THE JOURNAL TO STELLA

By Jonathan Swift

With preface, introduction and notes by George A. Aitken.

(Numbers thus (5) refer to the Notes at the end, which are arranged by

"Introduction" or by "Letter 'number'".)

PREFACE

The history of the publication of the Journal to Stella is somewhat

curious. On Swift's death twenty-five of the letters, forming the

closing portion of the series, fell into the hands of Dr. Lyon, a

clergyman who had been in charge of Swift for some years. The letters

passed to a man named Wilkes, who sold them for publication. They

accordingly appeared in 1766 in the tenth volume of Dr. Hawkesworth's

quarto edition of Swift's works; but the editor made many changes in

the text, including a suppression of most of the "little language." The

publishers, however, fortunately for us, were public-spirited enough to

give the manuscripts (with one exception) to the British Museum, where,

after many years, they were examined by John Forster, who printed in his

unfinished "Life of Swift" numerous passages from the originals, showing

the manner in which the text had been tampered with by Hawkesworth.

Swift himself, too, in his later years, obliterated many words and

sentences in the letters, and Forster was able to restore not a few of

these omissions. His zeal, however, sometimes led him to make guesses at

words which are quite undecipherable. Besides Forster's work, I have had

the benefit of the careful collation made by Mr. Ryland for his edition

of 1897. Where these authorities differ I have usually found myself in

agreement with Mr. Ryland, but I have felt justified in accepting some

of Forster's readings which were rejected by him as uncertain; and the

examination of the manuscripts has enabled me to make some additions and

corrections of my own. Swift's writing is extremely small, and abounds

in abbreviations. The difficulty of arriving at the true reading is

therefore considerable, apart from the erasures.

The remainder of the Journal, consisting of the first forty letters,

was published in 1768 by Deane Swift, Dr. Swift's second cousin. These

letters had been given to Mrs. Whiteway in 1788, and by her to her

son-in-law, Deane Swift. The originals have been lost, with the

exception of the first, which, by some accident, is in the British

Museum; but it is evident that Deane Swift took even greater liberties

with the text than Hawkesworth. He substituted for "Ppt" the word

"Stella," a name which Swift seems not to have used until some years

later; he adopted the name "Presto" for Swift, and in other ways tried

to give a greater literary finish to the letters. The whole of the

correspondence was first brought together, under the title of the

"Journal to Stella", in Sheridan's edition of 1784.

Previous editions of the Journal have been but slightly annotated.

Swift's letters abound with allusions to people of all classes with whom

he came in contact in London, and to others known to Esther Johnson in

Ireland; and a large proportion of these persons have been passed over

in discreet silence by Sir Walter Scott and others. The task of

the annotator has, of course, been made easier of late years by the

publication of contemporary journals and letters, and of useful works

of reference dealing with Parliament, the Army, the Church, the Civil

Service, and the like, besides the invaluable Dictionary of National

Biography. I have also been assisted by a collection of MS. notes kindly

placed at my disposal by Mr. Thomas Seccombe. I have aimed at brevity

and relevance, but it is hoped that the reader will find all the

information that is necessary. Here and there a name has baffled

research, but I have been able to give definite particulars of a very

large number of people--noblemen and ladies in society in London or

Dublin, Members of Parliament, doctors, clergymen, Government officials,

and others who have hitherto been but names to the reader of the

Journal. I have corrected a good many errors in the older notes, but in

dealing with so large a number of persons, some of whom it is difficult

to identify, I cannot hope that I myself have escaped pitfalls.

G. A. A.

INTRODUCTION.

When Swift began to write the letters known as the Journal to Stella, he

was forty-two years of age, and Esther Johnson twenty-nine. Perhaps the

most useful introduction to the correspondence will be a brief setting

forth of what is known of their friendship from Stella's childhood, the

more specially as the question has been obscured by many assertions and

theories resting on a very slender basis of fact.

Jonathan Swift, born in 1667 after his father's death, was educated

by his uncle Godwin, and after a not very successful career at Trinity

College, Dublin, went to stay with his mother, Abigail Erick, at

Leicester. Mrs. Swift feared that her son would fall in love with a girl

named Betty Jones, but, as Swift told a friend, he had had experience

enough "not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world,

which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then, I am so hard

to please that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world." Soon

afterwards an opening for Swift presented itself. Sir William Temple,

now living in retirement at Moor Park, near Farnham, had been, like his

father, Master of the Irish Rolls, and had thus become acquainted with

Swift's uncle Godwin. Moreover, Lady Temple was related to Mrs. Swift,

as Lord Orrery tells us. Thanks to these facts, the application to

Sir William Temple was successful, and Swift went to live at Moor Park

before the end of 1689. There he read to Temple, wrote for him, and kept

his accounts, and growing into confidence with his employer, "was

often trusted with matters of great importance." The story--afterwards

improved upon by Lord Macaulay--that Swift received only 20 pounds

and his board, and was not allowed to sit at table with his master, is

wholly untrustworthy. Within three years of their first intercourse,

Temple had introduced his secretary to William the Third, and sent

him to London to urge the King to consent to a bill for triennial

Parliaments.

When Swift took up his residence at Moor Park he found there a little

girl of eight, daughter of a merchant named Edward Johnson, who had died

young. Swift says that Esther Johnson was born on March 18, 1681; in

the parish register of Richmond,(1) which shows that she was baptized on

March 20, 1680-81, her name is given as Hester; but she signed her

will "Esther," the name by which she was always known. Swift says, "Her

father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her

mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast in her

birth." Mrs. Johnson had two children, Esther and Ann, and lived at

Moor Park as companion to Lady Giffard, Temple's widowed sister. Another

member of the household, afterwards to be Esther's constant companion,

was Rebecca Dingley, a relative of the Temple family.(2) She was a year

or two older than Swift.

The lonely young man of twenty-two was both playfellow and teacher

of the delicate child of eight. How he taught her to write has been

charmingly brought before us in the painting exhibited by Miss Dicksee

at the Royal Academy a few years ago; he advised her what books to read,

and instructed her, as he says, "in the principles of honour and virtue,

from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life."

By 1694 Swift had grown tired of his position, and finding that Temple,

who valued his services, was slow in finding him preferment, he left

Moor Park in order to carry out his resolve to go into the Church. He

was ordained, and obtained the prebend of Kilroot, near Belfast, where

he carried on a flirtation with a Miss Waring, whom he called Varina.

But in May 1696 Temple made proposals which induced Swift to return

to Moor Park, where he was employed in preparing Temple's memoirs and

correspondence for publication, and in supporting the side taken by

Temple in the Letters of Phalaris controversy by writing The Battle of

the Books, which was, however, not published until 1704. On his return

to Temple's house, Swift found his old playmate grown from a sickly

child into a girl of fifteen, in perfect health. She came, he says, to

be "looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable

young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than

a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection."

On his death in January 1699, Temple left a will,(3) dated 1694,

directing the payment of 20 pounds each, with half a year's wages, to

Bridget Johnson "and all my other servants"; and leaving a lease of some

land in Monistown, County Wicklow, to Esther Johnson, "servant to my

sister Giffard." By a codicil of February 1698, Temple left 100 pounds

to "Mr. Jonathan Swift, now living with me." It may be added that by her

will of 1722, proved in the following year, Lady Giffard gave 20 pounds

to Mrs. Moss--Mrs. Bridget Johnson, who had married Richard Mose or

Moss, Lady Giffard's steward. The will proceeds: "To Mrs. Hester (sic)

Johnson I give 10 pounds, with the 100 pounds I put into the Exchequer

for her life and my own, and declare the 100 pounds to be hers which I

am told is there in my name upon the survivorship, and for which she has

constantly sent over her certificate and received the interest. I give

her besides my two little silver candlesticks."

Temple left in Swift's hands the task of publishing his posthumous

works, a duty which afterwards led to a quarrel with Lady Giffard and

other members of the family. Many years later Swift told Lord Palmerston

that he stopped at Moor Park solely for the benefit of Temple's

conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing his studies. At

Temple's death he was "as far to seek as ever." In the summer of 1699,

however, he was offered and accepted the post of secretary and chaplain

to the Earl of Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices, but when he reached

Ireland he found that the secretaryship had been given to another. He

soon, however, obtained the living of Laracor, Agher, and Rathbeggan,

and the prebend of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. The

total value of these preferments was about 230 pounds a year, an

income which Miss Waring seems to have thought enough to justify him in

marrying. Swift's reply to the lady whom he had "singled out at first

from the rest of women" could only have been written with the intention

of breaking off the connection, and accordingly we hear no more of poor

Varina.

At Laracor, a mile or two from Trim, and twenty miles from Dublin, Swift

ministered to a congregation of about fifteen persons, and had abundant

leisure for cultivating his garden, making a canal (after the Dutch

fashion of Moor Park), planting willows, and rebuilding the vicarage. As

chaplain to Lord Berkeley, he spent much of his time in Dublin. He was

on intimate terms with Lady Berkeley and her daughters, one of whom is

best known by her married name of Lady Betty Germaine; and through them

he had access to the fashionable society of Dublin. When Lord Berkeley

returned to England in April 1701, Swift, after taking his Doctor's

degree at Dublin, went with him, and soon afterwards published,

anonymously, a political pamphlet, A Discourse on the Contests and

Dissentions in Athens and Rome. When he returned to Ireland in September

he was accompanied by Stella--to give Esther Johnson the name by which

she is best known--and her friend Mrs. Dingley. Stella's fortune was

about 1500 pounds, and the property Temple had left her was in County

Wicklow. Swift, very much for his "own satisfaction, who had few

friends or acquaintance in Ireland," persuaded Stella--now twenty years

old--that living was cheaper there than in England, and that a better

return was obtainable on money. The ladies took his advice, and made

Ireland their home. At first they felt themselves strangers in Dublin;

"the adventure looked so like a frolic," Swift says, "the censure held

for some time as if there were a secret history in such a removal: which

however soon blew off by her excellent conduct." Swift took every

step that was possible to avoid scandal. When he was away, the ladies

occupied his rooms; when he returned, they went into their own lodgings.

When he was absent, they often stopped at the vicarage at Laracor, but

if he were there, they moved to Trim, where they visited the vicar, Dr.

Raymond, or lived in lodgings in the town or neighbourhood. Swift was

never with Stella except in the presence of a third person, and in 1726

he said that he had not seen her in a morning "these dozen years, except

once or twice in a journey."

During a visit to England in the winter of 1703-4 we find Swift in

correspondence with the Rev. William Tisdall, a Dublin incumbent whom he

had formerly known at Belfast. Tisdall was on friendly terms with Stella

and Mrs. Dingley, and Swift sent messages to them through him. "Pray put

them upon reading," he wrote, "and be always teaching something to

Mrs. Johnson, because she is good at comprehending, remembering and

retaining." But the correspondence soon took a different turn. Tisdall

paid his addresses to Stella, and charged Swift with opposing his suit.

Tisdall's letters are missing, but Swift's reply of April 20, 1704,

puts things sufficiently clearly. "My conjecture is," he says, "that

you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my

intentions were the same with yours. In answer to all which I will, upon

my conscience and honour, tell you the naked truth. First, I think I

have said to you before that, if my fortunes and humour served me to

think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons upon earth,

make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I

entirely valued but hers; this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And

secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never

once entered into my head to be an impediment to you." He had thought

Tisdall not rich enough to marry; "but the objection of your fortune

being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration

of my own misfortune, in losing so good a friend and companion as her,

prevail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world, since

it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry, and

that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but

mine. I appeal to my letters to herself whether I was your friend or not

in the whole concern, though the part I designed to act in it was purely

passive." He had even thought "it could not be decently broken," without

disadvantage to the lady's credit, since he supposed it was known to the

town; and he had always spoken of her in a manner far from discouraging.

Though he knew many ladies of rank, he had "nowhere met with an humour,

a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or

a truer judgment of men or things." He envied Tisdall his prudence and

temper, and love of peace and settlement, "the reverse of which has been

the great uneasiness of my life, and is likely to continue so."

This letter has been quoted at some length because of its great

importance. It is obviously capable of various interpretations, and

some, like Dr. Johnson, have concluded that Swift was resolved to keep

Stella in his power, and therefore prevented an advantageous match

by making unreasonable demands. I cannot see any ground for this

interpretation, though it is probable that Tisdall's appearance as

a suitor was sufficiently annoying. There is no evidence that Stella

viewed Tisdall's proposal with any favour, unless it can be held to

be furnished by Swift's belief that the town thought--rightly or

wrongly--that there was an engagement. In any case, there could be no

mistake in future with regard to Swift's attitude towards Stella. She

was dearer to him than anyone else, and his feeling for her would not

change, but for marriage he had neither fortune nor humour. Tisdall

consoled himself by marrying another lady two years afterwards; and

though for a long time Swift entertained for him feelings of dislike,

in later life their relations improved, and Tisdall was one of the

witnesses to Swift's will.

The Tale of a Tub was published in 1704, and Swift was soon in constant

intercourse with Addison and the other wits. While he was in England in

1705, Stella and Mrs. Dingley made a short visit to London. This and a

similar visit in 1708 are the only occasions on which Stella is known to

have left Ireland after taking up her residence in that country. Swift's

influence over women was always very striking. Most of the toasts of the

day were his friends, and he insisted that any lady of wit and quality

who desired his acquaintance should make the first advances. This, he

says--writing in 1730--had been an established rule for over twenty

years. In 1708 a dispute on this question with one toast, Mrs. Long,

was referred for settlement to Ginckel Vanhomrigh, the son of the house

where it was proposed that the meeting should take place; and by the

decision--which was in Swift's favour--"Mrs. Vanhomrigh and her fair

daughter Hessy" were forbidden to aid Mrs. Long in her disobedience

for the future. This is the first that we hear of Hester or Esther

Vanhomrigh, who was afterwards to play so marked a part in the story

of Swift's life. Born on February 14, 1690, she was now eighteen. Her

father, Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, a Dublin merchant of Dutch origin,

had died in 1703, leaving his wife a fortune of some sixteen thousand

pounds. On the income from this money Mrs. Vanhomrigh, with her two

daughters, Hester and Mary, were able to mix in fashionable society in

London. Swift was introduced to them by Sir Andrew Fountaine early in

1708, but evidently Stella did not make their acquaintance, nor indeed

hear much, if anything, of them until the time of the Journal.

Swift's visit to London in 1707-9 had for its object the obtaining for

the Irish Church of the surrender by the Crown of the First-Fruits and

Twentieths, which brought in about 2500 pounds a year. Nothing came

of Swift's interviews with the Whig statesmen, and after many

disappointments he returned to Laracor (June 1709), and conversed with

none but Stella and her card-playing friends, and Addison, now secretary

to Lord Wharton.(4) Next year came the fall of the Whigs, and a request

to Swift from the Irish bishops that he would renew the application for

the First-Fruits, in the hope that there would be greater success with

the Tories. Swift reached London in September 1710, and began the series

of letters, giving details of the events of each day, which now form the

Journal to Stella. "I will write something every day to MD," he says,

"and make it a sort of journal; and when it is full I will send it,

whether MD writes or no; and so that will be pretty; and I shall always

be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto." It is interesting to

note that by way of caution these letters were usually addressed to Mrs.

Dingley, and not to Stella.

The story of Swift's growing intimacy with the Tory leaders, of the

success of his mission, of the increasing coolness towards older

acquaintances, and of his services to the Government, can best be read

in the Journal itself. In the meantime the intimacy with the Vanhomrighs

grew rapidly. They were near neighbours of Swift's, and in a few weeks

after his arrival in town we find frequent allusions to the dinners at

their house (where he kept his best gown and periwig), sometimes with

the explanation that he went there "out of mere listlessness," or

because it was wet, or because another engagement had broken down. Only

thrice does he mention the "eldest daughter": once on her birthday; once

on the occasion of a trick played him, when he received a message that

she was suddenly very ill ("I rattled off the daughter"); and once to

state that she was come of age, and was going to Ireland to look after

her fortune. There is evidence that "Miss Essy," or Vanessa, to give her

the name by which she will always be known, was in correspondence with

Swift in July 1710--while he was still in Ireland--and in the spring of

1711;(5) and early in 1711 Stella seems to have expressed surprise at

Swift's intimacy with the family, for in February he replied, "You say

they are of no consequence; why, they keep as good female company as

I do male; I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town

with them." In the autumn Swift seems to have thought that Vanessa was

keeping company with a certain Hatton, but Mrs. Long--possibly meaning

to give him a warning hint--remarked that if this were so "she is not

the girl I took her for; but to me she seems melancholy."

In 1712 occasional letters took the place of the daily journal to "MD,"

but there is no change in the affectionate style in which Swift wrote.

In the spring he had a long illness, which affected him, indeed,

throughout the year. Other reasons which he gives for the falling off in

his correspondence are his numerous business engagements, and the hope

of being able to send some good news of an appointment for himself.

There is only one letter to Stella between July 19 and September 15,

and Dr. Birkbeck Hill argues that the poem "Cadenus and Vanessa" was

composed at that time.(6) If this be so, it must have been altered next

year, because it was not until 1713 that Swift was made a Dean. Writing

on April 19, 1726, Swift said that the poem "was written at Windsor near

fourteen years ago, and dated: it was a task performed on a frolic among

some ladies, and she it was addressed to died some time ago in Dublin,

and on her death the copy shewn by her executor." Several copies were in

circulation, and he was indifferent what was done with it; it was "only

a cavalier business," and if those who would not give allowances were

malicious, it was only what he had long expected.

From this letter it would appear that this remarkable poem was written

in the summer of 1712; whereas the title-page of the pamphlet says it

was "written at Windsor, 1713." Swift visited Windsor in both years,

but he had more leisure in 1712, and we know that Vanessa was also at

Windsor in that year. In that year, too, he was forty-four, the

age mentioned in the poem. Neither Swift nor Vanessa forgot this

intercourse: years afterwards Swift wrote to her, "Go over the scenes

of Windsor.... Cad thinks often of these"; and again, "Remember the

indisposition at Windsor." We know that this poem was revised in 1719,

when in all probability Swift added the lines to which most exception

can be taken. Cadenus was to be Vanessa's instructor:--

"His conduct might have made him styled

A father, and the nymph his child."

He had "grown old in politics and wit," and "in every scene had kept

his heart," so that he now "understood not what was love." But he

had written much, and Vanessa admired his wit. Cadenus found that her

thoughts wandered--

"Though she seemed to listen more

To all he spoke than e'er before."

When she confessed her love, he was filled with "shame, disappointment,

guilt, surprise." He had aimed only at cultivating the mind, and had

hardly known whether she was young or old. But he was flattered, and

though he could not give her love, he offered her friendship, "with

gratitude, respect, esteem." Vanessa took him at his word, and said she

would now be tutor, though he was not apt to learn:--

"But what success Vanessa met

Is to the world a secret yet.

Whether the nymph to please her swain

Talks in a high romantic strain;

Or whether he at last descends

To act with less seraphic ends;

Or, to compound the business, whether

They temper love and books together,

Must never to mankind be told,

Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold."

Such is the poem as we now have it, written, it must be remembered, for

Vanessa's private perusal. It is to be regretted, for her own sake, that

she did not destroy it.

Swift received the reward of his services to the Government--the

Deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin--in April 1713. Disappointed at what he

regarded as exile, he left London in June. Vanessa immediately began to

send him letters which brought home to him the extent of her passion;

and she hinted at jealousy in the words, "If you are very happy, it is

ill-natured of you not to tell me so, except 'tis what is inconsistent

with my own." In his reply Swift dwelt upon the dreariness of his

surroundings at Laracor, and reminded her that he had said he would

endeavour to forget everything in England, and would write as seldom as

he could.

Swift was back again in the political strife in London in September,

taking Oxford's part in the quarrel between that statesman and

Bolingbroke. On the fall of the Tories at the death of Queen Anne, he

saw that all was over, and retired to Ireland, not to return again

for twelve years. In the meantime the intimacy with Vanessa had been

renewed. Her mother had died, leaving debts, and she pressed Swift for

advice in the management of her affairs. When she suggested coming to

Ireland, where she had property, he told her that if she took this

step he would "see her very seldom." However, she took up her abode at

Celbridge, only a few miles from Dublin. Swift gave her many cautions,

out of "the perfect esteem and friendship" he felt for her, but he often

visited her. She was dissatisfied, however, begging him to speak kindly,

and at least to counterfeit his former indulgent friendship. "What can

be wrong," she wrote, "in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman?

You cannot but know that your frowns make my life unsupportable."

Sometimes he treated the matter lightly; sometimes he showed annoyance;

sometimes he assured her of his esteem and love, but urged her not

to make herself or him "unhappy by imaginations." He was uniformly

unsuccessful in stopping Vanessa's importunity. He endeavoured, she

said, by severities to force her from him; she knew she was the cause of

uneasy reflections to him; but nothing would lessen her "inexpressible

passion."

Unfortunately he failed--partly no doubt from mistaken considerations

of kindness, partly because he shrank from losing her affection--to take

effective steps to put an end to Vanessa's hopes. It would have been

better if he had unhesitatingly made it clear to her that he could

not return her passion, and that if she could not be satisfied with

friendship the intimacy must cease. To quote Sir Henry Craik, "The

friendship had begun in literary guidance: it was strengthened by

flattery: it lived on a cold and almost stern repression, fed by

confidences as to literary schemes, and by occasional literary

compliments: but it never came to have a real hold over Swift's heart."

With 1716 we come to the alleged marriage with Stella. In 1752, seven

years after Swift's death, Lord Orrery, in his Remarks on Swift, said

that Stella was "the concealed, but undoubted, wife of Dr. Swift....

If my informations are right, she was married to Dr. Swift in the year

1716, by Dr. Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher." Ten years earlier, in 1742,

in a letter to Deane Swift which I have not seen quoted before, Orrery

spoke of the advantage of a wife to a man in his declining years; "nor

had the Dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, had he been married,

or, in other words, had Stella lived." What this means is not at all

clear. In 1754, Dr. Delany, an old friend of Swift's, wrote, in comment

upon Orrery's Remarks, "Your account of his marriage is, I am satisfied,

true." In 1789, George Monck Berkeley, in his Literary Relics, said

that Swift and Stella were married by Dr. Ashe, "who himself related

the circumstances to Bishop Berkeley, by whose relict the story was

communicated to me." Dr. Ashe cannot have told Bishop Berkeley by

word of mouth, because Ashe died in 1717, the year after the supposed

marriage, and Berkeley was then still abroad. But Berkeley was at

the time tutor to Ashe's son, and may therefore have been informed by

letter, though it is difficult to believe that Ashe would write about

such a secret so soon after the event. Thomas Sheridan, on information

received from his father, Dr. Sheridan, Swift's friend, accepted the

story of the marriage in his book (1784), adding particulars which are

of very doubtful authenticity; and Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets,

says that Dr. Madden told him that Stella had related her "melancholy

story" to Dr. Sheridan before her death. On the other hand, Dr. Lyon,

Swift's attendant in his later years, disbelieved the story of the

marriage, which was, he said, "founded only on hearsay"; and Mrs.

Dingley "laughed at it as an idle tale," founded on suspicion.

Sir Henry Craik is satisfied with the evidence for the marriage. Mr.

Leslie Stephen is of opinion that it is inconclusive, and Forster could

find no evidence that is at all reasonably sufficient; while Mr. Stanley

Lane-Poole, Mr. Churton Collins, and others are strongly of opinion

that no such marriage ever took place. A full discussion of the evidence

would involve the consideration of the reliability of the witnesses, and

the probability of their having authentic information, and would be out

of place here. My own opinion is that the evidence for the marriage is

very far from convincing, and this view seems to be confirmed by all

that we know from his own letters of Swift's relations with Stella. It

has been suggested that she was pained by reports of Swift's intercourse

with Vanessa, and felt that his feelings towards herself were growing

colder; but this is surmise, and no satisfactory explanation has been

given to account for a form of marriage being gone through after so

many years of the closest friendship. There is no reason to suppose that

there was at the time any gossip in circulation about Stella, and if her

reputation was in question, a marriage of which the secret was carefully

kept would obviously be of no benefit to her. Moreover, we are told that

there was no change in their mode of life; if they were married, what

reason could there be for keeping it a secret, or for denying themselves

the closer relationship of marriage? The only possible benefit to

Stella was that Swift would be prevented marrying anyone else. It is

impossible, of course, to disprove a marriage which we are told was

secretly performed, without banns or licence or witnesses; but we may

reasonably require strong evidence for so startling a step. If we

reject the tale, the story of Swift's connection with Stella is at least

intelligible; while the acceptance of this marriage introduces many

puzzling circumstances, and makes it necessary to believe that during

the remainder of Stella's life Swift repeatedly spoke of his wife as a

friend, and of himself as one who had never married.(7) What right have

we to put aside Swift's plain and repeated statements? Moreover, his

attitude towards Vanessa for the remaining years of her life becomes

much more culpable if we are to believe that he had given Stella the

claim of a wife upon him.(8)

From 1719 onwards we have a series of poems to Stella, written chiefly

in celebration of her birthday. She was now thirty-eight (Swift says,

"Thirty-four--we shan't dispute a year or more"), and the verses abound

in laughing allusions to her advancing years and wasting form. Hers was

"an angel's face a little cracked," but all men would crowd to her door

when she was fourscore. His verses to her had always been

"Without one word of Cupid's darts,

Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;

With friendship and esteem possessed,

I ne'er admitted Love a guest."

Her only fault was that she could not bear the lightest touch of blame.

Her wit and sense, her loving care in illness--to which he owed that

fact that he was alive to say it--made her the "best pattern of true

friends." She replied, in lines written on Swift's birthday in 1721,

that she was his pupil and humble friend. He had trained her judgment

and refined her fancy and taste:--

"You taught how I might youth prolong

By knowing what was right and wrong;

How from my heart to bring supplies

Of lustre to my fading eyes;

How soon a beauteous mind repairs

The loss of changed or falling hairs;

How wit and virtue from within

Send out a smoothness o'er the skin

Your lectures could my fancy fix,

And I can please at thirty-six."

In 1723 Vanessa is said to have written to Stella or to Swift--there are

discrepancies in the versions given by Sheridan and Lord Orrery, both

of whom are unreliable--asking whether the report that they were married

was true. Swift, we are told, rode to Celbridge, threw down Vanessa's

letter in a great rage, and left without speaking a word.(9) Vanessa,

whose health had been failing for some time, died shortly afterwards,

having cancelled a will in Swift's favour. She left "Cadenus and

Vanessa" for publication, and when someone said that she must have been

a remarkable woman to inspire such a poem, Stella replied that it was

well known that the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick.

Soon after this tragedy Swift became engrossed in the Irish agitation

which led to the publication of the Drapier's Letters, and in 1726 he

paid a long-deferred visit to London, taking with him the manuscript

of Gulliver's Travels. While in England he was harassed by bad news of

Stella, who had been in continued ill-health for some years. His letters

to friends in Dublin show how greatly he suffered. To the Rev. John

Worrall he wrote, in a letter which he begged him to burn, "What you

tell me of Mrs. Johnson I have long expected with great oppression

and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five

years. Upon my advice they both came to Ireland, and have been ever

since my constant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a

very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed,

upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human

creature." He would not for the world be present at her death: "I should

be a trouble to her, and a torment to myself." If Stella came to Dublin,

he begged that she might be lodged in some airy, healthy part, and not

in the Deanery, where too it would be improper for her to die. "There

is not a greater folly," he thinks, "than to contract too great and

intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable."

To Dr. Stopford he wrote in similar terms of the "younger of the two"

"oldest and dearest friends I have in the world." "This was a person

of my own rearing and instructing from childhood, who excelled in every

good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature.... I know

not what I am saying; but believe me that violent friendship is much

more lasting and as much engaging as violent love." To Dr. Sheridan he

said, "I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen

to me; but all my preparation will not suffice to make me bear it like

a philosopher nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most

intimate friendship between us from our childhood, and the greatest

merit on her side that ever was in one human creature towards

another."(10) Pope alludes in a letter to Sheridan to the illness of

Swift's "particular friend," but with the exception of another reference

by Pope, and of a curiously flippant remark by Bolingbroke, the subject

is nowhere mentioned in Swift's correspondence with his literary and

fashionable friends in London.

Swift crossed to Ireland in August, fearing the worst; but Stella

rallied, and in the spring of 1727 he returned to London. In August,

however, there came alarming news, when Swift was himself suffering from

giddiness and deafness. To Dr. Sheridan he wrote that the last act of

life was always a tragedy at best: "it is a bitter aggravation to have

one's best friend go before one." Life was indifferent to him; if he

recovered from his disorder it would only be to feel the loss of "that

person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both

those friends over that we might be happy together as long as God should

please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person you know has ill

answered the end; and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was

valuable." To Worrall he again wrote (in Latin) that Stella ought not

to be lodged at the Deanery; he had enemies who would place a bad

interpretation upon it if she died there.

Swift left London for Dublin in September; he was detained some days at

Holyhead by stress of weather, and in the private journal which he kept

during that time he speaks of the suspense he was in about his "dearest

friend."(11) In December Stella made a will--signed "Esther Johnson,

spinster"--disposing of her property in the manner Swift had suggested.

Her allusions to Swift are incompatible with any such feeling of

resentment as is suggested by Sheridan. She died on January 28, 1728.

Swift could not bear to be present, but on the night of her death he

began to write his very interesting Character of Mrs. Johnson, from

which passages have already been quoted. He there calls her "the truest,

most virtuous and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person,

was ever blessed with." Combined with excellent gifts of the mind, "she

had a gracefulness, somewhat more than human, in every motion, word, and

action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness,

and sincerity." Everyone treated her with marked respect, yet everyone

was at ease in her society. She preserved her wit, judgment, and

vivacity to the last, but often complained of her memory. She chose

men rather than women for her companions, "the usual topic of ladies'

discourse being such as she had little knowledge of and less relish."

"Honour, truth, liberality, good nature, and modesty were the virtues

she chiefly possessed, and most valued in her acquaintance." In some

Prayers used by Swift during her last sickness, he begged for pity for

"the mournful friends of Thy distressed servant, who sink under the

weight of her present condition, and the fear of losing the most

valuable of our friends." He was too ill to be present at the funeral at

St. Patrick's. Afterwards, we are told, a lock of her hair was found in

his desk, wrapped in a paper bearing the words, "Only a woman's hair."

Swift continued to produce pamphlets manifesting growing misanthropy,

though he showed many kindnesses to people who stood in need of help. He

seems to have given Mrs. Dingley fifty guineas a year, pretending that

it came from a fund for which he was trustee. The mental decay which he

had always feared--"I shall be like that tree," he once said, "I shall

die at the top"--became marked about 1738. Paralysis was followed by

aphasia, and after acute pain, followed by a long period of apathy,

death relieved him in October 1745. He was buried by Stella's side, in

accordance with his wishes. The bulk of his fortune was left to found a

hospital for idiots and lunatics.

There has been much rather fruitless discussion respecting the reason or

reasons why Swift did not marry Stella; for if there was any marriage,

it was nothing more than a form. Some have supposed that Swift resolved

to remain unmarried because the insanity of an uncle and the fits and

giddiness to which he was always subject led him to fear insanity in his

own case. Others, looking rather to physical causes, have dwelt upon his

coldness of temperament and indisposition to love; upon the repugnance

he often showed towards marriage, and the tone of some of the verses

on the subject written in his later years. Others, again, have found a

cause in his parsimonious habits, in his dread of poverty, the effects

of which he had himself felt, and in the smallness of his income, at

least until he was middle-aged.(12) It may well be that one or all of

these things influenced Swift's action. We cannot say more. He himself,

as we have seen, said, as early as 1704, that if his humour and means

had permitted him to think of marriage, his choice would have been

Stella. Perhaps, however, there is not much mystery in the matter. Swift

seems to have been wanting in passion; probably he was satisfied with

the affection which Stella gave him, and did not wish for more. Such an

attachment as his usually results in marriage, but not necessarily.

It is not sufficiently remembered that the affection began in Stella's

childhood. They were "perfect friends" for nearly forty years, and her

advancing years in no way lessened his love, which was independent

of beauty. Whether Stella was satisfied, who shall say? Mrs. Oliphant

thought that few women would be disposed to pity Stella, or think her

life one of blight or injury. Mr. Leslie Stephen says, "She might

and probably did regard his friendship as a full equivalent for the

sacrifice.... Is it better to be the most intimate friend of a man of

genius or the wife of a commonplace Tisdall?" Whatever we may surmise,

there is nothing to prove that she was disappointed. She was the one

star which brightened Swift's storm-tossed course; it is well that she

was spared seeing the wreck at the end.

The Journal to Stella is interesting from many points of view: for its

bearing upon Swift's relations with Stella and upon his own character;

for the light which it throws upon the history of the time and upon

prominent men of the day; and for the illustrations it contains of the

social life of people of various classes in London and elsewhere. The

fact that it was written without any thought of publication is one of

its greatest attractions. Swift jotted down his opinions, his hopes, his

disappointments, without thought of their being seen by anybody but his

correspondents. The letters are transparently natural. It has been said

more than once that the Journal, by the nature of the case, contains

no full-length portraits, and hardly any sketches. Swift mentions the

people he met, but rarely stops to draw a picture of them. But though

this is true, the casual remarks which he makes often give a vivid

impression of what he thought of the person of whom he is speaking, and

in many cases those few words form a chief part of our general estimate

of the man. There are but few people of note at the time who are not

mentioned in these pages. We see Queen Anne holding a Drawing-room in

her bedroom: "she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once

a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her." We see

Harley, afterwards the Earl of Oxford, "a pure trifler," who was always

putting off important business; Bolingbroke, "a thorough rake"; the

prudent Lord Dartmouth, the other Secretary of State, from whom Swift

could never "work out a dinner." There is Marlborough, "covetous as

Hell, and ambitious as the prince of it," yet a great general and unduly

pressed by the Tories; and the volatile Earl of Peterborough, "above

fifty, and as active as one of five-and-twenty"--"the ramblingest lying

rogue on earth." We meet poor Congreve, nearly blind, and in fear

of losing his commissionership; the kindly Arbuthnot, the Queen's

physician; Addison, whom Swift met more and more rarely, busy with the

preparation and production of Cato; Steele, careless as ever, neglecting

important appointments, and "governed by his wife most abominably";

Prior, poet and diplomatist, with a "lean carcass"; and young

Berkeley of Trinity College, Dublin, "a very ingenious man and great

philosopher," whom Swift determined to favour as much as he could. Mrs.

Masham, the Duchess of Somerset, the Duchess of Shrewsbury, the Duchess

of Hamilton, Lady Betty Germaine, and many other ladies appear with more

or less distinctness; besides a host of people of less note, of whom we

often know little but what Swift tells us.

Swift throws much light, too, on the daily life of his time. The bellman

on his nightly rounds, calling "Paaast twelvvve o'clock"; the dinner

at three, or at the latest, four; the meetings at coffee-houses; the

book-sales; the visit to the London sights--the lions at the Tower,

Bedlam, the tombs in Westminster Abbey, and the puppet-show; the

terrible Mohocks, of whom Swift stood in so much fear; the polite

"howdees" sent to friends by footmen; these and more are all described

in the Journal. We read of curious habits and practices of fashionable

ladies; of the snuff used by Mrs. Dingley and others; of the

jokes--"bites," puns, and the like--indulged in by polite persons.

When Swift lodged at Chelsea, he reached London either by boat, or

by coach,--which was sometimes full when he wanted it,--or by walking

across the "Five Fields," not without fear of robbers at night. The

going to or from Ireland was a serious matter; after the long journey

by road came the voyage (weather permitting) of some fifteen hours,

with the risk of being seized or pursued by French privateers; and when

Ireland was reached the roads were of the worst. We have glimpses of

fashionable society in Dublin, of the quiet life at Laracor and Trim,

and of the drinking of the waters at Wexford, where visitors had to put

up with primitive arrangements: "Mrs. Dingley never saw such a place in

her life."

Swift's own characteristics come out in the clearest manner in the

Journal, which gives all his hopes and fears during three busy years. He

was pleased to find on his arrival in London how great a value was set

on his friendship by both political parties: "The Whigs were ravished to

see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning;"

but Godolphin's coldness enraged him, so that he was "almost vowing

vengeance." Next day he talked treason heartily against the Whigs, their

baseness and ingratitude, and went home full of schemes of revenge. "The

Tories drily tell me I may make my fortune, if I please; but I do not

understand them, or rather, I DO understand them." He realised that the

Tories might not be more grateful than others, but he thought they were

pursuing the true interests of the public, and was glad to contribute

what was in his power. His vanity was gratified by Harley inviting him

to the private dinners with St. John and Harcourt which were given on

Saturdays, and by their calling him Jonathan; but he did not hope too

much from their friendship: "I said I believed they would leave me

Jonathan, as they found me... but I care not."

Of Swift's frugal habits there is abundant evidence in the Journal.

When he came to town he took rooms on a first floor, "a dining-room and

bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy dear, but I spend nothing

for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet after

all it will be expensive." In November he mentions that he had a fire:

"I am spending my second half-bushel of coals." In another place

he says, "People have so left the town, that I am at a loss for a

dinner.... It cost me eighteenpence in coach-hire before I could find

a place to dine in." Elsewhere we find: "This paper does not cost me a

farthing: I have it from the Secretary's office." He often complains

of having to take a coach owing to the dirty condition of the streets:

"This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walked away sixpennyworth, and came

within a shilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for

nothing."(13)

Swift's arrogance--the arrogance, sometimes, of a man who is morbidly

suspicious that he may be patronised--is shown in the manner in which

he speaks of the grand ladies with whom he came in contact. He calls the

Duke of Ormond's daughters "insolent drabs," and talks of his "mistress,

Ophy Butler's wife, who is grown a little charmless." When the Duchess

of Shrewsbury reproached him for not dining with her, Swift said that

was not so soon done; he expected more advances from ladies,

especially duchesses. On another occasion he was to have supped at Lady

Ashburnham's, "but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as she

promised, but sent for us, and so I sent my excuses." The arrogance was,

however, often only on the surface. It is evident that Swift was very

kind in many cases. He felt deeply for Mrs. Long in her misfortunes,

living and dying in an obscure country town. On the last illness of the

poet Harrison he says, "I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my

own creature.... I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me."

He was "heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death; she seemed to be

an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad

is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together."

Afterwards he helped Parnell by introducing him to Bolingbroke and

Oxford. He found kind words for Mrs. Manley in her illness, and Lady

Ashburnham's death was "extremely moving.... She was my greatest

favourite, and I am in excessive concern for her loss." Lastly, he was

extraordinarily patient towards his servant Patrick, who drank, stopped

out at night, and in many ways tried Swift's temper. There were good

points about Patrick, but no doubt the great consideration which Swift

showed him was due in part to the fact that he was a favourite of the

ladies in Dublin, and had Mrs. Vanhomrigh to intercede for him.

But for the best example of the kindly side of Swift's nature, we

must turn to what he tells us in the Journal about Stella herself. The

"little language" which Swift used when writing to her was the language

he employed when playing with Stella as a little child at Moor Park.

Thackeray, who was not much in sympathy with Swift, said that he knew of

"nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some

of these notes." Swift says that when he wrote plainly, he felt as if

they were no longer alone, but "a bad scrawl is so snug it looks like

a PMD." In writing his fond and playful prattle, he made up his mouth

"just as if he were speaking it."(14)

Though Mrs. Dingley is constantly associated with Stella in the

affectionate greetings in the Journal, she seems to have been included

merely as a cloak to enable him to express the more freely his

affection for her companion. Such phrases as "saucy girls," "sirrahs,"

"sauceboxes," and the like, are often applied to both; and sometimes

Swift certainly writes as if the one were as dear to him as the other;

thus we find, "Farewell, my dearest lives and delights, I love you

better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will....

I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness....

And so farewell, dearest MD, Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together,

now and for ever, all together." But as a rule, notwithstanding

Swift's caution, the greetings intended for Stella alone are easily

distinguishable in tone. He often refers to her weak eyes and delicate

health. Thus he writes, "The chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella.

