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The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Being The Third of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

Letters Of Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay; From the Year 1729 to 1732.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54342](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54342)

172 LETTERS TO AND

LETTERS

OF

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY:

From the Year 1729 to 1732.^a

LETTER XLIX.

Dublin, March 19, 1729.

I Deny it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation, for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the Duchess of Queensbury, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some dif-

^a Found among Mr. Gay's papers, and return'd to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queensbury and Mr. Pope. P.

ficulty

ficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her Grace that she is a general Toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the Deanery, even in the face of my Whig subjects. — I will leave my money in Lord Bathurst's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray keep the interest-mony in a bag wrapt up and sealed by itself, for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger; but the different pursuits and manners and interests of life, as fortune hath pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have some little oeconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of Port; for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vampt Play, although Mr. Pope seem'd to have, and although it were ever so good: But you should have done like the Parsons, and changed your Text, I mean the Title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100*l.*
4 a year

a year more for horses—I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope: I wish you had a little Villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any Lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

L E T T E R L.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow in the Queen's time went abroad upon his Ambassies, the Ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by guess, because they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Hamwalks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *premier Ministre*: for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury-downs, having rode
over

over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgements to my Lady Duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*: I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal Goddess. I desire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be help'd when they are only bidental, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of Poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible with a bidental fork to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide Tridents for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me.—I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my 200*l.* next summer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase
your

your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you: For I have often known a She-cousin of a good family and small fortune, passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old Maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship would join: God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress towards real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself; I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually fill'd your thoughts and disturb'd your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life, in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having receiv'd a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who
deserve

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 177

deserve no better Genius's than those by whom they are celebrated.—If you see Mr. Cesar, present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub Libel printed against me here, and re-printed in London, for which he shewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a Whig-printer: It was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know.—But my paper is ended.

L E T T E R L I.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight past concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated: Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year, at which season I take the Country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a Court on account of their Virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by Envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a Dukedom to lose favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no
N longer

longer Lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as Lieutenant: I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (tho' not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the Centurion say to my servant, Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a Duchess is at this the hatefulest Lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill-informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the

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chief

chief Poetical Favourite, yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a Philosopher and one wholly retir'd. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel, the contention being between Concannen or Theobald, or some other Hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the Duchefs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no Ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding Measures and Ministries by way of sauce to relish my meat: And I confess one point of conduct in my Lady Duchefs's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my Lady Duchefs room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200 *l.* to have left place for as many more.

To the Dutcheſs.

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of reſpect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the ſtairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and eſtabliſh'd rule above twenty years in England, that the firſt advances have been conſtantly made me by all Ladies who aſpir'd to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakneſs, I have condeſcended graciously to diſpenſe with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameleſs perſon ſent me eleven meſſages before I would yield to a viſit: I mean a perſon to whom he is infinitely oblig'd, for being the occaſion of the happineſs he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the ſame time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You ſay, perhaps you ſhall not like me; I affirm you are miſtaken, which I can plainly demonſtrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another perſon diſlikes me of late, with whoſe likings yours have not for ſome time paſt gone together

ther. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: For Diogenes himself would be vain, to have receiv'd the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

L E T T E R LII.

Dublin, April 13, 1730-1.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the Duchess is your Treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some Verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c. like other Treasurers; how to deal with Servants, Tenants, or neighbouring Squires, which I take to be Courtiers, Parliaments, and Princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that Poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c.—Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to

imitate the Prince of Lilliput.—But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Duchefs, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her Grace.

Madam, since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection; I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your Grace shall have your own way, in all places except your own house, and the domains about it. There and there only, I expect to have mine, so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it) the presumptuous manner in which you begin had
 slipt

slipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good Character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty-thousand times duller, and fifty-million times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that under these disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty barrs length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand at least within three of you, for of two bad ears, my right is the best? My Groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the Parson of the parish play at back-gammon, and hold his tongue? is any one of your Women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four and twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For, I profess, you are the first Lady that ever I desired to see, since the first of August 1714, and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong up-

me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some Ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company? which however I think was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a Chamber-maid, for I would not pardon it in any of your Waiting-women.—Pray God preserve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

To Mr. GAY.

I have just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you
the

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the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine? I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

LETTER LIII.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

EVER since I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Aimsbury, as the Duchess hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered; first, I thought I had done with my law-suit, and so did all my lawyers, but my adversary, after being in appearance a Protestant these twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papist, and consequently by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, tho' in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy; and the Duchess, in all her youth, spi-

rit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command, and scold; I must have horses to ride, I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles besides, every day.

I always told you Mr. — was good for nothing but to be a rank Courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Duchesse, and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a Cully; and yet I love you for it, because I am one myself.

You are the silliest lover in Christendom: If you like Mrs. — why do you not command her to take you? if she does not, she is not worth pursuing; you do her too much honour; she hath neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love, and I do sometimes reproach
you

you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the Duchefs in regard to me. I heard her fay, Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me, the frolic is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? positively I will not write a fyllable more. She is an ungrateful Duchefs confidering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thoufands ſhe had before.—I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000 *l.* which will bring your 300 *per Annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquifite of ſpunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two ſervants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country—Have you no ſcheme either in verſe or proſe? The Duchefs ſhould keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and ſo I have done with you.

Madam,

Since I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conſcience. If I wait on you, I declare

clare that one of your women (which ever it is that has designs upon a Chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house, and in that case you must suspend your domineering-Claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters hath done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the Ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them, who had an inklin of the matter (your Grace will hardly believe it) refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.—Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Aimsbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your Grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

LETTER

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 189

LETTER LIV.

Aug. 28, 1731.

