



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



2699 f. $\frac{140}{14}$





THE
WORKS

OF

Dr. Jonathan Swift,

Dean of St. PATRICK'S, Dublin.

VOLUME XIV.

L O N D O N,

Printed for W. BOWYER, L. DAVIS and
C. REYMERS, and J. DODSLEY,

MDCCLXV.

BOEL LIBR.
5-JUN. 1916
OXFORD

C O N T E N T S

O F

V O L U M E XIV.

*A*N Account of a Monument erected to the
Memory of Dr. Swift in Ireland Page 1

LETTERS from Dr. SWIFT relative to Mr.
FAULKNER.

- I. *To the Earl of Oxford ; recommending Mr. Faulkner to his Lordship* 6
- II. *To Mr. Faulkner, on the Folly of imputing Publications to particular Authors, by their Style* 7
- III. *To Mr. Faulkner; giving him Instructions for a new Edition of Gulliver* 8
- IV. *To Dr. Bolton, Archbishop of Cashel; describing Mr. Faulkner's Character to his Grace* 9
- V. *To Lord Howth; another recommendation of Mr. Faulkner* 11
- VI. *To Mr. Faulkner; on his design of re-printing Mr. Pope's works* 12
- VII. *To Mr. Benjamin Motte, on the advantages the booksellers of England enjoy over those of Ireland* 13
- VOL. XIV. A VIII. To



ii C O N T E N T S.

VIII. *To the Mayor, Aldermen, &c. of the City of Corke, sent to them when the Dean returned the Instrument of his Freedom on account of no Reason having been assigned for its being conferred on him* 17

IX. *To Mr. Faulkner; on the great Merits of Humphrey French, Esq;* 19

L E T T E R X.

To Mrs. Cæsar; a polite Compliment to that Lady on the Constancy of her Friendship for him 20

L E T T E R XI.

To Mrs. Cæsar; recommending Mrs. Barber to her 44

L E T T E R XII.

To the Provost and Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin; in behalf of Mr. Dunkin 26

L E T T E R S T O D R. K I N G,
Archbishop of D U B L I N.

An introductory Account of the Life of Dr. King 29

I. *Requesting to be excused from Attending at the Triennial Visitation* 34

II. *On the remitting of the First-fruits and Tenths of the Clergy* 35

III. *Relating the then present State of the political World* 38

IV. *On the First-fruits* 40

V. *The*

C O N T E N T S. iii

- V. *The Prince of Denmark's Death; and the Consequences thence expected* 45
- VI. *The expected Change in the Ministry described* 49
- VII. *His Progress in the Affair of the First-fruits;—Dr. King's Conduct applauded;—Swift's reasons for proposing to go Secretary to Vienna* 52
- VIII. *The Delays the First-fruits met with* 56
- IX. *The Method of his Reception by the Earl of Godolphin; with Anecdotes of the rest of the Ministry* 60
- X. *Mr. Harley's Readiness in obliging our Author* 68
- XI. *Informing his Grace that the remitting of the First-fruits was obtained* 71
- XII. *Complaining of the Behaviour of the Bishops in Ireland* 73
- XIII. *The same subject, more copiously treated* 75
- XIV. *His Desire that Dr. King should succeed to the Primacy* 81
- XV. *Mr. Harley's Attention to the First-fruits* 86
- XVI. *Guiscard's Attempt on Mr. Harley's Life related* 88
- XVII. *Dr. Swift prevents his Grace's Reputation being hazarded in a Newspaper* 93
- XVIII. *Secret Intelligence of the Court* 97
- XIX. *Public State of the Nation;—First-fruits at a stand;—A Plan for improving the English Language* 100

- XX. *Some particulars relating to the First-fruits* 105
- XXI. *Hints on the approaching peace.— Reflexions on his own private State* 110
- XXII. *Mr. Secretary St. John refuses to sit in Council with the Duke of Somerset* 116
- XXIII. *The Duke of Somerset obtains a Vote against the Ministry by a Finesse* 118
- XXIV. *The critical Situation of the Lord Treasurer* 125
- XXV. *The Prospect of Peace begins to appear dubious* 127
- XXVI. *The Difficulties which retard that Work* 130
- XXVII. *Political Observations* 133
- XXVIII. *The Peace vindicated* 137
- XXIX. *Remarks on French Negotiations* 143
- XXX. *Dr. Parnell recommended to the Archbishop, to succeed Dr. Swift in his Prebend; the latter being chosen Dean of St. Patrick's* 146
- XXXI. *A Supplement to the foregoing* 148
- XXXII. *Mr. Thomas Warburton recommended to the Vicarage of Rathcol and Prebend of Sagard* 150
- XXXIII. *Familiarity with great Ministers of little Value* 152
- XXXIV. *The political State of Ireland considered* 154
- XXXV. *On*

C O N T E N T S. v

XXXV.	<i>On purchasing a Glebe for the Vicarage of Laracor. Remarks on the Provost's turning out the Anatomy-Lecturer</i>	159
XXXVI.	<i>The purchasing of the Glebe completed</i>	163
XXXVII.	<i>Dr. Pratt's Vindication of himself, in not accepting a Deanry without some particular Mark of Favour, that the World might not think him driven to that, because the King could not trust him with a Mitre</i>	166
XXXVIII.	<i>A Continuation of the same subject</i>	170
XXXIX.	<i>The Dean's Desire that the Bishop of Clogher should erect a new Palace in his Diocese</i>	173
XL.	<i>A Letter of Compliments to his Grace</i>	176
XLI.	<i>A Complimentary Billet</i>	180
XLII.	<i>Account of the Primate's Death. The Dean wishes Dr. King to succeed him</i>	181
<i>A Sermon on the Difficulty of knowing one's-self</i>		183
<i>A Letter from Dr. Swift to Sir Charles Wogan, an Officer in Spain</i>		204
<i>Treatise on Good-Manners and Good-Breeding</i>		212
<i>A Letter from Dr. Swift to the Rev. Mr. Kendall, Vicar of Thornton</i>		221

P O E M S

vi C O N T E N T S.

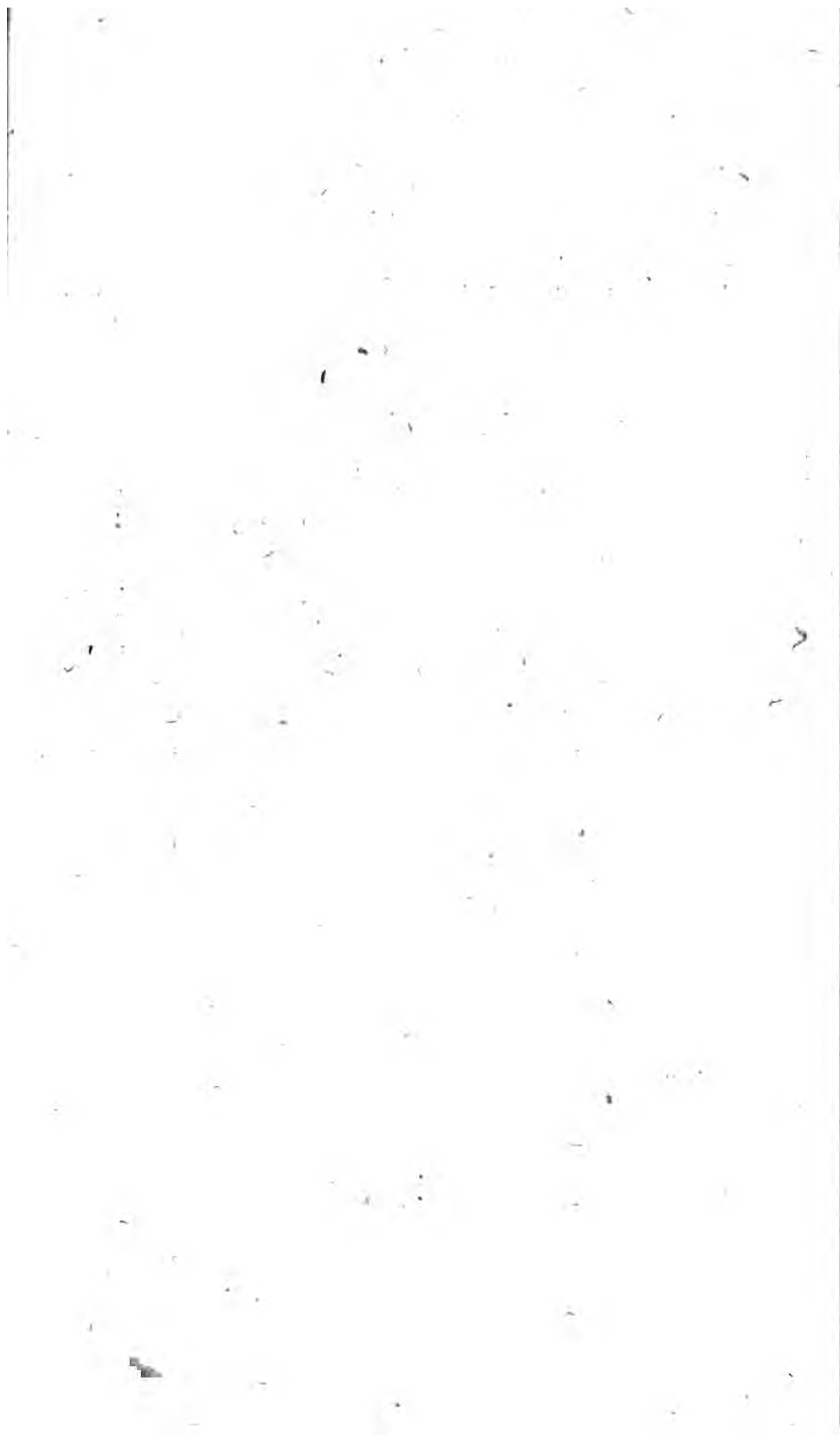
P O E M S.

Ballyspellin, by Dr. Sheridan	221
<i>Answer</i> by Dr. Swift	227
Riddles	232—235
<i>The Logicians refuted</i>	235
<i>Ode on Science</i>	237
<i>The Puppet-show</i>	239
<i>On Psyche</i>	242
<i>To Mrs. Houghton of Bormount, upon praising her Husband to Dr. Swift</i>	243
<i>On the Collar of Mrs. Dingley's lap-dog</i>	ibid.
<i>A left-handed Letter to Dr. Sheridan</i>	ibid.
<i>Upon stealing a Crown when the Dean was asleep, by Dr. Sheridan</i>	246
<i>The Dean's Answer</i>	ibid.
Probatur aliter	247
<i>To a Friend, who had been much abused in many different Libels</i>	249
<i>On Noisy Tom</i>	250
<i>The same paraphrased</i>	251
<i>The W—ds—r Prophecy</i>	253
<i>Verses occasioned by the sudden drying up of St. Patrick's Well</i>	257
<i>To the Rev. Mr. Daniel Jackson</i>	265
<i>A Copy of a Copy of Verses from Thomas Sheridan, Clerk, to George-Nim-Dan-Dean, Esq;</i>	268
<i>A Dialogue between an eminent Lawyer and Dr. Swift, D. S. P. D.</i>	269
<i>Paulus, by Mr. Lyndsay</i>	272
<i>The Answer, by Dr. Swift</i>	ibid.
	On

C O N T E N T S. vii

<i>On Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry</i>	277
<i>The Fable of the Bitches</i>	280
<i>Copy of the Birth-Day Verses on Mr. Ford</i>	282
<i>A Petition to his Grace the Duke of Grafton</i>	286
<i>His Grace's Answer</i>	290
<i>Dean Swift at Sir Arthur Acheson's in the North of Ireland</i>	292
<i>The Storm; Minerva's Petition</i>	293
<i>Inscription on a Compartment of Dr. Swift's Monument in College-Green</i>	297
<i>An Epigram, occasioned by it</i>	ibid.
<i>Inscription under the Dean's Portrait in the Picture-Gallery at Oxford</i>	298
<i>Translation of the Inscription</i>	ibid.
<i>Some Testimonies of Authors of the greatest Re- putation</i>	299

A N



A N
A C C O U N T
O F A
M O N U M E N T

ERECTED to the MEMORY

O F

Dr. S W I F T, in I R E L A N D.

To Mr. George Faulkner.

Neale, Feb. 14, 1750.

S I R,

I Have at last finished, what you have often heard me wish I might be able to do, a monument for the greatest genius of our age, the late dean of St. *Patrick's*. The thing in itself is but a trifle; but it is more than I should ever have attempted, had I not with indignation seen a country (so honoured by the birth of so great a man, and so faithfully served by him all his life) so long and so shamefully negligent in erecting some monument of gratitude to his memory. Countries are not wise in such neglect: for they hurt

VOL. XIV,

B

them-

2 DR. SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

themselves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply their talents to the service of their country, when they see in it gratitude to the memory of those who have deserved well of them. The ingenious *Pere Casle* told me at *Paris*, that he reckoned it the greatest misfortune to him that he was not born an Englishman; and, when he explained himself, it was only for this, that, after two hundred years, they had erected a monument to *Shakespeare*; and another to a modern, but to the greatest of them, sir *Isaac Newton*. Great souls are very disinterested in the affairs of life: they look for fame and immortality, scorning the mean paths of interest and lucre: and, surely, in an age so mercenary as ours, men should not be so sparing to give public marks of their gratitude to men of such virtue, dead, however they may treat them living; since in so doing, they bespeak, and almost insure to themselves, a succession of such useful persons in society. It was with this view that I have determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my house, I have planted an hippodrome. It is a circular plantation, consisting of five walks; the central of which is a horse-course, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are so laid out, that, from the centre, the six rows of trees appear but one, and form 100 arches round the field; in the centre of which I have erected a mount, and placed a marble column on its proper pedestal, with all the decora-

DR. SWIFT'S MONUMENT. 3

decorations of the order; on the summit of which I have placed a *Pegasus*, just seeming to take flight to the heavens; and, on the dye of the pedestal I have engraved the following inscription, written by an ingenious friend.

IN MEMORIAM IONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
VIRI SINE PARI.

AONIDVM FONTES APERIS, DIVINE POETA,
ARTE NOVA: AETHEREAS PROPRIIS, VT
PEGASVS, ALIS
SCANDE DOMOS: AETERNVM ADDET TVA
FAMA COLUMNAE
HVIC MEMORI DECVS. HIC, TANTI QVAM
POSSVMVS VMBRAM
NOMINIS IN MENTEM, SACRO REVOCARE
QVOTANNIS
LVDORVM RITV IVVAT; HIC TIBI PAR-
VVS HONORVM
OFFERTVR CVMVLVS: LAVDVM QVO FINE
TVARVM
COPIA CLAVDATVR QVI QVAERIT, GEN-
TIS IERNAE
PECTORA SCRVTETVR, LATVMQVE IN-
TERROGET ORBEM.
MDCCL.

I have also appointed a small fund for annual premiums to be distributed in the celebration of games at the monument yearly. The ceremony is to last three days, begin-

4 DR. SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

ning the first of *May*, yearly. On this day, young maids and men in the neighbourhood are to assemble in the hippodrome, with their garlands and chaplets of flowers, and to dance round the monument, singing the praises of this ingenious patriot, and strewing with flowers all the place: after which, they are to dance for a prize; the best dancer among the maids is to be presented with a cap and ribbands; and, after the dance, the young men are to run for a hat and gloves.

The second day, there is to be a large market upon the ground: and the most regular reel and count is to have a guinea premium; and the person who buys the greatest quantity of yarn is to have a premium of two guineas.

The third day, the farmer who produces the best yearling calf of his own breed is to have two guineas premium; and he that produces the fairest colt or filly, of his own breed likewise, not over two years old, shall receive a premium of two guineas also.— Thus the whole will not exceed ten pounds; and all these useful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the patron who with so much care and tenderness recommended them to others, and cherished them himself.

I am, Dear SIR,

Your humble servant,

J. B.

LET-

L E T T E R S

O F

DOCTOR SWIFT

Relative to Mr. FAULKNER.

Some people through ignorance, and others from envy, having been imposed on, it hath been reported, and even published, that the editor of Swift's Works had not any acquaintance with the author; and particularly Dr. Hawksworth, a gentlemen of genius and merit, was also led into this mistake by some London Bookseller: Mr. Faulkner is therefore obliged, in vindication of his character, to publish some of the dean's letters to him, to convince [a] the world of the favourable opinion he had of him, and the friendship and confidence he was pleased to honour him with. The originals of which, and many other letters, may be seen with him.

[a] That this conviction might extend to *England* as well as *Ireland*, we have printed most of those letters, omitting only two or three which contained nothing material in them. The rest we have retained, as they are characteristic of the dean and others, and display that life and humour, which give an agreeable colour to all his connexions. *English editors.*



6 LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT

L E T T E R I.

To the EARL of OXFORD [b].

Dublin, Feb. 16, 1733.

MY LORD,

THE bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, the prince of *Dublin* printers, will have the honour to deliver you this. He tells me, your lordship was so gracious as to admit him into your presence, and receive him with great condescension, which encouraged him to hope for the same favour again, by my mediation, which I could not refuse. Although, for his own profit, he is engaged in a work that very much discontents me, yet I would rather have it fall into his hands, than any others on this side.

I am just recovered, in some degree, of two cruel indispositions of giddiness and deafness, after seven months. I have got my hearing, but the other evil hangs still about me, and I doubt will never quite leave me, until I leave it.

[b] This nobleman, *Edward Harley*, was only son to *Robert*, lord high treasurer of *Great Britain*, who died *May 21, 1724*.

I hope

RELATIVE TO MR. FAULKNER. 7

I hope your lordship, and lady *Oxford* [c] and lady *Margaret* [d], continue in perfect health. I pray God preserve you all, for the good of your friends, and your country.

I am, with entire respect and esteem,

Your lordship's most obedient,

And most obliged servant.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER II.

MR. FAULKNER,

WITHOUT the least regard to your waver, I do assure you, upon my word and reputation, that I am not the author of one single line or syllable of that pamphlet, called, *An infallible Scheme to pay the Debts of the Nation*; and, as it is a very unjust, so it is equally an imprudent and fallible proceeding, to pronounce determinately on our taste and knowledge of style or manner of writing, where very good judges are often

[c] Lady *Henrietta Cavendish Holles*, only daughter and heir of his grace *John Holles*, duke of *Newcastle*, was married to his lordship the 31st of *October*, 1713.

[d] This lady was married to *William Bentinck*, duke of *Portland*, July 11, 1734.

8 LETTERS OF DR. SWIFT

deceived ; and in this case, few men have suffered so much as myself, who have borne the reproach of many hundred printed papers which I never saw. I do likewise protest in the same manner, that I did not write the epigram upon [e] *Taylor*, nor heard of it until Mr. *Pilkington* shewed it me in manuscript. Therefore, pray desire your wagerer from me, to be more cautious in determining on such matters, and not to venture the loss of his money and credit with so much odds against him.

I am,

Your affectionate Servant,

Deanry-House,

Mar. 29, 1732.

J. SWIFT.

If this fancy should hold, of taxing me with all the papers that come out, and at the same time I should take a fancy to be a writer, I shall be discovered when I have no mind, for it will be only to catechise me whenever I am suspected.

L E T T E R I I I .

MR. FAULKNER,

I DESIRE Mrs. *Pilkington* will deliver you the papers relating to *Gulliver*, which I left with her husband. For, since you in-

[e] The famous oculist.

tend

RELATIVE TO MR. FAULKNER. 9

tend to print a new edition of that book, I must tell you, that the *English* printer made several alterations which I much disapprove of, and cannot set them right without those papers.

If I am not mistaken, Mr. *Pilkington* hath an edition of *Gulliver*, where the true original copy is interleaved in manuscript; I desire I may also see that book.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

June 29, 1733.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER IV.

To his Grace the Lord Archbishop of *Cashel* *.

Dublin, August 14, 1735.

MY LORD,

THE bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, our famous printer, goes in an hour to see *Kilkenny* and *Cashel*, to gather up his country debts. Ten to one your grace may owe him a dozen shillings, and your town coffee-house (if you have one) a dozen more. But his pretences to me for writing, are the honour of being admitted to your grace by a line in my hand.

* Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*.

10 LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT

I am not in fear of his shaming me as others have done; however, I would not have you leave your manuscripts scattered about your room, for he would be terribly tempted to beg them, and return them back next winter in four volumes, as he served me; although I never let him touch or see one. He has the name of an honest man, and hath good sense and behaviour. I have ordered him to mark narrowly whatever you are doing, as a prelate, an architect, a country gentleman, a politician, and an improver; and to bring me a faithful account when he returns; but chiefly about your health, and what exercise you make use of to increase or preserve it. But he is in haste to be gone, and I am forced to conclude.

I am, with the greatest respect,

My lord, your grace's

Most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T-

RELATIVE TO MR. FAULKNER. 11

LETTER V.

To the Right Honourable Lord *Hewth.*

Dublin, August 14, 1735.

MY LORD,

THE bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, came to me just an hour before he was taking a journey to *Kilkenny* and *Cashel*, and desired I would write by him to your lordship and the archbishop, only to let your lordship know, that the he is an honest man, and the chief printer; and that I know him, and treat him with indulgence, because I cannot help it. For, although he printed what I never would have done, yet he got the consent of my friends, and so I shall get nothing by being angry with him. He hopeth, as a citizen, to be admitted to you lords and ladies in the country, and I am contented you shall make him welcome; but take care you put no manuscripts in his hands; otherwise, perhaps there will be the works of the right hon. &c. and of my lady and the [g] giant, neatly bound next winter. My lady *Acheson* hath not been well since she left the town; but her mother is almost perfectly cured, except the loss of her eye. I owe my lady *Hewth*

[g] A very tall young lady, nearly related to lord *Hewth.*

12 LETTERS OF DR. SWIFT

a letter, I believe. I desire my most humble service to her and the giant. I have time to say no more, but, that I am,

Your lordship's most obedient servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R V I .

MR. FAULKNER,

I AM answering a letter I had from Mr. *Pope*, when I was at *Cavan*. My absence and sickness, since I retired, have hindered me from writing to him. He complains of his unluckyness that you could never find him at home, which, he says, since his mother's death, he is often absent from. I here will transcribe a paragraph which relates to you, and I desire you will return an answer to it, time enough for me to send a letter to-night, and I will insert the sum of it.

“ As to his (Mr. *Faulkner's*) design about my works, I beg you will desire him to postpone it, until he sees the duodecimo edition of them here, with the first volume, published by *Lintot*: for that, joined to the rest by [*b*] *Gilliver*, will make the compleatest

[*b*] *Lawton Gilliver*, a Bookseller.

RELATIVE TO MR. FAULKNER. 13
hitherto extant, and is revised by me. I
guess they will be out about *Christmas*."

Pray let me know what answer I shall
make to Mr. *Pope*: write it down and send
it by any messenger, the sooner the better,
for I am an ill writer at night.

I am, yours, &c.

Jan. 8, 1735-6.

J. SWIFT.

I think you may send your answer by the
bearer, for it need not take above two
lines.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. *Benj. Motte*, Bookseller, in *London*.

Dublin, May 25, 1736.

SIR,

I Lately received a long letter from Mr.
Faulkner, grievously complaining upon
several articles of the ill [*i*] treatment he hath
met with from you, and of the many ad-
vantageous offers he hath made you, with
none of which you thought fit to comply.
I am not qualified to judge in the fact, hav-

[*i*] *Motte* filed a bill in Chancery in *England*,
against *Faulkner*, for printing *Swift's* works, to stop
the sale of them there, which made the author write
this letter.

ing

ing heard but one side; only one thing I know, that the cruel oppressions of this kingdom by *England* are not to be borne. You send what books you please hither, and the booksellers here can send nothing to you that is written here. As this is absolute oppression, if I were a bookseller in this town, I would use all the safe means to reprint *London* books, and run them to any town in *England* that I could, because, whoever neither offends the laws of God, or the country he liveth in, committeth no sin. It was the fault of you and other booksellers, who printed any thing supposed to be mine, that you did not agree with each other to print them together, if you thought they would sell to any advantage. I believe I told you long ago, that Mr. *Faulkner* came to me, and told me his intention to print every thing that my friends told him they thought to be mine, and that I was discontented at it; but when he urged, that some other bookseller would do it, and that he would take the advice of my friends, and leave out what I pleased to order him, I said no more, but that I was sorry it should be done here.—But I am so incensed against the oppressions from *England*, and have so little regard to the laws they make, that I do, as a clergyman, encourage the merchants both to export wool and woollen manufactures to any country in *Europe*, or any where else; and conceal it from the custom-house officers, as I would hide my purse from a highwayman, if he
came

RELATIVE TO MR. FAULKNER. 15

came to rob me on the road, although *England* hath made a law to the contrary [k]: and so I would encourage our booksellers here to sell your authors books printed here, and send them to all the towns in *England*, if I could do it with safety and profit; because (I repeat it) it is no offence against God or the laws of the country I live in. Mr. *Faulkner* hath dealt so fairly with me, that I have a great opinion of his honesty, although I never dealt with him as a printer or a bookseller; but since my friends told me, those things, called mine, would certainly be printed by some hedge-bookseller, I was forced to be passive in the matter. I have some [l] things which I shall leave my executors to publish after my decease, and have directed that they shall be printed in *London*. For, except small papers and some treatises writ for the use of this kingdom, I always had those of any importance published in *London*, as you well know. For my own part, although, I have no power any where, I will do the best offices I can to countenance Mr. *Faulkner*. For, although I was not at all pleased to have that collection printed here,

[k] This we apprehend is better patriotism, than good casuistry: but perhaps we too are prejudiced, in our turns, by the dean's own principle. *The English Booksellers.*

[l] Directions to Servants; and the history of the last session of *Queen Anne*, and the peace of *Utrecht*, both since printed.

16 LETTERS OF DR. SWIFT

yet none of my friends advised me to be angry with him, although if they had been printed in *London* by you and your partners, perhaps I might have pretended to some little profit. Whoever may have the hazard or advantage of what I shall leave to be printed in *London* after my decease, I will leave no other copies of them here; but, if Mr. *Faulkner* should get the first printed copy, and reprint it here, and send his copies to *England*, I think he would do as right as you *London* bookfellers who load us with yours. If I live but a few years, I believe I shall publish some things that I think are important; but they shall be printed in *London*, although Mr. *Faulkner* were my brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my thoughts on this matter, and so I remain,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

LET-

L E T T E R VIII.

To the Right Worshipful the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common-Council, of the city of *Corke*.

Deanry-House, Dublin, Aug. 15, 1737.

GENTLEMEN,

I Received from you, some weeks ago, the honour of my freedom in a silver box, by the hands of Mr. *Stannard* [*m*]; but it was not delivered to me in as many weeks more; because, I supposed, he was too full of more important business. Since that time, I have been wholly confined by sickness, so that I was not able to return you my acknowledgement; and, it is with much difficulty I do it now, my head continuing in great disorder. Mr. *Faulkner* will be the bearer of my letter, who sets out this morning for *Corke*.

I could have wished, as I am a private man, that, in the instrument of my freedom, you had pleased to assign your reasons for making choice of me. I know it is a usual compliment to bestow the freedom of the city on

[*m*] *Eaton Stannard*, Esq; then recorder of *Dublin*, and afterwards made his majesty's prime serjeant at law, in the room of *Anthony Malone*, Esq; since promoted to the chancellorship of the exchequer.

an

an arch-bishop or lord chancellor, and other persons of great titles, merely upon account of their stations or power : but a private man, and a perfect stranger, without power or grandeur, may justly expect to find the motives assigned in the instrument of his freedom, on what account he is thus distinguished. And yet I cannot discover in the whole parchment scrip any one reason offered. Next, as to the silver [n] box, there is not so much as my name upon it, nor any one syllable to shew it was a present from your city. Therefore I have, by the advice of friends, agreeing with my own opinion, sent back the box and instrument of freedom by Mr. *Faulkner*, to be returned to you ; leaving to your choice, whether to insert the reasons for which you were pleased to give me my freedom, or bestow the box upon some more worthy person, whom you may have an intention to honour, because it will equally fit every body.

I am, with true esteem
and gratitude, gentlemen,
your most obedient, and
obliged servant,

J O N. S W I F T.

[n] In consequence of this letter, there was an inscription, and the city arms of *Corke*, engraved on the box, and reasons in the parchment scrip for presenting him with the freedom of that city.

LET-

RELATIVE TO MR. FAULKNER. 19

L E T T E R IX.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

Deanry House, Dublin, Jan. 6, 1737-8.

S I R,

I Have often mentioned to you an earnest desire I had, and still have, to record the merit and services of the lord-mayor, *Humphrey French*, whom I often desired, after his mayoralty, to give me an account of many passages that happened in his mayoralty, and which he has often put off, on the pretence of his forgetfulness, but in reality of his modesty: I take him to be a hero in his kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his successors, as far as their genius can reach; I desire you therefore to enquire among all his friends whom you are acquainted with, to press them to give you the particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general conduct of his life, wherever he had any power of authority in the city; but, particularly, from Mr. *Maple*, who was his intimate friend, who knew him best, and could give the most just character of himself and his actions.

When I shall have got a sufficient information of all these particulars, I will, although I am oppressed with age and infirmities, stir up all the little spirit I can raise, to give the
public

public an account of that great patriot; and propose him as an example to all future magistrates, in order to recommend his virtues to this miserable kingdom.

I am,

S I R,

Your very humble servant,

J O N. S W I F T.

Mrs. Cæsar was wife of Charles Cæsar, Esq; Member of parliament for the borough of Hertford, who was committed to the tower of London, Dec. 19, 1705, for some reflexions in the house of Commons, on the earl of Godolphin, then lord high treasurer of England. In 1711, Mr. Cæsar was appointed treasurer of the navy in the room of Robert Walpole, Esq; afterwards a knight of the garter, who was created earl of Orford in February 9, 1741. This lady was also mother to Julius Cæsar, a brave soldier, a general in his service of His Britannick Majesty in Germany [April, 1762]. The dean corresponded with this lady, who was remarkable for her good sense, friendship and politeness, and much esteemed by the nobility and gentry, and all people of taste,
genius

TO MRS. CÆSAR. 21

genius and learning ; and therefore we imagine the following letters will be acceptable.

L E T T E R X.

To Mrs CÆSAR.

MADAM,

Among a few little vexations, such as beggary, slavery, corruption, ignorance, want of friends, faction, oppression, and some other trifles of the like nature, that we philosophers ought to despise ; two or three ladies of long acquaintance, and at a great distance, are still so kind as to remember me ; and I was always proud, and pleased to a great degree, that you happened to be one, since constancy is, I think, at least as seldom found in friendship as in love. Mrs. Barber, when I see her, is always telling me wonders of the continual favours you have conferred on her, and that, without your interposition, the success of her errand would have hardly been worth the journey ; and I must bear the load of this obligation without the least possibility of ever returning it, otherwise than by my best wishes for the prosperity and health of you and your family : for, in spite of all your good words, I am the most insignificant man of this most insignificant country. I have been tyed by the leg (without being married) for ten months past, by an unlucky strain, which prevented the honour and happiness I proposed to myself of
waiting

waiting on you often during this last summer : and another year at my period of life is like an inch in a man's nose ; yet, I flatter myself, that next spring I may take one voyage more, when you will see me altered in every disposition of body and mind, except in my respects for you and all that belong to you. There is one part of *Mr. Pope's* compliment which I cannot make you ; for I could not with the strictest search find one letter too many in any of your words, although I found a thousand words too few in your letter ; therefore, I accepted and understood it only as a billet just writ while *Mrs. Barber* stood by in her hood and scarff just ready to take her leave and begin her journey : and, what is worse, I suspect that she was forced to solicit you long, because she wanted a certificate under your hand to convince me that she was not an impostor.

I will not say one word in *Mrs. Barber's* behalf, for she will always continue to deserve your protection, and therefore she may be sure you will always continue to give it her.

I hope *Mr. Caesar* is in good health, and desire he will accept the offer of my most humble service, with my hearty wishes for your whole family.

I am, with true respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient, and
most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

L E T-

LETTER XI.

Dublin, July 30, 1733.

To Mrs. CÆSAR.

MADAM,

I Could not let Mrs. *Barber* leave us for good-and all, without honouring her with the carriage of a letter from your old humble servant and constant lover: she hath been afflicted with so many repetitions of the gout, that her limbs are much weakened, and her spirits sunk; neither can I well blame her, considering her grand affair of subscriptions must needs have slackened in her absence. Neither could she be in much disposition to increase her volumes, for health, and good humour are two ingredients absolutely necessary, in the poetical trade; but, I hope, your countenance and protection will recover her spirits, and her hopes, and her genius. I imagine she looks on you as her chief patroness; because, although she be abundantly grateful to all her protectors, yet, I observe your name most often in her mouth. I wish it were in my power to take the same journey; but neither my health, nor the bad state of my private affairs, will give me power or leave: I cannot make shift, nor bear fatigues as I used to do. To live in *England*, half as tolerably as I do here, would
ruin



ruin me. I must have two servants, and three horses, and dare drink nothing but wine; and my ragged church rents would never be paid in my absence. My lord *Bolingbroke* and Mr. *Pope* press me with many kind invitations, but the former is too much a philosopher; he dines at six in the evening; after studying all the morning until the afternoon; and, when he hath dined, to his studies again. Mr. *Pope* can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and hath always some poetical scheme in his head. Thus the two best companions and friends I ever had, have utterly disqualified themselves for my conversation, and my way of living. Mr. *Pope*, who had often promised to pass a summer season with me here, if he out-lived his mother, soon after her death waved the fairest opportunity of performing his promise two months ago, of coming over with ease, and in company of dean *Cotterel* [o] and his sister; he said, we should kill him with eating and drinking. I had a very convenient apartment for him in the *Deanry-house*: He would have all the civilities of this town; and Mrs. *Barber* will tell you that we never want a dozen or more of very valuable persons, and of both sexes, with whom to converse; I chid him soundly in my last letter for his want of friendship or resolution. You see, madam, I am full of talk; but you are to blame, for I imagine myself in your company,

[o] Afterwards bishop of *Leighlin* and *Ferns*.

which

which is indeed no great compliment; and, upon second thoughts, it is not true, for I should be much better pleased to be your hearer. However, I should certainly ask you a thousand questions concerning yourself, and Mr. *Cæsar*, and your whole family. I have received so much friendship and so many civilities from you both, that I shall ever own my obligations; which are much increased by Mrs. *Barber's* feeding my vanity, with telling me, that you did not receive her worse for her being recommended by me; yet, I confess, her expressions were in somewhat stronger terms. Pray God bless you and your whole family. I desire you will present my my most humble service to Mr. *Cæsar*.

I am, with the greatest respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient, and
most obliged humble servant,

JON, SWIFT,

The following letter to the provost and fellows of the university of Dublin plainly shews the author's friendship to gentlemen of genius and learning, although unacquainted with them; but, soon after this, Mr. Dunkin was introduced to the dean, who did him further services, by recommending him to Dr. Bolton, archbishop of Cashell, who ordained him for holy orders.

LETTER XII.

To the Provost and Senior Fellows of Trinity-College, DUBLIN.

July 5, 1736.

Rev. and worthy SIRs,

AS I had the honour of receiving some part of my education in your university, and the good fortune to be of some service to it while I had a share of credit at court, as well as since, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excused for laying a case before you, and offering my opinion upon it.

Mr. *Dunkin*, whom you all know, sent me some time ago a memorial intended to be laid before you, which, perhaps, he hath already done. His request is, that you would be pleased to enlarge his annuity at present,
and

and that he may have the same right, in his turn, to the first church preferment, vacant in your gift, as if he had been made a fellow, according to the scheme of his aunt's will; because the absurdity of the condition in it ought to be imputed to the old woman's ignorance, although her intention be very manifest; and the intention of the testator in all wills is chiefly regarded by the law. What I would therefore humbly propose is this, that you would increase his pension to one hundred pounds a year, and make him a firm promise of the first church living in your disposal, to the value of two hundred pounds a year, or somewhat more. This I take to be a reasonable medium between what he hath proposed in his memorial, and what you allow him at present.

I am almost a perfect stranger to Mr. *Dunkin*, having never seen him above twice, and then in mixed company, nor should I now know his person if I met him in the streets. But I know he is a man of wit and parts; which, if applied properly to the business of his function, instead of poetry (wherein it must be owned he sometimes excels), might be of great use and service to him.

I hope you will please to remember, that, since your body hath received no inconsiderable benefaction from the aunt, it will much increase your reputation, rather to err on the generous side towards the nephew.

These are my thoughts, after frequently reflecting on the case under all its circumstances; and so I leave it to your wiser judgments.

I am, with true respect and esteem,

Reverend and worthy SIRs,

Your most obedient, and

most humble servant,

Deanry-House,
July 5, 1736.

J. SWIFT.

A very

A very friendly correspondence having been carried on for many years between Dr. KING, Archbishop of *Dublin*, and Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D. it may be proper to prefix some account of his Grace before the following letters, for which we shall make no apology.

WILLIAM KING was born at Antrim the first day of May, 1650, and was descended from an ancient family of the house of *Burras* in the North of Scotland, from whence his father removed in the reign of king Charles I, to avoid engaging in the solemn league and covenant; brought his effects, and settled his family in the North of Ireland, where the above William was born, and had the pleasure of living to see his son promoted to the bishoprick of *Derry*.

In 1662, he was sent to a Latin school in the county of *Tyrone*, and the 18th of April, 1667, entered the University of *Dublin*. In 1670, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts; in 1673, that of Master; and the same year was ordained a Deacon by Dr. *Mossion*, bishop of *Derry*. On the 26th of April, 1674, he was ordained a Priest by Dr. *John Parker*, archbishop of *Tuam*. In 1688, he was constituted President of the Chapter of *St. Patrick's*, *Dublin*; and, on the 26th of January following, was elected Dean by the Chapter, In 1689, he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was promoted to the bishoprick of *Derry* on the 9th of January, O. S. 1690, and was

consecrated in Christ Church, Dublin, the 25th of the said month. Upon the promotion of Dr. Narcissus March, archbishop of Dublin, to the archbishoprick of Armagh, Dr. King was translated from Derry to the see of Dublin, the 11th of March, 1702. His grace, in the reign of George I, was four different times one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, for his great loyalty and attachment to the protestant religion, and the house of Hanover. He died at the archiepiscopal palace at St. Sepulchre's, Dublin, on the 8th of May, 1729, having entered into the 80th year of his age; and was buried on the north side of Donnybrook church, near Dublin, without any monument, tomb, or inscription, as he had directed in his life-time.