Don't read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to

Dingley, pray now; and I will write as plain as the skies." And again,

"God Almighty bless poor Stella, and her eyes and head: what shall we do

to cure them, poor dear life?" Or, "Now to Stella's little postscript;

and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Can't you

dictate to Dingley, and not strain your dear little eyes? I am sure

'tis the grief of my soul to think you are out of order." They had been

keeping his birthday; Swift wished he had been with them, rather than

in London, where he had no manner of pleasure: "I say Amen with all my

heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together

while poor Presto lives." A few days later he says, "I wish I were at

Laracor, with dear charming MD," and again, "Farewell, dearest beloved

MD, and love poor poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he

left you." "I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till Fortune

takes his course, and to believe MD's felicity is the great goal I aim

at in all my pursuits." "How does Stella look, Madam Dingley?" he asks;

"pretty well, a handsome young woman still? Will she pass in a crowd?

Will she make a figure in a country church?" Elsewhere he writes, on

receipt of a letter, "God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and send her

a great many birthdays, all happy and healthy and wealthy, and with

me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance.... I can

hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter or writing to

you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore

I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the

morning." The letters lay under Swift's pillow, and he fondled them as

if he were caressing Stella's hand.

Of Stella herself we naturally have no direct account in the Journal,

but we hear a good deal of her life in Ireland, and can picture what she

was. Among her friends in and about Trim and Laracor were Dr. Raymond,

the vicar of Trim, and his wife, the Garret Wesleys, the Percevals, and

Mr. Warburton, Swift's curate. At Dublin there were Archdeacon Walls and

his family; Alderman Stoyte, his wife and sister-in-law; Dean Sterne

and the Irish Postmaster-General, Isaac Manley. For years these friends

formed a club which met in Dublin at each other's houses, to sup and

play cards ("ombre and claret, and toasted oranges"), and we have

frequent allusions to Stella's indifferent play, and the money which

she lost, much to Mrs. Dingley's chagrin: "Poor Dingley fretted to

see Stella lose that four and elevenpence t'other night." Mrs. Dingley

herself could hardly play well enough to hold the cards while Stella

went into the next room. If at dinner the mutton was underdone, and

"poor Stella cannot eat, poor dear rogue," then "Dingley is so vexed."

Swift was for ever urging Stella to walk and ride; she was "naturally a

stout walker," and "Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were

pinned up." And we see Stella setting out on and returning from her

ride, with her riband and mask: "Ah, that riding to Laracor gives me

short sighs as well as you," he says; "all the days I have passed here

have been dirt to those."

If the Journal shows us some of Swift's less attractive qualities, it

shows still more how great a store of humour, tenderness, and affection

there was in him. In these letters we see his very soul; in his literary

work we are seldom moved to anything but admiration of his wit and

genius. Such daily outpourings could never have been written for

publication, they were meant only for one who understood him perfectly;

and everything that we know of Stella--her kindliness, her wit, her

vivacity, her loyalty--shows that she was worthy of the confidence.

JOURNAL TO STELLA

LETTER 1.(1)

CHESTER, Sept. 2, 1710.

Joe(2) will give you an account of me till I got into the boat; after

which the rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two

crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship: but

in half an hour we got to the yacht; for the ships lay by (to) wait for

my Lord Lieutenant's steward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours

just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on

Monday. The first man I met in Chester was Dr. Raymond.(3) He and Mrs.

Raymond were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell

their estate. They have found everything answer very well. They both

desire to present their humble services to you: they do not think of

Ireland till next year. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from

Parkgate,(4) but no hurt; the horse understanding falls very well, and

lying quietly till I get up. My duty to the Bishop of Clogher.(5) I saw

him returning from Dunleary; but he saw not me. I take it ill he was not

at Convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers.(6) I beg you

will hold your resolution of going to Trim, and riding there as much as

you can. Let the Bishop of Clogher remind the Bishop of Killala(7) to

send me a letter, with one enclosed to the Bishop of Lichfield.(8) Let

all who write to me, enclose to Richard Steele, Esq., at his office at

the Cockpit, near Whitehall.(9) But not MD; I will pay for their letters

at St. James's Coffee-house,(10) that I may have them the sooner. My

Lord Mountjoy(11) is now in the humour that we should begin our journey

this afternoon; so that I have stole here again to finish this letter,

which must be short or long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs.

Wesley,(12) and will tell her, that I have taken care she may have her

bill of one hundred and fifteen pounds whenever she pleases to send for

it; and in that case I desire you will send it her enclosed and sealed,

and have it ready so, in case she should send for it: otherwise keep it.

I will say no more till I hear whether I go to-day or no: if I do, the

letter is almost at an end. My cozen Abigail is grown prodigiously old.

God Almighty bless poo dee richar MD; and, for God's sake, be merry, and

get oo health. I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done

my commission, whether it succeeds or no. I never went to England with

so little desire in my life. If Mrs. Curry(13) makes any difficulty

about the lodgings, I will quit them and pay her from July 9 last, and

Mrs. Brent(14) must write to Parvisol(15) with orders accordingly. The

post is come from London, and just going out; so I have only time to

pray God to bless poor richr MD FW FW MD MD ME ME ME.

LETTER 2.

LONDON, Sept. 9, 1710.

Got here last Thursday,(1) after five days' travelling, weary the first,

almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest;

and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am

at present well enough. The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would

lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning,(2) and the great men

making me their clumsy apologies, etc. But my Lord Treasurer(3) received

me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost

vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my

acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my Lady Giffard(4) is much at

Court, and Lady Wharton(5) was ridiculing it t'other day; so I have

lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will

contrive to see Stella's mother(6) some other way. I writ to the Bishop

of Clogher from Chester; and I now write to the Archbishop of Dublin.(7)

Everything is turning upside down; every Whig in great office will, to a

man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as hath not

been seen in England. Everybody asks me, how I came to be so long in

Ireland, as naturally as if here were my being; but no soul offers to

make it so: and I protest I shall return to Dublin, and the Canal at

Laracor,(8) with more satisfaction than ever I did in my life. The

Tatler(9) expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the

Duke of Ormond,(10) they say, will be Lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you

are now peaceably in Presto's(11) lodgings; but I resolve to turn you

out by Christmas; in which time I shall either do my business, or find

it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to

you; and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case. I have

begun this letter unusually, on the post-night, and have already written

to the Archbishop; and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write

something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal; and when it

is full, I will send it, whether MD writes or no; and so that will

be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with

Presto. Pray make Parvisol pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I

ordered him. They tell me I am grown fatter, and look better; and,

on Monday, Jervas(12) is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw Jack

Temple(13) and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no

notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family. Tell the

Provost,(14) I have obeyed his commands to the Duke of Ormond; or let

it alone, if you please. I saw Jemmy Leigh(15) just now at the

Coffee-house, who asked after you with great kindness: he talks of going

in a fortnight to Ireland. My service to the Dean,(16) and Mrs. Walls,

and her Archdeacon.(17) Will Frankland's(18) wife is near bringing

to-bed, and I have promised to christen the child. I fancy you had my

Chester letter the Tuesday after I writ. I presented Dr. Raymond to Lord

Wharton(19) at Chester. Pray let me know when Joe gets his money.(20)

It is near ten, and I hate to send by the bellman.(21) MD shall have

a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in

London; and so farewell, etc.

LETTER 3.

LONDON, Sept. 9, 1710.

After seeing the Duke of Ormond, dining with Dr. Cockburn,(1) passing

some part of the afternoon with Sir Matthew Dudley(2) and Will

Frankland, the rest at St. James's Coffee-house, I came home, and writ

to the Archbishop of Dublin and MD, and am going to bed. I forgot to

tell you, that I begged Will Frankland to stand Manley's(3) friend with

his father in this shaking season for places. He told me, his father

was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for Manley's

place; that he was accused of opening letters; that Sir Thomas

Frankland(4) would sacrifice everything to save himself; and in that, I

fear, Manley is undone, etc.

10. To-day I dined with Lord Mountjoy at Kensington; saw my mistress,

Ophy Butler's(5) wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten

in the evening with Addison and Steele: Steele will certainly lose his

Gazetteer's place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties.(6)

At ten I went to the Coffee-house, hoping to find Lord Radnor,(7) whom I

had not seen. He was there; and for an hour and a half we talked treason

heartily against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude. And I

am come home, rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of

revenge: full of which (having written down some hints) I go to bed.

I am afraid MD dined at home, because it is Sunday; and there was the

little half-pint of wine: for God's sake, be good girls, and all will be

well. Ben Tooke(8) was with me this morning.

11. Seven, morning. I am rising to go to Jervas to finish my picture,

and 'tis shaving-day, so good-morrow MD; but don't keep me now, for I

can't stay; and pray dine with the Dean, but don't lose your money. I

long to hear from you, etc.--Ten at night. I sat four hours this morning

to Jervas, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves

it entirely; but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were

rich enough, I would get a copy of it, and bring it over. Mr. Addison

and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this

evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. Patrick(9) observes,

that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politics than

in Ireland. Every day we expect changes, and the Parliament to be

dissolved. Lord Wharton expects every day to be out: he is working like

a horse for elections; and, in short, I never saw so great a ferment

among all sorts of people. I had a miserable letter from Joe last

Saturday, telling me Mr. Pratt(10) refuses payment of his money. I

have told it Mr. Addison, and will to Lord Wharton; but I fear with no

success. However, I will do all I can.

12. To-day I presented Mr. Ford(11) to the Duke of Ormond; and paid my

first visit to Lord President,(12) with whom I had much discourse; but

put him always off when he began to talk of Lord Wharton in relation

to me, till he urged it: then I said, he knew I never expected anything

from Lord Wharton, and that Lord Wharton knew that I understood it so.

He said that he had written twice to Lord Wharton about me, who both

times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am advised not

to meddle in the affair of the First-Fruits, till this hurry is a little

over, which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord President

told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two

months. I protest, upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and

wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city, to see Mr. Stratford the Hamburg

merchant, my old schoolfellow;(13) but calling at Bull's(14) on Ludgate

Hill, he forced me to his house at Hampstead to dinner among a great

deal of ill company; among the rest Mr. Hoadley,(15) the Whig clergyman,

so famous for acting the contrary part to Sacheverell:(16) but

tomorrow I design again to see Stratford. I was glad, however, to be

at Hampstead, where I saw Lady Lucy(17) and Moll Stanhope. I hear very

unfortunate news of Mrs. Long;(18) she and her comrade(19) have broke up

house, and she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I

should be extremely sorry if this be true.

14. To-day, I saw Patty Rolt,(20) who heard I was in town; and I dined

with Stratford at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first

Tokay wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to the degree

I expected. Stratford is worth a plum,(21) and is now lending the

Government forty thousand pounds; yet we were educated together at the

same school and university.(22) We hear the Chancellor(23) is to be

suddenly out, and Sir Simon Harcourt(24) to succeed him: I am come early

home, not caring for the Coffee-house.

15. To-day Mr. Addison, Colonel Freind,(25) and I, went to see the

million lottery(26) drawn at Guildhall. The jackanapes of bluecoat boys

gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and showed white

hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined

at a country-house near Chelsea, where Mr. Addison often retires; and

to-night, at the Coffee-house, we hear Sir Simon Harcourt is made

Lord Keeper; so that now we expect every moment the Parliament will be

dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four

days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in

the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from MD,

or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen Stella's mother,

because I will not see Lady Giffard; but I will contrive to go there

when Lady Giffard is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but

I remember this is Number 3, and I have not yet had Number 1 from MD;

but I shall by Monday, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you

had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved

it mightily to-day.(27) What shall I bring?

16. Morning. Sir John Holland,(28) Comptroller of the Household, has

sent to desire my acquaintance: I have a mind to refuse him, because he

is a Whig, and will, I suppose, be out among the rest; but he is a man

of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing?

Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to-day with a cousin, a printer,(29) where Patty Rolt

lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two; and it has been a very

insipid day. Mrs. Long's misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were

in her house; she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country,

nobody knows where: her friends leave letters at some inn, and they

are carried to her; and she writes answers without dating them from any

place. I swear, it grieves me to the soul.

17. To-day I dined six miles out of town, with Will Pate,(30) the

learned woollen-draper; Mr. Stratford went with me; six miles here is

nothing: we left Pate after sunset, and were here before it was dark.

This letter shall go on Tuesday, whether I hear from MD or no. My health

continues pretty well; pray God Stella may give me a good account

of hers! and I hope you are now at Trim, or soon designing it. I was

disappointed to-night: the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to

see little MD's hand; and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty

to-day: so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Pox on these declining

courtiers! Here is Mr. Brydges,(31) the Paymaster-General, desiring my

acquaintance; but I hear the Queen sent Lord Shrewsbury(32) to assure

him he may keep his place; and he promises me great assistance in the

affair of the First-Fruits. Well, I must turn over this leaf to-night,

though the side would hold another line; but pray consider this is

a whole sheet; it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to

be weary; but I'll do so no more. Sir Simon Harcourt is made

Attorney-General, and not Lord Keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near

Chelsea; then came to town; got home early, and began a letter to the

Tatler,(33) about the corruptions of style and writing, etc., and,

having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to-night.

Lord Wharton was sent for to town in mighty haste, by the Duke of

Devonshire:(34) they have some project in hand; but it will not do, for

every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the Parliament will

be dissolved. When you see Joe, tell him Lord Wharton is too busy to

mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from

Mr. Addison, and will write to-day to Mr. Pratt; and bid Joe not to

be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any

Government; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly

fill this side to-day, but send it as it is; and it is good enough for

naughty girls that won't write to a body, and to a good boy like Presto.

I thought to have sent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could

not; and, to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more

for a letter from MD. Yesterday at noon died the Earl of Anglesea,(35)

the great support of the Tories; so that employment of Vice-Treasurer of

Ireland is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could

hardly have a loss that could grieve me more. The Bishop of Durham(36)

died the same day. The Duke of Ormond's daughter(37) was to visit me

to-day at a third place by way of advance,(38) and I am to return

it to-morrow. I have had a letter from Lady Berkeley, begging me for

charity to come to Berkeley Castle, for company to my lord,(39) who

has been ill of a dropsy; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse

to-morrow. I am told that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To-day I returned my visits to the Duke's daughters;(40) the

insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me. Then I heard the

report confirmed of removals; my Lord President Somers; the Duke of

Devonshire, Lord Steward; and Mr. Boyle,(41) Secretary of State, are all

turned out to-day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a Court: I

am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged.

We are astonished why the Parliament is not yet dissolved, and why they

keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange

winter here, between the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded

party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I shall be an

indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have

done my part in the affair I am entrusted with, whether it succeeds

or no. To-morrow I change my lodgings in Pall Mall for one in Bury

Street,(42) where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in London. If

anything happens tomorrow, I will add it.--Robin's Coffee-house.(43) We

have great news just now from Spain; Madrid taken, and Pampeluna. I am

here ever interrupted.

21. I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now;

God be thanked all things are so well. I find you have not yet had my

second: I had a letter from Parvisol, who tells me he gave Mrs. Walls a

bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent

it. This night the Parliament is dissolved: great news from Spain;

King Charles and Stanhope are at Madrid, and Count Staremberg has taken

Pampeluna. Farewell. This is from St. James's Coffee-house. I will begin

my answer to your letter to-night, but not send it this week. Pray tell

me whether you like this journal way of writing.--I don't like your

reasons for not going to Trim. Parvisol tells me he can sell your horse.

Sell it, with a pox? Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as

soon. What? sell anything that Stella loves, and may sometimes ride? It

is hers, and let her do as she pleases: pray let him know this by the

first that you know goes to Trim. Let him sell my grey, and be hanged.

LETTER 4.

LONDON, Sept. 21, 1710.

Here must I begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear saucy

little MD should be angry, and think MUCH that the paper is too LITTLE.

I had your letter this night, as told you just and no more in my last;

for this must be taken up in answering yours, saucebox. I believe I told

you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to

dine with the same company on Sunday; Molesworth(1) the Florence Envoy,

Stratford, and some others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from Lady

Giffard's house had been at the Coffee-house to inquire for me. It was

Stella's mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny-post letter(2)

to-morrow, and contrive to see her without hazarding seeing Lady

Giffard, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at Hampstead with Lady Lucy, etc., and when I got

home found a letter from Joe, with one enclosed to Lord Wharton, which I

will send to his Excellency, and second it as well as I can; but to talk

of getting the Queen's order is a jest. Things are in such a combustion

here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which

concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom; and does he think anybody will

trouble the Queen about Joe? We shall, I hope, get a recommendation from

the Lord Lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope

that will do; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have

patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his. I

lied; it is to-morrow I go to the country, and I won't answer a bit more

of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little MD of ours; I must

be writing every night; I can't go to bed without a word to them; I

can't put out my candle till I have bid them good-night: O Lord, O

Lord! Well, I dined the first time to-day, with Will Frankland and his

fortune: she is not very handsome. Did I not say I would go out of town

to-day? I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go tomorrow in Frankland's

chariot, and come back at night. Lady Berkeley has invited me

to Berkeley Castle, and Lady Betty Germaine(3) to Drayton in

Northamptonshire; and I'll go to neither. Let me alone, I must finish my

pamphlet. I have sent a long letter to Bickerstaff:(4) let the Bishop

of Clogher smoke(5) it if he can. Well, I'll write to the Bishop of

Killala; but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected my

journey was though. Deuce take Lady S---; and if I know D---y, he is a

rawboned-faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say:

she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred.

Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much

for that. So, you have got into Presto's lodgings; very fine, truly! We

have had a fortnight of the most glorious weather on earth, and still

continues: I hope you have made the best of it. Ballygall(6) will be a

pure(7) good place for air, if Mrs. Ashe makes good her promise. Stella

writes like an emperor: I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of

that pray, pray, Mrs. Stella. Can't you do what you will with your own

horse? Pray don't let that puppy Parvisol sell him. Patrick is drunk

about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of

me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide

world, when none of you are by to intercede for him.--Stuff--how can

I get her husband into the Charter-house? get a ---- into the

Charter-house.--Write constantly! Why, sirrah, don't I write every day,

and sometimes twice a day to MD? Now I have answered all your letter,

and the rest must be as it can be: send me my bill. Tell Mrs. Brent what

I say of the Charter-house. I think this enough for one night; and so

farewell till this time to-morrow.

24. To-day I dined six miles out of town at Will Pate's, with Stratford,

Frankland, and the Molesworths,(8) and came home at night, and was weary

and lazy. I can say no more now, but good-night.

25. I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door,(9) and have sat at

home since six, writing to the Bishop of Clogher, Dean Sterne, and Mr.

Manley: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have

sent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought

to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, to keep as much in

favour as possible with Sir Thomas Frankland, his master here.

26. Smoke how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed

lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when

I am up. Manley, you must know, has had people putting in for his place

already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that

last Sunday, September 24, 1710, was as hot as midsummer. This was

written in the morning; it is now night, and Presto in bed. Here's a

clutter, I have gotten MD's second letter, and I must answer it here.

I gave the bill to Tooke, and so--Well, I dined to-day with Sir John

Holland the Comptroller, and sat with him till eight; then came home,

and sent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon,(10) which goes on very

slow: and now I am writing to saucy MD; no wonder, indeed, good boys

must write to naughty girls. I have not seen your mother yet; my

penny-post letter, I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr.

S---- came to see me; and said M---- was going to the country next

morning with her husband (who I find is a surly brute); so I could only

desire my service to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, with Steele and

Addison too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town; I cannot

afford to answer your letter yet. Morgan,(11) the puppy, writ me a long

letter, to desire I would recommend him for purse-bearer or secretary to

the next Lord Chancellor that would come with the next Governor. I

will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father

Raymond,(12) or anybody that will tell him: That Dr. Swift has received

his letter; and would be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it in

what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to

be applied to. These words you may write, and let Joe, or Mr.

Warburton,(13) give them to him: a pox on him! However, it is by these

sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I

cannot say good-night without losing a line, and then MD would scold;

but now, good-night.

28. I have the finest piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley that ever

was born.(14) You talk of Leigh; why, he won't be in Dublin these two

months: he goes to the country, then returns to London, to see how the

world goes here in Parliament. Good-night, sirrahs; no, no, not night;

I writ this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had

been of last night. I dined to-day with Mrs. Barton(15) alone at her

lodgings; where she told me for certain, that Lady S---- was with

child when she was last in England, and pretended a tympany, and saw

everybody; then disappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and

she looked like a ghost, etc. No wonder she married when she was so ill

at containing. Connolly(16) is out; and Mr. Roberts in his place, who

loses a better here, but was formerly a Commissioner in Ireland. That

employment cost Connolly three thousand pounds to Lord Wharton; so he

has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish MD a merry Michaelmas. I dined with Mr. Addison, and Jervas

the painter, at Addison's country place; and then came home, and writ

more to my lampoon. I made a Tatler since I came: guess which it is, and

whether the Bishop of Clogher smokes it. I saw Mr. Sterne(17) to-day: he

will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for Stella's health.

He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way.

So now to your letter, brave boys. I don't like your way of saving

shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward

in a coach.(18) I don't think any lady's advice about my ear signifies

twopence: however I will, in compliance to you, ask Dr. Cockburn.

Radcliffe(19) I know not, and Barnard(20) I never see. Walls will

certainly be stingier for seven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So

Stella puns again; why, 'tis well enough; but I'll not second it,

though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun since I left

Ireland.--Bishop of Clogher's bill? Why, he paid it to me; do you think

I was such a fool to go without it? As for the four shillings, I will

give you a bill on Parvisol for it on t'other side of this paper; and

pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and Joe, or let

Dingley transcribe and send them; though that to Parvisol, I believe, he

must have my hand for. No, no, I'll eat no grapes; I ate about six

the other day at Sir John Holland's; but would not give sixpence for a

thousand, they are so bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God Presto

and MD will be together this time twelvemonth. What then? Last year I

suppose I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose

at my two little gooses' lodgings. I drink no aile (I suppose you mean

ale); but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle.

O Lord, how much Stella writes! pray don't carry that too far, young

women, but be temperate, to hold out. To-morrow I go to Mr. Harley.(21)

Why, small hopes from the Duke of Ormond: he loves me very well, I

believe, and would, in my turn, give me something to make me easy; and I

have good interest among his best friends. But I don't think of anything

further than the business I am upon. You see I writ to Manley before

I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, Bligh's

corpse(22) came to Chester when I was there; and I told you so in my

letter, or forgot it. I lodge in Bury Street, where I removed a week

ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room, and bed-chamber, at eight

shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never

go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet after all it will

be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mistress Stella, about my

instrument? I have the same the Archbishop gave me; and it is as good

now the bishops are away. The Dean friendly! the Dean be poxed: a

great piece of friendship indeed, what you heard him tell the Bishop of

Clogher; I wonder he had the face to talk so: but he lent me money, and

that's enough. Faith, I would not send this these four days, only for

writing to Joe and Parvisol. Tell the Dean that when the bishops send me

any packets, they must not write to me at Mr. Steele's; but direct

for Mr. Steele, at his office at the Cockpit, and let the enclosed be

directed for me: that mistake cost me eighteenpence the other day.

30. I dined with Stratford to-day, but am not to see Mr. Harley till

Wednesday: it is late, and I send this before there is occasion for the

bell; because I would have Joe have his letter, and Parvisol too; which

you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no

more, but that I am, etc.

LETTER 5.

LONDON, Sept. 30, 1710.

Han't I brought myself into a fine praemunire,(1) to begin writing

letters in whole sheets? and now I dare not leave it off. I cannot tell

whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull

to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little MD is pleased to know how

Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same

day I ended my former. I told you where I dined to-day at a tavern with

Stratford: Lewis,(2) who is a great favourite of Harley's, was to have

been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton Court, and sent his excuse;

and that next Wednesday he would introduce me to Harley. 'Tis good to

see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make me of my ill

usage: but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a

discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough; and

I hope for good usage from him. The Tories drily tell me, I may make

my fortune, if I please; but I do not understand them--or rather, I do

understand them.

Oct. 1. To-day I dined at Molesworth's, the Florence Envoy; and sat this

evening with my friend Darteneuf,(3) whom you have heard me talk of;

the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smoked the Tatler

that I writ?(4) It is much liked here, and I think it a pure(5) one.

To-morrow I go with Delaval,(6) the Portugal Envoy, to dine with Lord

Halifax near Hampton Court.(7) Your Manley's brother, a Parliament-man

here, has gotten an employment;(8) and I am informed uses much interest

to preserve his brother: and, to-day, I spoke to the elder Frankland

to engage his father (Postmaster here); and I hope he will be safe,

although he is cruelly hated by all the Tories of Ireland. I have almost

finished my lampoon, and will print it for revenge on a certain great

person.(9) It has cost me but three shillings in meat and drink since I

came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged

in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off, and go write to Sir John

Stanley,(10) to desire him to engage Lady Hyde as my mistress to engage

Lord Hyde(11) in favour of Mr. Pratt.(12)

2. Lord Halifax was at Hampton Court at his lodgings, and I dined

with him there with Methuen,(13) and Delaval, and the late

Attorney-General.(14) I went to the Drawing-room before dinner (for

the Queen was at Hampton Court), and expected to see nobody; but I

met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartoons

of Raphael, and other things; and with great difficulty got from Lord

Halifax, who would have kept me to-morrow to show me his house and park,

and improvements. We left Hampton Court at sunset, and got here in a

chariot and two horses time enough by starlight. That's something charms

me mightily about London; that you go dine a dozen miles off in October,

stay all day, and return so quickly: you cannot do anything like this in

Dublin.(15) I writ a second penny post letter to your mother, and hear

nothing of her. Did I tell you that Earl Berkeley died last Sunday was

se'nnight, at Berkeley Castle, of a dropsy? Lord Halifax began a health

to me to-day; it was the Resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused

unless he would add their Reformation too and I told him he was the only

Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This morning Stella's sister(16) came to me with a letter from her

mother, who is at Sheen; but will soon be in town, and will call to see

me: she gave me a bottle of palsy water,(17) a small one, and desired I

would send it you by the first convenience, as I will; and she promises

a quart bottle of the same: your sister looked very well, and seems a

good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr. Lewis, first secretary to

Lord Dartmouth,(18) and favourite to Mr. Harley, who is to introduce

me to-morrow morning. Lewis had with him one Mr. Dyot,(19) a Justice of

Peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a Commissioner of the Stamp Office,

and married to a sister of Sir Philip Meadows,(20) Envoy to the Emperor.

I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr. Dyot will be hanged;

for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamped paper, in which he

was a Commissioner; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the Queen of

a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you,

but may be not so particularly; and it is a very odd accident in such a

man. Smoke Presto writing news to MD. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy

at Kensington, and walked from thence this evening to town like an

emperor. Remember that yesterday, October 2, was a cruel hard frost,

with ice; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town

is, I have more dinners than ever; and am asked this month by some

people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but

I should write plainer, when I consider Stella cannot read,(21) and

Dingley is not so skilful at my ugly hand. I had tonight a letter from

Mr. Pratt, who tells me Joe will have his money when there are trustees

appointed by the Lord Lieutenant for receiving and disposing the linen

fund; and whenever those trustees are appointed, I will solicit whoever

is Lord Lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or

write him word, and bid him not be cast down; for Ned Southwell(22)

and Mr. Addison both think Pratt in the right. Don't lose your money at

Manley's to-night, sirrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my

room, with a servant of Lord Halifax, to desire I would go dine with him

at his house near Hampton Court; but I sent him word, I had business

of great importance that hindered me, etc. And to-day I was brought

privately to Mr. Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and

kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday at four,

afternoon, when I will open my business to him; which expression I would

not use if I were a woman. I know you smoked it; but I did not till I

writ it. I dined to-day at Mr. Delaval's, the Envoy for Portugal, with

Nic Rowe(23) the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be

printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go

round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I

answered your 2d letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was

in my 4th: and why N. 2d, 3d; is it not enough to say, as I do, 1, 2, 3?

etc. I am going to work at another Tatler:(24) I'll be far enough but

I say the same thing over two or three times, just as I do when I am

talking to little MD; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I

can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again.

I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray,

dear MD, when I occasionally give you any little commission mixed with

my letters, don't forget it, as that to Morgan and Joe, etc., for I

write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together.

I was to visit Mr. Sterne to-day, and give him your commission about

handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when

he goes, and you'll pay me when the GIVER'S BREAD,(25) etc. To-night I

will read a pamphlet, to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths!

5. This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went together to

Kneller's,(26) who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for

Parliament-men:(27) and the rabble came about our coach, crying, "A

Colt, a Stanhope," etc. We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses

broken, and so were always of their side. I dined again at Delaval's;

and in the evening, at the Coffee-house, heard Sir Andrew Fountaine(28)

was come to town. This has been but an insipid sort of day, and I have

nothing to remark upon it worth threepence: I hope MD had a better, with

the Dean, the Bishop, or Mrs. Walls.(29) Why, the reason you lost four

and eightpence last night but one at Manley's was, because you played

bad games: I took notice of six that you had ten to one against you:

Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon Manilio; Basto, and two small

diamonds?(30) Then in that game of spades, you blundered when you had

ten-ace; I never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because

I tell you this. Well, here's two and eightpence halfpenny towards your

loss.

6. Sir Andrew Fountaine came this morning, and caught me writing in bed.

I went into the city with him; and we dined at the Chop-house with

Will Pate,(31) the learned woollen-draper: then we sauntered at

China-shops(32) and booksellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of

white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and must

copy out some papers I intend for Mr. Harley, whom I am to see, as I

told you, to-morrow afternoon; so that this night I shall say little to

MD, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as

I either fail, or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections;

and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight

more Tories than in the last Parliament; so that I believe they need

not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the Court

pleases. But I have been told that Mr. Harley himself would not let

the Tories be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent, and

kick against him; and for that reason they have kept several Whigs

in employments, who expected to be turned out every day; as Sir John

Holland the Comptroller, and many others. And so get you gone to your

cards, and your claret and orange, at the Dean's; and I'll go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished: it must go by Tuesday,

that's certain; and if I have one from MD before, I will not answer it,

that's as certain too. 'Tis now morning, and I did not finish my papers

for Mr. Harley last night; for you must understand Presto was sleepy,

and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young

women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good-morrow to

you; and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night,

sirrahs.--At night. Jack How(33) told Harley that if there were a lower

place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells

lies so gravely, and with so civil a manner. This porter I have had to

deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. Harley, by his own

appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every

word he said. He told me his master was just gone to dinner, with much

company, and desired I would come an hour hence: which I did, expecting

to hear Mr. Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr.

Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented to me his son-in-law

Lord Doblane(34) (or some such name) and his own son,(35) and, among

others, Will Penn(36) the Quaker: we sat two hours drinking as good wine

as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my

business; entered into it with all kindness; asked for my powers, and

read them; and read likewise a memorial(37) I had drawn up, and put it

in his pocket to show the Queen; told me the measures he would take;

and, in short, said everything I could wish: told me, he must bring Mr.

St. John(38) (Secretary of State) and me acquainted; and spoke so many

things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half

to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do everything

to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me (what a comical mistake

was that!). I mean he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and

after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's Coffee-house

in a hackney-coach. All this is odd and comical, if you consider him and

me. He knew my Christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus

much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I'll tell

you; you must know, 'tis fatal(39) to me to be a scoundrel and a prince

the same day: for, being to see him at four, I could not engage myself

to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke,(40) to give him a ballad,

and dine with him; but he was not at home: so I was forced to go to

a blind(41) chop-house, and dine for tenpence upon gill-ale,(42) bad

broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the

First Minister of State. And now I am going in charity to send Steele

a Tatler, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I used

to be; and have not used the expression of "you in Ireland" and "we

in England" as I did when I was here before, to your great

indignation.--They may talk of the you know what;(43) but, gad, if it

had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the access I

have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that same thing will be

serviceable to the Church. But how far we must depend upon new friends,

I have learnt by long practice, though I think among great Ministers,

they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has

made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle-faddles of

tomorrow and Monday will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see

Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement(44) of Harley. He charged

me to come to him often: I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much

business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee;

which he immediately refused, and said, that was not a place for friends

to come to. 'Tis now but morning; and I have got a foolish trick, I must

say something to MD when I wake, and wish them a good-morrow; for this

is not a shaving-day, Sunday, so I have time enough: but get you gone,

you rogues, I must go write: Yes, 'twill vex me to the blood if any

of these long letters should miscarry: if they do, I will shrink to

half-sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal?

there will be ten days of Presto's life lost; and that will be a sad

thing, faith and troth.--At night. I was at a loss today for a dinner,

unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends

that board hereabout,(45) as a spunger;(46) and this evening Sir Andrew

Fountaine would needs have me go to the tavern; where, for two bottles

of wine, Portugal and Florence, among three of us, we had sixteen

shillings to pay; but if ever he catches me so again, I'll spend as many

pounds: and therefore I have it among my extraordinaries but we had a

neck of mutton dressed a la Maintenon, that the dog could not eat: and

it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter will

go before I have MD's third. Do you believe me? and yet, faith, I long

for MD's third too and yet I would have it to say, that I writ five for

two. I am not fond at all of St. James's Coffee-house,(47) as I used to

be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at

elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going

with Dr. Garth(48) to dine with Charles Main,(49) near the Tower, who

has an employment there: he is of Ireland; the Bishop of Clogher knows

him well: an honest, good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laugher,

mightily beloved by the men of wit: his mistress is never above a

cook-maid. And so, good-night, etc.

9. I dined to-day at Sir John Stanley's; my Lady Stanley(50) is one

of my favourites: I have as many here as the Bishop of Killala has in

Ireland. I am thinking what scurvy company I shall be to MD when I come

back: they know everything of me already: I will tell you no more, or

I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing.

I was very uneasy last night with ugly, nasty, filthy wine, that turned

sour on my stomach. I must go to the tavern: oh, but I told you that

before. To-morrow I dine at Harley's, and will finish this letter at my

return; but I can write no more now, because of the Archbishop: faith,

'tis true; for I am going now to write to him an account of what I have

done in the business with Harley:(51) and, faith, young women, I'll tell

you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the

third side in these long letters.

10. Poor MD's letter was lying so huddled up among papers, I could not

find it: I mean poor Presto's letter. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley

to-day, and hope some things will be done; but I must say no more: and

this letter must be sent to the post-house, and not by the bellman.(52)

I am to dine again there on Sunday next; I hope to some good issue. And

so now, soon as ever I can in bed, I must begin my 6th to MD as gravely

as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith! Methinks

I don't write as I should, because I am not in bed: see the ugly wide

lines. God Almighty ever bless you, etc.

Faith, this is a whole treatise; I'll go reckon the lines on the other

sides. I've reckoned them.(53)

LETTER 6.

LONDON, Oct. 10, 1710.

So, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I

dined with Mr. Harley to-day, who presented me to the Attorney-General,

Sir Simon Harcourt, with much compliment on all sides, etc. Harley told

me he had shown my memorial to the Queen, and seconded it very heartily;

and he desires me to dine with him again on Sunday, when he promises

to settle it with Her Majesty, before she names a Governor:(1) and I

protest I am in hopes it will be done, all but the forms, by that time;

for he loves the Church. This is a popular thing, and he would not have

a Governor share in it; and, besides, I am told by all hands, he has a

mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to

the Archbishop, I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr. Harley said to

me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret; so I would not

tell it to you, but that, before this goes, I hope the secret will be

over. I am now writing my poetical "Description of a Shower in London,"

and will send it to the Tatler.(2) This is the last sheet of a whole

quire I have written since I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my

head, will you, when you go to Mrs. Walls, contrive to know whether

Mrs. Wesley(3) be in town, and still at her brother's, and how she is

in health, and whether she stays in town. I writ to her from Chester,

to know what I should do with her note; and I believe the poor woman is

afraid to write to me: so I must go to my business, etc.

11. To-day at last I dined with Lord Mountrath,(4) and carried Lord

Mountjoy, and Sir Andrew Fountaine with me; and was looking over them

at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool: they played running ombre

half-crowns; and Sir Andrew Fountaine won eight guineas of Mr. Coote;(5)

so I am come home late, and will say but little to MD this night. I have

gotten half a bushel of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had

a fire ready for me; but I picked off the coals before I went to bed. It

is a sign London is now an empty place, when it will not furnish me with

matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smoke in my last

how I told you the very day and the place you were playing at ombre? But

I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from

Mr. Manley, that said you were at it in his house, while he was writing

to me; but without his help I guessed within one day. Your town is

certainly much more sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet,

etc.

12. I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil

Tavern(6) by Temple Bar, and Garth treated; and 'tis well I dine every

day, else I should be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a

very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where

the Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's

election(7) has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a

mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused. An odd accident has

happened at Colchester: one Captain Lavallin,(8) coming from Flanders or

Spain, found his wife with child by a clerk of Doctors' Commons, whose

trade, you know, it is to prevent fornications: and this clerk was the

very same fellow that made the discovery of Dyot's(9) counterfeiting the

stamp-paper. Lavallin has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk,

to kill him; but the fellow was constantly employed at the Treasury,

about the discovery he made: the wife had made a shift to patch up the

business, alleging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead

and other excuses; but t'other day somebody told Lavallin his wife had

intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage,

shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword; and, to make

the matter sure, at the same time discharges a pistol through his own

head, and died on the spot, his wife surviving him about two hours, but

in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have

finished my poem on the "Shower," all but the beginning; and am going on

with my Tatler. They have fixed about fifty things on me since I came: I

have printed but three.(10) One advantage I get by writing to you daily,

or rather you get, is, that I shall remember not to write the same

things twice; and yet, I fear, I have done it often already: but I will

mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone

to ombre, and be good girls, and save your money, and be rich against

Presto comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a

pretty thing to hear sometimes from saucy MD; but do not hurt your eyes,

Stella, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here is but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall

Presto do for prattle-prattle, to entertain MD? The talk now grows

fresher of the Duke of Ormond for Ireland; though Mr. Addison says he

hears it will be in commission, and Lord Galway(11) one. These letters

of mine are a sort of journal, where matters open by degrees; and, as I

tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence

be good; but I do not care twopence whether it be or no.--At night.

To-day I was all about St. Paul's, and up at the top like a fool, with

Sir Andrew Fountaine and two more; and spent seven shillings for my

dinner like a puppy: this is the second time he has served me so; but

I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me,

unconsidering puppies! There is a young fellow here in town we are

all fond of, and about a year or two come from the University, one

Harrison,(12) a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good

sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in

your 6th Miscellanea,(13) about the Sprig of an Orange, is his: he

has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the Duke of

Queensberry's(14) sons for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are

always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. Henley(15)

is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern at six or seven

shillings reckoning, and he always makes the poor lad pay his full

share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night: I

absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not

to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have

that humour of using all people without any consideration of their

fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord

Halifax is always teasing me to go down to his country house, which will

cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire; and

he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am

vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir

up people to do something for him: he is a Whig, and I will put him upon

some of my cast Whigs; for I have done with them; and they have, I hope,

done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members

for London above all places, and they have lost three in the four.(16)

Sir Richard Onslow,(17) we hear, has lost for Surrey; and they are

overthrown in most places. Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters,

I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses; and some I

dare not; and those on the "Shower in London" I have sent to the Tatler,

and you may see them in Ireland. I fancy you will smoke me in the Tatler

I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a

letter sent me tonight from Sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table

when I came in. Because it is extraordinary, I will transcribe it from

beginning to end. It is as follows: "Is the Devil in you? Oct. 13,

1710." I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I

wanted time. Here is enough for to-night, such as it is, etc.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper,(18) or what? I do not

remember I slobbered. Lord, I dreamt of Stella, etc., so confusedly last

night, and that we saw Dean Bolton(19) and Sterne(20) go into a shop:

and she bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two parsons I

know not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff,

mixed with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should

be, and I know not how: and it is now an ugly gloomy morning.--At night.