YOU and the Duchefs use me very ill, for, I profess, I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herself, and that you write more like her Grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the Duchefs, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the Duchefs, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country Parson's, to whom I lately gave a City-living, such as an English Chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: One to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour^a. The other is of

^a *Wagstaff's Dialogues of Polite Conversation*, published in his life time.

almost

almost equal importance; I may call it the Whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy^b. —I believe no mortal had ever such fair Invitations, as to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoe-boy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense: A Lord Lieutenant told the first King George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing sixteen thousand pounds a year—Why, you need not stare: it is easily apply'd: I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her Grace—Lo here comes in the Duchess again (I know her by her d d's; but am a fool for discovering my Art) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said—Madam, I will imitate your Grace and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base un-romantic spirit in me, to suspend the honour of waiting at your

^b An imperfect thing of this kind, called *Directions to* | *servants in general*, has been published since his death.

Grace's

Grace's feet, till I can finish a paltry law-suit. It concerns indeed almost all my whole fortune ; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks rent of your Grace's. This cursed accident hath drill'd away the whole summer. But, Madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed : though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your handwriting in a Court of justice ; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably hath your Grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid Envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at Court? *Non te civitas, non Regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero (as your Grace knows) or so he might have said.

I am told that the Craftsman in one of his papers is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad ; and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly ? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly

fectly accidental; some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: And what you say, is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself: though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me: my invention and judgment are perpetually at fifty-cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the meereft trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see^c.

LETTER LV.

September 10, 1731.

IF your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer,

^c His ludicrous prediction | very much to his dishonour,
was, since his death, and | seriously fulfilled.

that

that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under-ones, that may add another thousand pound to your stock; and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongst you; and reason good, when I am teased with Dukes and Duchesses for a visit, all my demands comply'd with, and all excuses cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixote! Queens held his horse, and Duchesses pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean-spirited fellow; I can say ten times more; O happy, &c. such a Duchess was designed to attend him, and such a Duke invited him to command his Palace. *Nam istos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:* go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vamping after he had found the pot of gold.—I will have nothing to do with that Lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, because you are so forgiving as not to hate her; however, she has good qualities enough to make

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her

her esteemed ; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool.—I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead^a. I shall finish it soon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.—It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting Virtuous persons and Lovers of their country of all denominations : Whig and Tory, High and Low-church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected ! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at Court, which hath given you leisure to cultivate both public and private Virtue, neither of them likely to be soon met with within the walls of St. James's or Westminster.—But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

My Lord,

I could have sworn that my Pride would be always able to preserve me from Vanity ; of

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

which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my Lady Duchefs, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finish the work: And I should have certainly gone about shewing my letters under the charge of secrecy to every blab of my acquaintance; if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations, from two such persons, to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the mean time, I must desire your Grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for Your Consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed not to know, that the Duchefs, ever since you met, hath been most politickly employ'd in encreasing those forces, and sharpening those arms with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side, and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace that the Duchefs's great secret in

her art of government, hath been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your Grace for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving, since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

Madam,

I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have fate up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hand at the bottom of the last Aimsbury letter, but all in vain. Only 'tis agreed, that the language is Coptic, and a very profound Behmist assures me, the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex to a strange kind of man whom she never saw; and this is all I can find, which after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, wherewith I am, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Decemb. 1, 1731.

YOU us'd to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't send to me now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please, you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes shewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you: I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits, and, as I don't want the assistance of some that I formerly convers'd with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependant. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already publish'd. All the money I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miser. All

misers have their excuses; the motive to my parsimony is independance. If I were to be represented by the Duchess (she is such a downright niggard for me) this character might not be allow'd me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I don't pretend that I am equally saving with S—k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a Verse-man can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-suit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating-bookfellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancy'd there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on, and 'tis probable I shall some time or other see an Attorney's bill as long as the Book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and hath left what he
had

had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke 500 *l.* Mr. Pelham 500 *l.* Sir William Wyndham's youngest son, 500 *l.* Gen. Hill, 500 *l.* Lord Massam's son, 500.

You have the good wishes of those I converse with; they know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguish'd. Therefore as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me (the only satisfaction of distant friends!)

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it, is what should be its excuse, that I write in a head-ach that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: tho' in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady—took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelve-month; but kindness perhaps is

a word not applicable to courtiers. However she is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common justice. For God's sake why all this scruple about Lord B——'s keeping your horses, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine; John Gay shall help me to entertain you, tho' you come like King Lear with fifty knights—Tho' such prospects as I wish, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again: the old Lord may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord B——'s and one of mine; which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of Parties, even of Countries (for Countries are but larger parties) *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finish it^a. I am happy whenever you join our names together: so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleas'd with nothing: for his darling son is dying in

^a The Poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault.

all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stoop'd to treat one another: surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c. even as a writer I am cool in it, and whenever you see what I am now writing, you'll be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less Admirers, and greater Reasoners^b. I study much more to render my own portion of Being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmann'd me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increas'd, tho' not diminish'd. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, tho' my Mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down; when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the head-ach, &c. If greater pains arrive,

^b The Poem he means is the *Essay on Man*. But he could never compass his Purpose; His readers would in

spite of him *admire* his poetry, and would not understand his *reasoning*.