His private charities were very ample, and considerable; but so cautiously and secretly dispensed, that it is impossible to give a particular account of them. After he was translated to the see of Dublin, he repaired and adorned the palace of St. Sepulchre's, which was in a ruinous condition, by expending above 3000l. on improvements, and erected a court-house for his archiepiscopal manor at his own charge. He purchased, from the late lord Rofs and others, many impropriate tythes, to add to the livings of the clergy in his diocese, to make them glebes, and for lectureships.

He gave in his life-time 500l. to the University of Dublin, towards founding a divinity lecture for the benefit of those who intended to enter into holy orders; and devised 500l. more

more to purchase a further maintenance and endowment for the said lecture. He also devised 150l. to the poor of the city of Dublin. He gave 500l. in his life-time to the Blue-Coat hospital in Dublin, and 300l. to the fund arising from the application of the first fruits, for purchasing glebes and impropriate tythes for the increase of poor vicarages.

His hospitality was suitable to the dignity of his character and station, and the whole course of his conversation innocent, chearful, and improving; for he lived in the constant practice of every Christian virtue that could adorn the public or private life.

In 1687, Peter Manby, dean of Derry, having published at Dublin, in quarto, a pamphlet, intituled, *The considerations which obliged Peter Manby, dean of Derry, to embrace the Catholick religion; humbly dedicated to his Grace Dr. Michael Boyle, the Lord Primate of Ireland; Dr. King immediately wrote an answer.* Mr. Manby, encouraged by the court, and assisted by the most learned champions of the church of Rome, published a reply, under this title, *A reformed Catechism, in two Dialogues concerning the English Reformation, &c. in Reply to Mr. King's Answer, &c.* Our author soon rejoined in *A Vindication of the Answer.* Mr. Manby dropped the controversy, but dispersed a loose sheet of paper, artfully writ, with this title, *A Letter to a Friend, shewing the vanity of this opinion, that every man's sense and reason are to guide him in matters of faith.*

faith. Our author soon published his answer. In 1689, our author was twice confined in the castle of Dublin, by order of king James II. and the same year commenced doctor of divinity. In 1690, he was advanced to the see of Derry. In 1691, he published at London, in quarto, *The state of the protestants of Ireland under the late king James's government, &c.* "An history, says bishop Burnet, as truly as it is finely written." He had by him at his death attested vouchers of every particular fact alledged in this book, which are now in the hands of his relations. In 1693, his lordship, finding the great number of protestant dissenters in his diocese of Derry increased by a vast addition of colonies from Scotland, in order to persuade them to conformity to the established church, published *A discourse concerning the inventions of men in the worship of God.* Mr. Joseph Boyse, a dissenting minister, wrote an answer. The bishop answered Mr. Boyse. The latter replied. The bishop rejoined. In 1702, he published at Dublin, in quarto, his celebrated treatise *De Origine Mali.* Mr. Edmund Law, M. A. Fellow of Christ's-College in Cambridge, afterwards published a complete translation of this, with very valuable notes, in quarto. In the second edition he has inserted, by way of notes, a large collection of the author's papers on the same subject, which he had received from his relations after the publication of the former edition. Our author, in this excellent treatise, hath many curious observations.

ARCHBISHOP KING. 33

tions. He asserteth, and proves, that there is more moral good in the earth than moral evil. There are ten good acts, says he, done by those we call bad men, for one ill one. A Sermon by our author, preached at Dublin in 1709, was published under the title of Divine predestination and fore knowledge consistent with the freedom of man's will. This was attacked by Anthony Collins, Esq; in a pamphlet, intituled, A vindication of the divine attributes: In some remarks on the archbishop of Dublin's Sermons, intituled, Divine predestination, &c. He published likewise, A discourse concerning the consecration of churches; shewing what is meant by dedicating them, with the grounds of that office.

LETTERS

L E T T E R S

F R O M

D. S W I F T, to Dr. K I N G,

Lord Bishop of D E R R Y,

A F T E R W A R D S

Lord Archbishop of D U B L I N.

L E T T E R I.

To the Lord Bishop of D E R R Y.

M Y L O R D,

Dublin-Castle, July 16, 1700.

I W A S several times to wait on your lordship at your lodgings; but you were either abroad, or so engaged, that I could not be permitted the honour to attend you. I have an humble request to your lordship, that you will please to excuse me if I cannot be at the triennial visitation; for, my lord [p] and lady continually residing at the lodge, I am obliged to a constant attendance there.

I am, with all respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

J O N. S W I F T.

[p] Earl of *Berkeley*, then one of the Lords Justices
of *Ireland*.

L E T.

LETTER II.

To his Grace the Lord Archbishop of *Dublin*.

MY LORD,

I DID intend to have waited on your grace before you went for *England*; but, hearing your voyage is fixed for the first opportunity of the wind, I could not forbear giving you a few minutes interruption, which I hope your grace will believe to be without any other design than that of serving you. I believe your grace may have heard, that I was in *England* last winter, when the dean and chapter of *Christ-Church* had, I think, with great wisdom and discretion, chosen a most malicious, ignorant, and headstrong creature to represent them; wherein your grace cannot justly tax their prudence, since the cause [q] they are engaged in is not otherwise to be supported. And I do assure your grace (which perhaps others may have been cautious in telling you) that they have not been without success. For not only the general run in *Doctors-Commons* was wholly on their side, which my lord bishop of *Cloyne* [r] observed as well as I; but that little instrument of

[q] A law suit between the archbishop of *Dublin* and the dean and chapter of the cathedral of *Christ-Church, Dublin*, about his right of visiting them, which was given in favour of his grace.

[r] Dr. Charles Crow.

their's

their's did use all his power to misrepresent your grace, and your cause, both in town and city, as far as his narrow sphere could reach. And he spared not to say, that your grace had personal resentment against him; that you sought his ruin, and threatened him with it. And I remember, at a great man's table, who hath as much influence in *England* as any subject can well have, after dinner came in a master in chancery, whom I had before observed to be a principal person in *Doctors-Commons*, when your grace's cause was there debating; and, upon occasion of being there, fell into discourse of it, wherein he seemed wholly an advocate for *Christ-Church*; for all his arguments were only a chain of misinformations, which he had learned from the same hand; insomuch that I was forced to give a character of some persons, which otherwise I should have spared, before I could set him right, as I also did in the affair of the late dean of *Derry*, which had been told with so many falsehoods and disadvantages to your grace, as it is hard to imagine.

I humbly presume to say thus much to your grace, that, knowing the prejudices that have been given, you may more easily remove them, which your presence will infallibly do.

I would also beg of your grace to use some of your credit towards bringing to a good issue the promise the queen made, at my lord bishop of *Cloyne's* intercession, to remit the first fruits and tenths of the clergy; unless I

Speak

speak ignorantly, for want of information, and that it be a thing already done. But what I would mind your grace of is, that the crown rent should be added, which is a great load upon many poor livings, and would be a considerable help to others. And, I am confident, with some reason, that it would be easily granted; being, I hear, under a thousand pounds a year, and the queen's grant for *England* being so much more considerable than our's can be at best. I am very certain, that, if the bishop of *Cloyne* had continued to solicit it in *England*, it would easily have passed; but, his lordship giving it up wholly to the duke of *Ormond* [s], I believe it hath not been thought of so much as it ought. I humbly beg your grace's pardon for the haste and hurry of this, occasioned by that of the post, which is not very regular in this country; and, imploring your blessing, and praying to God for your good voyage, success, and return, I humbly kiss your grace's hands, and remain,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

[s] Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

L E T T E R III.

London, Feb. 5, 1707-8.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been above a month expecting the representation your grace was pleased to promise to send me, which makes me apprehend your grace hath been hindered by what you complained of, the clergy's backwardness in a point so very necessary to their service: and it is time ill lost at this juncture, while my lord [t] lieutenant is here, and in great credit at court, and would perhaps be more than ordinarily ready to serve the church in *Ireland*. If I have no directions from your grace by the end of this month, I shall think of my return to *Ireland* against the 25th of *March*, to endeavour to be chosen to the living of *St. Nicholas* [u] as I have been encouraged to hope; but would readily return, at a week's warning, to solicit that affair with my lord lieutenant while he stays here, or in any other manner your grace will please to direct.

Your grace knows long before this, that *Dr. Mills* is bishop of *Waterford*. The court and archbishop of *Canterbury* were strongly engaged for another person, not much suspected in *Ireland*, any more than the choice

[t] *Thomas Herbert, earl of Pembroke.*

[u] See page 47.

already

already made was, I believe, either here or there.

The two houses are still busy in lord *Peterborough's* [x] affair, which seems to be little more than an amusement, which it is conceived might at this time be spared, considering how slow we are said to be in our preparations, which, I believe, is the only reason why it was talked the other day about the town, as if there would be soon a treaty of Peace. There is a report of my lord *Galway's* death, but it is not credited. It is a perfect jest to see my lord *Peterborough*, reputed as great a whig as any in *England*, abhorred by his own party and carested by the tories.

The great question, whether the number of men in *Spain* and *Portugal*, at the time of the battle of *Almanza*, was but 8600, when there ought to have been 29,600, was carried on *Tuesday* in the affirmative against the court, without a division, which was occasioned by *Sir Thomas Hanmer's* Oratory. It seems to have been no party question, there being many of both glad and sorry for it. The court hath not been fortunate in their questions this session; and I hear some of both parties expressing contrary passions upon it. I tell your grace bare matters of fact, being not inclined to make reflexions; and, if I

[x] See his character in Vol. II.

40 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

were, I could not tell what to make, so oddly people are subdivided.

I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R IV.

London, June 10, 1708.

My LORD,

I SENT your grace a long letter several weeks ago, inclosed in one to the dean [y]. I know not whether it came to your hands, having not since been honoured with your commands. I believe I told your grace, that I was directly advised by my lord *Sund*—, my lord *Somers*, Mr. *Southwell*, and others, to apply to [z] my lord treasurer, in behalf of the clergy of *Ireland*; and lord *Sunderland* undertook to bring me to lord treasurer, which was put off for some time on account of the invasion. For it is the method here of great ministers, when any public matter is in hand, to make it an excuse for putting

[y] Dr. *Sterne*.

[z] Earl of *Godolphin*.

off

off all private application. I deferred it some time longer, because I had a mind my lord *Sunderland* should go along with me; but either the one or the other was always busy, or out of the way; however, his lordship had prepared lord treasurer, and engaged him (as he assured me) to think well of the matter, and the other day lord treasurer appointed me to attend him. He took me into a private room, and I told him my story; that I was commanded by your grace, and desired by some other bishops, to use what little credit I had, to solicit (under the direction of my lord lieutenant) the remitting of the first fruits, which, from the favourable representation of his lordship to the queen, about four years ago, the clergy were encouraged to hope would be granted: that I had been told, it might be of use, if some person could be admitted to his presence, at his usual times of being attended, in order to put him in mind; for the rest, they relied entirely on his excellency's good office, and his lordship's dispositions to favour the church. He said, in answer, he was passive in this business: that he supposed my lord lieutenant would engage in it, to whom, if I pleased, he would repeat what I had said. I replied, I had the honour of being well known to his excellency; that I intended to ask his leave to solicit this matter with his lordship, but had not mentioned it yet, because I did not

42 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

know whether I had credit enough to gain that access he was now pleased to honour me with : that, upon his lordship's leave to attend him, signified to me by the earl of *Sunderland*, I went to inform his excellency, not doubting his consent ; but did not find him at home, and therefore ventured to come : but, not knowing how his excellency might understand it, I begged his lordship to say nothing to my lord lieutenant, until I had the honour to wait on him again. This my lord treasurer agreed to, and entering on the subject, told me, that, since the queen's grant of the first fruits here, he was confident, not one clergyman in *England* was a shilling the better. I told him, I thought it lay under some incumbrances ; he said, it was true ; but beside, that it was wholly abused in the distribution ; that as to those in *Ireland*, they were an inconsiderable thing, not above 1000 *l.* or 1200 *l.* a year, which was almost nothing for the queen to grant, upon two conditions. First, That it should be well disposed of. And, secondly, That it should be well received with due acknowledgements ; in which cases he would give his consent : otherwise, to deal freely with me, he never would. I said, as to the first, that I was confident the bishops would leave the methods of disposing it entirely to her majesty's breast ; as to the second, her majesty and his lordship might count upon all the acknowledgements, that the most grateful and dutiful subjects could pay to a prince. That I had
the

the misfortune to be altogether unknown to his lordship, else I should presume to ask him whether he understood any particular acknowledgements? hereplied, By acknowledgements, I do not mean any thing under their hands; but I will so far explain myself to tell you, I mean better acknowledgements than those of the clergy of *England*. I then begged his lordship to give me his advice, what sort of acknowledgements he thought fittest for the clergy to make, which I was sure would be of mighty weight with them. He answered, I can only say again, such acknowledgements as they ought. We had some other discourse of less moment; and, after licence to attend him on occasion, I took my leave. I tell your grace these particulars, in his very words, as near as I can recollect, because I think them of moment, and I believe your grace may think them so too. I told *Southwell* all that had passed, and we agreed in our comments, which I desired him now to inform you. He set out for *Ireland* this morning: I am resolved to see my lord *Sund*— in a day or two, and relate what my lord treasurer said (as he hath commanded me to do); and perhaps I may prevail on him to let me know his lordship's meaning, to which I am prepared to answer, as Mr. *Southwell* will let you know. At evening, the same day, I attended my lord lieutenant and desired to know what progress he had made; and at the same time proposed that he would give me leave to attend lord treasurer,

44 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

only as a common solicitor to refresh his memory. I was very much surpris'd at his answer, that the matter was not before the treasurer, but entirely with the queen, and therefore it was needless; upon which I said nothing of having been there. He said, he had writ lately to your grace, on account of what was done; that some progress was made; that they put it off because it was a time of war, but that he had some hopes it would be done: but this is only such an account as his excellency thinks fit to give, although I send it your grace by his orders. I hope, that in his letters he is fuller. My lord treasurer on the other hand assur'd me, he had the papers (which his excellency denied) and talk'd of it as a matter that had long lain before him, which several persons in great employments assure me is and must be true. Thus your grace sees, that I shall have nothing more to do in this matter, further than pursuing the cold scent of asking his excellency once a month, how it goeth on? which, I think, I had as good forbear, since it will turn to little account. All I can do is, to engage my lord *Sunderland's* interest with my lord treasurer whenever it is brought before him, or to hint it to some other persons of power and credit; and likewise to endeavour to take off that scandal the clergy of *Ireland* lie under, of being the reverse of what they really are, with respect to the revolution, loyalty to the queen, and settlement of

of the crown ; which is here the construction of the word Tory.

I design to tell my lord treasurer, that, this being a matter my lord lieutenant hath undertaken, he doth not think proper I should trouble his lordship ; after which, recommending it to his goodness, I shall forbear any further mention. I am sensible how lame and tedious an account this is, and humbly beg your grace's pardon ; but I still insist, that, if it had been sollicitated four years ago by no abler a hand than my own, while the duke of *Ormond* was in *Ireland*, it might have been done in a month ; and, I believe, it may be so still, if his excellency lays any weight of his credit upon it ; otherwise, God knows when. For myself, I have nothing more to do here but to attend my lord lieutenant's motions, of whose return we are very uncertain, and to manage some personal affairs of my own. I beg the continuance of your grace's favour, and your blessing ; and am, with all respect,

Your grace's most obedient, &c.

L E T T E R V.

London, Nov. 9, 1708.

MY LORD,

YOUR grace's letter of *September 7*, found me in *Kent*, where I took the opportunity to retire, during my lord *Pembroke's* absence

46 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

fence with his new lady (who are both expected to-morrow) ; I went afterwards to *Epsom*, and returned but yesterday : this was the cause of my so long omitting to acknowledge your letter. I am ready to agree with your grace, that very wrong representations are made of things and persons here, by people who reside on this side but a short time, converse at second or third hand, and on their return make a vanity of knowing more than they do. This I have observed myself in *Ireland*, even among people of some rank and quality ; and, I believe, your grace will proceed on much better grounds, by trusting to your own wisdom and experience of things, than such intelligence.

I spoke formerly all I knew of the twentieth parts, and whatever Mr. *D*— hath said in his letters about staying until a peace, I do assure your grace, is nothing but words. However, that matter is now at end. There is a new world here, and yet I agree with you, that, if there be an inter-regnum, it will be the properest time to address my lord treasurer ; and I shall second it with all the credit I have, and very openly ; and I know not (if one difficulty lies in the way) but it may prove a lucky juncture.

On my return from *Kent* (the night of the prince's [*a*] death) I staid a few days in town before I went to *Epsom* : I then visited

[*a*] *George* prince of *Denmark*, husband of *queen Anne*.

a certain great man, and we entered very freely into discourse upon the present juncture. He assured me, there was no doubt now of the scheme holding about the admiralty, the government of *Ireland*, and presidency of the council; the disposition whereof your grace knoweth as well as I; and, although I care not to mingle public affairs with the interest of so private a person as myself, yet, upon such a revolution, not knowing how far my friends may endeavour to engage me in the service of a new government, I would beg your grace to have favourable thoughts of me on such an occasion, and to assure you, that no prospect of making my fortune shall ever prevail on me to go against what becometh a man of conscience and truth, and an entire friend to the established church. This I say, in case such a thing should happen; for my own thoughts are turned another way, if the earl of *Berkley's* journey to *Vienna* holds, and the ministry will keep their promise of making me the queen's secretary; by which I shall be out of the way of parties, until it shall please God I have some place to retire to, a little above contempt: or, if all fail, until your grace and the dean of *St. Partrick's* shall think fit to dispose of that poor town-living [*b*] in my favour.

[*b*] *St. Nicholas.* See pag. 38.

48 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

Upon this event of the prince's death, the contention designed with the court about a speaker is dropt, and all agree in Sir *Richard Onslow*, which is looked on as another argument for the scheme succeeding. This I had from the same hand.

As to a comprehension which your grace seems to doubt an intention of, from what was told me, I can say nothing; doubtless, it must be intended to come to that at last, if not worse; but I believe at present, it was meant, that there should be a consent to what was endeavoured at in your parliament last session.

I thought to have writ more largely to your grace, imagining I had much matter in my head, but it fails, or is not convenient at present. If the scheme holds, I shall make bold to tell your grace my thoughts as formerly, under cover, because I believe there will be a great deal to be thought of and done. A little time may produce a great deal. Things are now in great suspense both at home and abroad. The parliament, we think, will have no prorogation. There is no talk of the duke of *Marlborough's* return yet. Speculative people talk of a peace this winter, of which I can form no prospect, according to our demands.

I am, my Lord, your Grace's

Most obedient humble servant,

Your grace will please to direct your
commands to me at *St. James's-*
coffee-house, in *St. James's-street*.

J. S.

LET-

L E T T E R VI.

London, Nov. 30, 1708.

MY LORD,

I WRIT to you about a fortnight ago, after my return from the country, and gave you some account of an intended change at court, which is now finished. Care was taken to put lord *Pembroke* in mind of the first fruits before he went out of his office; but it was needless, for his excellency had it at heart, and the thing is done, of which, I suppose, you have an account. You know who goes over chaplain; the archbishop of *Canterbury*, and several other bishops, and the lord treasurer himself sollicitated that matter in a body: it was thought absolutely necessary, considering the dismal notion they have here of so many high-church archbishops among you; and your friend made no application, for reasons left you to guess. I cannot yet learn whether you are to have a new parliament; but I am apt to think you will, and that it must be thought necessary.—The affair of *Drogheda* [c] hath made a noise here, and, like every thing else on your side, is used as a handle: I have had it rung in my ears from certain persons. I hope you are prepared to take off the sacramental test,

[c] Some disputes in corporation affairs.

because

50 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

because that will be a means to have it taken off here among us; and that the clergy will be for it, in consideration of the queen's bounty, and that men in employment will be so wise as to please the court, and secure themselves; but, to think there is any design of bringing the *Scotch* into offices, is a mere scandal.

Lord *Pembroke* is to have the admiralty only a few months, than to have a pension of 4000 *l.* a year, and to retire; and it is thought lord *Oxford* [d] will succeed him, and then it is hoped, there will be an entire change in the admiralty; that sir *John Leak* will be turned out, and the *whigs* so well confirmed, that it will not be in the power of the court upon a peace to bring the balance on the other side.

One Mr. *Shute* is named for secretary to lord *Wharton*: he is a young man, but reckoned the shrewdest head in *England*: and the person in whom the *presbyterians* chiefly confide; and, if money be necessary towards the good work in *Ireland*, it is reckoned he can command as far as 100,000 *l.* from the body of *dissenters* here. As to his principles, he is truly a moderate man, frequenting the church and the meeting indifferently, &c.

[d] *Edward Russel* (of the family of the duke of *Bedford*), who burned and destroyed the *French* fleet at *La Hague* in 1692, and soon after another attack was made by the earl of *Orford*.

The

The clergy are here in an uproar upon their being prorogued: the archbishop of *Canterbury* taketh pains to have it believed it was a thing done without his knowledge. A divine of note (but of the wrong side) was with me the other day, and said, he had it from a good hand, that the reason of this proceeding was an intention of putting the parliament on examining and correcting courts ecclesiastic, &c.

The archbishop of *Dublin* is represented here as one that will very much oppose our designs; and, although I will not say that the *Observer* is paid for writing as he doth; yet I can positively affirm to you, that whatever he says of that bishop, or of the affairs of *Ireland*, or those here, is exactly agreeable to our thoughts and intentions.

This is all I can recollect, fit to inform you at present.—If you please I shall from time to time send you any thing that cometh to my knowledge, that may be worth your notice.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R VII.

London, Jan. 6, 1709.

MY LORD,

BEFORE I received the honour of your grace's of *Nov. 20*, I had sent one inclosed, &c. with what account I could of affairs.

affairs. Since that time, the measures are altered of dissolving your parliament, which, doubtless, is their wisest course, for certain obvious reasons, that your grace will easily apprehend, and I suppose you have now received directions about proroguing it, for I saw the order some days ago. I should have acknowledged your grace's letter, if I had not been ever since persecuted with a cruel distemper, a giddiness in my head, that would not suffer me to write or think of any thing; and of which I am now slowly recovering. I sent you word of the affairs of the first fruits being performed, which my lord *Pembroke* had the goodness to send me immediate notice of. I seldom see his lordship now, but when he pleaseth to command me; for he sees no-body in public, and is very full of business. I fancy your grace will think it necessary that in due time his lordship should receive some kind of thanks in form: I have a fair pretence to merit in this matter, although, in my own conscience, I think I have very little (except my good wishes, and frequent reminding my lord *Pembroke*). But two great men in office, giving me joy of it, very frankly told me, that, if I had not smoothed the way, by giving them and the rest of the ministry a good opinion of the justice of the thing, it would have met with opposition; upon which I only remarked, what I have always observed in courts, that, when a favour is done, there is no want of persons to challenge obligations. Mean time, I am in a
 pretty

pretty condition, who have bills of merit given me, that I must thankfully acknowledge, and yet cannot honestly offer them in payment. I suppose the clergy will, in due time, send the queen an address of thanks for her favour.

I very much applaud your grace's sanguine temper, as you call it, and your comparison of religion to paternal affection; but the world is divided into two sects, those that hope the best, and those that fear the worst; your grace is of the former, which is the wiser, the nobler, and most pious principle; and, although I endeavour to avoid being of the other, yet, upon this article, I hear sometimes strange weaknesses; I compare true religion to learning and civility, which have ever been in the world, but very often shifted their scenes, sometimes entirely leaving whole countries where they have long flourished, and removing to others that before were barbarous, which hath been the case of Christianity itself, particularly in many parts of *Africa*; and how far the wickedness of a nation may provoke God Almighty to inflict so great a judgment, is terrible to think. But, as great princes, when they have subdued all about them, presently have universal monarchy in their thoughts, so your grace, having conquered all the corruptions in a diocese, and then pursued your victories over a province, would fain go further and save a whole kingdom, and would never be quiet,
if

if you could have your will, until you had converted the world.

And this reminds me of a pamphlet lately come out, pretended to be a letter hither from *Ireland*, against repealing the test; wherein your grace's character is justly set forth: for the rest, some parts are very well, and others puerile, and some facts, as I am informed, wrong represented. The author hath gone out of his way, to reflect on me as a person likely to write for repealing the test, which I am sure is very unfair treatment. This is all I am likely to get by the company I keep. I am used like a sober man with a drunken face, have the scandal of the vice without the satisfaction. I have told the ministry, with great frankness, my opinion, that they would never be able to repeal it, unless such changes should happen as I could not foresee, and they all believe I differ from them in that point.

Mr. *Addison*, who goes over first secretary, is a most excellent person; and, being my most intimate friend, I shall use all my credit to set him right, in the notions of persons and things. I spoke to him with great plainness upon the subject of the test; and he says, he is confident, my lord *Wharton* will not attempt it if he finds the bent of the nation against it.—I will say nothing further of his character to your grace at present, because he hath half persuaded me to have some thoughts of returning to *Ireland*, and then it will be time enough: but, if that happens otherwise,

I pre-

I presume to recommend him to your grace as a person you will think worth your acquaintance.

My lord *Berkley* begins to drop his thoughts of going to *Vienna*; and indeed I freely gave my opinion against such a journey for one of his age and infirmities. And I shall hardly think of going secretary without him, although the emperor's ministers here think I will, and have writ to *Vienna*. I agree with your grace, that such a design was a little too late at my years; but, considering myself wholly useless in *Ireland*, and in a parish with an audience of half a score, and it being thought necessary that the queen should have a secretary at that court, my friends telling me it would not be difficult to compass it, I was a little tempted to pass some time abroad, until my friends would make me a little easier in my fortunes at home. Beside, I had hopes of being sent in time to some other court, and in the mean while the pay would be forty shillings a day, and the advantage of living, if I pleased, in lord *Berkley's* family [e]. But, I believe, this is now all at an end. I am, my Lord, with the greatest respect,

Your Grace's
most obedient and
most humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

My lord *Wharton* says, he intends for *Ireland* the beginning of *March*.

[e] See page 47.

L E T.



L E T T E R VIII.

March 6, 1709.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD have acknowledged your's of *Feb. 10*, long ago, if I had not stayed to see what became of the first fruits. I have likewise your's of *February 12*. I will now tell you the proceedings in this unhappy affair. Some time after the prince's [*f*] death, lord *Pembroke* sent me word by sir *Andrew Fountain*, that the queen had granted the thing, and afterwards took the compliment I made him upon it. He likewise (I suppose) writ to the same purpose himself to the archbishop of *Dublin*. I was then for a long time pursued by a cruel illness that seized me at fits, and hindered me in meddling in any business; neither indeed could I at all suspect there was any need to stir any more in this, until often asking Mr. *Addison*, whether he had any orders about it? I was a little in pain, and desired Mr. *Addison* to enquire at the treasury, whether such a grant had then passed? and, finding an unwillingness, I enquired myself; where Mr. *Taylor* assured me there was never any orders for such a grant. This was a month ago, and then I began to despair of the whole thing. Lord *Pembroke* was hard to be seen, neither

[*f*] See Note, page 46.

did

did I think it worth talking the matter with them. What perplexed me most was, why he should tell me, and write to *Ireland*, that the business was done (for if the account he sent to *Ireland* were not as positive as what he gave me, I ought to be told so from thence). I had no opportunity of clearing this matter until the day I received your last letter, when his explanation was, that he had been promised he should carry over the grant, when he returned to *Ireland*, and that his memorial was now in the treasury. Yet, when I had formerly begged leave to follow this matter with lord treasurer only, in the form of common soliciting, he was uneasy, and told me lord treasurer had nothing at all to do with it; but, that it was a matter purely between the queen and himself (as I have told you in former letters), which, however, I knew then to be otherwise, from lord treasurer himself. So that all I had left me to do was only the cold amusement of now and then refreshing lord *Pembroke's* memory, or giving the ministry, as I could find opportunity, good dispositions towards the thing. Upon this notice from lord *Pembroke*, I immediately went to lord *Wharton* (which was the first attendance I ever paid him); he was then in a great crowd; I told him my business; he said, he could not then discourse of it with me, but would the next day. I guessed the meaning of that; and saw the very person I expected, just come from him.

Then

58 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

Then I gave him an account of my errand. I think it not convenient to repeat here the particulars of his answer; but the formal part was this. That he was not yet properly lord lieutenant, until he was sworn; that he expected the same application should be made to him, as had been done to other lord lieutenants; that he was very well disposed, &c. I took the boldness to begin answering those objections, and designed to offer some reasons; but he rose suddenly, turned off the discourse, and seemed in haste; so I was forced to take my leave. I had an intention to offer my reasons in a memorial, but was advised, by very good hands, to let it alone, as infallibly to no purpose. And, in short, I observe such a reluctance in some friends, whose credit I would employ, that I begin to think no further of it.

I had writ thus far without receiving a former letter from the archbishop of *Dublin*, wherein he tells me positively that lord *Pembroke* had sent him word the first fruits were granted, and that lord *Wharton* would carry over the queen's letter, &c. I appeal to you, what any man could think after this? neither indeed had I the least suspicion, until Mr. *Addison* told me, he knew nothing of it: and that I had the same account from the treasury. It is wonderful, a great minister should make no difference between a grant and the promise of a grant. And it is as strange, that all I could say would not prevail on him to give me leave to solicit the

finishing of it at the treasury, which could not have taken the least grain of merit from him. Had I the least suspected it had been only a promise, I would have applied to lord *Whar-ton* above two months ago; and so I believe would the archbishop of *Dublin*, from *Ireland*; which might have prevented, at least, the present excuse, of not having had the same application; although others might, I suppose, have been found.

I sent last post, by the lord lieutenant's commands, an inclosed letter, from his excellency, to the lord primate. In answer to a passage in your former letter; Mr. *Stoughton* is recommended for a chaplain to the lord lieutenant. His sermon is much recommended by several here. He is a prudent person, and knows how to time things. Others of somewhat better figure are as wise as he. A bold opinion is a short easy way to merit, and very necessary for those who have no other.

I am extremely afflicted with a cold, and cough attending it, which must excuse any thing ill expressed in this letter. Neither is it a subject in the present circumstances very pleasant to dwell upon.

I am, &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R IX.

London, Sept. 19, 1710.

MY LORD,

I ARRIVED here on *Thursday* last, and enquiring for the two bishops, I found my lord of [g] *Offory* was gone some time ago, and the bishop of *Killaloe* [b] I could not hear of until next day, when I found he was set out early in the morning for *Ireland*; so that the letter to their lordships is so far to no purpose. I cannot yet learn whether they left any papers behind them; neither shall I much enquire; and, to say the truth, I was less solicitous to ask after the bishop of *Killaloe*, when I heard the other was gone. They tell me, all affairs in the treasury are governed by Mr. [i] *Harley*, and that he is the person usually applied to; only of late, my lord *Powlet*, upon what people have talked to him that way, hath exerted himself a little, and endeavours to be as significant as he can. I have opportunities enough of getting some interest with his lordship, who hath formerly done me good offices, although I have no personal acquaintance with him. After which I will apply to Mr. *Har-*

[g] Dr. *John Harstrong*.

[b] Dr. *William Lloid*.

[i] *Robert Harley*, Esq; afterwards earl of *Oxford*, often mentioned in these works.

ley, who formerly made some advances towards me; and, unless he be altered, will, I believe, think himself in the right to use me well: but I am inclined to suspend any particular solicitations until I hear from your grace, and am informed what progress the two bishops have made; and until I receive their papers, with what other directions your grace will please to send me.

Upon my arrival here, I found myself equally caressed by both parties, by one as a sort of bough for drowning men to lay hold of, and by the other as one discontented with the late men in power, for not being thorough in their designs, and therefore ready to approve present things. I was to visit my lord *Godolphin* who gave me a reception very unexpected, and altogether different from what I ever received from any great man in my life; altogether short, dry, and morose, not worth repeating to your grace, until I have the honour to see you: I complained of it to some of his friends, as having, as I thought, for some reasons, deserved much the contrary from his lordship: they said, to excuse him, that he was over-run with spleen and peevishness upon the present posture of affairs, and used no-body better. It may be new to your grace to tell you some circumstances of his removal. A letter was sent him by the groom of the queen's stables, to desire he would break his staff, which would be the easiest way, both to her majesty and him. Mr.

E

Smith,

62 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

Smith, chancellor of the exchequer, happening to come in a little after, my lord broke his staff and flung the pieces in the chimney, desiring Mr. *Smith* to be witness that he had obeyed the queen's commands, and sent him to the queen with a letter, and a message, which Mr. *Smith* delivered, and at the same time surrendered up his own office. The parliament is certainly to be dissolved, although the day is yet uncertain. The remainder of *whigs* in employment are resolved not to resign, and a certain lord told me, he had been the giver of that advice, and did in my presence prevail on an acquaintance of mine in a great post to promise the same thing; only Mr. *Boyle* [k], they say, is resolved to give up. Every body counts infallibly upon a general removal. The duke of *Queensbury*, it is said, will be steward; my lord *Cholmondeley* is gone over to the new interest with great indignation of his friends. It is affirmed by the *tories*, that the great motive of these changes was the absolute necessity of a peace, which they thought the *whigs* were for perpetually delaying. Elections are now managing with greater violence and expence, and more competitors, than ever was known; yet the town is much fuller of people than usual at this time of the year, waiting until they see some issue of the matter. The duke of *Ormond* is much talked of for Ire-

[k] Secretary of state.

land,

land, and I imagine he believeth something of it himself. Mr. *Harley* is looked upon as first minister, and not my lord *Shrewsbury* [1], and his grace helps on the opinion, whether out of policy or truth; upon all occasions professing to stay until he speaks with Mr. *Harley*. The queen continues at *Kensington* indisposed with the gout, of which she hath frequent returns.

I deferred writing to your grace as late as I could this post, until I might have something to entertain you: but there is such an universal uncertainty among those who pretend to know most, that little can be depended on. However, it may be some amusement to tell you the sentiments of people here, and, as bad as they are, I am sure they are the best that are stirring; for it is thought there are not three people in *England* entirely in the secret, nor is it sure, whether even those three

[1] *Charles Talbot*, duke of *Shrewsbury*; who, before the demise of queen *Anne* had been secretary of state, and ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to *Louis XIV.* king of *France*; and, at the death of her majesty, he was lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, lord high treasurer of *England*, and lord chamberlain of the household; three of the highest places of trust, honour and profit, never in the hands of one person before. His grace died without issue, by which the title of duke became extinct; but the title of earl of *Shrewsbury* devolved on *Gilbert Talbot*, a Roman Catholic, the next heir.

64 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

are agreed in what they intend to do. I am,
with great respect,

My Lord, your Grace's

Most obedient and

most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

I have not time to read this and correct the
literal mistakes.

I was to wait on the duke of *Ormond*, and
to set him right in the story of the college,
about the statue [*m*], &c.

L E T T E R X [*n*].

London, October 10, 1710.

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of
Sept. 16, but I was in no pain to acknow-
ledge it, nor shall be at any other time, until
I have something that I think worth trou-
bling you, because I am very sensible how

[*m*] Some young gentlemen of the university took
the truncheon out of the right hand of the equestrian
statue of king WILLIAM III. on *College-Green*,
Dublin, and were expelled for it.

[*n*] This letter being in part only printed in Vol.
XII. Letter III. ending with the words, *than if I*
had writ more in order, and being imperfect there in
other respects, it has been thought proper to print
the whole here.

much

much an insignificant letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise the memorial, &c. in another packet: and I beg your grace to inclose whatever packets you send me (I mean of bulk), under a paper directed to Mr. *Steele* [o], at his office in the cockpit, and not for me at Mr. *Steele's*. I should have been glad the bishop had been here, although I take bishops to be the worst solicitors in the world, except in their own concerns; they cannot give themselves the little troubles of attendance that other men are content to swallow; else, I am sure, their two lordships might have succeeded easier than men of my level can reasonably hope to do.

As soon as I received the packets, I went to wait upon Mr. *Harley* [p]. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last ministry, after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have had me. This happened to be in some sort Mr. *Harley's* own case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest marks of kindness and esteem, as I was whispered that he would, and the more, upon the ill usage I had met with. I sat with him two hours among

[o] Sir *Richard Steele*, often mentioned in these works.

[p] Lord high-treasurer of *England*, created earl of *Oxford*.

company, and two hours we were alone ; where I gave him a history of the whole business, and the steps that had been made in it, which he heard as I could wish, and promised with great readiness his best credit to effect it. I mentioned the difficulties we had met with from lord lieutenants and their secretaries, who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me entirely, and said, neither they nor himself should have the merit of it, but the queen, to whom he would shew my memorial with the first opportunity ; in order, if possible, to have it done in this inter-regnum. I said, it was a great encouragement to the bishops that he was in the treasury, whom they knew to have been the chief adviser of the queen, to grant the same favour in *England*. That the honour and merit of this would certainly be his, next the queen ; but that it was nothing to him who had done so much greater things ; and that, for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of *Ireland*, for giving him an occasion of gratifying the pleasure he took in doing good to the church. He received my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promises with great kindness. I forgot to tell your grace, that when I said I was empowered, &c. he desired to see my powers, and then I heartily wished they had been a little more ample ; and I have since wondered what scruple a number of bishops could have of empowering a clergyman to do the church and
them

them a service, without any prospect or imagination of interest for himself, further than about ten shillings a year.

Mr. *Harley* hath invited me to dine with him to day; but I shall not put him upon this discourse so soon. If he begins it himself, I will add at bottom whatever there is of moment. He said, Mr. secretary *St. John* [q] desires to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together, which may be of further help; although I told him I had no thoughts of applying to any but himself, wherein he differed from me, desiring I would speak to others, if it were but for form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of doing things alone. But an old courtier (an intimate friend of mine) with whom I consulted, advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations, and credit with the queen.

I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lies in my memory; but, perhaps, it may give your grace a truer notion of what passed, than if I had writ in more order. Besides, I am forced to omit the greatest part of what I said, being not proper for a letter at such a distance; for I told very freely the late causes which had stopt this matter, and removed many odious misrepresentations, &c.

I beg whatever letters are sent to bishops or others in this matter, by your grace or the pri-

[q] Afterwards lord viscount *Bolingbroke*.

mate,

68 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

mate, may be inclosed to me, that I may stifle or deliver them, as the course of the affair shall require. As for a letter from your grace to the queen, you say it needs advice; and I am sure it is not from me, who shall not presume to offer; but perhaps from what I have writ, you may form some judgment or other.