Mr. Addison and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walked in the Park; and

at the Coffee-house I found a letter from the Bishop of Clogher, and

a packet from MD. I opened the Bishop's letter; but put up MD's, and

visited a lady just come to town; and am now got into bed, and going to

open your little letter: and God send I may find MD well, and happy, and

merry, and that they love Presto as they do fires. Oh, I will not open

it yet! yes I will! no I will not! I am going; I cannot stay till I turn

over.(21) What shall I do? My fingers itch; and now I have it in my left

hand; and now I will open it this very moment.--I have just got it, and

am cracking the seal, and cannot imagine what is in it; I fear only some

letter from a bishop, and it comes too late; I shall employ nobody's

credit but my own. Well, I see though-- Pshaw, 'tis from Sir Andrew

Fountaine. What, another! I fancy that's from Mrs. Barton;(22) she told

me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish

you would inquire; it must be at Dawson's(23) office at the Castle.

I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the scrawl. Well, I will read MD's

letter. Ah, no; it is from poor Lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley

Castle this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says, she hopes my

lord is in a fair way of recovery;(24) poor lady! Well, now I go to MD's

letter: faith, it is all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, N.3,

that I have now received, is dated Sept. 26; and Manley's letter, that

I had five days ago, was dated Oct. 3, that's a fortnight difference:

I doubt it has lain in Steele's office, and he forgot. Well, there's

an end of that: he is turned out of his place;(25) and you must desire

those who send me packets, to enclose them in a paper directed to Mr.

Addison, at St. James's Coffee-house: not common letters, but packets:

the Bishop of Clogher may mention it to the Archbishop when he sees him.

As for your letter, it makes me mad: slidikins, I have been the best

boy in Christendom, and you come with your two eggs a penny.--Well; but

stay, I will look over my book: adad, I think there was a chasm between

my N.2 and N.3. Faith, I will not promise to write to you every week;

but I will write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that

will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough: and if you

begin to take up the way of writing to Presto, only because it is

Tuesday, a Monday bedad it will grow a task; but write when you have

a mind.--No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no--Agad, agad, agad, agad,

agad, agad; no, poor Stellakins.(26) Slids, I would the horse were in

your--chamber! Have not I ordered Parvisol to obey your directions about

him? And han't I said in my former letters that you may pickle him, and

boil him, if you will? What do you trouble me about your horses for?

Have I anything to do with them?--Revolutions a hindrance to me in

my business? Revolutions to me in my business? If it were not for

the revolutions, I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes

possible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have

an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said

enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten

times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed.

I am to dine to-morrow at Mr. Harley's; and if he continues as he has

begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say

about Stella's mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she

is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to

the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except Sir Andrew Fountaine:

at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man

who received me very coldly?(27) That's he; but say nothing; 'twas

only a little revenge. I will remember to bring it over. The Bishop of

Clogher has smoked my Tatler,(28) about shortening of words, etc. But,

God So!(29) etc.

15. I will write plainer if I can remember it; for Stella must not spoil

her eyes, and Dingley can't read my hand very well; and I am afraid my

letters are too long: then you must suppose one to be two, and read them

at twice. I dined to-day with Mr. Harley: Mr. Prior(30) dined with us.

He has left my memorial with the Queen, who has consented to give the

First-Fruits and Twentieth Parts,(31) and will, we hope, declare it

to-morrow in the Cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive;

for so I am ordered, till in public: and I hope to get something of

greater value. After dinner came in Lord Peterborow:(32) we renewed our

acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a

paper of verses called "Sid Hamet." Mr. Harley repeated part, and then

pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read,

though they had all read them often. Lord Peterborow would let nobody

read them but himself: so he did; and Mr. Harley bobbed(33) me at every

line, to take notice of the beauties. Prior rallied Lord Peterborow for

author of them; and Lord Peterborow said he knew them to be his; and

Prior then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all

in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to

you.(34) Ten to one whether you see them in Ireland; yet here they run

prodigiously. Harley presented me to Lord President of Scotland,(35) and

Mr. Benson,(36) Lord of the Treasury. Prior and I came away at nine, and

sat at the Smyrna(37) till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and Patrick before it, to Mr.

Harley, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired; but he

was full of business, going to the Queen, and I could not see him;

but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused himself upon his

hurry. I was a little baulked; but they tell me it is nothing. I shall

judge by next visit. I tipped his porter with half a crown; and so I am

well there for a time at least. I dined at Stratford's in the City, and

had Burgundy and Tokay: came back afoot like a scoundrel: then went with

Mr. Addison and supped with Lord Mountjoy, which made me sick all night.

I forgot that I bought six pounds of chocolate for Stella, and a little

wooden box; and I have a great piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley,(38)

and a bottle of palsy-water(39) for Stella: all which, with the two

handkerchiefs that Mr. Sterne has bought, and you must pay him for,

will be put in the box, directed to Mrs. Curry's, and sent by Dr.

Hawkshaw,(40) whom I have not seen; but Sterne has undertaken it. The

chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella. Don't read this, you little

rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to Dingley, pray now; and I

will write as plain as the skies: and let Dingley write Stella's part,

and Stella dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, etc.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken

up with business, and two nights being late out; so it must stay till

Thursday. I dined to-day with your Mr. Sterne,(41) by invitation, and

drank Irish wine;(42) but, before we parted, there came in the prince

of puppies, Colonel Edgworth;(43) so I went away. This day came out the

Tatler, made up wholly of my "Shower," and a preface to it. They say it

is the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the Bishop

of Clogher will show it you. Pray tell me how you like it. Tooke is

going on with my Miscellany.(44) I'd give a penny the letter to the

Bishop of Killaloe(45) was in it: 'twould do him honour. Could not you

contrive to say, you hear they are printing my things together; and that

you with the bookseller had that letter among the rest: but don't say

anything of it as from me. I forget whether it was good or no; but only

having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have

to-morrow to finish this letter in, and then I will send it next day. I

am so vexed that you should write your third to me, when you had but my

second, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and so I

tell you, you are saucy, little, pretty, dear rogues, etc.

18. To-day I dined, by invitation, with Stratford and others, at a young

merchant's in the City, with Hermitage and Tokay, and stayed till nine,

and am now come home. And that dog Patrick is abroad, and drinking, and

I cannot I get my night-gown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he

has been drunk ten times in three weeks. But I han't time to say more;

so good-night, etc.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. Addison, at a

merchant's; and just now, at the Coffee-house, we have notice that the

Duke of Ormond was this day declared Lord Lieutenant at Hampton Court,

in Council. I have not seen Mr. Harley since; but hope the affair is

done about First-Fruits. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning;

but this goes to-night. I have sent a box to Mr. Sterne, to send to you

by some friend: I have directed it for Mr. Curry, at his house; so you

have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs

will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends

my sixth, sent when I had but three of MD's: now I am beforehand, and

will keep so; and God Almighty bless dearest MD, etc.

LETTER 7.

LONDON, Oct. 19, 1710.

Faith, I am undone! this paper is larger than the other, and yet I am

condemned to a sheet; but, since it is MD, I did not value though I were

condemned to a pair. I told you in my letter to-day where I had been,

and how the day passed; and so, etc.

20. To-day I went to Mr. Lewis, at the Secretary's office, to know when

I might see Mr. Harley; and by and by comes up Mr. Harley himself, and

appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh,(1)

and went to wait on the two Lady Butlers;(2) but the porter answered

they were not at home: the meaning was, the youngest, Lady Mary, is

to be married to-morrow to Lord Ashburnham,(3) the best match now in

England, twelve thousand pounds a year, and abundance of money. Tell me

how my "Shower" is liked in Ireland: I never knew anything pass better

here. I spent the evening with Wortley Montagu(4) and Mr. Addison, over

a bottle of Irish wine. Do they know anything in Ireland of my greatness

among the Tories? Everybody reproaches me of it here; but I value them

not. Have you heard of the verses about the "Rod of Sid Hamet"? Say

nothing of them for your life. Hardly anybody suspects me for them; only

they think nobody but Prior or I could write them. But I doubt they

have not reached you. There is likewise a ballad full of puns on the

Westminster Election,(5) that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it

be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but MD. If you

have them not, I will bring them over.

21. I got MD's fourth to-day at the Coffee-house. God Almighty bless

poor, dear Stella, and her eyes and head! What shall we do to cure them?

poor, dear life! Your disorders are a pull-back for your good qualities.

Would to Heaven I were this minute shaving your poor, dear head, either

here or there! Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor anything

else; and I will write plainer for Dingley to read from henceforward,

though my pen is apt to ramble when I think whom I am writing to. I will

not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr.

Harley, who presented me to the Earl of Stirling,(6) a Scotch lord; and

in the evening came in Lord Peterborow. I stayed till nine before Mr.

Harley would let me go, or tell me anything of my affair. He says the

Queen has now granted the First-Fruits and Twentieth Parts; but he will

not give me leave to write to the Archbishop, because the Queen designs

to signify it to the Bishops in Ireland in form; and to take notice,

that it was done upon a memorial from me; which, Mr. Harley tells me he

does to make it look more respectful to me, etc.; and I am to see him

on Tuesday. I know not whether I told you that, in my memorial which was

given to the Queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a year more, though

it was not in my commission; but that, Mr. Harley says, cannot yet be

done, and that he and I must talk of it further: however, I have started

it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the First-Fruits

being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe

never anything was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal

credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not

what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that

they used a man unworthily who had deserved better. The memorial given

to the Queen from me speaks with great plainness of Lord Wharton. I

believe this business is as important to you as the Convocation disputes

from Tisdall.(7) I hope in a month or two all the forms of settling this

matter will be over; and then I shall have nothing to do here. I will

only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head.

When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give

any of the merit to me, or no; for I am sure I have so much, that I will

never take it upon me.--Insolent sluts! because I say Dublin, Ireland,

therefore you must say London, England: that is Stella's malice.--Well,

for that I will not answer your letter till to-morrow-day, and so and

so: I will go write something else, and it will not be much; for 'tis

late.

22. I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under-secretary to Lord

Dartmouth, two hours, talking politics, and contriving to keep Steele in

his office of stamped paper: he has lost his place of Gazetteer, three

hundred pounds a year, for writing a Tatler,(8) some months ago, against

Mr. Harley, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty

to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was

telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might save

him in the other employment: and leave was given me to clear matters

with Steele. Well, I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening

went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him,

as the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that

he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with anything I

said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very drily; and

I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but, if

things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him;

and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his

disadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there so much in the proverb

of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavour to act in the

most exact points of honour and conscience; and my nearest friends will

not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This

would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good-night, etc.

23. I know 'tis neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I

dine; neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall,

some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how

I passed my life when I was absent from MD this time; and so I tell you

now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's, the Florence Envoy, then

went to the Coffee-house, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr.

Addison, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and

next day by invitation; but I shall alter my behaviour to him, till he

begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of

friends; and friendships are all monsters, but MD's.

24. I forgot to tell you, that last night I went to Mr. Harley's,

hoping--faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I

hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted: but he

was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order,

unless the porter lied. I dined to-day at Sir Matthew Dudley's, with Mr.

Addison, etc.

25. I was to-day to see the Duke of Ormond; and, coming out, met Lord

Berkeley of Stratton,(9) who told me that Mrs. Temple,(10) the widow,

died last Saturday, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and

inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Addison and Steele, and

a sister of Mr. Addison, who is married to one Mons. Sartre,(11) a

Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and

garden; yet I thought it was a sort of monastic life in those cloisters,

and I liked Laracor better. Addison's sister is a sort of a wit, very

like him. I am not fond of her, etc.

26. I was to-day to see Mr. Congreve,(12) who is almost blind with

cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or

three years, until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind,

and then he must have them couched; and, besides, he is never rid of the

gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is

younger by three years or more than I; and I am twenty years younger

than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I

find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second

letter from Mr. Morgan,(13) for which I thank you: I wish you were

whipped, for forgetting to send him that answer I desired you in one of

my former, that I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having

no credit at all, etc. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have

had also a letter from Parvisol, with an account how my livings are set;

and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable

piece of news! He tells me plainly that he finds you have no mind to

part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent

him my letter; so that I know not what must be done. It is a sad thing

that Stella must have her own horse, whether Parvisol will or no. So now

to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in

bed, but am come home by eight; and, it being warm, I write up. I never

writ to the Bishop of Killala, which, I suppose, was the reason he had

not my letter. I have not time, there is the short of it.--As fond as

the Dean(14) is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only

know whether Dean Bolton(15) paid him the twenty pounds; and for the

rest, he may kiss--And that you may ask him, because I am in pain about

it, that Dean Bolton is such a whipster. 'Tis the most obliging thing

in the world in Dean Sterne to be so kind to you. I believe he knows it

will please me, and makes up, that way, his other usage.(16) No, we

have had none of your snow, but a little one morning; yet I think it

was great snow for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard of Will

Crowe's(17) death before, but not the foolish circumstance that hastened

his end. No, I have taken care that Captain Pratt(18) shall not suffer

by Lord Anglesea's death.(19) I will try some contrivance to get a copy

of my picture from Jervas. I will make Sir Andrew Fountaine buy one as

for himself, and I will pay him again, and take it, that is, provided I

have money to spare when I leave this.--Poor John! is he gone? and

Madam Parvisol(20) has been in town! Humm. Why, Tighe(21) and I, when he

comes, shall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it

much in this town, though we had not fallen out.--I was to-day at Mr.

Sterne's lodging: he was not within; and Mr. Leigh is not come to town;

but I will do Dingley's errand when I see him. What do I know whether

china be dear or no? I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for

it, but now it is off; I suppose I told you in some former letter. And

so you only want some salad-dishes, and plates, and etc. Yes, yes, you

shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds.--Now

to Stella's little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex

yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley, and not strain

your little, dear eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think

you are out of order. Pray be quiet; and, if you will write, shut your

eyes, and write just a line, and no more, thus, "How do you do, Mrs.

Stella?" That was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better

than when they are open: and then Dingley may stand by, and tell you

when you go too high or too low.--My letters of business, with packets,

if there be any more occasion for such, must be enclosed to Mr. Addison,

at St. James's Coffee-house: but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr.

Harley, that the main difficulties are over, and that the rest will be

but form.--Take two or three nutgalls, take two or three----galls, stop

your receipt in your--I have no need on't. Here is a clutter! Well, so

much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in

my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method

is good in all things. Order governs the world. The Devil is the author

of confusion. A general of an army, a minister of state; to descend

lower, a gardener, a weaver, etc. That may make a fine observation,

if you think it worth finishing; but I have not time. Is not this a

terrible long piece for one evening? I dined to-day with Patty Rolt at

my cousin Leach's,(22) with a pox, in the City: he is a printer, and

prints the Postman, oh hoo, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he

married Mrs. Baby Aires of Leicester; and my cousin Thomson was with us:

and my cousin Leach offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the

Postman;(23) and says he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad

of my acquaintance; and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great

scholar, and has been beyond sea. But I was modest and said, may be the

gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance; and so put it off:

and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its

proper tone, just as I am writing it. It is all with the same cadence

with "Oh hoo," or as when little girls say, "I have got an apple, miss,

and I won't give you some." It is plaguy twelvepenny weather this last

week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the

fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy Bank Stock

with it, which is fallen near thirty per cent. and pays eight pounds per

cent. and you have the principal when you please: it will certainly soon

rise. I would to God Lady Giffard would put in the four hundred pounds

she owes you,(24) and take the five per cent. common interest, and give

you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her.

I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself, and take

up what I have in Ireland; and I have a contrivance for it, that I hope

will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himself, and I will

pay him when I can get in my money. I hope Stratford will do me that

kindness. I'll ask him tomorrow or next day.

27. Mr. Rowe(25) the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to

his office (he is under-secretary in Mr. Addison's place that he had

in England), and there was Mr. Prior; and they both fell commending my

"Shower" beyond anything that has been written of the kind: there never

was such a "Shower" since Danae's, etc. You must tell me how it is liked

among you. I dined with Rowe; Prior could not come: and after dinner

we went to a blind tavern,(26) where Congreve, Sir Richard Temple,(27)

Estcourt,(28) and Charles Main,(29) were over a bowl of bad punch. The

knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we stayed till

twelve. But now my head continues pretty well; I have left off my

drinking, and only take a spoonful mixed with water, for fear of the

gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late, I will, etc.

28. Garth and Addison and I dined to-day at a hedge(30) tavern; then I

went to Mr. Harley, but he was denied, or not at home: so I fear I

shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited Lord

Pembroke,(31) who is just come to town; and we were very merry talking

of old things; and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to see the Ladies

Butler, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them: so I sent them a

threatening message by another lady, for not excepting me always to the

porter. I was weary of the Coffee-house, and Ford(32) desired me to sit

with him at next door; which I did, like a fool, chatting till twelve,

and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new Ministry is at a terrible

loss about money: the Whigs talk so, it would give one the spleen; and I

am afraid of meeting Mr. Harley out of humour. They think he will never

carry through this undertaking. God knows what will come of it. I should

be terribly vexed to see things come round again: it will ruin the

Church and clergy for ever; but I hope for better. I will send this on

Tuesday, whether I hear any further news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. Addison and I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy; which is all the

adventures of this day.--I chatted a while to-night in the Coffee-house,

this being a full night; and now am come home, to write some business.

30. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and sent a letter to poor Mrs.

Long,(33) who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell

anybody the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go

write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking, and

visiting Lewis, and concerting where to see Mr. Harley. I have no news

to send you. Aire,(34) they say, is taken, though the Whitehall letters

this morning say quite the contrary: 'tis good, if it be true. I dined

with Mr. Addison and Dick Stewart, Lord Mountjoy's brother;(35) a treat

of Addison's. They were half-fuddled, but not I; for I mixed water with

my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I must send

this by the bellman, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer.

Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so; but I can put off little

MD no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. Brent.

I am a pretty gentleman; and you lose all your money at cards, sirrah

Stella. I found you out; I did so.

I am staying before I can fold up this letter, till that ugly D is dry

in the last line but one. Do not you see it? O Lord, I am loth to leave

you, faith--but it must be so, till the next time. Pox take that D; I

will blot it, to dry it.

LETTER 8.

LONDON, Oct. 31, 1710.

So, now I have sent my seventh to your fourth, young women; and now I

will tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning, sitting

in my bed, I had a fit of giddiness: the room turned round for about a

minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very: and so I

passed the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling

you this, because it might vex you: and I hope in God I shall have no

more of it. I saw Dr. Cockburn(1) to-day, and he promises to send me the

pills that did me good last year; and likewise has promised me an oil

for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

Nov. 1. I wish MD a merry new year. You know this is the first day of

it with us.(2) I had no giddiness to-day; but I drank brandy, and have

bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness

pretty late, and writ very much; so I will impute it to that. But I

never eat fruit, nor drink ale; but drink better wine than you do, as I

did to-day with Mr. Addison at Lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to

see Mr. Harley, who could not see me for much company; but sent me his

excuse, and desired I would dine with him on Friday; and then I expect

some answer to this business, which must either be soon done, or begun

again; and then the Duke of Ormond and his people will interfere for

their honour, and do nothing. I came home at six, and spent my time in

my chamber, without going to the Coffee-house, which I grow weary of;

and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines, some inventions

of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would

take care of Presto, for fear little MD should be angry.

2. I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat,

and so they will do to-night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts

as easily. I dined with Dr. Cockburn to-day, and came home at seven; but

Mr. Ford has been with me till just now, and it is near eleven. I have

had no giddiness to-day. Mr. Dopping(3) I have seen; and he tells me

coldly, my "Shower" is liked well enough; there's your Irish judgment!

I writ this post to the Bishop of Clogher. It is now just a fortnight

since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then

I will allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? Does Mrs. Walls(4)

win constantly, as she used to do? And Mrs. Stoyte;(5) I have not

thought of her this long time: how does she? I find we have a cargo of

Irish coming for London: I am sorry for it; but I never go near them.

And Tighe is landed; but Mrs. Wesley,(6) they say, is going home to her

husband, like a fool. Well, little monkeys mine, I must go write; and so

goodnight.

3. I ought to read these letters I write, after I have done; for,

looking over thus much, I found two or three literal mistakes, which

should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle

little Dingley to read, for I think I mend: but methinks, when I write

plain, I do not know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see

us. A bad scrawl is so snug, it looks like a PMD.(7) We have scurvy

Tatlers of late: so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I

design to send him, and never any more: he does not deserve it. He is

governed by his wife most abominably,(8) as bad as ----. I never saw

her since I came; nor has he ever made me an invitation: either he dares

not, or is such a thoughtless Tisdall(9) fellow, that he never minds(10)

it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the worst company in the

world, till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write

straighter in bed, so you must be content.--At night in bed. Stay, let

me see where's this letter to MD among these papers? Oh! here. Well, I

will go on now; but I am very busy (smoke the new pen.) I dined with Mr.

Harley to-day, and am invited there again on Sunday. I have now leave

to write to the Primate and Archbishop of Dublin, that the Queen has

granted the First-Fruits; but they are to take no notice of it, till a

letter is sent them by the Queen's orders from Lord Dartmouth, Secretary

of State, to signify it. The bishops are to be made a corporation, to

dispose of the revenue, etc.; and I shall write to the Archbishop of

Dublin to-morrow (I have had no giddiness to-day). I know not whether

they will have any occasion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge

till I see what letter the Queen sends to the bishops, and what they

will do upon it. If despatch be used, it may be done in six weeks; but

I cannot judge. They sent me to-day a new Commission, signed by the

Primate and Archbishop of Dublin,(11) and promise me letters to the two

archbishops here; but mine a ---- for it all. The thing is done, and has

been so these ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had

this day likewise a letter from the Bishop of Clogher, who complains of

my not writing; and, what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters

from me every week. Why do you tell him so? 'Tis not right, faith: but

I won't be angry with MD at distance. I writ to him last post, before I

had his; and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that

Lord and Lady Mountjoy(12) put him off upon me, to give themselves ease.

Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called MD,

and it was N. 5; which I shall not answer to-night, I thank you. No,

faith, I have other fish to fry; but to-morrow or next day will be time

enough. I have put MD's commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I

have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glasses

and spectacles and spectacle cases. I have no commission from Stella,

but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and those are bought, and I expect

they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr. Sterne, two

or three times to know; but he was not within. Odds my life, what am I

doing? I must go write and do business.

4. I dined to-day at Kensington, with Addison, Steele, etc., came home,

and writ a short letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, to let him know

the Queen has granted the thing, etc. I writ in the Coffee-house, for

I stayed at Kensington till nine, and am plaguy weary; for Colonel

Proud(13) was very ill company, and I will never be of a party with him

again; and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr. Harley from dinner to seven this night, and went to

the Coffee-house, where Dr. Davenant(14) would fain have had me gone and

drink a bottle of wine at his house hard by, with Dr. Chamberlen,(15)

but the puppy used so many words, that I was afraid of his company; and

though we promised to come at eight, I sent a messenger to him, that

Chamberlen was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off

till another time: so he, and the Comptroller,(16) and I, were prevailed

on by Sir Matthew Dudley to go to his house, where I stayed till twelve,

and left them. Davenant has been teasing me to look over some of his

writings that he is going to publish; but the rogue is so fond of his

own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he

has lately put out a foolish pamphlet, called The Third Part of Tom

Double; to make his court to the Tories, whom he had left.

6. I was to-day gambling(17) in the City to see Patty Rolt, who is going

to Kingston, where she lodges; but, to say the truth, I had a mind for a

walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged: for dinners are

ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in Dublin. I

won't answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this

before I have another from MD: it would be a sad thing to answer two

letters together, as MD does from Presto. But when the two sides are

full, away the letter shall go, that is certain, like it or not like it;

and that will be about three days hence, for the answering-night will be

a long one.

7. I dined to-day at Sir Richard Temple's, with Congreve, Vanbrugh,

Lieutenant-General Farrington,(18) etc. Vanbrugh, I believe I told you,

had a long quarrel with me about those verses on his house;(19) but we

were very civil and cold. Lady Marlborough used to tease him with them,

which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a

Thanksgiving-day,(20) and I was at Court, where the Queen passed us by

with all Tories about her; not one Whig: Buckingham,(21) Rochester,(22)

Leeds,(23) Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, Lord Keeper Harcourt, Mr.

Harley, Lord Pembroke, etc.; and I have seen her without one Tory. The

Queen made me a curtsey, and said, in a sort of familiar way to Presto,

"How does MD?" I considered she was a Queen, and so excused her.(24) I

do not miss the Whigs at Court; but have as many acquaintance there as

formerly.

8. Here's ado and a clutter! I must now answer MD's fifth; but first

you must know I dined at the Portugal Envoy's(25) to-day, with Addison,

Vanbrugh, Admiral Wager,(26) Sir Richard Temple,(27) Methuen,(28) etc. I

was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a

good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire, O ho! and now am in bed.

I have no fireplace in my bed-chamber; but 'tis very warm weather when

one's in bed. Your fine cap,(29) Madam Dingley, is too little, and too

hot: I will have that fur taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my

old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the fur? I was

feeling, but cannot find: if it be, 'twill do without it else I will

face it; but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece.

What shall I do? Well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for

Stella's eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you writ too

much at a time: better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith,

a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke

a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those WIGGS

that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs? Which WIGGS and WAT do

you mean? I know nothing of Raymond, and only had one letter from him a

little after I came here.(Pray remember Morgan.) Raymond is indeed

like to have much influence over me in London, and to share much of

my conversation. I shall, no doubt, introduce him to Harley, and Lord

Keeper, and the Secretary of State. The Tatler upon Ithuriel's spear(30)

is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there is betwixt you and your

judgment! In general you may be sometimes sure of things, as that about

STYLE,(31) because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing

is mine a----, and I defy mankind, if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet

when I was last in London, that you and a thousand have seen, and never

guessed it to be mine. Could you have guessed the "Shower in Town" to be

mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went? but

I suppose you in Ireland did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I

suspected for the lampoon; only Harley said he smoked me; (have I told

you so before?) and some others knew it. 'Tis called "The Rod of Sid

Hamet." And I have written several other things that I hear commended,

and nobody suspects me for them; nor you shall not know till I see you

again. What do you mean, "That boards near me, that I dine with now and

then?" I know no such person: I do not dine with boarders. What the pox!

You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than

I do. What do you mean, sirrah? Slids, my ailment has been over these

two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I will give ten shillings

a week for my lodging; for I am almost st--k out of this with the sink,

and it helps me to verses in my "Shower."(32) Well, Madam Dingley, what

say you to the world to come? What ballad? Why go look, it was not good

for much: have patience till I come back: patience is a gay thing as,

etc. I hear nothing of Lord Mountjoy's coming for Ireland. When

is Stella's birthday? in March? Lord bless me, my turn at Christ

Church;(33) it is so natural to hear you write about that, I believe

you have done it a hundred times; it is as fresh in my mind, the verger

coming to you; and why to you? Would he have you preach for me? O, pox

on your spelling of Latin, Johnsonibus atque, that is the way. How did

the Dean get that name by the end? 'Twas you betrayed me: not I, faith;

I'll not break his head. Your mother is still in the country, I suppose;

for she promised to see me when she came to town. I writ to her four

days ago, to desire her to break it to Lady Giffard, to put some money

for you in the Bank, which was then fallen thirty per cent. Would to God

mine had been here, I should have gained one hundred pounds, and got

as good interest as in Ireland, and much securer. I would fain have

borrowed three hundred pounds; but money is so scarce here, there is no

borrowing, by this fall of stocks. 'Tis rising now, and I knew it would:

it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-six. I have not heard

since from your mother. Do you think I would be so unkind not to see

her, that you desire me in a style so melancholy? Mrs. Raymond,(34)

you say, is with child: I am sorry for it; and so is, I believe, her

husband. Mr. Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world; and,

I believe, would serve me, if I were to stay here; but I reckon in time

the Duke of Ormond may give me some addition to Laracor. Why should

the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? Sure my journey was no

secret. I protest sincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the Dean

can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the Devil cares

what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all?

Rot 'em, for ungrateful dogs; I will make them repent their usage before

I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the

Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I

have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told you before,

and of the Bishop of Killala's; but I will not write to him, I have not

time. What do you mean by my fourth, Madam Dinglibus? Does not Stella

say you have had my fifth, Goody Blunder? You frighted me till I looked

back. Well, this is enough for one night. Pray give my humble service to

Mrs. Stoyte and her sister, Kate is it, or Sarah?(35) I have forgot her

name, faith. I think I will even (and to Mrs. Walls and the Archdeacon)

send this to-morrow: no, faith, that will be in ten days from the last.

I will keep it till Saturday, though I write no more. But what if a

letter from MD should come in the meantime? Why then I would only say,

"Madam, I have received your sixth letter; your most humble servant to

command, Presto"; and so conclude. Well, now I will write and think a

little, and so to bed, and dream of MD.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because

I reasoned with myself, how could I write when my mouth was full? Han't

you done things like that, reasoned wrong at first thinking? Well, I was

to see Mr. Lewis this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he

tells me, with Mr. Secretary St. John; and I must contrive to see Harley

soon again, to hasten this business from the Queen. I dined to-day at

Lord Mountrath's,(36) with Lord Mountjoy,(37) etc.; but the wine was not

good, so I came away, stayed at the Coffee-house till seven, then came

home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half-bushel, and am now

in bed at eleven, as usual. 'Tis mighty warm; yet I fear I should catch

cold this wet weather, if I sat an evening in my room after coming from

warm places: and I must make much of myself, because MD is not here to

take care of Presto; and I am full of business, writing, etc., and do

not care for the Coffee-house; and so this serves for all together, not

to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but Presto is a wiser

man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See, I am got to

the third side; but, faith, I will not do that often; but I must say

something early to-day, till the letter is done, and on Saturday it

shall go; so I must leave something till to-morrow, till to-morrow and

next day.

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart! If it

should miscarry, what a deal would be lost! I forgot to leave a gap

in the last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have

allowed for night, goodnight; but when I am taking leave, I cannot leave

a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal will not come there. I dined to-day

at Lady Lucy's, where they ran down my "Shower"; and said, "Sid Hamet"

was the silliest poem they ever read; and told Prior so, whom they

thought to be author of it. Don't you wonder I never dined there before?

But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and, besides, I do not

like women so much as I did. (MD, you must know, are not women.) I

supped to-night at Addison's, with Garth, Steele, and Mr. Dopping; and

am come home late. Lewis has sent to me to desire I will dine with

some company I shall like. I suppose it is Mr. Secretary St. John's

appointment. I had a letter just now from Raymond, who is at Bristol,

and says he will be at London in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind

him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am: but that must not

be. I shall not know what to do with him in town: to be sure, I will

not present him to any acquaintance of mine; and he will live a delicate

life, a parson and a perfect stranger! Paaast twelvvve o'clock,(38) and

so good-night, etc. Oh! but I forgot, Jemmy Leigh is come to town;

says he has brought Dingley's things, and will send them with the first

convenience. My parcel, I hear, is not sent yet. He thinks of going for

Ireland in a month, etc. I cannot write tomorrow, because--what, because

of the Archbishop; because I will seal my letter early; because I am

engaged from noon till night; because of many kind of things; and yet

I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal

constant, and at night I will begin my ninth.

11. Morning by candlelight. You must know that I am in my nightgown

every morning between six and seven, and Patrick is forced to ply me

fifty times before I can get on my nightgown; and so now I will take my

leave of my own dear MD for this letter, and begin my next when I come

home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest MD. Farewell, etc.

This letter's as long as a sermon, faith.

LETTER 9.

LONDON, Nov. 11, 1710.

I dined to-day, by invitation, with the Secretary of State, Mr. St.

John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses

for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to

propose advancing money to the Government: there dined with us only

Mr. Lewis, and Dr. Freind(1) (that writ "Lord Peterborow's Actions in

Spain"). I stayed with them till just now between ten and eleven, and

was forced again to give my eighth to the bellman, which I did with my

own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The Secretary used me

with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and,

upon an occasion, he (the Secretary) said, "The best thing I ever read

is not yours, but Dr. Swift's on Vanbrugh"; which I do not reckon so

very good neither.(2) But Prior was damped, until I stuffed him with two

or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we used to have

for Sir William Temple, because he might have been Secretary of State at

fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment.(3)

His father is a man of pleasure,(4) that walks the Mall, and frequents

St. James's Coffee-house, and the chocolate-houses; and the young son is

principal Secretary of State. Is there not something very odd in that?

He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep

nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that

was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed, it is hard

to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the

puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me: but there are some

reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming

home, I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two

days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in a morning,

just as you said; and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an

afternoon: for if I should send her a penny-post letter, and afterwards

not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are

short, and why she cannot come early in a morning, before she is wanted,

I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let Lady Giffard know that she

hears I am in town; and that she would go to see me, to inquire after

you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old beast's

humour. You know I cannot in honour see Lady Giffard, and consequently

not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this

in my former.) Cannot you get thicker? Why, that's a common caution that

writing-masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred

times. 'Tis this:

"If paper be thin,

Ink will slip in;

But, if it be thick,

You may write with a stick."(5)

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. Long,(6) giving me an account of

her present life, obscure in a remote country town, and how easy she

is under it. Poor creature! 'tis just such an alteration in life, as if

Presto should be banished from MD, and condemned to converse with Mrs.

Raymond. I dined to-day with Ford, Sir Richard Levinge,(7) etc., at a

place where they board, hard by. I was lazy, and not very well, sitting

so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this

evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half-bushel of

coals; and now am in bed, and 'tis late.

13. I dined to-day in the City, and then went to christen Will

Frankland's(8) child; and Lady Falconbridge(9) was one of the

godmothers: this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like

him by his pictures that I have seen. I stayed till almost eleven, and

am now come home and gone to bed. My business in the City was, to thank

Stratford for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I

found Bank Stock was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty

desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time,

being hindered by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day

when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in

Ireland; and so I writ to Mr. Stratford in the City, to desire he would

buy me three hundred pounds in Bank Stock, and that he should keep the

papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and, if it

should rise or fall, I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the

meantime. I showed my letter to one or two people who understand those

things; and they said money was so hard to be got here, that no man

would do it for me. However, Stratford, who is the most generous man

alive, has done it: but it costs one hundred pounds and a half, that is,

ten shillings; so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds

and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have

five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell, it was one hundred

and thirty pounds; and we are sure it will be the same again. I told

you I writ to your mother, to desire that Lady Giffard would do the same

with what she owes you; but she tells your mother she has no money.

I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend

money, take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible

fortunes; for they will hardly die together; and, when one dies, you

fall upon the other, and make him add another security: and if Rathburn

(now I have his name) pays you in your money, let me know, and I will

direct Parvisol accordingly: however, he shall wait on you and know. So,

ladies, enough of business for one night. Paaaaast twelvvve o'clock. I

must only add, that, after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair

two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so that you

must give poor little Presto leave to have a fire in his chamber morning

and evening too; and he will do as much for you.

14. What, has your Chancellor(10) lost his senses, like Will Crowe?(11)

I forgot to tell Dingley that I was yesterday at Ludgate, bespeaking the

spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two.

This has been an insipid day. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came

gravely home, after just visiting the Coffee-house. Sir Richard Cox,(12)

they say, is sure of going over Lord Chancellor, who is as arrant a

puppy as ever ate bread: but the Duke of Ormond has a natural affection

to puppies; which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been

amusing myself at home till now, and in bed bid you good-night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, Secretary

St. John, Sir Thomas Hanmer,(13) Sir Chancellor Cox-comb, etc. I

attended the Duke of Ormond with about fifty other Irish gentlemen at

Skinners' Hall, where the Londonderry Society laid out three hundred

pounds to treat us and his Grace with a dinner. Three great tables

with the dessert laid in mighty figure. Sir Richard Levinge and I got

discreetly to the head of the second table, to avoid the crowd at the

first: but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets

and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course

came on; so I can give you no account of it, which is a thousand pities.

I called at Ludgate for Dingley's glasses, and shall have them in a day

or two; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope,

but not without Stella's permission; for I remember she is a virtuoso.

Shall I buy it or no? 'Tis not the great bulky ones, nor the common

little ones, to impale a louse (saving your presence) upon a needle's

point; but of a more exact sort, and clearer to the sight, with all its

equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me,

sirrah, shall I buy it or not for you? I came home straight, etc.

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr. Manley,(14) who invited Mr.

Addison and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained

us very handsomely. I returned with Mr. Addison, and loitered till nine

in the Coffee-house, where I am hardly known, by going so seldom. I am

here soliciting for Trounce; you know him: he was gunner in the former

yacht, and would fain be so in the present one if you remember him,

a good, lusty, fresh-coloured fellow. Shall I stay till I get another

letter from MD before I close up this? Mr. Addison and I meet a little

seldomer than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends

as ever, but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to Lewis at the Secretary's office; where I saw and

spoke to Mr. Harley, who promised, in a few days, to finish the rest of

my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity of minding

him of it, and rallied him, etc., which he took very well. I dined

to-day with one Mr. Gore, elder brother to a young merchant of my

acquaintance; and Stratford and my other friend merchants dined with us,

where I stayed late, drinking claret and burgundy; and am just got to

bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a

letter from my own little MD; for the last I had above a fortnight ago,

and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with Lewis and Prior at an eating-house, but

with Lewis's wine. Lewis went away, and Prior and I sat on, where we

complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and

poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopped me in the Pall

Mall, and asked my advice; said he had been to see the Queen (who was

just come to town), and the people in waiting would not let him see her;

that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that

he knew the Queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at Court, and

if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately; that she

owed him two hundred thousand pounds, etc., and he desired my opinion,

whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or because,

perhaps, she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay

till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged

him of all love to go and wait on her immediately; for that, to my

knowledge, the Queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great

importance, and required despatch: and I instructed him to let me know

the success of his business, and come to the Smyrna Coffee-house, where

I would wait for him till midnight; and so ended this adventure. I would

have fain given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him,

lest he should be offended; for, beside his money, he said he had a

thousand pounds a year. I came home not early; and so, madams both,

goodnight, etc.

19. I dined to-day with poor Lord Mountjoy, who is ill of the gout; and

this evening I christened our coffee-man Elliot's(15) child, where the

rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat among some scurvy

company over a bowl of punch; so that I am come home late, young women,

and can't stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with Sir Andrew Fountaine at his

lodging, and then came home: a silly day.

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then went to the Secretary's

office, and found Mr. Harley, with whom I dined; and Secretary St. John,

etc., and Harley promised in a very few days to finish what remains

of my business. Prior was of the company, and we all dine at the

Secretary's to-morrow. I saw Stella's mother this morning: she came

early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to Lady Giffard

to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common

interest for life, and security that you will pay her: the Bishop of

Clogher, or any friend, would be security for you, if you gave them

counter-security; and it may be argued that it will pass better to be

in your hands than hers, in case of mortality, etc. Your mother says,

if you write, she will second it; and you may write to your mother, and

then it will come from her. She tells me Lady Giffard has a mind to see

me, by her discourse; but I told her what to say, with a vengeance. She

told Lady Giffard she was going to see me: she looks extremely well. I

am writing(16) in my bed like a tiger; and so good-night, etc.

22. I dined with Secretary St. John; and Lord Dartmouth, who is t'other

Secretary, dined with us, and Lord Orrery(17) and Prior, etc. Harley

called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I

was at dinner; but I did not like the company he was to have. We stayed

till eight, and I called at the Coffee-house, and looked where the

letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr. Presto: at last I saw a

letter to Mr. Addison, and it looked like a rogue's hand; so I made the

fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all

for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my

lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of

them in Dingley's hand, and t'other in Stella's, and the third in

Domville's.(18) Well, so you shall hear; so, said I to myself, What now,

two letters from MD together? But I thought there was something in the

wind; so I opened one, and I opened t'other; and so you shall hear, one

was from Walls. Well, but t'other was from our own dear MD; yes it was.

O faith, have you received my seventh, young women, already? Then I must

send this to-morrow, else there will be old(19) doings at our house,

faith.--Well, I won't answer your letter in this: no, faith, catch me

at that, and I never saw the like. Well; but as to Walls, tell him

(with service to him and wife, etc.) that I have no imagination of Mr.