(such

(such as my late rheumatism) the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me, and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of Nature, not of Fortune. I am just now as well as when you was here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were past near you, and, such as it is, I would not repine at it.—All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

LETTER LVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I Am now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my Lady Duchefs, which you promis'd, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Aimsbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to Courts and Ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride
or

or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may beckon a black-guard-boy under a gate, near your visiting place, (*experto crede*) save eleven pence, and get half a crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to encrease my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for losing your Great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with Good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed; and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever, just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but, I profess, I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Dutchess, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you
always

always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune: You are merciful to every thing but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your Absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Aimsbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the foot-men a laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Duchefs's women admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the Vicar of the parish? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot

not

not distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for Roaches, or Gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will show this letter to the Duchess, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Aimsbury. Hear a piece of Irish news, I buried the famous General Meredyth's father last night in my Cathedral, he was ninety-six years old: so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night, but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I Had your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he stayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something; there is no writing I esteem more than Fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in, which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admir'd your happiness in such a kind of performances which I have frequently endeavour'd at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint; I found a Moral first and studied for a Fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was to represent what scoundrels rise in Armies by a long War, wherein I suppos'd the Lion was engaged, and having lost all his animals of worth, at last Serjeant Hog came to be Brigadier, and Corporal Afs a Colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage, which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England: But, pray, take some new scheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told

told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the Court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was to pass a month at Aimsbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Riskins, without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings: But I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or no. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visiter, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: so that, when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful, if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here's your health — and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Duchess — and I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of Philosophers) would starve me, for even of port wine I should require half a pint a day, and as
much

much at night: and you were growing as bad, unless your Duke and Duchefs have mended you. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind; you eat without care, and if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your Inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes by Court-hopes and Court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* but the Doctor is the King of Inattention. What a vexatious life should I lead among you? If the Duchefs be a *reveuse*, I will never come to Aimsbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain.

Madam,

I mentioned something to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge-acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to town, and yet I am assured that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your Grace to be better establish'd upon your return to Aimsbury; and I shall

shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no sooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst; and fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she hath pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Aimsbury, and breeding confusion in your Grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life hath been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible Lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a bratt in hanging-sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, and most humble, &c.

P

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

Dublin, Aug. 12, 1732.

I Know not what to say to the account of your stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the South-sea should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way, for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the Dukes, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me six hogsheds of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum Copia*. Horace desired no more; for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint, which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod & hunc in annum vivat & in plures*, and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the Dukes shall be your critic; and betwixt you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer

to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300*l.* a year: and that must be made up out of the Duchess's pin-money before I can consent. I want to be Minister of Aimsbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and Prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the Duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D——y has got a wife with 1600*l.* a year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand; I wish you would enquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thousand pounds more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you: To prevent which last evil at Aimsbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons, which I shall teach you, and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know whether the Vicar of Aimsbury can play at back-gammon? pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

To the Duchess.

Madam,

I was the most unwary creature in the world, when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any Inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer; "Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of Gentleman-usher:" and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly despair. — As to yourself, I will say to you (though comparisons be odious) what I said to the —, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: My compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by six months conversing. Your pen is always more natural and sincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy; and although you should arrive to such
a height

a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world; Parliaments, Courts, Cities, and Kingdoms quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the Ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the Church, the Law, and the Army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, It is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no business of mine: Therefore I despair of any reconciliation between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Aimsbury, she offer'd fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To

your question I answer, that your Grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my Lord Duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not ashamed of you tho' you be Duke and Duchefs, tho' I have been of others who are, &c. and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postilions; and when I come to Aimsbury, before I see your Grace I will have an hour's conversation with the Vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were god-mother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LX.

Dublin, Oct. 3, 1731.

I Usually write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe, I have told you of a great Man, who said to me, that he never once in his life receiv'd a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country, who regards any events that pass here, unless he hath an estate or employment. — I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present Ministry, and much less to the Court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the politic of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known: for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any, which, I declare, I do not: and besides I think the world is already so well informed by plain events, that I question whether the Ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what

P 4

they

they please, nor sending it to me; and although it should be discover'd to have been open'd before it came to my hand, I would only burn it and think no further. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though, I agree, you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens and even the chickens, for fear those who pass'd by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the Post-officers, that since Wit and Learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned, and punished, till within your own memory; nor Dulness and Ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease; perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire propos'd by two of our friends; but, besides the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence; you'll hear my reasons when you see those friends, and I concluded them with saying;
That

That I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

Madam,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet, if that Author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good Courtier; which, I am sure, your Grace is not, no not so much as to be a Maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a free-thinker, nor can sell bargains; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a Courtier; than you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taste for Wit, in preferring two old-fashion'd poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in such an old-fashion'd style, as none of them can understand.— You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all
upon

upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I entreat your Grace will order him to move his chops less and his legs more for the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which, you say, are not paid to Merit but to your own Humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of Merit, and there goes an ugly observation, that the Humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I should go to Aimsbury with a great load of merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandize at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and no body else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the first part, and I but the second; which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years; and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed? I should be ready to say in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the Lady who wish'd she could give the best living, &c. if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same Lady who spoke many things

things to me in the same style, and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose Dupe he was, as well as of her Waiting-woman; but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lord Duke, and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c.

L E T T E R L X I.

To Mr. P O P E.

Dublin, June 12, 1732.

I Doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits hath a most unhappy effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleas'd with company; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have written since I left you (either verse or prose) I can only say, that I have order'd by my Will, that all my Papers of any kind shall be deliver'd you to dispose of as you please. I have several things
that

that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt, but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance : for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural, and, when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times, *non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleas'd to require soon ; they consist of little accidental things writ in the country ; family amusements, never intended further than to divert ourselves and some neighbours : or some effects of anger on Public Grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a Weekly paper, and call it an Intelligencer. But it continued not long ; for the whole Volume (it was re-printed in London, and, I find, you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the Printer here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one half-penny ; and so it dropt. In the Volume you saw (to answer your questions) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the Verses,
 (very

(very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated) the 9th mine, the 10th only the Verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines; the 15th is a Pamphlet of mine printed before with Dr. Sh—'s Preface, merely for laziness not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining. As to other things of mine since I left you; there are in prose a View of the State of Ireland; a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret; in verse a Libel on Dr. D—— and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr. D—— on the Libels writ against him; the Barrack (a stolen Copy) the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dressing-room (a stolen Copy) the Plea of the Damn'd (a stolen Copy;) all these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England.) Besides these there are five or six (perhaps more) Papers of Verses writ in the North, but perfect Family-things, two or three of which may be tolerable; the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you,
that

that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices, is not one syllable mine, but of a young Clergy-man whom I countenance; he told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a Projector hath something upon the same Thought. This young Man is the most hopeful we have: a book of his Poems was printed in London; Dr. D—— is one of his Patrons: he is marry'd and has children, and makes up about 100 *l.* a year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drain'd, and I profess, I grow gradually so dry, that a Rhime with me is almost as hard to find as a Guinea; and even Prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almost finish'd. It will make a four-shilling Volume, and is such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess^a. Nay I have another of the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve

^a Polite Conversation.

you

you the same way. I heard lately from Mr. —, who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider that both Wit and Beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

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

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

^a Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 5, 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears :) It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will. — Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend

^a “ On my dear friend
 “ Mr. Gay's death: Re-
 “ ceived December 15, but
 “ not read till the 20th, by
 “ an Impulse, foreboding
 “ some Misfortune.” [This
 note is indors'd on the ori-
 ginal letter in Dr. Swift's
 hand.]

we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

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

A. POPE.

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

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation,

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tion, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels; it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two Physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, Sir, Your, &c.

L E T T E R LXIII.

Dublin, 1732-3.

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

more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wish, that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your Poem on the Use of Riches hath been just printed here, and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the Satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon Taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends, one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on.—Doctor Delany presents you

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his

his most humble service: he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the streets as usual, by day-light, does many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a country-house two miles distant, and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an Agent; he is a most worthy Gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P—, which, I desire, may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his Modesty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensbury, I desire you will present her my most humble service: I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a Lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often Postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up a great part of the
 little

little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a Lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly enquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

L E T T E R LXIV.

Feb. 16, 1732-3.

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

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has

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

There is nothing of late which I think of more than Mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: (for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is.) I am preparing also for my own, and have nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world that men of Wit, or even Poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort: and indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *Jeux d'Esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be deny'd, is to put 'em fairly upon that foot; and teach the public (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of Miscellanies) to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idleness,
our

our works and our weakneſſes. That was the whole end of the laſt Vol. of Miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That theſe volumes contained all that we have ever offended in that way," would have been diſcredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the Libel on Dr. D——, and the beſt Panegyric on myſelf, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book as you obſerve, was printed in great haſte; the cauſe whereof was, that the bookſellers here were doing the ſame, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I don't mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was ſo, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to ſeparate what you writ ſeriouſly from what you writ careleſſly; and thought my own weeds might paſs for a ſort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that ſent you thoſe books into Ireland, and ſo I did my Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt even before it was publiſh'd, and another thing of mine, which is a ^a Parody from Horace, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of theſe, nor leſs than of the latter: yet every

^a Sat. i. Lib. ii.

friend has forced me to print it, tho' in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

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

I am pleas'd and flatter'd by your expression of *Orna me*. The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be lov'd or adorn'd. But I smile

^b See the first note on the | *the Knowledge and Characters*
Epistle to Lord Colham, Of | *of men.*

at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension (from their extraordinary passion for Poetry, and their boundless Hospitality) of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My Mother lives (which is an answer to that point) and, I thank God, tho' her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and sensible to me, tho' scarce to any thing else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you prefer'd to see France first, to which country, I think, you would have a strong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber: he is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you: he has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him inclos'd in the common way, as I do to you: Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part, I wou'd give 'em
free

free leave to send all I write to Curll, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who, I agree, with you is a man every way esteemable: my Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natur'd Nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. receiv'd your letter thro' my hands; it is not to be told you how much he wishes for you: The whole list of persons, to whom you sent your services, return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction—Your Lady friend is *Semper Eadem*, and I have written an Epistle to her on that qualification in a female character; which is thought by my chief Critic in your absence to be my *Chef d'Oeuvre*: but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so fore of Satire, and so willing to misapply Characters.

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

LETTER

LETTER LXV.

April 2, 1733.

YOU say truly, that death is only terrible to us as it separates us from those we love, but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loss of Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wish'd vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning Poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and chearfully: Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever *Is*, is *Right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the Epitaph, I'm sorry you gave a copy, for
it

it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me (and that I shall like as well:) Upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither, for this reason among many others, that your influence may be join'd with mine to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my Neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the Court and Town make about any I give: and I will not render them less important, or less interesting, by sparing Vice and Folly, or by betraying the cause of Truth and Virtue. I will take care they shall be such, as no man can be angry at but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the Royal Family, at the same time that I satirized false Courtiers, and Spies, &c. about 'em. I have not the courage however to be such a Satirist as you, but I would be as much, or more, a Philosopher. You call your satires, Libels; I would rather call my satires, Epistles: They will consist more of Morality than of Wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my Antagonists to be witty (if they can)

can) and content myself to be useful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady ——'s or Lord *'s performance? they are certainly the Top-wits of the Court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was labour'd, corrected, præ-com-mended and post-disapprov'd, so far as to be dis-own'd by themselves, after each had highly cry'd it up for the others^a. I have met with some complaints, and heard at a distance of some threats, occasion'd by my verses: I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropp'd. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you.—I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that Poem^b, in which I am immortal for my Morality: I never took any praise so kindly, and yet, I think, I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my Epistles, in the order of the system; and this week (*exercitandi gratia*) I have transf-

^a See the Epistle written on this occasion at the end of the second Vol. of Letters.