As for public affairs, I confess I began this letter on a half sheet, merely to limit myself on a subject with which I did not know whether your grace would be entertained. I am not yet convinced that any access to men in power gives a man more truth or light than the politics of a coffee-house. I have known some great ministers, who would seem to discover the very inside of their hearts, when I was sure they did not value whether I had proclaimed all they had said, at *Charing-Cross*. But I never knew one great minister, who made any scruple to mould the alphabet into whatever words he pleased; or be more difficult about any facts, than his porter is about that of his lord's being at home; so that whoever hath so little to do, as to desire some knowledge in secrets of state, must compare what he hears from several great men, as from one great man, at several times, which is equally different. People were surpris'd, when the court stopt its hands as to further removals: the comptroller, a lord of the admiralty, and some others, told me, they expected every day to be dismissed; but they were all deceived, and the higher Tories are
very

very angry : but some time ago, at *Hampton-Court*, I picked out the reason from a dozen persons ; and told sir *J. Holland*, I would lay a wager he would not lose his staff so soon as he imagined. The ministry are afraid of too great a majority of their own side in the house of commons, and therefore stopt short in their changes ; yet some refiners think they have here gone too far already, for of thirty new members in the present elections, about twenty-six are tories. The duke of *Ormond* seemeth still to stand the fairest for *Ireland* ; altho' I hear some faint hopes they will not nominate very soon. The ruin of the late party was owing to a great number, and a complication of causes which I have had from persons able enough to inform me ; and that is all we can mean by a *good hand*, for the veracity is not to be relied on. The duchess of *Marlborough's* removal hath been seven years working ; that of the treasurer above three, and he was to be dismissed before lord *Sunderland*. Besides the many personal causes, that of breaking measures settled for a peace four years ago had a great weight, when the *French* had complied with all terms, &c. In short, they apprehend the old party to be entirely against a peace, for some time, until they were rivetted fast, too fast to be broke, as they otherwise expected, if the war should conclude too soon. I cannot tell (for it is just come into my head) whether some unanimous addresses, from those who love
the

the church in *Ireland*, or from *Dublin*, or your grace, and the clergy, might not be seasonable; or, whether my lord *Wharton's* being not yet suspended may yet hinder it.

I forgot to tell your grace, that the memorial I gave Mr. *Harley* was drawn up by myself, and was an abstract of what I had said to him; it was as short as I could make it; that which you sent being too long, and of another nature.

I dined to-day with Mr. *Harley*; but I must humbly beg your grace's pardon if I say no more at present, for reasons I may shortly let you know. In the mean time, I desire your grace to believe me, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

most dutiful

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.



LET-

T O D R. K I N G. 71

L E T T E R XI [r].

London, Nov. 4, 1710.

MY LORD,

I AM most unhappily engaged this night, where I cannot write to your grace so long a letter as I intended: but I will make it up in a post or two. I have only now to tell you, that Mr. *Harley* hath given me leave to acquaint my lord primate and your grace, that the queen hath granted the first fruits and twentieth parts to the clergy of *Ireland*. It was done above a fortnight ago; but I was then obliged to keep it a secret, as I hinted to your grace in my last letter. He hath now given me leave to let your grace and my lord primate know it; only desires you will say nothing of it until a letter cometh to you from my lord *Dartmouth*, secretary of state. All I know yet is, that the bishops are to be made a corporation for the disposal of the first fruits, and that the twentieth parts are to be remitted. I will write to your grace the particulars of my negotiation, and some other amusements, very soon. I humbly beg your grace to acquaint my lord primate with this. I had your grace's letter last post, and you will now see, that your letters to the archbishop here are unne-

[r] This and all the following letters to Dr. *King* were, in all the former editions, falsely supposed to be addressed to Dr. *Narcissus Marsh*.

cessary.

cessary. I was a little in pain about the duke of *Ormond*, who, I feared, might interpose in this matter, and be angry it was done without him: but Mr. *Harley* hath very kindly taken this matter upon himself. It was yesterday I dined with him, and he told me all this; and to-morrow I dine with him again, where I may hear more. I shall obey your grace's directions, whether my stay here be further necessary after you have had the letter from the secretary's office. I know not what it will be; but, if any forms remain to finish, I shall be ready to assist in it as I have hitherto done. I have all the reason in the world to be satisfied with Mr. *Harley's* conduct in this whole affair. In three days he spoke of it to the queen, and gave her my memorial, and so continued until he got her grant. I am now in much company, and steal this time to write to your grace. The queen was resolved to have the whole merit of this affair to herself. Mr. *Harley* advised her to it; and, next to her majesty, he is the only person to be thanked. I suppose it will not be many days before you have the letter from my lord *Dartmouth*, and your grace will afterwards signify your commands, if you have any for me. I shall go to the office, and see that a dispatch be made as soon as possible. I am, with the greatest respect,

MY LORD,

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

J. SWIFT.

L E T-

L E T T E R X I I.

London, Nov. 23, 1710.

M Y L O R D,

I H A D your grace's letter not until this day: whether it lay in the secretary's office, or was kept by the wind, I cannot tell; but I would have exposed it immediately whenever it had come. Mr. *Southwell* told me two days ago of the letter your grace mentions, which surpris'd me a good deal, when I remembered I had writ to your grace three weeks ago, that the queen had absolutely granted the first fruits and twentieths, and that Mr. *Harley* had permitted me to signify the same to the primate and your grace. Perhaps that letter might not have reached your grace before that resolution of sending to the duke of *Ormond*; but however, I gave you such an account of my reception from Mr. *Harley*, and his readiness to undertake this affair, and what steps he had already made in it, as I thought would have given you some sight in what way the business was; but Mr. *Harley* charg'd me to tell no body alive, what the queen had resolv'd on, till he gave me leave; and, by the conclusion of a former letter, your grace might see you were to expect some further intelligence very soon. Your grace may remember, that, upon your telling me how backward the bishops

were in giving me a power, I was very unwilling to go at all, and sent the dean of *St. Patrick's* [s] to tell you so; but you thought I could not handsomely put it off, when things were gone so far. Your objection then about the disadvantage I lay under in point of party, I know well enough how to answer, otherwise nothing should have prevailed on me to come hither; and, if my lords the bishops doubt whether I have any credit with the present ministry, I will, if they please, undo this matter in as little time as I have done it. I did reckon your grace understood and believed me in what I said; and I reckon so still, but I will not be at the pains of undeceiving so many. I never proposed to myself either credit or profit by my labour, but the satisfaction of doing good, without valuing whether I had the merit of it or no: but the method now taken, was the likeliest way to set all things backward if it were not past danger. It shall be my business (until my lords the bishops forbid me to engage further) to prevent any misunderstanding with Mr. *Harley* by this sudden step. The thing was all done before the duke of *Ormond* was named for lord lieutenant, so there was no affront at all to him; and Mr. *Harley* told me more than once, that such an interest was the properest, because he thought the queen herself should have the doing of it: but I said a great deal of this in

[s] Dr. *Sterne*, afterwards bishop of *Clogher*.

former

T O D R. K I N G. 75

former letters. If your grace hath any commands for me of your own, I shall obey them with all chearfulness, being, with great respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XIII.

London, Nov. 28, 1710.

MY LORD,

A DAY or two after I received your grace's letter, of the 2d instant, I dined with Mr. *Southwell*, who shewed me the letter of the bishop's, to the duke of *Ormond*, and another letter from the bishop of *Kildare* to Mr. *Southwell*, to desire him to get the papers from me, which I shall send him as soon as I have looked them out. Mr. *Southwell* said, that a month or two hence, when the duke began to think of this journey, it would be time enough to sollicit this affair. Upon this I told him frankly, that the queen had already granted the first fruits, and that I had writ to your grace by Mr. *Harley's* directions, but that my letter did not reach

F 2

you,

76 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

you, until your's was sent to the duke and him; and that therefore I thought it would be a very odd step to begin again. He said, he was glad it was done, and that he did not design to take any of the credit from me, &c. I told him sincerely, it was what I did not regard at all, and, provided the church had the benefit, it was indifferent to me how it came about, and so we parted. I had told the duke of *Ormond* at first, that I would apply myself to Mr. *Harley*, if his grace advised it, which he did; and I afterwards told Mr. *Southwell*, that Mr. *Harley* had been very kind in promising his good offices: further I durst not speak, being under an engagement of secrecy to Mr. *Harley*; and the whole thing was done before the duke was declared lord lieutenant. If your grace considers the time you sent me the paper, you will judge what dispatch was made; in two days after, I delivered a memorial I drew up to Mr. *Harley*, and in less than a fortnight he had treated the matter four times with the queen, and then told me she had granted it absolutely as my memorial desired, but charged me to tell no man alive; and your grace may remember, that one of my letters ended with something as if I were limited, and would say more in a short time [t]. In about a week after, I had leave to inform the primate and your grace, as I did in my letter of the 4th instant [u]. It is to be confi-

[t] Page 70.

[u] Page 71, 72.

dered,

dered, that the queen was all this while at *Hampton-Court* or *Windsor*, so that I think the dispatch was very great. But, indeed, I expected a letter would have been sent from the secretary's office, to signify this matter in due form; and so it will: but Mr. *Harley* had a mind first to bring me to the queen, for that and some other matters; and she came to town not a week ago, and was out of order one day when it was designed I should attend her; and, since, the parliament's beginning hath taken her up: but, in a few days, Mr. *Harley* tells me he will introduce me. This I tell your grace, in confidence only to satisfy you in particular, why the queen hath not yet sent a letter in form. Upon that dispatch to Mr. *Southwell*, I was perplexed to the last degree. I did not value the slighting manner of the bishop of *Kildare's* [w] letter, barely desiring Mr. *Southwell* [x] to call on me for the papers, without any thing further, as if I had been wholly insignificant; but I was at a loss how to behave myself with the duke and Mr. *Harley*. I met the latter yesterday in the court of requests, and he whispered me to dine with him. At dinner, I told him of the dispatch to Mr. *Southwell*, and rallied him for putting me under difficulties with his secrets; that I was running my head against a wall;

[w] Dr. *Welbore Ellis*.

[x] Right hon. *Edward Southwell*, Esq; secretary of state for Ireland.

that he reckoned he had done the church and me a favour; that I should disoblige the duke of *Ormond*; and that the bishops in *Ireland* thought I had done nothing, and had therefore taken away my commission. He told me, your lordship had taken it away in good time for the thing was done; and that, as for the duke of *Ormond*, I need not be uneasy; for he would let his grace know it as soon as he saw him, which would be, in a day or two, at the treasury; and then promised again to carry me to the queen, with the first opportunity. Your grace now sees how the affair stands, and whether I deserve such treatment from the bishops, from every part whereof I wholly exclude your grace, and could only wish my first letter, about the progress I had made, had found so much credit with you, as to have delayed that dispatch until you heard once more from me. I had at least so much discretion, not to pretend I had done more than I really did, but rather less: and, if I had consulted my own interest, I should have employed my credit with the present ministry another way. The bishops are mistaken in me; it is well known here, that I could have made my markets with the last ministry if I had pleased; and the present men in power are very well apprised of it, as your grace may, if I live to see you again; which I certainly never would in *Ireland*, if I did not flatter myself that I can upon a better foot with your grace, than with some other of their lordships. Your
grace

grace is pleased to command me to continue my solicitations; but as now there will be no need of them, so I think my commission is at an end, ever since I had notice of that dispatch to Mr. *Southwell*. However, in obedience to your grace, if there be any thing to be done about expediting the forms, wherein my service can be of use, I will readily perform as far as I am able: but I must tell your grace what gives me the greatest displeasure, that I had hopes to prevail that the queen should in some months be brought to remit the crown-rents, which I named in my memorial; but in an article by itself; and which Mr. *Harley* had given me some hopes of, and I have some private reasons to think, might have been brought about. I mentioned it in the memorial, only as from myself, and therefore if I have an opportunity I shall venture to mention it to the queen, or at least repeat it to Mr. *Harley*. This I do as a private man, whom the bishops no longer own. It is certainly right to pay all civilities and make applications to a lord lieutenant; but without some other means a business may hang long enough, as this of the first fruits did for four years under the duke of *Ormond's* last government, although no man loves the church of *Ireland* better than his grace; but such things are forgot and neglected between the governor and his secretaries, unless solicited by some body who has the business at heart. But I have

80 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

done, and shall trouble your grace no farther upon this affair; and on other occasions while I am here, will endeavour to entertain you with what is like to pass in this busy scene, where all things are taking a new, and, I think, a good turn; and where, if you please, I will write to you, with that freedom I formerly did; and I beg your grace to employ me in any commands you may have here, which I shall be prouder to obey, than to have ever so much merit with some others; being, with perfect respect,

My Lord, your Grace's

Most dutiful and

most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

Your grace will please to direct for me at *St. James's* coffee-house in *St. James's-street*.

Two hundred members supped last night at the Fountain-tavern, where they went to determine about a chairman for elections. *Medlicott* and *Manly* were the two candidates; but the company could not agree, and parted in an ill humour. It is a matter of some moment, and I hope it will be amicably made up; but the great rock we are afraid of, is a dissension among the majority,

T O D R. K I N G. 81

majority, because the weakest part, when they grow discontented, know where to retire, and be received.

L E T T E R XIV[y].

London, Dec. 30, 1710.

MY LORD,

I HAVE just received your grace's letter of the 16th, and I was going however to write again to your grace, not upon business, but to amuse you with something from hence, which no man wants more than your grace, considering the variety of other people's affairs you have always on your hands, as well as the church's and your own, which are the same thing. The duke of *Ormond* told me the other day, that the [z] primate declined very fast, and was hardly able to sign a paper. I said, I wondered they would put him in the government, when every one knew he was a dying man this twelvemonth past. I hope, for the church's good, that your grace's friends will do their duty in representing you as the person the kingdom wisheth to succeed him. I know not how your dispositions stand that way. I know my lord president hath great credit at present, and I understood him to be a friend to your grace. I can only say, I

[y] This should have been inserted after Letter VI. Vol. XII.

[z] Dr. *Marſh*.

F 5

have

82 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

have no regard to your interest in this, but that of the church; and therefore should be very glad to drop in a word where it lieth in my way, if I thought it would not be disagreeable to you. I dread their sending a person from hence, which I shall venture to prevent with all the little credit I have, and should be glad to see a primate of our own kingdom and university; and that is all I shall venture to say on this subject.

Marshal *Staremberg* [a] hath certainly got to *Saragossa* with 7000 men, and the duke of *Vendosme* [b] hath sent him his equipage. Mr. *Stanhope* [c] was positive to part forces with *Staremberg*, which occasioned this loss; and when the battle was, they were several miles asunder. The duke of *Marlborough* was yesterday an hour with the queen; it was set him at twelve at noon, when it was likely his visit should be shortest. Mr. *St. John* was with her just before, and Mr. *Harley* just after. The duke's behaviour was with the most abject submission; that he was the meanest of her majesty's instruments; her humble creature; a poor worm, &c. This I had from a lord to whom the queen told it: for the ministers never tell any thing; and it is only by picking out and comparing,

[a] General and commander of the *Imperial* forces in *Spain*.

[b] Commander of the *French*.

[c] General *Stanhope*, commander of the *English*. He was created an earl by *George I*.

that

that one can ever be the wiser for them. I took leave yesterday of lord *Peterborow*, who is going in a day or two to *Vienna*: I said, I wished he were going to *Spain*; he told me, he hoped his present journey would be to more purpose; and, by what I can gather, they will use all means to make as speedy a peace as possible, with safety and honour. Lord *Rivers* [d] tells me he will not set out for *Hanover* this month. I asked him about his late reception there, because the town was full of stories about it: he assured me he could not desire a better; and, if it were otherwise, I believe he would be hardly pitched upon to be sent again. The young people in parliament are very eager to have some enquiries made into past managements, and are a little angry with the slackness of the ministry upon that article; they say, they have told those who sent them, that the queen's calling a new parliament was to correct and look into former abuses; and, if something of the latter be not done, they know not how to answer it. I am not altogether satisfied how the ministry is disposed in this point. Your grace hath heard there was much talk lately of Sir *Richard Levinge's* [e] design to impeach lord *Wharton*; and several persons of great consideration in the house assured me,

[d] *Richard Savage*, earl *Rivers*, her majesty's minister and plenipotentiary to *Hanover*.

[e] Speaker of the house of commons, and lord chief justice of the king's-bench,

84 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

they would give him all encouragement; and I have reason to know, it would be acceptable to the court: but Sir *Richard* is the most timorous man alive, and they all begin to look upon him in that character, and to hope nothing from him: however, they talk of some other enquiries when the parliament meets after this recess; and it is often in people's mouths, that *February* will be a warm month; but this I can affirm nothing of, and I hope your grace will distinguish between what I affirm, and what I report: as to the first you may securely count upon it; the other you will please to take as it is sent.

Since the letter from the bishops to the duke of *Ormond*, I have been a much cooler solicitor; for I look upon myself no longer a deputed person. Your grace may be fully satisfied, that the thing is granted, because I had orders to report it to you from the prime minister; the rest is form, and may be done at any time: as for bringing the letter over myself, I must again profess to your grace, that I do not regard the reputation of it at all; perhaps I might if I were in *Ireland*; but, when I am on this side, a certain pride seizeth me from very different usage I met with, which maketh me look on things in another light: but, besides, I beg to tell your grace in confidence, that the ministry have desired me to continue here some time longer, for certain reasons, that I may some time have the honour to tell you. As for every body's knowing what is done in the
first

first fruits, it was I that told it; for, after I saw the bishop's letter, I let every one know it in perfect spight, and told Mr. *Harley* and Mr. secretary *St. John* so. However, in humble deference to your grace's opinion, and not to appear fullen, I did yesterday complain to Mr. secretary *St. John*, that Mr. *Harley* had not yet got the letter from the queen to confirm the grant of the first fruits; that I had lost reputation by it; and that I took it very ill of them both; and that their excuses of parliament business, and grief for the loss in *Spain*, were what I would bear no longer. He took all I said very well, and desired I would call on him to-morrow morning, and he would engage, if Mr. *Harley* had not done it, he himself would in a day or two. As soon as there is any issue of this, I shall inform your grace; and I have reason to think it is a trifle they will not refuse me.

I have had from other hands some accounts of that ridiculous plot your grace mentions, but it is not yet talked of here, neither have any of the ministry mentioned a word of it to me, although they are well apprised of some affairs in *Ireland*; for I had two papers given me by a great man, one about the sentence of the defacers of the statue [*f*], and the other about a tryal before the lord chief justice *Broderick*, for some words in the north, spoke by a clergyman against the

[*f*] See page 64.

queen.

86 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

queen. I suppose your grace reckons upon a new parliament in *Ireland*, with some alterations in the council, the law, and the revenue. Your grace is the most exact correspondent I ever had, and the dean of *St. Patrick's* directly contrary, which I hope you will remember to say to him upon the occasion.

I am, with the greatest respect,

my Lord, your Grace's most dutiful,

And most humble servant,

J. S W I F T.

I have read over this letter, and find several things relating to affairs here, that are said in perfect confidence to your grace: if they are told again, I only desire it may not be known from what hand they came.

L E T T E R X V .

London, Jan. 4, 1710-11.

MY LORD,

HAVING writ to your grace so lately, I only now make bold to let you know, that on *Tuesday* I was to wait on Mr. secretary *St. John*, who told me from Mr. *Harley*, that I need not be in pain about the first
fruits,

fruits, for the warrant was drawn in order towards a patent; but must pass two several forms, and take up some time, for the queen designeth to make a grant by her letters patent. I shall take all due methods to hasten it as far as I am able, but in these cases they are generally pretty tedious. Mr. *Harley* likewise sent me the same day by another person the same message. I dined with him about four days ago; but, there being much company, and he going away in haste pretty soon after dinner, he had not time to tell me so himself. Indeed he hath been so ready to do every thing in this matter as I would have him, that he never needed pressing, which, considering both the weight and difficulty of affairs at present on his shoulders, is very extraordinary, and what I never met from a great minister before. I had thought, and so Mr. *Harley* told me, that the queen would have sent a letter to the bishops; but this is a shorter way, and I hope your grace will like it. I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I am told from a good hand, that in a short time the house of commons will fall upon some enquiries into the late management.

I took

88 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

I took leave yesterday of lord *Peterborough*, who, I suppose, is this day set out on his journey to *Vienna*; he is a little discouraged, and told me, he did not hope for any great success in what he went upon. He is one of those many who are mightily bent upon having some such enquiries made, as I have mentioned.

L E T T E R X V I.

London, March 8, 1710-11.

MY LORD,

I WRITE to your grace under the greatest disturbance of mind for the publick and myself. A gentleman came in where I dined this afternoon, and told us Mr. *Harley* was stabbed, and some confused particulars. I immediately ran to secretary *St. John's* hard by, but nobody was at home; I met Mrs. *St. John* in her chair, who could not satisfy me, but was in pain about the secretary, who, as she heard, had killed the murderer. I went straight to Mr. *Harley's*, where abundance of people were to enquire. I got young Mr. *Harley* to me; he said his father was asleep, and they hoped in no danger, and then told me the fact, as I shall relate it to your grace. This day the marquis *de Guiscard* was taken up for high-treason, by a warrant of Mr. *St. John*, and examined before a committee of council in Mr. *St. John's*

T O D R. K I N G.

John's office, where were present, the duke of Ormond, Buckingham, Shrewsbury, earl Powlet, Mr. Harley, Mr. St. John, and others. During examination, Mr. Harley observed *Guiscard*, who stood behind him, but on one side, swearing and looking disrespectfully. He told him he ought to behave himself better, while he was examined for such a crime. *Guiscard* immediately drew a penknife out of his pocket, which he had picked out of some of the offices, and reaching round stabbed him just under the breast, a little to the right side; but it pleased God that the point stopped at one of the ribs, and broke short half an inch. Immediately Mr. St. John rose, drew his sword, and ran it into *Guiscard's* breast. Five or six more of the council drew, and stabbed *Guiscard* in several places: but the earl Powlet called out, for God's sake, to spare *Guiscard's* life, that he might be made an example, and Mr. St. John's sword was taken from him, and broke, and the footmen without ran in, and bound *Guiscard*, who begged he might be killed immediately; and, they say, called out three or four times, My lord Ormond, my lord Ormond. They say *Guiscard* resisted them a while, until the footmen came in. Immediately *Bucier* the surgeon was sent for, who dressed Mr. Harley, and he was sent home. The wound bled fresh, and they do not apprehend him in danger: he said, when he came home he thought himself in
none;

none; and when I was there he was asleep, and they did not find him at all feverish. He hath been ill this week, and told me last *Saturday*, he found himself much out of order, and hath been abroad but twice since, so that the only danger is, lest his being out of order, should, with the wound, put him in a fever, and I shall be in mighty pain 'till to-morrow morning. I went back to poor Mrs. *St. John*, who told me, her husband was with my lord keeper [g], at Mr. *Attorney's*, and she said something to me very remarkable: that, going to day to pay her duty to the queen, when all the men and ladies were dressed to make their appearance, this being the day of the queen's accession, the lady of the bed-chamber in waiting told her the queen had not been at church, and saw no company; yet, when she enquired her health, they said she was very well, only had a little cold. We conceive, the queen's reason for not going out, might be something about this seizing of *Guiscard* for high treason, and that perhaps there was some plot, or something extraordinary. Your grace must have heard of this *Guiscard*: he fled from *France* for villainies there, and was thought on to head an invasion of that kingdom, but was not liked. I know him well, and think him a fellow of little consequence, although of some cunning, and much villainy.

[g] Sir *Simon Harcourt*, afterwards created lord baron of *Stanton Harcourt*.

We

We passed by one another this day in the mall, at two o'clock, an hour before he was taken up, and I wondered he did not speak to me.

I write all this to your grace, because I believe you would desire to know a true account of so important an accident; and besides, I know you will have a thousand false ones; and I believe every material circumstance here is true, having it from young Mr. *Harley* [b]. I met sir *Thomas Mansel* (it was then after six this evening); and he and Mr. *Prior* told me, they had just seen *Guiscard* carried by in a chair, with a strong guard, to *Newgate*, or the *Press-Yard*. Time, perhaps, will shew who was at the bottom of all this; but nothing could happen so unluckily to *England* at this juncture, as Mr. *Harley's* death, when he hath all the schemes for the greatest part of the supplies in his head, and the parliament cannot stir a step without him. Neither can I altogether forget myself, who, in him, should lose a person I have more obligations to, than any other in this kingdom; who hath always treated me with the tenderness of a parent, and never refused me any favour I asked for a friend; therefore I hope your grace will excuse the disorder of this letter. I was intending, this night, to have writ one of an-

[b] See a more particular account of this whole transaction in *Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry*, vol. XV. pag. 32. See also, in vol. VIII. *The Examiner*, N^o. xxxii.

92 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

other sort.—I must needs say, one great reason for writing these particulars to your grace, was, that you might be able to give a true account of the fact, which will be some sort of service to Mr. *Harley*. I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I have read over what I write, and find it confused and incorrect, which your grace must impute to the violent pain of mind I am in, greater than ever I felt in my life.—It must have been the utmost height of desperate guilt, which could have spirited that wretch to such an action. I have not heard whether his wounds are dangerous, but I pray God he may recover to receive his reward, and that we may learn the bottom of his villainy. It is not above ten days ago, that I was interceding with the secretary, in his behalf, because I heard he was just starving; but the secretary assured me he had 400 *l.* a year pension.

LET-

L E T T E R XVII.

London, April 10, 1711.

MY LORD,

I H A D lately the honour of a letter from your grace, and waited to acknowledge it until something material should happen, that might recompence the trouble. My occasion of writing to you at present is purely personal to your grace. A report was beginning to run here, by some letters from *Ireland*, that your grace had applied the passage you mention of *Rufus*, in a speech you made to your clergy, which I ventured to contradict as an impossibility, and inconsistent with your general opinion, and what was in your letter. Mr. *Southwell* and Mr. *Dopping* were of the same mind, and the former says, he hath writ to your grace about it. I should have thought no more of the matter, but let it spend like an idle story below notice; only dining last *Sunday* with one of the principal secretaries of state, he gave me a letter to read, which he had just received from the printer of the newspaper called the *POST-BOY*, in which was a transcript of a letter from *Dublin*, and the secretary being mentioned in that transcript, the man would not publish it without his advice. It contained an account how the news of Mr. *Harley's* being stabbed had been

been received by the whigs in *Dublin*; of which he produced some instances. Then he mentions the passage out of *Tacitus*, and concludes thus: *The first that mentioned it was the archbishop of Dublin, who took notice of it first at a meeting of his clergy; and afterwards, in the hearing of several persons, was reprimanded for it in a civil, though sharp manner, by one of the chief ministers there, well known for his steady loyalty to her majesty, and his zealous service to the church of England, under her late perilous trial.* I immediately told the secretary, that I knew this must be false and misrepresented, and that he must give me leave to scratch out that passage, which I accordingly did; and, for fear of any mistake, I made him give me afterwards the whole letter, that I might have it in my power. The next day I sent for the printer, and told him what I had done, and, upon further thoughts, I stifled the whole letter, and the secretary approved of it. I likewise told the printer, that when he had any thing relating to *Ireland*, I had the secretary's order (which was true) to send it me, that he might not do injury to men's reputations, by what was represented to him from ignorant or malicious hands in that kingdom. The letter was to have been printed this day in the **POST-BOY**, with that conclusion reflecting on your grace, which is happily prevented; for, although your character and station place you above the

I

the malice of little people, yet your friends would be extremely concerned to see your name made so bold with in a common newspaper.

I humbly hope your grace will not disapprove of what I have done ; at least I have gratified my own inclination, in the desire of serving you ; and besides, had the opportunity of giving Mr. Secretary some part of your character.

I dare lay a wager, that all this happened by the gross understandings of some people, who misunderstood and misapplied something very innocent that came from your grace. I must be so bold to say, that people in that kingdom do very ill understand raillery. I can railly much safer here with a great minister of state, or a dutchess, than I durst do there with an attorney or his wife. And I can venture to railly with your grace, although I could not do it with many of your clergy. I myself have been a witness, when want of common sense hath made people offended with your grace, where they ought to have been most pleased. I say things every day at the best tables, which I should be turned out of company for if I were in *Ireland*.

Here is one Mr. *Richardson*, a clergyman, who is solliciting an affair that I find your grace approveth, and therefore I do him all the service I can in it.

We are now full of the business of the *Irisb* yarn ; and I attend among the rest to en-
gage

96 · LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

gage the members I am acquainted with in our interest. To-morrow we expect it will come on.

I will shortly write to your grace some account how public affairs stand: we hope Mr. *Harley* will be abroad in a week.

We have news from *Brussels*, that the dauphin is dead of an apoplexy. I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

J O N. S W I F T.

I wish your grace would inclose your commands to me, directed to *Erasmus Lewis*, Esq; at my lord *Dartmouth's* office at *Whitehall*; for I have left off going to coffee-houses.

L E T T E R XVIII.

Chelsea, May, 10, 1711.

MY LORD,

I H A V E had your grace's letter of *April* 19, some time by me, but deferred my answer until I could give some account of what

what use I had made of it. I went immediately to Mr. secretary *St. John*, and read most of it to him; he was extremely satisfied, and very glad that scandalous account, designed to be printed in the *Post-Boy*, was suppressed. Mr. *Harley* was not then quite well enough; so I ventured (and hope your grace will not disapprove it) to shew your letter to a gentleman who hath a great respect for your grace, and who told me several others of *Ireland* were possessed of that report. I trusted the letter with him, and gave him leave to read it to them, which he told me he did, and that they were all entirely convinced: and, indeed, as far as I can find, the report is quite blown over, and hath left no impression. While your grace's letter was out of my hands; dining with Mr. *Harley*, he said to me, almost as soon as he saw me, *How came the archbishop of Dublin and I to fall out?* I told him I knew what he meant; but your grace was altogether misrepresented, and it must come from some infamous rascals, of which there never wants a sett in that kingdom, who make it their business to send wrong characters here, &c. He answered, that he believed and knew it was as I said. I added, that I had the honour to be long known to your grace, and that you were the last man in the kingdom, upon whom such a report could be fixed with any probability; and that, since he was pleased to mention this matter first, he must give me

G me

me leave, the next time I saw him, to read a letter I had from your grace in answer to one of mine, wherein I had told you of such a report; he said, there was no need, for he firmly believed me. I answered smiling, that should not do, for I would never suffer a person for whom I had so great an esteem, to lie under the least suspicion of any thing wrong. Last *Saturday*, after dinner, I was again to wait on him. On that day of the week, my lord keeper, my lord *Rivers*, and Mr. secretary *St. John*, always used to dine with him before this accident, and sometimes they used to let me be of the company. This was the first *Saturday* they had met since his recovery; and I was in such joy to see the old club met again, that it affecteth me still, as your grace sees by my impertinence in mixing it with an account that only relates to yourself. I read those parts of your letter to him which I thought proper, and both he and the company did very frankly acquit your grace; and Mr. *Harley* in particular spoke a good deal of his respect and esteem for you; and then he repeated, that it was no new thing to receive lyes from *Ireland*: which I doubt is so true, that no man of distinction in that kingdom is safe; and I wish it were possible to take some course to prevent the evil.

As for libels upon your grace, bating my concern for the souls of the writers, I should give you joy of them. You would less deserve

serve your station, if knaves and fools did not hate you ; and while these sects continue, may your grace and all good men be the object of their aversion.

My lord keeper, Mr. *Harley*, and one or two more, are immediately to be made peers : the town hath been expecting it for some time, although the court make it yet a secret ; but I can assure your grace of the truth, for the preambles to their patents are now drawing, and I saw a very handsome one for Mr. *Harley*. You will please not to mention this particular, although it will be soon publick, but it is yet kept mighty private. Mr. *Harley* is to be lord treasurer. Perhaps, before the post leaves this town, all this will be openly told, and then I may be laughed at for being so mysterious ; but so capricious are great men in their secrets. The first authentick assurances I had of these promotions was last *Sunday*, though the expectation hath been strong for above a month. We suppose, likewise, that many changes will be made in the employments as soon as the session endeth, which will be, I believe, in less than a fortnight.

Poor Sir *Cholmondely Deering*, of *Kent*, was yesterday in a duel shot through the body, by one Mr. *Thornhill*, in *Tothilfields*, and died in some hours.

I never mention any thing of the first fruits either to Mr. *Harley* or the duke of *Ormond*. If it be done before his grace goes over, it is well, and there's an end : if not, I shall

100 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

have the best opportunity of doing it in his absence ; if I should speak of it now, perhaps it would be so contrived as to hinder me from soliciting it afterwards ; but as soon as the duke is gone, I shall learn at the treasury what he hath done in it. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful and

obliged humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

I have been at this town this fortnight for my health, and to be under a necessity of walking to and from *London* every day. But your grace will please still to direct your letter under cover to Mr. *Lewis*.

L E T T E R XIX.

London, July 12, 1711.

MY LORD,

I NOW conceive your grace begins to be a busy person in council, and parliament and convocation, and perhaps may be content to be diverted now and then by an idle letter from hence. We have an empty town, the queen being settled at *Windsor*, and the ministers often there. We are so weary with expecting further

ther removals, that we begin to drop the discourse : neither am I sure, whether those in power may not differ a little in opinion as to that matter. However, it seemeth generally agreed, that there will be many changes before next session, and that it is necessary there should be so. My lord *Peterborough* [i] hath been some time returned, and I have had a good deal of talk with him ; or rather, he hath talked a good deal to me. He is mightily discontented with what I writ to him, and which he findeth to be true, that there seemeth a general disposition among us towards a peace. He thinketh his successful negotiations with the emperor and the duke of *Savoy* have put us in a better condition than ever to continue the war, and will engage to convince me, that *Spain* is yet to be had if we take proper measures. Your grace knoweth he is a person of great talents, but dashed with something restless and capricious in his nature. He told me he came over without being recalled, and without one servant, having scattered them in several parts of *Germany*. I doubt he will not have credit enough with the ministry to make them follow his plans ; and he is such a sort of person as may give good advice, which wise men may reasonably refuse to follow. It seemeth to me that the ministry lie under a grievous dilemma from the difficulty of continuing the war, and the dan-

[i] See his character in vol. II.

ger of an ill peace, which I doubt whether all their credit with the queen and country would support them under: but my lord treasurer is a stranger to fear, and hath all that courage which innocence and good sense can give a man, and the most free from avarice of any one living; both which are absolutely necessary for his station in this juncture. He was saying a thing to me some days ago, which I believe is the great maxim he proceedeth by, that wisdom in publick affairs was not what is commonly believed the forming of schemes with remote views; but the making use of such incidents as happen. It was thought my lord *Marr* [k] would have succeeded as secretary upon the duke of *Queensbury's* death; but the court seemeth now disposed to have no third secretary, which was a useless charge. The queen hath been extremely ill, so as for four and twenty hours people were in great pain; but she hath been since much better, and voided abundance of gravel, &c. Our expedition under Mr. *Hill* is said to be towards the South-seas, but nothing is known: I told a great man, who is deepest in the project of it, that I had no good opinion of these expeditions, which hitherto never succeeded with us. He said, he would venture ten to one upon the success of it, provided no ill accident happened by storms;

[k] This earl of *Marr* was one of the first that entered into the rebellion in *Scotland* in favour of the pretender in the year 1715.

and

and that it was concerted with three or four great princes abroad.

As to the first fruits, I must inform your grace, that the whole affair lieth exactly as it did for some months past. The duke and his people never thought, or at least never meddled in it, until some days before they went, and then they were told it was already done; and my lord treasurer directed that it should be an instruction to the lord lieutenant to mention in his speech to parliament, that the queen had done it, &c. But they took no sort of care to finish the matter, and carry the instrument over with them, which they might have done, had they begun timely, and applied themselves; and as the bishops superseded me, I did not presume to meddle further in it: but I think this may be a lesson, that in all such cases as these it is necessary to have some good solicitor, and not leave things wholly to great men: nay, so little did the duke engage in this matter, that my lord treasurer told me yesterday (although that is a secret) that the very draught they had made upon my application was some way or other mislaid between the queen and himself, and could not be found; but, however, that another should soon be drawn: and his lordship commanded me to inform your grace and my lords the bishops, that with the first convenience the instrument should be prepared and sent over, which your grace will please to let them know. I was of opinion with my lord treasurer, that
it

it should be done by a deed from the queen, without an act of parliament, and that the bishops should be made a corporation for the management of it. Your grace sees I write with much freedom, because I am sure I can do it safely.

I have been engaging my lord treasurer and the other great men in a project of my own, which they tell me they will embrace, especially his lordship. He is to erect some kind of society or academy, under the patronage of the ministers and protection of the queen, for correcting, enlarging, polishing, and fixing our language. The methods must be left to the society; only I am writing a letter to my lord treasurer by way of proposals and some general hints, which I design to publish, and he expecteth from me. All this may come to nothing, although I find the ingenious and learned men of all my acquaintance fall readily in with it; and so I hope will your grace, if the design can be well executed. I would desire at leisure some of your grace's thoughts on this matter.

I hope your grace will take advantage of the times, and see whether your violent house of commons will fall in with some good law for the benefit of the church, as their much betters have done it here: and I think the convocation could not be better employed than in considering what good law is wanting for the church, and endeavour to have it passed, rather than in brangling upon trifles.

The

T O D R. K I N G. 105

The church hath so few happy occasions, that we ought to let none of them slip. I take up too much of your grace's time; and therefore, begging your prayers and blessing, I remain, with the greatest respect,

Your Grace's

Most dutiful

humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XX.