Pratt's(20) losing his place: and while Pratt continues, Clements is in

no danger; and I have already engaged Lord Hyde(21) he speaks of, for

Pratt and twenty others; but, if such a thing should happen, I will

do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my

hands, and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your sixth I now

have received. I writ last post to the Bishop of Clogher again. Shall I

send this to-morrow? Well, I will, to oblige MD. Which would you rather,

a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one;

well, it shall be done, and so good-night. Well, but is this a long one?

No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first; I

hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives; and I beg you to walk when

you can, for health. Have you the horse in town? and do you ever ride

him? how often? Confess. Ahhh, sirrah, have I caught you? Can you

contrive to let Mrs. Fenton(22) know, that the request she has made me

in her letter I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I

hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed? Cox is not

to be your Chancellor: all joined against him. I have been supping with

Lord Peterborow at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Freind. 'Tis

the ramblingest lying rogue on earth. Dr. Raymond is come to town: 'tis

late, and so I bid you good-night.

24. I tell you, pretty management! Ned Southwell told me the other day

he had a letter from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the Duke

of Ormond, to intercede with the Queen to take off the First-Fruits. I

dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the

Bishop of Kildare,(23) to call upon me for the papers, etc.; and I had

last post one from the Archbishop of Dublin, telling me the reason of

this proceeding; that, upon hearing the Duke of Ormond was declared Lord

Lieutenant, they met; and the bishops were for this project, and talked

coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favoured by t'other party,

etc., but desired that I would still solicit.(24) Now the wisdom of this

is admirable; for I had given the Archbishop an account of my reception

from Mr. Harley, and how he had spoken to the Queen, and promised it

should be done; but Mr. Harley ordered me to tell no person alive. Some

time after, he gave me leave to let the Primate and Archbishop know that

the Queen had remitted the First-Fruits; and that in a short time they

should have an account of it in form from Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of

State. So while their letter was on the road to the Duke of Ormond and

Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being

done. I writ a very warm answer(25) to the Archbishop immediately; and

showed my resentments, as I ought, against the bishops; only, in good

manners, excepting himself. I wonder what they will say when they hear

the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell Southwell so, that

the Queen had done it, etc.; for he said, my Lord Duke would think of

it some months hence, when he was going for Ireland; and he had it three

years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to

say, on occasion, that it is done; and that Mr. Harley prevailed on the

Queen to do it, etc., as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the

credit of it, out of an excess of pride; and desire you will not give

me the least merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the bishops, and

have it spread that Mr. Harley had done it: pray do so. Your mother

sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a bandbox full of small

plumcakes. I thought it had been something for you; and, without opening

them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care

to send the things, etc.; but I will write her thanks. Is this a long

letter, sirrahs? Now, are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the

first: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never

fear, I an't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was

a little at first. I will tell you my reward: Mr. Harley will think he

has done me a favour; the Duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a

neglect on him; and the bishops in Ireland, that I have done nothing at

all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and, perhaps, I

have better reason for it than they know: and so you shall hear no more

of First-Fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbishops, and Southwells.

I have slipped off Raymond upon some of his countrymen, to show him the

town, etc., and I lend him Patrick. He desires to sit with me in the

evenings; upon which I have given Patrick positive orders that I am not

within at evenings.

LETTER 10.

LONDON, Nov. 25, 1710.

I will tell you something that's plaguy silly: I had forgot to say on

the 23d in my last, where I dined; and because I had done it constantly,

I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at

last the silliness of it made me cry, Pshah, and I let it alone. I was

to-day to see the Parliament meet; but only saw a great crowd; and Ford

and I went to see the tombs at Westminster, and sauntered so long I

was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. Bromley(1) is chosen

Speaker, nemine contradicente: Do you understand those two words?

And Pompey, Colonel Hill's(2) black, designs to stand Speaker for the

footmen.(3) I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to

Patrick to get him some votes. We are now all impatient for the Queen's

speech, what she will say about removing the Ministry, etc. I have got

a cold, and I don't know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I don't

know whether it will grow better or worse. What's that to you? I won't

answer your letter to-night. I'll keep you a little longer in suspense:

I can't send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them

serves me for a breakfast, and so I'll go sleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and stayed within all this day in my

nightgown, and dined on sixpennyworth of victuals, and read and writ,

and was denied to everybody. Dr. Raymond(4) called often, and I was

denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him,

without consequence, how Patrick denied me, and whether he had the

art of it? So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him;

otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me: he has sat

with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale cost me fivepence, and smoked

his pipe, and it is now past eleven that he is just gone. Well, my

eighth is with you now, young women; and your seventh to me is somewhere

in a post-boy's bag; and so go to your gang of deans, and Stoytes, and

Walls, and lose your money; go, sauceboxes: and so good-night, and be

happy, dear rogues. Oh, but your box was sent to Dr. Hawkshaw by Sterne,

and you will have it with Hawkshaw, and spectacles, etc., etc.

27. To-day Mr. Harley met me in the Court of Requests,(5) and whispered

me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done,

and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself; he would

tell the Duke of Ormond the business was done, and that he need not

concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves

for a parcel of insolent, ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in

my last, how they sent an address to the Duke of Ormond, and a letter to

Southwell, to call on me for the papers, after the thing was over; but

they had not received my letter, though the Archbishop might, by what

I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there is an end of

that; and in a little time the Queen will send them notice, etc. And

so the methods will be settled; and then I shall think of returning,

although the baseness of those bishops makes me love Ireland less than I

did.

28. Lord Halifax sent to invite me to dinner; where I stayed till six,

and crossed him in all his Whig talk, and made him often come over to

me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk

like a Whig. I had a letter to-day from the Bishop of Clogher; but

I writ to him lately, that I would obey his commands to the Duke of

Ormond. He says I bid him read the London "Shaver," and that you both

swore it was "Shaver," and not "Shower."(6) You all lie, and you are

puppies, and can't read Presto's hand. The Bishop is out entirely in his

conjectures of my share in the Tatlers.--I have other things to mind,

and of much greater importance;(7) else I have little to do to be

acquainted with a new Ministry, who consider me a little more than Irish

bishops do.

29. Now for your saucy, good dear letter: let me see, what does it

say? come then. I dined to-day with Ford, and went home early; he

debauched(8) me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve:

so good-night. I cannot write an answer now, you rogues.

30. To-day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined

with Mrs. Barton alone; and sauntered at the Coffee-house till past

eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I'll answer your letter,

saucebox. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but

however I'll begin. Well then, do not be so tedious, Mr. Presto;

what can you say to MD's letter? Make haste, have done with your

preambles--Why, I say I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother

thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here

to-night, but I was not within, that's by the bye.) Sure you do not

deceive me, Stella, when you say you are in better health than you were

these three weeks; for Dr. Raymond told me yesterday, that Smyth of the

Blind Quay had been telling Mr. Leigh that he left you extremely ill;

and in short, spoke so, that he almost put poor Leigh into tears, and

would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th

instant, and I saw Smyth in the city above a fortnight ago, as I passed

by in a coach. Pray, pray, don't write, Stella, until you are mighty,

mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are sure it won't do you

the least hurt. Or come, I'll tell you what; you, Mistress Stella, shall

write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then

comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb towards

the end, to let us see she remembers Presto; and then conclude with

something handsome and genteel, as your most humblecumdumble, or, etc.

O Lord! does Patrick write word of my not coming till spring? Insolent

man! he know my secrets? No; as my Lord Mayor said, No; if I thought my

shirt knew, etc. Faith, I will come as soon as it is any way proper for

me to come; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved

with the present Ministry in some certain things (which I tell you as a

secret); and soon as ever I can clear my hands, I will stay no longer;

for I hope the First-Fruit business will be soon over in all its forms.

But, to say the truth, the present Ministry have a difficult task,

and want me, etc. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others:

but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true

interest of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is

in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive.--Your

Chancellor?(9) Why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this

fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a

nasty dead Chancellor, as you may see by the blot.(10) Ploughing? A pox

plough them; they'll plough me to nothing. But have you got your money,

both the ten pounds? How durst he pay you the second so soon? Pray be

good huswifes. Ay, well, and Joe, why, I had a letter lately from Joe,

desiring I would take some care of their poor town,(11) who, he says,

will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr. Raymond would return

answer, that the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little

regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among themselves,

that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that

whatever personal kindness I could do to Joe, should be done. Pray, when

you happen to see Joe, tell him this, lest Raymond should have blundered

or forgotten--Poor Mrs. Wesley!--Why these poligyes(12) for being

abroad? Why should you be at home at all, until Stella is quite

well?--So, here is Mistress Stella again, with her two eggs, etc. My

"Shower" admired with you; why, the Bishop of Clogher says, he has seen

something of mine of the same sort, better than the "Shower." I suppose

he means "The Morning";(13) but it is not half so good. I want your

judgment of things, and not your country's. How does MD like it? and do

they taste it ALL? etc. I am glad Dean Bolton(14) has paid the twenty

pounds. Why should not I chide the Bishop of Clogher for writing to the

Archbishop of Cashel,(15) without sending the letter first to me? It

does not signify a ----; for he has no credit at Court. Stuff--they are

all puppies. I will break your head in good earnest, young woman, for

your nasty jest about Mrs. Barton.(16) Unlucky sluttikin, what a word is

there! Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she

could break them or no, and it quite spoilt my imagination. "Mrs. Walls,

does Stella win as she pretends?" "No indeed, Doctor; she loses always,

and will play so VENTERSOMELY, how can she win?" See here now; an't

you an impudent lying slut? Do, open Domville's letter; what does it

signify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write smartly with your

eyes shut; all was well but the \_n\_. See how I can do it; MADAM STELLA,

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT.(17) O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or

no, and so write on. I will tell you what you may do; you may write with

your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep: I have done

so for two or three lines now; it is but just seeing enough to go

straight.--Now, Madam Dingley, I think I bid you tell Mr. Walls that, in

case there be occasion, I will serve his friend as far as I can; but I

hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new Parliament;

but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all

your conjectures about the Tatlers. I have given him one or two

hints, and you have heard me talk about the Shilling.(18) Faith, these

answering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almost the room

of a week in journals; and I will tell you what, I saw fellows wearing

crosses to-day,(19) and I wondered what was the matter; but just this

minute I recollect it is little Presto's birthday; and I was resolved

these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink

my health to-day at dinner; do, you rogues. Do you like "Sid Hamet's

Rod"? Do you understand it all? Well, now at last I have done with your

letter, and so I will lay me down to sleep, and about, fair maids; and I

hope merry maids all.

Dec. 1. Morning. I wish Smyth were hanged. I was dreaming the most

melancholy things in the world of poor Stella, and was grieving and

crying all night.--Pshah, it is foolish: I will rise and divert myself;

so good-morrow; and God of His infinite mercy keep and protect you!

The Bishop of Clogher's letter is dated Nov. 21. He says you thought of

going with him to Clogher. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would

ride there, and Dingley go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first,

although sometimes my head is not quite in good order.--At night. I was

this morning to visit Mr. Pratt, who is come over with poor, sick Lord

Shelburne: they made me dine with them; and there I stayed, like a

booby, till eight, looking over them at ombre, and then came home. Lord

Shelburne's giddiness is turned into a colic, and he looks miserably.

2. Steele, the rogue, has done the imprudentest thing in the world:

he said something in a Tatler,(20) that we ought to use the word Great

Britain, and not England, in common conversation, as, "The finest lady

in Great Britain," etc. Upon this, Rowe, Prior, and I sent him a letter,

turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter,(21) and

signed it J.S., M.P., and N.R., the first letters of all our names.

Congreve told me to-day, he smoked it immediately. Congreve and I, and

Sir Charles Wager, dined to-day at Delaval's, the Portugal Envoy; and I

stayed there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before

I do business, because that dog Patrick is not at home, and the fire

is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him!--I was looking

by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes

in words; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing.

Faith, I can't nor won't read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!)

Well, I'll leave you till I am got to bed, and then I will say a word or

two.--Well, 'tis now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever since,

by a fire too (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I'll assure

you), and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to Presto

now he is abed? Come now, let us hear your speeches. No, 'tis a lie; I

an't sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where

have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a

coach? What have you lost? Pay the coachman, Stella. No, faith, not I,

he'll grumble.--What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear.

I have made Delaval promise to send me some Brazil tobacco from

Portugal for you, Madam Dingley. I hope you will have your chocolate and

spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to these dear saucy brats every night,

whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home

ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying, and a true one,

"Be you lords, or be you earls,

You must write to naughty girls."

I was to-day at Court, and saw Raymond among the Beefeaters, staying to

see the Queen: so I put him in a better station, made two or three

dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to Court again, to pick up

a dinner, as I did with Sir John Stanley; and then we went to visit Lord

Mountjoy, and just now left him; and 'tis near eleven at night, young

women; and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and

'tis but eight days since the date, and don't think I'll write on

the other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to

letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them

from me. O, faith, I know you well enough; but an old saying, etc.,

"Two sides in a sheet,

And one in a street."

I think that's but a silly old saying; and so I'll go to sleep, and do

you so too.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and then came home, and studied

till eleven. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the Court of Requests (we have had the Devil and all of

rain by the bye) to pick up a dinner; and Henley made me go dine

with him and one Colonel Bragg(22) at a tavern; cost me money, faith.

Congreve was to be there, but came not. I came with Henley to the

Coffee-house, where Lord Salisbury(23) seemed mighty desirous to talk

with me; and, while he was wriggling himself into my favour, that dog

Henley asked me aloud, whether I would go to see Lord Somers as I had

promised (which was a lie); and all to vex poor Lord Salisbury, who is a

high Tory. He played two or three other such tricks; and I was forced

to leave my lord, and I came home at seven, and have been writing ever

since, and will now go to bed. The other day I saw Jack Temple(24) in

the Court of Requests: it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked

two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your Recorder

and Mayor, and fanatic aldermen, a month or two ago, at a solemn feast,

drank Mr. Harley's, Lord Rochester's,(25) and other Tory healths? Let me

know; it was confidently said here.--The scoundrels! It shan't do, Tom.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder? harkee, young women, tell me

that. Saturday next for certain, and not before: then it will be just

a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two

letters, faith. Congreve and Delaval have at last prevailed on Sir

Godfrey Kneller to entreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing;

but I know not yet when I shall sit.(26)--It is such monstrous rainy

weather, that there is no doing with it. Secretary St. John sent to me

this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow;

so I peaceably sat with my neighbour Ford, dined with him, and came home

at six, and am now in bed as usual; and now it is time to have another

letter from MD, yet I would not have it till this goes; for that would

look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the Dean has

never once written to me? And I find the Archbishop very silent to that

letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I believe

he knows not what to write or say; and I have since written twice to

him, both times with a vengeance.(27) Well, go to bed, sirrahs, and so

will I. But have you lost to-day? Three shillings! O fie, O fie!

7. No, I won't send this letter to-day, nor till Saturday, faith; and I

am so afraid of one from MD between this and that; if it comes, I will

just say I received a letter, and that is all. I dined to-day with Mr.

Secretary St. John, where were Lord Anglesea,(28) Sir Thomas Hanmer,

Prior, Freind, etc., and then made a debauch after nine at Prior's

house, and have eaten cold pie, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am

full, and I don't like it, and I will go to bed, and it is late, and so

good-night.

8. To-day I dined with Mr. Harley and Prior; but Mr. St. John did not

come, though he promised: he chid me for not seeing him oftener. Here is

a damned, libellous pamphlet come out against Lord Wharton, giving the

character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is

very well, but the facts indifferent.(29) It has been sent by dozens to

several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them; but nobody

knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they

say it is at Newcastle.(30) I begged Mr. Harley for the love of God to

take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders

for all ships from the Baltic to pass their quarantine before they land;

but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O, faith, you are a saucy rogue. I have had your sixth letter just

now, before this is gone; but I will not answer a word of it, only

that I never was giddy since my first fit; but I have had a cold just a

fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening; but it will go

off. It is, however, such abominable weather that no creature can walk.

They say here three of your Commissioners will be turned out, Ogle,

South, and St. Quintin;(31) and that Dick Stewart(32) and Ludlow will

be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another: it is poor

Lord Abercorn,(33) but that is a secret; I mean, that I befriend him

is a secret; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill

fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily sorry you do not go

to Clogher, faith, I am; and so God Almighty protect poor, dear,

dear, dear, dearest MD. Farewell till to-night. I'll begin my eleventh

to-night; so I am always writing to little MD.

LETTER 11.

LONDON, Dec. 9, 1710.

So, young women, I have just sent my tenth to the post-office, and, as I

told you, have received your seventh (faith, I am afraid I mistook,

and said your sixth, and then we shall be all in confusion this month.)

Well, I told you I dined with Lord Abercorn to-day; and that is

enough till by and bye; for I must go write idle things, and twittle

twattle.(1) What's here to do with your little MD's? and so I put this

by for a while. 'Tis now late, and I can only say MD is a dear, saucy

rogue, and what then? Presto loves them the better.

10. This son of a b---- Patrick is out of the way, and I can do nothing;

am forced to borrow coals: 'tis now six o'clock, and I am come home

after a pure walk in the park; delicate weather, begun only to-day.

A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet-boats is cast

away, and young Beau Swift(2) in it, and General Sankey:(3) I know not

the truth; you will before me. Raymond talks of leaving the town in a

few days, and going in a month to Ireland, for fear his wife should be

too far gone, and forced to be brought to bed here. I think he is in the

right; but perhaps this packet-boat will fright him. He has no relish

for London; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some Templars from

Ireland that show him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a

week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning.--So, now the

puppy's come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now

you are rogues and sauceboxes till I go to bed; for I must go study,

sirrahs. Now I think of it, tell the Bishop of Clogher, he shall not

cheat me of one inch of my bell metal. You know it is nothing but to

save the town money; and Enniskillen can afford it better than Laracor:

he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading,

etc., as usual, and am now going to bed; and I find this day's article

is long enough: so get you gone till to-morrow, and then. I dined with

Sir Matthew Dudley.

11. I am come home again as yesterday, and the puppy had again locked up

my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he came home a

little after me, so all is well: they are lighting my fire, and I'll go

study. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do

not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say

it is a false report about the plague at Newcastle.(4) I have no news

to-day: I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to desire them to buy me a scarf;

and Lady Abercorn(5) is to buy me another, to see who does best: mine is

all in rags. I saw the Duke of Richmond(6) yesterday at Court again, but

would not speak to him: I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed;

and it has rained all this evening, like wildfire: have you so much rain

in your town? Raymond was in a fright, as I expected, upon the news of

this shipwreck; but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week.

I got him acquainted with Sir Robert Raymond,(7) the Solicitor-General,

who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a

kindness, by being recommended to your new Lord Chancellor.--I had a

letter from Mrs. Long, that has quite turned my stomach against her:

no less than two nasty jests in it, with dashes to suppose them. She is

corrupted in that country town(8) with vile conversation.--I will not

answer your letter till I have leisure: so let this go on as it will,

what care I? what cares saucy Presto?

12. I was to-day at the Secretary's office with Lewis, and in came Lord

Rivers;(9) who took Lewis out and whispered him; and then came up to me

to desire my acquaintance, etc., so we bowed and complimented a while,

and parted and I dined with Phil. Savage(10) and his Irish Club, at

their boarding-place; and, passing an evening scurvily enough, did not

come home till eight. Mr. Addison and I hardly meet once a fortnight;

his Parliament and my different friendships keep us asunder. Sir Matthew

Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning; and at night the poor

fellow died suddenly in the streets: was not it an odd event? But what

care you? But then I knew the butler.--Why, it seems your packet-boat is

not lost: psha, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the

forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it! But

when must I answer this letter of our MD's? Here it is, it lies between

this paper on t'other side of the leaf: one of these odd-come-shortly's

I'll consider, and so good-night.

13. Morning. I am to go trapesing with Lady Kerry(11) and Mrs. Pratt(12)

to see sights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea.

You hear the havoc making in the army: Meredith, Maccartney, and Colonel

Honeywood(13) are obliged to sell their commands at half-value, and

leave the army, for drinking destruction to the present Ministry, and

dressing up a hat on a stick, and calling it Harley; then drinking a

glass with one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the

maukin,(14) wishing it were Harley himself; and a hundred other such

pretty tricks, as inflaming their soldiers, and foreign Ministers,

against the late changes at Court. Cadogan(15) has had a little paring:

his mother(16) told me yesterday he had lost the place of Envoy; but I

hope they will go no further with him, for he was not at those mutinous

meetings.--Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time with

writing to them in a morning; but, faith, I am glad to see you whenever

I can: a little snap and away; and so hold your tongue, for I must rise:

not a word, for your life. How nowww? So, very well; stay till I come

home, and then, perhaps, you may hear further from me. And where will

you go to-day, for I can't be with you for these ladies? It is a rainy,

ugly day. I'd have you send for Walls, and go to the Dean's; but don't

play small games when you lose. You'll be ruined by Manilio, Basto,

the queen, and two small trumps, in red.(17) I confess 'tis a good hand

against the player: but then there are Spadilio, Punto, the king, strong

trumps, against you, which, with one trump more, are three tricks ten

ace: for, suppose you play your Manilio--Oh, silly, how I prate, and

can't get away from this MD in a morning! Go, get you gone, dear naughty

girls, and let me rise. There, Patrick locked up my ink again the third

time last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise

in spite of you, sirrahs.--At night. Lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs.

Cadogan,(18) and I, in one coach; Lady Kerry's son(19) and his governor,

and two gentlemen, in another; maids, and misses and little master

(Lord Shelburne's(20) children, in a third, all hackneys, set out at ten

o'clock this morning from Lord Shelburne's house in Piccadilly to the

Tower, and saw all the sights, lions,(21) etc.; then to Bedlam;(22) then

dined at the chop-house behind the Exchange; then to Gresham College(23)

(but the keeper was not at home); and concluded the night at the

Puppet-show,(24) whence we came home safe at eight, and I left them. The

ladies were all in mobs(25) (how do you call it?), undrest; and it was

the rainiest day that ever dripped; and I am weary; and it is now past

eleven.

14. Stay, I'll answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me

see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he: and what

say you to Mrs. MD this morning fresh and fasting? Who dares think MD

negligent? I allow them a fortnight; and they give it me. I could fill

a letter in a week; but it is longer every day; and so I keep it a

fortnight, and then 'tis cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy,

dear Stella, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills,

and kecked(26) at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at

mornings.--Oh then, you kept Presto's little birthday:(27) would to

God I had been with you! I forgot it, as I told you before. REdiculous,

madam? I suppose you mean rIdiculous: let me have no more of that; 'tis

the author of the Atalantis's(28) spelling. I have mended it in your

letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes?

O, faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty

Stella.--'Tis well enough what you observe, that, if I writ better,

perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; 'tis an

alphabet you are used to: you know such a pot-hook makes a letter; and

you know what letter, and so and so.--I'll swear he told me so, and that

they were long letters too; but I told him it was a gasconnade of

yours, etc. I am talking of the Bishop of Clogher, how he forgot. Turn

over.(29) I had not room on t'other side to say that, so I did it on

this: I fancy that's a good Irish blunder. Ah, why do not you go down to

Clogher, nautinautinautideargirls; I dare not say nauti without dear: O,

faith, you govern me. But, seriously, I'm sorry you don't go, as far as

I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse; I will

make Parvisol get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours: prythee

sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart aches when I think you

ride him. Order Parvisol to sell him, and that you are to return me the

money: I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith,

I have dreamt five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your

letter. If he can't sell him, let him run this winter. Faith, if I was

near you, I would whip your ---- to some tune, for your grave, saucy

answer about the Dean and Johnsonibus; I would, young women. And did the

Dean preach for me?(30) Very well. Why, would they have me stand here

and preach to them? No, the Tatler of the Shilling(31) was not mine,

more than the hint, and two or three general heads for it. I have much

more important business on my hands; and, besides, the Ministry hate

to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I

frankly told them I would do it no more. This is a secret though, Madam

Stella. You win eight shillings? you win eight fiddlesticks. Faith, you

say nothing of what you lose, young women.--I hope Manley is in no great

danger; for Ned Southwell is his friend, and so is Sir Thomas Frankland;

and his brother John Manley stands up heartily for him. On t'other

side, all the gentlemen of Ireland here are furiously against him. Now,

Mistress Dingley, an't you an impudent slut, to expect a letter next

packet from Presto, when you confess yourself that you had so lately

two letters in four days? Unreasonable baggage! No, little Dingley, I am

always in bed by twelve; I mean my candle is out by twelve, and I take

great care of myself. Pray let everybody know, upon occasion, that Mr.

Harley got the First-Fruits from the Queen for the clergy of Ireland,

and that nothing remains but the forms, etc. So you say the Dean and

you dined at Stoyte's, and Mrs. Stoyte was in raptures that I remembered

her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture. But what

now, you saucy sluts? all this written in a morning, and I must rise and

go abroad. Pray stay till night: do not think I will squander mornings

upon you, pray, good madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of

writing in the morning, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think

you expect it, and be in awe. Good-morrow, sirrahs, I will rise.--At

night. I went to-day to the Court of Requests (I will not answer the

rest of your letter yet, that by the way, in hopes to dine with Mr.

Harley: but Lord Dupplin,(32) his son-in-law, told me he did not dine at

home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr. Secretary St. John, and

went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite.(33)

Lord Rivers told me two days ago, that he was resolved to come Sunday

fortnight next to hear me preach before the Queen. I assured him the day

was not yet fixed, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the Secretary told

me that his father, Sir Harry St. John,(34) and Lord Rivers were to be

at St. James's Church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was

to preach: so there will be another bite; for I know nothing of the

matter, but that Mr. Harley and St. John are resolved I must preach

before the Queen; and the Secretary of State has told me he will give

me three weeks' warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not.

St. John, "You shall not be excused": however, I hope they will forget

it; for if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to

hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be plaguily baulked; for I

shall preach plain honest stuff. I stayed with St. John till eight, and

then came home; and Patrick desired leave to go abroad, and by and by

comes up the girl to tell me, a gentleman was below in a coach, who had

a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr.

Addison and Sam Dopping, to haul me out to supper, where I stayed till

twelve. If Patrick had been at home, I should have 'scaped this; for I

have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr. Harley's porter.--Where

did I leave off in MD's letter? let me see. So, now I have it. You are

pleased to say, Madam Dingley, that those who go for England can never

tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon Presto,

madam? Sauceboxes, I will come back as soon as I can, as hope saved,(35)

and I hope with some advantage, unless all Ministries be alike, as

perhaps they may. I hope Hawkshaw is in Dublin before now, and that you

have your things, and like your spectacles: if you do not, you shall

have better. I hope Dingley's tobacco did not spoil Stella's chocolate,

and that all is safe: pray let me know. Mr. Addison and I are different

as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off, by this

damned business of party: he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with

this Ministry: but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom

meet.--Hussy, Stella, you jest about poor Congreve's eyes;(36) you do

so, hussy; but I'll bang your bones, faith.--Yes, Steele was a little

while in prison, or at least in a spunging-house, some time before

I came, but not since.(37)--Pox on your convocations, and your

Lamberts;(38) they write with a vengeance! I suppose you think it a

piece of affectation in me to wish your Irish folks would not like my

"Shower,"; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general

applause there as I have here (though I say it); but I have only that of

one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be

in the wrong. I don't know, this is not what I would say; but I am so

tosticated with supper and stuff, that I can't express myself.--What you

say of "Sid Hamet" is well enough; that an enemy should like it, and

a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change their

opinions. Why did you not tell Griffyth(39) that you fancied there was

something in it of my manner; but first spur up his commendation to the

height, as we served my poor uncle about the sconce that I mended? Well,

I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. Fenton,(40)

to save her postage, and myself trouble; and I hope I have done it, if

you han't.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your

letter, sirrahs! I dined to-day with Lewis and Ford, whom I have brought

acquainted. Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr.

Harley to save Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on

him; and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's

chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I should take it, if

he would be reconciled to Steele, etc. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls

in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him, which

Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any

excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancour of

party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I

believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated(41) to the

soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now

he is soliciting me to make another of his friends Queen's Secretary at

Geneva; and I'll do it if I can; it is poor Pastoral Philips.(42)

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at t'other lodgings?

Forgot it? Well; but pray remember it now, and don't roll it up, d'ye

hear; but hang it carefully in some part of your room, where chairs and

candles and mop-sticks won't spoil it, sirrahs. No, truly, I will not

be godfather to Goody Walls this bout, and I hope she will have no more.

There will be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will die the

day after the christening. Mr. Harley gave me a paper, with an

account of the sentence you speak of against the lads that defaced the

statue,(43) and that Ingoldsby(44) reprieved that part of it of standing

before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your

Broderick out;(45) Doyne(46) is to succeed him, and Cox(47) Doyne. And

so there's an end of your letter; 'tis all answered; and now I must go

on upon my own stock. Go on, did I say? Why, I have written enough; but

this is too soon to send it yet, young women; faith, I dare not use

you to it, you'll always expect it; what remains shall be only short

journals of a day, and so I'll rise for this morning.--At night. I dined

with my opposite neighbour, Darteneuf; and I was soliciting this day to

present the Bishop of Clogher Vice-Chancellor;(48) but it won't do; they

are all set against him, and the Duke of Ormond, they say, has resolved

to dispose of it somewhere else. Well; little saucy rogues, do not stay

out too late to-night, because it is Saturday night, and young women

should come home soon then.

17. I went to Court to seek a dinner: but the Queen was not at church,

she has got a touch of the gout; so the Court was thin, and I went to

the Coffee-house; and Sir Thomas Frankland and his eldest son and I went

and dined with his son William.(49) I talked a great deal to Sir Thomas

about Manley; and find he is his good friend, and so has Ned Southwell

been, and I hope he will be safe, though all the Irish folks here are

his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to-day. They had it, I

know not how, that I was to preach this morning at St. James's Church;

an abundance went, among the rest Lord Radnor, who never is abroad till

three in the afternoon. I walked all the way home from Hatton Garden at

six, by moonlight, a delicate night. Raymond called at nine, but I was

denied; and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to

sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty MD.

18. You will now have short days' works, just a few lines to tell you

where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the last day

to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes

like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remark it would be old

before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. Harley to-day, but

could not find him; and so I dined with honest Dr. Cockburn, and came

home at six, and was taken out to next door by Dopping and Ford, to

drink bad claret and oranges; and we let Raymond come to us, who talks

of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two

longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with

bidding my own dear saucy MD goodnight, etc.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to-day to

see the Duke of Buckingham,(50) but came too late: then I visited Mrs.

Barton,(51) and thought to have dined with some of the Ministry; but

it rained, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh was nigh, and I took the opportunity of

paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to

congratulate with Lord Shelburne, for the death of poor Lady Shelburne

dowager;(52) he was at his country house, and returned while I was

there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come

home before six, and find a packet from the Bishop of Clogher, with one

enclosed to the Duke of Ormond, which is ten days earlier dated than

another I had from Parvisol; however, 'tis no matter, for the Duke

has already disposed of the Vice-Chancellorship to the Archbishop of

Tuam,(53) and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly you know in

the Duke's power; and I find the Bishop has enemies about the Duke. I

write this while Patrick is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire

(for I keep a fire, it costs me twelvepence a week); and so be quiet

till I am gone to bed, and then sit down by me a little, and we will

talk a few words more. Well; now MD is at my bedside; and now what shall

we say? How does Mrs. Stoyte? What had the Dean for supper? How much did

Mrs. Walls win? Poor Lady Shelburne: well, go get you to bed, sirrahs.

20. Morning. I was up this morning early, and shaved by candlelight, and

write this by the fireside. Poor Raymond just came in and took his leave

of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has

had enough of London. I was a little melancholy to part with him; he

goes to Bristol, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now

thinks of staying till May; so she must be brought to bed in England. He

was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see

me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save Patrick some lies in a week:

Patrick is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now,

sirrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence?

Stay till night,

And then I'll write,

In black and white,

By candlelight,

Of wax so bright,

It helps the sight--

A bite, a bite!

Marry come up, Mistress Boldface.--At night. Dr. Raymond came back, and

goes to-morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to

take leave of me. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking to find Mr.

Harley and dine with him, and refused Henley, and everybody, and at last

knew not where to go, and met Jemmy Leigh by chance, and he was just in

the same way, so I dined at his lodgings on a beef-steak, and drank

your health; then left him and went to the tavern with Ben Tooke and

Portlack, the Duke of Ormond's secretary, drinking nasty white wine till

eleven. I am sick, and ashamed of it, etc.

21. I met that beast Ferris, Lord Berkeley's(54) steward formerly; I

walked with him a turn in the Park, and that scoundrel dog is as happy

as an emperor, has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and

houses about this town, and lives at his ease at Hammersmith. See your

confounded sect!(55) Well; I had the same luck to-day with Mr. Harley;

'twas a lovely day, and went by water into the City, and dined with

Stratford at a merchant's house, and walked home with as great a dunce

as Ferris, I mean honest Colonel Caulfeild,(56) and came home by eight,

and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this

letter on Saturday, and so; but first I will wish you a merry Christmas

and a happy New Year, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. Morning. I am going now to Mr. Harley's levee on purpose to vex him;

I will say I had no other way of seeing him, etc. Patrick says it is a

dark morning, and that the Duke of Argyle(57) is to be knighted to-day;

the booby means installed at Windsor. But I must rise, for this is a

shaving-day, and Patrick says there is a good fire; I wish MD were by

it, or I by MD's.--At night. I forgot to tell you, Madam Dingley, that

I paid nine shillings for your glass and spectacles, of which three were

for the Bishop's case: I am sorry I did not buy you such another case;

but if you like it, I will bring one over with me; pray tell me: the

glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had

your chocolate? Leigh says he sent the petticoat by one Mr. Spencer.

Pray have you no further commissions for me? I paid the glass-man but

last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope worth

thirty shillings, and would have sent it home along with me; I thought

the deuce was in the man: he said I could do him more service than that

was worth, etc. I refused his present, but promised him all service

I could do him; and so now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to

everybody.--At night. I went to Mr. Harley's levee; he came and asked

me what I had to do there, and bid me come and dine with him on a family

dinner; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady(58)

and daughter;(59) at five my Lord Keeper(60) came in: I told Mr. Harley,

he had formerly presented me to Sir Simon Harcourt, but now must to my

Lord Keeper; so he laughed, etc.

23. Morning. This letter goes to-night without fail; I hope there is

none from you yet at the Coffee-house; I will send and see by and by,

and let you know, and so and so. Patrick goes to see for a letter: what

will you lay, is there one from MD or no? No, I say; done for sixpence.

Why has the Dean never once written to me? I won sixpence; I won

sixpence; there is not one letter to Presto. Good-morrow, dear sirrahs:

Stratford and I dine to-day with Lord Mountjoy. God Almighty preserve

and bless you; farewell, etc.

I have been dining at Lord Mountjoy's; and am come to study; our news

from Spain this post takes off some of our fears. The Parliament is

prorogued to-day, or adjourned rather till after the holidays. Bank

Stock is 105, so I may get 12 shillings for my bargain already. Patrick,

the puppy, is abroad, and how shall I send this letter? Good-night,

little dears both, and be happy; and remember your poor Presto, that

wants you sadly, as hope saved. Let me go study, naughty girls, and

don't keep me at the bottom of the paper. O, faith, if you knew what

lies on my hands constantly, you would wonder to see how I could write

such long letters; but we'll talk of that some other time. Good-night

again, and God bless dear MD with His best blessings, yes, yes, and

Dingley and Stella and me too, etc.

Ask the Bishop of Clogher about the pun I sent him of Lord Stawel's

brother;(61) it will be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it,

beside all postscripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There is a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. Fenton, who says you were with her; I

hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon; it is

about some money in Lady Giffard's hands.

They say you have had eight packets due to you; so pray, madams, do not

blame Presto, but the wind.

My humble service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte; I missed the former a

good while.

LETTER 12.

LONDON, Dec. 23, 1710.

I have sent my 11th to-night as usual, and begin the dozenth, and I told

you I dined with Stratford at Lord Mountjoy's, and I will tell you no

more at present, guess for why; because I am going to mind things, and

mighty affairs, not your nasty First-Fruits--I let them alone till Mr.

Harley gets the Queen's letter--but other things of greater moment, that

you shall know one day, when the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So

sit still a while just by me, while I am studying, and don't say a word,

I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I will take you along, and

talk with you a little while, so there, sit there.--Come then, let us

see what we have to say to these saucy brats, that will not let us go

sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do;

but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent, all

is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you; and if

there was anything you ought to know now, I would write by the first

post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young

women; and God Almighty preserve you both, and make us happy together;

and tell me how accompts stand between us, that you may be paid long

before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I stay,

so that you need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at least a

month before you can want. Observe this, d'ye hear, little dear sirrahs,

and love Presto, as Presto loves MD, etc.

24. You will have a merrier Christmas Eve than we here. I went up to

Court before church; and in one of the rooms, there being but little

company, a fellow in a red coat without a sword came up to me, and,

after words of course, asked me how the ladies did? I asked, "What

ladies?" He said, "Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson." "Very well," said I,

"when I heard from them last: and pray when came you from thence,

sir?" He said, "I never was in Ireland"; and just at that word Lord

Winchelsea(1) comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out I saw

him again, and recollected him, it was Vedeau(2) with a pox: I then went

and made my apologies, that my head was full of something I had to say

to Lord Winchelsea, etc., and I asked after his wife, and so all was

well; and he inquired after my lodging, because he had some favour to

desire of me in Ireland, to recommend somebody to somebody, I know not

what it is. When I came from church, I went up to Court again, where Sir

Edmond Bacon(3) told me the bad news from Spain,(4) which you will hear

before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and

it was odd to see the whole countenances of the Court changed so in two

hours. Lady Mountjoy(5) carried me home to dinner, where I stayed not

long after, and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you must

always write to your MD's in bed, that is a maxim.

Mr. White and Mr. Red,

Write to MD when abed;

Mr. Black and Mr. Brown,

Write to MD when you're down;

Mr. Oak and Mr. Willow,

Write to MD on your pillow.--

What is this? faith, I smell fire; what can it be? this house has a

thousand stinks in it. I think to leave it on Thursday, and lodge over

the way. Faith, I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows

stronger, stay--I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only

a mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not catch.

I smelt nothing there, but now in my bed-chamber I smell it again; I

believe I have singed the woollen curtain, and that is all, though I

cannot smoke it. Presto is plaguy silly to-night, an't he? Yes, and so

he be. Ay, but if I should wake and see fire. Well; I will venture; so

good-night, etc.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will

this paper hold a fortnight's work, and answer one of yours into the

bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton.

I wish you a merry Christmas, and many, many a one with poor Presto at

some pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the

Sacrament, and came home by ten; then went to Court at two: it was a

Collar-day, that is, when the Knights of the Garter wear their collars;

but the Queen stayed so late at Sacrament, that I came back, and dined

with my neighbour Ford, because all people dine at home on this day.

This is likewise a Collar-day all over England in every house, at least

where there is BRAWN: that's very well.--I tell you a good pun; a fellow

hard by pretends to cure agues, and has set out a sign, and spells it

EGOES; a gentleman and I observing it, he said, "How does that fellow

pretend to cure AGUES?" I said I did not know; but I was sure it was not

by a SPELL. That is admirable. And so you asked the Bishop about that

pun of Lord Stawel's brother. Bite! Have I caught you, young women? Must

you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and Latin ones too? Oh but you

smoked me, and did not ask the Bishop. Oh but you are a fool, and you

did. I met Vedeau again at Court to-day, and I observed he had a sword

on; I fancy he was broke, and has got a commission, but I never asked

him. Vedeau I think his name is, yet Parvisol's man is Vedel, that is

true. Bank Stock will fall like stock-fish by this bad news, and two

days ago I could have got twelve pounds by my bargain; but I do not

intend to sell, and in time it will rise. It is odd that my Lord

Peterborow foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr. Harley's,

when I was there; he bid us count upon it, that Stanhope would lose

Spain before Christmas; that he would venture his head upon it, and gave

us reasons; and though Mr. Harley argued the contrary, he still held to

his opinion. I was telling my Lord Angelsea this at Court this morning;

and a gentleman by said he had heard my Lord Peterborow affirm the same

thing. I have heard wise folks say, "An ill tongue may do much." And

'tis an odd saying,

"Once I guessed right,

And I got credit by't;

Thrice I guessed wrong,

And I kept my credit on."