^b The ironical libel on Dr. Delany.

lated (or rather parody'd) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expences, housekeeping, &c. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at 'em, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our Parliament will sit till Midsummer, which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn: you us'd to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I see not, Courtiers I know not, Kings I adore not, Queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor in dependance. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor Lady for her unhappines, and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at Court call Happines. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the season, and compare the Liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir (with a thousand warm wishes, mix'd with short sighs) ever yours.

L E T T E R

LETTER LXVI.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I Answer your Letter the sooner because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a Poem call'd, *The Life and Character of Dr. S. written by himself*. It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication, after a formal story, says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the same Maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that Impostor says in his Dedication, with many circumstances, all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine Copy, any more than it does Virgil's *Æneis*; for I never gave a Copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I shew'd it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them

them

them often; yet it happens that not one single line, or thought is contained in this Imposture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be seen, till I can be seen no more: I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an Advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that every body may know the delusion, and acquit me, as, I am sure, you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it, which is mean, and trivial, and full of that Cant that I most despise: I would sink to be a Vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder more or less is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I liv'd amongst you; because I should have seen him oftner than you did, who are a kind of Hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your Ill nature in not letting the honest Villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and
terrifying

terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that of all men living you are the most happy in your Enemies and your Friends: and I will swear you have fifty times more Charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore, *facit indignatio versus*, is only to be apply'd when the indignation is against general Villainy, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness; only I would be satisfy'd, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? Give me a shilling, and I will ensure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserv'd.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hang'd than see his works swell'd by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen burn'd immediately, and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately like opuscula, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your Epitaph was immediately to be engrav'd,

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and therefore I made less scruple to give a Copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desir'd it, but to no body else; and, he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a short Epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line, or two at most, and then I will send it you (with his permission.) I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *Striking their acting*; the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the Duchess, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe Critic on you and your neighbour; but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600*l.* for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two servants for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitiosa paupertate*. You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find grass, and wine, and servants, but with him not.—The Collection you speak of is this. A Printer came to me to desire he might print my works (as he call'd them) in
four

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

My Vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Quæ Virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit; but a Heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest Earnestness and Truth.

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

May 28, 1733.

I Have begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations.

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I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of Virtue: all other praise, whether from Poets or Peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed *by Virtue for Virtue*. My Poetry I abandon to the critics, my Morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me; and therefore I was more pleas'd with your Libel, than with any Verses I ever receiv'd. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surpriz'd to receive from the Printer that spurious piece, call'd *The Life and Character of Dr. Swift*, with a letter telling me the person, "who publish'd it, had assur'd him the Dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or else he would not have printed it." I can't tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; tho', had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeas'd at the publisher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends partiality.

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 245

tiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be clear'd to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough: It will not want for Satire, but as for Anger I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the Apostle speaks, "Be ye angry and sin not."

My Neighbour's writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable History of Europe in these latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, Health and Quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has caus'd so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

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

R 3

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I Must condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear Parent and Friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful Son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me, and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation pressed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them: I believe there are

not

not in this whole city three Gentlemen out of Employment, who are able to give Entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: Those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year: Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniences of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two ends of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good-humour and taste, able and desirous to please you; and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that

I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare, my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture amongst you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town, who dare not insult me, like your rascally waggoners or coach-men, but give me the way; nor is there one Lord or Squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and six. Thus, I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I chuse to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then, I walk the streets in peace without being justled, nor ever without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute Lord of the greatest Cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring Princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Arch-bishop of Dublin, only the latter, like the K. of France,

France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorraine. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B—— and your self, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leap'd over the moon.

LETTER LXIX.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I Have every day wish'd to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet, I think, I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost, or dis-relish'd. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to
tell

tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did; but all these are to no purpose: the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulph between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be cramm'd, either way. Let your hungry Poets, and your rhyming Poets digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half starved, than to be so overpraised and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you: You are the only Patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your Character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you:
yet

yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness; Nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

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

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

LETTER

LETTER LXX.

Jan. 6, 1734.

I Never think of you and can never write to you, now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talk'd: The reflection both of the friends we have been depriv'd of by Death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by Absence, checks me to that degree that it takes away in a manner the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your Works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine? but one, I am sure, is yours; and your method of concealing your self puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You'll have immediately by several franks (even before 'tis here publish'd) my Epistle to Lord Cobham, part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last Essay on Man, both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookseller, on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declar'd against me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter:

spatter : I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after shewing it to some people, suppress'd it: otherwise it was such as was worthy of him and worthy of me^a. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be sure almost all those whom I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that B— paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a true wit, and too much half-honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him: he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. That strict neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observ'd in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men, as slander and belye my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are Pests of private society, or mischievous members of the public, that is to say, unless they are enemies to all men as

^a It is printed, in this edition, at the end of the second Volume of Letters.

well

well as to me. — Pray write to me when you can : If ever I can come to you, I will : if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard thro' this fimple world, where nothing is valuable, but fenfe and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir, may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am juft now told, a very curious Lady intends to write to you to pump you about fome poems faid to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the fame questions, and that I fhall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have conceal'd from me.