London, Aug. 15, 1711.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been at *Windsor* a fortnight, from whence I returned two days ago, and met a letter at my lodgings from your grace dated *July 25*. I was told it was sent to Mr. *Manly's* house (your postmaster's son), and by him to me; so that I suppose your grace did not direct to Mr. *Lewis* as formerly, otherwise I should have had it at *Windsor*. The ministers go usually down to *Windsor* on *Saturday*, and return on *Monday* or *Tuesday* following. I had little opportunity of talking with my lord treasurer, seeing him only at court, or at suppers at third places, or in much company at his own lodgings. Yesterday I went to visit him
after

after dinner, but did not stay above an hour, because business called him out. I read to him that part of your grace's letter which expresseth your grace's respects to him, and he received them perfectly well. He told me he had lately received a letter from the bishops of *Ireland*, subscribed (as I remember) by seventeen, acknowledging his favour about the first fruits. I told his lordship, that some people in *Ireland* doubted whether the queen had granted them before the duke of *Ormond* was declared lieutenant; Yes, he said, sure I remembered it was immediately upon my application. I said, I heard the duke himself took no merit on that account. He answered, No, he was sure he did not, he was the honestest gentleman alive: But, said he, it is the queen that did it, and she alone shall have the merit; and I must be so free as to tell your grace that the grudging, ungrateful manner of some people, which upon several occasions I could not but give him hints of for my justification, hath not been prudent. I am sure it hath hindered me from any thoughts of pursuing another affair of yet greater consequence, which I had good hopes of compassing. What can be the matter with those people? do I ask either money or thanks of them? have I done any hurt to the business? my lord treasurer told me, he had sent the letter over about the first fruits. I never enquired into the particulars: he says, he will very soon answer the bishops letter to himself, and will shew me both letter and answer; but I shall not put him in mind, unless
he

he remembers it of his own accord. Nor, with great submission to your grace, can I prevail on my own pride to desire he would make any mention of me in his answer. Your grace is convinced, that, unless I write a heap of lyes, the queen had granted that affair before my lord duke was named. I desire to convince no body else; and, since the thing is done, it is not of any consequence who were instrumental in it. I could not forbear yesterday reminding my lord treasurer of what I said to Mr. *Southwell* before his lordship, when he came to take his leave before he went to *Ireland*; which was, that I hoped Mr. *Southwell* would let the bishops and clergy of *Ireland* know that my lord treasurer had long since (before the duke was governor) prevailed on the queen to remit the first fruits, &c. and that it was his lordship's work, as the grant of the same favour in *England* had formerly been. My lord treasurer did then acknowledge it before Mr. *Southwell*, and I think Mr. *Southwell* should have acted accordingly; but there is a great deal of ignorance, as well as ill will, in all this matter. The duke of *Ormond* himself, had he engaged in it, could only act as a solicitor. Every body knows, that the lord treasurer in such cases must be applied to (and only he) by the greatest persons. I should think the people of *Ireland* might rather be pleased to see one of their own country able to find some credit at court, and in a capacity to serve them,
 especially

especially one who doth it without any other prospect than that of serving them. I know not any of the bishops from whom I can expect any favour, and there are not many upon whom a man of any figure could have such designs; but I will be revenged; for, whenever it lieth in my power, I will serve the church and kingdom, although they should use me much worse. I shall dine to-morrow with the lord treasurer, and perhaps I may then see the answer he is to write. I thought to have sent this letter away to night; but I have been interrupted by business. I go to *Windsor* again on *Saturday* for a day or two, but I will leave this behind to be sent to the post.

August 21. I had wrote thus far, and was forced to leave off, being hurried away to *Windsor* by my lord treasurer, from whence I returned but last night. His lordship gave me a paper, which he said he had promised me; I put it in my pocket, thinking it was about something else we had been talking over; and I never looked into it until just now, when I find it to be my lord primate's letter to his lordship, with an enclosed one from the bishops. With submission, I take it to be dry enough, although I shall not tell his lordship so. They say they *are informed his lordship had a great part in, &c.* I think they should either have told who it was informed them so, since it was a person commissioned by themselves; or, at least have said they were *assured*. And as for those two words, *a great part*, I

4

know

know no body else had any, except the queen herself. I cannot tell whether my lord had writ an answer, having said nothing to him of it since he gave me the letters, nor shall I desire to see it.

As to the convocation, I remember both my lord treasurer and Mr. *St. John* spoke to me about the matter, and were of the same opinion with your grace, that it was wholly in the queen's choice; I excused giving my opinion, being wholly uninformed; and I have heard nothing of it since.

My lord keeper gave me yesterday a bundle of *Irish* votes at *Windsor*, and we talked a good deal about the quarrel between the lords and commons: I said the fault lay in not dissolving the parliament; which I had mentioned to the duke of *Ormond*, and often to some of those who were thought to have most credit with him. But they seemed to believe, as I did, that any *Irish* parliament would yield to any thing that any chief governor pleased; and so it would be a needless trouble.

We reckon for certain, that Mr. *Hill* with his fleet is gone to *Quebec*.

Mrs. *Masham* [1] is every minute expecting to lye in. Pray God preserve her life, which is of great importance. I am, with the greatest respect, My Lord,

Your Grace's most humble Servant,
J O N. S W I F T.

[1] This lady's husband, *Charles Masham*, Esq; was created baron *Masham* of *Oates*, in the county of *Essex*, Dec. 31, 1711.

110 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

The queen has got a light fit of the gout. The privy seal is not yet disposed of.

L E T T E R XXI.

Windsor-Castle, Oct. 1, 1711.

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of a long letter from your grace just a month ago, which I forfore acknowledging sooner, because I have been ever since perpetually tossed between this and *London*, and, partly, because there had nothing happened that might make the letter worthy the perusal. It is the opinion of some great persons here, that the words which the house of commons took amiss in your address, might very well bear an application that concerned only my lord *Wharton*. I find they are against my opinion, that a new parliament should have been called; but all agree it must now be dissolved: but, in short, we are so extremely busy here, that nothing of *Ireland* is talked on above a day or two; that of the city [*m*] election I have ofteneft heard of; and the proceeding of your court in it, it is thought, might have been wiser. I find your grace seemeth to be of my opinion, and so I told my lord treasurer. I think your *Kilmainham* [*n*] project of an address was a

[*m*] *Dublin*.

[*n*] The high sheriff and the grand jury of the county of *Dublin* meet here, and prepare addresses; examine affidavits, and find bills of indictment. Civil and criminal causes are also tried here.

very

very foolish one, and that for the reason of those who were against it. I hope *Ireland* will soon be equally convinced with us here, that, if the pretender be in any body's thoughts, it is of those they least dream, and who now are in no condition of doing mischief to any but themselves. As for your convocation, I believe every thing there will terminate in good wishes. You can do nothing now, and will not meet again these two years, and then I suppose only to give money, and away. There should, methinks, in the interval, be some proposals considered and agreed upon by the bishops and principal men of the clergy, to have all ready against the next meeting; and even that I despair of, for a thousand reasons too tedious to mention.

My admiring at the old proceedings of those among the bishops and clergy who are angry with me for getting their first fruits was but a form of speech. I cannot sincerely wonder at any proceedings in numbers of men, and especially (I must venture to say so) in *Ireland*. Mean time, it is a good jest to hear my lord treasurer saying often, before a deal of company, that it was I that got the clergy of *Ireland* their first fruits; and, generally, with this addition, that it was before the duke of *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant. His lordship hath long designed an answer to the letter he received from the bishops; he hath told me ten times, he would do it to-morrow. He goeth to *London* this day, but I continue

H 2

here



here for a week. I shall refresh his memory, and engage my lord *Harley* his son to do so too.

I suppose your grace cannot but hear in general of some steps that are making towards a peace. There came out some time ago an account of *Mr. Prior's* journey to *France*, pretended to be a translation; it is a pure invention from beginning to the end. I will let your grace into the secret of it. The clamours of a party against any peace without *Spain*, and railing at the ministry, as if they designed to ruin us, occasioned that production, out of indignity and contempt, by way of furnishing fools with something to talk of; and it hath had a very great effect. Mean time, your grace may count that a peace is going forward very fast.—*Mr. Prior* was actually in *France*, and there are now two ministers from that court in *London*, which you may be pretty sure of, if you believe what I tell you, that I supped with them myself in the house where I am now writing, *Saturday* last: neither do I find it to be a very great secret; for there were two gentlemen more with us besides the inviter. However, I desire your grace to say nothing of it, because it may look like lightness in me to tell it: *Mr. Prior* was with us too, but what their names are I cannot tell; for I believe those they passed by when I was there are not the real ones. All matters are agreed between *France* and us, and very much to the advantage and honour of *England*; but I believe no
 4 further

further steps will be taken without giving notice to the allies. I do not tell your grace one syllable, as coming from any great minister, and therefore I do not betray them. But there are no other ways of picking out things in a court: however, I must desire you will not discover any of these little particulars, nor cite me upon any account at all; for great men may think I tell things from them, although I have them from other hands; in which last case only, I venture to repeat them to one I can confide in, and one at so great a distance as your grace.

I humbly thank your grace for the good opinion you are pleased to have of me, and for your advice which seemeth to be wholly grounded on it. As to the first, which relateth to my fortune, I shall never be able to make myself believed how indifferent I am about it. I sometimes have the pleasure of making that of others; and I fear it is too great a pleasure to be a virtue, at least in me. When I was last in *Ireland*, I was above half the time retired to one scurvy acre of ground, and I always left it with regret. I am as well received and known at court, as perhaps any man ever of my level; I have formerly been the like. I left it then, and will perhaps leave it now (when they please to let me), without any concern, but what a few months will remove. It is my maxim to leave great ministers to do as they please; and, if I cannot distinguish myself enough by being useful in such a way as becometh a man of

114 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

conscience and honour, I can do no more; for I never will solicit for myself, although I often do for others.

The other part of your grace's advice, to be some way useful to the church and to the publick by any talent you are pleased to think I possess, is the only thing for which I should desire some settlement that would make me full master of my time. I have often thought of some subjects, wherein I believed I might succeed: but, my lord, to ask a man floating at sea what he designed to do when he goes on shore, is too hasty a question: let him get there first, and rest and dry himself, and then look about him. I have been pretty well known to several great men in my life; and it was their duty, if they thought I might have been of use, to put me into a capacity for it; but I never yet knew one great man in my life, who was not every day swayed by other motives in distributing his favours, whatever resolutions he had pretended to make to the contrary. I was saying a thing the other day to my lord keeper, which he approved of, and which I believe may be the reason of this: it was, that persons of transcendent merit forced their way in spite of all obstacles; but those whose merit was of a second, third, or fourth rate, were seldom able to do any thing; because the knaves and dunces of the world had all the impudence, assiduity, flattery, and servile compliance divided among them, which kept them perpetually

tually in the way, and engaged every body to be their sollicitors. I was asking a great minister, a month ago, how he could possibly happen to pick out a certain person to employ in a commission of discovering abuses, who was the most notorious for the constant practice of the greatest abuses in that very kind, and was very well known not to be at all reformed? He said he knew all this; but what would I have him to do? I answered, send any one of your footmen, and command him to chuse out the first likely, genteel fellow he sees in the streets; for such a one might possibly be honest, but he was sure the other was not, and yet they have employed him.

I promise your grace that this shall be the last folly I will ever make to a court, and that I will return as soon as I can have leave. I have no great pleasure in my present manner of living, often involved in things that perplex me very much; and which try my patience to the utmost, teized every day by sollicitors, who have so little sense as to think I have either credit or inclination to be theirs, although they see I am able to get nothing for myself. But I find I am grown very tedious, and therefore conclude, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful,
and most humble servant.

H 4

L E T.

L E T T E R XXII.

Oct. —, 1711.

MY LORD,

PERHAPS you will be content to know some circumstances of affairs here. The duke of *Somerset* usually leaveth *Windsor* on *Saturday*, when the ministers go down thither, and returns not until they are gone. On *Sunday* seven-night, contrary to custom, he was at *Windsor*, and a cabinet council was to be held at-night; but, after waiting a long time, word was brought out, that there would be no cabinet. Next day it was held, and then the duke went to a horse-race about three miles off. This began to be whispered; and at my return to town they had got it in the city; but not the reason; which was, that Mr. secretary *St. John* refused to sit if the duke was there. Last *Sunday* the duke was there again, but did not offer to come to the cabinet, which was held without him. I hear the duke was advised by his friends of the other party to make this step. The secretary said to some of his acquaintance, that he would not sit with a man who had so often betrayed them, &c. You know the dutchess of *Somerset* is a great favourite, and hath got the dutchess of *Marlborough's* key. She is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue; and will, I believe, do what ill offices she can to the secretary. They would have hindered her

her coming in ; but the queen said, If it were so, that she could not have what servants she liked, she did not find how her condition was mended. I take the safety of the present ministry to consist in the agreement of three great men, lord Keeper, lord Treasurer, and Mr. Secretary, and so I have often told them together between jest and earnest, and two of them separately with more seriousness. And I think, they intirely love one another, as their differences are not of weight to break their union. They vary a little about their notions of a certain general. I will not say more at this distance. I do not see well how they can be without the secretary, who hath very great abilities both for the cabinet and parliament. The tories in the city are a little discontented, that no further changes are made in employments, of which I cannot learn the secret, although I have heard several, and from such who might tell the true one if they would : one is, that lord treasurer professeth he is at a loss to find persons qualified for several places : another (which is less believed), that the queen interposeth : a third, that it is a trimming disposition. I am apt to think that he finds the call for employments greater than he can answer, if there were five times as many to dispose of ; and I know particularly, that he disliketh very much the notion of people, that every one is to be turned out. The treasurer is much the greatest minister I ever knew : regular in life, with a true sense of religion,

118 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

religion, an excellent scholar, and a good divine, of a very mild and affable disposition, intrepid in his notions and indefatigable in business, an utter despiser of money for himself, yet frugal (perhaps to an extremity) for the publick. In private company he is wholly disengaged, and very facetious, like one who had no business at all. He never wants a reserve upon any emergency, which would appear desperate to others; and maketh little use of those thousand projectors and schematists, who are daily plying him with their visions, but to be thoroughly convinced, by the comparison, that his own notions are the best. I am, my Lord, with the greatest respect,

Your Grace's

Most obedient, &c.

L E T T E R XXIII.

London, Dec. 8, 1712.

MY LORD,

I CANNOT in conscience take up your grace's time with an empty letter; and it is not every day one can furnish what will be worth your reading. I had all your grace's packets; and I humbly thank your grace for your good instructions to me, which I shall observe as soon as ever it shall please God to put

put me into a way of life, where I can have leisure for such speculations.

In above twenty years that I have known something of courts and ministers, I never saw so strange and odd a complicated disposition of affairs as what we have had for six weeks past. The facts your grace may have met with in every common news-paper; but the springs of them are hardly discoverable even by those who had most opportunity of observing. Neither do I find those who should know best, agree upon the matter. There is a perpetual trial of skill between those who are out and those who are in; and the former are generally more industrious at watching opportunities. Last September, at Windsor, the duke of Somerset [o], who had not been at cabinet council for many months, was advised by his friends of the late ministry to appear there, but the rest refused to sit with him; and the council was put off until next day, when the duke went to a horse race. This was declaring open war, and ever since both he and his dutchess (who is in great favour) have been using all sorts of means to break the present ministry. Mrs. Masham was absent two months from Windsor, with lying-in at Kensington, and my lord treasurer six weeks by indisposition. Some time before the session, the duke abovementioned went to all those lords, who, by the narrowness of their fortunes, have depended

[o] See the history of the last session of parliament, and of the peace of Utrecht.

on the court, and engaged them to vote against the ministry, by assuring them it was the queen's pleasure. He is said to have added other powerful motives. *Bothmar's* memorial was published just at that juncture, as *Hoffman* the emperor's resident had some time before printed the *French* king's propositions. It is confidently affirmed, by those who should know, that money was plentifully scattered. By these and some other accidents, the vote was carried against the ministry; and every body of either party understood the thing as intended directly against my lord treasurer's head. The house of lords made a very short adjournment, and were preparing some resolutions and addresses of the most dangerous importance. We had a very melancholy *Christmas*, and the most fearless persons were shaken: for our great danger lay where I cannot tell your grace at this distance. The thing wished for was, the removal of the *Somerset* family; but that could not be done, nor yet is. After some time, the queen declared herself as you have heard, and twelve new lords were created. My lord *Nottingham's* game in this affair hath been most talked of, and several hard things said of him are affirmed to be true. The dissenting ministers in this town were consulted about the occasional bill, and agreed to it, for what reasons I cannot learn; that which is offered not satisfying

[p] Baron *Bothmar*, envoy extraordinary from the elector of *Hanover*, afterwards king *George I.*

me,

me, that they were afraid of worse. I believe they expected an entire change of ministry and measures, and a new parliament, by which it might be repealed, and have instead some law to their advantage. The duke of *Marlborough's* removal [q] hath passed very silently; the particular reasons for it I must tell your grace some other time: but how it will pass abroad I cannot answer. People on both sides conclude from it, that the peace is certain; but the conclusion is ill drawn: the thing would have been done, although we had been sure of continuing the war. We are terribly afraid of prince *Eugene's* coming, and therefore it was put off until the resolutions were taken. Before he came out of his yacht, he asked how many lords were made? He was a quarter of an hour with the queen, on *Sunday* about seven at night. The great men resolve to entertain him in their turns; and we suppose it will all end in a journey of pleasure. We are so confidently told of the duke of *Somerset's* being out, that I writ to the dean of *St. Patrick's*. A man of quality told me, he had it from my lord keeper, whom I asked next day, and found it a mistake; but it is impossible to fence against all lyes: however, it is still expected that the duke will be out, and that many other removes will be made. Lord *Ranelagh* died on *Sunday* morning: he was very poor and needy, and could hardly support himself

[q] Dec. 30, 1711.

for

for want of a pension, which used to be paid him, and which his friends sollicit as a thing of perfect charity. He *died bard*, as their term of art is here to express the woeful state of men, who discover no religion at their death.

The town-talk is, that the duke of *Ormond* will go no more to *Ireland*, but be succeeded by the duke of *Shrewsbury*, who is a very great and excellent person; and I will hold a wager that your grace will be an admirer of his dutchess: if they go, I will certainly order her to make all advances to you: but this is only general report, of which they know nothing at court, although I think it not altogether improbable.

We have yet heard nothing of my lord privy seal. *Buys*, the Dutch envoy, went to *Holland* I think at the same time. *Buys* is a great pretender to politics, and always leaves the company with great expressions of satisfaction that he hath convinced them all: he took much pains to persuade me out of some opinions; and, although all he said did but fix me the deeper, he told the ministry how successful he had been. I have got poor Dr. *King* [r], who was some time in *Ireland*, to be Gazetteer, which will be worth 250*l.* per

[r] Author of *Mully of Mountown* (a most delightful village to the south of *Dublin*, near the sea), and several other good poems; he also translated *Horace's Art of Poetry* into *English* verse.

annum

annum to him, if he be diligent and sober, for which I am engaged. I mention this, because I think he was under your grace's protection when he was in *Ireland*.

By what I gather from Mr. *Southwell*, I believe your grace standeth very well with the duke of *Ormond*; and it is one great addition to my esteem for Mr. *Southwell*, that he is entirely your grace's friend and humble servant, delighting to do you justice upon all occasions. I am, with the greatest respect,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

L E T T E R XXIV.

London, March 29, 1712.

MY LORD,

I CANNOT ask pardon for not sooner acknowledging your grace's letter, because that would look as if I thought mine were of consequence. Either I grew weary of politicks, or am out of the way of them, or there is less stirring than usual; and, indeed, we are all in suspense at present; but I am told that, in ten or twelve days time, we shall know what the issue will be at *Utrecht*. I can only tell your grace,
that

that there are some unlucky circumstances not proper to be trusted to a letter, which have hitherto retarded this great work. *Mibi ludibria rerum mortalium cunctis in negotiis obversantur*. Mean time, we are with great difficulty raising funds upon which to borrow five millions. One of those funds is a tax upon paper, and I think 30 per cent. upon imported books, and of such a nature as I could not yesterday forbear saying to my lord treasurer and the chancellor of the exchequer, that, instead of preventing small papers and libels, it will leave nothing else for the press. I have not talked to the duke of *Argyle* upon the affairs of *Spain*, since his return; but am told he affirms it impossible for us to carry on the war there by our former methods. The duke of *Ormond* is expected to go in two or three days for *Flanders*. And what I writ to your grace some months ago of the duke of *Shrewsbury* succeeding to govern *Ireland*, will, I suppose, be soon declared. I was the other day to see the dutchess, and reported your grace's compliments, which she took very well; and I told her I was resolved your grace and she should be very good acquaintance. I believe the spirit of your *Houghers* is got into our *Mohawks*, who are still very troublesome, and every night cut some body or other over the face; and commit a hundred insolent barbarities.

There was never the least design of any impeachment against the duke of *Marlborough*;

rough ; and it was his own great weakness, or the folly of his friends, that the thing went so far as it did.

I know not whether it is that people have talked themselves hoarse, but for some weeks past we have heard less of the pretender than formerly. I suppose it is, like a fashion, got into *Ireland*, when it is out here : but, in my conscience, I do not think any one person in the court or ministry here designs any more to bring in the pretender, than the great turk. I hope Mr. *Harley*, who is now on his journey to *Hanover*, will give that court a truer opinion of persons and things, than they have hitherto conceived. And, if your grace knew the instrument through which these false opinions have been infused, you would allow it another instance of the *Ludibrium rerum mortalium*. And your grace cannot but agree, that it is something singular for the prince in possession to make perpetual advances, and the presumptive heir to be standing off and suspicious.

I know not whether your grace hath considered the position that my lord treasurer is visible in. The late ministry and their adherents confess themselves fully resolved to have his head, whenever it is in their power, and were prepared, upon the beginning of the sessions, when the vote was carried against any peace without *Spain*, to move that he should be sent to the Tower : at the same time his friends, and the tories in general,
are

are discontented at his his slowness in the changing of commissions and employments, to which the weakness of the court interest, in the house of lords, is wholly imputed: neither do I find that those in the greatest stations, or most in the confidence of my lord treasurer, are able to account for this proceeding, or seem satisfied with it. I have endeavoured to solve this difficulty another way; and I fancy I am in the right, from words I have heard let fall: but, whatever be the cause, the consequences may be dangerous.

The queen is in very good health, but doth not use so much exercise as she ought. Pray God preserve her many years!

A projector hath lately applied to me to recommend him to the ministry about an invention for finding out the Longitude. He hath given in a petition to the queen by Mr. sec. *St. John*. I understand nothing of the mathematicks; but am told it is a thing as improbable as the Philosopher's stone, or Perpetual motion.

I lately writ a letter of about thirty pages to lord treasurer, by way of proposal for an academy, to correct, enlarge, and ascertain, the *English* language. And he and I have named above twenty persons of both parties to be members. I will shortly print the letter [s], and I hope something will come of

[s] See Vol. III.

it. Your grace sees I am a projector too. I
am, with great respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XXV.

London, May 20, 1712.

MY LORD,

WHEN I had the honour of your grace's
letter of *March 27*, I was lying ill of
a cruel disorder, which still pursueth me, al-
though not with so much violence; and I
hope your grace will pardon me, if you find
my letter to be that of one who writeth in
pain. You see, my lord, how things are
altered. The talk of a new governor for
Ireland is dropped. The secret is, that the
duke of *Ormond* had a promise of a pension
in case he lost his government; but my lord
treasurer is so excessively thrifty, that, to
save charges, he lets the duke keep it; and
besides there are some other circumstances
not proper for a letter, which have great
weight in this matter. I count upon it, that,
whatever governor goeth over under this
ministry,

ministry, a new parliament will be called. Yet I was told that the duke of *Shrewsbury* was pitched on as a sort of medium between, &c. He is a person of admirable qualities; and, if he were somewhat more active and less timorous in business, no man would be thought comparable to him.

The moderate of the other party seem now content to have a peace, and all our talk and expectations are full of it: but I protest to your grace I know not what to write upon this subject, neither could I tell what to say if I had the honour to be with you. Upon lord *Strafford's* [*t*] coming over, the stocks are fallen, although I expected, and I thought with reason, that they would rise. There is a trade between some here and some in *Holland* of secrets and lyes; and there are some among us whose posts let them into an imperfect knowledge of things, which they cannot conceal. This mixture maketh up the town-talk, governs the price of stocks, and hath often a great deal of truth in it: besides, public affairs have often so many sudden turns and incidents, that even those behind the curtain can hardly pronounce for a week. I am sensible that I have often deceived your grace with my wise *innuendos*. Yet I verily think that my intelligence was very right at the moment I sent it. If I had writ to your grace six days ago, I would

[*t*] His lordship was one of the plenipotentiaries at the treaty of *Utrecht*.

have ventured to have given you hopes that a peace would soon appear, and upon conditions wholly surprizing and unexpected. I say this to you wholly in confidence; and I know nothing yet to change my opinion, except the desponding talk of the town, for I see nothing yet in the contrivances of the ministers. It seems generally agreed that the present dauphin cannot live, and upon that depend many measures to be taken. This afternoon the bill for appointing commissioners to enquire into the grants, &c. was thrown out of the house of lords, the voices being equal, which is a great disappointment to the court, and matter of triumph to the other party. But it may possibly be of the worst consequence to the grants next session, when it is probable the ministry will be better settled, and able to procure a majority. I am, with great respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

J O N. S W I F T.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Kensington, Sept. 30, 1712.

MY LORD,

I HAVE two or three times begun letters to your grace, and have torn what I writ, hoping I might send you something decisive about the peace. But all still continues to lie very loose, and I continue to be very desponding, although the people in affairs laugh at me for it. I have one plain maxim in dealing with those who have more cunning and less honesty than myself, which is, what we call keeping the staff in my own hand, and contriving that they shall trust me rather than I them. A man may reason until he is weary upon this proceeding of the *Dutch*. The soldiers tell me that the duke of *Ormond* could not possibly take possession of *Dunkirk*, since the foreign troops have refused to march and the states will not suffer us to go through their towns. But I had a whisper from one who should know best, that *Dunkirk* might now have been ours, if right methods had been taken. And another great man said to a friend of mine, above a fortnight ago, that the least wrong step on that side the water might have very ill consequences at this juncture. Mean time, the discontented party seemeth full of hopes, and many of the court side beside myself desponding enough.

enough. The necessity of laying the proposals before the parliament drew us into all this; for now we are in a manner pinned down, and cannot go back an inch with any good grace: so that, if the *French* play us foul, I dread the effects, which are too visible to doubt. And, on the other side, if the peace goeth smoothly on, I cannot but think that some severe enquiries will be made; and, I believe, upon very manifest grounds. If there be any secret in this matter of *Dunkirk*, it must be in very few hands, and those who most converse with men at the helm, are, I am confident, very much in the dark. Some people go so far as to think that the *Dutch* will hinder even the *English* forces under the duke of *Ormond* from going by the *French* country to *Dunkirk*: but I cannot be of that opinion. We suppose a few days will decide this matter, and, I believe, your grace will agree, that there was never a more nice conjuncture of affairs; however, the court appears to be very resolute: several changes have been made, and more are daily expected. The *Dutch* are grown so unpopular, that, I believe, the queen might have addresses to stand by her against them with lives and fortunes.

I had your grace's letter of *May 29*, written in the time of your visiting, from whence I hope you are returned with health and satisfaction.

The difficulties in the peace, by the accidents in the *Bourbon* family, are, as your
grace

grace observeth, very great, and what indeed our ministers chiefly apprehended. But we think *Philip's* renouncing to be an effectual expedient, not out of any regard he would have for it, but because it will be the interest of every prince of the blood in *France* to keep him out, and because the *Spaniards* will never assist him to unite the two kingdoms.

I am in hopes yet that your grace may pay your treat; for it is yet four weeks to *November*, at least I believe we shall be happy or ruined before that time.

It is certain that there is something in what people say But the court is so luckily constituted at present, that every man thinks the chief trust cannot be any where else so well placed; neither do I know above one man that would take it, and it is a great deal too soon for him to have such thoughts.

I humbly thank your grace for your concern about my health: I have still the remainder of some pains, which hath partly occasioned my removing hither about three weeks ago; I was recommended to country air, and chose this, because I could pass my time more agreeably near my friends at court. We think the queen will go to *Windsor* in three weeks; and, I believe, I shall be there most of the time I stay in *England*, which I intend until towards the end of summer.

My lord treasurer hath often promised he will advance my design of an academy, so
have

have my lord keeper, and all the ministers; but they are now too busy to think of any thing beside what they have upon the anvil. My lord treasurer and I have already pitched upon twenty members of both parties; but perhaps it may all come to nothing.

If things continue as they are another session, perhaps your grace may see the bill of resuming the grants [u] carried on with a great deal more rigour than it lately was. It was only desired that the grantees should pay six years purchase, and settle the remainder on them by act of parliament, and those grants are now worse than other lands by more years purchase than six; so that, in effect, they would have lost nothing. I am, with the greatest respect,

Your Grace's most dutiful
and most humble servant,

J. S W I F T.

† L E T T E R XXVII.

London, October 21, 1712.

MY LORD,

SINCE I had the honour of your grace's letter of *July 22*, which found me at *Windsor*, I have been extremely out of or-

[u] This bill passed in the negative.

der with a giddiness in my head, which pursued me until very lately; but, by an uneasy course of physic, I hope, I have in some sort overcome it.

We are now in very near expectation of a peace; and your grace, I hope, will believe it as good a one as the circumstances of things would allow. I confess I agree with your grace, that the great difficulty was about the danger of *France* and *Spain* being united under one king. To my knowledge, all possible means have been taken to secure that matter; and yet, after all, the weakest side will be there. Renunciations by *France* have very justly so little credit, that I do not wonder so little weight is laid on them. But *Spain*, we are sure, will, for their own sakes, enter into all securities to prevent that union, and all the allies must be guarantees. If you still object that some danger still remains, what is to be done? your grace is altogether misinformed, if you think that this is at all the difficulty which so long made the *Dutch* untractable. It was nothing less: neither have they once mentioned, during all the negotiations at *Utrecht*, one syllable of getting *Spain* out of the *Bourbon* family, or into that of *Austria*, as the chief men have assured me not three days ago. *Buys* offered last winter to ease us immediately of the trouble we were in by lord *Nottingham's* vote, if we would consent to let them share with us in the advantages we had

had stipulated with *France*; which advantages, however, did by no means clash with *Holland*, and were only conditional if peace should ensue. But, my lord, we know further, that the *Dutch* made offers to treat with *France*, before we received any from thence; and were refused, upon the ill usage they gave Mr. *Torcy* at the *Hague*, and the abbé *de Polignac* afterwards at *Gertruydenberg*: and we know that *Torcy* would have been forced to apply to them again, if, after several refusals, we had not hearkened to their overtures. What I tell your grace is infallibly true; and care shall be taken very soon to satisfy the world in this, and many other particulars at large, which ought to be known. For the kingdom is very much in the dark, after all the pains hitherto taken to inform it. Your grace's conjectures are very right, that a general peace would not be for our interest, if we had made ours with *France*. And I remember a certain great man used to say two months ago, *Fight on, my merry men all*. I believe likewise that such a peace would have happened, if the *Dutch* had not lately been more compliant; upon which our ministers told those of *France*, that, since the States were disposed to submit to the queen, her majesty must enter into their interests: and I believe they have as good conditions as we ever intended they should. *Tournay*, I hope, will be yielded to them: and *Lisle* we never designed they should have. The emperor

I 2

will

will be used as he deserveth ; and, having paid for the war, shall get nothing by the peace. We are most concerned (next to our regard to *Holland*) for *Savoy* [*x*], and *France* for *Bavaria*. I believe we shall make them both kings, by the help of *Sardinia* and *Sicily*. But I know not how plans may alter every day. The queen's whole design, as your grace conjectureth, is to act the part of a mediator ; and our advantages, too many to insert here, must be owned very great.

As for an academy to correct and settle our language, lord treasurer talked of it often very warmly ; but, I doubt, is yet too busy until the peace be over. He goes down to *Windsor* on *Friday* to be chosen of the garter, with five more lords [*y*].

I know nothing of promises of any thing intended for myself ; but, I thank God, I am not very warm in my expectations, and know courts too well to be surpris'd at disappointments ; which, however, I shall have no great

[*x*] *Victor Amadeus*, duke of *Savoy*, was made king of *Sicily* by this treaty.

[*y*] *Henry*, duke of *Beaufort*, captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners ; *James*, duke of *Hamilton* and *Brandon*, master-general of the ordnance ; *Henry*, duke of *Kent* ; *John*, earl of *Poulet*, lord steward of the household ; *Robert*, earl of *Oxford* and *Mortimer*, lord high treasurer of *Great-Britain* ; and *Thomas* earl of *Strafford*, one of the plenipotentiaries at *Utrecht*, and first lord commissioner of the admiralty, *October 26, 1712*.

reason

reason to fear, if I gave my thoughts any trouble that way, which, without affectation, I do not ; although I cannot expect to be believed when I say so.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R. XXVIII.

London, Jan. 3, 1713.

MY LORD,

SINCE I had the honour of your grace's letter, we have had a dead time of news and politics ; and I make a conscience of writing to you without something that will recompence the trouble of reading. I cannot but grant that your grace, who is at a distance, and argues from your own wisdom and general observations and reading, is likely to be more impartial than I, who, in spite of my resolutions and opinion to the contrary, am forced to converse only with one side of the world, which fasteneth prejudices to me, notwithstanding all I can do to avoid them. Your grace hath certainly hit upon the weak side of our peace ; but I do not find you have prescribed any remedies. For that of limiting *France* to a certain number of ships and troops was, I doubt, not to be compassed. While that mighty kingdom remaineth under one monarch, it will be always in some degree formidable to its neigh-

hours. But we flatter ourselves it is likely to be less so than ever, by the concurrence of many circumstances too long to trouble you with. But, my lord, what is to be done? I will go so far with your grace as to tell you, that some of our friends are of opinion with the other party, that, if this last campaign had gone on with the conjunction of the *British* troops, *France* might have been in danger of being driven to great extreme. Yet I confess to you, at the same time, that, if I had been first minister, I should have advised the queen to pursue her measures towards a peace.

Some accidents and occasions have put it in my way to know every step of this treaty better, I think, than any man in *England*. And I do assert to your grace, that, if *France* had been closely pushed this campaign, they would, upon our refusal, have made offers to *Holland*, which the republic would certainly have accepted; and in that case the interest of *England* would have been wholly laid aside, as we saw it three years ago at the *Hague* and *Gertruydenberg*. The marshal *d'Uxilles* and *Mesnager* [x], two of the *French* plenipotentiaries, were wholly inclined to have begun by the *Dutch*; but the third, abbé *de Polig-*

[x] This gentleman wrote *Minutes* of his *Negotiations* at the court of *England*, during the four last years of queen *Anne's* reign, containing many curious particulars.

nae, who hath most credit with Monsieur *Torcy*, was for beginning by *England*.

There was a great faction in *France* by this proceeding; and it was a mere personal resentment in the *French* king and Monsieur *Torcy* against the States, which hindered them from sending the first overture there. And I believe your grace will be convinced, by considering that the demands of *Holland* might be much more easily satisfied than those of *Britain*. The States were very indifferent about the article of *Spain* being in the *Bourbon* family, as Monsieur *Buys* publicly owned when he was here, and among others to myself. They valued not the demolition of *Dunkirk*, the frontier of *Portugal*, nor the security of *Savoy*. They abhorred the thoughts of our having *Gibraltar* and *Minorca*, nor cared what became of our dominions in *North America*. All they had at heart was the sovereignty of *Flanders* under the name of a barrier, and to stipulate what they could for the emperor, to make him easy under their encroachments. I can further assure your grace, before any proposals were sent here from *France*, and ever since until within these few months, the *Dutch* have been endeavouring constantly, by private intrigues with that court, to undermine us, and put themselves at the head of a treaty of peace; which is a truth that perhaps the world may soon be informed in, with several others that are little known. Besides, my lord, I doubt whether you have sufficiently reflected on the
condition

condition of this kingdom, and the possibility of pursuing the war at that ruinous rate [a]. This argument is not the weaker for being often urged. Besides, *France* is likely to have a long minority; or, if not, perhaps to be engaged in a civil war. And I do not find that, in public affairs, human wisdom is able to make provisions for futurity, which are not liable to a thousand accidents. We have done all we can; and, for the rest, *current posterit*.

Sir *William Temple's* Memoirs, which you mentioned, is his first part, and was published twenty years ago; it is chiefly of the treaty of *Nimeguen*, and was so well known, that I could hardly think your grace hath not seen it.

I am in some doubt whether a fall from a horse be suitable to the dignity of an archbishop. It is one of the chief advantages in a great station, that one is exempt from common accidents of that kind. The late king [b] indeed got a fall; but his majesty was a fox-hunter. I question whether you can plead any precedent to excuse you; and therefore, I hope, you will commit no more such errors: and, in the mean time, I heartily congratulate with your grace, that I can rally you upon this accident.

[a] See page 145.

[b] King *William III*, who died by a fall from his horse.

I am

I am in some fear that our peace will hardly be concluded in several weeks, by reason of a certain incident that could not be foreseen; neither can I tell whether the parliament will sit before the conclusion of the peace; because some persons differ in their politics about the matter. If others were no wiser than I, your session should not be deferred upon that account. I am, with the greatest respect,

Your Grace's

most dutiful

and humble servant,

L E T T E R XXIX.

London, March 28, 1713.

MY LORD,

ALTHOUGH your humour of delaying, which is a good deal in fashion, might serve me for authority and example in not sooner acknowledging your grace's letter, I shall not make that use of it; but naturally tell you, that the public delay hath been the cause of mine. We have lived almost these two months past by the week, expecting that the parliament would meet, and the queen tell them that the peace was signed.

But

But unforeseen difficulties have arisen, partly by some mistakes in our plenipotentiaries, as well as of those of *France*, too long to trouble your grace with, since we never reckon all will be at an end; and the queen hath sent new powers to *Utrecht*, which her minister there must obey, I think, or be left without excuse. The peace will be signed with *France*, *Holland*, the emperor, *Savoy*, *Portugal*, and *England*; but *Spain* hath yet no minister at *Utrecht*, the *Dutch* making difficulties about the duke *d'Ossune's* passports, but the marquis *De Montellion* will soon begin his journey, at least he tells me so. However, it is of no great moment whether *Spain* cometh in now, or a month hence, and the parliament will be satisfied with the rest. People here have grumbled at those prorogations until they are weary; but they are not very convenient, considering how many funds are out, and how late it is in the year. They think of taking off two shillings in the pound from the land tax; which I always argued earnestly against: but the court hath a mind to humour the country gentlemen, and the thing is popular enough; but then we must borrow upon new funds, which it will be of the last difficulty to invent or to raise. The other party are employed in spreading a report most industriously, that the lord treasurer intends, after the peace, to declare for the whigs. They have spread it in *Scotland*, to prepare people for the next election; and Mr. *Annesly* told me the other day at my lord steward's, that

that he had heard I writ the same to my friends in *Ireland*; which, as it is wholly without ground, so the fact is what I never had the least belief of, although his lordship is somewhat of your grace's mind, in not refusing to converse with his greatest enemies; and therefore he is censured, as you say you are, upon the same account. And to those who charge him with it (as some are free enough to do it), he only says, his friends ought to trust him; and I have some reason to believe, that, after a peace, the direct contrary will appear. For my own part, I entirely agree with your grace, that a free man ought not to confine his converse to any one party; neither would I do so, if I were free; but I am not, and perhaps much less is a great minister in such a juncture as this. Among many qualities I have observed in the treasurer, there is one which is something singular, that he will be under an imputation, how wrong soever, without the pains of clearing himself to his nearest friends, which is owing to great integrity, great courage, or great contempt of censure. I know he hath abundance of the two last, and I believe he has the first.