No, it is you are sorry, not I.

26. By the Lord Harry, I shall be undone here with Christmas boxes.

The rogues of the Coffee-house have raised their tax, everyone giving

a crown; and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half-crowns

to great men's porters, etc. I went to-day by water into the city, and

dined with no less a man than the City Printer.(6) There is an intimacy

between us, built upon reasons that you shall know when I see you; but

the rain caught me within twelvepenny length of home. I called at Mr.

Harley's, who was not within, dropped my half-crown with his porter,

drove to the Coffee-house, where the rain kept me till nine. I had

letters to-day from the Archbishop of Dublin and Mr. Bernage;(7) the

latter sends me a melancholy account of Lady Shelburne's(8) death, and

his own disappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help

him, I will.

27. Morning. I bespoke a lodging over the way for tomorrow, and the dog

let it yesterday to another; I gave him no earnest, so it seems he could

do it; Patrick would have had me give him earnest to bind him; but I

would not. So I must go saunter to-day for a lodging somewhere else.

Did you ever see so open a winter in England? We have not had two frosty

days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days

these six weeks. O, faith, I dreamt mightily of MD last night; but so

confused, I cannot tell a word. I have made Ford acquainted with Lewis;

and to-day we dined together: in the evening I called at one or two

neighbours, hoping to spend a Christmas evening; but none were at home,

they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this,

that in merry times everybody is abroad; where the deuce are they? So

I went to the Coffee-house, and talked with Mr. Addison an hour, who at

last remembered to give me two letters, which I cannot answer to-night,

nor to-morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I

have other things to do than to answer naughty girls, an old saying and

true,

Letters from MD's

Must not be answered in ten days:

it is but bad rhyme, etc.

28. To-day I had a message from Sir Thomas Hanmer, to dine with him; the

famous Dr. Smalridge(9) was of the company, and we sat till six; and I

came home to my new lodgings in St. Albans Street,(10) where I pay the

same rent (eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs;

but I have the use of the parlour to receive persons of quality, and I

am got into my new bed, etc.

29. Sir Andrew Fountaine has been very ill this week; and sent to me

early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the last thing. I

found the doctors and all in despair about him. I read prayers to him,

found he had settled all things; and, when I came out, the nurse asked

me whether I thought it possible he could live; for the doctors thought

not. I said, I believed he would live; for I found the seeds of life

in him, which I observe seldom fail (and I found them in poor, dearest

Stella, when she was ill many years ago); and to-night I was with him

again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and

the doctor approved my reasons; but, if he should die, I should come off

scurvily. The Secretary of State (Mr. St. John) sent to me to dine with

him; Mr. Harley and Lord Peterborow dined there too; and at night came

Lord Rivers. Lord Peterborow goes to Vienna in a day or two: he has

promised to make me write to him. Mr. Harley went away at six; but we

stayed till seven. I took the Secretary aside, and complained to him

of Mr. Harley, that he had got the Queen to grant the First-Fruits,

promised to bring me to her, and get her letter to the bishops of

Ireland; but the last part he had not done in six weeks, and I was in

danger to lose reputation, etc. He took the matter right, desired me to

be with him on Sunday morning, and promises me to finish the affair in

four days; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust

to.--It is nine o'clock, and I must go study, you little rogues; and so

good-night, etc.

30. Morning. The weather grows cold, you sauceboxes. Sir Andrew

Fountaine, they bring me word, is better. I will go rise, for my hands

are starving while I write in bed. Night. Now Sir Andrew Fountaine is

recovering, he desires to be at ease; for I called in the morning to

read prayers, but he had given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost

a legacy by his living; for he told me he had left me a picture and some

books, etc. I called to see my quondam neighbour Ford (do you know what

quondam is, though?), and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always

dines at home on Opera-days. I came home at six, writ to the Archbishop,

then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to MD these

few lines, to let you know I am in good health at the present writing

hereof, and hope in God MD is so too. I wonder I never write politics to

you: I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane.--Well,

but when shall we answer this letter, No. 8 of MD's? Not till next year,

faith. O Lord--bo--but that will be a Monday next. Cod's-so, is it?

and so it is: never saw the like.--I made a pun t'other day to Ben

Portlack(11) about a pair of drawers. Poh, said he, that's mine a--- all

over. Pray, pray, Dingley, let me go sleep; pray, pray, Stella, let me

go slumber; and put out my wax-candle.

31. Morning. It is now seven, and I have got a fire, but am writing abed

in my bed-chamber. 'Tis not shaving-day, so I shall be ready early to

go before church to Mr. St. John; and to-morrow I will answer our MD's

letter.

Would you answer MD's letter,

On New Year's Day you'll do it better;

For, when the year with MD 'gins,

It without MD never lins.

(These proverbs have always old words in them; lins is leave off.)

But, if on New Year you write nones,

MD then will bang your bones.

But Patrick says I must rise.--Night. I was early this morning with

Secretary St. John, and gave him a memorial to get the Queen's letter

for the First-Fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He

told me he had been with the Duke of Marlborough, who was lamenting his

former wrong steps in joining with the Whigs, and said he was worn out

with age, fatigues, and misfortunes. I swear it pitied me; and I really

think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although

indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the

Prince of it: he would fain have been General for life, and has broken

all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told

the Queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said if she could

have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly

forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable measures of

the late Ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs.

Yet he has been a successful General, and I hope he will continue his

command. O Lord, smoke the politics to MD! Well; but, if you like them,

I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the

chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley, and came away at six: there

was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. Harley made me read a

paper of verses of Prior's. I read them plain, without any fine manner;

and Prior swore, I should never read any of his again; but he would be

revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said I

was famous for reading verses the worst in the world; and that everybody

snatched them from me when I offered to begin. So we laughed.--Sir

Andrew Fountaine still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of

bile.

Jan. 1. Morning. I wish my dearest, pretty Dingley and Stella a happy

New Year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company.

Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter;

but now I remember I always write Pdfr. Patrick wishes me a happy New

Year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith 'tis

cold. I was so politic last night with MD, never saw the like. Get the

Examiners, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons

for the late change, and of the abuses of the last Ministry; and

the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by

their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir

Andrew Fountaine; but perhaps to-night I may answer MD's letter: so

good-morrow, my mistresses all, good-morrow.

I wish you both a merry New Year,

Roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer,

And me a share of your good cheer,

That I was there, or you were here;

And you're a little saucy dear.

Good-morrow again, dear sirrahs; one cannot rise for your play.--At

night. I went this morning to visit Lady Kerry and Lord Shelburne; and

they made me dine with them. Sir Andrew Fountaine is better. And now

let us come and see what this saucy, dear letter of MD says. Come out,

letter, come out from between the sheets; here it is underneath, and

it will not come out. Come out again, I say: so there. Here it is. What

says Presto to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to

your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray,

how have you got up with Presto, Madam Stella? You write your eighth

when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth when I receive your

eighth. Do not you allow for what are upon the road, simpleton? What say

you to that? And so you kept Presto's little birthday, I warrant: would

to God I had been at the health rather than here, where I have no manner

of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow

wise in time; but no more of that: only I say Amen with my heart and

vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor

Presto lives.

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I can't be merry so near any splenetic talk; so I made that long line,

and now all's well again. Yes, you are a pretending slut, indeed, with

your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your journal, and everything.

Wind--we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We

had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true:

"I hate all wind,

Before and behind,

From cheeks with eyes,

Or from blind.----"

Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a

brick or two: but that's a d--ned lie of your chimney being carried

to the next house with the wind. Don't put such things upon us; those

matters will not pass here: keep a little to possibilities. My Lord

Hertford(12) would have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take

care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, 'tis

hard to break one's self of it. Jemmy Leigh talks of going over; but

quando? I do not know when he will go. Oh, now you have had my ninth,

now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all

that business of Lady S----.(13) Will nobody cut that D--y's throat?

Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the

life of a king? They say she died with grief, partly, being forced

to appear as a witness in court about some squabble among their

servants.--The Bishop of Clogher showed you a pamphlet.(14) Well, but

you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say

anything. The Character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the

facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some

bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two

days: who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to

know, impudence? How durst you think so? Pox on your Parliaments: the

Archbishop has told me of it; but we do not vouchsafe to know anything

of it here. No, no, no more of your giddiness yet; thank you, Stella,

for asking after it; thank you; God Almighty bless you for your kindness

to poor Presto. You write to Lady Giffard and your mother upon what I

advise when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad news will bring

down stocks so low, that one might buy to great advantage. I design to

venture going to see your mother some day when Lady Giffard is abroad.

Well, keep your Rathburn(15) and stuff. I thought he was to pay in

your money upon his houses to be flung down about the what do you call

it.--Well, Madam Dingley, I sent your enclosed to Bristol, but have not

heard from Raymond since he went. Come, come, young women, I keep a good

fire; it costs me twelvepence a week, and I fear something more; vex me,

and I will have one in my bed-chamber too. No, did not I tell you but

just now, we have no high winds here? Have you forgot already?--Now

you're at it again, silly Stella; why does your mother say my candles

are scandalous? They are good sixes in the pound, and she said I was

extravagant enough to burn them by daylight. I never burn fewer at a

time than one. What would people have? The D---- burst Hawkshaw. He told

me he had not the box; and the next day Sterne told me he had sent it

a fortnight ago. Patrick could not find him t'other day, but he shall

to-morrow. Dear life and heart, do you tease me? does Stella tease

Presto? That palsy-water was in the box; it was too big for a packet,

and I was afraid of its breaking. Leigh was not in town then; or I would

not have trusted it to Sterne, whom yet I have befriended enough to do

me more kindness than that. I'll never rest till you have it, or till

it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it

teases me; how could I ever forgive myself for neglecting anything that

related to your health? Sure I were a Devil if I did.

------------------------------------------------------

See how far I am forced to stand from Stella, because I am afraid she

thinks poor Presto has not been careful about her little things; I am

sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packed them up

with my own hands, and sent them to Sterne, and was six times with him

about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses.

I have got another velvet cap; a new one Lord Herbert(16) bought and

presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as

merry and easy as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an

hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days

ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about Tatlers: I did neither write

that on Noses nor Religion,(17) nor do I send him of late any hints at

all.--Indeed, Stella, when I read your letter, I was not uneasy at all;

but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not

received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought, through

your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought.

But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know

to-morrow, and write to Sterne, for fear he should not be within.--And

pray, pray, Presto, pray now do.--No, Raymond was not above four times

with me while he stayed, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs. Fenton

has written me another letter about some money of hers in Lady Giffard's

hands, that is entrusted to me by my mother, not to come to her husband.

I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and, if you will have them

oftener, you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let Parvisol

sell the horse. I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter: I am

glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him;

but, if he would buy you another, or anybody else, and that you could be

often able to ride, why do not you do it?

2. I went this morning early to the Secretary of State, Mr. St. John;

and he told me from Mr. Harley that the warrant was now drawn, in order

for a patent for the First-Fruits: it must pass through several offices,

and take up some time, because in things the Queen gives they are always

considerate; but that, he assures me, 'tis granted and done, and past

all dispute, and desires I will not be in any pain at all. I will write

again to the Archbishop to-morrow, and tell him this, and I desire you

will say it on occasion. From the Secretary I went to Mr. Sterne,

who said he would write to you to-night; and that the box must be at

Chester; and that some friend of his goes very soon, and will carry it

over. I dined with Mr. Secretary St. John, and at six went to Darteneufs

house to drink punch with him, and Mr. Addison, and little Harrison,(18)

a young poet, whose fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there,

but came not, nor never did twice, since I knew him, to any appointment.

I stayed till past eleven, and am now in bed. Steele's last Tatler came

out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes

leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. Addison of it, who was

surprised as much as I; but, to say the truth, it was time, for he grew

cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go

upon; but he was so lazy and weary of the work that he would not improve

them. I think I will send this after(19) to-morrow: shall I before 'tis

full, Dingley?

3. Lord Peterborow yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there

we talked deep politics: he desired me to dine with him to-day at the

Globe in the Strand; he said he would show me so clearly how to get

Spain, that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly,

and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attorneys and hang-dogs,

signing of deeds and stuff before his journey; for he goes to-morrow

to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard

nothing of Spain; only I find, by what he told me before, that he fears

he shall do no good in his present journey.(20) We are to be mighty

constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at Sir

Andrew Fountaine's, who mends much. I came home, an't please you, at

six, and have been studying till now past eleven.

4. Morning. Morrow, little dears. O, faith, I have been dreaming; I was

to be put in prison. I do not know why, and I was so afraid of a black

dungeon; and then all I had been inquiring yesterday of Sir Andrew

Fountaine's sickness I thought was of poor Stella. The worst of dreams

is, that one wakes just in the humour they leave one. Shall I send this

to-day? With all my heart: it is two days within the fortnight; but may

be MD are in haste to have a round dozen: and then how are you come up

to me with your eighth, young women? But you indeed ought to write twice

slower than I, because there are two of you; I own that. Well then, I

will seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the

city with me, where I go to dine, and put it into the post-office with

my own fair hands. So, let me see whether I have any news to tell MD.

They say they will very soon make some inquiries into the corruptions

of the late Ministry; and they must do it, to justify their turning them

out. Atterbury,(21) we think, is to be Dean of Christ Church in Oxford;

but the College would rather have Smalridge--What's all this to you?

What care you for Atterburys and Smalridges? No, you care for nothing

but Presto, faith. So I will rise, and bid you farewell; yet I am loth

to do so, because there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but

Dingley will have it so: "Yes," says she, "make your journals shorter,

and send them oftener;" and so I will. And I have cheated you another

way too; for this is clipped paper, and holds at least six lines less

than the former ones. I will tell you a good thing I said to my Lord

Carteret.(22) "So," says he, "my Lord came up to me, and asked me," etc.

"No," said I, "my Lord never did, nor ever can come up to you." We all

pun here sometimes. Lord Carteret set down Prior t'other day in his

chariot; and Prior thanked him for his CHARITY; that was fit for

Dilly.(23) I do not remember I heard one good one from the Ministry;

which is really a shame. Henley is gone to the country for Christmas.

The puppy comes here without his wife,(24) and keeps no house, and would

have me dine with him at eating-houses; but I have only done it

once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the

Coffee-house, and asking after me, desired Lord Herbert to tell me I was

a beast for ever, after the order of Melchisedec. Did you ever read the

Scripture?(25) It is only changing the word priest to beast.--I think

I am bewitched, to write so much in a morning to you, little MD. Let

me go, will you? and I'll come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of

paper; but I can nor will stay no longer now; no, I won't, for all your

wheedling: no, no, look off, do not smile at me, and say, "Pray, pray,

Presto, write a little more." Ah! you are a wheedling slut, you be so.

Nay, but prithee turn about, and let me go, do; 'tis a good girl, and

do. O, faith, my morning candle is just out, and I must go now in spite

of my teeth; for my bed-chamber is dark with curtains, and I am at the

wrong side. So farewell, etc. etc.

I am in the dark almost: I must have another candle, when I am up, to

seal this; but I will fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of

this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs.

Walls and Mrs. Stoyte.

God Almighty bless you, etc. What I am doing I can't see; but I will

fold it up, and not look on it again.

LETTER 13.

LONDON, Jan. 4, 1710-11.

I was going into the City (where I dined and put my 12th, with my own

fair hands, into the post-office as I came back, which was not till nine

this night). I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth

your while to know; an authoress and a printer.(1) I walked home for

exercise, and at eleven got to bed; and, all the while I was undressing

myself, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if MD had

been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last

night to the Archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the

First-Fruits; and I told him Lord Peterborow was set out for his journey

to Vienna; but it seems the Lords have addressed to have him stay, to

be examined about Spanish affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know

where the fault lay, etc. So I writ to the Archbishop a lie; but I think

it was not a sin.

5. Mr. Secretary St. John sent for me this morning so early, that I was

forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method. I called

at Mr. Ford's, and desired him to lend me a shaving; and so made a

shift to get into order again. Lord! here is an impertinence: Sir Andrew

Fountaine's mother and sister(2) are come above a hundred miles, from

Worcester, to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday; and

he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach

him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people

about him wondered at me, and said what a mighty content it would be on

both sides to die when they were with him! I knew the mother; she is the

greatest Overdo(3) upon earth; and the sister, they say, is worse; the

poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother

always crying in the outer room till Sir Andrew was in danger; and

the dog was to have all his estate if he died; and it is an ignorant,

worthless, scoundrel-rake: and the nurses were comforting him, and

desiring he would not take on so. I dined to-day the first time with

Ophy Butler(4) and his wife; and you supped with the Dean, and lost

two-and-twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs. Walls is brought to bed of

a girl, who died two days after it was christened; and, betwixt you and

me, she is not very sorry: she loves her ease and diversions too well to

be troubled with children. I will go to bed.

6. Morning. I went last night to put some coals on my fire after Patrick

was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought

to bring over to Dingley: it cost him sixpence, and is as tame as a

dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird: where you put him,

there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a

week he will die of the spleen. Patrick advised with me before he bought

him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness

of the attempt; showed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the

salt sea: but he would not take my counsel; and he will repent it. 'Tis

very cold this morning in bed; and I hear there is a good fire in the

room without (what do you call it?), the dining-room. I hope it will be

good weather, and so let me rise, sirrahs, do so.--At night. I was this

morning to visit the Dean,(5) or Mr. Prolocutor, I think you call him,

don't you? Why should not I go to the Dean's as well as you? A little,

black man, of pretty near fifty? Ay, the same. A good, pleasant man? Ay,

the same. Cunning enough? Yes. One that understands his own interests?

As well as anybody. How comes it MD and I don't meet there sometimes? A

very good face, and abundance of wit? Do you know his lady? O Lord! whom

do you mean?(6) I mean Dr. Atterbury, Dean of Carlisle and Prolocutor.

Pshaw, Presto, you are a fool: I thought you had meant our Dean of St.

Patrick's.--Silly, silly, silly, you are silly, both are silly, every

kind of thing is silly. As I walked into the city I was stopped with

clusters of boys and wenches buzzing about the cake-shops like flies.(7)

There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the

streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and stuck with

streamers of tinsel. And then I went to Bateman's the bookseller, and

laid out eight-and-forty shillings for books. I bought three little

volumes of Lucian in French for our Stella, and so and so. Then I went

to Garraway's(8) to meet Stratford and dine with him; but it was an idle

day with the merchants, and he was gone to our end of the town: so I

dined with Sir Thomas Frankland at the Post Office, and we drank your

Manley's health. It was in a newspaper that he was turned out; but

Secretary St. John told me it was false: only that newswriter is a

plaguy Tory. I have not seen one bit of Christmas merriment.

7. Morning. Your new Lord Chancellor(9) sets out to-morrow for Ireland:

I never saw him. He carries over one Trapp(10) a parson as his chaplain,

a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause,

whom they pay by sending him to Ireland. I never saw Trapp neither. I

met Tighe(11) and your Smyth of Lovet's yesterday by the Exchange. Tighe

and I took no notice of each other; but I stopped Smyth, and told him of

the box that lies for you at Chester, because he says he goes very soon

to Ireland, I think this week: and I will send this morning to Sterne,

to take measures with Smyth; so good-morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise,

pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this

minute, and then said I, "No, no, indeed, MD, you must stay"; and then

was laying it aside, but could not for my heart, though I am very busy,

till I just ask you how you do since morning; by and by we shall talk

more, so let me leave you: softly down, little paper, till then; so

there--now to business; there, I say, get you gone; no, I will not push

you neither, but hand you on one side--So--Now I am got into bed, I'll

talk with you. Mr. Secretary St. John sent for me this morning in all

haste; but I would not lose my shaving, for fear of missing church. I

went to Court, which is of late always very full; and young Manley and

I dined at Sir Matthew Dudley's.--I must talk politics. I protest I am

afraid we shall all be embroiled with parties. The Whigs, now they are

fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a

second misfortune, the loss of several Virginia ships. I fear people

will begin to think that nothing thrives under this Ministry: and if the

Ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the Parliament may

be chosen Whig or Tory as the Queen pleases. Then I think our friends

press a little too hard on the Duke of Marlborough. The country

members(12) are violent to have past faults inquired into, and they have

reason; but I do not observe the Ministry to be very fond of it. In my

opinion we have nothing to save us but a Peace; and I am sure we cannot

have such a one as we hoped; and then the Whigs will bawl what they

would have done had they continued in power. I tell the Ministry this

as much as I dare; and shall venture to say a little more to them,

especially about the Duke of Marlborough, who, as the Whigs give out,

will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise State

laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom

the enemy so much dread, and his own soldiers cannot but believe must

always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in

ten. The Ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much

kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with

their proceedings. Meantime, they seem to value all this as nothing,

and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts or upon

their shoulders; like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no

grief, whatever the patient suffers.--Pshaw, what is all this? Do you

know one thing, that I find I can write politics to you much easier

than to anybody alive? But I swear my head is full; and I wish I were at

Laracor, with dear, charming MD, etc.

8. Morning. Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four

days, at the bottom of this side already, and no letter yet come from

MD (that word interlined is morning). I find I have been writing State

affairs to MD. How do they relish it? Why, anything that comes from

Presto is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had

their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, etc. Now,

Presto, I must tell you, you grow silly, says Stella. That is but one

body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with Mr. Secretary St. John this

morning; but I am lazy, and will not go, because I had a letter from

him yesterday, to desire I would dine there to-day. I shall be chid;

but what care I?--Here has been Mrs. South with me, just come from Sir

Andrew Fountaine, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may

live or die. His mother and sister are now come up, and in the house; so

there is a lurry.(13) I gave Mrs. South half a pistole for a New Year's

gift. So good-morrow, dears both, till anon.--At night. Lord! I have

been with Mr. Secretary from dinner till eight; and, though I drank

wine and water, I am so hot! Lady Stanley(14) came to visit Mrs. St.

John,(15) and sent up for me to make up a quarrel with Mrs. St. John,

whom I never yet saw; and do you think that devil of a Secretary would

let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love

with his lady, and it was a shame to keep back a lover, etc.? But all

would not do; so at last I was forced to break away, but never went

up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do

to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say something to these

naughty MD's, else there will be no quiet.

9. To-day Ford and I set apart to go into the City to buy books; but we

only had a scurvy dinner at an alehouse; and he made me go to the tavern

and drink Florence, four and sixpence a flask; damned wine! so I spent

my money, which I seldom do, and passed an insipid day, and saw nobody,

and it is now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say, but that 'tis a

fortnight to-morrow since I had a letter from MD; but if I have it

time enough to answer here, 'tis well enough, otherwise woe betide you,

faith. I will go to the toyman's, here just in Pall Mall, and he sells

great hugeous battoons;(16) yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he,

Dingley? Yes, faith. Don't lose your money this Christmas.

10. I must go this morning to Mr. Secretary St. John. I promised

yesterday, but failed, so can't write any more till night to poor, dear

MD.--At night. O, faith, Dingley. I had company in the morning, and

could not go where I designed; and I had a basket from Raymond at

Bristol, with six bottles of wine and a pound of chocolate, and some

tobacco to snuff; and he writ under, the carriage was paid; but he lied,

or I am cheated, or there is a mistake; and he has written to me so

confusedly about some things, that Lucifer could not understand him.

This wine is to be drunk with Harley's brother(17) and Sir Robert

Raymond, Solicitor-General, in order to recommend the Doctor to your new

Lord Chancellor, who left this place on Monday; and Raymond says he

is hasting to Chester, to go with him.--I suppose he leaves his wife

behind; for when he left London he had no thoughts of stirring till

summer. So I suppose he will be with you before this. Ford came and

desired I would dine with him, because it was Opera-day; which I did,

and sent excuses to Lord Shelburne, who had invited me.

11. I am setting up a new Tatler, little Harrison,(18) whom I have

mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he

was with me this morning and evening, showing me his first, which comes

out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve

his manner; but the scheme is Mr. Secretary St. John's and mine, and

would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a

printer,(19) whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this

evening. Harrison has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his

trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr. Secretary St. John,

and he made me promise to dine with him; which otherwise I would have

done with Mr. Harley, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot

but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find

them as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a holiday. Harley has the

procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the Whigs will

not lend a groat;(20) which is the only reason of the fall of stocks:

for they are like Quakers and fanatics, that will only deal among

themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady

Marlborough offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to

come into the Queen's presence. The Whigs say the Duke of Marlborough

will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to Heaven

I were this minute with MD at Dublin; for I am weary of politics, that

give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O, faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I

have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more

this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you,

little rogues; but now it is over. I dined to-day with Lord Shelburne;

and to-day little Harrison's new Tatler came out: there is not much in

it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that, upon Steele's

leaving off, there were two or three scrub Tatlers(21) came out, and one

of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against Harrison's;

and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the strops for

razors.(22) I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it.

I will tell you a copy of verses. When Mr. St. John was turned out from

being Secretary at War, three years ago, he retired to the country:

there he was talking of something he would have written over his

summer-house, and a gentleman gave him these verses--

From business and the noisy world retired,

Nor vexed by love, nor by ambition fired;

Gently I wait the call of Charon's boat,

Still drinking like a fish, and ------- like a stoat.

He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest; for he pretended to retire

like a philosopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I

believe the thing was true: for he had been a thorough rake. I think the

three grave lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so, but I will

go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O, faith, young women, I want a letter from MD; 'tis now nineteen

days since I had the last: and where have I room to answer it, pray? I

hope I shall send this away without any answer at all; for I'll hasten

it, and away it goes on Tuesday, by which time this side will be full. I

will send it two days sooner on purpose out of spite; and the very next

day after, you must know, your letter will come, and then 'tis too late,

and I will so laugh, never saw the like! 'Tis spring with us already. I

ate asparagus t'other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter? Sir

Andrew Fountaine lies still extremely ill; it costs him ten guineas a

day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so these three

weeks. I dined to-day with Mr. Ford; he sometimes chooses to dine at

home, and I am content to dine with him; and at night I called at the

Coffee-house, where I had not been in a week, and talked coldly a while

with Mr. Addison. All our friendship and dearness are off: we are civil

acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that is

all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks: t'other day

we were to have dined together at the Comptroller's;(23) but I sent my

excuses, being engaged to the Secretary of State. Is not it odd? But

I think he has used me ill; and I have used him too well, at least his

friend Steele.

15. It has cost me three guineas to-day for a periwig.(24) I am undone!

It was made by a Leicester lad, who married Mr. Worrall's daughter,

where my mother lodged;(25) so I thought it would be cheap, and

especially since he lives in the city. Well, London lickpenny:(26) I

find it true. I have given Harrison hints for another Tatler to-morrow.

The jackanapes wants a right taste: I doubt he won't do. I dined with my

friend Lewis of the Secretary's office, and am got home early, because I

have much business to do; but before I begin, I must needs say something

to MD, faith--No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day since my

last from MD. I have got Mr. Harley to promise that whatever changes are

made in the Council, the Bishop of Clogher shall not be removed, and he

has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the Bishop know so much in a

post or two. This is a secret; but I know he has enemies, and they shall

not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they

might; for some changes there will be made. So drink up your claret, and

be quiet, and do not lose your money.

16. Morning. Faith, I will send this letter to-day to shame you, if I

han't one from MD before night, that's certain. Won't you grumble for

want of the third side, pray now? Yes, I warrant you; yes, yes, you

shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other

time; when you be writing girls.--O, faith, I think I won't stay till

night, but seal up this just now, and carry it in my pocket, and whip

it into the post-office as I come home at evening. I am going out

early this morning.--Patrick's bills for coals and candles, etc., come

sometimes to three shillings a week; I keep very good fires, though the

weather be warm. Ireland will never be happy till you get small coal(27)

likewise; nothing so easy, so convenient, so cheap, so pretty, for

lighting a fire. My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Walls; has she a boy or a

girl? A girl, hum; and died in a week, humm; and was poor Stella forced

to stand for godmother?--Let me know how accompts stand, that you may

have your money betimes. There's four months for my lodging, that must

be thought on too: and so go dine with Manley, and lose your money, do,

extravagant sluttikin, but don't fret.--It will be just three weeks when

I have the next letter, that's to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved MD;

and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left

you, as hope saved.--It is the last sally I will ever make, but I hope

it will turn to some account. I have done more for these,(28) and

I think they are more honest than the last; however, I will not

be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy; and I never desired

more.--Farewell, etc. etc.

LETTER 14.

LONDON, Jan. 16, 1710-11.

O faith, young women, I have sent my letter N.13 without one crumb of an

answer to any of MD's, there's for you now; and yet Presto ben't angry,

faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next Irish post,

except he sees MD's little handwriting in the glass-frame at the bar

of St. James's Coffee-house, where Presto would never go but for that

purpose. Presto is at home, God help him, every night from six till

bed-time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as

anybody in the world, although in full favour with all the Ministry. As

hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness but a

letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of

it; and when it does not come, I comfort myself that I have it yet to

be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too; it is

just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you

where I have been: "Well," says you, "Presto, come, where have you been

to-day? come, let's hear now." And so then I answer: "Ford and I were

visiting Mr. Lewis and Mr. Prior; and Prior has given me a fine Plautus;

and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would

not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house, which I have not done

five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting Sir

Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister, and Sir Andrew Fountaine is

mending, though slowly."

17. I was making, this morning, some general visits, and at twelve I

called at the Coffee-house for a letter from MD; so the man said he had

given it to Patrick. Then I went to the Court of Requests and Treasury,

to find Mr. Harley, and, after some time spent in mutual reproaches,

I promised to dine with him. I stayed there till seven, then called

at Sterne's and Leigh's to talk about your box, and to have it sent by

Smyth. Sterne says he has been making inquiries, and will set things

right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at Chester, at least I hope

so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little Harrison been

to complain that the printer I recommended to him for his Tatler is a

coxcomb; and yet to see how things will happen; for this very printer

is my cousin, his name is Dryden Leach;(1) did you never hear of Dryden

Leach, he that prints the Postman? He acted Oroonoko;(2) he's in love

with Miss Cross.(3)--Well, so I came home to read my letter from Stella,

but the dog Patrick was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter.

I found another hand had superscribed it; when I opened it, I found it

written all in French, and subscribed Bernage:(4) faith, I was ready to

fling it at Patrick's head. Bernage tells me he had been to desire your

recommendation to me, to make him a captain; and your cautious answer,

that he had as much power with me as you, was a notable one; if you

were here, I would present you to the Ministry as a person of ability.

Bernage should let me know where to write to him; this is the second

letter I have had without any direction; however, I beg I may not have a

third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him.

In the meantime, tell him that if regiments are to be raised here, as he

says, I will speak to George Granville,(5) Secretary at War, to make him

a captain; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that

is enough, and so tell him, and do not trouble me with his letters, when

I expect them from MD; do you hear, young women? write to Presto.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John, and we were to dine

at Mr. Harley's alone, about some business of importance; but there were

two or three gentlemen there. Mr. Secretary and I went together from

his office to Mr. Harley's, and thought to have been very wise; but the

deuce a bit, the company stayed, and more came, and Harley went away at

seven, and the Secretary and I stayed with the rest of the company till

eleven; I would then have had him come away; but he was in for't; and

though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I

wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no

more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep

the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor

Masham,(6) who was with us. When I got home, I found a parcel directed

to me; and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely against

myself, not by name, but against something I writ:(7) it is pretty

civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it;

'tis against something written very lately; and indeed I know not what

to say, nor do I care. And so you are a saucy rogue for losing your

money to-day at Stoyte's; to let that bungler beat you, fie, Stella,

an't you ashamed? Well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no,

noooo. Kiss and be friends, sirrah.--Come, let me go sleep, I go earlier

to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two

months; but the Secretary was in a drinking humour. So good-night,

myownlittledearsaucyinsolentrogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line; no,(8) faith, han't

you. Well, when will this letter come from our MD? to-morrow or next day

without fail; yes, faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy

day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and

came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten; I remember old

Culpepper's maxim:

"Would you have a settled head,

You must early go to bed:

I tell you, and I tell't again,

You must be in bed at ten."

20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao, to visit Lady

Worsley,(9) whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in

town. Then I walked in the Park to find Mr. Ford, whom I had promised to

meet; and coming down the Mall, who should come towards me but Patrick,

and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription

of the first, "Pshoh," said I; of the second, "Pshoh" again; of the

third, "Pshah, pshah, pshah"; of the fourth, "A gad, a gad, a gad, I'm

in a rage"; of the fifth and last, "O hoooa; ay marry this is something,

this is our MD"; so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it

began the most impudently in the world, thus: "Dear Presto, We are even

thus far." "Now we are even," quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife

six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my

thirteenth. But I'll reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why

did not you recant at the end of your letter, when you got my eleventh,

tell me that, huzzies base? were we even then, were we, sirrah? But I

won't answer your letter now, I'll keep it for another time. We had a

great deal of snow to-day, and 'tis terrible cold. I dined with Ford,

because it was his Opera-day and snowed, so I did not care to stir

farther. I will send tomorrow to Smyth.

21. Morning. It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I

am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. "Is there a

good fire, Patrick?" "Yes, sir." "Then I will rise; come, take away the

candle." You must know I write on the dark side of my bed-chamber, and

am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me

and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray

let me rise; and Patrick, here, take away the candle.--At night. We are

now here in high frost and snow, the largest fire can hardly keep us

warm. It is very ugly walking; a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday.

I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. 'Tis a good

proverb the Devonshire people have:

"Walk fast in snow,

In frost walk slow;

And still as you go,

Tread on your toe.

When frost and snow are both together,

Sit by the fire, and spare shoe-leather."

I dined to-day with Dr. Cockburn,(10) but will not do so again in haste,

he has generally such a parcel of Scots with him.

22. Morning. Starving, starving, uth, uth, uth, uth, uth.--Don't you

remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her

chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry Uth, uth, uth?

etc. O, faith, I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So

good-morrow, sirrahs.--At night. I went this morning to Lady Giffard's

house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of

palsy-water,(11) which I brought home in my pocket; and sealed and tied

up in a paper, and sent it to Mr. Smyth, who goes to-morrow for Ireland,

and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would

inquire at Chester about the box. He was not within: so the bottle and

letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give

them to him; and I will send Patrick in a day or two, to know whether

it was given, etc. Dr. Stratford(12) and I dined to-day with Mr.

Stratford(13) in the City, by appointment; but I chose to walk there,

for exercise in the frost. But the weather had given a little, as you

women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till

nine.

And now I'm in bed,

To break your head.

23. Morning. They tell me it freezes again, but it is not so cold as

yesterday: so now I will answer a bit of your letter.--At night. O,

faith, I was just going to answer some of our MD's letter this morning,

when a printer came in about some business, and stayed an hour; so I

rose, and then came in Ben Tooke, and then I shaved and scribbled; and

it was such a terrible day, I could not stir out till one, and then I

called at Mrs. Barton's, and we went to Lady Worsley's, where we were to

dine by appointment. The Earl of Berkeley(14) is going to be married to

Lady Louisa Lennox, the Duke of Richmond's daughter. I writ this night

to Dean Sterne, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsy-water

by Smyth; and to-morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. Morning. Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I

have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed

to the next. You are always grumbling that you han't letters fast

enough; "surely we shall have your tenth;" and yet, before you end your

letter, you own you have my eleventh.--And why did not MD go into the

country with the Bishop of Clogher? faith, such a journey would have

done you good; Stella should have rode, and Dingley gone in the coach.

The Bishop of Kilmore(15) I know nothing of; he is old, and may die; he

lives in some obscure corner, for I never heard of him. As for my old

friends, if you mean the Whigs, I never see them, as you may find by my

journals, except Lord Halifax, and him very seldom; Lord Somers never

since the first visit, for he has been a false, deceitful rascal.(16)

My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do

not count upon them, and besides my pretences are very young to them.

However, we will see what may be done; and if nothing at all, I shall

not be disappointed; although perhaps poor MD may, and then I shall be

sorrier for their sakes than my own.--Talk of a merry Christmas (why do

you write it so then, young women? sauce for the goose is sauce for the

gander), I have wished you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack;

and your news, that Mr. St. John is going to Holland; he has no such

thoughts, to quit the great station he is in; nor, if he had, could I

be spared to go with him. So, faith, politic Madam Stella, you come

with your two eggs a penny, etc. Well, Madam Dingley, and so Mrs. Stoyte

invites you, and so you stay at Donnybrook, and so you could not write.

You are plaguy exact in your journals, from Dec. 25 to Jan. 4. Well,

Smyth and the palsy-water I have handled already, and he does not lodge

(or rather did not, for, poor man, now he is gone) at Mr. Jesse's, and

all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to Stella's mother

on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire

another bottle; but I was so fretted, so tosticated, and so impatient

that Stella should have her water (I mean decently, do not be rogues),

and so vexed with Sterne's carelessness.--Pray God, Stella's illness

may not return! If they come seldom, they begin to be weary; I judge by

myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance.--Leave

a good deal of my tenth unanswered! Impudent slut, when did you ever

answer my tenth, or ninth, or any other number? or who desires you

to answer, provided you write? I defy the D---- to answer my letters:

sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would

answer; but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never

love answering letters again, if you talk of answering. Answering,

quotha! pretty answerers truly.--As for the pamphlet you speak of, and

call it scandalous, and that one Mr. Presto is said to write it, hear my

answer. Fie, child, you must not mind what every idle body tells you--I

believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you said so;

come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to St. Mary's(17) so soon, you will

be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: besides,

I would have you think of being in the country in summer. Indeed,

Stella, pippins produced plentifully; Parvisol could not send from

Laracor: there were about half a score, I would be glad to know whether

they were good for anything.--Mrs. Walls at Donnybrook with you; why is

not she brought to bed? Well, well, well, Dingley, pray be satisfied;

you talk as if you were angry about the Bishop's not offering you

conveniences for the journey; and so he should.--What sort of Christmas?

Why, I have had no Christmas at all; and has it really been Christmas

of late? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs. Stoyte, and

Catherine; and let Catherine get the coffee ready against I come, and

not have so much care on her countenance; for all will go well.--Mr.

Bernage, Mr. Bernage, Mr. Fiddlenage, I have had three letters from

him now successively; he sends no directions, and how the D---- shall

I write to him? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen Stella's

hand at the bottom: his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in

buying? and if he be ordered to go to Spain, go he must, or else sell,

and I believe one can hardly sell in such a juncture. If he had stayed,

and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavour to have had him

removed; although I have no credit that way, or very little: but, if

the regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and

opportunities of saving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times.

What can I do? whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I

will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it

to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to

him; and so I have told you, and desired you would tell him, fifty

times. Yes, Madam Stella, I think I can read your long concluding word,

but you can't read mine after bidding you good-night. And yet methinks,

I mend extremely in my writing; but when Stella's eyes are well, I hope

to write as bad as ever.--So now I have answered your letter, and mine

is an answer; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write

and look, and look and write again.--So good-morrow, madams both, and I

will go rise, for I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must

rise early, I don't know why.

25. Morning. I did not tell you how I passed my time yesterday, nor

bid you good-night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning

to Secretary St. John about some business; he had got a great Whig with

him; a creature of the Duke of Marlborough, who is a go-between to make

peace between the Duke and the Ministry: so he came out of his closet,

and, after a few words, desired I would dine with him at three; but Mr.

Lewis stayed till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the

time slipped so, that at last, when I was positive to go, it was past

two o'clock; so I came home, and went straight to bed. He would never

let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when

we went away. So I bid you good-night for last night, and now I bid you

good-morrow, and I am still in bed, though it be near ten, but I must

rise.

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four

days that I could not write to MD. My head is not in order, and yet is

not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless; I walk every

day, and take drops of Dr. Cockburn, and I have just done a box of

pills; and to-day Lady Kerry sent me some of her bitter drink, which I

design to take twice a day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were

with MD; I long for spring and good weather, and then I will come over.