L E T T E R LXXI.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I Have ever thought you as fenfible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship, and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you faid in your laft letter) that you did not quite underftand the reafon of my late filence. I affure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindnefs I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it ; and you are now the man in all
the

the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet, when I have done so, you seem by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain, from some prudential reason. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I wou'd say to each other, (tho' our own souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office) could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious, impertinence of those Goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these Friends, especially

especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is generally on such little scraps that Witlings feed, and 'tis hard the world should judge of our house-keeping from what we fling to our dogs, yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the Epistle to a Lady; it was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your Life and Character before, which you so strongly disavow'd in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more; the same person who gave this to be printed, offer'd to a bookseller a piece in prose as yours, and as commissioned by you, which has since appear'd, and been own'd to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, tho' you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England: but no secret can cross your Irish Sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, tho' you lost sight of me in the first of those Essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect;

I was

I was thought a Divine, a Philosopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gayeties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either? but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffer'd your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wish'd it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely drest, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a Philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. 'Tis just what my Lord B. is doing with Metaphysics. I hope, you will live to see, and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you (for this is not writing) if you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a week most gladly; but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them them, so far, as not to feel more

S

vexation

vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the Nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will Think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my Metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true, I have writ six letters and an half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and an half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the Name of an Author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum Theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more public^a. I know how little regard you pay

^a As Mr. P. (Lett. XLVIII.) tells us, they shew that all | *our metaphysical Theology is*
| *ridiculous and abominable —*
to

to Writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip Metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted Eye, and never bewilder themselves whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale & me ama.*

LETTER LXXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 1, 1734.

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

or to want right notions of friendship, but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord B. says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your speculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter, or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children or school-boys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man: although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three Treatises, that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My lord B. said in his postscript, that you would go to Bath in three days: we since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well, and so did
some

some others whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the free-hold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in Morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice, I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— said to me on that occasion, How a Judge here, who knows you, told him that on the first reading those Essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: On the second most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased: On the third he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My lord B——'s attempt of reducing Metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking, and

as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live: It saves your money, and my time; and he being your Genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his Metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

L E T T E R

LETTER LXXIII.

Twickenham, Decemb. 19, 1734.

I Am truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think (I know you will, for you have all the candor of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are stept a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembring every thing that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we pass'd together dwell always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glympse of a better life and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annex'd to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journeys this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborow, who upon every occasion commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days be-

tween Dawley, London, and this place, not studious, nor idle, rather polishing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandon'd several years; and of this sort you'll soon see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disorder'd, and so continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but so well recover'd as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, tho' not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, shall re-unite us: But he who made us, not for ours but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you; you are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country; tho' we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were
once

once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much, but 'tis as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three Treatises, which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my *Morals*, as I've been, long ago, of my *Wit*; my system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to Truth (or to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of Truth) we soon find the shortness of our Tether. Indeed by the help of a metaphysical chain of Ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinn'd us: But this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed; he is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my *Essay*) with particular Men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the Universe: This World,
which

which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Castle, and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and our own persons. When you write (either to him or to me, for we accept it all as one) rebuke him for it, as a Divine if you like it, or as a Badineur, if you think that more effectual.

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

L E T T E R LXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford, who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion by the villainy

lainy of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power, in both nations^a (it is here in perfection already) although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public and personal to myself, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor, hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To shew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health: but in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy? The

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

old Duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son (Offory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you my absent friend for the best present friend round the Globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called a Dissertation upon Parties. I think it very masterly written.

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

I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours

^b Who continued there | dreadful pestilence desolated
with his flock all the time a | that city.

of

of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the Ministry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in Power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. “ You need not
“ fear any consequence in the commerce that
“ hath so long passed between us; although I
“ never destroy’d one of your letters. But
“ my Executors are men of honour and vir-
“ tue, who have strict orders in my will to
“ burn every letter left behind me.” Neither did our letters contain any Turns of Wit, or Fancy, or Politics, or Satire, but mere innocent Friendship: yet I am loth that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, should dye before me; I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one Epistle inscribed to
me

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

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

LETTER

LETTER LXXVI.

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

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the Bishops, and a disgrace to one Bishop, two things you will like: But what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your un-friended, un-benefited Nation; he will be a friend to human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life: I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr. Rundle.

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

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another string lost, that wou'd have help'd to draw
you

you hither! He order'd on his death-bed his Watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and *Insignia* are graved on the inner-case; on the outer, I have put this inscription. *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliae, Dux Sabaudiae, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit, 1735.*

Pray write to me a little oftner: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects^a which most want our compassion, tho' generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resign'd temper

^a Idiots,

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 273

of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, tho' younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 21, 1735.

I Answer'd your letter relating to Curl, &c. I believe my letters have escap'd being publish'd, because I writ nothing but Nature and Friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observ'd that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the Entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting: Now I must tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holy-head, for I will not lie in a Country of slaves. It pleaseth me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of

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your

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

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 9, 1735-6.

I Cannot properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name, such a havock have Time, Death, Exile, and Oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-servants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my visiters come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we mis-call their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the Gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility,

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of

of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any Lord Temporal or Spiritual in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own Cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable Corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

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

^a He was mistaken.

dency

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 277

dency last against the temptations of future Ministers, and future Kings.—As to the new Lord Lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 7, 1735-6.

IT is some time since I dined at the bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life both as a Philosopher and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give

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me

me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickel was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

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

I have no-body now left but you: Pray, be so kind to out-live me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my Religion will permit, but rather my Virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a Poem in the Chinese-language as my own: I am as fit for Matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable

merable Essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by Arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour? Give me also some account of your neighbour who writ to me from Bath: I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the Test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced Reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise Christian governments^a, which always had some establish'd Religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

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

^a The Author of the *Dissertation on parties* appears to be of the same opinion.

LETTER LXXX.

March 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more Epistles in Verse, one of them shall be address'd to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reason and Science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the un-useful and therefore un-attainable, Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities. 4. Of the Use of *Learning*, of the *Science* of the *World*, and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a Satire against the mis-application of all these, exemplify'd by pictures, characters, and examples.