Your grace's observations on the *French* dexterity in negotiation, as well as their ill faith, are certainly right; but let, both be as great as possible, we must treat with them one time or other; and, if ministers will not be upon their guard against such notorious managers, they are altogether inexcusable.

But

But I do assure your grace, that, as it hath fallen in my way to know more of the steps of this whole treaty, than perhaps any one man besides, I cannot see that any thing in the power of human prudence, under many difficult conjunctures, hath been omitted. We have been forced to conceal the best side, which I agree hath been unfortunate and unpopular; but you will please to consider, that this way of every subject interposing their sentiments upon the management of foreign negotiations is a very new thing among us, and the suffering it hath been thought, in the opinion of wise men, too great a strain upon the prerogative; especially giving a detail of particulars, which, in the variety of events, cannot be ascertained during the course of a treaty.—I could easily answer the objection of your grace's friends in relation to the *Dutch*, and why they made those difficulties at the *Hague* and *Gertruydenberg*. And when the whole story of these two last intriguing years comes to be published, the world will have other notions of our proceedings. This perhaps will not be long untold, and might already have been, if other people had been no wiser than I. After all, my lord, I grant that, from a distant view of things, abundance of objections may be raised against many parts of our conduct. But the difficulties which gave room to these objections are not seen, and perhaps some of them will never appear; neither may it be convenient they

they should. If in the end it appears, that we have made a good bargain for you, we hope you will take it without entering too nicely into the circumstances. I will not undertake to defend our proceedings against any man who will not allow this postulatum, that it was impossible to carry on the war any longer; which whoever denies either hath not examined the state of the nation with respect to its debts, or denies it from the spirit of party. When a friend of mine objected this to lord *Nottingham*, he freely confessed it was a thing he had never considered. But, however, he would be against any peace without *Spain*; and why? because he was not privy seal. But then, why doth he vote with the whigs in every thing else, although peace hath no concern? because he was not privy seal. I hope, my lord, we shall in time unriddle you many a dark problem, and let you see [c] that faction, rage, rebellion, revenge, and ambition were deeply rooted in the hearts of those who have been the great obstructors of the queen's measures, and of the kingdom's happiness; and, if I am not mistaken, such a scene may open, as will leave the present age and posterity little room to doubt who were the real friends and real enemies of their country. At the same time, I know nothing is so rash as predicting upon the events of public councils; and I see many

[c] See the History of the peace of *Utrecht*, in the History of the four last years of queen *Anne*.



146 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

accidents very possible to happen, which may soon defeat all my wise conjectures.

I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's

most dutiful and

most obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R XXX.

London, April 30, 1713.

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of the 14th, which at present I cannot answer particularly: I send this to welcome your grace to the *Bath*, where we conclude you are now arrived; and I hope the design of your journey is more for prevention than cure. I suppose your grace hath heard that the queen hath made Dr. *Sterne* bishop of *Dromore*, and that I am to succeed him in his deanry. Dr. *Parnell* [d], who is now

[d] A very eminent poet. Two volumes of whose poems are published, the first by Mr. *Pope*, in the year 1721, dedicated to *Robert Harley*, earl of *Oxford* and *Mortimer*. The other was printed in *Dublin*, in the year 1758, with the following title: *The Posthumous Works of Dr. Thomas Parnell, late of Clogher; containing Poems moral and divine; and on other various subjects.*

“Dignum laude virum, Musa vetat mori.” HOR.

in

in town, writ last post to your grace, to desire the favour of you that he may have my small prebend : he thinketh it will be some advantage to come into the chapter, where it may possibly be in my power to serve him in a way agreeable to him, although in no degree equal to his merits ; by which he hath distinguished himself so much, that he is in great esteem with the ministry and others of the most valuable persons in this town. He hath been many years under your grace's direction, and hath a very good title to your favour ; so that I believe it will be unnecessary to add how much I should be obliged to your grace's compliance in this matter ; and I flatter myself that his being agreeable to me will be no disadvantage to him in your grace's opinion. I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

J O N. S W I F T.

LETTER XXXI.

London, May 23, 1713.

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of a letter from your grace, the 18th instant, from *Chester*. I was confidently told, about three weeks ago, that your grace was expected every day at the *Bath*; and you will find a letter there as old as that, with a requisition in favour of *Dr. Parnell*, who, by his own merit, is in the esteem of the chief ministers here. I am very sensible, that the loss your grace hath suffered in the removal of *Dr. Sterne* will never be made up by me, upon a great many accounts: however, I shall not yield to him in respect and veneration for your grace's character and person; and I return you my most grateful acknowledgments for the offer you make me of your favour and protection. I think to set out for *Ireland* on *Monday seven-night*, to be there before the term endeth, for so they advise me, because the long vacation follows, in which I cannot take the oaths, unless at a quarter sessions, and I had better have two chances than one. This will hinder me from paying my respects to your grace at the *Bath*; and indeed my own health would be better, I believe, if I could pass a few weeks there: but my remedy shall be riding, and a sea voyage.

voyage. I have been enquiring, and am told your grace's cause will hardly come on this session; but indeed I have been so much out of order for these ten days past, that I have been able to do nothing.

As to the spire [e] to be erected on *St. Patrick's* steeple, I am apt to think it will cost more than is imagined; and I am confident that no bricks made in that part of *Ireland* will bear being exposed so much to the air: however, I shall enquire among some architects here.

I hope your grace will find a return of your health in the place where you are. I humbly beg your blessing; and remain, with great respect,

My Lord;

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

[e] *Dr. Sterne* (predecessor to *Dr. Swift*, as dean of *St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin*), afterwards bishop of *Dromore*, from whence he was translated to the see of *Clogher*, left a sum of money to erect a spire on the top of that steeple, which was built a few years after his lordship's death. It is an octagon of many feet high, built of white hard mountain stone, with a gilt ball at the top of it, which may be seen at the distance of many miles.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Trim, July 16, 1713.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been about five weeks in this kingdom, but so extremely ill with the return of an old disorder in my head, that I was not able to write to your grace. I have been the greatest part of that time at my country parish, riding every day for my health. I can tell your grace nothing from *Dublin*, having spent the days I was there between business and physic, and paid no visits nor received any but one day; and I reckon it no great loss, for I hear they are all party-mad; and it is one felicity of being among willows, that one is not troubled with faction. I hope you have as little of it at the *Bath*; for I cannot fancy it doth well with the waters. If your grace goeth to *London* from the *Bath*, I believe I may have the honour of waiting on you, although I shall do all in my power to save the trouble of such a journey, which neither my fortune nor my health will very well bear. I hope you feel the good effects of the place you are in; and I pray God continue your life, for the good of his church.

The other day, Mr. *Thaker*, prebendary of *Sagard* and vicar of *Rathcool*, died; and it would be a great mark of goodness in your grace, as well as a personal favour to me,
if

if you would please to dispose of his livings in favour of Mr. *Thomas Warburton*, who hath been many years my assistant in the cure of *Laracor*, hath behaved himself altogether unblameably, and is a gentleman of very good learning and sense. If I knew any one more deserving, I would not recommend him; neither would I do it however, because I know your grace hath a great many dependants; but that it will be a great use to me to have a vicar in one of my rectories, and upon my deanry, in whom I can confide. I am told, the livings amount to an hundred and twenty pounds a year at most; and it may probably happen in my way to be able to oblige some friend of yours in a greater matter, which I shall very readily do. I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

London, October 20, 1713.

MY LORD,

THE opportunity I had of a ship was so sudden, that I had not time to receive your grace's last commands, or pay my respects, which it was my duty and inclination to do; and, as for writing, I have always told your grace, that I could not set about it with a good conscience, until I were provided with matter enough for your trouble of reading. We are outwardly pretty quiet during this interval of parliament; but I will not answer what seeds are sowing to make the next spring produce better fruit. There are several reasons impossible for me to tell, at this distance, why I shall not be so good a correspondent as I have formerly been, but may probably serve to entertain you a year or two hence: for the fashion of this world passeth away; and there is nothing of so little consequence as the greatest court secrets when once the scene is changed. I said to somebody, when I was last in *Ireland*, who talked to me of the advantage and felicity I had in the familiarity of great ministers, that it was well enough while it continued a vanity; but, as soon as it ceased to be a vanity, it began to be a vexation of spirit. I have some thoughts of passing

ſing this winter at the *Bath*, becauſe my health requireth it, and becauſe I ſhall then be at a pretty equal diſtance from the factions on both ſides the water ; for it is not impoſſible your grace may have a warm winter.

I have had ſome letters, particularly from Dr. *Synge* and Mr. Archdeacon *Walls*, about my being prolocutor. I have this poſt writ my thoughts upon that ſubject to Mr. *Walls*, and, to ſave you the trouble, have deſired him to communicate them to your grace. Our elections for the city ſtill continue : I was this afternoon at *Guild-hall*. I find three of the old members ; and *Withers*, who is the loweſt, telleth me, he doth not deſpair of carrying it for himſelf. There is abundance of artifice (to give it the ſoſteſt word) uſed on both ſides.

I came yeſterday from *Windſor*, where I ſaw the queen in very good health, which ſhe findeth there more than any where elſe, and I believe will hardly remove until *December*. I believe my lord lieutenant [g] will be landed before this letter cometh to your hands : he is the fineſt gentleman we have, and of an underſtanding and capacity for buſineſs : if I were with your grace I would ſay more, but leave it to your own ſagacity.

I will only venture to ſay one thing relating to *Ireland*, becauſe I believe it will be of

[f] *Charles Talbot*, duke of *Shrewsbury*, earl of *Waterford* and *Wexford*.

154 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

use that your grace should know it. If your house of commons should run into any violences disagreeable to us here, it will be of the worst consequences imaginable to that kingdom: for I know no maxim more strongly maintained at present in our court, than that her majesty ought to exert her power to the utmost upon any uneasinesses given on your side to herself or her servants: neither can I answer, that even the legislative power here may not take cognizance of any thing that may pass among you in opposition to the persons and principles that are now favoured by the queen. Perhaps I am gone too far; and therefore shall end, without any ceremony,

Your Grace's &c.

Direct to me under cover to *Erasmus Lewis*, Esq; at Mr. Secretary *Bromley's* office at *Whitehall*.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

London, Oct. [or Dec.] 31, 1713.

MY LORD,

YOUR grace's letter, which I received but last post, is of an earlier date than what have since arrived. We have received the address for removing the chancellor [*b*], and

[*b*] Sir *Constantine Phipps*, lord high chancellor of *Ireland*.

the

the counter addresses from the lords and convocation; and you will know, before this reacheth you, our sentiments of them here. I am at a loss what to say in this whole affair. When I writ to you before, I dropt a word on purpose for you to take notice of; that our court seemed resolved to be very firm in their resolutions about *Ireland*. I think it impossible for the two kingdoms to proceed long upon a different scheme of politicks. The controversy with the city I am not master of: it took its rise before I ever concerned myself in the affairs of *Ireland*, further than to be an instrument of doing some services to the kingdom, for which I have been ill requited. But, my lord, the question with us here is, whether there was a necessity that the other party should be a majority? There was put into my hands a list of your house of commons by some who know the kingdom well: I desired they would (as they often do here) set a mark on the names of those who would be for the ministry, who I found amounted to one hundred and forty-three, which I think comes within an equality: twenty names besides they could not determine upon: so that, suppose eight to be of the same side, there would be a majority by one: but besides, we reckon that the first number one hundred and forty-three would easily rise to a great majority, by the influence of the government, if that had been thought fit. This is demonstration to us; for the government there hath more influence than the court here; and yet

our court carried it for many years against a natural majority, and a much greater one. I shall not examine the reasons among you for proceeding otherwise; but your grace will find that we are determined upon the conclusion, which is, that *Ireland* must proceed on the same foot with *England*. I am of opinion, my lord, that nothing could do more hurt to the whig party in both kingdoms, than their manner of proceeding in your house of commons. It will confirm the crown and ministry that there can be no safety, while those people are able to give disturbance; and indeed the effects it hath already produced here are hardly to be believed: neither do we here think it worth our while to be opposed and encourage our enemies only for 70,000*l.* a year; to supply which it may not be hard to find other expedients; and, when there shall be occasion for a parliament, we are confident a new one may be called with a majority of men in the interest of the queen and church; for, when the present majority pretends to regard either, we look upon such professions to signify no more than if they were penned by my lord *Wharton*, or Mr. *Molesworth* [i]. I have suffered very much for my tenderness to some persons of that party, which I still preserve; but I believe it will not be long in my power to serve those who may want it. It would be endless to recount to your grace the

[i] Created lord viscount *Molesworth*, by king *George I.*

reproaches

reproaches that have been made me, on account of your neighbour.

It is but true, my lord, we do not care to be troubled with the affairs of *Ireland*; but, there being no war, nor meeting of parliament, we have leisure at present: besides, we look on ourselves as touched in the tenderest part. We know this whig party are preparing to attack us next sessions, and their prevailing in *Ireland* would, we think, be a great strength and encouragement to them here: besides, our remissness would dishearten our friends, and make them think we acted a trimming game: there are some things which we much wonder at, as they are represented: the address for removing the chancellor is grounded upon two facts; in the former of which he was only concerned with several others. The criminal was poor and penitent; and a *noli prosequi* was no illegal thing. As to *Moore's* business, the chancellor's speech on that occasion hath been transmitted hither, and seemeth to clear him from the imputation of prejudging. Another thing we wonder at is, to find the commons in their votes approve the sending for the guards, by whom a man was killed. Such a thing would, they say, look monstrous in *England*.

Your grace seemeth to think they would not break on money matters; but we are taught another opinion, that they will not pass the great bill until they have satisfaction about

bout the chancellor; and what the consequence of that will be I suppose you may guess from what you know by this time.

My lord, we can judge no otherwise here than by the representations made to us. I sincerely look upon your grace to be master of as much wisdom and sagacity as any person I have known, and from my particular respect to you and your abilities shall never presume to censure your proceedings, until I am fully apprized of the matter. Your grace is looked upon here as altogether in the other party, which I do not allow when it is said to me. I conceive you to follow the dictates of your reason and conscience; and whoever does that will, in publick management, often differ as well from one side as another.

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

LETTER XXXV.

Dublin, Nov. 13, 1716.

MY LORD,

THE reason I never gave your grace the trouble of a letter was, because it could only be a trouble without either entertainment or use; for I am so much out even of this little world, that I know not the commonest occurrences in it; neither do I now write to your grace upon any sort of business, for I have nothing to ask but your blessing and favourable thoughts; only I conceived it ought not to be said, that your grace was several months absent in *England*, without one letter from the dean to pay his respects. My schemes are all circumscribed by the cathedral, and the liberties about it; where nothing of moment hath happened since your grace left it, except the election of Mr. *Chamberlain* to *St. Nicholas*, which passed quietly while I was absent in the country. I am purchasing a glebe, by the help of the trustees, for the vicarage of *Laracor*; and I had vanity enough to desire it might be expressed by a clause in the deeds, as one consideration, that I had been instrumental in procuring the first fruits; which was accordingly inserted; but hints were given it would not pass. The then bishops of *Offory* and *Killaloe* had, as I am told, a sum of money for their labour in that

that affair; who, upon my arrival at *London* to negotiate it, were one of them gone to *Bath*, and the other to *Ireland*: but it seemeth more reasonable to give bishops money for doing nothing, than a private clergyman thanks for succeeding where bishops have failed. I am only sorry I was not a bishop, that I might at least have got money. The tory clergy here seem ready for conversion, provoked by a parcel of zealots in *London*, who, as we hear, are setting up a new church of *England* by themselves. By our intelligence it seemeth to be a complication of as much folly, madness, hypocrisy, and mistake, as ever was offered to the world. If it be understood so on your side, I cannot but think there would be a great opportunity of regaining the body of the clergy to the interest of the court: who, if they were persuaded by a few good words to throw off their fears, could never think of the pretender without horror, under whom it is obvious that those refiners would have the greatest credit, and consequently every thing be null since the time of the revolution, and more havock made in a few months, than the most desponding among the tories can justly apprehend from the present management in as many years. These at least are, as I am told, the thoughts and reasonings of the high-church people among us: but whether a court, in the midst of strength and security, will conceive it worth their while to cultivate the dispositions of people in the dust, is out of my reach.

The

The bishop of *Dromore* hath never been in town since he went to his diocese, nor doth he say any thing of coming up. He is in good health.

I was told a week or two ago a confused story of the anatomy lecturer at the college turned out by the provost [k], and another put in his place. I know not the particulars; but am assured he is blamed for it both by the prince and your grace. I take the provost to be a very honest gentleman, perfectly good-natured, and the least inclined to speak ill of others of almost any person I have known. He hath very good intentions; but the defect seemeth to be, that his views are short, various, and sudden; and I have reason to think, he hardly ever maketh use of any other counsellor than himself. I talked to him of this matter since it was done, and I think his answers satisfied me; but I am an ill retainer of facts wherein I have no concern; but my humble opinion is, that it would be much to his own ease, and of theirs who dislike him, if he were put into another station; and if you will not afford him a bishoprick, that you will let him succeed some rich country dean. I dare be confident that the provost had no other end in changing that lecturer than a design of improving anatomy as far as he could; for he would never have made such a step as chusing the prince [l]

[k] Rev. Dr. Pratt, afterwards dean of *Down*.

[l] George prince of *Wales*, afterwards king *George II*.

chancellor,

chancellor, but from a resolution of keeping as fair as he possibly could with the present powers, in regard both to his ease and his interest; and in hopes of changing a post, wherein, to say the truth, he hath been used by judges and governors like any dog, and hath suffered more by it in his health and honour than I, with his patrimonial estate, would think it were worth. Here hath been one *Whittingham*, in an ordination sermon, calling the clergy a thousand dumb dogs, and treating episcopacy as bad as *Boyse* [m]; yet no notice at all shall be taken of this, unless to his advantage upon the next vacant bishoprick, and wagers are laid already, whether he or one *Monk* will be the man. But I forgot myself, and therefore shall only add, that I am, with the greatest respect and truth,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

[m] An eminent dissenting teacher, minister of *Wood-street* meeting-house in *Dublin*, who wrote several tracts in favour of dissenters.

LET-

T O D R. K I N G. 163

L E T T E R XXXVI.

Trim, Dec. 22, 1716.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been here some days, to finish the purchase of a glebe for my country parish. I have prevailed on a gentleman to alienate twenty acres for 200*l.* to be had from the trustees of the first fruits. He then sets me twenty-three acres more for 999 years. Upon these last twenty acres, I am, by agreement, to lay out the said 200*l.* in building, and to give the gentleman immediately 55*l.* out of my pocket, and to pay him 14*l.* *per ann.* for ever, which is near the value of the whole forty acres; these last twenty acres, after I have built and improved, I design to leave my successors [n]; who will then have forty acres of good glebe, with house, gardens, &c. for 14*l.* *per ann.* I reckon to lay out of my own money about 250*l.* and so to be an humble imitator of your grace, *longo intervallo*. This expedient was a project of Dr. Raymond, minister of this town, to deal with a Jew who would not lessen his rent-roll to save all the churches in Christendom; Dr. Coghill, and every body else, approves the thing, since it is a good bargain to the church, a better to the gentleman, and only a bad one to myself;

[n] See the author's will, Vol. XII. p. 290.

and

164 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

and I hope your grace will have the same thoughts.

Since I came down here, I received the honour of a large, and therefore an agreeable, letter from your grace, of *November 22*. I have reason to think myself hardly dealt with by those of the side in power who will not think I deserve any place in your good thoughts; when they cannot but know, that, while I was near the late ministry, I was a common advocate for those they call the whigs, to a degree, that a certain great minister told me, I had always a whig in my sleeve; neither did I ever fail to interpose in any case of merit or compassion, by which means several persons in *England*, and some in this kingdom, kept their employments, for I cannot remember my lord *Oxford* ever refused me a request of that kind. And for the rest, your grace may very well remember, that I had the honour of corresponding with you, during the whole period, with some degree of confidence: because I know your grace had wished the same things, but differed only in opinion about the hands that should effect them. It was on account of this conduct, that certain warm creatures of this kingdom, then in *London*, and not unknown to your grace, had the assurance to give me broad hints that I was providing against a change; and I observe those very men are now the most careful of all others to creep as far as they can out of harm's way.

The

The system of new zealots, which your grace extracted, must be very suitable to my principles, who was always a whig in politics. I have been told, that, upon the death of the last non-juring bishop, *Dodswell* and his followers thought the schism at an end. My notion was, that these people began to set up again upon despair of their cause, by the rebellion [o] being brought to an end; else their politics are, if possible, worse than their divinity. Upon the whole, it is clear, that the game is entirely in the hands of the king and his ministers; and I am extremely glad of your grace's opinion, that it will be played as it ought: or, if we must suffer for a name, however, I had rather be devoured by a lion than a rat.

That maxim of the injured person never forgiving the person injured, is, I believe, true in particulars, but not of communities. I cannot but suppose that the clergy thought there were some hardships and grounds for fears, otherwise they must be very wicked, or very mad; to say more, would be to enter into dispute upon a party subject: a dog or a horse knoweth when he is kindly treated: and besides a wise administration will endeavour to remove the vain, as well as the real, fears of those they govern.

I saw the provost yesterday in this neighbourhood, and had some little talk with him

[o] The rebellion in *Scotland*, in the year 1715, in favour of the pretender.

upon the occasion of the bishop of *Killaloe's* death; I believe he would accept of the deanry of *Derry*, if Dr. *Bolton* the dean should be promoted; but I said nothing of it to him; I believe he hath wrote to Mr. *Molyneaux* [p]. I find, since he cannot be trusted with a bishoprick, that he desires to leave his station with as good a grace as he can; and that it may not be thought that what he shall get is only to get rid of him. I said in general, that such a circumstance, as things stood, was hardly worth the quiet of a man's whole life; and so we parted, only with telling him I intended to write to your grace in answer to a letter I had from you.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

London, March 9, 1716-17.

MY LORD,

I H A D yesterday the honour of a letter from your grace, wherein you first mention Mr. *Duncan's* accident, who, as it falls out, is quite recovered, and they say is since better of his *asthma*: I believe, whenever he dieth, I shall be in some difficulties, although I am wholly indifferent who may succeed

[p] *Samuel Molyneaux*, Esq; a gentleman of great abilities and large property in *Ireland*, secretary to the prince of *Wales*, chancellor of the university of *Dublin*.

him, provided he may be a deserving person ; unless I might say, that my inclinations are a little turned to oblige Mr. *Dopping* [q], on account of his brother, for whom I have always had a very great esteem. It will be impossible for me to carry any point against that great majority of the chapter, who are sure to oppose me whenever party interferes ; and in those cases I shall be very ready to change my nomination, only chusing those I least dislike among such as they will consent to : wherein, I hope, I shall have your grace's approbation.

About a week ago, I wrote to your grace in relation to the provost [r]. My lord bishop of *Dromore*, Dr. *Coghill*, and I, were yesterday using our rhetoric to no purpose.— The topic he perpetually adheres to is, that the court offers him a deanry : because they look upon him as a man they cannot trust, which, he says, affecteth his reputation. That he professeth to be as true to the present king, as any person in employment : that he hath always shewn himself so : that he was sacrificed by the tories in the late reign on account of the dispute in the *College* and other matters : that he publicly argues and appears against the same party now, upon all occasions ; and expecteth as little favour from

[q] Dr. *Anthony Dopping*, afterwards bishop of *Offory*.

[r] Dr. *Pratt*.

them,

them, if ever they should come into power, as any man now in employment. As to any hints dropped to him of any danger or uneasiness from parliament or visitation, he declareth himself perfectly safe and easy; and if it might not affect the society, he should be glad of such enquiries, in order to vindicate himself: that he should like the deanry of *Down* full as well, and perhaps better than the bishoprick of *Dromore*, provided the deanry was given him in such a manner, and with some mark of favour or approbation, that the world would not think he was driven into it as a man whom the king could not trust; and if any such method could be thought on, he would readily accept it. That he is very sensible he should be much happier in the other station, and much richer, and which weighs with him more, that it would be much for the present interest of the *College* to be under another head: but that the sense of his own loss of credit prevails with him above all considerations; and that he hopeth in some time to convince the world, and the court too, that he hath been altogether misrepresented.

This is the sum of his reasoning, by all I could gather after several conversations with him both alone and with some of his best friends, who all differ from him, as he allows most of his acquaintance do. I am no judge of what consequence his removal may be to the service of the *College* or of any fa-
vours

vours to be shewn it. But, I believe, it would be no difficult matter to find a temper in this affair : for instance (I speak purely my own thoughts) if the prince would graciously please to send a favourable message by his secretary to offer him the deanry, in such a manner as might answer the *provost's* difficulty, I cannot but think your grace might bring such a thing about : but that I humbly leave to your grace.

My lord bishop of *Dromore* received letters yesterday from your grace, and the bishop of *Derry*, with an account of his succeeding to *Clogher*, of which I am sure all parties will be exceeding glad.

I wish your grace a good journey to the *Bath*, and a firm establishment of your health there. I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

Not knowing but your grace might be gone to the *Bath*, I have mentioned something of the *provost's* affairs, in a letter this post, to my lord bishop of *Derry*.

L

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Dublin, March 22, 1717.

MY LORD,

YOUR grace's letter was a long time before it reached me; for I was several weeks in the country, dispatching the affair of the glebe, which, however, is not yet quite finished. Your grace doth rightly conceive the nature of my purchase, and that I am likely to be 200 *l.* poorer for it; only I shall endeavour to lose by degrees, which is all I have for it. I shall endeavour, as much as I can, to prevent the evil you foresee of my successors neglecting my improvements, and letting them all go to ruin. I shall take the best advice I can, and leave them to be fools as well as knaves if they do so; for I shall make so many plantations and hedges, that the land will let for double the value; and, after all, I must leave something to fortune.

As to what your grace mentions of a practice in the late reign, of engaging people to come into the queen's measures, I have a great deal to say on that subject, not worth troubling you with at present, further than that I am confident those who pretend to say most of it, are conscious their accusation is wrong: but I never love myself so little as when I differ from your grace; nor do I believe

lieve I ever shall do it, but where I am master of the fact, and your grace hath it only by report.

I have been speaking much to the provost about the deanry of *Derry*, or whatever other employment, under a bishoprick, may be designed him upon these promotions. I find *Dr. Coghill* [s] hath been upon the subject with him, but he is absolutely positive to take nothing less at present; and his argument is, that whatever shall be given him now, beneath the station his predecessors were called to, will be a mark of his lying under the displeasure of the court, and that he is not to be trusted; whereas he looketh upon himself to have acted with principles as loyal to the present government, as any the king employs. He doth not seem to dislike either the deanries of *Derry* or *Down*, but is persuaded it will reflect upon his reputation; and, unless it could be contrived that he might have some mark of favour and approbation along with such a preferment, I believe your grace may be assured he will not accept it. I only repeat what he says to me, and what I believe he will adhere to.

For my own part, who am not so refined, I gave my opinion that he should take what was given him; but his other friends differ

[s] *Marmaduke Coghill*, LL. D. judge of the prerogative court, afterwards a privy counsellor of the exchequer, and a commissioner of the revenue.

from me, and, for aught I know, they may be in the right; and if the court thinketh it of consequence that the present provost should be removed, I am not sure but a way may be found out of saving his credit, which is all he seemeth to require; although I am confident, that, if he were a bishop, the government might be very secure of him, since he seemeth wholly fallen out with the *tories*, and the *tories* with him; and I do not know any man, who, in common conversation, talketh with more zeal for the present establishment, and against all opposers of it, than he. The only thing he desireth at present in his discoursing with me is, that no proposal of a deanry should be at all made to him, but that he may go on as he is until further judgment shall be made of him by his future conduct.

I thought it proper to say thus much to your grace, because I did not know whether you and he perfectly understood each other.

I hear your grace intends this spring for the *Bath*. I shall pray, for the good of the church, that you may then establish your health. I am, with the greatest respect,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant.

J. S W I F T.

Among

Among other things, the provost argued, that *Dr. Foster* was promoted to a bishoprick from being a fellow; and therefore he must conclude, that offering him a less preferment is a mark of displeasure, with which circumstance he is determined not to leave his present station.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Magherlyn, May 1, 1717.

MY LORD,

YOUR grace's letter of *March 23d* was brought to me at *Trim*, where I went a month ago to finish my lease and purchase for my country parish. In some days after, I met my lord bishop of *Clogher* at *Drogheda*, by appointment; we went together to *Clogher*, where he was enthroned, and after three days came to this place, where his lordship is settling every thing against the coming of the new bishop, who is expected here next week. My great business at *Clogher* was to seduce his lordship to lay out 2000 *l.* in a new house, and for that end we rode about to find a situation. I know not whether I shall prevail, for he hath a hankering after making additions to the old one, which I will never consent to, and had rather he would leave all to the generosity of a successor. My notion is,

L 3

that

that when a bishop with good dispositions happens to arise, it should be every man's business to cultivate them. It is no ill age that produceth two such; and therefore, if I had credit with your grace and his lordship, it should be all employed in pushing you both upon upon works of publick good, without the least mercy to your pains or your purses. An expert tradesman makes a few of his best customers answer not only for those whom he gets little or nothing by, but for all who die in his debt.

I will suppose your grace hath heard of Mr. *Duncan's* death. I am sure I have heard enough of it by a great encrease of disinterested correspondents ever since. It is well I am at free cost for board and lodging, else postage would have undone me. I have returned no answer to any; and shall be glad to proceed with your grace's approbation, which is less a compliment, because I believe my chapter are of opinion I can hardly proceed without it. I desire only two things; first, that those who call themselves my friends may have no reason to reproach me; and the second, that, in the course of this matter, I may have something to dispose of to some one I wish well to.

Some weeks before Mr. *Duncan's* death, his brother-in-law Mr. *Lawson*, minister of *Galtrim*, went for *England*, by Mr. *Duncan's* consent, to apply for an adjoining living, called *Kilmore*, in *Duncan's* possession, and now in the crown by his death. I
know

know not his success, but heartily wish, if it be intended for him, that the matter might take another turn. That Mr. *Warren*, who is landlord of *Galtrim*, might have that living, and *Kilmore* adjoining, both not 150 *l.* and Mr. *Lawson* to go down to Mr. *Warren's* living, in *Clogher* diocese, worth above 200 *l.* But this is all at random, because I know not whether *Kilmore* may not be already disposed of, for I heard it is in your grace's turn.

I heard lately from the provost, who talked of being in the *North* in a month; but our *Dublin* account is, that they know not when the deanry is to be given him. I do not find any great joy in either party, on account of the person [s.] who, it is supposed, will succeed him. The wrong custom of making that post the next step to a bishoprick hath been, as your grace says, of ill consequence; and altho', as you add, it gives them no rank, yet they think fit to take it, and make no scruple of preceding, on all occasions, the best private clergyman in the kingdom, which is a trifle of great consequence when a man's head is possessed with it.

I pray God preserve your grace, for the good of the church and the learned world; and for the happiness of those whom you are pleased to honour with your friendship,

[t] Dr. *Richard Baldwin*, who died in *September*, 1759.

favour,

176 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

favour, or protection. I beg your grace's blessing ; and remain, with the greatest truth and respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XL.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad, Sept. 28, 1712.

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of the first instant ; and, although I thought it my duty to be the last writer in corresponding with your grace, yet I know you are so punctual, that, if I should write sooner, it would only be the occasion of giving you a new trouble before it ought, in conscience, to be put upon you. Besides, I was in some pain that your letter of *Sept. 1*, was not the first you had writ, because, about ten days after, a friend sent me word, that your grace said you had writ to me six weeks before, and had no answer ; whereas I can assure your grace that I received but one from you ; nor had I reason to expect it, having not done myself the honour to write to you before. I
will

will tell you the secret of dating my letter : I was in fear lest the post should be gone, and so left a blank, and wisely huddled it up without thinking of the date ; but we country gentlemen are frequently guilty of greater blunders ; and in that article I grow more perfect every day.

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

It seems you are a greater favourite of the lieutenant's [t] than you care to own ; for we hear that he killed but two bucks, and sent you a present of one.

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

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

[t] *Charles duke of Grafton.*

[u] At this time there was a scheme for a national bank, which was rejected by parliament.

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

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

[x] Dr. *Benjamin Hoadly*.

I am

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

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

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

I am just now told, from some newspapers, that one of the king's enemies, and my excellent friend, Mr. *Prior*, is dead; I pray God deliver me from any such trials. I am neither old nor philosopher enough to

[y]—— *Quæ plurima menti
Femineæ natura dedit,*

180 LETTERS FROM DR. SWIFT

be indifferent at so great a loss; and, therefore I abruptly conclude, but with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and obedient servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XLI.

MY LORD,

MR. *Chetwood* [z] intends to deliver in a petition to the government to day, and entreated me to speak to your grace before he delivered it; which not having an opportunity to do, I make bold to inclose this letter, which your grace may please to read; and is the substance of what he desired me to say. I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant.

Deanry-house,

Feb. 22, 1722-3.

J. SWIFT.

[z] *Knighly Chetwood, Esq;* who had very good pretensions to an *English* peerage; for which he presented several memorials; but to no purpose.

LET-

L E T T E R XLII.

MY LORD,

YOUR grace will have received, before this comes to your hands, an account of the primate's death [*a*], who died yesterday at twelve o'clock at noon. He had left off spitting for about ten days before, and the want of that is thought to have been the immediate cause of his death, although he eat heartily until the two last days. He hath left the bishop of *Kildare* [*b*], and his steward Mr. *Morgan*, his executors, who were both out of town; but I suppose are sent for. Some who formerly belonged to him think he has left 40,000*l.* others report he died poor.

The vogue is, that your grace will succeed him, if you please; but I am too great a stranger to your present situation at court to know what to judge. But, if there were virtue enough, I could wish your grace would accept the offer, if it should be made you. Because I would have your name left to posterity among the primates; and because entering into a new station is entering, after a sort, on a new lease of life; and because it might be hoped, that your grace would

[*a*] Dr. *Lindsay*, who was succeeded by Dr. *Boulter*, bishop of *Bristol*.

[*b*] Dr. *Ellis*.

be advised with about a successor; and because that diocese would require your grace's ability and spirit to reform it; and because — but I should never be at an end if I were to number up the reasons why I would have your grace in the highest stations the crown can give you.

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

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

Dublin,

July 14, 1724.

JON. SWIFT.

[c] A French clergyman.

[d] The archbishop's house-keeper.

THE
D I F F I C U L T Y
O F
KNOWING ONE'S SELF.

2 KINGS viii. Part of the 13th Verse.

And Hazael said, But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?

WE have a very signal instance of the deceitfulness of the heart, represented to us in the person of *Hazael*; who was sent to the prophet *Elisba*, to enquire of the Lord, concerning his master the king of *Syria's* recovery. For the man of God, having told him that the king might recover from the disorder he was then labouring under, began to set and fasten his countenance upon him of a sudden, and to break out into the most violent expressions of sorrow, and a deep concern for it, whereupon, when *Hazael*, full of shame and confusion, asked, *Why weepeth my Lord?* he answered, *Because I know all the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel; their strong holds wilt thou set on fire, and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child.* Thus much did

184 *The Difficulty of Knowing One's Self.*

the man of God say and know of him, by a light darted into his mind from heaven. But *Hazael*, not knowing himself so well as the other did, was startled and amazed at the relation, and would not believe it possible, that a man of his temper could ever run out into such enormous instances of cruelty and inhumanity. *What, says he, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?*

And yet, for all this, it is highly probable, that he was then that man, he could not imagine himself to be; for we find him, on the very next day after his return, in a very treacherous and disloyal manner, murdering his own master, and usurping his kingdom; which was but a prologue to the sad tragedy which he afterwards acted upon the people of *Israel*.

And now the case is but very little better with most men, than it was with *Hazael*; however it cometh to pass, they are wonderfully unacquainted with their own temper and disposition, and know very little of what passeth within them: for, of so many proud, ambitious, revengeful, envying, and ill-natured persons that are in the world, where is there one of them, who, although he hath all the symptoms of the vice appearing upon every occasion, can look with such an impartial eye upon himself, as to believe that the imputation thrown upon him is not altogether groundless and unfair? who, if he were told, by men of a discerning spirit and a strong conjecture, of all the evil and
absurd

abfurd things which that false heart of his would at one time or other betray him into, would not believe as little, and wonder as much, as *Hazael* did before him? Thus, for instance; tell an angry person, that he is weak and impotent, and of no consistency of mind; tell him, that such or such a little accident, which he may then despise and think much below a passion, shall hereafter make him say and do several abfurd, indiscreet, and misbecoming things: he may perhaps own that he hath a spirit of resentment within him, that will not let him be imposed on; but he fondly imagines, that he can lay a becoming restraint upon it when he pleaseth, although it is ever running away with him into some indecency or other.

Therefore, to bring the words of my text to our present occasion, I shall endeavour, in a further prosecution of them, to evince the great necessity of a nice and curious inspection into the several recesses of the heart, being the surest and the shortest method that a wicked man can take to reform himself: for let us but stop the fountain, and the streams will spend and waste themselves away in a very little time; but, if we go about, like children, to raise a bank, and to stop the current, not taking notice all the while of the spring which continually feedeth it, when the next flood of temptation riseth and breaketh in upon it, then we shall find that we have begun at the wrong end of our duty, and that we are very little more the better

for it, than if we had sat still, and made no advances at all.

But, in order to a clearer explanation of the point, I shall speak to these following particulars.

First, By endeavouring to prove, *from particular instances*, that man is generally the most ignorant creature in the world of himself.

Secondly, By enquiring into the grounds and reasons of his ignorance.

Thirdly, and *Lastly*, By proposing several advantages that *do most assuredly* attend a due improvement in the knowledge of ourselves.

First then. To prove that man is generally the most ignorant creature in the world of himself.

To pursue the heart of man through all the instances of life, in all its several windings and turnings, and under that infinite variety of shapes and appearances which it putteth on, would be a difficult and almost impossible undertaking; so that I shall confine myself to such as have a nearer reference to the present occasion, and do, upon a closer view, shew themselves through the whole business of repentance. For we all know what it is to repent, but whether he repenteth him truly of his sins or not, who can know it?

