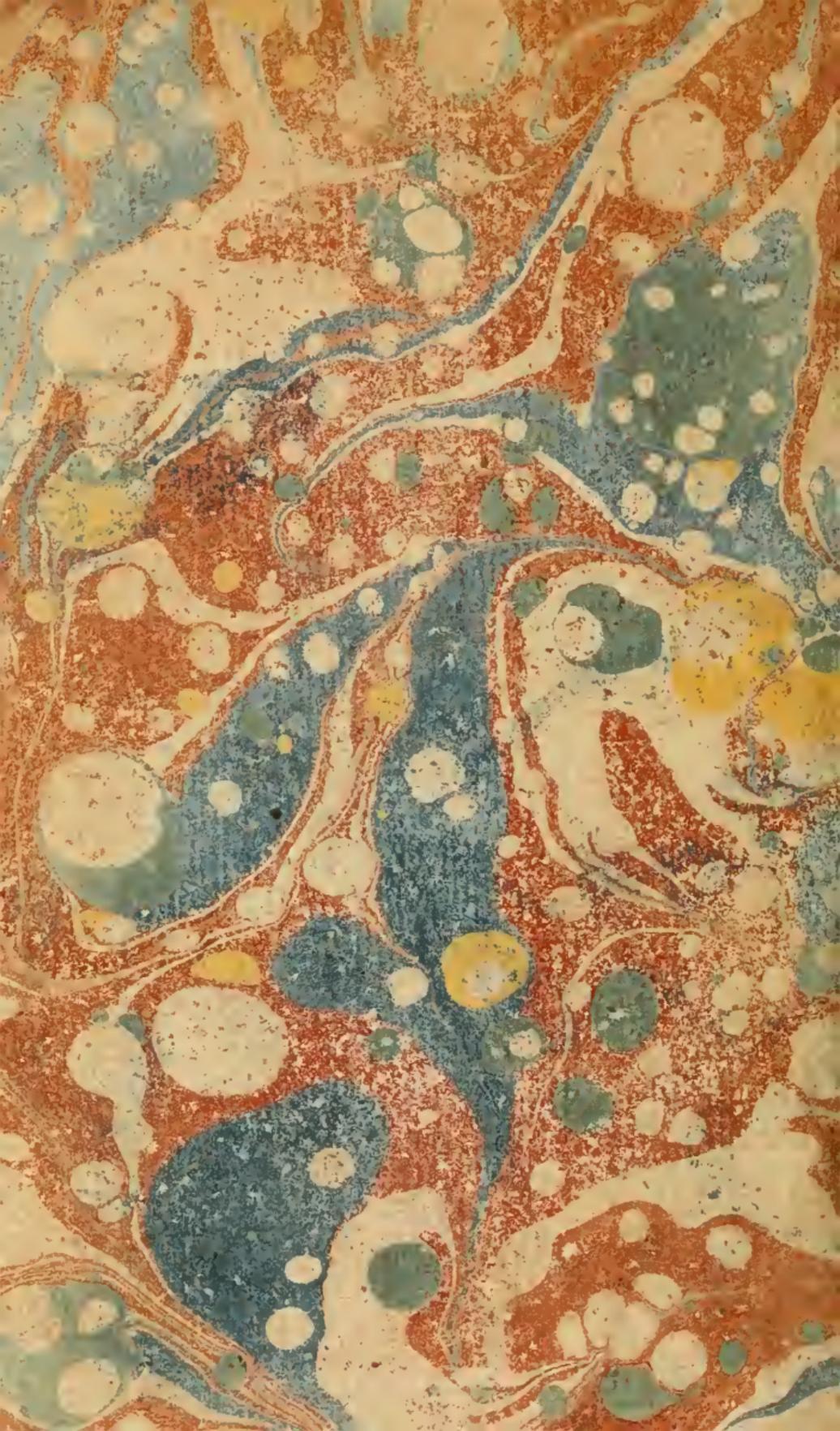
the secret what her request is: so till my lord *Carteret* does his part, or that I hear from you again, it will be but a blind sort of a petition. I have not seen his grace this great while, and he is now at *Windsor*, and I chuse rather to speak to him on all accounts, having not so fine a talent at writing. But as you are commonly esteemed by those, who pretend to know you, to have a tolerable share of honesty and brains, I do not question your doing what is right by him; nor his paying you all the civility and kindness you can desire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwise, though he has the unfashionable quality of esteeming his old friends; but however partial to them, yet not to be biassed against his own sense and judgment. The consequence of this, I hope, will be your coming to *England*, and meeting often with him, (in lady *Betty's* chamber*) where the happy composition † shall exert her skill in ordering dinner; and I won't mistake oil of amber for the spirit of it, but continue as I ever was, your sincere friend, as well as faithful humble servant.

* Alluding to the first line of *Frances Harris's* petition. See vol. vi. of *Swift's* works, edit. 1754, 8vo.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*. This expression alludes to the last verse of a little poem of *Swift*, intitled, a receipt to form a beauty, "And call'd the happy composition *Floyd*." This lady is mentioned in the ballad on the game of traffic, as being one of the party at lord *Berkeley's*, and at this time lived with lady *Betty*.







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