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

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

I have lately seen some writings of Lord B.'s, since he went to France. Nothing can depress
his

his Genius: What ever befalls him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home; the kind and hearty house-wife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone! yet my house is enlarg'd, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good Melons and Pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better Gardener, as I am a worse Poet, than when you saw me: But gardening is near a-kin to Philosophy, for Tully says, *Agricultura proxima sapientiæ*. For God's sake, why should not you (that are a step higher than a Philosopher, a Divine, yet have too much grace and wit than to be a Bishop) e'en give all you have to the Poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done every thing else) so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordēs* be our Motto and our Epitaph.

L E T T E R

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LETTER LXXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

MY common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my Deafness; and indeed it is that only which discourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest Gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. “As to what
“ you say of your Letters, since you have many
“ years of life more than I, my resolution is to
“ direct my Executors to send you all your let-
“ ters, well sealed and pacqueted, along with
“ some legacies mentioned in my will, and
“ leave them entirely to your disposal: Those
“ things are all tied up, endors’d and locked in
“ a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can
“ properly be said to write or read: No mor-
“ tal shall copy them, but you shall surely
“ have them when I am no more.” I have
a little repined at my being hitherto slipped
by you in your Epistles, not from any other
ambition

ambition than the Title of a Friend, and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health and leisure and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of Poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience; you are, and will be some years to come, at the age when Invention still keeps its ground, and Judgment is at full maturity; but your subjects are much more difficult when confin'd to Verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of Morality in so masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple, said that the loss of Friends was a Tax upon long life: It need not be very long, since you have had so great a share, but I have not above one left: and in this Country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling understandings. How should I know Cheselden? On your side, men of fame start up and die before we here (at least I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord B.'s Genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and useful to the world.—Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour Mr. P. It is affirmed that he hath been very near death: I love him for being a Patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing
but

but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twittenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, my Ailments amount to a prohibition, although I am, as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and no-body pays me. Instead of a young race of Patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young Dunces and Atheists, or old Villains and Monsters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a King's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII.

Aug. 17, 1736.

I Find, tho' I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative but less writative: to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's, to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love: And I grow Laconic even beyond Laconicisme; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionary or petitionary Epistles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next: Others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as Luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull: And you shou'd be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B. because you hear it only from shallow, envious,

envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to —. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the prophane? the thing, if true, should be conceal'd; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue, in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is twice or thrice a year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you, or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decay'd: For, believe me, great Genius's must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds: A genius has the intuitive faculty: Therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the House of Lords writ Commendatory Verses upon me, the Commons order'd me to print my Works, the Universities

verfities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince crown'd me with Laurel. You are a very ignorant man; you don't know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo*. I will not quarrel with the present Age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you'll both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of Princes and Ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little Errors you may please to commit.

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

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Decemb. 2, 1736.

I Think you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and Infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride; the first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month, at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold

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out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguish'd men of all kinds was almost as antient as mine. I mean Wycherly, Row, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnel, &c. and in spite of your heart, you have owned me a Cotemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow: In short, I was t'other day recollecting twenty-seven great Ministers, or Men of Wit and Learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life.—May my friends be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of Posterity when I consider from what Monsters they are to spring.—My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000*l.* a year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid; This is our condition, in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name: I fear he hath not received my letter, and wish you would ask him; but perhaps he is still a rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath restored his health.—How
my

my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet, my Lord Bathurst and Lord Masham and Mr. Lewis remain, and being your acquaintance I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. P. B. and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing: for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North-Wales—My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you.—I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more Epistles of Morality; and, I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subjects of such Epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although, in so profligate a world as ours, they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, when-

ever a Court happens to have the least relish for
Virtue and Religion.

L E T T E R. LXXXIV.

To Dr. SWIFT.

Decemb. 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more
melancholy, than almost any thing in this
world now can do. For I can bear every thing
in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of
my friends. Tho' others tell me you are in
pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find
the contrary when you open your mind to me:
And indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not
so concern'd about others, nor so crazy ourselves
as we really are: for we shall neither be be-
loved nor esteem'd the more, by our common
acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmi-
ty. But to our true friend we may, we must
complain, of what ('tis a thousand to one) he
complains with us; for if we have known him
long, he is old, and if he has known the world
long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but
as much more health than others at your age, as
you have more wit and good temper, you shall
not have much of my Pity: But if you ever live
to

to have less, you shall not have less of my Affection. A whole people will rejoyce at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoycings on your birth-day. I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile Ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem, for your Sense, Virtue, and Charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we lov'd and have lost, perpetually encreasing. How much that Reflection struck me, you'll see from the Motto I have prefix'd to my Book of Letters, which so much against my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus :

*Quo desiderio veteres revocamus Amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus Amicitias!*

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. “ But I have much reason to fear,
“ those which you have too partially kept in

“ your hands will get out in some very disagree-
 “ able shape, in case of our mortality: and the
 “ more reason to fear it, since this last month
 “ Curl has obtain’d from Ireland two letters,
 “ (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine,
 “ to you, which we wrote in the year 1723)
 “ and he has printed them, to the best of my
 “ memory, rightly, except one passage concern-
 “ ing Dawley, which must have been since in-
 “ serted, since my Lord had not that place at
 “ that time. Your answer to that letter he has
 “ not got; it has never been out of my custo-
 “ dy; for whatever is lent is lost (Wit as well
 “ as Money) to these needy poetical Readers.”