Now

Now the great duty of repentance is chiefly made up of these two parts, a hearty sorrow for the follies and miscarriages of the time past, and a full purpose and resolution of amendment for the time to come. And now, to shew the falseness of the heart in both these parts of repentance. And,

First, As to a hearty sorrow for the sins and miscarriages of the time past. Is there a more usual thing than for a man to impose upon himself, by putting on a grave and demure countenance, by casting a severe look into his past conduct, and making some few pious and devout reflexions upon it, and then to believe that he hath repented to an excellent purpose, without ever letting it step forth into practice, and shew itself in a holy conversation? Nay, some persons do carry the deceit a little higher; who, if they can but bring themselves to weep for their sins, are then full of an ill-grounded confidence and security; never considering, that all this may prove to be no more than the very garb and outward dress of a contrite heart, which another heart, as hard as the nether mill-stone, may as well put on. For tears and sighs, however in some persons they may be decent and commendable expressions of a godly sorrow, are neither necessary nor infallible signs of a true and unfeigned repentance. Not necessary, because sometimes, and in some persons, the inward grief and anguish of the mind may be too big to be expressed by so little a thing as a tear, and then it turneth

its edge inwards upon the mind; and, like those wounds of the body which bleed inwardly, generally proves the most fatal and dangerous to the whole body of sin: Not infallible, because a very small portion of sorrow may make some tender dispositions melt, and break out into tears; or a man may perhaps weep at parting with his sins, as he would bid the least farewell to an old friend.

But there is still a more pleasant cheat in this affair, that when we find a deadness, and a strange kind of unaptness and indisposition to all impressions of religion, and that we cannot be as truly sorry for our sins as we should be, we then pretend to be sorry that we are not more sorry for them; which is not more absurd and irrational, than that a man should pretend to be very angry at a thing, because he did not know how to be angry at all.

But, after all, what is wanting in this part of repentance, we expect to make up in the next; and to that purpose we put on a resolution of amendment, which we take to be as firm as a house built upon a rock; so that, let the floods arise, and the winds blow, and the streams beat vehemently upon it, nothing shall shake it into ruin or disorder. We doubt not, upon the strength of this resolve, to stand fast and unmoved amidst the storm of a temptation; and do firmly believe, at the time we make it, that nothing

in the world will ever be able to make us commit those sins over again, which we have so firmly resolved against.

Thus many a time have we come to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, with a full purpose of amendment, and with as full a persuasion of putting that same purpose into practice; and yet have we not all as often broke that purpose, and falsified that same persuasion, by starting aside, like a broken bow, into those very sins, which we then so solemnly and so confidently declared against?

Whereas had but any other person entered with us into a vow so solemn, that he had taken the Holy Sacrament upon it; I believe, had he but once deceived us by breaking in upon the vow, we should hardly ever after be prevailed upon to trust that man again, although we still continue to trust our own fears, against reason and against experience.

This indeed is a dangerous deceit enough, and will of course betray all those well-meaning persons into sin and folly, who are apt to take religion for a much easier thing than it is: but this is not the only mistake we are apt to run into; we do not only think sometimes that we can do more than we can do, but sometimes that we are incapable of doing less; an error of another kind indeed, but not less dangerous, arising from a diffidence and false humility. For how much a wicked man can do in the business of religion, if he would but do his best, is very often more than he can tell.

190 *The Difficulty of Knowing One's Self.*

Thus nothing is more common than to see a wicked man running headlong into sin and folly, against his reason, against his religion, and against his God. Tell him, that what he is going to do will be an infinite disparagement to his understanding, which, at another time, he setteth no small value upon; tell him, that it will blacken his reputation, which he had rather die for than lose; tell him, that the pleasure of sin is short and transient, and leaveth a vexatious kind of sting behind it, which will very hardly be drawn forth; tell him, that this is one of those things for which God will most surely bring him to judgement, which he pretendeth to believe with a full assurance and persuasion: and yet, for all this, he shutteth his eyes against all conviction, and rusheth into the sin, like a horse into battle; as if he had nothing left to do, but, like a silly child, to wink hard, and to think to escape a certain and infinite mischief, only by endeavouring not to see it.

And now, to shew that the heart hath given in a false report of the temptation, we may learn from this, that the same weak man would resist and master the same powerful temptation, upon considerations of infinitely less value than those which religion offereth; nay, such vile considerations, that the grace of God cannot without blasphemy be supposed to add any manner of force and efficacy to them. Thus, for instance, it would be an
hard

hard matter to dress up a sin in such soft and tempting circumstances, that a truly covetous man would not resist for a considerable sum of money; when neither the hopes of heaven, nor the fears of hell could make an impression upon him before. But can any thing be a surer indication of the deceitfulness of the heart, than thus to shew more courage, resolution, and activity, in an ill cause, than it doth in a good one? and to exert itself to better purpose, when it is to serve its own pride, or lust, or revenge, or any other passion, than when it is to serve God upon motives of the gospel, and upon all the arguments that have ever been made use of to bring men over to religion and a good life? And thus, having shewn that a man is wonderfully apt to deceive and impose upon himself, in passing through the several stages of that great duty, repentance, I proceed now, in the

Second place, To enquire into the grounds and reasons of this ignorance, *and to shew whence it cometh to pass that a man, the only creature in the world that can reflect and look into himself, should know so little of what passeth within him, and be so very much unacquainted even with the standing dispositions and complexion of his own heart.* The prime reason of it is, because we so very seldom converse with ourselves, and take so little notice of what passeth within us: for a man can no more know his own heart than he can know his own face, any other way than by

192 *The Difficulty of Knowing One's Self.*

reflexion: he may as well tell over every feature of the smaller portions of his face without the help of a looking-glass, as he can tell all the inward bents and tendencies of the soul, those standing features and lineaments of the inward man, and know all the various changes that this is liable to from custom, from passion, and from opinion, without a very frequent use of looking within himself.

For our passions and inclinations are not always upon the wing, and always moving towards their respective objects, but retire now and then into the more dark and hidden recesses of the heart, where they lie concealed for a while, until a fresh occasion calls them forth again: so that not every transient, oblique, glance upon the mind can bring a man into a thorough knowledge of all its strengths and weaknesses; for a man may sometimes turn the eye of the mind inward upon itself, as he may behold his natural face in a glass, and go away, *and straight forget what manner of man he was.* But a man must rather sit down and unravel every action of the past day into all its circumstances and particularities, and observe how every little thing moved and affected him, and what manner of impression it made upon his heart: this, done with that frequency and carefulness which the importance of the duty doth require, would, in a short time, bring him into a nearer and intimate acquaintance with himself.

But

But when men, instead of this, do pass away months and years in a perfect slumber of the mind, without once awaking it, it is no wonder they should be so very ignorant of themselves, and know very little more of what passeth within them, than the very beasts which perish. But here it may not be amiss to enquire into the reasons why most men have so little conversation with themselves.

And *first*, Because this reflexion is a work and labour of the mind, and cannot be performed without some pain and difficulty: for, before a man can reflect upon himself, and look into his heart with a steady eye, he must contract his sight, and collect all his scattering and roving thoughts into some order and compass, that he may be able to take a clear and distinct view of them; he must retire from the world for a while, and be unattentive to all impressions of sense; and how hard and painful a thing must it needs be to a man of passion and infirmity, amidst such a crowd of objects that are continually striking upon the sense and solliciting the affections, not to be moved and interrupted by one or other of them! But,

Secondly, Another reason why we so seldom converse with ourselves is, because the business of the world taketh up all our time, and leaveth us no portion of it to spend upon this great work and labour of the mind. Thus twelve or fourteen years pass away before we can well discern good from evil; and of the

193 *The Difficulty of Knowing One's Self.*

rest so much goeth away in sleep, so much in the ordinary business of life, and so much in the proper business of our callings, that we have none to lay out upon the more serious and religious employments. Every man's life is an imperfect sort of a circle, which he repeateth and runneth over every day; he hath a set of thoughts, desires, and inclinations, which return upon him in their proper time and order, and will very hardly be laid aside to make room for any thing new and uncommon: so that call upon him when you please to set about the study of his own heart, and you are sure to find him pre-engaged; either he hath some business to do, or some diversion to take, some acquaintance that he must visit, or some company that he must entertain, or some cross accident hath put him out of humour, and unfitted him for such a grave employment. And thus it cometh to pass, that a man can never find leisure to look into himself, because he doth not set apart some portion of the day for that very purpose, but foolishly deferreth from one day to another, until his glass is almost run out, and he is called upon to give a miserable account of himself in the other world. But,

Thirdly, Another reason why a man doth not more frequently converse with himself is, because such conversation with his own heart may discover some vice or some infirmity lurking within him, which he is very unwilling to believe himself guilty of. For can there be a more ungrateful thing to a man, than to
find

find that, upon a nearer view, he is not that person he took himself to be? that he hath neither the courage, nor the honesty, nor the piety, nor the humility, that he dreamed he had? that a very little pain, for instance, putteth him out of patience, and as little pleasure softeneth and disarmeth him into ease and wantonness? that he hath been at more pains, and labour, and cost, to be revenged of an enemy, than to oblige the best friend he hath in the world? that he cannot bring himself to say his prayers without a great deal of reluctancy; and, when he doth say them, the spirit and fervour of devotion evaporate in a very short time; and he can scarcely hold out a prayer of ten lines, without a number of idle and impertinent, if not vain and wicked, thoughts coming into his head? These are very unwelcome discoveries that a man may make of himself; so that it is no wonder that every one, who is already flushed with a good opinion of himself, should rather study how to run away from it, than how to converse with his own heart.

But further. If a man were both able and willing to retire into his own heart, and to set apart some portion of the day for that very purpose; yet he is still disabled from passing a fair and impartial judgment upon himself, by several difficulties, arising partly from prejudice and prepossession, partly from the lower appetites and inclinations. And,

First, That the business of prepossession may lead and betray a man into a false judgment

196 *The Difficulty of Knowing One's Self.*

ment of his own heart. For we may observe, that the first opinion we take up of any thing, or any person, doth generally stick close to us; the nature of the mind being such, that it cannot but desire, and consequently endeavour, to have some certain principles to go upon, something fixed and unmoveable, whereon it may rest and support itself. And hence it cometh to pass, that some persons are with so much difficulty brought to think well of a man they have once entertained an ill opinion of; and, perhaps, that too for a very absurd and unwarrantable reason. But how much more difficult then must it be for a man, who taketh up a fond opinion of his own heart long before he hath either years or sense enough to understand it, either to be persuaded out of it by himself, whom he loveth so well, or by another, whose interest or diversion it may be to make him ashamed of himself! Then,

Secondly, As to the difficulties arising from the inferior appetites and inclinations, let any man look into his own heart, and observe in how different a light, and under what different complexions, any two sins of equal turpitude and malignity do appear to him, if he hath but a strong inclination to the one, and none at all to the other. That which he hath an inclination to is always dressed up in all the false beauty that a fond and busy imagination can give it; the other appeareth naked and deformed, and in all the true circumstances of folly.

folly and dishonour. Thus, Stealing is a vice that few gentlemen are inclined to ; and they justly think it below the dignity of a man to stoop to so base and low a sin ; but no principle of honour, no workings of the mind and conscience, not the still voice of mercy, not the dreadful call of judgment, nor any considerations whatever, can put a stop to that Violence and Oppression, that Pride and Ambition, that Revelling and Wantonness, which we every day meet with in the world. Nay, it is easy to observe very different thoughts in a man of the sin that he is most fond of, according to the different ebbs and flows of his inclination to it. For, as soon as the appetite is alarmed, and seizeth upon the heart, a little cloud gathereth about the head, and spreadeth a kind of darkness over the face of the soul, whereby it is hindered from taking a clear and distinct view of things ; but no sooner is the appetite tired and satiated, but the same cloud *passeth away like a shadow* ; and, a new light springing up in the mind of a sudden, the man seeth much more, both of the folly and of the danger of the sin, than he did before.

And thus, having done with the several reasons why man, the only creature in the world that can reflect and look into himself, is so very ignorant of what *passeth* within him, and so much unacquainted with the standing dispositions and complexions of his own heart : I proceed now, in the

Third

198 *The Difficulty of Knowing One's Self.*

Third and last place, to lay down several advantages, that do, *most assuredly*, attend a due improvement in the knowledge of ourselves. And,

First, One great advantage is, that it tendeth very much to mortify and humble a man into a modest and low opinion of himself. For, let a man take a nice and curious inspection into all the several regions of the heart, and observe every thing irregular and amiss within him: for instance; how narrow and short-sighted a thing is the understanding! upon how little reason do we take up an opinion, and upon how much less sometimes do we lay it down again! how weak and false ground do we often walk upon with the biggest confidence and assurance! and how tremulous and doubtful are we very often, where no doubt is to be made! Again; how wild and impertinent, how busy and incoherent a thing is the imagination, even in the best and wisest men; insomuch, that every man may be said to be mad, but every man doth not shew it! Then as to the passions; how noisy, how turbulent, and how tumultuous are they! how easily are they stirred and set a going, how eager and hot in the pursuit, and what strange disorder and confusion do they throw a man into; so that he can neither think, nor speak, nor act, as he should do, while he is under the dominion of any one of them!

Thus, let every man look with a severe and impartial eye into all the distinct regions of the heart, and, no doubt, several deformities
and

and irregularities, that he never thought of, will open and disclose themselves upon so near a view; and rather make the man ashamed of himself, than proud.

Secondly, A due improvement in the knowledge of ourselves doth certainly secure us from the sly and insinuating assaults of flattery. There is not in the world a baser and more hateful thing than flattery; it proceedeth from so much falseness and insincerity in the man that giveth it, and often discovereth so much weakness and folly in the man that taketh it, that it is hard to tell which of the two is most to be blamed. Every man of common sense can demonstrate in speculation, and may be fully convinced, that all the praises and commendations of the whole world can add no more to the real and intrinsic value of a man, than they can add to his stature. And yet, for all this, men of the best sense and piety, when they come down to the practice, cannot forbear thinking much better of themselves, when they have the good fortune to be spoken well of by other persons.

But the meaning of this absurd proceeding seemeth to be no other than this; there are few men that have so intimate an acquaintance with their own hearts, as to know their own real worth, and how to set a just rate upon themselves; and therefore they do not know but that he who praises them most may be most in the right of it. For, no doubt, if a man were ignorant of the true value of
a thing

a thing he loved as well as himself, he would measure the worth of it according to the esteem of him who biddeth most for it, rather than of him that biddeth less.

Therefore, the most infallible way to disentangle a man from the snares of flattery is, to consult and study his own heart; for whoever does that well will hardly be so absurd, as to take another man's word before his own sense and experience.

Thirdly, Another advantage from this kind of study is this, that it teacheth a man how to behave himself patiently, when he has the ill fortune to be censured and abused by other people. For a man, who is thoroughly acquainted with his own heart, doth already know more evil of himself, than any body else can tell him; and when any one speaketh ill of him, he rather thanketh God, that he can say no worse: for, could his enemy but look into the dark and hidden recesses of the heart, he considereth what a number of impure thoughts he might there see brooding and hovering, like a dark cloud, upon the face of the soul; that there he might take a prospect of the fancy, and view it acting over the several scenes of pride, of ambition, of envy, of lust, and revenge; that there he might tell how often a vicious inclination hath been restrained, for no other reason, but just to save the man's credit or interest in the world; and how many unbecoming ingredients have entered into the composition of his best actions. And now, what man in the whole

whole world would be able to bear so severe a test? to have every thought and inward motion of the heart, laid open and exposed to the views of his enemies? But,

Fourthly, and lastly; Another advantage of this kind is, that it maketh men less severe upon other people's faults, and less busy and industrious in spreading them. For a man, employed at home, inspecting into his own failings, hath not leisure to take notice of every little spot and blemish that lieth scattered upon others: or, if he cannot escape the sight of them, he always passes the most easy and favourable construction upon them. Thus, for instance; does the ill he knoweth of a man proceed from an unhappy temper and constitution of body? he then considereth with himself, how hard a thing it is, not to be borne down with the current of the blood and spirits; and accordingly layeth some part of the blame upon the weakness of human nature, for he hath felt the force and rapidity of it within his own breast; although perhaps, in another instance, he remembereth how it rageth and swelleth by opposition; and, although it may be restrained, or diverted, for a while, yet it can hardly ever be totally subdued.

Or, has the man sinned out of custom? he then, from his own experience, traceth an habit into the very first rise and imperfect beginnings of it; and can tell by how slow and insensible advances it creepeth upon the heart;

heart; how it worketh itself by degrees into the very frame and texture of it, and so passeth into a second nature; and consequently he hath a just sense of the great difficulty for him to learn to do good, who hath been long accustomed to do evil.

Or, *Lastly*, Hath a false opinion betrayed him into a sin? he then calleth to mind what wrong apprehensions he hath made of some things himself; how many opinions, that he once made no doubt of, he hath, upon a stricter examination, found to be doubtful and uncertain; how many more to be unreasonable and absurd. He knoweth further, that there are a great many more opinions that he hath never yet examined into at all, and which, however, he still believeth, for no other reason but because he hath believed them so long already without a reason.

Thus, upon every occasion, a man intimately acquainted with himself consulteth his own heart, and maketh every man's case to be his own (and so puts the most favourable interpretation upon it). Let every man therefore look into his own heart, before he beginneth to abuse the reputation of another; and then he will hardly be so absurd, as to throw a dart that will so certainly rebound and wound himself. And thus, through the whole course of his conversation, let him keep an eye upon that one great comprehensive rule of Christian duty, on which hangeth not only the law and the prophets, but the very life and spirit of the gospel too; *Whatsoever ye would that*

The Difficulty of Knowing One's Self. 203

that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them. Which rule that we may all duly observe, by throwing aside all scandal and detraction, all spite and rancour, all rudeness and contempt, all rage and violence, and whatever tendeth to make conversation and commerce either uneasy or troublesome, may the God of peace grant, for Jesus Christ his sake, &c.

Consider what hath been said; and the Lord give you a right understanding in all things. To whom, with the Son and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, now and for ever.



To

To the R E A D E R.

IN or about the year 1731, Mr. Wogan, a gentleman of an antient and good family in Ireland, sent a present of a cask of Spanish Cassala wine to the dean, also a crimson velvet bag, with gold and silk strings, in which were inclosed, A Paraphrase on the Seven Penitential Psalms of David, and several original pieces in verse and prose, dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Swift, D. S. P. D. whom he never saw. This Mr. Wogan was a gentleman of great bravery and courage, and distinguished himself in several battles and sieges. He was appointed, by the Chevalier de St. George, in the year 1718, to take the princess Sobieski (grand-daughter of the famous James Sobieski, king of Poland, who raised the siege of Vienna), to whom he was married by proxy in Poland, who, in her journey to Rome, was, by order of the Imperial court, made a prisoner in Tyroll, and closely confined in the castle of Inspruck for some time, when Mr. Wogan undertook to set her at liberty, and bring her safe to Rome, which he effectually performed, by carrying her through all the guards: for which dangerous and gallant service, he was made a Roman knight, which was an honour that was not conferred on a foreigner for many centuries before. This gentleman soon after went into the service of Spain, where he got a government and other military commands, and distinguished himself in many engagements, being well known all over Europe by the name of Chevalier, or Sir, Charles Wogan.

The

The ANSWER of the Reverend Doctor
JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*, to the Author, Sir
CHARLES WOGAN, an officer of distinction in the service of the king of
Spain.

S I R,

I Received your packet at least two months ago, and took all this time not only to consider it maturely myself, but to shew it to the few judicious friends I have in this kingdom. We all agreed, that the writer was a scholar, a man of genius, and of honour. We guessed him to have been born in this country, from some passages; but not from the style, which we were surprized to find so correct in an exile, a soldier, and a native of *Ireland*. The history of yourself, although part of it be employed in your praise and importance, we did not dislike, because your intention was to be wholly unknown, which circumstance exempts you from any charge of vanity. However, although I am utterly ignorant of present persons and things, I have made a shift, by talking in general with some persons, to find out your name, your employments, and some of your actions, with the addition of such a character, as would give full credit to more than you have said (I mean of yourself) in the Dedicatory Epistle.

You will pardon a natural curiosity on this occasion, especially when I began with so little, that I did not so much as untie the

N

strings,

strings of the bag for five days after I received it, concluding it must come from some *Irish* friar in *Spain*, filled with monastic speculations, of which I have seen some in my life, little expecting a History, a Dedication, a Poetical Translation of the Penitential Psalms, Latin Poems, and the like, and all from a soldier. In these kingdoms, you would be a most unfashionable military man, among troops where the least pretension to learning, or piety, or common morals, would endanger the owner to be cashiered. Although I have no great regard for your trade, from the judgment I make of those who profess it in these kingdoms, yet I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen of *Ireland*, who, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves by their valour and conduct in so many parts of *Europe*, I think, above all other nations; which ought to make the *English* ashamed of the reproaches they cast on the ignorance, the dulness, and the want of courage, in the *Irish* natives; those defects, wherever they happen, arising only from the poverty and slavery they suffer from their inhuman neighbours, and the base corrupt spirits of too many of the chief gentry, &c. By such events as these, the very *Grecians* are grown slavish, ignorant, and superstitious. I do assert that, from several experiments I have made in travelling over both kingdoms, I have found the poor cottagers here, who
could

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN. 207.

could speak our language, to have a much better natural taste for good sense, humour, and raillery, than ever I observed among people of the like sort in *England*. But the millions of oppressions they lie under, the tyranny of their landlords, the ridiculous zeal of their priests, and the general misery of the whole nation, have been enough to damp the best spirits under the sun. I return to your packet.

Two or three poetical friends of mine have read your poems with very good approbation; yet we all agree some corrections may be wanting, and at the same time we are at a loss how to venture on such a work. One gentleman of your own country, name, and family, who could do it best, is a little too lazy; but, however, something shall be done and submitted to you. I have been only a man of rhimes, and that upon trifles, never having written serious couplets in my life; yet never any without a moral view. However, as an admirer of *Milton*, I will read yours as a critic, and make objections, where I find any thing that should be changed. Your directions about publishing the epistle and the poetry will be a point of some difficulty. They cannot be printed here with the least profit to the author's friend in distress. *Dublin* booksellers have not the least notion of paying for a copy. Sometimes things are printed here by subscription; but they go on so heavily, that few or none make it turn to account. In *London* it is otherwise; but even

there the authors must be in vogue, or, if not known; be discovered by the style; or the work must be something that hits the taste of the public, or what is recommended by the presiding men of genius.

When *Milton* first published his famous poem, the first edition was very long going off; few either read, liked, or understood it; and it gained ground merely by its merit. Nothing but an uncertain state of my health (caused by a disposition to giddiness, which, although less violent, is more constant) could have prevented my passing this summer into *England* to see my friends, who hourly have expected me: in that case, I could have managed this affair myself, and would have readily consented that my name should have stood at length before your epistle; and, by the caprice of the world, that circumstance might have been of use to make the thing known; and consequently better answer the charitable part of your design, by inciting people's curiosity. And, in such a case, I would have writ a short acknowledgment of your letter, and published it in the next page after your epistle; but giving you no name, nor confessing my conjecture of it. This scheme I am still upon, as soon as my health permits me to return to *England* [o].

As I am conjectured to have generally dealt in raillery and satyr, both in prose and verse,

[o] The last time the dean was in *England* was in the year 1727.

if that conjecture be right, although such an opinion hath been an absolute bar to my rising in the world ; yet that very world must suppose that I followed what I thought to be my talent ; and charitable people will suppose I had a design to laugh the follies of mankind out of countenance, and as often to lash the vices out of practice. And then it will be natural to conclude, that I have some partiality for such kind of writing and favour it in others. I think you acknowledge, that, in some time of your life, you turned to the raillying part ; but I find at present your genius runs wholly into the grave and sublime, and therefore I find you less indulgent to my way by your dislike of the *Beggar's Opera*, in the persons particularly of *Polly Peachum* and *Macbeath* ; whereas we think it a very severe satyr upon the most pernicious villainies of mankind. And so you are in danger of quarrelling with the sentiments of *Mr. Pope*, *Mr. Gay* the author, *Dr. Arbuthnot*, myself, *Dr. Young*, and all the brethren whom we own. *Doctor Young* is the gravest among us, and yet his satyrs have many mixtures of sharp raillery. At the same time you judge very truly, that the taste of *England* is infamously corrupted by sholes of wretches who write for their bread ; and therefore I had reason to put *Mr. Pope* on writing the poem, called the *DUNCIAD* ; and to hale those scoundrels out of their obscurity, by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, sometimes their lodgings,

210 LETTER FROM DR. SWIFT

and their lineage; not with *A*—'s and *B*—'s according to the old way, which would be unknown in a few years.

As to your blank-verse, it hath too often fallen into the same vile hands of late. One *Thompson*, a *Scotsman*, hath succeeded the best in that way, in four poems he hath written on the four seasons: yet I am not overfond of them, because they are all description, and nothing is doing; whereas *Milton* engageth me in actions of the highest importance,

Modo me Romæ, modo ponit Athenis:
and yours on the Seven Psalms, &c. have some advantages that way.

You see *Pope*, *Gay*, and I, use all our endeavours to make folks merry and wise, and profess to have no enemies, except knaves and fools. I confess myself to be exempted from them in one article, which was engaging with a ministry to prevent, if possible, the evils that have over-run the nation; and my foolish zeal in endeavouring to save this wretched island. Wherein, though I succeeded absolutely in one important article [*p*]; yet even there I lost all hope of favour from those in power here, and disobliged the court of *England*, and have in twenty years drawn above one thousand scurrilous libels on myself, without any other recompence than the love of the *Irish* vulgar, and two or three dozen signposts of the *drapier* in this city, besides those that are scattered in country towns, and even

[*p*] Against *Wood's* copper half-pence. See *Drapier's Letters*,

these

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN. 211

these are half worn out. So that, whatever little genius God hath given me, I may justly pretend to have been the worst manager of it to my own advantage of any man upon earth.

Aug. 2.] What I have above written hath long lain by me, that I might consider further: but I have been partly out of order, and partly plagued with a law-suit of ten years standing, and I doubt very ill closed up, although it concerns two thirds of my little fortune. Think whether such periods of life are proper to encourage poetical or philosophical speculations.

I shall not therefore tire you any longer; but, with great acknowledgement for the distinction you please to shew me, desire to be always thought, with great truth and a most particular esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient
and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

We have some editions printed here of books from *England*, which I know not whether you are in a way of getting. I will name some below, and, if you approve of any, I shall willingly increase your library; they are small, consequently more portable in your marches, and, which is more important, the present will be cheaper for me.

Dr. YOUNG'S Satyrs
Mr. GAY'S Works
Mr. POPE'S Works
POPE'S DUNCIAD

GAY'S Fables
Art of Politicks,
and some other Trifles
in Verse, &c.

A TREA-

A
T R E A T I S E
O N
G O O D - M A N N E R S,
A N D
G O O D - B R E E D I N G.

GOOD-MANNERS is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

As the best law is founded upon reason, so are the best manners. And as some lawyers have introduced unreasonable things into common law; so likewise many teachers have introduced absurd things into common good-manners.

One principal point of this art is, to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men; our superiours, our equals, and those below us.

For instance, to press either of the two former to eat or drink is a breach of manners; but a tradesman or a farmer must be thus treated, or else it will be difficult to persuade them that they are welcome.

Pride,

Pride, ill-nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill-manners; without some one of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience; or of what, in the language of fools, is called, knowing the world.

I defy any one to assign an incident wherein reason will not direct us what we are to say or do in company, if we are not misled by pride or ill-nature.

Therefore I insist that good-sense is the principal foundation of good-manners: but, because the former is a gift which very few among mankind are possessed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing some rules for common behaviour, best suited to their general customs or fancies; as a kind of artificial good-sense, to supply the defects of reason. Without which the *gentlemenly* part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they seldom fail when they happen to be drunk, or engaged in squabbles about women or play. And, God be thanked, there hardly happeneth a duel in a year, which may not be imputed to one of these three motives. Upon which account, I should be exceedingly sorry to find the legislature make any new laws against the practice of duelling; because the methods are easy, and many, for a wise man to avoid a quarrel with honour, or engage in it with innocence. And I can discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers,
and

and rakes to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law hath not been able to find an expedient.

As the common forms of good-manners were intended for regulating the conduct of those who have weak understandings; so they have been corrupted by the persons for whose use they were were contrived. For these people have fallen into a needless and endless way of multiplying ceremonies, which have been extremely troublesome to those who practise them, and insupportable to every body else: insomuch, that wise men are often more uneasy at the over-civility of these refiners, than they could possibly be in the conversations of peasants or mechanics.

The impertinences of this ceremonial behaviour are no where better seen than at those tables where the ladies preside, who value themselves upon account of their good-breeding; where a man must reckon upon passing an hour without doing any one thing he hath a mind to; unless he will be so hardy as to break through all the settled decorum of the family. She determineth what he loveth best, and how much he shall eat; and if the master of the house happeneth to be of the same disposition, he proceedeth, in the same tyrannical manner, to prescribe in the drinking part: at the same time, you are under the necessity of answering a thousand apologies for your entertainment. And, although a good deal of this humour is pretty well worn off among many people of the
best

GOOD-MANNERS,

best fashion, yet too much of it still
eth, especially in the country; an
honest gentleman assured me, that
being
been kept four days against his will at a
friend's house, with all the circumstances of
hiding his boots, locking up the stable, and
other contrivances of the like nature, he
could not remember, from the moment he
came into the house to the moment he left
it, any one thing, wherein his inclination
was not directly contradicted; as if the whole
family had entered into a combination to tor-
ment him.

But, besides all this, it would be endless
to recount the many foolish and ridiculous
accidents I have observed among these un-
fortunate profelytes to ceremony. I have
seen a dutchess fairly knocked down by the
precipitancy of an officious coxcomb, run-
ning to save her the trouble of opening a
door. I remember, upon a birth-day at
court, a great lady was utterly disconsolate
by a dish of sauce let fall by a page directly
upon her head-dress and brocade; while she
gave a sudden turn to her elbow upon some
point of ceremony with the person who sat
next to her. Monsieur *Buys*, the *Dutch* en-
voy, whose politics and manners were much
of a size, brought a son with him, about
thirteen years old, to a great table at court.
The boy and his father, whatever they put
on their plates, they first offered round in
order, to every person in company; so that

we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At last their two plates happened to encounter, and with so much violence, that, being china, they broke in twenty pieces; and stained half the company with wet sweet-meats and cream.

There is a pedantry in manners, as in all arts and sciences; and sometimes in trades. Pedantry is properly the over-rating of any kind of knowledge we pretend to. And if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itself, the pedantry is the greater. For which reason I look upon fiddlers, dancing-masters, heralds, masters of the ceremony, &c. to be greater pedants than *Lipsius*, or the elder *Scaliger*. With this kind of pedants, the court, while I knew it, was always plentifully stocked; I mean from the gentleman-usher (at least) inclusive, downward to the gentleman-porter: who are, generally speaking, the most insignificant race of people that this island can afford, and with the smallest tincture of good-manners; which is the only trade they profess. For, being wholly illiterate, and conversing chiefly with each other, they reduce the whole system of breeding within the forms and circles of their several offices: and, as they are below the notice of ministers, they live and die in court under all revolutions, with great obsequiousness to those who are in any degree of credit or favour, and with rudeness and insolence to every body else. From whence I have long concluded, that good-manners are not a plant of the court
growth:

growth: for if they were, those people, who have understandings directly of a level for such acquirements, who have served such long apprenticeships to nothing else, would certainly have picked them up. For as to the great officers, who attend the prince's person or councils or preside in his family, they are a transient body, who have no better a title to good manners than their neighbours, nor will probably have recourse to gentlemen-ushers for instruction. So that I know little to be learned at court upon this head, except in the material circumstance of dress; wherein the authority of the maids of honour must indeed be allowed to be almost equal to that of a favourite actress.

I remember a passage my lord *Bolingbroke* told me; that, going to receive prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* at his landing, in order to conduct him immediately to the queen, the prince said, he was much concerned that he could not see her majesty that night; for *Monsieur Hoffman* (who was then by) had assured his highness that he could not be admitted into her presence with a tied-up periwig; that his equipage was not arrived; and that he had endeavoured in vain to borrow a long one among all his valets and pages. My lord turned the matter to a jest, and brought the prince to her majesty; for which he was highly censured by the whole tribe of gentlemen ushers; among whom *Monsieur Hoffman*, an old dull resident of the emperor's, had picked up this material point of ceremony;

ceremony; and which, I believe, was the best lesson he had learned in five and twenty years residence.

I make a difference between good-manners and good-breeding; although, in order to vary my expression, I am sometimes forced to confound them. By the first, I only understand the art of remembering and applying certain settled forms of general behaviour. But good-breeding is of a much larger extent; for, besides an uncommon degree of literature sufficient to qualify a gentleman for reading a play or a political pamphlet, it taketh in a great compass of knowledge; no less than that of dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of *Italy*, riding the great horse, and speaking *French*; not to mention some other secondary or subaltern accomplishments, which are more easily acquired. So that the difference between good-breeding and good-manners lieth in this; that the former cannot be attained to by the best understandings without study and labour: whereas a tolerable degree of reason will instruct us in every part of good-manners without other assistance.

I can think of nothing more useful upon this subject, than to point out some particulars wherein the very essentials of good-manners are concerned, the neglect or perverting of which doth very much disturb the good commerce of the world, by introducing a traffic of mutual uneasiness in most companies.

First, a necessary part of good-manners is a punctual observance of time at our own dwellings, or those of others, or at third places; whether upon matter of civility, business, or diversion; which rule, though it be a plain dictate of common reason, yet the greatest [q] minister I ever knew was the greatest trespasser against it; by which all his business doubled upon him, and placed him in a continual arrear. Upon which I often used to railly him, as deficient in point of good-manners. I have known more than one ambassador, and secretary of state, with a very moderate portion of intellectuals, execute their offices with good success and applause by the mere force of exactness and regularity. If you duly observe time for the service of another, it doubles the obligation; if upon your own account, it would be manifest folly, as well as ingratitude, to neglect it; if both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior attend on you to his own disadvantage is pride and injustice.

Ignorance of forms cannot properly be stiled ill-manners; because forms are subject to frequent changes; and consequently being not founded upon reason, are beneath a wise man's regard. Besides, they vary in every country; and, after a short period of time, very frequently in the same: so that a man, who travelleth, must needs be at first a stranger

[q] *Robert Harley, earl of Oxford, lord high treasurer to queen Anne.*

to them in every court through which he passeth; and, perhaps, at his return as much a stranger in his own; and, after all, they are easier to be remembered or forgotten than faces or names.

Indeed, among the many impertinencies that superficial young men bring with them from abroad, this bigotry of forms is one of the principal and more predominant than the rest; who look upon them not only as if they were matters capable of admitting of choice, but even as points of importance; and therefore zealous upon all occasions to introduce and propagate the new forms and fashions they have brought back with them: So that, usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is a young traveller just returned from abroad.

N. B. The GUARDIAN, No 96. written by this author, we omit, being already in every one's hands.

A LET.

A LETTER of Dr. SWIFT, to the Rev. Mr. JOHN KENDALL, Vicar of Thornton, to be left at Mr. BIRKHEAD'S over-against the Free-School in L——r.

Feb. 11, 1691.

S I R,

IF any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was almost inviting me to do so in the beginning, which indeed grew less upon knowing the occasion ; since it is what I have heard from more than one in and about L——r. And for the friendship between us, as I suppose your's to be real ; so I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cause to believe it, pretended ; though I might have some quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill bestowed in complimenting me. And as to that of my great prospects of making my fortune, on which as your kindness only looks on the best side, so my own cold temper, and unconfined humour, is a much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter. I shall speak plainly to you, that the very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the university, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage, till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years ; and even then itself, I am so hard to please, that I

O 3

suppose

222 LETTER FROM DR. SWIFT

suppose I shall put it off to the other world.— How all that suits with my behaviour to the woman in hand, you may easily imagine, when you know that there is something in me which must be employed, and when I am alone turns all, for want of practice, into speculation and thought; insomuch that these seven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in *England*. And this is it which a person of great honour in *Ireland* (who was pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind) used to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me so busy, when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myself just the same way, and, I profess, without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world, when I had no design for any thing grave in it, and what I thought at worst a harmless impertinence; but, whenever I begin to take sober resolutions, or, as now, to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Besides, perhaps in so general a conversation

versation among that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where I am when I am going to choose for a wife; and though the cunning sharper of the town may have a cheat put on him, yet it must be cleaner carried than this which you think I am going to *top* upon myself. And truly, if you knew how metaphysical I am that way, you would little fear I should venture on one who has given so much occasion to tongues: For though the people is a lying sort of beast (and I think in *L—r* above all parts that I ever was in) yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason, which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman any farther than a bare acquaintance.—Among all the young gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themselves by marrying (which I assure you is a great number) I have made this general rule, that they are either young, raw, and ignorant scholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every silk petticoat includes an angel; or else these have been a sort of honest young men, who perhaps are too literal in rather marrying than burning, and entail a misery on themselves and posterity, by an over-acting modesty. I think, I am very far excluded from listing under either of these heads. I confess, I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married and ruined themselves out of a maggot; but a thousand

household thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, fright me from that; besides that, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not understand; and having never heard them but so hinted, thought it proper to give you this, to shew you how I thank you for your regard of me; and I hope my carriage will be so as my friends need not be ashamed of the name. I should not have behaved myself after that manner I did in *L——r*, if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of *L——r* to be; and so I content myself with retaliation. I hope you will forgive this trouble; and so, with my service to your good wife,

I am, good cousin,

Your very friend and servant,

J O N. S W I F T.

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

O 5



P O E M S
 O N S E V E R A L
 O C C A S I O N S.

B A L L Y S P E L L I N [a].

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
 As pure as fam'd *Llewellyn*,
 By waters clear, come ev'ry year,
 To drink at *Ballyspellin*.

Tho' pox or itch your skins enrich
 With rubies past the telling,
 'Twill clear your skin before you've been
 A month at *Ballyspellin*.

If ladies cheek be green as leek
 When she comes from her dwelling,
 The kindling rose within it glows
 When she's at *Ballyspellin*.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
 Grows here as fair as *Helen*;
 Then back she goes to kill the beaux
 By dint of *Ballyspellin*.

[a] A famous spaw in the county of *Kilkenny*.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
 As *Rofs*, or bright *Dunkelling* :
 And *Mars* might make a fair mistake,
 Were he at *Ballyspellin*.

We men submit as they think fit,
 And here is no rebelling ;
 The reason's plain, the ladies reign,
 They're queens at *Ballyspellin*.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
 They have the pow'r of quelling
 Such desperate foes as dare oppose
 Their Power at *Ballyspellin*.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
 I know, because I fell in
 A stream which came from one bright dame
 Who drank at *Ballyspellin*.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
 And bring their *Anne* or *Nell* in
 With so much grace, I'm sure no place
 Can vie with *Ballyspellin*.