My riding in Ireland keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the

easiest meats as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off;

but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy,

yesterday at Mr. Stone's, in the City, on Sunday at Vanhomrigh's,

Saturday with Ford, and Friday I think at Vanhomrigh's; and that is all

the journal I can send MD, for I was so lazy while I was well, that I

could not write. I thought to have sent this to-night, but 'tis ten,

and I'll go to bed, and write on t'other side to Parvisol to-morrow, and

send it on Thursday; and so good-night, my dears; and love Presto, and

be healthy, and Presto will be so too, etc.

Cut off these notes handsomely, d'ye hear, sirrahs, and give Mrs. Brent

hers, and keep yours till you see Parvisol, and then make up the letter

to him, and send it him by the first opportunity; and so God Almighty

bless you both, here and ever, and poor Presto.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these last lines were another

letter.

Dingley, Pray pay Stella six fishes, and place them to the account of

your humble servant, Presto.

Stella, Pray pay Dingley six fishes, and place them to the account of

your humble servant, Presto.

There are bills of exchange for you.

LETTER 15.

LONDON, Jan. 31, 1710-11.

I am to send you my fourteenth to-morrow; but my head, having some

little disorders, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning

with Mr. Secretary St. John about some business, so I could not scribble

my morning lines to MD. They are here intending to tax all little

printed penny papers a halfpenny every half-sheet, which will utterly

ruin Grub Street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it.(1) Besides, I was

forwarding an impeachment against a certain great person; that was two

of my businesses with the Secretary, were they not worthy ones? It was

Ford's birthday, and I refused the Secretary, and dined with Ford.

We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate

walking weather, and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond(2) full of the rabble

sliding and with skates, if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's

water freezes in the gallipot, and my hands in bed.

Feb. 1. I was this morning with poor Lady Kerry, who is much worse in

her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter; and we are so fond

of one another, because our ailments are the same; don't you know that,

Madam Stella? Han't I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife,(3)

and some others, sirrah? I walked into the City to dine, because of the

walk, for we must take care of Presto's health, you know, because of

poor little MD. But I walked plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding

against my will; but I am very busy.

2. This morning Mr. Ford came to me to walk into the City, where he had

business, and then to buy books at Bateman's; and I laid out one pound

five shillings for a Strabo and Aristophanes, and I have now got books

enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost

me a fall; and so as we came back, we drank a flask of right French wine

at Ben Tooke's chamber; and when I got home, Mrs. Vanhomrigh sent me

word her eldest daughter(4) was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I

would come and see her. I went, and found it was a silly trick of Mrs.

Armstrong,(5) Lady Lucy's sister, who, with Moll Stanhope, was visiting

there: however, I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at Lady Lucy's, where you know I have not

been this long time. They are plaguy Whigs, especially the sister

Armstrong, the most insupportable of all women, pretending to wit,

without any taste. She was running down the last Examiner,(6) the

prettiest I had read, with a character of the present Ministry.--I left

them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning

my cousin Dryden Leach, the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint,

that Harrison the new Tatler had turned him off, and taken the last

Tatler's printers again. He vowed revenge; I answered gravely, and so he

left me, and I have ordered Patrick to deny me to him from henceforth:

and at night comes a letter from Harrison, telling me the same thing,

and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all

the blame; and in his Tatler of this day(7) he tells you the story, how

he has taken his old officers, and there is a most humble letter from

Morphew and Lillie to beg his pardon, etc.(8) And lastly, this morning

Ford sent me two letters from the Coffee-house (where I hardly ever go),

one from the Archbishop of Dublin, and t'other from--Who do you think

t'other was from?--I'll tell you, because you are friends; why, then it

was, faith, it was from my own dear little MD, N.10. Oh, but will not

answer it now, no, noooooh, I'll keep it between the two sheets; here it

is, just under; oh, I lifted up the sheet and saw it there: lie still,

you shan't be answered yet, little letter; for I must go to bed, and

take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been

much better these last five or six days, since I have taken Lady Kerry's

bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. Addison's, and

dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks, we

are grown common acquaintance; yet what have not I done for his friend

Steele? Mr. Harley reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please

me he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed

to see him, and that Steele never came. Harrison, whom Mr. Addison

recommended to me, I have introduced to the Secretary of State, who has

promised me to take care of him; and I have represented Addison himself

so to the Ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they

hated him before.--Well, he is now in my debt, and there's an end; and

I never had the least obligation to him, and there's another end. This

evening I had a message from Mr. Harley, desiring to know whether I was

alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that

since my head has been wrong I have avoided being with them.--Patrick

has been out of favour these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him,

and have called him "friend" three or four times. But, sirrahs, get you

gone.

5. Morning. I am going this morning to see Prior, who dines with me

at Mr. Harley's; so I can't stay fiddling and talking with dear little

brats in a morning, and 'tis still terribly cold.--I wish my cold hand

was in the warmest place about you, young women, I'd give ten guineas

upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so

I'll rise and bid you good-morrow, my ladies both, good-morrow. Come,

stand away, let me rise: Patrick, take away the candle. Is there a good

fire?--So--up-a-dazy.--At night. Mr. Harley did not sit down till six,

and I stayed till eleven; henceforth I will choose to visit him in the

evenings, and dine with him no more if I can help it. It breaks all my

measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I

hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the Queen's Birthday, so much fine

clothes, and the Court so crowded that I did not go there. All the frost

is gone. It thawed on Sunday, and so continues, yet ice is still on the

Canal (I did not mean that of Laracor, but St. James's Park) and boys

sliding on it. Mr. Ford pressed me to dine with him in his chamber.--Did

not I tell you Patrick has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to

Dingley? It was very tame at first, and 'tis now the wildest I ever saw.

He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say

nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our MD's letter?

One of these odd-come-shortlies. This is a week old, you see, and no

farther yet. Mr. Harley desired I would dine with him again to-day; but

I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday,(9) and will not see

him again till he makes me amends: and so I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the Secretary's office,

and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent to him, desiring to be reconciled;

but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him,

and let him know I expect further satisfaction. If we let these great

Ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises

to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I won't, and he

shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I'll tell you the cause

of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he

did something, which he intended for a favour; and I have taken it quite

otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily

vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest; and I

absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect further

satisfaction. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis. We have a monstrous

deal of snow, and it has cost me two shillings to-day in chair and

coach, and walked till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now

to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write

something to our MD, and then get into bed, and put out my candle,

and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write

sometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning. I HAVE DESIRED APRONIA TO BE ALWAYS CAREFUL, ESPECIALLY

ABOUT THE LEGS. Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence?

I must freely own that I do not. But party carries everything nowadays,

and what a splutter have I heard about the wit of that saying, repeated

with admiration above a hundred times in half an hour! Pray read it over

again this moment, and consider it. I think the word is ADVISED, and not

DESIRED. I should not have remembered it if I had not heard it so often.

Why--ay--You must know I dreamed it just now, and waked with it in my

mouth. Are you bit, or are you not, sirrahs? I met Mr. Harley in the

Court of Requests, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of

writing to myself? He had seen your letter through the glass case at the

Coffee-house, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr. Ford, who took and

sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have formerly said

so too. I think I was little MD's writing-master.(10)--But come, what

is here to do, writing to young women in a morning? I have other fish

to fry; so good-morrow, my ladies all, good-morrow. Perhaps I'll answer

your letter to-night, perhaps I won't; that's as saucy little Presto

takes the humour.--At night. I walked in the Park to-day in spite of the

weather, as I do always when it does not actually rain. Do you know what

it has gone and done? We had a thaw for three days, then a monstrous

dirt and snow, and now it freezes, like a pot-lid, upon our snow. I

dined with Lady Betty Germaine, the first time since I came for England;

and there did I sit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and

another lady at piquet, when I had other business enough to do. It was

the coldest day I felt this year.

9. Morning. After I had been abed an hour last night, I was forced to

rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a

chimney below stairs, which made my bed-chamber smoke, though I had no

fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an

hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious?--It has snowed all night,

and rains this morning.--Come, where's MD's letter? Come, Mrs. Letter,

make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face.--O,

faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay

longer for the rest. I'm so 'fraid you have got my fourteenth while I

am writing this; and I would always have one letter from Presto reading,

one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it lost.

It is directed for Mr. Curry, at his house in Capel Street, etc. I had

a letter yesterday from Dr. Raymond in Chester, who says he sent his

man everywhere, and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr. Smyth will

have better success. Sterne spoke to him, and I writ to him with the

bottle of palsy-water; that bottle, I hope, will not miscarry: I long

to hear you have it. O, faith, you have too good an opinion of Presto's

care. I am negligent enough of everything but MD, and I should not have

trusted Sterne.--But it shall not go so: I will have one more tug for

it.--As to what you say of Goodman Peasly and Isaac,(11) I answer as I

did before. Fie, child, you must not give yourself the way to believe

any such thing: and afterwards, only for curiosity, you may tell me

how these things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they

instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are

printed in your town, or only sent from hence.--Sir Andrew Fountaine is

recovered; so take your sorrow again, but don't keep it, fling it to the

dogs. And does little MD walk indeed?--I'm glad of it at heart.--Yes, we

have done with the plague here: it was very saucy in you to pretend to

have it before your betters. Your intelligence that the story is false

about the officers forced to sell,(12) is admirable. You may see them

all three here every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve shillings

for mending the strong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of

iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I'll pay

it, and never employ him or his again.--No indeed, I put off preaching

as much as I can. I am upon another foot: nobody doubts here whether

I can preach, and you are fools.--The account you give of that weekly

paper(13) agrees with us here. Mr. Prior was like to be insulted in the

street for being supposed the author of it; but one of the last papers

cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but those few in the secret, I

suppose the Ministry and the printer.--Poor Stella's eyes! God bless

them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two

lines a day in broad daylight. How does Stella look, Madam Dingley?

Pretty well, a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a crowd?

Will she make a figure in a country church?--Stay a little, fair ladies.

I this minute sent Patrick to Sterne: he brings back word that your box

is very safe with one Mr. Earl's sister in Chester, and that Colonel

Edgworth's widow(14) goes for Ireland on Monday next, and will receive

the box at Chester, and deliver it you safe: so there are some hopes

now.--Well, let us go on to your letter.--The warrant is passed for the

First-Fruits. The Queen does not send a letter; but a patent will be

drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr. Harley of late has said

nothing of presenting me to the Queen: I was overseen(15) when I

mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him, that he

cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long

before I dropped it to you. What, is not Mrs. Walls' business over

yet? I had hopes she was up and well, and the child dead before this

time.--You did right, at last, to send me your accompts; but I did not

stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last,

and there will be eight pounds' interest soon due from Hawkshaw: pray

look at his bond. I hope you are good managers; and that, when I say so,

Stella won't think I intend she should grudge herself wine. But going to

those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had stayed till

I came over, for some reasons. That Frenchwoman(16) will be grumbling

again in a little time: and if you are invited anywhere to the country,

it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country may be necessary for

poor Stella's health: but do as you like, and do not blame Presto.--Oh,

but you are telling your reasons.--Well, I have read them; do as you

please.--Yes, Raymond says he must stay longer than he thought, because

he cannot settle his affairs. M---- is in the country at some friend's,

comes to town in spring, and then goes to settle in Herefordshire. Her

husband is a surly, ill-natured brute, and cares not she should see

anybody. O Lord, see how I blundered, and left two lines short; it was

that ugly score in the paper(17) that made me mistake.--I believe you

lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. Bernage must

go to Spain; and I will see to recommend him to the Duke of Argyle, his

General, when I see the Duke next: but the officers tell me it would be

dishonourable in the last degree for him to sell now, and he would never

be preferred in the army; so that, unless he designs to leave it for

good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write if I knew

where to direct to him; which I have said fourscore times already. I had

rather anything almost than that you should strain yourselves to send

a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already.

I'll write when I can, and so shall MD; and upon occasions extraordinary

I will write, though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we

agree that all things are well; and so that's settled for ever, and

so hold your tongue.--Well, you shall have your pins; but for candles'

ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides, I

remember what Stella told Dingley about them many years ago, and she

may think the same thing of me.--And Dingley shall have her hinged

spectacles.--Poor dear Stella, how durst you write those two lines by

candlelight? bang your bones! Faith, this letter shall go to-morrow, I

think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that's

too soon of all conscience: but answering yours has filled it up so

quick, and I do not design to use you to three pages in folio, no,

nooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed;--and so good-morrow,

little sirrahs; that's for the rhyme.(18) You want politics: faith, I

can't think of any; but may be at night I may tell you a passage. Come,

sit off the bed, and let me rise, will you?--At night. I dined to-day

with my neighbour Vanhomrigh; it was such dismal weather I could not

stir further. I have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits. I

still drink Dr. Radcliffe's(19) bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to see the Secretary of State, and have engaged

him to give a memorial from me to the Duke of Argyle in behalf of

Bernage. The Duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I

will speak to him myself; but the Secretary backing it will be very

effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell

Bernage so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I

would have him go by all means. I will order it that the Duke shall send

for him when they are in Spain; or, if he fails, that he shall receive

him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a

great deal?--I now send away this letter, that you may not stay.--I

dined with Ford upon his Opera-day, and am now come home, and am going

to study; do not you presume to guess, sirrahs, impudent saucy dear

boxes. Towards the end of a letter I could not say saucy boxes without

putting dear between. An't that right now? Farewell. THIS should BE

longer, BUT that \_I\_ send IT to-night.(20)

O silly, silly loggerhead!

I send a letter this post to one Mr. Staunton, and I direct it to Mr.

Acton's in St. Michael's Lane. He formerly lodged there, but he has not

told me where to direct. Pray send to that Acton, whether(21) the letter

is come there, and whether he has sent it to Staunton.

If Bernage designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him

tell me so, that my recommendation to the Duke of Argyle may not be in

vain.

LETTER 16.

LONDON, Feb. 10, 1710-11.

I have just despatched my fifteenth to the post; I tell you how things

will be, after I have got a letter from MD. I am in furious haste

to finish mine, for fear of having two of MD's to answer in one of

Presto's, which would be such a disgrace, never saw the like; but,

before you write to me, I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a

little every day, just to let you know how matters go, and so and

so; and I hope before this comes to you, you'll have got your box and

chocolate, and Presto will take more care another time.

11. Morning. I must rise and go see my Lord Keeper,(1) which will

cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Don't you call them two

thirteens?(2)--At night. It has rained all day, and there was no

walking. I read prayers to Sir Andrew Fountaine in the forenoon, and I

dined with three Irishmen, at one Mr. Cope's(3) lodgings; the other two

were one Morris an archdeacon,(4) and Mr. Ford. When I came home this

evening, I expected that little jackanapes Harrison would have come to

get help about his Tatler for Tuesday: I have fixed two evenings in the

week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him

fell a reading, and left off other business.--Come, what are you doing?

How do you pass your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I

suppose: fine diversions for young ladies, truly! I wish you had some

of our Seville oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the finest

oranges for twopence apiece, and the basest wine for six shillings a

bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have

half a hogshead when I get to Ireland, if it be good and cheap, as it

used to be; and I will treat MD at my table in an evening, oh hoa, and

laugh at great Ministers of State.

12. The days are grown fine and long, ---- be thanked. O, faith, you

forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr.

Secretary St. John: I went to the Court of Requests at noon, and sent

Mr. Harley into the House to call the Secretary, to let him know I would

not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the Duke of Argyle was

at the lobby of the House too, and I kept him in talk till the Secretary

came out; then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that

I had a request to the Duke, which the Secretary must second, and

his Grace must grant. The Duke said he was sure it was something

insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the Secretary's

house I writ a memorial, and gave it to the Secretary to give the Duke,

and shall see that he does it. It is, that his Grace will please to

take Mr. Bernage into his protection; and if he finds Bernage answers my

character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel Masham(5) and Colonel

Hill(6) Mrs. Masham's(7) brother tell me my request is reasonable, and

they will second it heartily to the Duke too: so I reckon Bernage is

on a very good foot when he goes to Spain. Pray tell him this, though

perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct?

for I suppose he has left Connolly's.(8)

13. I have left off Lady Kerry's bitter, and got another box of pills.

I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it;

and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a great

deal worse: I dined to-day at Lord Shelburne's, where she is, and we

con ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr.

Harley into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within;

I will use to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head:

then I went to visit poor Congreve, who is just getting out of a severe

fit of the gout; and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a

Tatler(9) he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison. It

is about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a coat of

arms at the Herald's, and a set of ancestors at Fleet Ditch; 'tis well

enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those

kind of things, this will divert you. It is now between ten and eleven,

and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs. Vanhomrigh's daughter's(10) birthday, and Mr. Ford

and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we spent the evening there,

drinking punch. That was our way of beginning Lent; and in the morning

Lord Shelburne, Lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, and I, went to Hyde Park,

instead of going to church; for, till my head is a little settled, I

think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go

out sick. Dr. Duke(11) died suddenly two or three nights ago; he was one

of the wits when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and

never writ farther than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verses. He

had a fine living given him by the Bishop of Winchester(12) about three

months ago; he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

15. I walked purely to-day about the Park, the rain being just over, of

which we have had a great deal, mixed with little short frosts. I went

to the Court of Requests, thinking, if Mr. Harley dined early, to go

with him. But meeting Leigh and Sterne, they invited me to dine

with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one H----, a

worthless Irish fellow, was there, ready to dine with us; so I stepped

out, and whispered them, that I would not dine with that fellow: they

made excuses, and begged me to stay; but away I went to Mr. Harley's,

and he did not dine at home; and at last I dined at Sir John

Germaine's,(13) and found Lady Betty but just recovered of a

miscarriage. I am writing an inscription for Lord Berkeley's(14) tomb;

you know the young rake his son, the new Earl, is married to the Duke of

Richmond's daughter,(15) at the Duke's country house, and are now coming

to town. She will be fluxed in two months, and they'll be parted in a

year. You ladies are brave, bold, venturesome folks; and the chit is but

seventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extremes.

And so get you gone to Stoyte to-morrow.

16. Faith, this letter goes on but slow; 'tis a week old, and the first

side not written. I went to-day into the City for a walk, but the person

I designed to dine with was not at home; so I came back, and called at

Congreve's, and dined with him and Estcourt,(16) and laughed till six;

then went to Mr. Harley's, who was not gone to dinner; there I stayed

till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner

to-morrow, which is the day of the week (Saturday) that Lord Keeper

and Secretary St. John dine with him privately, and at last they have

consented to let me among them on that day. Atterbury and Prior went

to bury poor Dr. Duke. Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the

heart-burn.

17. I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to

Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for

presuming to come on a day when only Lord Keeper and the Secretary and I

were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together,

and sat down at four; and the Secretary has invited me to dine with him

to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that

I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They

call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said I believed they would leave me

Jonathan as they found me; and that I never knew a Ministry do anything

for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe

you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting

five hundred pounds,(17) without being obliged to anybody; but that is

a secret, till I see my dearest MD; and so hold your tongue, and do not

talk, sirrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered before dinner; yet I

walk stoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary St. John would

needs have me dine with him to-day; and there I found three persons I

never saw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for:

so I left them early and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy

rain and wind. The Secretary tells me he has put a cheat on me; for Lord

Peterborow sent him twelve dozen flasks of burgundy, on condition that I

should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone,

so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds. Lord Peterborow is now got

to Vienna, and I must write to him to-morrow. I begin now to be towards

looking for a letter from some certain ladies of Presto's acquaintance,

that live at St. Mary's,(18) and are called in a certain language, our

little MD. No, stay, I don't expect one these six days, that will be

just three weeks; an't I a reasonable creature? We are plagued here with

an October Club, that is, a set of above a hundred Parliament men of

the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at

a tavern near the Parliament to consult affairs, and drive things on to

extremes against the Whigs, to call the old Ministry to account, and get

off five or six heads.(19) The Ministry seem not to regard them; yet one

of them in confidence told me that there must be something thought

on, to settle things better. I'll tell you one great State secret: the

Queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late Ministry, runs a

little into t'other extreme, and is jealous in that point, even of

those who got her out of the others' hands. The Ministry is for gentler

measures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking

to me the other day, cursed the paper called the Examiner, for speaking

civilly of the Duke of Marlborough; this I happened to talk of to the

Secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord and some others, and swore

that if their advice were followed they would be blown up in twenty-four

hours. And I have reason to think that they will endeavour to prevail

on the Queen to put her affairs more in the hands of a Ministry than she

does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one

of them you have often met the name of in my letters. But so much for

politics.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the

City, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour Vanhomrigh,

where Sir Andrew Fountaine dined too, who has just began to sally out,

and has shipped his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the

country. This evening was fair, and I walked a little in the Park, till

Prior made me go with him to the Smyrna Coffee-house, where I sat

a while, and saw four or five Irish persons, who are very handsome,

genteel fellows; but I know not their names. I came away at seven, and

got home. Two days ago I writ to Bernage, and told him what I had

done, and directed the letter to Mr. Curry's, to be left with Dingley.

Brigadiers Hill and Masham, brother and husband to Mrs. Masham, the

Queen's favourite, Colonel Disney,(20) and I, have recommended Bernage

to the Duke of Argyle; and Secretary St. John has given the Duke

my memorial; and, besides, Hill tells me, that Bernage's colonel,

Fielding,(21) designs to make him his captain-lieutenant: but I believe

I said this to you before, and in this letter; but I will not look.

20. Morning. It snows terribly again; and 'tis mistaken, for I now want

a little good weather. I bid you good-morrow; and, if it clear up, get

you gone to poor Mrs. Walls, who has had a hard time of it, but is now

pretty well again. I am sorry it is a girl: the poor Archdeacon too, see

how simply he looked when they told him: what did it cost Stella to be

gossip? I'll rise; so, d'ye hear, let me see you at night; and do not

stay late out, and catch cold, sirrahs.--At night. It grew good weather,

and I got a good walk, and dined with Ford upon his Opera-day; but, now

all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send

this letter before I hear from MD, methinks there is--something great in

doing so, only I can't express where it lies; and, faith, this shall go

by Saturday, as sure as you're a rogue. Mrs. Edgworth was to set out but

last Monday; so you won't have your box so soon perhaps as this letter;

but Sterne told me since that it is safe at Chester, and that she will

take care of it. I'd give a guinea you had it.

21. Morning. Faith, I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the City;

for I take all occasions of walking.--I should be plaguy busy at Laracor

if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my

canal, and every kind of thing. If Raymond goes over this summer, you

must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and

trout fishing; and that Stella may ride by, and see Presto in his

morning-gown in the garden, and so go up with Joe to the Hill of Bree,

and round by Scurlock's Town. O Lord, how I remember names! faith,

it gives me short sighs; therefore no more of that, if you love me.

Good-morrow, I will go rise like a gentleman; my pills say I must.--At

night. Lady Kerry sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair

she has in their house here: I called to see her, but found she

had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great

difficulty in the matter; and it rained like a dog; so I took coach,

for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the

City, and walked back in the evening. The days are now long enough to

walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This

walking is a strange remedy: Mr. Prior walks, to make himself fat, and

I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a

cold; we often walk round the Park together. So I'll go sleep.

22. It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick

in three or four hours. I dined with Mr. Lewis of the Secretary's office

at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow

against a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the

side-glasses in a thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was

like to be cut to pieces, and made them set down the chair in the Park,

while they picked out the bits of glasses; and, when I paid them, I

quarrelled still; so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare;

but I was plaguily afraid they would have said, "God bless your honour,

won't you give us something for our glass?" Lewis and I were forming

a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds,(22) which

I suppose may come to nothing. I hope Smyth has brought you your

palsy-drops. How does Stella do? I begin more and more to desire to

know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and

I will allow three for accidents.

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great balls

made by the boys. Mr. Sterne was with me this morning about an affair he

has before the Treasury. That drab Mrs. Edgworth is not yet set out, but

will infallibly next Monday: and this is the third infallible Monday,

and pox take her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go

to-morrow; and, if I have one from MD in that time, I will not answer it

till my next; only I will say, "Madam, I received your letter, and so,

and so." I dined to-day with my Mistress Butler,(23) who grows very

disagreeable.

24. Morning. This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you're

alive, young women, and then you will be so shamed that I have had none

from you; and, if I was to reckon like you, I would say, I were six

letters before you, for this is N.16, and I have had your N.10. But I

reckon you have received but fourteen, and have sent eleven. I think to

go to-day a Minister-of-State-hunting in the Court of Requests; for

I have something to say to Mr. Harley. And it is fine, cold, sunshiny

weather; I wish dear MD would walk this morning in your Stephen's Green;

'tis as good as our Park, but not so large.(24) Faith, this summer we'll

take a coach for sixpence(25) to the Green Well, the two walks, and

thence all the way to Stoyte's.(26) My hearty service to Goody Stoyte

and Catherine; and I hope Mrs. Walls had a good time. How inconstant I

am! I can't imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I'm going; what

have you to say? I DO NOT CARE HOW I WRITE NOW.(27) I don't design to

write on this side; these few lines are but so much more than your

due; so I will write LARGE or small as I please. O, faith, my hands are

starving in bed; I believe it is a hard frost. I must rise, and bid

you good-bye, for I'll seal this letter immediately, and carry it in

my pocket, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands.

Farewell.

This letter is just a fortnight's journal to-day. Yes, and so it is, I'm

sure, says you, with your two eggs a penny.

Lele, lele, lele.(28)

O Lord, I am saying lele, lele, to myself, in all our little keys: and,

now you talk of keys, that dog Patrick broke the key-general of the

chest of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new

one, besides my good two shillings!

LETTER 17.

LONDON, Feb. 24, 1710-11.

Now, young women, I gave in my sixteenth this evening. I dined with Ford

(it was his Opera-day) as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so,

for coming home early after a walk in the Park, which now the days will

allow. I called on the Secretary at his office, and he had forgot to

give the memorial about Bernage to the Duke of Argyle; but, two days

ago, I met the Duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which

should have more power with him than all the Ministry together, as he

protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count

upon it. So that I verily believe Bernage will be in a very good way

to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and

there's an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now

I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own MD, and

hope to hear that Stella has been much better in her head and eyes:

my head continues as it was, no fits, but a little disorder every day,

which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to-day with

Mr. Secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which

were Lord Rivers, Lord Carteret, Sir Thomas Mansel,(1) and Mr. Lewis; I

invited Masham, Hill, Sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they

were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company

when I dined with him before; so we laughed, etc. And I ventured to go

to church to-day, which I have not done this month before. Can you send

me such a good account of Stella's health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and

better too. We dined (says you) at the Dean's, and played at cards

till twelve, and there came in Mr. French, and Dr. Travors, and Dr.

Whittingham, and Mr. (I forget his name, that I always tell Mrs. Walls

of) the banker's son, a pox on him. And we were so merry; I vow they are

pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always

hands tempting me to go out, but never took in anything, and often

two black aces without a manilio; was not that hard, Presto? Hold your

tongue, etc.

26. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary about some business, and

he tells me that Colonel Fielding is now going to make Bernage

his captain-lieutenant, that is, a captain by commission, and the

perquisites of the company; but not captain's pay, only the first step

to it. I suppose he will like it; and the recommendation to the Duke

of Argyle goes on. And so trouble me no more about your Bernage; the

jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you.

Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined, by invitation, with Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

You say they are of no consequence: why, they keep as good female

company as I do male; I see all the drabs of quality at this end of

the town with them: I saw two Lady Bettys(2) there this afternoon; the

beauty of one, the good-breeding and nature of t'other, and the wit of

neither, would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the Park now: why

don't you walk in the Green of St. Stephen? The walks there are finer

gravelled than the Mall. What beasts the Irish women are, never to walk!

27. Darteneuf and I, and little Harrison the new Tatler, and Jervas the

painter, dined to-day with James,(3) I know not his other name, but it

is one of Darteneuf's dining-places, who is a true epicure. James is

clerk of the kitchen to the Queen, and has a little snug house at St.

James's; and we had the Queen's wine, and such very fine victuals that

I could not eat it. Three weeks and three days since my last letter from

MD; rare doings! why, truly we were so busy with poor Mrs. Walls, that

indeed, Presto, we could not write, we were afraid the poor woman would

have died; and it pitied us to see the Archdeacon, how concerned he was.

The Dean never came to see her but once; but now she is up again, and we

go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after

it was born; and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for

it.--Indeed, Presto, you are plaguy silly tonight, and han't guessed one

word right; for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl,

likely to live; and the Dean was godfather, and Mrs. Catherine and I

were godmothers; I was going to say Stoyte, but I think I have heard

they don't put maids and married women together; though I know not why I

think so, nor I don't care; what care I? but I must prate, etc.

28. I walked to-day into the City for my health, and there dined; which

I always do when the weather is fair, and business permits, that I may

be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I

can do at present for my health. Some bookseller has raked up everything

I writ, and published it t'other day in one volume; but I know nothing

of it, 'twas without my knowledge or consent: it makes a four-shilling

book, and is called Miscellanies in Prose and Verse.(4) Tooke pretends

he knows nothing of it; but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have

patience with these things; the best of it is, I shall be plagued

no more. However, I will bring a couple of them over with me for MD;

perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1. Morning. I have been calling to Patrick to look in his almanac

for the day of the month; I did not know but it might be leap-year. The

almanac says 'tis the third after leap-year; and I always thought till

now, that every third year was leap-year. I am glad they come so seldom;

but I'm sure 'twas otherwise when I was a young man; I see times are

mightily changed since then.--Write to me, sirrahs; be sure do by the

time this side is done, and I'll keep t'other side for the answer: so

I'll go write to the Bishop of Clogher; good-morrow, sirrahs.--Night.

I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, being a rainy day; and Lady Betty

Butler, knowing it, sent to let me know she expected my company in the

evening, where the Vans (so we call them) were to be. The Duchess(5) and

they do not go over this summer with the Duke; so I go to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was traipsing

to-day with your Mr. Sterne, to go along with them to Moore,(6) and

recommend his business to the Treasury. Sterne tells me his dependence

is wholly on me; but I have absolutely refused to recommend it to Mr.

Harley, because I have troubled him lately so much with other folks'

affairs; and besides, to tell the truth, Mr. Harley told me he did not

like Sterne's business: however, I will serve him, because I suppose MD

would have me. But, in saying his dependence lies wholly on me, he lies,

and is a fool. I dined with Lord Abercorn, whose son Peasley(7) will be

married at Easter to ten thousand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning I was at Mr. Harley's

levee: he swore I came in spite, to see him among a parcel of fools.

My business was to desire I might let the Duke of Ormond know how the

affair stood of the First-Fruits. He promised to let him know it,

and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every Saturday, Lord Keeper,

Secretary St. John, and I dine with him, and sometimes Lord Rivers; and

they let in none else. Patrick brought me some letters into the Park;

among which one was from Walls; and t'other, yes, faith, t'other was

from our little MD, N.11. I read the rest in the Park, and MD's in a

chair as I went from St. James's to Mr. Harley; and glad enough I was,

faith, to read it, and see all right. Oh, but I won't answer it these

three or four days at least, or may be sooner. An't I silly? faith, your

letters would make a dog silly, if I had a dog to be silly, but it must

be a little dog.--I stayed with Mr. Harley till past nine, where we had

much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gave him very

truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very

well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on Monday. So I came

home afoot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John; and after dinner he had

a note from Mr. Harley, that he was much out of order.(8) Pray God

preserve his health! everything depends upon it. The Parliament at

present cannot go a step without him, nor the Queen neither. I long

to be in Ireland; but the Ministry beg me to stay: however, when this

Parliament lurry(9) is over, I will endeavour to steal away; by which

time I hope the First-Fruit business will be done. This kingdom is

certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have

peace, let it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it.

The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe

the confederacy will soon break to pieces, and our factions at home

increase. The Ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an

isthmus, between the Whigs on one side, and violent Tories on the other.

They are able seamen; but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten,

and the crew all against them. Lord Somers has been twice in the Queen's

closet, once very lately; and your Duchess of Somerset,(10) who now has

the key, is a most insinuating woman; and I believe they will endeavour

to play the same game that has been played against them.--I have told

them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it.

They have cautioned the Queen so much against being governed, that she

observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but

they make me melancholy. I could not but observe that lately, after much

conversation with Mr. Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive,

and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me that uttering his mind

to me gave him ease.

5. Mr. Harley continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad:

he is subject to a sore throat, and was cupped last night: I sent and

called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined

to-day in the City with Dr. Freind at a third body's house, where I was

to pass for somebody else; and there was a plaguy silly jest carried on,

that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like

camomile. And pray walk you to your Dean's, or your Stoyte's, or your

Manley's, or your Walls'. But your new lodgings make you so proud, you

will walk less than ever. Come, let me go to bed, sirrahs.

6. Mr. Harley's going out yesterday has put him a little backwards. I

called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. Ford caught me, and

made me dine with him on his Opera-day; so I brought Mr. Lewis with

me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr. Addison these three

weeks; all our friendship is over. I go to no Coffee-house. I presented

a parson of the Bishop of Clogher's, one Richardson,(11) to the Duke of

Ormond to-day: he is translating prayers and sermons into Irish, and has

a project about instructing the Irish in the Protestant religion.

7. Morning. Faith, a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if

it were not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I had not something

else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O, Lord, I am going

awry with writing in bed. O, faith, but I must answer it, or I shan't

have room, for it must go on Saturday; and don't think I will fill the

third side, I an't come to that yet, young women. Well then, as for your

Bernage, I have said enough: I writ to him last week.--Turn over that

leaf. Now, what says MD to the world to come? I tell you, Madam Stella,

my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours

to be fifteen days coming, and you had my fifteenth in seven? Answer me

that, rogues. Your being with Goody Walls is excuse enough: I find I was

mistaken in the sex, 'tis a boy.(12) Yes, I understand your cypher,

and Stella guesses right, as she always does. He(13) gave me al bsadnuk

lboinlpl dfaonr ufainf btoy dpionufnad,(14) which I sent him again by

Mr. Lewis, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was showed him;

and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I

had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should

think he loves me as well as a great Minister can love a man in so

short a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your

palsy-water;(15) pray God Almighty it may do my dearest little Stella

good! I suppose Mrs. Edgworth set out last Monday se'ennight. Yes, I do

read the Examiners, and they are written very finely, as you judge. I

do not think they are too severe on the Duke;(16) they only tax him of

avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in

them to be true. The author has said it is not Prior, but perhaps it

may be Atterbury.--Now, Madam Dingley, says she, 'tis fine weather, says

she; yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you

ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you

have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that

squinting, blinking Frenchman. I will give you a bill on Parvisol for

five pounds for the half-year. And must I go on at four shillings a

week, and neither eat nor drink for it? Who the Devil said Atterbury and

your Dean were alike? I never saw your Chancellor, nor his chaplain.

The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well-wisher to be an

author: your Chancellor is an excellent man. As for Patrick's bird, he

bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His

wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able

to fly after us to Ireland, if he be willing.--Yes, Mrs. Stella, Dingley

writes more like Presto than you; for all you superscribed the letter,

as who should say, Why should not I write like our Presto as well as

Dingley? You with your awkward SS;(17) cannot you write them thus, SS?

No, but always SSS. Spiteful sluts, to affront Presto's writing; as that

when you shut your eyes you write most like Presto. I know the time when

I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you

both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. Walls's eyes. Walls says nothing

of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You say, "If she recovers,

she may lose her sight." I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes,

Ford is as sober as I please: I use him to walk with me as an easy

companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business

and Ministers. I don't go to a Coffee-house twice a month. I am very

regular in going to sleep before eleven.--And so you say that Stella

is a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her just now as

handsome as the day is long. Do you know what? when I am writing in

our language, I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught

myself at it just now. And I suppose Dingley is so fair and so fresh as

a lass in May, and has her health, and no spleen.--In your account

you sent do you reckon as usual from the 1st of November(18) was

twelvemonth? Poor Stella, will not Dingley leave her a little daylight

to write to Presto? Well, well, we'll have daylight shortly, spite of

her teeth; and zoo(19) must cly Lele and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo

mimitate Pdfr, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so lele's fol ee rettle.

Dood-mollow.--At night. Mrs. Barton sent this morning to invite me to

dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that MD used when

they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8. O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing

before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the

Archbishop of Dublin; and the Dean may tell you the particulars from

the Archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be

proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand

lying circumstances. It is of Mr. Harley's being stabbed this afternoon,

at three o'clock, at a Committee of the Council. I was playing Lady

Catharine Morris's(20) cards, where I dined, when young Arundel(21) came

in with the story. I ran away immediately to the Secretary, which was

in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. St. John in her chair; she had

heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. Harley, who was asleep, and

they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he

came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain

for him. That desperate French villain, Marquis de Guiscard,(22) stabbed

Mr. Harley. Guiscard was taken up by Mr. Secretary St. John's warrant

for high treason, and brought before the Lords to be examined; there

he stabbed Mr. Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the

Archbishop. I have now, at nine, sent again, and they tell me he is in a

fair way. Pray pardon my distraction; I now think of all his kindness to

me.--The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French

Popish villain. Good-night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I

want it.

9. Morning; seven, in bed. Patrick is just come from Mr. Harley's. He

slept well till four; the surgeon sat(23) up with him: he is asleep

again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in

no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell

people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising, and going to Mr.

Secretary St. John. They say Guiscard will die with the wounds Mr. St.

John and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night.--Night.

Mr. Harley still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last

night, and felt pain. I was early with the Secretary this morning, and I

dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident,

too long to relate now. Mr. Harley is still mending this evening, but

not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good-night,

etc., and pity Presto.

10. Mr. Harley was restless last night; but he has no fever, and the

hopes of his mending increase. I had a letter from Mr. Walls, and one

from Mr. Bernage. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr.

Walls writes about three things. First, about a hundred pounds from

Dr. Raymond, of which I hear nothing, and it is now too late. Secondly,

about Mr. Clements:(24) I can do nothing in it, because I am not to

mention Mr. Pratt; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr. Pratt's

objections, whose relation Clements is, and who brought him into the

place. The third is about my being godfather to the child:(25) that

is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you

could hinder it; but if it can't be helped, pay what you think proper,

and get the Provost to stand for me, and let his Christian name be

Harley, in honour of my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his

life. As for Bernage, he writes me word that his colonel has offered to

make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was such a fool to

offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have

had a dozen letters from him; and then he desires I would say nothing of

this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What can

I do? I engaged Colonel Disney, who was one of his solicitors to the

Secretary, and then told him the story. He assured me that Fielding

(Bernage's colonel) said he might have got that sum; but, on account of

those great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing: and I

would have Bernage write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him

for nothing, upon recommendations, etc. Disney tells me he will again

speak to Fielding, and clear up this matter; then I will write to

Bernage. A pox on him for promising money till I had it promised to me;

and then making it such a ticklish point, that one cannot expostulate

with the colonel upon it: but let him do as I say, and there is an

end. I engaged the Secretary of State in it; and am sure it was meant a

kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds

is too much in a Smithfield bargain,(26) as a major-general told me,

whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewell,

etc. etc.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray, madams? Tell me but

that, impudence and saucy-face.

Are not you sauceboxes to write "lele"(27) like Presto? O poor Presto!

Mr. Harley is better to-night, that makes me so pert, you saucy Gog and

Magog.

LETTER 18.

LONDON, March 10, 1710-11.

Pretty little MD must expect little from me till Mr. Harley is out of

danger. We hope he is so now; but I am subject to fear for my friends.

He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order

when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second

blow. But all goes on well yet. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis, and

we hope the best.

11. This morning Mr. Secretary and I met at Court, where he went to

the Queen, who is out of order, and aguish: I doubt the worse for this

accident to Mr. Harley. We went together to his house, and his wound

looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in

me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which

is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to

write and publish an account of all the particularities of this fact:(1)

it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr. Harley is past

danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr. Harley, who never

slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening I called

there; and young Mr. Harley (his only son) tells me he is now much

better, and was then asleep. They let nobody see him, and that is

perfectly right. The Parliament cannot go on till he is well, and are

forced to adjourn their money businesses, which none but he can help

them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr. Harley is better to-day, slept well all night, and we are a

little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day.