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

throws weeds and sedges in their room^a; so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance-acquaintance, of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguish'd themselves in Parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of Independency, and contempt of Corruption. One or two are link'd to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart harden'd and blunt to new

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

impressions, it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than these I see daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects, but that we can, yet, correspond together. I don't know whether 'tis not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much: Let me drop into common things—Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindness. Mrs. B. sighs more for you, than for the loss of youth. She says, she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learn'd that secret from some receipts of your writing.—Adieu.

 LETTER LXXXV.

March 23, 1736-7.

THOU' you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task; for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging
to

to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed, they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants: and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life, and I sometimes think of your old house-keeper as my nurse; tho' I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence, the Physicians having told me the weakness of my breast, &c. is such, as a sea-sickness might indanger my life. Tho' one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country, there remain a few more who will last

so

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

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

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on; and bring with you your old house-keeper and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 299

our last days easy, and leave some sort of Monument, what Friends two Wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

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

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to change me with being in your debt;

debt; which by your way of reckoning I must always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your Epistles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of Morality, even in the poetical way; and should have wondred more, if Nature and Education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy. “ All the letters
 “ I can find of yours, I have fastened in a folio
 “ cover, and the rest in bundles endors’d: But,
 “ by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six
 “ years, of which I can find no copies; and
 “ yet I keep them with all possible care: But,
 “ I have been forced, on three or four occasions,
 “ to send all my papers to some friends;
 “ yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles,
 “ to some faithful friends; however, what
 “ I have are not much above sixty.” I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: None of them have any thing to do with Party, of which you are the clearest of all men by your Religion, and the whole tenour of your life; while I am raging every moment against the Corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this; such is my weakness.

I have read your Epistle of Horace to Augustus: it was sent me in the English Edition,

as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for Ironies in it; the four folks think they have found out some: But your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain, that the Profession of friendship to Me in the same poem, will not suffer you to be thought a Flatterer. My happiness is that you are too far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I dyed the object of Court and Party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the Epic Poem called Leonidas, which is re-printing here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently good Poems of late from London. I have just read one upon Conversation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who, like the Orator or Preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper. I am, my dearest friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

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

We have had your volume of letters, which, I am told, are to be printed here: Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English Gentry of this Kingdom, and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some Gentlemen who
live

live in the Irish parts of the Kingdom) but the English Colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many Counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that an American who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four Cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your Letters; he will not allow such a difference between the two climates, but will assert that North - Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other Northern Shires have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a Palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of Letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the best System that ever was wrote for the Conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their Follies and Vices. It is some recommenda-
tion

tion of this Kingdom, and of the taste of the people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for Slavery, Corruption, Atheism, and such trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other Vice.—I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by those Scriblers, who send us over their trash in Prose and Verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms.—I now am daily expecting an end of life: I have lost all spirit, and every scrap of health; I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery see you often; next to yourself I love no man so well; and tell him what I say, if he visits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long, for a pattern of Piety and Virtue.

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 303

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

My dear Friend, Dublin, Aug. 8, 1738.

I Have yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, uncapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to encrease your compassion (of which you have already too great a part) but as an excuse for my not being regular in my Letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the Post-Office of both Kingdoms, which makes the Letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem; I desire, you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal Genius you describe, whose hand-writing I know towards the end of your Letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too soon gone to his Forest abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my Patron, and then descended to be my Friend.

X

It

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

“ I can faithfully assure you, that every letter you have favour'd me with, these twenty years and more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. W——, a very worthy, rational, and judicious Cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer: All these Letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease.”

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

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance

brance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your Lordship than to all the world besides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great Minister of State: and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an Exil. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your History, and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeez'd in among the few Subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*: If not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordship for my best Patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here in a Postscript correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I shewed my Cousin the above letter, and she assures me, that a great Collection of
^a your letters to me, are put up and sealed,
 my letters to you,

^a 'Tis written just thus in the Original. The Book that is now printed seems to be part of the Collection here spoken of, as it contains not only the Letters of Mr. Pope but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which

were return'd him after Mr. Gay's death: tho' any mention made by Mr. P. of the Return or Exchange of Letters has been industriously suppress'd in the Publication, and only appears by some of the Answers.

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and in some very safe hand ^b. I am, my most dear and honoured Friend, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

It is now *Aug.* 24,

1738.

^b The Earl of ORRERY to Mr. POPE.

S I R,

I am more and more convinced that your letters are neither lost nor burnt: but who the Dean means by a safe hand in Ireland, is beyond my power of guessing, tho' I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all, of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of those Letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains, to find out where they were; but my enquiries were to no purpose, and, I fear, whoever has them, is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. "Mrs. W— did assure me she had not one of them, and seem'd to be under great uneasiness that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me she

" had stop'd the Dean's letter which gave you that information; but believed he would write such another; and therefore desir'd me to assure you, from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were."

You may make what use you please, either to the Dean or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean says they are deliver'd into a safe hand, and * Mrs. W— declares she has them not. The Consequence of their being hereafter published may give uneasiness to some of your Friends, and of course

* This Lady since gave Mr. Pope the strongest Assurances that she had used her utmost Endeavours to prevent the Publication; nay, went so far as to secrete the Book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin Printer: Whereupon her Son-in-law, D. Swift, Esq; insisted upon writing a Preface, to justify Mr. P. from having any Knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt Practices of the Printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the Truth of the Fact.

B.

" to

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 309

“ to you: so I would do all
“ in my power to make you
“ entirely easy in that point.”
This is the first time I
have put pen to paper since
my late misfortune, and I
should say (as an excuse for
this letter) that it has cost
me some pain, did it not al-
low me an opportunity to as-
sure you, that I am,
Dear Sir,
With the truest esteem,

Your very faithful and obedient Servant,

Marston, Oct. 4, 1738.

ORRERY.

X 3

LETTERS