No politicks, no subtle tricks,
 No man his country selling,
 We eat, we drink, we never think
 Of these at *Ballyspellin*.

The troubled mind, the puffed with wind,
 Do all come here *Pell-Mell* in ;
 And, they are sure, to work their cure
 By drinking *Ballyspellin*.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 229

If dropfy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe tho' swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at *Ballyspellin*.

Death throws no darts thro' all these parts,
No sextons here are knelling ;
Come, judge and try, you'll never die,
But *live* at *Ballyspellin* :

Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
Which here are ev'ry belle in ;
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at *Ballyspellin*.

Good chear, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at *Ballyspellin*.

Within this ground we all sleep found,
No noisy dogs a yelling ;
Except you wake, for *Cælia's* sake,
All night at *Ballyspellin*.

Here all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in ;
But all partake the mirth we make
Who drink at *Ballyspellin*.

My rhimes are gone, I think I've none,
Unless I should bring hell in ;
But since I'm here to heav'n so near,
I can't at *Ballyspellin*.



T H E
A N S W E R.

By Dr. S W I F T.

DA R E you dispute, you sawcy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
You give to *Ballyspellin*?

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
Your med'cine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and scours the blood,
When drank at *Ballyspellin*.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling;
Will back be sent, worse than they went,
From nasty *Ballyspellin*.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honest doctor *Pellin*;
So hard sometimes, you tug for rhimes
To bring in *Ballyspellin*.

No subject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling;
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues,
That met at *Ballyspellin*.

O u r

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 231

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowing make with shelling,
At *Market-Hill* more beaux can kill,
Than yours at *Ballyspellin*.

Would I was whipt, when *Sheelah* stript,
To wash herself our well in ;
A bum so white, ne'er came in sight,
At poultry *Ballyspellin*.

Your mawkins there, smocks *hempen* wear
Of *Holland*, not an ell in ;
No, not a rag, what e'er you brag,
Is found at *Ballyspellin*.

But *Tom* will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling ;
Because he gets a few *Grisets*,
At lousy *Ballyspellin*.

There's bonny *Jane* in yonder lane,
Just o'er against the *Bell Inn* ;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
Round all your *Ballyspellin* ?

We have a girl deserves an earl,
She came from *Enniskillin* ;
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles at *Ballyspellin*.

How would you stare, to see her there,
The foggy mist dispelling ;
That cloud the brows, of every blowse
Who lives at *Ballyspellin*.

Now

Now as I live, I would not give
 A *Stiver* for a *Skellin*,
 To towse, and kifs, the fairest mis
 That leaks at *Ballyspellin*.

Who e'er will raise such lies as these,
 Deserves a good cudgelling:
 Who falsly boasts of belles and toasts,
 At dirty *Ballyspellin*.

My rhimes are gone, to all but one,
 Which is, our trees are felling.
 As proper quite, as those you write,
 To force in *Ballyspellin*.

ARIDDLE. *By Dr. DELANY.*

Inscribed to the Lady CARTERET.

I REACH all things near me, and far off
 to boot,
 Without stretching a finger, or stirring a foot,
 I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
 Tho' many and various, and large and asunder.
 Without jostling or crowding they pass side
 by side,
 Thro' a wonderful wicket, not half an inch
 wide,
 Then I lodge them at ease in a very large
 store,
 Of no breadth or length, with a thousand
 things more. All

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 233

All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Tho' sometimes they say I bewitch, and do
harm ;

Tho' cold I inflame, and tho' quiet invade,
And nothing can shield from my spell but a
shade.

A thief that has robb'd you, or done you
disgrace,

In magical mirrour I'll shew you his face :
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have
said,

They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the
dead.

Like conjurers safe in my circle I dwell,
I love to look black too, it heightens my
spell ;

Tho' my magick is mighty in every Hue,
Who see all my power must see it in YOU.

The same answered by Dr. SWIFT.

WITH half an Eye
Your *Riddle* I spy.

I observē your wicket
Hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever passes
Is strained thro' glasses.

You say it is quiet,
I flatly deny it :
It wanders about,
Without stirring out,
No passion so weak
But gives it a tweak ;

Love,

Love, joy, and devotion
 See it always in motion.
 And as for the tragick
 Effects of its magick
 Which you say it can kill,
 Or revive at its will,
 The dead are all found
 And revive above ground,
 After all you have writ,
 It cannot be wit.
 Which plainly does follow,
 Since it flies from *Apollo*.
 Its cowardice such,
 It cries at a touch,
 'Tis a perfect milkfop,
 Grows drunk with a drop.
 Another great fault,
 It cannot bear salt :
 And a hair can disarm
 It of every charm.

A R I D D L E. By Dr. S W I F T.

To my Lady C A R T E R E T.

F R O M *India's* burning clime I'm brought,
 With cooling gales like zephyrs fraught.
 For *Iris* when she paints the sky,
 Can shew more different hue than I ;
 Nor can she change her form so fast,
 I'm now a sail, and now a mast.
 I here am red, and there am green,
 A beggar there, and here a queen.

I some-

I sometimes live in house of hair,
 And oft in hand of lady fair.
 I please the young, I grace the old,
 And am at once both hot and cold.
 Say what I am then, if you can,
 And find the rhyme, and you're the man.

Answered by Dr. SHERIDAN.

YOUR house of hair and lady's hand
 At first did put me to a stand.
 I have it now——'tis plain enough——
 Your hairy business is a *Muff*.
 Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
 At once so like your mast and sails.
 And for the rhyme to *you're the man*,
 What fits it better than a *fann* ?

The LOGICIANS refuted.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
 As rational, the human kind ;
 Reason, they say, belongs to man,
 But let them prove it, if they can.
 Wise *Aristotle* and *Smiglesius*,
 By ratiocinations specious,
 Have strove to prove with great precision,
 With definition and division,
Homo est rationis præditum ;
 But, for my soul, I cannot credit 'em.

And,

And must, in spite of them, maintain,
 That man and all his ways are vain ;
 And that this boasted lord of nature
 Is both a weak and erring creature.
 That instinct is a surer guide
 Than reason-boasting mortals pride ;
 And, that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
 Whoever knew an-honest brute
 At law his neighbour prosecute ;
 Bring action for assault and battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?
 O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
 No politics disturb their mind ;
 They eat their meals, and take their sport,
 Nor know who's in or out at court.
 They never to the levee go
 To treat as dearest friend, a foe :
 They never importune his grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place ;
 Nor undertake a dirty job,
 Nor draw the quill to write for *Bob*.
 Fraught with invective they ne'er go
 To folks at *Pater-Noster-Row* :
 No judges, fiddlers, dancing masters,
 No pick-pockets, or poetasters,
 Are known to honest quadrupeds :
 No single brute his fellows leads.
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
 Nor cut each others throats for pay.
 Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
 Comes nearest us in human shape,
 Like man he imitates each fashion,
 And malice is his ruling passion :

But

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 237

But, both in malice and grimaces,
 A courtier any ape surpasses,
 Behold him humbly cringing wait
 Upon the minister of state ;
 View him soon after to inferiors
 Aping the conduct of superiors :
 He promises with equal air,
 And to perform takes equal care.
 He in his turn finds imitators,
 At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
 Their masters' manners still contract,
 And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
 Thus, at the court, both great and small
 Behave alike, for all ape all.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

O H ! heav'nly born ! in deepest cells,
 If fairest Science ever dwells
 Beneath the mossy cave ;
 Indulge the verdure of the woods :
 With azure beauty gild the floods,
 And flow'ry carpets lave ;

For Melancholy ever reigns
 Delighted in the sylvan scenes
 With scientific light ;
 While *Dian*, huntress of the vales,
 Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
 Tho' rapt from mortal sight.

Yet,

Yet, goddess, yet the way explore
 With magic rites and heathen lore
 Obstructed and depress'd :
 'Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,
 Untaught, not uninspired, to shine,
 By Reason's power redress'd.

When *Solon* and *Lycurgus* taught,
 To moralize the human thought
 Of mad opinion's maze,
 To erring zeal they gave new laws.
 Thy charms, O Liberty, the cause
 That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright *Astræa* gild the morn,
 Or bid a hundred suns be born,
 To hecatomb the year ;
 Without thy aid in vain the poles :
 In vain the Zodiac system rolls :
 In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
 Bring sweet Philosophy along
 In metaphysic dreams ;
 While raptur'd bards no more behold
 A vernal age of purer gold
 In Heliconian streams.

Drive Thralldom with malignant hand,
 To curse some other destin'd land
 By Folly led astray :
Ierne bear on azure wing ;
 Energic let her soar, and sin
 Thy universal sway.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 239

So when *Amphion* bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound,
And petrifying song.

The PUPPET-SHOW.

THE life of man to represent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a *puppet-show* invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worship was to *puppets* paid,
In antic dress the idol stood,
And priests and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began,
The simple votaries to frame,
To shape in *timber* foolish man,
And consecrate the *block* to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might rise from human forms,
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches issue from the arms.

Thus

Thus *Dædalus* and *Ovid* too,
 That man's a blockhead have confest,
Powel and *Stretch* [b] the hint pursue,
 Life is a farce, the world a jest.

The same great truth *South-Sea* [c] hath prov'd
 On that fam'd theatre, the *alley*,
 Where thousands, by directors mov'd,
 Are now sad monuments of folly.

What *Momus* was of old to *Jove*
 The same a *Harlequin* is now ;
 The former was *Buffoon* above
 The latter is a *Punch* below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
 Where various images appear,
 In different parts of youth and age
 Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
 False pomp conceals mere wood within,
 And legislators rang'd in state
 Are oft but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
 And timber as a lord take place,
 A statue may put on a frown
 And cheat us with a thinking face.

[b] The puppet-show men.

[c] See the poem on the *South-Sea* project.

Others

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 241

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown,
By the mere spring of wires they play
And speak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne,
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a *Joan*.

In short, whatever men pursue
Of pleasure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic-race brings all to view,
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great *Stretch*, with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride,
And when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a *puppet's* pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shewn,
Thy image shall preserve thy fame.
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell *Tom* he draws a *farce* in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glass,
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor *Pedantry* for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
And shews some error in the brain.

P

He

He that would thus refine on thee,
 And turn thy stage into a school,
 The jest of *Punch* will ever be,
 And stand confest the greater fool.

On P S Y C H E [d].

A T two afternoon for our *Psyche* inquire,
 Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the
 fire :
 So loitring, so active ; so busy, so idle,
 Which hath she most need of, a spur or a
 bridle ?
 Thus, a greyhound out-runs the whole pack
 in a race,
 Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a
 warm place.
 She gives you such plenty, it puts you in
 pain ;
 But ever with prudence takes care of the
 main.
 To please you, she knows how to chuse a
 nice bit ;
 For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit.
 To oblige a good friend, she will trace ev'ry
 market,
 It would do your heart good, to see how she
 will cark it.

[d] Mrs. *Sican*, a very ingenious well-bred lady,
 wife to Mr. *John Sican*, an eminent Grocer in
Dublin.

Yet

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 243

Yet beware of her arts, for it plainly ap-
pears,
She saves half her victuals, by feeding your
ears.

To Mrs. HOUGHTON of *Bormount*, upon
praising her husband to Dr. SWIFT.

Y O U always are making a God of your
spouse,
But this neither reason nor conscience allows ;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find,
For you, by this rule, must adore all man-
kind.

On the collar of Mrs. DINGLEY's lap-dog.

P R A Y steal me not, I'm Mrs. *Dingley's*,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

A left-handed letter to Dr. SHERIDAN [e].
S I R,

D E L A N Y reports it, and he has a shrewd
tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and
the cow-dung ;
We lye cramming ourselves, and are ready to
burst,
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.

[e] All the humour of this poem is lost, by the
impossibility of printing it left-handed, as it was wrote.

Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

Tho' DELANY advis'd you to plague me no
longer,

You reply and rejoin like HOADLY of
Bangor.

I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old
score :

How many to answer ? One, two, three,
four.

But because the three former are long ago past,
I shall, for method sake, begin with the last.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his
foe,

Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the rising
blow.

Yet I know a young rogue, that thrown flat
on the field,

Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah,
yield :

So, the *French*, when our generals soundly
did pay 'em,

Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly
Te Deum :

So the famous TOM LEIGH, when quite run
a-ground,

Comes off by out-laughing the company
round.

In ev'ry vile pamphlet you'll read the same
fancies,

Having thus overthrown all our further ad-
vances.

My

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 245

My offers of peace you ill understood,
Friend SHERIDAN, when will you know your
own good ?

'Twas to teach you in moderate language
your duty ;

For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye.
As a good quiet soul, who no mischief in-
tends

To a quarrelsome fellow, cries, Let us be
friends.

But we like ANTÆUS and HERCULES fight,
The oft'ner you fall, the oft'ner you write ;
And I'll use you as he did that overgrown
clown,

I'll first take you up, and then take you down :
And, 'tis your own case, for you never can
wound

The worst dunce in your school, 'till he's
heav'd from the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left hand,
but I was in great haste, and the other
hand was employed at the same time in
writing some letters of business.

September 20, 1718.

I will send you the rest when I have leisure ;
but pray come to dinner with the com-
pany you met here last.

Upon stealing a CROWN when the
DEAN was asleep.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEAR dean, since you in sleepy wise
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your
eyes ;
Like Ghost, I glide along your floor,
And softly shut the parlour door :
For should I break your sweet repose,
Who knows what money you might lose ?
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has giv'n ten thousand pound.
Then sleep, my friend, dear dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own ;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.

The D E A N ' S Answer.

SO about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk ;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the least diff'rence find,
But that you left no clap behind.

But

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 247

But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens [*f*] and six-pence
ha'penny.

To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut—
But 'tis observ'd, that men in gowns
Are most inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.
Could you but *change* a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the lady [*g*] at *St. Cath'rines*
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with *Agmondisham* [*h*],
And for his victuals let a ragman dish 'em.

Saturday-Night.

Probatur aliter.

A Long-ear'd beast, and a field-house for
cattle,

Among the coals does often rattle.

A long-ear'd beast, a bird that prates,
The bridegrooms first gift to their mates,
Is by all pious christians thought,
In clergymen the greatest fault.

A long-ear'd beast, and woman of Endor,
If your wife be a scold that will mend her.

[*f*] An *English* shilling passeth for thirteen pence
in *Ireland*.

[*g*] Lady *Montcashel*.

[*h*] *Agmondisham Vesey*, Esq; a very worthy gen-
tleman, for whom the author had a great esteem.

With

With a long-ear'd beast, and med'cines use,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and spruce.

A long-ear'd beast, and holy fable,
Strengthens the shoes of half the rabble.

A long-ear'd beast, and Rhenish wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.

A long-ear'd-beast, and *Flanders* college,
Is Dr. T——l to my knowledge.

A long-ear'd beast, and bird of night,
We finners are too apt to flight.

A long-ear'd beast, a shameful vermin,
A judge will eat, tho' clad in ermin.

A long-ear'd beast, and *Irish* cart,
Can leave a mark and give a smart.

A long-ear'd beast in mud to lie,
No bird in air so swift can fly.

A long-ear'd beast and a sputt'ring old whig,
I wish he were in it and dancing a jig.

A long-ear'd beast, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable smell both morning and night.

A long-ear'd beast, and the child of a sheep,
At whist they will make a desperate sweep.

A beast long-ear'd, and 'till midnight you
stay,

Will cover a house much better than clay.

A long-ear'd beast, and the drink you love
best,

You call him a sloyen in earnest or jest.

A long-ear'd beast, and the sixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all, unless I look'd better.

A long-ear'd beast give me, and eggs un-
found,

Or else I will not ride one inch of ground.

A long-

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 249

A long-ear'd beast, another name for jeer,
To ladies skins there is nothing comes so near.

A long-ear'd beast, and kind noise of a cat,
Is useful in journies, take notice of that.

A long ear'd beast, and what seasons your
beef,

On such an occasion the law gives relief.

A long-ear'd beast, a thing that force must
drive in,

Bears up his house, that's of his own contri-
ving.

To a Friend, who had been much abus-
ed in many different libels.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by
night,

And fortune help the murd'rer in his flight;

The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,

Yet safe from injur'd innocence escape;

And calumny, by working under ground,

Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound;

What's to be done? Shall wit and learning
chuse

To live obscure, and have no fame to lose?

By censure frighted out of honour's road,

Nor dare to use the gifts by heav'n bestow'd;

Or fearless enter in thro' virtue's gate,

And buy distinction at the dearest rate?

O N N O I S Y T O M .

— *Qui promittit, cives, urbem, sibi curæ,
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra Deorum;
Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre in bonestus,
Omnes mortales curare, et quærere cogit.
Tunc Syri, Damæ, aut Dionysi filius audes
Dejicere e saxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?*

HOR. Lib. i. Sat. vi. ver. 34—39.

Translated literally :

WHOOEVER promiseth (in the senate) to take the city (of *Rome*) and the citizens under his care, nay, the whole empire, *Italy*, and the temples of the gods; such a man compelleth all mortals curiously to enquire from what father he sprung, and whether his mother were some obscure dishonourable female. (The people would cry out) What, thou, the son of *Cyrus* *, or *Damas* *, or *Dionysius* *, darest thou cast our citizens down the *Tarpeian* rock, or deliver them prisoners to *Cadmus* † ?

* Usual names of slaves at *Rome*.

† *Cadmus* was a lictor, an officer who seized on criminals, like a constable, or messenger of the H---
of C—

PARA-

PARAPHRASED.

IF noisy T— (1) should in the S-n-te prate,
 That he would answer both for church and
 state ;
 And, further to demonstrate his affection,
 Would take the kingdom into his protection :
 All mortals must be curious to enquire,
 Who could this coxcomb be, and who his fire ?
 What! thou the spawn of him (2) who
 sham'd our isle,
 That traitor, assassin, informer vile.
 Though by the female side (3) you proudly
 bring,
 To mend your breed, the murderer of a king;
 What was thy grandfire (4) but a mountain-
 eer,
 Who held a cabin for ten groats a year ;

(1) Sir T— P—.

(2) The father of Sir T— * * * *, who engaged in a plot to murder king *William III* ; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet.

(3) C—d—g—n's family.

(4) A poor thieving cottager under Mr. *Moore*, condemned at *Clammell* assizes to be hanged for stealing cows.

Whose

Whose master, *Moore* (5), preserv'd him from
 the halter,
 For stealing cows, nor could he read the
 psalter?
 Durst thou, ungrateful, from the S—n—te
 chace
 Thy founder's grandson (6) and usurp his
 place?
 Just heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
 Survive in thee, and make the proverb good (7).
 Then vote a worthy citizen (8) to jail,
 In spite of justice, and refuse his bail.

(5) The grandfather of *Guy Moore*, Esq; who procured him a pardon.

(6) *Guy Moore* was fairly elected member of P—— for *Clonmell*; but Sir T——, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of *Parson-hunters*, petitioned the house against him, out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.

(7) "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat".

(8) Mr. G—— F——, a very honest and eminent printer in *Dublin*, who was voted to *Newgate* upon a ridiculous complaint of one serjeant *Batesworth*.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 253

It is well known, that Queen Anne had nominated Dr. Swift to an English bishoprick, which was opposed by Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York, and the dutchess of Somerset, who had prevailed on his grace to go with her to the queen to lay aside the nomination, which her majesty refused; but, the dutchess falling on her knees, and shewing the following prophecy to her majesty, the bishoprick was given to another. See the poem, The Author on himself, vol. vii. p. 9.

The *W—ds—r* Prophecy.

ABOUT three months ago at *W—ds—r*, a poor knight's widow was buried in the Cloysters. In digging the grave, the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty; but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case; which case was tied at the top, and sealed with a *St. George*, the impression on black wax, very rude and gothick. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old *English* letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it; but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original,

as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. *W—*, F. R. S. where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all : of which, the learned reader can judge better than I : however it be, several persons were of opinion, that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present.

“ When a holy black *Swede* [*t*], the son of
Bob,
 With a *saint* at his chin, and a *seal* at his
 fob :
 Shall not see one [*u*] New-years-day in that
 year,
 Then let old *England* make good chear :
Windfor and *Bristow* then shall be
 Joined together in the *Low-Countree*.

[*t*] Dr. *Robinson*, bishop of *Bristol*, was one of the plenipotentiaries at the peace of *Utrecht*.

[*u*] There was eleven days difference between the Old and New style, the latter received at *Utrecht*, before this Bishop went thither, but which did not take place in *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, until *Sept. 2, 1752*, when eleven days were omitted, and the next day was called *Sept. 13*. The Bishop therefore set out from *England* before *Jan. 1. O. S.*

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 255

Then shall the tall black [x] *Deventry Bird*
 Speak against peace right many a word ;
 And some shall admire his conyng wit,
 For many good *groats* his tongue shall slit.
 But, spight of the *Harpy* [y] that *crawls on*
all four,
 There shall be peace, pardie, and war no
 more.

But *Englond* must cry alack and well-a-day,
 If the *Stick* be taken from the *dead Sea*.
 And, dear *Englond*, if ought I understond,
 Beware of *Carrots* from *Northumberland* [z].
Carrots sown *Tbynne* [a] a deep root may get,
 If so be they are in *Sommer set* :

[x] Earl of *Nottingham*.

[y] Duke of *Marlborough*.

[z] Lady *Elizabeth Percy*, sole daughter and heir
 of *Joceline Percy*, earl of *Northumberland*, was mar-
 ried to *Charles Seymor*, duke of *Somerset*.

[a] *Thomas Tbynne*, Esq; a gentleman of very
 great estate, who was courting the above lady, after
 the death of her first husband *Henry Cavendish*, earl
 of *Ogle*, only son to *Henry* duke of *Newcastle*, who
 died before he was of age to cohabit with her ; being
 set upon in the *Hay Market*, *London*, was murdered
 by count *Coningsmark*, a *Popiish* nobleman (who
 paid his adresses to this lady, but was refused) and
 two ruffians, who shot Mr. *Tbynne* in his coach.
 The count made his escape, but the others were hang-
 ed. There is a monument in *Westminster-Abbey*,
 erected to the memory of Mr. *Tbynne*, upon an
 entablature of which this transaction of his murder
 is represented.

Q 2

Their

Their [b] *Conyngs mark* thou, for I have been
told,
They *assaffine* when young, and *poison* when
old,
Root out these *Carrots*, O thou [c], whose
name,
Is backwards and forwards always the same ;
And keep close to thee always that *name*,
Which [d] backwards and forwards is almost
the same.
And, *Englond*, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury those *Carrots* under a [e] *Hill*.

V E R S E S occasioned by the sudden dry-
ing up of ST. PATRICK'S WELL near
Trinity College, *Dublin*, in 1726.

B Y holy zeal inspir'd, and led by fame [f],
To thee, once fav'rite isle, with joy I
came ;

What time the *Goth*, the *Vandal*, and the
Hun,

Had my own native *Italy* [g] o'er-run.

[b] Count *Coningsmark*.

[c] *Anna Regina*.

[d] *Lady Masbam*.

[e] *Lady Masbam's* maiden name was *Hill*.

[f] *Festus Apeinus* flourished in 370. See his
poem *De oris Maritimis*, where he uses this expression
concerning *Ireland*, " *Insula sacra et sic Insulam*
" *dixere prisca ; eamque late Gens Hibernorum*
" *colit.*"

[g] *Italy* was not properly the native place of
St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and

Ierna

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 257

Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
Renown'd for valour [b], policy, and arts.

Hither from *Colchos* [i], with the fleecy ore,
Jafon arriv'd two thousand years before:

whence he received his mission ; and because he had his new birth there, hence, by poetical licence, and by scripture-figure, our author calls that country his native *Italy*.

[b] *Julius Solinus*, who lived about the time of *Tacitus*, in the year 80, Chap. 21. speaking of the *Irish* as a warlike nation, says, that the wives in *Ireland*, when delivered of a son, give the child its first food off the point of their husband's sword. "Puerpera, si quando marem edidit, primos Cibos Gladio imponit mariti, inque os Parvuli summo mucrone auspiciam alimentorum leviter infert et gentilibus votis optat, non aliter quam in bello et inter arma mortem oppetat." Again, "Præcipua viris gloria est in armorum tutela."

Polydore Vergil says, they were distinguished for their skill in music. "Hiberni sunt musicæ peritissimi." So *Giraldus Cambrensis*, who was preceptor to king *John*, in his *Topographia Hiberniæ*, chap. 11. "In musicis solum, præ omni natione quam vidimus, incomparabiliter est instructa gens hæc."

[i] *Orpheus*, or the antient author of the *Greek* poem on the *Argonautic* expedition, whoever he be, says that *Jafon*, who manned the ship *Argos* at *Thesaly*, sailed to *Ireland*. And *Adrianus Junius* says the same thing in these lines,

Illa ego sum Graiis, olim glacialis Ierne
Dieta, et Jasoniæ Puppis bene cognita nautis.

Thee [e], happy island, *Pallas* call'd her own
 When haughty *Britain* was a land unknown,
 From thee, with pride, the *Caledonians* [f]
 trace
 The glorious founder of their kingly race :

[e] *Tacitus*, in the life of *Julius Agricola* says, that the harbours of *Ireland*, on account of their commerce, were better known to the trading part of the world, than those of *Britain*. “ Solum, cœlum-
 “ que, et ingenia cultusque hominum, haud multum
 “ a *Britannia* differunt; melius aditus, portusque
 “ per commercia et negotiatores cogniti.”

[f] *Fordun*, in his *Scoti Chronicon*, *Hector Boethius*, *Buchanan*, and all the *Scotch* historians agree, that *Fergus*, son of *Ferquard* king of *Ireland*, was the first king of *Scotland*, which country he subdued. That he began to reign 330 years before the Christian æra; and in returning to visit his native country, was shipwrecked on those rocks in the county of *Antrim*, which from that accident have been since named *Carrickfergus*. His descendants reigned after him in *Scotland*; for the crown was settled on him and his lineal successors. See the list of the kings of *Scotland* in *Hector Boethius* and *George Buchanan*, which begins thus: “ I. *Fergusus* primus *Scotorum*
 “ rex, filius *Ferquardi* regis *Hiberniæ*, regnare ince-
 “ pit aîno ante *Christi* *Servatoris* in carnem adven-
 “ tum trecentesimo trigésimo. Regnavit annis xxv,
 “ et naufragio periit ad Scopulum *Fergusis* (*Cragfer-*
 “ *gus* vernaculè) in mari *Hiberniæ*.”

The *Irish* language and habit are still retained in the northern parts of *Scotland*, where the *Highlanders* speak the *Irish* tongue, and use their antient dress. As to the name *Scotland*, *Camden de Hiber-*
 Thy

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 259

Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
 Did once their land subdue and civilize :
 Their dress, their language, and the *Scottish*
 name,
 Confess the soil from whence the victors came.
 Well may they boast that antient blood, which
 runs
 Within their veins, who are thy younger sons,
 A conquest and a colony from thee,
 The mother-kingdom left her children free ;
 From thee no mark of slavery they felt,
 Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt ;
 Invited here to 'vengeful *Morrrough's* aid [g],
 Those whom they could not conquer, they
 betray'd.

nia mentions it from the authority of *Isidore* and *Beda*, that they called *Ireland Scotia*, and that *Scotland* was termed *Scotia a Scotis Incolis, et inde Scottiæ nomen cum Scotis in Britanniam nostram commigrasse*. *Bede*, Lib. i. cap. 1. says, *Hibernia propria Scotorum patria*.

[g] In the reign of king *Henry II.* *Dermot M'Morrrough*, king of *Leinster*, being deprived of his kingdom by *Roderick O'Connor*, king of *Connaught*, he invited the *English* over as auxiliaries, and promised *Richard Strangbow*, earl of *Pembroke*, his daughter, and all his dominions as a portion. By this assistance *M'Morrrough* recovered his crown, and *Strangbow* became possessed of all *Leinster*. After this, more forces being sent into *Ireland*, the *English* became powerful here; and when *Henry II.* arrived, the *Irish* princes submitted to his government, and began to use the *English* laws.

Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
 Not by thy valour, but superior guile:
Britain, with shame confess, this land of
 mine [b]
 First taught thee human knowledge and di-
 vine ;

[b] *St. Patrick* arrived in *Ireland* in the year 431, and completed the conversion of the natives, which had been begun by *Palladius* and others. And as bishop *Nicholson* observes, (who was better acquainted with the contents of all the antient histories of both kingdoms than any man of the age) *Ireland* soon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Western christians, as well as the *English*, had recourse, not only for instructions in the principles of religion, but in all sorts of literature; viz. *Legendi et Scholasticæ Eruditionis gratia*. For within a century after the death of *St. Patrick*, the *Irish* seminaries of learning increased to such a degree, that most parts of *Europe* sent hither their children to be educated, and had from hence both their bishops and doctors. See venerable *Bede*, an *English* historian of undoubted credit, *Hist. Eccles. Lib. iii. cap. 4, 7, 10, 11, 27*. Among other *Irish* apostles, he says, *Saint Colum* converted all the *Picts*, and many other *Britons*; and that *Saint Aidan* was the instructor of king *Oswald's* *Saxon* subjects in Christianity. *Camden in Hibernia* writes; "Subsequente ætate Scotiis
 " monarchis nihil sanctius, nihil eruditius fuerit, et
 " in universam Europam sanctissimorum virorum
 " examina emiserint." He says farther, that they not only repaired to *Ireland*, as to the mart of learning, but also brought from thence even the form of their letters: "Anglosaxones etiam nostri illa ætate in
 My

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 261

My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and
sense :

Not like the pastors of thy rav'nous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

Wretched *Ierne* ! with what grief I see
The fatal changes time hath made in thee.
The Christian rites I introduc'd in vain :
Lo ! Infidelity return'd again.
Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.

By faith and prayer, this crossier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land ;
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or
sing [i],
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor scorpion's
sting.

With omens oft I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.

“ Hiberniam tanquam ad bonarum literarum mer-
“ catoram undique confluxerunt ; unde de vitis sane-
“ tis sæpissime in nostris scriptoribus legitur ; aman-
“ datus est ad disciplinam in Hiberniam. Indeque
“ nostrates Saxones rationem formandi literas acce-
“ pisse videantur, quum eodem plane caractere usi
“ fuerint, qui hodie Hibernicis est in usu.”

[i] There are no snakes, vipers, or toads in *Ire-
land* ; and even frogs were not known here until
about the year 1700. The magpies came a short
time before, and the *Norway* rats since.

I sent the magpye from the *British* soil,
 With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil ;
 To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
 And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
 What else are those thou seest in bishop's geer,
 Who crop the nurseries of learning here ?
 Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
 Devour the church, and chatter to the state.

As you grew more degenerate and base,
 I sent you millions of the croaking race ;
 Emblems of insects vile, who spread their
 spawn
 Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and
 lawn ;
 A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
 And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls.

See, where the new-devouring vermin runs,
 Sent in my anger from the land of *Huns* ;
 With harpy claws it undermines the ground,
 And sudden spreads a numerous offspring
 round ;
 Th' amphibious tyrant, with his rav'nous
 band,
 Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.

Where is the sacred well, that bore my
 name ?
 Fled to the fountain back, from whence it
 came !
 Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly
 flows,
 And blessings equally on all bestows.

Here,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 263

Here, from the neighbouring [*k*] nursery of
 arts,
 The students drinking, rais'd their wit and
 parts ;
 Here, for an age and more, improv'd their
 vein,
 Their *Phœbus* I, my spring their *Hippocrene*.
 Discourag'd youths, now all their hopes must
 fail,
 Condemn'd to country cottages and ale ;
 To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
 And by their sweat procure a mean support ;
 Or, for the classicks read th' attorney's guide ;
 Collect excise, or wait upon the tide,

Oh ! had I been apostle to the *Swiss*,
 Or hardy *Scot*, or any land but this ;
 Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defy'd,
 And kept their liberty, or bravely dy'd.
 Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
 The last invaders trampling on the first :
 Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
 Virtue herself would now return too late.
 Not half thy course of misery is run,
 Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
 Soon shall thy sons, the time is just at hand,
 Be all made captives in their native land ;
 When, for the use of no *Hibernian* born,
 Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn ;

[*k*] The university of *Dublin*, called *Trinity College*, was founded by queen *Elizabeth* in 1591.

When shells and leather shall for money pass,
 Nor thy oppressing lords [l] afford thee brass.
 But all turn leasers to that [m] mongril breed,
 Who from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
 Who to yon rav'nous isle thy treasures bear,
 And waste in luxury thy harvests there;
 For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
 The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.

I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
 And from this hour my patronage resign.

[l] *Wood's* ruinous project against the people of
Ireland was supported by Sir *Robert Walpole* in
 1724.

[m] The absentees, who spend the income of their
Irish estates, places, and pensions, in *England*.

To the Rev. Mr. DANIEL JACKSON,
to be humbly presented by Mr. SHERIDAN in Person, with Respect,
Care, and Speed.

To be delivered by and with Mr. SHERIDAN.

Dear DAN,

HERE I return my trust, nor ask
One penny for remittance ;
If I have well perform'd my task,
Pray send me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As *Hercules* the sky,
Now take him you, *Dan Atlas*, back,
Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak,
In compass of a day ;
Not half the puns you make a week,
Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
Yet are you not my debtor,
For, as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He

He rhimes and puns, and puns and rhimes,
 Just as he did before ;
 And when he's lash'd a hundred times,
 He rhimes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on school-boys bums,
 The more they frisk and skip :
 The school boy's top but louder hums,
 The more they use the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
 (A beast of *Irish* breed)
 Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
 Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
 And lay him flat before ye ;
 For, soon as he gets up again,
 He'll strut and cry, *Victoria!*

At ev'ry stroke of mine, he fell,
 'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd ;
 But his impenetrable shell
 Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
 Will clamber up a wall ;
 Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
 Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear *Dan*, then, why should you, or I
 Attack his pericrany ? -
 And since it is in vain to try,
 We'll send him to *Delany*.

POSTSCRIPT.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Lean *Tom*, when I saw him, last week, on his
 horse awry,
 Threat'n'd loudly to turn me to stone with his
 forcery.
 But, I think, little *Dan*, that in spite of what
 our foe says,
 He will find I read *Ovid*, and his metamor-
 phosis.
 For omitting the first (where I make a com-
 parison,
 With a sort of allusion to *Putland* or *Harrison*)
 Yet by my description, you'll find he in short
 is
 A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.
 So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will
 ask, can I maul
 This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent animal?
 And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
 (For I pity the man) I should then be glad of
 it.

A Copy

A Copy of a Copy of Verses from
 THOMAS SHERIDAN, Clerk, to
¹ GEORGE ² NIM-DAN-³ DEAN, ⁴ Esq;

Written July 15th, 1721, at Night [*].

I'd have you t' know *George, Dan, Dean,* and
Nim,
 That I've learned how verse t'comprise trim,
 Much better b'half th'n you, n'r you, n'r
 him
 And th't I'd rid'cule their, 'nd our flam flim,
 Ay' b't then, p'rhaps says you, t's a m'rry
 whim
 With 'bundance of mark't notes i' th' rim,
 So th't I ought n't for t' be morose 'nd t' look
 grim,
 Think n't your 'p'f'le put m' in a meagrim;
 Though, 'nrep't't'on day, I appear ver' slim,
 Th' last bowl't *Helsbam's* did m' head t' swim,
 So th't I h'd man' aches n' 'v'ry scrubb'd limb,
 Cause th' top of th' bowl I h'd oft us'd t'skim;

1 *George Rochfort, Esq;*

2 His brother *John Rochfort*, called *Nim*, because
 he was a great hunter, from *Nimrod*.

3 The Rev. Mr. *Daniel Jackson*.

4 Dr. *Swift*, dean of *St. Patrick's*.

* See the answer to these verses in Vol. VII.
 P. 345.

And

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 269

And b'fides ⁵ *D'lan'* swears th't I'h'd swall'w'd
 f'v'r'l brim-
 mers, 'nd that my vis'ge's cov'r'd o'er with
 r'd pim-
 ples: m'r'o'er though m' scull were (s'tis
 n't) 's strong's tim-
 ber, 't must have ak'd. Th' clans of th' c'l-
 ledge Sanh'drim,
 pres'nt th'r humbl' and 'fect'nate respects;
 that's t'fay, *D'lan'*, 'cblin, *P. Ludl'*,
Dic' St'wart, *H'lsbam*, capt'n *P'rr'*
Walmst'nd, [*n*] longsh'nks *Timm*.

A Dialogue between an eminent Law-
 yer [*o*], and Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.
 Being an Allusion to the First Satyr
 of the Second Book of *Horace*.—
Sunt quibus in Satyra, &c.

Written *February, 1728.*

SINCE there are persons who complain
 There's too much satyr in my vein,
 That I am often found exceeding
 The rules of raillery and breeding,
 With too much freedom treat my betters,
 Not sparing even men of letters:

⁵ *Dr. Delany.*

[*n*] *Mr. Stopford of Finglas*, minister of that pa-
 rish, afterwards bishop of *Cloyne*.

[*o*] *Mr. Lindsay*, who was afterwards a judge of
 the *Common-Pleas*.

You

You, who are skill'd in lawyers lore,
 What's your advice? Shall I give o'er.
 Nor ever fools or knaves expose
 Either in verse or hum'rous prose,
 And to avoid all future ill,
 In my 'scrutore lock up my quill?

Since you are pleas'd to condescend
 To ask the judgment of a friend,
 Your case consider'd, I must think
 You should withdraw from pen and ink,
 Forbear your poetry and jokes,
 And live like other Christian folks;
 Or, if the Muses must inspire
 Your fancy with their pleasing fire,
 Take subjects safer for your wit,
 Than those on which you lately writ,
 Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
 And follow the prevailing sect;
 Assert that *Hyde* [p], in writing story,
 Shews all the malice of a tory:
 While *Burnet* [q], in his deathless page,
 Discovers freedom without rage.
 To *Woolston* [r] recommend our youth
 For learning, probity, and truth;
 That noble genius who unbinds
 The chains which fetter free-born minds;

[p] Earl of *Clarendon*, who wrote of the civil wars,
 begun in the year 1641.

[q] Bishop of *Salisbury*, who wrote the history of
 his own times, &c.

[r] A degraded clergyman of the church of *Eng-*
land, who wrote against the miracles of our Saviour.

Redeems

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 271

Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years ;
He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

Must I commend against my conscience
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense?
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of *Milton's* choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of wisdom fate,
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That force free virtue should enthrall ?
Or, shall the charms of wealth and 'pow'r
Make me pollute the Muse's bower ?