I went into the City for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and

coming home this evening, broke my shin in the Strand over a tub of sand

left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to

bed, where I have been cooking it with gold-beater's skin, and have been

peevish enough with Patrick, who was near an hour bringing a rag from

next door. It is my right shin, where never any humour fell when t'other

used to swell; so I apprehend it less: however, I shall not stir till

'tis well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these

sort of things; but I wish I had Mrs. J----'s water:(2) she is out

of town, and I must make a shift with alum. I will dine with Mrs.

Vanhomrigh till I am well, who lives but five doors off; and that I may

venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad,

between accounts of Mr. Harley's mending, and of my broken shin. I just

walked to my neighbour Vanhomrigh at two, and came away at six, when

little Harrison the Tatler came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper

to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr. Harley still mends;

and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my

shin. Go to bed and sleep, sirrahs, that you may rise to-morrow and walk

to Donnybrook, and lose your money with Stoyte and the Dean; do so,

dear little rogues, and drink Presto's health. O pray, don't you drink

Presto's health sometimes with your deans, and your Stoytes, and your

Walls, and your Manleys, and your everybodies, pray now? I drink MD's to

myself a hundred thousand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr. Secretary St. John's for all my shin; and

he has given me for young Harrison the Tatler the prettiest employment

in Europe; secretary to my Lord Raby,(3) who is to be Ambassador

Extraordinary at the Hague, where all the great affairs will be

concerted; so we shall lose the Tatlers in a fortnight. I will send

Harrison to-morrow morning to thank the Secretary. Poor Biddy Floyd(4)

has got the smallpox. I called this morning to see Lady Betty Germaine,

and when she told me so, I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of

it;(5) for about ten days ago I was to see Lord Carteret;(6) and my lady

was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a cousin, who was then

ill in the house of the smallpox, and is since dead: it was near Lady

Betty's, and I fancy Biddy took the fright by it. I dined with Mr.

Secretary; and a physician came in just from Guiscard, who tells us he

is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench

that Guiscard kept, sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would

not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old

clotted blood come out of his side to-day, and is delirious. I am sorry

he is dying; for they had found out a way to hang him. He certainly had

an intention to murder the Queen.

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days,

thanks to Guiscard and Mr. Harley; and it would be endless to tell you

all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiscard

is dead, but they say 'tis impossible he should recover. I walked too

much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went

no farther than Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where I dined; and Lady Betty Butler

coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till

nine; then I came home, and Mr. Ford came in to visit my shin, and sat

with me till eleven: so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me

to the pluck(7) that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have

you seen the Spectator(8) yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis

written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a

new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his Tatlers, and they have

all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never

see them; and I plainly told Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, ten days ago,

before my Lord Keeper and Lord Rivers, that I had been foolish enough

to spend my credit with them in favour of Addison and Steele; but that

I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having

been used so ill for what I had already done.--So, now I am got into the

way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me.

When Presto begins to prate,

Give him a rap upon the pate.

O Lord, how I blot! it is time to leave off, etc.

17. Guiscard died this morning at two; and the coroner's inquest have

found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to

clear the Cabinet Councillors from whom he received his wounds. I had a

letter from Raymond, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have

it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. Lewis of the

Secretary's office. Mr. Harley has abundance of extravasated blood comes

from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we

expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind. (What was

it?)

18. I was to-day at Court to look for the Duke of Argyle, and gave him

the memorial about Bernage. The Duke goes with the first fair wind. I

could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give

him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. Bernage has made a

blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice; however, he

is made captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit the company, which

will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than an hundred. I dined

to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, and stayed till seven, but would not

drink his champagne and burgundy, for fear of the gout. My shin mends,

but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next

Saturday.

19. I went to-day into the City, but in a coach, and sossed(9) up my

leg on the seat; and as I came home, I went to see poor Charles

Barnard's(10) books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay

out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But

'tis too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such

opportunities. I dined in a coffee-house with Stratford upon chops and

some of his wine. Where did MD dine? Why, poor MD dined at home to-day,

because of the Archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a

breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. Walls mends; and pray

give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved

myself handsomely. The Duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my

memorial, I know not, till I see Dr. Arbuthnot,(11) to whom I gave it.

That hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance of the Duke's

and me; Stella can't pronounce it. Oh that we were at Laracor this fine

day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream is out:

I was a-dreamed last night that I ate ripe cherries.--And now they

begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts (pox on these

Ministers!)--and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high

as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my

pikes are gone; but I hope not. Why don't you ask Parvisol these things,

sirrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine

and clear? But harkee, ought not Parvisol to pay in my last year's rents

and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads

to take his accounts, it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr.

Walls. I will write an order on t'other side; and do as you will. Here's

a world of business; but I must go sleep, I'm drowsy; and so goodnight,

etc.

20. This sore shin ruins me in coach-hire; no less than two shillings

to-day going and coming from the City, where I dined with one you never

heard of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to Bernage, with

the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; 'tis his own

fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will

be full of Mr. Harley's stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of

extravasated blood has come out of the wound: he keeps his bed, and sees

nobody. The Speaker's eldest son(12) is just dead of the smallpox, and

the House is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears.

I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they

want Mr. Harley so much. Biddy Floyd is like to do well: and so go to

your Dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money, do so, you

saucy sluts. Stella, you lost three shillings and fourpence t'other

night at Stoyte's, yes, you did, and Presto stood in a corner, and

saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in

Ireland, and that I have left my clothes and things behind me, and have

not taken leave of anybody; and that the Ministry expect me tomorrow,

and such nonsense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and

go it shall on Saturday, faith. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to save my

shin, and then went on some business to the Secretary, and he was not at

home.

22. Yesterday was a short day's journal: but what care I? what cares

saucy Presto? Darteneuf(13) invited me to dinner to-day. Do not you

know Darteneuf? That's the man that knows everything, and that everybody

knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and

when they were there last: and then I went to the Coffee-house. My shin

mends, but is not quite healed: I ought to keep it up, but I don't; I

e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take Parvisol and his watch! If I do

not receive the ten-pound bill I am to get towards it, I will neither

receive watch nor chain; so let Parvisol know.

23. I this day appointed the Duke of Ormond to meet him at Ned

Southwell's, about an affair of printing Irish Prayer-Books, etc.,(14)

but the Duke never came. There Southwell had letters that two packets

are taken; so if MD writ then, the letters are gone; for they are

packets coming hither. Mr. Harley is not yet well, but his extravasated

blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while:

I find you have heard of the fact by Southwell's letters from Ireland:

what do you think of it? I dined with Sir John Perceval,(15) and saw his

lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman; and coming

home my sore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the

scab, and blood came; but I am now got into bed, and have put on alum

curd, and it is almost well. Lord Rivers told me yesterday a piece of

bad news, as a secret, that the Pretender is going to be married to

the Duke of Savoy's daughter.(16) 'Tis very bad if it be true. We were

walking in the Mall with some Scotch lords, and he could not tell it

until they were gone, and he bade me tell it to none but the Secretary

of State and MD. This goes tomorrow, and I have no room but to bid my

dearest little MD good-night. 24. I will now seal up this letter, and

send it; for I reckon to have none from you ('tis morning now) between

this and night; and I will put it in the post with my own hands. I am

going out in great haste; so farewell, etc.

LETTER 19.

LONDON, March 24, 1710-11.

It was a little cross in Presto not to send to-day to the Coffee-house

to see whether there was a letter from MD before I sent away mine; but,

faith, I did it on purpose, because I would scorn to answer two letters

of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for

writing of news, unless one does it the last day; and so I will observe

henceforward, if there be any politics or stuff worth sending. My shin

mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to-day at

Ned Southwell's with the Bishop of Ossory(1) and a parcel of Irish

gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the Spectators? Just three weeks

to-day since I had your last, N.11. I am afraid I have lost one by the

packet that was taken; that will vex me, considering the pains MD take

to write, especially poor pretty Stella, and her weak eyes. God bless

them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope

ere long. This illness of Mr. Harley puts everything backwards, and he

is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes

from his breast to the wound: it was by the second blow Guiscard

gave him after the penknife was broken. I am shocked at that villainy

whenever I think of it. Biddy Floyd is past danger, but will lose all

her beauty: she had them mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. Morning. I wish you a merry New Year; this is the first day of the

year, you know, with us, and 'tis Lady-day. I must rise and go to my

Lord Keeper: it is not shaving-day to-day, so I shall be early. I am

to dine with Mr. Secretary St. John. Good-morrow, my mistresses

both, good-morrow. Stella will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. De

Caudres'(2) down upon the folks as they come from church; and there

comes Mrs. Proby,(3) and that is my Lady Southwell,(4) and there is

Lady Betty Rochfort.(5) I long to hear how you are settled in your new

lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. Brent could

contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place,

and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you.--At

night. So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have

let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough

this fortnight for twopence apiece: and the fellow that showed would

point to his body, and, "See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was

given him by his Grace the Duke of Ormond; and this is the wound," etc.,

and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard

our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he

was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till

then.--Mr. Harley is still very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a most delicious day; and my shin being past danger, I

walked like lightning above two hours in the Park. We have generally one

fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together.

All things are at a stop in Parliament for want of Mr. Harley; they

cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs: and

we fear, by the caprice of Radcliffe, who will admit none but his own

surgeon,(6) he has not been well looked after. I dined at an alehouse

with Mr. Lewis, but had his wine. Don't you begin to see the flowers and

blossoms of the field? How busy should I be now at Laracor! No news

of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the

chocolate, and that the smell of the Brazil tobacco has not affected it.

I would be glad to know whether you like it, because I would send you

more by people that are now every day thinking of going to Ireland;

therefore pray tell me, and tell me soon: and I will have the strong

box.

27. A rainy, wretched, scurvy day from morning till night: and my

neighbour Vanhomrigh invited me to dine with them and this evening I

passed at Mr. Prior's with Dr. Freind; and 'tis now past twelve, so I

must go sleep.

28. Morning. O, faith, you're an impudent saucy couple of sluttikins for

presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning; who knows but

there may be a letter from MD at the Coffee-house? Well, you must know,

and so, I just now sent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but

not one from MD, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions; and

not one from MD. One I opened, it was from the Archbishop;(7) t'other

I opened, it was from Staunton;(8) the third I took, and looked at the

hand. Whose hand is this? says I; yes, says I, whose hand is this? Then

there was wax between the folds; then I began to suspect; then I peeped;

faith, it was Walls's hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and

then it was little MD's hand, dear, little, pretty, charming MD's sweet

hand again. O Lord, an't here a clutter and a stir, and a bustle? never

saw the like. Faith, I believe yours lay some days at the post-office,

and that it came before my eighteenth went, but that I did not expect

it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and so you think I'll answer this

letter now; no, faith, and so I won't. I'll make you wait, young women;

but I'll inquire immediately about poor Dingley's exchequer trangum.(9)

What, is that Vedel again a soldier? was he broke? I'll put it in Ben

Tooke's hand. I hope Vedel could not sell it.--At night. Vedel, Vedel,

poh, pox, I think it is Vedeau;(10) ay, Vedeau, now I have it; let me

see, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr. John Vedeau is the brother; but

where does this brother live? I'll inquire. This was a fast-day for the

public; so I dined late with Sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been

with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment

whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in,

though I have dropped words in his favour to the Ministry; but he is too

violent a Whig, and friend to the Lord Treasurer,(11) to stay in. 'Tis

odd to think how long they let those people keep their places; but the

reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they

keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the meantime; and

thus the old ones hold in still. The Comptroller(12) told me that there

are eight people expect his staff. I walked after dinner to-day round

the Park. What, do I write politics to little young women? Hold your

tongue, and go to your Dean's.

29. Morning. If this be a fine day, I will walk into the City, and see

Charles Barnard's library. What care I for your letter, saucy N.12? I

will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before

its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a fortnight; and

if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why, then there is so much clear

gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I can't lie scribbling

here in bed for your play; I must rise, and so morrow again.--At night.

Your friend Montgomery and his sister are here, as I am told by Patrick.

I have seen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly

and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money.--How could I

help it, pray? Patrick snuffed the candle too short, and the grease ran

down upon the paper.(13) It an't my fault, 'tis Patrick's fault; pray

now don't blame Presto. I walked today in the City, and dined at a

private house, and went to see the auction of poor Charles Barnard's

books; they were in the middle of the physic books, so I bought none;

and they are so dear, I believe I shall buy none, and there is an end;

and go to Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

30. Morning. This is Good Friday, you must know; and I must rise and go

to Mr. Secretary about some business, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh desires me to

breakfast with her, because she is to intercede for Patrick, who is so

often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send

him over; but he knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my

ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to Ireland,

I will discharge him.(14) Sir Thomas Mansel,(15) one of the Lords of the

Treasury, setting me down at my door to-day, saw Patrick, and swore he

was a Teague-lander.(16) I am so used to his face, I never observed it,

but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I supped this

fast-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. We were afraid Mr. Harley's wound would

turn to a fistula; but we think the danger is now past. He rises

every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he will be out in a

fortnight. Prior showed me a handsome paper of verses he has writ on Mr.

Harley's accident:(17) they are not out; I will send them to you, if he

will give me a copy.

31. Morning. What shall we do to make April fools this year, now it

happens on Sunday? Patrick brings word that Mr. Harley still mends, and

is up every day. I design to see him in a few days: and he brings me

word too that he has found out Vedeau's brother's shop: I shall call

there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the

brother. I doubt the scoundrel was broke, and got a commission, or

perhaps is a volunteer gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour.

Morrow, sirrahs, let me rise.--At night. I dined to-day with Sir Thomas

Mansel. We were walking in the Park, and Mr. Lewis came to us. Mansel

asked where we dined. We said, "Together." He said, we should dine with

him, only his wife(18) desired him to bring nobody, because she had only

a leg of mutton. I said I would dine with him to choose; but he would

send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand

pounds a year in land, and is a Lord of the Treasury, and is not

covetous neither, but runs out merely by slattering(19) and negligence.

The worst dinner I ever saw at the Dean's was better: but so it is with

abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. Harley's, who begins

to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak.--See how much I

have lost with that ugly grease.(20) 'Tis your fault, pray; and I'll go

to bed.

April 1. The Duke of Buckingham's house fell down last night with an

earthquake, and is half swallowed up; won't you go and see it?--An April

fool, an April fool, oh ho, young women. Well, don't be angry. I will

make you an April fool no more till the next time; we had no sport here,

because it is Sunday, and Easter Sunday. I dined with the Secretary, who

seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed

as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing

in it. God bless my own dearest MD, and all is well.

2. We have such windy weather, 'tis troublesome walking, yet all the

rabble have got into our Park these Easter holidays. I am plagued with

one Richardson, an Irish parson, and his project of printing Irish

Bibles, etc., to make you Christians in that country: I befriend him

what I can, on account of the Archbishop and Bishop of Clogher.--But

what business have I to meddle, etc. Do not you remember that, sirrah

Stella? what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with

something that was not my business? O, faith, you are an impudent slut,

I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. Lewis

and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the answer to this

letter of MD's? O, faith, Presto, you must think of that. Time enough,

says saucy Presto.

3. I was this morning to see Mrs. Barton: I love her better than anybody

here, and see her seldomer. Why, really now, so it often happens in the

world, that where one loves a body best--pshah, pshah, you are so silly

with your moral observations. Well, but she told me a very good story.

An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will, to

have eight men and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas

apiece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the

clerk. But bearers, parson, and clerk must be all true virgins; and

not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the

poor woman still lies unburied, and so must do till the general

resurrection.--I called at Mr. Secretary's, to see what the D---- ailed

him on Sunday. I made him a very proper speech; told him I observed

he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the

cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned

him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a

schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning

from Sir William Temple); that I expected every great Minister who

honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my

disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in

pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour;

for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought

no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my Lord

Keeper(21) and Mr. Harley know the same thing, that they might use me

accordingly. He took all right; said I had reason; vowed nothing ailed

him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking;

would have had me dine with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up

matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I

was engaged with my old friend Rollinson;(22) you never heard of him

before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the

pen; how do you get over them? You are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think

what I said to Mr. Secretary was right. Don't you remember how I used to

be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour

for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have

plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoilt a fine gentleman. I

dined with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, and MD, poor MD, at home on a loin

of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor Stella

could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingley was so vexed; but we will

dine at Stoyte's to-morrow. Mr. Harley promised to see me in a day or

two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and

he asleep, so I came away, and found out Mrs. Vedeau. She drew out a

letter from Dingley, and said she would get a friend to receive the

money. I told her I would employ Mr. Tooke in it henceforward. Her

husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He sold

his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain

her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors

of her brother. She told me it made her very melancholy to change her

manner of life thus, but trade was dead, etc. She says she will write to

you soon. I design to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment

from her.--I gave Mr. Dopping a copy of Prior's verses on Mr. Harley; he

sent them yesterday to Ireland, so go look for them, for I won't be at

the trouble to transcribe them here. They will be printed in a day or

two. Give my hearty service to Stoyte and Catherine: upon my word I love

them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire Goody Stoyte

not to let Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Johnson cheat her of her money at ombre,

but assure her from me that she is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and

tell her so, and drink my health, and good voyage, and speedy return,

and so you're a rogue.

5. Morning. Now let us proceed to examine a saucy letter from one Madam

MD.--God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and send her a great many

birthdays, all happy, and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever

together, and never asunder again, unless by chance. When I find you are

happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you

absent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No, faith, you

are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with

you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but

not always in the morning, because that is not so modest to young

ladies.--What, you would fain palm a letter on me more than you sent:

and I, like a fool, must look over all yours, to see whether this was

really N.12, or more. (Patrick has this moment brought me letters from

the Bishop of Clogher and Parvisol; my heart was at my mouth for fear of

one from MD; what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer

together! But, faith, this shall go to-night, for fear; and then come

when it will, I defy it.) No, you are not naughty at all, write when you

are disposed. And so the Dean told you the story of Mr. Harley from the

Archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your

game. Nor yet, have not you the box? I wish Mrs. Edgworth had the -----.

But you have it now, I suppose; and is the chocolate good, or has the

tobacco spoilt it? Leigh stays till Sterne has done his business, no

longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I

can, but Harley's accident stops that as well as all things else. You

guess, Madam Dingley, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope

saved, I would come over, if I could, this minute; but we will talk of

that by and by. Your affair of Vedeau I have told you of already; now

to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs. Dobbins lies, I have no more

provision here or in Ireland than I had. I am pleased that Stella the

conjurer approves what I did with Mr. Harley;(23) but your generosity

makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at Presto's absence; you think

he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is

always his trick; and now Stella says she does not see possibly how I

can come away in haste, and that MD is satisfied, etc. An't you a rogue

to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I

have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important

reasons (Pox on this grease, this candle tallow!) why they should

not.(24) I have been used barbarously by the late Ministry; I am a

little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The

assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such

as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the

first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more,

but come away. I could say a thousand things on this head, if I were

with you. I am thinking why Stella should not go to the Bath, if she be

told it will do her good. I will make Parvisol get up fifty pounds, and

pay it you; and you may be good housewives, and live cheap there some

months, and return in autumn, or visit London, as you please: pray think

of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wish he had the letter.

I will send the bohea tea, if I can. The Bishop of Kilmore,(25) I don't

keep such company; an old dying fool whom I never was with in my life.

So I am no godfather;(26) all the better. Pray, Stella, explain those

two words of yours to me, what you mean by VILLIAN and DAINGER;(27) and

you, Madam Dingley, what is CHRISTIANING?--Lay your letter THIS WAY,

THIS WAY, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and the

other way. No; I will show you, lay them THIS WAY, THIS WAY, and not

THAT WAY, THAT WAY.(28)--You shall have your aprons; and I will put all

your commissions as they come, in a paper together, and do not think I

will forget MD's orders, because they are friends; I will be as

careful as if they were strangers. I knew not what to do about this

Clements.(29) Walls will not let me say anything as if Mr. Pratt was

against him; and now the Bishop of Clogher has written to me in his

behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people

never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and

that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But, if he has

the name of a Whig, it will be hard, considering my Lord Anglesea and

Hyde(30) are very much otherwise, and you know they have the employment

of Deputy Treasurer. If the frolic should take you of going to the Bath,

I here send you a note on Parvisol; if not, you may tear it, and there's

an end. Farewell.

If you have an imagination that the Bath will do you good, I say again,

I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or,

if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I

will return you twenty from hence. Do as you please, sirrahs. I suppose

it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you

resolve however to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do

you good, and you fancy so.

LETTER 20.

LONDON, April 5, 1711.

I put my nineteenth in the post-office just now myself, as I came out of

the City, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walked

away sixpennyworth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a

coach,(1) and got a lift back for nothing; and am now busy.

6. Mr. Secretary desired I would see him this morning; said he had

several things to say to me, and said not one; and the Duke of Ormond

sent to desire I would meet him at Mr. Southwell's by ten this morning

too, which I did, thinking it was some particular matter. All the Irish

in town were there, to consult upon preventing a Bill for laying a duty

on Irish yarn; so we talked a while, and then all went to the lobby of

the House of Commons, to solicit our friends, and the Duke came among

the rest; and Lord Anglesea solicited admirably, and I did wonders. But,

after all, the matter was put off till Monday, and then we are to be

at it again. I dined with Lord Mountjoy, and looked over him at chess,

which put me in mind of Stella and Griffyth.(2) I came home, and that

dog Patrick was not within; so I fretted, and fretted, and what good did

that do me?

And so get you gone to your deans,

You couple of queans.

I cannot find rhyme to Walls and Stoyte.--Yes, yes,

You expect Mrs. Walls,

Be dressed when she calls,

To carry you to Stoyte,

Or else HONI SOIT.

Henley told me that the Tories were insup-port-able people, because they

are for bringing in French claret, and will not SUP-PORT. Mr. Harley

will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon, when I send

away this letter, he will be just got into the House of Commons. My last

letter went in twelve days, and so perhaps may this. No it won't, for

those letters that go under a fortnight are answers to one of yours,

otherwise you must take the days as they happen, some dry, some wet,

some barren, some fruitful, some merry, some insipid; some, etc.--I will

write you word exactly the first day I see young gooseberries, and pray

observe how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five

weeks, but rain or wind. 'Tis a late spring they say here.--Go to bed,

you two dear saucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. Ford has been at Epsom, to avoid Good Friday and Easter Sunday. He

forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me there are letters from

Ireland, giving an account of a great indiscretion in the Archbishop

of Dublin, who applied a story out of Tacitus very reflectingly on Mr.

Harley, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it

yet.(3) I called this evening to see Mr. Secretary, who has been very

ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by burgundy and champagne,

added to the sitting up all night at business; I found him drinking tea

while the rest were at champagne, and was very glad of it. I have chid

him so severely that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then

I went and sat an hour with Mrs. St. John, who is growing a great

favourite of mine; she goes to the Bath on Wednesday, for she is much

out of health, and has begged me to take care of the Secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John; he gave me a letter

to read, which was from the publisher of the newspaper called the

Postboy;(4) in it there was a long copy of a letter from Dublin, giving

an account of what the Whigs said upon Mr. Harley's being stabbed, and

how much they abuse him and Mr. Secretary St. John; and at the end there

were half a dozen lines, telling the story of the Archbishop of Dublin,

and abusing him horribly; this was to be printed on Tuesday. I told the

Secretary I would not suffer that about the Archbishop to be printed,

and so I crossed it out; and afterwards, to prevent all danger, I made

him give me the letter, and, upon further thought, would let none of it

be published: and I sent for the printer, and told him so, and ordered

him, in the Secretary's name, to print nothing reflecting on anybody

in Ireland till he had showed it me. Thus I have prevented a terrible

scandal to the Archbishop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will

let him know it by next post; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know,

and whether he is thankful for it; but say nothing.

9. I was to-day at the House of Commons again about their yarn, at Lord

Anglesea's desire; but the business is again put off till Monday. I

dined with Sir John Stanley, by an assignation I had made with Mr. St.

John, and George Granville, the Secretary at War; but they let in other

company, some ladies, and so we were not so easy as I intended. My head

is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders; I have

left off snuff since Sunday, finding myself much worse after taking

a good deal at the Secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of

champagne or burgundy without water, and in compliment I did so myself.

He is much better; but when he is well, he is like Stella, and will not

be governed. So go to your Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

10. I have been visiting Lady Worsley and Mrs. Barton today, and dined

soberly with my friend Lewis. The Dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wish

he had lived till the finishing of this letter, that it might be news

to you. Duncombe,(5) the rich alderman, died to-day, and I hear has left

the Duke of Argyle, who married his niece, two hundred thousand pounds;

I hope it is true, for I love that Duke mightily. I writ this evening to

the Archbishop of Dublin, about what I told you; and then went to take

leave of poor Mrs. St. John, who gave me strict charge to take care of

the Secretary in her absence; said she had none to trust but me; and the

poor creature's tears came fresh in her eyes. Before we took leave, I

was drawn in by the other ladies and Sir John Stanley to raffle for

a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in seven shillings

apiece, several raffling for absent people; but I lost, and so missed an

opportunity of showing my gallantry to Mrs. St. John, whom I designed

to have presented it to if I had won. Is Dilly(6) gone to the Bath? His

face will whizz in the water; I suppose he will write to us from thence,

and will take London in his way back.--The rabble will say, "There goes

a drunken parson"; and, which is worse, they will say true. Oh, but you

must know I carried Ford to dine with Mr. St. John last Sunday, that he

may brag, when he goes back, of dining with a Secretary of State. The

Secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the rest,

and he told me that two or three of them were drunk. They talk of great

promotions to be made; that Mr. Harley is to be Lord Treasurer, and Lord

Poulett(7) Master of the Horse, etc., but they are only conjecture. The

Speaker is to make Mr. Harley a compliment the first time he comes into

the House, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill surgeon,

by the caprice of that puppy Dr. Radcliffe, which has kept him back so

long; and yesterday he got a cold, but is better to-day.--What! I think

I am stark mad, to write so much in one day to little saucy MD; here

is a deal of stuff, indeed! can't you bid those little dear rogues

good-night, and let them go sleep, Mr. Presto? When your tongue runs

there's no ho with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby (like a lobcock)(8) of the House of Commons,

about your Irish yarn, and again put off till Friday; and I and Patrick

went into the City by water, where I dined, and then I went to the

auction of Charles Barnard's books; but the good ones were so monstrous

dear, I could not reach them, so I laid out one pound seven shillings

but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. Henley

would fain engage me to go with Steele and Rowe, etc., to an invitation

at Sir William Read's.(9) Surely you have heard of him. He has been a

mountebank, and is the Queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch, and

treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and will not go, neither

indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good-night, and go sleep.

12. I went about noon to the Secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and

sometimes of the gravel, with his champagne, etc. I scolded him like a

dog, and he promises faithfully more care for the future. To-day my Lord

Anglesea, and Sir Thomas Hammer, and Prior, and I dined, by appointment,

with Lieutenant-General Webb.(10) My lord and I stayed till ten o'clock;

but we drank soberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr.

Campain,(11) one of the October Club, if you know what that is; a

Club of country members, who think the Ministers are too backward

in punishing and turning out the Whigs. I found my lord and the rest

thought I had more credit with the Ministry than I pretend to have,

and would have engaged me to put them upon something that would satisfy

their desires, and indeed I think they have some reason to complain;

however, I will not burn my fingers. I will remember Stella's chiding,

"What had you to do with what did not belong to you?" etc. However, you

will give me leave to tell the Ministry my thoughts when they ask them,

and other people's thoughts sometimes when they do not ask; so thinks

Dingley.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. Vedeau's again, who has employed a

friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then she

will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to see Mr. Harley, who I

hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only

complained to me of the neglect of Guiscard's cure, how glad he would

have been to have had him live. Mr. Secretary came in to us, and we were

very merry till Lord Chamberlain (Duke of Shrewsbury)(12) came up; then

Colonel Masham and I went off, after I had been presented to the

Duke, and that we made two or three silly compliments suitable to the

occasion. Then I attended at the House of Commons about your yarn, and

it is again put off. Then Ford drew me to dine at a tavern; it happened

to be the day and the house where the October Club dine. After we had

dined, coming down we called to inquire whether our yarn business

had been over that day, and I sent into the room for Sir George

Beaumont.(13) But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two

minutes out comes Mr. Finch,(14) Lord Guernsey's son, to let me know

that my Lord Compton,(15) the steward of this feast, desired, in the

name of the Club, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I

sent my excuses, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as

fast as I could. It would have been a most improper thing for me to dine

there, considering my friendship with the Ministry. The Club is about a

hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at

two long tables in a great ground-room. At evening I went to the auction

of Barnard's books, and laid out three pounds three shillings, but I'll

go there no more; and so I said once before, but now I'll keep to it. I

forgot to tell that when I dined at Webb's with Lord Anglesea, I spoke

to him of Clements, as one recommended for a very honest gentleman and

good officer, and hoped he would keep him. He said he had not thought

otherwise, and that he should certainly hold his place while he

continued to deserve it; and I could not find there had been any

intentions from his lordship against him. But I tell you, hunny, the

impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my

friend; but why should he do it for my friend's friend? Recommendations

should stop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend

one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his sake; but

to speak to another for my friend's friend is against all reason; and I

desire you will understand this, and discourage any such troubles given

me.--I hope this may do some good to Clements, it can do him no hurt;

and I find by Mrs. Pratt,(16) that her husband is his friend; and the

Bishop of Clogher says Clements's danger is not from Pratt, but from

some other enemies, that think him a Whig.

14. I was so busy this morning that I did not go out till late. I

writ to-day to the Duke of Argyle, but said nothing of Bernage, who, I

believe, will not see him till Spain is conquered, and that is, not at

all. I was to-day at Lord Shelburne's, and spoke to Mrs. Pratt again

about Clements; her husband himself wants some good offices, and I

have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. Pratt I expected her

husband should stand by Clements in return. Sir Andrew Fountaine and

I dined with neighbour Vanhomrigh; he is mighty ill of an asthma, and

apprehends himself in much danger; 'tis his own fault, that will rake

and drink, when he is but just crawled out of his grave. I will send

this letter just now, because I think my half-year is out for my

lodging; and, if you please, I would be glad it were paid off, and some

deal boxes made for my books, and kept in some safe place. I would give

something for their keeping: but I doubt that lodging will not serve me

when I come back; I would have a larger place for books, and a stable,

if possible. So pray be so kind to pay the lodging, and all accounts

about it; and get Mrs. Brent to put up my things. I would have no books

put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to

the Bath, I here send you a bill on Parvisol for twenty pounds Irish,

out of which you will pay for the lodging, and score the rest to me. Do

as you please, and love poor Presto, that loves MD better than his life

a thousand millions of times. Farewell, MD, etc. etc.

LETTER 21.

LONDON, April 14, 1711.

Remember, sirrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of

my two former letters. I sent away my twentieth this moment, and now am

writing on like a fish, as if nothing was done. But there was a cause

for my hasting away the last, for fear it should not come time enough

before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day; but forgot

to tell you what I believe, that Mr. Harley will be Lord Treasurer in

a short time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my

thought, etc.

15. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, and he is grown pretty well.

I dined with him to-day, and drank some of that wine which the Duke of

Tuscany used to send to Sir William Temple:(1) he always sends some

to the chief Ministers. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he

ordered his butler to send me a chest of it to-morrow. Would to God MD

had it! The Queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, etc.

16. I went with Ford into the City to-day, and dined with Stratford,

and drank Tokay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay

out above twelve shillings. My head is a little out of order to-night,

though no formal fit. My Lord Keeper has sent to invite me to dinner

to-morrow, and you'll dine better with the Dean; and God bless you. I

forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me a Narrative printed, with

all the circumstances of Mr. Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it

myself; so I sent my hints to the author of the Atalantis,(2) and she

has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first

page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr.

Harley or Mr. St. John in one critical point about it, and so would not

do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all

true. My chest of Florence was sent me this morning, and cost me seven

and sixpence to two servants. I would give two guineas you had it, etc.

17. I was so out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to

send my excuses to my Lord Keeper; but however I got up at eleven, and

walked there after two, and stayed till eight. There was Sir Thomas

Mansel, Prior, George Granville, and Mr. Caesar,(3) and we were very

merry. My head is still wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I

totter a little. I have left off snuff altogether. I have a noble roll

of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I send it to MD, if she likes

that sort? My Lord Keeper and our this day's company are to dine on

Saturday with George Granville, and to-morrow I dine with Lord Anglesea.

18. Did you ever see such a blundering goosecap as Presto? I saw the

number 21 at top, and so I went on as if it were the day of the month,

whereas this is but Wednesday the 18th. How shall I do to blot and alter

them? I have made a shift to do it behind, but it is a great botch. I

dined with Lord Anglesea to-day, but did not go to the House of Commons

about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what is the

matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from

morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter

a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills

again: I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you

what you must do henceforward: you must enclose your letter in a fair

half-sheet of paper, and direct the outside "To Erasmus Lewis, Esquire,

at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall": for I never go to the

Coffee-house, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to

tell you that your mother was to see me this morning, and brought me a

flask of sweet-water for a present, admirable for my head; but I shall

not smell to it. She is going to Sheen, with Lady Giffard: she would

fain send your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you

would have done, and it shall be done; because I love Stella, and she is

a good daughter, they say, and so is Dingley.

19. This morning General Webb was to give me a visit: he goes with

a crutch and stick, yet was forced to come up two pair of stairs. I

promised to dine with him, but afterwards sent my excuses, and dined

privately in my friend Lewis's lodgings at Whitehall, with whom I had

much business to talk of, relating to the public and myself. Little

Harrison the Tatler goes to-morrow to the secretaryship I got him at the

Hague, and Mr. St. John has made him a present of fifty guineas to bear

his charges. An't I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that

I might prefer you? I had a letter from Bernage from Kinsale: he tells

me his commission for captain-lieutenant was ready for him at his

arrival: so there are two jackanapeses I have done with. My head is

something better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, whose packets were just come

in, and among them a letter from Lord Peterborow to me: he writes so

well, I have no mind to answer him, and so kind, that I must answer him.

The Emperor's(4) death must, I think, cause great alterations in Europe,

and, I believe, will hasten a peace. We reckon our King Charles will be

chosen Emperor, and the Duke of Savoy set up for Spain; but I believe

he will make nothing of it. Dr. Freind and I dined in the City at a

printer's, and it has cost me two shillings in coach-hire, and a great

deal more this week and month, which has been almost all rain, with now

and then sunshine, and is the truest April that I have known these many

years. The lime-trees in the Park are all out in leaves, though not

large leaves yet. Wise people are going into the country; but many think

the Parliament can hardly be up these six weeks. Mr. Harley was with the

Queen on Tuesday. I believe certainly he will be Lord Treasurer: I have

not seen him this week.

21. Morning. Lord Keeper, and I, and Prior, and Sir Thomas Mansel, have

appointed to dine this day with George Granville. My head, I thank God,

is better; but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me.

I take no snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little and the

gentlest meats. How does poor Stella just now, with her deans and

her Stoytes? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre,

sirrah? What say you to that? Poor Dingley frets to see Stella lose that

four and elevenpence, the other night. Let us rise. Morrow, sirrahs. I

will rise, spite of your little teeth; good-morrow.--At night. O, faith,

you are little dear saucyboxes. I was just going in the morning to tell

you that I began to want a letter from MD, and in four minutes after Mr.

Ford sends me one that he had picked up at St. James's Coffee-house; for

I go to no coffee-house at all. And, faith, I was glad at heart to see

it, and to see Stella so brisk. O Lord, what pretending? Well, but I

will not answer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other side. Well, we dined

to-day according to appointment: Lord Keeper went away at near eight,

I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled; for young

Harcourt,(5) Lord Keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away.

It will not do with Prior's lean carcass. I drink little, miss my glass

often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take

to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make

a proverb--

Drink little at a time;

Put water with your wine;

Miss your glass when you can;

And go off the first man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a

totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I refused

ham and pigeons, pease-soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were

too strong. I take no snuff at all, but some herb snuff prescribed by

Dr. Radcliffe.

Go to your deans,

You couple of queans.

I believe I said that already. What care I? what cares Presto?

22. Morning. I must rise and go to the Secretary's. Mr. Harley has

been out of town this week to refresh himself before he comes into

Parliament. Oh, but I must rise, so there is no more to be said; and so

morrow, sirrahs both.--Night. I dined to-day with the Secretary, who

has engaged me for every Sunday; and I was an hour with him this morning

deep in politics, where I told him the objections of the October Club,

and he answered all except one, that no inquiries are made into past

mismanagement. But indeed I believe they are not yet able to make

any: the late Ministry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced

themselves with an Act of general pardon. I believe Mr. Harley must be

Lord Treasurer; yet he makes one difficulty which is hard to answer: he

must be made a lord, and his estate is not large enough, and he is too

generous to make it larger; and if the Ministry should change soon by

any accident, he will be left in the suds. Another difficulty is, that

if he be made a peer, they will want him prodigiously in the House of

Commons, of which he is the great mover, and after him the Secretary,

and hardly any else of weight. Two shillings more to-day for coach and

chair. I shall be ruined.

23. So you expect an answer to your letter, do you so? Yes, yes, you

shall have an answer, you shall, young women. I made a good pun

on Saturday to my Lord Keeper. After dinner we had coarse Doiley

napkins,(6) fringed at each end, upon the table, to drink with: my Lord

Keeper spread one of them between him and Mr. Prior; I told him I was

glad to see there was such a fringeship (friendship) between Mr. Prior

and his lordship. Prior swore it was the worst he ever heard: I said I

thought so too; but at the same time I thought it was most like one of

Stella's that ever I heard. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy, and this

evening saw the Venetian Ambassador(7) coming from his first public

audience. His coach was the most monstrous, huge, fine, rich gilt thing

that ever I saw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to visit the Duchess of Ormond,(8) who has long

desired it, or threatened she would not let me visit her daughters.

I sat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the

Countess of Bellamont,(9) with a pox. I went out, and we did not know

one another; yet hearing me named, she asked, "What, is that Dr. Swift?"

said she and I were very well acquainted, and fell a railing at me

without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but

once in the company of that drab of a Countess. Sir Andrew Fountaine and

I dined with my neighbour Van. I design in two days, if possible, to

go lodge at Chelsea for the air, and put myself under a necessity of

walking to and from London every day. I writ this post to the Bishop of

Clogher a long politic letter, to entertain him. I am to buy statues and

harnese(10) for them, with a vengeance. I have packed and sealed up MD's

twelve letters against I go to Chelsea. I have put the last commissions

of MD in my account-book; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot

them. I have Dingley's pocket-book down, and Stella's green silk apron,

and the pound of tea; pray send me word if you have any other, and down

they shall go. I will not answer your letter yet, saucy boxes. You are

with the Dean just now, Madam Stella, losing your money. Why do not

you name what number you have received? You say you have received my

letters, but do not tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the City with very insignificant, low, and

scurvy company. I had a letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, with a

long denial of the report raised on him,(11) which yet has been since

assured to me from those who say they have it from the first hand; but

I cannot believe them. I will show it to the Secretary to-morrow. I will

not answer yours till I get to Chelsea.