As from the tripod of *Apollo*,
Hear from my desk the words that follow :
Some by philosophers misled,
Must honour you alive and dead ;
And such as know what *Greece* hath writ ;
Must taste your irony and wit.
While most that are, or would be great,
Must dread your pen, your person hate,
And you on *Drapier's* [s] hill must lye,
And there without a mitre dye.

[s] In the county of *Armagh*.

PAULUS

P A U L U S. By Mr. L Y N D S A Y.

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

A S L A V E to crowds, scorch'd with the
 summer's heats,
 In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;
 While smiling nature in her best attire,
 Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.
 Can he who knows that real good should
 please,
 Barter for gold his liberty and ease?
 Thus *Paulus* preach'd:—When entering at
 the door,
 Upon his board a client pours the ore:
 He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the
 cause,
 Forgets the sun, and dozeth on the laws.

The ANSWER. By Dr. SWIFT.

L Y N D S A Y mistakes the matter quite,
 And honest *Paulus* judges right.
 Then, why these quarrels to the sun,
 Without whose aid you're all undone.
 Did *Paulus* e'er complain of sweat?
 Did *Paulus* e'er the sun forget?

The

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 273

The influence of whose golden beams,
 Soon licks up all unfav'ry steams,
 The sun, you say, his face hath kist :
 It has : but then it-greas'd his fist.
 True lawyers for the wisest ends,
 Have always been *Apollo's* friends.
 Not for his superficial powers
 Of ripening fruits, or gilding flowers ;
 Not for inspiring poets brains,
 With penniless and starv'ling strains ;
 Not for his boasted healing art ;
 Not for his skill to shoot the dart ;
 Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles ;
 Nor for his prophecies in riddles :
 But for a more substantial cause,
Apollo's patron of the laws ;
 Whom *Paulus* ever must adore,
 As parent of the golden ore.

By *Phæbus* an incestuous birth,
 Begot upon his grand-dame earth.
 By *Phæbus* first produc'd to light,
 By *Vulcan* form'd so round and bright ;
 Then offered at the shrine of justice,
 By clients to her priests and trustees ;
 Nor, when we see *Astræa* stand
 With even balance in her hand,
 Must we suppose she hath in view,
 How to give every man his due ;
 Her scales, you see her only hold,
 To weigh her priests', the lawyers' gold.
 Now, should I own your case was grievous,
 Poor sweaty *Paulus*, who'd believe us ?

'Tis

'Tis very true, and none denies,
 At least that such complaints are wise :
 'Tis wise no doubt, as clients fat ye more,
 To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur?*

But, since the truth must needs be stretched,
 To prove that lawyers are so wretched :
 This paradox I'll undertake,
 For *Paulus* and for *Lyndsay's* sake.
 By topicks, which tho' I abomine 'em,
 May serve as arguments *ad hominem* ;
 Yet, I disdain to offer those
 Made use of by detracting foes :
 I own the curses of mankind,
 Sit light upon a lawyer's mind ;
 The clamours of ten thousand tongues
 Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs.
 I own, his conscience always free,
 Provided he has got his fee.
 Secure of constant peace within,
 He knows no guilt, who knows no sin.
 Yet, well they merit to be pitied,
 By clients always over-witted.
 And though the gospel seems to say,
 What heavy burthens lawyers lay,
 Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
 Nor lend a finger to the labour.
 Always for saving their own bacon,
 No doubt the text is here mistaken.
 The copy's false, and sense is rack'd,
 To prove it, I appeal to fact ;
 And thus by demonstration shew,
 What burthens lawyers undergo,

With

With early clients at his door,
 Tho' he was drunk the night before :
 And, crop sick with unclub'd for wine,
 The wretch must be at court by nine.
 Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
 As ridden by a midnight hag :
 Then from the bar harangues the bench,
 In *English* vile, and viler *French*,
 And *Latin*, vilest of the three ;
 And all for poor ten moidores fee.
 Of paper, how is he profuse ?
 With periods long, in terms abstruse.
 What pains he takes to be prolix ?
 A thousand lines to stand for six ;
 Of common sense without a word in,
 And is not this a grievous burden ?

The lawyer is a common drudge,
 To fight our cause before the judge ;
 And what is yet a greater curse,
 Condemn'd to bear his clients purse,
 While he at ease, secure and light,
 Walks boldly home at dead of night.
 When term is ended leaves the town,
 Trots to his country-mansion down ;
 And disencumber'd of his load,
 No danger dreads upon the road ;
 Despiseeth rapparees, and rides
 Safe through the *Newry* mountains sides.
Lyndsay, 'tis you have set me on,
 To state this question *pro* and *con*.
 My satyr may offend, 'tis true,
 However, it concerns not you.

I own

I own, there may in every clan,
 Perhaps, be found one honest man ;
 Yet link them close, in this they jump,
 To be but sharpers in the lump.
 Imagine *Lyndsay* at the bar,
 He's much the same his brethren are.
 Well taught by practice to imbibe
 The fundamentals of his tribe ;
 And in his client's just defence,
 Must deviate oft from common sense ;
 And make his ignorance discern'd,
 To get the name of council learn'd,
 (As *Lucus* comes a *non Lucendo*,)
 And wisely do as other men do ;
 But shift him to a better scene,
 Among his crew of R——s in grain,
 Surrounded with companions fit,
 To taste his humour, sense, and wit ;
 You'd swear he never took a fee,
 Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
 'Tis hard where dulness over-rules,
 To keep good sense in crowds of fools.
 And we admire the man who saves,
 His honesty in crowds of knaves ;
 Nor yields up virtue at discretion,
 To V-ll--ns of his own profession.
Lyndsay, you know what pains you take,
 In both, yet barely save your stake ;
 And will you venture both anew,
 To sit among that venal crew,
 That pack of mimick legislators,
 Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters ?

For,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 277

For, as the rabble dawb and rifle
 The fool who scrambles for a trifle,
 Who for his pain is cuff'd and kick'd,
 Drawn through the dirt, his pocket pick'd ;
 You must expect the like disgrace,
 Scrambling with rogues to get a place,
 Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
 Your num'rous virtues foully stain'd :
 Disclaim for ever all pretence
 To common honesty and sense,
 And join in friendship with a strict tye,
 To *****, *****, and *****.

On Dr. RUNDLE, bishop of DERRY.

MAKE *Rundle* bishop ; fye for shame !
 An *Arian* to usurp the name !
 A bishop in the isle of Saints !
 How will his brethren make complaints !
 Dare any of the mitred host,
 Confer on him the HOLY GHOST ;
 In mother church to breed a variance,
 By coupling *Othodox* with *Arians* ?

Yet, were he *Heathen*, *Turk*, or *Jew*,
 What is there in it strange or new ?
 For, let us hear the weak pretence,
 His brethren find to take offence ;
 Of whom there are but four at most,
 Who know there is an HOLY GHOST :
 The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
 Like *Paul's Ephesians*, never heard it ;

R

And,

And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.

RUNDLE a bishop ! well he may ;
He's still a *Christian* more than they.

We know the subject of their quarrels ;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.

There is a reason still more weighty ;
'Tis granted he believes a deity.
Has ev'ry circumstance to please us,
'Though fools may doubt his faith in J—.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded ?
And, is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believ'd a GOD ?
For liberty a champion stout,
'Though not so gospel-ward devout.
While others, hither sent to save us,
Came but to plunder and enslave us ;
Nor ever own'd a pow'r divine,
But *Mammon*, and the *G-m-n* line.

Say, how did *Rundle* undermine 'em :
Who shew'd a better *Jus divinum* ?
From antient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *Episcopari*.

Our bishop's predecessor, *Magus*,
Would offer all the sands of *Tagus* ;
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay on hands :

But

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 279

But all his gold could not avail
To have the *Spirit* set to sale.
Said surly *Peter*, “ *Magus*, prithee
“ Be gone : thy money perish with thee.”
Were *Peter* now alive, perhaps
He might have found a score of chaps.
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a year.

Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handy-work of GOD ;
Though ev'n the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by GOD'S *Anointed*,
And we know, the *Congee Regal*
Is more secure, as well as legal.
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishopricks are held in fee.

Dear *Baldwin* chaste, and witty *Crosse*,
How sorely I lament your loss !
That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas ;
For, had you made the k— your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

The FABLE of the BITCHES.

Written in the Year 1715, on an Attempt
to repeal the Test Act.

A BITCH that was full pregnant grown,
By all the dogs and curs in town;
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here and there, and ev'ry where,
To find an easy place to lay-her.

At length to [s] *Musick's* house she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," said she,
"You see 'tis mere necessity,
"Hath sent me to your house to whelp;
"I'll dye, if you deny your help."

With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful sigh and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth *Bawty* [t] did so far prevail;
That *Musick* gave her leave to litter,
But mark what followed,—Faith, she bit her.

Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps,

[s] *Musick's* house, the church of *England*.

[t] *Bawty* (the name of a bitch in *Scotch*) alludes
to the kirk.

For

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 281

For well she knew her num'rous brood,
For want of milk, would suck her blood.

But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone ;
In civil terms,—“ My friend,” says she,
“ My house you've had on courtesy ;
“ And now I earnestly desire,
“ That you would with your cubs retire :
“ For, should you stay but one week longer,
“ I shall be starv'd with cold and hunger.”

The guest reply'd—“ My friend, your
“ leave
“ I must a little longer crave ;
“ Stay till my tender cubs can find,
“ Their way—for, now you see, they're blind ;
“ But, when we've gather'd strength, I swear,
“ We'll to our barn again repair.”

The time pass'd on, and *Musick* came,
Her kennel once again to claim ;
But *Bawty*, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her ;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd—“ A bite, a bite !”

The M O R A L.

Thus did the *Grecian* wooden horse,
Conceal a fatal armed force :
No sooner brought within the walls.
But *Ilium's* lost, and *Priam* falls.

Copy of the BIRTH-DAY Verses on
Mr. F O R D.

C O M E be content, since out it must,
For *Stella* has betray'd her trust ;
And, whisp'ring, charg'd me not to say,
That Mr. *Ford* was born to day :
Or, if at last I needs must blab it
According to my usual habit,
She bid me with a serious face,
Be sure conceal the time and place ;
And not my compliment to spoil
By calling this your native soil ;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew,
That you are turning forty-two :
But, if these topicks shall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good manners must give place to profit.

The nymphs, with whom you first began,
Are each become a *Harridan* ;
And *Montague* so far decay'd,
Her lovers now must all be paid,
And ev'ry belle that since arose
Has her cotemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,
Of rheumatism and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champain,

Your

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 283

Your great protectors once in pow'r
 Are now in exile or the tow'r.
 Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
 Who hate your person and your cause,
 If once they get you on the spot,
 You must be guilty of the plot.
 For, true or false, they'll ne'er enquire,
 But use you ten times worse than *Prior* [u].

In *London*, what would you do there?
 Can you, my friend, with patience bear;
 Nay, would it not your passion raise
 Worse than a pun, or *Irish* phrase;
 To see a scoundrel strut and hector
 A foot-boy to some rogue director;
 To look on vice triumphant round,
 And virtue trampled on the ground!
 Observe where bloody ——— stands
 With torturing engines in his hands,
 Hear him blaspheme, and swear and rail,
 Threat'ning the pillory and jail.
 If this you think a pleasing scene,
 To *London* strait return again,
 Where, you have told us from experience,
 Are swarms of bugs and presbyterians.

I thought my very spleen would burst,
 When fortune hither drove me first;
 Was full as hard to please as you,
 Nor persons, names, nor places knew;

[n] *Matt. Prior*, Esq; a famous poet. See his works.

But

But now I act as other fo'ke,
Like prisoners when their jayl is broke.

If you have *London* still at heart,
We'll make a small one here, by art ;
The difference is not much between
St. James's-Park and *Stephen's-Green* ;
And *Dawson-street* will serve as well
To lead you thither, as *Pall Mall*,
Nor want a passage through the palace,
To choque your sight, and raise your malice.
The deanry house may well be matcht
(Under correction) with the *Thatcht* [x],
Nor shall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for stumm.
Then for a middle aged chamber,
Stella may vye with your main charmer,
She's now as handsome ev'ry bit,
And has a thousand times her wit.
The dean and *Sheridan*, I hope,
Will half supply a *Gay* and *Pope*,
Corbet [y], though yet I know his worth
not,
No doubt, will prove a good *Arbuthnot* ;
I throw into the bargain *Tim*,
In *London* can you equal him ?

[x] A famous tavern in *St. James's-street*, near the palace.

[y] *Dr. Corbet*, afterwards dean of *St. Patrick's* cathedral, *Dublin*, on the death of *Dr. Maturine*, who succeeded *Dr. Swift*.

What

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 285

What think you of my fav'rite clan,
Robin [z] and *Jack*, and *Jack* and *Dan* ?
 Fellows of modest worth and parts,
 With chearful looks and honest hearts.

Can you on *Dublin* look with scorn ?
 Yet here were you and *Ormond* [a] born.

Oh ! were but you and I so wise,
 To see with *Robert Grattan's* eyes,
Robin adores that spot of earth,
 That lit'ral spot which gave him birth.
 And swears *Belcamp* [b] is, to his taste,
 As fine as *Hampton-Court* at least.
 When to your friends you would enhance
 The praise of *Italy*, or *France*,
 For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
 We gladly hear you and submit :
 But then to come and keep a clutter,
 For this or that side of a gutter.
 To live in this or t'other isle,
 We cannot think it worth your while ;
 For, take it kindly or amiss,
 The diff'rence but amounts to this,
 We bury, on our side the channel
 In linen [c] ; and on yours in flannel ;

[z] Rev. *Robert* and *John Grattan*, brothers ;
John and *Daniel Jackson*.

[a] *James Butler*, the late duke of *Ormond*.

[b] In *Fingall*, about five miles from *Dublin*.

[c] In the year 1733, there was an act of parliament made in *Ireland* to bury in woollen.

You

You for the news are ne'er to seek ;
 While we, perhaps, may wait a week :
 You happy folks are sure to meet
 An hundred whores in ev'ry street ;
 While we may trace all *Dublin* o'er
 Before we find out half a score.

You see, my arguments are strong,
 I wonder you held out so long ;
 But since you are convinc'd at last,
 We'll pardon you for what is past.
 So —— let us now for whist prepare ;
 Twelve pence a corner, if you dare.

A P E T I T I O N to his Grace the Duke
 of G R A F T O N.

Non Domus aut Fundus——— HOR.

By Dean S M E D L E Y.

I T was, my lord, the dextrous shift
 Of t'other *Jonathan*, viz. *Swift*,
 But now *St. Patrick's* saucy dean,
 With silver verge and surplice clean,
 Of *Oxford*, or of *Ormond's* grace
 In looser rhyme to beg a place.
 A place he got, yclep'd a stall,
 And eke a thousand pounds withall ;
 And, were he a less witty writer,
 He might as well have got a mitre.

Thus

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 287

Thus I the *Jonathan* of *Clogher*,
 In humble lays my thanks to offer,
 Approach your grace with grateful heart,
 My thanks and verse devoid of art,
 Content with what your bounty gave,
 No larger income do I crave :
 Rejoicing that in better times
Grafton [d] requires my loyal lines.
 Proud ! that at once I can commend
 King *George's* and the Muse's friend,
 Endear'd to *Britain* and to thee
 (Disjoin'd *Hibernia*, by the sea),
 Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
 Employ'd in guardian toils and cares ;
 By love, by wisdom, and by skill,
 For he has sav'd thee 'gainst thy will.

But where shall *Smedly* make his nest,
 And lay his wand'ring head to rest ?
 Where shall he find a decent house
 To treat his friends, and cheer his spouse ?
 Oh ! lack, my lord, some pretty cure,
 In wholesome soil, and æther pure ;
 The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
 In either angle shady bowers.
 No gay *parterre* with costly green,
 Within the ambient hedge be seen :
 Let nature freely take her course,
 Nor fear from one ungrateful force ;
 No sheers shall check her sprouting vigour,
 Nor shape the yews to antic figure :

[d] *Charles Fitzroy*, duke of *Grafton*, then lord
 lieutenant of *Ireland*.

A limpid

A limpid brook shall trouts supply,
 In *May* to take the mimic fly ;
 Round a small orchard may it run,
 Whose apples redden to the sun.
 Let all be snug, and warm, and neat,
 For fifty turn'd a safe retreat.
 A little *Euston* may it be,
Euston I'll carve on ev'ry tree.
 But then, to keep it in repair,
 My lord—*twice fifty pounds* a year
 Will barely do ; but if your grace
 Could make them *hundreds* — charming
 place !
 Thou then would'st shew another face.

Clogher ! far north, my lord, it lies,
 Midst snowy hills, inclement skies ;
 One shivers with the *Artic* wind,
 One hears the *polar axis* grind.
 Good *John* [e] indeed, with beef and claret,
 Makes the place warm that one may bear it.
 He has a purse to keep a table,
 And eke a soul as hospitable,
 My heart is good ; but affets fail,
 To fight with storms of snow and hail ;
 Besides, the country's thin of people,
 Who seldom meet, but at the steeple :
 The strapping dean, that's gone to *Down*,
 Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown,
 When much fatigu'd with sermon study,
 He felt his brain grow dull and muddy ;

[e] Dr. *John Sterne*, bishop of *Clogher*, predecessor to Dr. *Swift*, as dean of *St. Patrick's*.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 289

No fit companion could be found
To push the lazy bottle round ;
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, *his clerk was orthodox.*

Ah ! how unlike to *Gerard-street*,
Where beaus and belles in parties meet ;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they trowl along ;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-seed does in plenty grow !
And *Griz* (no clock more certain) cries
Exact at seven, *Hot mutton pies.*
There lady *Luna* in her sphere
Once shone, when *Paunchforth* was not near ;
But now she wanes, and, as 'tis said,
Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.
There — but 'tis endless to write down
All the amusements of the town ;
And spouse will think herself quite undone,
To trudge to *Connor* [*f*] from sweet *London.*
And care we must our wives to please,
Or — else we shall be ill at ease.

You see, my lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only some convenient tack,
Some parsonage-house, with garden sweet,
To be my late, my last retreat ;
A decent church close by its side,
There preaching, praying, to reside ;

[*f*] *Connor* is united to the bishoprick of *Down* ;
but here are two deans,

And, as my time securely rolls,
To save my own and others souls.

HIS GRACE'S Answer.

By Dr. S W I F T.

DE A R *Smed*, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory shines ;
Where compliments with all their pride
Are by their numbers dignify'd :
I hope, to make you yet as clean,
As that same, *viz.* St. Patrick's dean.
I'll give thee *surplice, verge, and stall,*
And may be something else withal ;
And were you not so good a writer,
I should present you with a mitre.
Write worse then, *if you can*—Be wise—
Believe me, 'tis *the way to rise.*
Talk not of *making of thy nest,*
Ab ! never lay thy head to rest !
That head so well with wisdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought !
While others wrack their busy brains,
You are not in the least at pains.
Down to your deanry now repair,
And build *a castle in the air.*
I'm sure a man of your fine sense
Can do it with a small expence.
There your *dear spouse*, and you together,
May breathe your bellies full of *æther.*

When

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 291

When *lady Luna* is your neighbour,
 She'll help your *wife* when she's in labour.
 Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
 For she herself oft' *falls in pieces*.
 There you shall see a *rary-she-w*,
 Will make you scorn this *world below*,
 When you behold the milky way,
 As white as snow, as bright as day,
 The glitt'ring constellations roll
 About the grinding *Artick* pole.
 The lovely tingling in your ears,
 Wrought by the musick of the spheres—
 Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
 You need not fear a curtain lecture ;
 Nor shall she think that she is *undone*
 For quitting her beloved *London*.
 When she's exalted in the skies,
 She'll never think of mutton-pies ;
 When you're advanc'd above *dean*, viz.
 You'll never think of goody *Griz*.
 But ever, ever live at ease,
 And strive, and strive *your wife to please* ;
 In her you'll center all your joys,
 And get ten thousand *girls* and *boys* :
 Ten thousand *girls* and *boys* you'll get,
 And they, like stars, shall *rise* and *set*.
 While *you and spouse*, transform'd, shall soon
 Be a *new sun* and a *new moon* :
 Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
 For then your horns shall be your pride.

Dean SWIFT at Sir ARTHUR ACHESON'S,
in the North of IRELAND.

THE dean would visit *Market-Hill*,
Our invitation was but slight;
I said,—Why let him, if he will,
And so I bid Sir A——r write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected;
And so we saw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the devil's in't;
But, he cares not for it a rush,
Nor, for my life, will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaise.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 293

Or you may say—My wife intends,
Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends,
And, Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.

Or, Mr. Dean—I should with joy
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to *Aghnacloy* [g],
Or Mr. *Moore* will take it ill.

The house accounts are daily rising.
So much his stay doth swell the bills ;
My dearest life, it is surprising,
How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff,
And they must have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough ;
His horses too eat all our hay.

Oh ! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow face, and wainscot paws,
His beetle-brows, and eyes of wall,
And make him soon give up the cause.

Must I be every moment chid
With [b] skinny bonia, snip and lean ?
Oh ! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting tyrant dean !

[g] The seat of *Acheson Moore*, Esq;

[b] The dean used to call lady *Acheson* by those names.

The S T O R M ; M I N E R V A ' s P e t i t i o n .

PALLAS, a goddess chaste and wise,
 Descending lately from the skies,
 To *Neptune* went, and begg'd in form
 He'd give his orders for a storm ;
 A storm, to drown that rascal *H—te*,
 And she would kindly thank him for't.
 A wretch ! whom *E—gl—b* rogues, to spite her,
 Had lately honour'd with a *M—tre*.

The God, who favour'd her request,
 Assur'd her he would do his best :
 But *Venus* had been there before,
 Pleaded the *B—* lov'd a *w—*,
 And had enlarg'd her empire wide,
 He own'd no deity beside.
 At sea, or land, if e'er you found him,
 Without a mistress, hang or drown him.
 Since *B—rn—t's* death, the *B—'s* bench,
 'Till *H—te* arriv'd, ne'er kept a wench ;
 If *H—te* must sink, she grieves to tell it,
 She'll not have left one single prelate :
 For, to say truth, she did intend him,
 Elect of *Cyprus* in *commendam*.
 And, since her birth the ocean gave her,
 She could not doubt her uncle's favour.

Then *Proteus* urg'd the same request,
 But half in earnest, half in jest ;
 Said he — “ Great sovereign of the main,
 “ To drown him all attempts are vain,
 “ *H—te*

“ *H—te* can assume more forms than I,
 “ A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy.
 “ Can creep, or run, can fly or swim,
 “ All motions are alike to him :
 “ Turn him adrift, and you shall find
 “ He knows to sail with ev’ry wind ;
 “ Or, throw him overboard, he’ll ride
 “ As well against, as with the tide.
 “ But, *Pallas*, you’ve apply’d too late ;
 “ For ’tis decreed, by *Jove* and fate,
 “ That *Ireland* must be soon destroy’d,
 “ And who but *H—te* can be employ’d ?
 “ You need not then have been so pert,
 “ In sending *Bolton* [*i*] to *Clonfert*.
 “ I found you did it by your grinning ;
 “ Your business is to mind your spinning.
 “ But how you came to interpose,
 “ In making *B—s*, no one knows.
 “ And if you must have your petition,
 “ There’s *Berkeley* [*k*] in the same condition
 “ Look, there he stands, and ’tis but just
 “ If one must drown, the other must ;
 “ But, if you’ll leave us *B—p Judas*,
 “ We’ll give you *Berkeley* for *Bermudas* [*l*],
 “ Now, if ’twill gratify your spight,
 “ To put him in a plaguy fright,

[*i*] Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*, afterwards archbishop of *Cashell*.

[*k*] Dr. *George Berkeley*, a senior fellow of *Trinity College, Dublin*, from whence he was made dean of *Derry*, and afterwards bishop of *Cloyne*.

[*l*] See his scheme in his miscellanies for erecting an university at *Bermudas*.

“ Although ’tis hardly worth the cost,
 “ You soon shall see him foundly toft.
 “ You’ll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn,
 “ And ev’ry moment take a dram ;
 “ His ghostly visage with an air
 “ Of reprobation and despair :
 “ Or else some hiding hole he seeks,
 “ For fear the rest shou’d say he squeeks ;
 “ Or, as *Fitzpatrick* [m] did before,
 “ Resolve to perish with his W—— ;
 “ Or, else he raves, and roars, and swears,
 “ And, but for shame, would say his pray’rs.
 “ Or, would you see his spirits sink,
 “ Relaxing downwards in a ft—k ?
 “ If such a sight as this can please ye,
 “ Good madam *Pallas*, pray be easy,
 “ To *Neptune* speak, and he’ll consent ;
 “ But he’ll come back the knave he went.”

The goddess, who conceiv’d an hope,
 That *H—te* was destin’d to a rope,
 Believ’d it best to condescend
 To spare a foe, to save a friend :
 But, fearing *Berkeley* might be scar’d,
 She left him virtue for a guard.

[m] Brigadier *Fitzpatrick* was drowned in one of the packet boats in the bay of *Dublin*, in a great storm.

*An Inscription intended for a Compartment in
Dr. SWIFT'S Monument, designed by CUN-
NINGHAM, on College-Green, Dublin.*

SA Y, to the DRAPIER'S vast unbounded
fame,
What added honours can the Sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the DRAPIER'S
name
Must bid the Sculptor and his Marble live.

June 4, 1765.

A N E P I G R A M,

Occasioned by the above Inscription.

WHICH gave the DRAPIER *Birth* two
Realms contend;
And each asserts her Poet, Patriot, Friend:
Her Mitre jealous BRITAIN may deny;
That Loss IERNIA'S Laurel shall supply:
Thro' Life's low Vale, she, grateful, gave
him Bread;
Her vocal Stones shall vindicate him dead.

B. N.

A Portrait

A Portrait of Dr. SWIFT, presented to the University of Oxford by the late JOHN BARBER, Esq. is placed in the Picture-gallery there, with this Inscription :

I O N A T H A N S W I F T,
 D E C A N. S. P A T R I C. D. V B L.
 EFFIGIEM VIRI MYSIS AMICISSIMI,
 INGENIO PRORSUS SIBI PROPRIO CELE-
 BERRIMI,
 VT IPSVM SVIS OXONIENSIBVS ALIQUA-
 TENVS REDONARET,
 PARIETEM HABERE VOLVIT BODLEIANVM,
 A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
 I O H A N N E S B A R B E R, ARMIGER,
 A L D E R M A N N V S,
 NEC ITA PRIDEM PRAETOR LONDINENSIS.

In English :

I O N A T H A N S W I F T,
 DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DUBLIN.
 This portrait of the Muses' friend,
 Of a happy turn of wit, peculiar to himself,
 That he might in some sort be restored to his
 Oxford Friends,
 Was placed in the wall of the Bodleian gallery,
 A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
 At the desire of JOHN BARBER, Esquire,
 Alderman, and some time Lord Mayor
 of London.

AFTER

AFTER this general *Oxford* testimony of the Dean, in which that Univerſity affectionately asserts her right to him as *no degenerate ſon*, we ſhall ſubjoin the testimony of another writer, whom, it is ſaid, ſhe reſuſed to accept as an *adopted* one.

“ The *religious Author of the Tale of a Tub* will tell you, Religion is but a Reſervoir of Fools and Madmen ; and *the virtuous Lemuel Gulliver* will answer for the *State*, that it is a Den of Savages and Cut-throats. What think you, Reader ? is not the System round and great ? And now the Fig-leaf is ſo clearly plucked off, what remains, but bravely to ſtrike away the rotten Staff, that yet keeps our old dotting Parents on their laſt Legs ?

“ Seriously let it be as they ſay, that Ridicule and Satire are the Supplement of publick Laws ; ſhould not then, the Ends of both be the ſame ; the Benefit of Mankind ? But where is the Senſe of a *general Satire*, if the whole Species be *degenerated* ? And where is the Juſtice of it, if it be not ? The Punishment of Lunatics is as wiſe as the one ; and a general Execution as honeſt as the other. In ſhort, a general Satire, the Work only of ill Men or little Genius’s, was proſcribed of Old both by the *Critic* and the *Magiſtrate*, as an Offence equally, againſt Juſtice and Common Senſe.
— *A Critical and Philoſophical Enquiry into the*

the Causes of Prodigies and Miracles, &c.
 Lond. 1727. pag. 33. supposed to be written
 by the Right Reverend Author of the *Di-*
vine Legation of Moses; which is the more
 probable, because we find, in the Dedic-
 tion to the latter, p. xv. a similar Censure
 on another part of this Collection, in these
 words :

“ However, once on a time a great Wit
 “ set upon this task [*ridiculing a love of pub-*
 “ *lic Liberty*]; he undertook to laugh at this
 “ very virtue, and that too successfully, that
 “ he set the whole nation a laughing with him.
 “ What mighty engine, you will ask, was
 “ employed to put in motion so large a body,
 “ and for so extraordinary a cause? In truth,
 “ a very simple one : a *discourse*, of which
 “ ALL the WIT consists in the TITLE ; and
 “ that too skulking, as you will see, under
 “ one unlucky word. Mrs. Bull’s *vindica-*
 “ *tion of the indispensable duty of CUCKOL-*
 “ *DOM, incumbent upon wives, in case of the*
 “ *tyranny, infidelity, or insufficiency of bus-*
 “ *bands* [a]. Now had the merry reader been
 “ but so wise as to reflect, that reason was
 “ the test of ridicule, and not *ridicule the test of*
 “ *truth*, he would have seen to rectify the
 “ proposition, and to state it fairly thus :
 “ *The indispensable duty of DIVORCE, &c.*
 “ And then the joke had been over, before the
 “ laugh could have begun.”

[a] History of *John Bull*, part I. chap. 13.

Another Author however, who is allowed by the Bp. to be no ill judge of the province of Ridicule, speaks of the former work in somewhat more moderate terms :

“ There is not perhaps in any language a
 “ bolder or stronger Ridicule, than the well-
 “ known apologue of *The Tale of a Tub*. Its
 “ manifest design is to recommend the *English*
 “ church, and to disgrace the two extremes
 “ of Popery and Puritanism [b]. Now if
 “ we consider this exquisite piece of raillery
 “ as a test of Truth, we shall find it impo-
 “ tent and vain. For the question still re-
 “ curs, whether MARTIN be a just emblem
 “ of the *English*, JACK of the *Scotch*, or PETER
 “ of the *Roman* Church. All the points in
 “ debate between the several parties are taken
 “ for granted in the representation: And
 “ we must have recourse to *argument*, and
 “ that alone, ere we can determine the merits
 “ of the question.

“ If we next consider this Master-piece of
 “ wit as a mode of *eloquence*; we shall find

“ [b] Some indeed have pretended otherwise.—
 “ The pious author of the Independent Whig affirms
 “ [with the above A. of *the Critical Enquiry*] that it
 “ was an open attack upon Christianity, &c. where,
 “ by the way, the contrast is remarkable enough,
 “ that he should pronounce the *Tale of a Tub* to be
 “ a Libel on Christianity, while it is in Fact, a *Vindi-*
 “ *cation of our Ecclesiastical Establishment*; and at
 “ the same time entitle his own Book, a *Vindication*
 “ *of our Ecclesiastical Establishment*, while it is in
 “ fact a libel on Christianity.”

“ it

“ it indeed of great efficacy in confirming
 “ every member of the *Church of England* in
 “ his own Communion, and in giving him a
 “ thorough distaste of those of *Scotland* and
 “ *Rome*. And so far as this may be regarded
 “ as a matter of *public utility*, so far the ri-
 “ dicule may be laudable.

“ But if we extend our views so as to com-
 “ prehend a larger plan of *moral use*; we
 “ shall find this method of persuasion is such
 “ as charity can hardly approve of: For by
 “ representing the one of these Churches un-
 “ der the character of *craft and knavery*, the
 “ other under that of *incurable madness*, it
 “ must needs tend to inspire every member of
 “ the *English Church* who believes the re-
 “ presentation, with such *hatred* of the one,
 “ and *contempt* of the other, as to prevent all
 “ *friendly debate*, and *rational remonstrance*.

“ It's effect on those who hold the doctrines
 “ of *Calvin*, or of *Rome*, must be yet worse:
 “ Unless it can be proved, that the way to
 “ attract the love and convince the reason, of
 “ mankind, is to shew that we hate or despise
 “ them. While they revere what we deride,
 “ 'tis plain, we cannot both view the subject
 “ in the same light: And though we deride
 “ what appears to us *contemptible*, we deride
 “ what to them appears *sacred*. They will
 “ therefore accuse us of misrepresenting their
 “ opinions, and abhor us as *unjust* and *im-
 “ pious*.

“ Thus,

“ Thus, although this noted apologue be indeed a vindication of our *English* Church, yet it is such as had been better spared : Because it’s natural effect is to create prejudice, and inspire the contending parties with mutual distaste, contempt, and hatred [c].”

According to one of these Writers, the *Tale of a Tub* is a ridicule of all religion ; according to the other, it is a defence of our constitution in church and state, but with an unlawful weapon. And yet how few controversialists do not make use of this weapon when they can lay hold of it ! which of them keep themselves within the strict rules of pleadings in the *Areopagus* !

But, whatever may be thought of the Dean as a DIVINE, all agree in their elogium of him as a WRITER.

“ It is now about fifty years (saies Dr. LOWTH, *Gramm.* p. iv.) since Dr. SWIFT made a public remonstrance, addressed to the Earl of OXFORD, then Lord Treasurer, of the imperfect state of our language [d] ; alledging in particular, that in many instances it offended against every part

[c] Dr. Brown’s *Essays on the Characteristics*, Essay I. § xi. p. 100.

[d] See *Swift’s Letter to Lord Oxford*, vol. iii. p. 246.

“ of Grammar. — SWIFT must be allowed to
 “ have been a good judge of this matter ; to
 “ which he was himself very attentive, both
 “ in his own writings, and his remarks upon
 “ those of his friends : he is one of the most
 “ *correct*, and perhaps the best of our Prose
 “ Writers.”

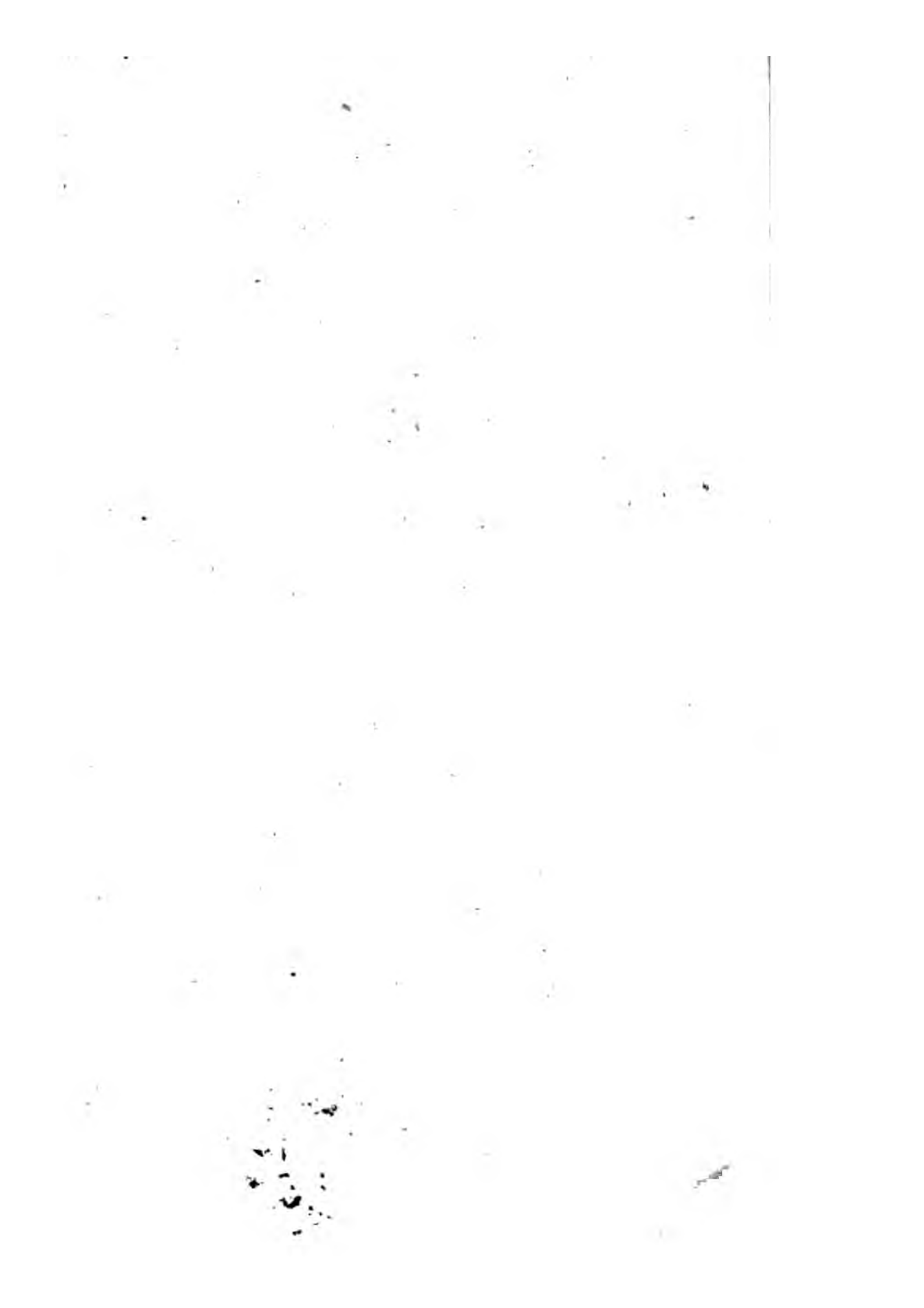
“ The writer, who gives us the best idea
 “ of what may be called the *genteel* in style
 “ and manner of writing, is, in my opinion,
 “ my Lord *Shaftesbury*. Then Mr. ADDISON
 “ and Dr. SWIFT.” SHENSTONE’S *Essays on*
Men, Manners, and Things, p. 175.

“ SWIFT in poetry deserves a place, some-
 “ where betwixt BUTLER and HORACE. He
 “ has the *Wit* of the former, and the *Grace-*
 “ *ful Negligence* which we find in the latter’s
 “ epistles and satyrs.” Ibid. p. 205.

Much more might be added ; but the Re-
 putation of the Dean is too well established to
 need any further Encomium.

END of VOL. XIV.





5 12K

1000

1000

1000

1000