26. Chelsea. I have sent two boxes of lumber to my friend Darteneuf's

house, and my chest of Florence and other things to Mrs. Vanhomrigh,

where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the Secretary, and showed

him the Archbishop's letter, and convinced him of his Grace's innocence,

and I will do the same to Mr. Harley. I got here in the stage-coach with

Patrick and my portmanteau for sixpence, and pay six shillings a week

for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets.(12) We have had such a

horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to London, and I must go

as I came until it mends; and besides the whelp has taken my lodging as

far from London as this town could afford, at least half a mile farther

than he need; but I must be content. The best is, I lodge just over

against Dr. Atterbury's house, and yet perhaps I shall not like the

place the better for that. Well, I will stay till to-morrow before I

answer your letter; and you must suppose me always writing at Chelsea

from henceforward, till I alter, and say London. This letter goes on

Saturday, which will be just a fortnight; so go and cheat Goody Stoyte,

etc.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole chest of Florence is turned sour,

at least the two first flasks were so, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy

unfortunate am I! and the Secretary's own is the best I ever tasted;

and I must not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the best in

Christendom. I went to town in the sixpenny stage to-day; and hearing

Mr. Harley was not at home, I went to see him, because I knew by the

message of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and

just going out, but made me promise to dine with him; and betwixt

that and indeed strolling about, I lost four pound seven shillings

at play--with a--a--a--bookseller, and got but about half a dozen

books.(13) I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I

dined at Mr. Harley's, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock, and

periwig, and walked hither to Chelsea, as I always design to do when

it is fair. I am heartily sorry to find my friend the Secretary stand

a little ticklish with the rest of the Ministry; there have been one or

two disobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other

day in Parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have

not been duly accounted for, Mr. Secretary, in his warmth of speech,

and zeal for his friend Mr. Brydges,(14) on whom part of the blame

was falling, said he did not know that either Mr. Brydges or the late

Ministry were at all to blame in this matter; which was very desperately

spoken, and giving up the whole cause: for the chief quarrel against the

late Ministry was the ill management of the treasure, and was more than

all the rest together. I had heard of this matter: but Mr. Foley(15)

beginning to discourse to-day at table, without naming Mr. St. John, I

turned to Mr. Harley, and said if the late Ministry were not to blame

in that article, he (Mr. Harley) ought to lose his head for putting the

Queen upon changing them. He made it a jest; but by some words dropped,

I easily saw that they take things ill of Mr. St. John; and by some

hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the

Secretary will not stand long. This is the fate of Courts. I will, if I

meet Mr. St. John alone on Sunday, tell him my opinion, and beg him to

set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad; for I see

not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome

enemy. But enough of politics.

28. Morning. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Harley asked me yesterday how

he came to disoblige the Archbishop of Dublin. Upon which (having not

his letter about me) I told him what the Bishop had written to me on

that subject,(16) and desired I might read him the letter some other

time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am

afraid the Archbishop is a little guilty. Here is one Brent Spencer, a

brother of Mr. Proby's,(17) who affirms it, and says he has leave to do

so from Charles Dering,(18) who heard the words; and that Ingoldsby,(19)

abused the Archbishop, etc. Well, but now for your saucy letter: I have

no room to answer it; O yes, enough on t'other side. Are you no sicker?

Stella jeers Presto for not coming over by Christmas; but indeed Stella

does not jeer, but reproach, poor poor Presto. And how can I come away

and the First-Fruits not finished? I am of opinion the Duke of Ormond

will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight,

they say; and then they must fall to me to be done in his absence.

No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the

Miscellanies(20) already. Are they on your side yet? If you have my

snuff box, I will have your strong box. Hi, does Stella take snuff

again? or is it only because it is a fine box? Not the Meddle, but the

Medley,(21) you fool. Yes, yes, a wretched thing, because it is against

you Tories: now I think it very fine, and the Examiner a wretched

thing.--Twist your mouth, sirrah. Guiscard, and what you will read

in the Narrative,(22) I ordered to be written, and nothing else. The

Spectator is written by Steele, with Addison's help: it is often very

pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago

for his Tatlers, about an Indian supposed to write his Travels into

England.(23) I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book

on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all

the under-hints there are mine too; but I never see him or Addison. The

Queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told she has

sometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word bowels). My ears

have been, these three months past, much better than any time these two

years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is

better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking. You have got

my letter, but what number? I suppose 18. Well, my shin has been

well this month. No, Mrs. Westley(24) came away without her husband's

knowledge, while she was in the country: she has written to me for some

tea. They lie; Mr. Harley's wound was very terrible: he had convulsions,

and very narrowly escaped. The bruise was nine times worse than the

wound: he is weak still. Well, Brooks married; I know all that. I am

sorry for Mrs. Walls's eye: I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great

walkers: but I have heard them say, "Much talkers, little walkers": and

I believe I may apply the old proverb to you--

If you talked no more than you walked,

Those that think you wits would be baulked.

Yes, Stella shall have a large printed Bible: I have put it down among

my commissions for MD. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of

intending to read the Bible. Pox take the box; is not it come yet?

This is trusting to your young fellows, young women; 'tis your fault:

I thought you had such power with Sterne that he would fly over Mount

Atlas to serve you. You say you are not splenetic; but if you be, faith,

you will break poor Presto's--I will not say the rest; but I vow to God,

if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all schemes of

politics and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities here of

preserving my health by riding, etc., that I have in Ireland; and the

want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You guess right

about my being bit with a direction from Walls, and the letter from MD:

I believe I described it in one of my last. This goes to-night; and

I must now rise and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God

Almighty bless and preserve poor MD. Farewell.

O, faith, don't think, saucy noses, that I'll fill this third side: I

can't stay a letter above a fortnight: it must go then; and you would

rather see a short one like this, than want it a week longer.

My humble service to the Dean, and Mrs. Walls, and good, kind, hearty

Mrs. Stoyte, and honest Catherine.

LETTER 22.

CHELSEA, April 28, 1711.

At night. I say at night, because I finished my twenty-first this

morning here, and put it into the post-office my own self, like a good

boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my

twenty-second, and have received your thirteenth. I got to town between

twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with

Lord Abercorn, where I had not been since the marriage of his son Lord

Peasley,(1) who has got ten thousand pounds with a wife. I am now a

country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and

am got into bed: I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little

good. I have been inquiring about statues for Mrs. Ashe: I made Lady

Abercorn(2) go with me; and will send them word next post to Clogher. I

hate to buy for her: I am sure she will maunder. I am going to study.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to-day: I washed, shaved and

all, and changed gown and periwig, by half an hour after nine, and went

to the Secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in

Parliament: I apprehended this division, and told him a great deal of

it. I went to Court, and there several mentioned it to me as what they

much disliked. I dined with the Secretary; and we proposed doing some

business of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me first, and

said how he and Mr. Harley were convinced of the necessity of it; yet he

suffered one of his under-secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who

stayed till six, and so nothing was done: and what care I? he shall send

to me the next time, and ask twice. To-morrow I go to the election at

Westminster School, where lads are chosen for the University: they say

it is a sight, and a great trial of wits. Our Expedition Fleet is but

just sailed: I believe it will come to nothing. Mr. Secretary frets at

their tediousness, but hopes great things from it, though he owns four

or five princes are in the secret; and, for that reason, I fear it is no

secret to France. There are eight regiments; and the Admiral(3) is your

Walker's brother the midwife.

30. Morn. I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning

natives of Chelsea have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage

coaches. What shall I do? I must go to town: this is your fault. I

cannot walk: I will borrow a coat. This is the blind side of my lodging

out of town; I must expect such inconveniences as these. Faith, I'll

walk in the rain. Morrow.--At night. I got a gentleman's chaise by

chance, and so went to town for a shilling, and lie this night in town.

I was at the election of lads at Westminster to-day, and a very silly

thing it is; but they say there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined

with Dr. Freind,(4) the second master of the school, with a dozen

parsons and others: Prior would make me stay. Mr. Harley is to hear the

election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine

speeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again: I lie at a friend's in the

City.

May 1. I wish you a merry May Day, and a thousand more. I was baulked at

Westminster; I came too late: I heard no speeches nor verses. They would

not let me in to their dining-place for want of a ticket; and I

would not send in for one, because Mr. Harley excused his coming, and

Atterbury was not there; and I cared not for the rest: and so my friend

Lewis and I dined with Kitt Musgrave,(5) if you know such a man: and,

the weather mending, I walked gravely home this evening; and so I design

to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myself a little better already.

How does poor Stella? Dingley is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty

girl, you are well enough. O dear MD, contrive to have some share of

the country this spring: go to Finglas, or Donnybrook, or Clogher, or

Killala, or Lowth. Have you got your box yet? Yes, yes. Do not write to

me again till this letter goes: I must make haste, that I may write two

for one. Go to the Bath: I hope you are now at the Bath, if you had a

mind to go; or go to Wexford: do something for your living. Have

you given up my lodging, according to order? I have had just now a

compliment from Dean Atterbury's lady,(6) to command the garden and

library, and whatever the house affords. I lodge just over against them;

but the Dean is in town with his Convocation: so I have my Dean and

Prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not so good wine,

nor so much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your

little fat Presto sweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns

sold here in our town; was it not Rrrrrrrrrare Chelsea buns?(7) I bought

one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny; it was stale, and I did not

like it, as the man said, etc. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined at

Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and had a flask of my Florence, which lies in their

cellar; and so I came home gravely, and saw nobody of consequence

to-day. I am very easy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning; and

Patrick saves many a score lies. I sent over to Mrs Atterbury to

know whether I might wait on her; but she is gone a visiting: we have

exchanged some compliments, but I have not seen her yet. We have no news

in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible rainy; nor have I

stirred out of my room till eight this evening, when I crossed the way

to see Mrs. Atterbury, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs

send me some veal, and small beer, and ale, to-day at dinner; and I have

lived a scurvy, dull, splenetic day, for want of MD: I often thought how

happy I could have been, had it rained eight thousand times more, if MD

had been with a body. My Lord Rochester(8) is dead this morning; they

say at one o'clock; and I hear he died suddenly. To-morrow I shall know

more. He is a great loss to us: I cannot think who will succeed him as

Lord President. I have been writing a long letter to Lord Peterborow,

and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at Lord Shelburne's, where Lady Kerry(9) made me a

present of four India handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep

for little MD, only that I had rather, etc. I have been a mighty

handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of snuff ones since I

have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I come over,

MD shall be acquainted with Lady Kerry: we have struck up a mighty

friendship; and she has much better sense than any other lady of

your country. We are almost in love with one another: but she is most

egregiously ugly; but perfectly well-bred, and governable as I please. I

am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but MD: you know I kept my

resolution last time; and, except Mr. Addison, conversed with none but

you and your club of deans and Stoytes. 'Tis three weeks, young women,

since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have

another for five pounds till this is gone; and yet I send every day to

the Coffee-house, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter:

and I do not know what, nor I do not know how, and this goes on very

slow; it is a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country

gentleman, and do not know how the world passes. Do you know that every

syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were

talking in our own little language to MD? Faith, I am very silly; but

I cannot help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My solicitors,

that used to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am

so happy not to hear "Patrick, Patrick," called a hundred times every

morning. But I looked backward, and find I have said this before. What

care I? Go to the Dean, and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politics

how to save the present Ministry; for I am afraid of Mr. Secretary, as

I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr. Harley; and, upon

my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. Secretary was just going out of the

door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday Club,

Lord Keeper, Lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley, and I; the first

time since his stabbing. Mr. Secretary went away; but I stayed till

nine, and made Mr. Harley show me his breast, and tell all the story;

and I showed him the Archbishop of Dublin's letter, and defended him

effectually. We were all in mighty good humour. Lord Keeper and I left

them together, and I walked here after nine two miles, and I found a

parson drunk fighting with a seaman, and Patrick and I were so wise to

part them, but the seaman followed him to Chelsea, cursing at him, and

the parson slipped into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to

see a man in my coat so overtaken. A pretty scene for one that just came

from sitting with the Prime Ministers! I had no money in my pocket, and

so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr. Harley shall make me

take such a journey again. We don't yet know who will be President in

Lord Rochester's room. I measured, and found that the penknife would

have killed Mr. Harley if it had gone but half the breadth of my

thumb-nail lower, so near was he to death. I was so curious as to ask

him what were his thoughts while they were carrying him home in the

chair. He said he concluded himself a dead man. He will not allow that

Guiscard gave him the second stab; though my Lord Keeper, who is blind,

and I that was not there, are positive in it. He wears a plaster still

as broad as half a crown. Smoke how wide the lines are, but, faith, I

don't do it on purpose: but I have changed my side in this new Chelsea

bed, and I do not know how, methinks, but it is so unfit, and so

awkward, never saw the like.

6. You must remember to enclose your letters in a fair paper, and direct

the outside thus: "To Erasmus Lewis, Esq.; at my Lord Dartmouth's office

at Whitehall." I said so before, but it may miscarry, you know, yet I

think none of my letters did ever miscarry; faith, I think never one;

among all the privateers and the storms. O, faith, my letters are too

good to be lost. MD's letters may tarry, but never miscarry, as the old

woman used to say. And indeed, how should they miscarry, when they never

come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a shift

to steal fair weather overhead enough to go and come in. I was early

with the Secretary, and dined with him afterwards. In the morning I

began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But Arthur

Moore(10) came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of

Arthur Moore. But when I get Mr. Harley alone, I will know the bottom.

You will have Dr. Raymond over before this letter, and what care you?

7. I hope and believe my walks every day do me good. I was busy at home,

and set out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at whose

lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I visited this afternoon,

and among others, poor Biddy Floyd,(11) who is very red, but I

believe won't be much marked. As I was coming home, I met Sir George

Beaumont(12) in the Pall Mall, who would needs walk with me as far as

Buckingham House. I was telling him of my head; he said he had been ill

of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea, which, he

said, always gave it him; and that Dr. Radcliffe said it was very bad.

Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month,

having found myself ill after it several times; and I mention it that

Stella may consider it for her own poor little head: a pound lies

ready packed up and directed for Mrs. Walls, to be sent by the first

convenience. Mr. Secretary told me yesterday that Mr. Harley would this

week be Lord Treasurer and a peer; so I expect it every day; yet perhaps

it may not be till Parliament is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the Duke of Ormond, and recommended to him the care

of poor Joe Beaumont, who promises me to do him all justice and favour,

and give him encouragement; and desired I would give a memorial to Ned

Southwell about it, which I will, and so tell Joe when you see him,

though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. Warburton.(13) It

was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the City, and went and came

by water; and it rained so this evening again, that I thought I should

hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I will send to-morrow

to the Coffee-house for a letter from MD; but I would not have one

methinks till this is gone, as it shall on Saturday. I visited the

Duchess of Ormond this morning; she does not go over with the Duke. I

spoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil,(14) the son of a grocer

in Capel Street, one Bell; the ladies have bought sugar and plums of

him. Mrs. Mary used to go there often. This is Patrick's account; and

the poor fellow has been here some months with his boy. But the Queen

has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm, I fear she

will not at all. Go, go, go to the Dean's, and let him carry you to

Donnybrook, and cut asparagus. Has Parvisol sent you any this year?

I cannot sleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or something

hinders me, and I am drowsy in the mornings.

9. Dr. Freind came this morning to visit Atterbury's lady and children

as physician, and persuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot.

He told me he had been an hour before with Sir Cholmley Dering, Charles

Dering's nephew, and head of that family in Kent, for which he is Knight

of the shire. He said he left him dying of a pistol-shot quite through

the body, by one Mr. Thornhill.(15) They fought at sword and pistol this

morning in Tuttle Fields,(16) their pistols so near that the muzzles

touched. Thornhill discharged first; and Dering, having received the

shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air.

The story of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had lost seven teeth by a

kick in the mouth from Dering, who had first knocked him down; this

was above a fortnight ago. Dering was next week to be married to a fine

young lady. This makes a noise here, but you will not value it. Well,

Mr. Harley, Lord Keeper, and one or two more, are to be made lords

immediately; their patents are now passing, and I read the preamble to

Mr. Harley's, full of his praises. Lewis and I dined with Ford: I found

the wine; two flasks of my Florence, and two bottles of six that Dr.

Raymond sent me of French wine; he sent it to me to drink with Sir

Robert Raymond and Mr. Harley's brother,(17) whom I had introduced him

to; but they never could find time to come; and now I have left the

town, and it is too late. Raymond will think it a cheat. What care I,

sirrah?

10. Pshaw, pshaw. Patrick brought me four letters to-day: from Dilly at

Bath; Joe; Parvisol; and what was the fourth, who can tell? Stand away,

who'll guess? Who can it be? You old man with a stick, can you tell who

the fourth is from? Iss, an please your honour, it is from one Madam MD,

Number Fourteen. Well; but I can't send this away now, because it

was here, and I was in town; but it shall go on Saturday, and this is

Thursday night, and it will be time enough for Wexford. Take my method:

I write here to Parvisol to lend Stella twenty pounds, and to take her

note promissory to pay it in half a year, etc. You shall see, and if you

want more, let me know afterwards; and be sure my money shall be always

paid constantly too. Have you been good or ill housewives, pray?

11. Joe has written me to get him a collector's place, nothing less; he

says all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr. Harley, and that

the smallest word to him will do. This is the constant cant of puppies

who are at a distance, and strangers to Courts and Ministers. My answer

is this, which pray send: that I am ready to serve Joe as far as I can;

that I have spoken to the Duke of Ormond about his money, as I writ to

Warburton; that for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time,

which I cannot think of at present; but, if accidents and opportunities

should happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know best how

far my credit goes; that he is at a distance, and cannot judge; that I

would be glad to do him good, and if fortune throws an opportunity in

my way I shall not be wanting. This is my answer, which you may send or

read to him. Pray contrive that Parvisol may not run away with my two

hundred pounds; but get Burton's(18) note, and let the money be returned

me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be suspicious. Teach Parvisol to

enclose, and direct the outside to Mr. Lewis. I will answer your letter

in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell

you that at the Court of Requests to-day I could not find a dinner I

liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, etc.

12. Morning. I will finish this letter before I go to town, because I

shall be busy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewell, etc.

etc.

LETTER 23.

CHELSEA, May 12, 1711.

I sent you my twenty-second this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr.

Harley and the old Club, Lord Rivers, Lord Keeper, and Mr. Secretary.

They rallied me last week, and said I must have Mr. St. John's leave; so

I writ to him yesterday, that foreseeing I should never dine again with

Sir Simon Harcourt, Knight, and Robert Harley, Esq., I was resolved to

do it to-day. The jest is, that before Saturday(1) next we expect they

will be lords; for Mr. Harley's patent is drawing, to be Earl of Oxford.

Mr. Secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's

end in his coach; so I lost my walk. St. John read my letter to the

company, which was all raillery, and passed purely.

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I

just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all

over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almost fit to be mowed. I

went to Court after church (as I always do on Sundays), and then dined

with Mr. Secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and poor MD

dined at home upon a bit of veal and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy

insipid to tell you every day where I dine? yet now I have got into

the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. Presto, you had

better go answer MD's letter, N.14. I will answer it when I please,

Mr. Doctor. What is that you say? The Court was very full this morning,

expecting Mr. Harley would be declared Earl of Oxford and have the

Treasurer's staff. Mr. Harley never comes to Court at all; somebody

there asked me the reason. "Why," said I, "the Lord of Oxford knows." He

always goes to the Queen by the back stairs. I was told for certain, you

jackanapes, Lord Santry(2) was dead, Captain Cammock(3) assured me so;

and now he's alive again, they say; but that shan't do: he shall be dead

to me as long as he lives. Dick Tighe(4) and I meet, and never stir our

hats. I am resolved to mistake him for Witherington, the little nasty

lawyer that came up to me so sternly at the Castle the day I left

Ireland. I'll ask the gentleman I saw walking with him how long

Witherington has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite discouraged me from

walking, and there is no shade in the greatest part of the way. I took

the first boat, and had a footman my companion; then I went again

by water, and dined in the City with a printer, to whom I carried a

pamphlet in manuscript, that Mr. Secretary gave me. The printer sent it

to the Secretary for his approbation, and he desired me to look it over,

which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so,

is because it was done by your parson Slap, Scrap, Flap (what d'ye call

him), Trapp,(5) your Chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called A Character of

the Present Set of Whigs, and is going to be printed, and no doubt the

author will take care to produce it in Ireland. Dr. Freind was with me,

and pulled out a twopenny pamphlet just published, called The State of

Wit,(6) giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late.

The author seems to be a Whig, yet he speaks very highly of a paper

called the Examiner, and says the supposed author of it is Dr. Swift.

But above all things he praises the Tatlers and Spectators; and I

believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one

treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain Curll(7) has scraped

up some trash, and calls it Dr. Swift's Miscellanies, with the name at

large: and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. Harley told me

he had read it, and only laughed at me before Lord Keeper and the

rest. Since I came home, I have been sitting with the Prolocutor, Dean

Atterbury, who is my neighbour over the way, but generally keeps in town

with his Convocation. 'Tis late, etc.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot. I dined

with Lord Shelburne, and have desired Mrs. Pratt, who lodges there, to

carry over Mrs. Walls's tea; I hope she will do it, and they talk of

going in a fortnight. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig

at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall Mall, through the Park, out

at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea a little beyond the church: I set

out about sunset, and get here in something less than an hour; it is two

good miles, and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps;

so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk

while I stay in town. When I pass the Mall in the evening, it is

prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry

shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs

were of no use, but to be laid aside. I have been now almost three

weeks here, and I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but

continue. I tell you what, if I was with you, when we went to Stoyte at

Donnybrook, we would only take a coach to the hither end of Stephen's

Green, and from thence go every step on foot, yes, faith, every step;

it would do DD(8) good as well as Presto.(9) Everybody tells me I

look better already; for, faith, I looked sadly, that is certain. My

breakfast is milk porridge: I do not love it; faith, I hate it, but

it is cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those

qualities for anything.(10)

16. I wonder why Presto will be so tedious in answering MD's letters;

because he would keep the best to the last, I suppose. Well, Presto must

be humoured, it must be as he will have it, or there will be an old to

do.(11) Dead with heat; are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead

sweat rarely; sometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day

with one Parson Richardson,(12) who came to see me, on his going to

Ireland; and with him I send Mrs. Walls's tea, and three books(13) I

got from the Lords of the Treasury for the College. I dined with Lord

Shelburne to-day; Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going likewise for

Ireland.--Lord! I forgot, I dined with Mr. Prior to-day, at his house,

with Dean Atterbury and others; and came home pretty late, and I think

I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I say, never saw the like.

17. Sterne came here by water to see me this morning, and I went back

with him to his boat. He tells me that Mrs. Edgworth(14) married a

fellow in her journey to Chester; so I believe she little thought of

anybody's box but her own. I desired Sterne to give me directions where

to get the box in Chester, which he says he will to-morrow; and I will

write to Richardson to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over.

It is directed to Mrs. Curry: you must caution her of it, and desire

her to send it you when it comes. Sterne says Jemmy Leigh loves London

mightily; that makes him stay so long, I believe, and not Sterne's

business, which Mr. Harley's accident has put much backward. We expect

now every day that he will be Earl of Oxford and Lord Treasurer. His

patent is passing; but, they say, Lord Keeper's not yet; at least his

son, young Harcourt, told me so t'other day. I dined to-day privately

with my friend Lewis at his lodgings at Whitehall. T'other day at

Whitehall I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen before

since I came to England; we were mighty glad to see each other, and she

has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one Mrs. Colledge:

she has lodgings at Whitehall, having been seamstress to King William,

worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatic joiner,(15) hanged

for treason in Shaftesbury's plot. This noble person and I were brought

acquainted, some years ago, by Lady Berkeley.(16) I love good creditable

acquaintance: I love to be the worst of the company: I am not of those

that say, "For want of company, welcome trumpery." I was this evening

with Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales;

but they are almost past singing.

18. I was hunting the Secretary to-day in vain about some business, and

dined with Colonel Crowe, late Governor of Barbados,(17) and your friend

Sterne was the third: he is very kind to Sterne, and helps him in his

business, which lies asleep till Mr. Harley is Lord Treasurer, because

nothing of moment is now done in the Treasury, the change being expected

every day. I sat with Dean Atterbury till one o'clock after I came home;

so 'tis late, etc.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making

hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but

the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as

farther in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in

straw hats since I knew London. I stayed at home till five o'clock, and

dined with Dean Atterbury; then went by water to Mr. Harley's, where the

Saturday Club was met, with the addition of the Duke of Shrewsbury. I

whispered Lord Rivers that I did not like to see a stranger among us;

and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr. Secretary said the Duke writ to

have leave; so I appeared satisfied, and so we laughed. Mr. Secretary

told me the Duke of Buckingham(18) had been talking to him much about

me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered it could not be, for he

had not made sufficient advances. Then the Duke of Shrewsbury said he

thought that Duke was not used to make advances. I said I could not help

that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and

more from a duke than any other man. The Duke replied that he did not

mean anything of his quality; which was handsomely said enough; for he

meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody

is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten to twelve

Mr. Harley and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal

of matters I had a mind to settle with him; and then walked in a fine

moonshine night to Chelsea, where I got by one. Lord Rivers conjured me

not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had

no money to lose.

20. By what the Lord Keeper told me last night, I find he will not be

made a peer so soon; but Mr. Harley's patent for Earl of Oxford is now

drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he

did scurvily, and then talked of it like the rest. Mr. Secretary had too

much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give

no man liberty to swear or talk b---dy, and I found some of them were

in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry

Whitsuntide, and pray tell me how you pass away your time; but, faith,

you are going to Wexford, and I fear this letter is too late; it shall

go on Thursday, and sooner it cannot, I have so much business to hinder

me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence? Do you quit

your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the Pall Mall a clergyman

of Ireland, whom I love very well and was glad to see, and with him

a little jackanapes, of Ireland too, who married Nanny Swift, Uncle

Adam's(19) daughter, one Perry; perhaps you may have heard of him. His

wife has sent him here, to get a place from Lowndes;(20) because my

uncle and Lowndes married two sisters, and Lowndes is a great man here

in the Treasury; but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him:

however, he expected I should be his friend to Lowndes, and one word

of mine, etc., the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him.

I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I keep my best gown and periwig, to

put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the City, and coming home this evening, I met Sir

Thomas Mansel and Mr. Lewis in the Park. Lewis whispered me that Mr.

Harley's patent for the Earl of Oxford was passed in Mr. Secretary St.

John's office; so to-morrow or next day, I suppose, he will be

declared Earl of Oxford, and have the staff.(21) This man has grown by

persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing. What waiting, and crowding,

and bowing will be at his levee! yet, if human nature be capable of so

much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating

the necessary forms of grandeur he must keep up. 'Tis late, sirrahs, and

I'll go sleep.

23. Morning. I sat up late last night, and waked late to-day; but will

now answer your letter in bed before I go to town, and I will send it

to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go so soon to Wexford.--No, you are

not out in your number; the last was Number 14, and so I told you

twice or thrice; will you never be satisfied? What shall we do for poor

Stella? Go to Wexford, for God's sake: I wish you were to walk there by

three miles a day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking

has done me so much good, that I cannot but prescribe it often to poor

Stella. Parvisol has sent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am sorry

for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago;

but I hope he will be able to pay you what I have drawn upon him for: he

never sent me any sum before, but one bill of twenty pounds half a year

ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world;

and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's sake, as hope

saved.(22) I suppose you give up your lodgings when you go to Wexford;

yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wish again you were under a

necessity of rambling the country until Michaelmas, faith. No, let them

keep the shelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about those

four weeks; or Mrs. Brent may have the shelves, if she please. I am

obliged to your Dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that

be enough to say? A hundred people would lend me money, or to any man

who has not the reputation of a squanderer. O, faith, I should be glad

to be in the same kingdom with MD, however, although you are at Wexford.

But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break

through, if I could do it with decency or honour.--To return without

some mark of distinction would look extremely little; and I would

likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but

beg you to be easy till Fortune take her course, and to believe that

MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let

us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that

I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less

share of happiness in life than I: I do not say I am unhappy at all, but

that everything here is tasteless to me for want of being as I would

be. And so, a short sigh, and no more of this. Well, come and let's see

what's next, young women. Pox take Mrs. Edgworth and Sterne! I will take

some methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about

the picture? Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope

Manley will keep his place; for I hear nothing of Sir Thomas Frankland's

losing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr. Addison, but "To Erasmus

Lewis, Esq.; at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall." Direct your

outside so.--Poor dear Stella, don't write in the dark, nor in the light

neither, but dictate to Dingley; she is a naughty, healthy girl, and may

drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel

too often? Pray love one another, and kiss one another just now, as

Dingley is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning just after Mrs.

Marget(23) had poured water on Stella's head: I heard the little bird

say so. Well, I have answered everything in your letter that required

it, and yet the second side is not full. I'll come home at night, and

say more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your

own chambers, and let Presto rise like a modest gentleman, and walk to

town. I fancy I begin to sweat less in the forehead by constant walking

than I used to do; but then I shall be so sunburnt, the ladies will not

like me. Come, let me rise, sirrahs. Morrow.--At night. I dined with

Ford to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my own cellar, some

of my own chest of the great Duke's wine: it begins to turn. They say

wine with you in Ireland is half a crown a bottle. 'Tis as Stella says;

nothing that once grows dear in Ireland ever grows cheap again, except

corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. I had a letter to-day from the

Archbishop of Dublin, giving me further thanks about vindicating him

to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, and telling me a long story about your

Mayor's election,(24) wherein I find he has had a finger, and given

way to further talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet. This

walking to and fro, and dressing myself, takes up so much of my time

that I cannot go among company so much as formerly; yet what must a body

do? I thank God I yet continue much better since I left the town; I know

not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the

present. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once

or twice for a minute, I do not know how; but it went off, and I never

followed it. Does Dingley read my hand as well as ever? do you, sirrah?

Poor Stella must not read Presto's ugly small hand.

Preserve your eyes,

If you be wise.

Your friend Walls's tea will go in a day or two towards Chester by one

Parson Richardson. My humble service to her, and to good Mrs. Stoyte,

and Catherine; and pray walk while you continue in Dublin. I expect your

next but one will be from Wexford. God bless dearest MD.

24. Morning. Mr. Secretary has sent his groom hither, to invite me to

dinner to-day, etc. God Almighty for ever bless and preserve you both,

and give you health, etc. Amen. Farewell, etc.

Do not I often say the same thing two or three times in the same letter,

sirrah?

Great wits, they say, have but short memories; that's good vile

conversation.

LETTER 24.

CHELSEA, May 24, 1711.

Morning. Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the

month is the same; that's lucky, boys; that's a sign that things will

meet, and that we shall make a figure together. What, will you still

have the impudence to say London, England, because I say Dublin,

Ireland? Is there no difference between London and Dublin, saucyboxes?

I have sealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, sirrahs.--At

night. I dined with the Secretary to-day; we sat down between five and

six. Mr. Harley's patent passed this morning: he is now Earl of Oxford,

Earl Mortimer, and Lord Harley of Wigmore Castle. My letter was sealed,

or I would have told you this yesterday; but the public news may tell

it you. The Queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod(1) for him in her

closet this week; I suppose he will take it from her, though, in a day

or two. At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiously, as it did

from five; however, I set out, and in half-way the rain lessened, and I

got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the first wet walk I have had

in a month's time that I am here but, however, I got to bed, after a

short visit to Atterbury.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I

dined with Mr. Lewis by appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown

and periwig to Mr. Lewis, because I designed to go to see Lord Oxford,

and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I stayed an hour longer

than I appointed; so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours,

but could not talk over some business I had with him; so he has desired

me to dine with him on Sunday, and I must disappoint the Secretary.

My lord set me down at a coffee-house, where I waited for the Dean

of Carlisle's chariot to bring me to Chelsea; for it has rained

prodigiously all this afternoon. The Dean did not come himself, but sent

me his chariot, which has cost me two shillings to the coachman; and so

I am got home, and Lord knows what is become of Patrick. I think I must

send him over to you; for he is an intolerable rascal. If I had

come without a gown, he would have served me so, though my life and

preferment should have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him

will cost me four pounds; but I will order the tailor to-morrow to stop

till further orders. My Lord Oxford can't yet abide to be called

"my lord"; and when I called him "my lord," he called me "Dr. Thomas

Swift,"(2) which he always does when he has a mind to tease me. By a

second hand, he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by a second

hand excused; but we had no talk of it to-day: but I will be no man's

chaplain alive. But I must go and be busy.

26. I never saw Patrick till this morning, and that only once, for I

dressed myself without him; and when I went to town he was out of the

way. I immediately sent for the tailor, and ordered him to stop his hand

in Patrick's clothes till further orders. Oh, if it were in Ireland, I

should have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him,

but myself, that has made me keep him so long. Now I am afraid to give

the rogue his clothes. What shall I do? I wish MD were here to entreat

for him, just here at the bed's side. Lady Ashburnham(3) has been

engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I set to-day apart for

it; and whatever was the mistake, she sent me word she was at dinner and

undressed, but would be glad to see me in the afternoon: so I dined with

Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and would not go to see her at all, in a huff. My fine

Florence is turning sour with a vengeance, and I have not drunk half of

it. As I was coming home to-night, Sir Thomas Mansel and Tom Harley(4)

met me in the Park, and made me walk with them till nine, like

unreasonable whelps; so I got not here till ten: but it was a fine

evening, and the foot-path clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I saw two old lame fellows, walking to

a brandy-shop, and when they got to the door, stood a long time

complimenting who should go in first. Though this be no jest to tell, it

was an admirable one to see. I dined to-day with my Lord Oxford and the

ladies, the new Countess, and Lady Betty,(5) who has been these three

days a lady born. My lord left us at seven, and I had no time to speak

to him about some affairs; but he promises in a day or two we shall dine

alone; which is mighty likely, considering we expect every moment that

the Queen will give him the staff, and then he will be so crowded he

will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to-night at

Council.

28. I had a petition sent me t'other day from one Stephen Gernon,

setting forth that he formerly lived with Harry Tenison,(6) who gave him

an employment of gauger, and that he was turned out after Harry's death,

and came for England, and is now starving, or, as he expresses it, THAT

THE STAFF OF LIFE HAS BEEN OF LATE A STRANGER TO HIS APPETITE. Today

the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young slender fellow

with freckles in his face: you must remember him; he waited at table as

a better sort of servant. I gave him a crown, and promised to do what I

could to help him to a service, which I did for Harry Tenison's memory.

It was bloody hot walking to-day, and I was so lazy I dined where my new

gown was, at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came back like a fool, and the Dean

of Carlisle has sat with me till eleven. Lord Oxford has not the staff

yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was shaving-day, and

went to the Secretary about some affairs, then visited the Duke and

Duchess of Ormond; but the latter was dressing to go out, and I could

not see her. My Lord Oxford had the staff given him this morning; so now

I must call him Lord Oxford no more, but Lord Treasurer: I hope he will

stick there: this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I

heard to-day in the City (where I dined) that he will very soon have the

Garter.--Pr'ythee, do not you observe how strangely I have changed my

company and manner of living? I never go to a coffee-house; you hear no

more of Addison, Steele, Henley, Lady Lucy, Mrs. Finch,(7) Lord Somers,

Lord Halifax, etc. I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you

the Archbishop of Dublin has writ me a long letter of a squabble in your

town about choosing a Mayor, and that he apprehended some censure for

the share he had in it?(8) I have not heard anything of it here; but I

shall not be always able to defend him. We hear your Bishop Hickman is

dead;(9) but nobody here will do anything for me in Ireland; so they

may die as fast or slow as they please.--Well, you are constant to your

deans, and your Stoyte, and your Walls. Walls will have her tea soon;

Parson Richardson is either going or gone to Ireland, and has it with

him. I hear Mr. Lewis has two letters for me: I could not call for them

to-day, but will to-morrow; and perhaps one of them may be from our

little MD, who knows, man? who can tell? Many a more unlikely thing has

happened.--Pshaw, I write so plaguy little, I can hardly see it myself.

WRITE BIGGER, SIRRAH(10) Presto. No, but I won't. Oh, you are a saucy

rogue, Mr. Presto, you are so impudent. Come, dear rogues, let Presto go

to sleep; I have been with the Dean, and 'tis near twelve.

30. I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at

Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig are, and out of mere

listlessness dine there very often; so I did to-day; but I got little

MD's letter, N.15 (you see, sirrahs, I remember to tell the number),

from Mr. Lewis, and I read it in a closet they lend me at Mrs. Van's;

and I find Stella is a saucy rogue and a great writer, and can write

finely still when her hand is in, and her pen good. When I came here

to-night, I had a mighty mind to go swim after I was cool, for my

lodging is just by the river; and I went down with only my nightgown and

slippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of these nights I

will venture.

31. I was so hot this morning with my walk, that I resolve to do so

no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical that now we

happen to have such heat to ripen the fruit there has been the greatest

blast that was ever known, and almost all the fruit is despaired of.

I dined with Lord Shelburne: Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going to

Ireland. I went this evening to Lord Treasurer, and sat about two hours

with him in mixed company; he left us, and went to Court, and carried

two staves with him, so I suppose we shall have a new Lord Steward or

Comptroller to-morrow; I smoked that State secret out by that accident.

I will not answer your letter yet, sirrahs; no I won't, madam.

June 1. I wish you a merry month of June. I dined again with the Vans

and Sir Andrew Fountaine. I always give them a flask of my Florence,

which now begins to spoil, but it is near an end. I went this afternoon

to Mrs. Vedeau's, and brought away Madam Dingley's parchment and letter

of attorney. Mrs. Vedeau tells me she has sent the bill a fortnight ago.

I will give the parchment to Ben Tooke, and you shall send him a letter

of attorney at your leisure, enclosed to Mr. Presto. Yes, I now think

your mackerel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I

was bit about two staves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This

letter will find you still in Dublin, I suppose, or at Donnybrook, or

losing your money at Walls' (how does she do?).

2. I missed this day by a blunder and dining in the City.(11)

3. No boats on Sunday, never: so I was forced to walk, and so hot by the

time I got to Ford's lodging that I was quite spent; I think the weather

is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the Secretary as usual,

and old Colonel Graham(12) that lived at Bagshot Heath, and they said it

was Colonel Graham's house. Pshaw, I remember it very well, when I used

to go for a walk to London from Moor Park. What, I warrant you do not

remember the Golden Farmer(13) neither, figgarkick soley?(14)

4. When must we answer this letter, this N.15 of our little MD? Heat and

laziness, and Sir Andrew Fountaine, made me dine to-day again at Mrs.

Van's; and, in short, this weather is unsupportable: how is it with you?

Lady Betty Butler and Lady Ashburnham sat with me two or three hours

this evening in my closet at Mrs. Van's. They are very good girls; and

if Lady Betty went to Ireland, you should let her be acquainted with

you. How does Dingley do this hot weather? Stella, I think, never

complains of it; she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of

rain since Friday se'ennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty

Stella, you do so; and Presto can't abide it. Be a good girl then, and I

will love you; and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the City to-day, and went from hence early to town, and

visited the Duke of Ormond and Mr. Secretary. They say my Lord Treasurer

has a dead warrant in his pocket; they mean a list of those who are to

be turned out of employment; and we every day now expect those changes.

I passed by the Treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give

Lord Treasurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of

power and favour: he keeps no levees yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot

weather.--I am just this minute going to swim. I take Patrick down with

me, to hold my nightgown, shirt, and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my

landlady for a cap. So farewell till I come up; but there is no danger,

don't be frighted.--I have been swimming this half-hour and more; and

when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like

a cold bath; but, as I dived, the napkin fell off and is lost, and I

have that to pay for. O, faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could

hardly set my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to

bed, and will now go sleep.

6. Morning. This letter shall go to-morrow; so I will answer yours when

I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie

with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise

and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, sirrahs; dear

sirrahs, morrow.--At night. I never felt so hot a day as this since I

was born. I dined with Lady Betty Germaine, and there was the young Earl

of Berkeley(15) and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her

near so handsome as she passes for.--After dinner, Mr. Bertue(16) would

not let me put ice in my wine, but said my Lord Dorchester(17) got the

bloody flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world. Thus

are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or six

times this summer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing

makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady Berkeley after

dinner clapped my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it

upon the rails. I minded them not; but in two minutes they called me

to the window, and Lady Carteret(18) showed me my hat out of her window

five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old

Lady Weymouth(19) a visit, with some more beldames. Then I went and

drank coffee, and made one or two puns, with Lord Pembroke,(20) and

designed to go to Lord Treasurer; but it was too late, and beside I

was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never sweat after

dinner, if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour with Lady Betty Butler

at tea, and everything made me hotter and drier. Then I walked home, and

was here by ten, so miserably hot, that I was in as perfect a passion as

ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat

an hour, till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim; which I did,

but with so much vexation that I think I have given it over: for I

was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy Patrick,

standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call

sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is

gone; for there is no jesting with those boats after it is dark: I had

none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both

my hands, for fear of losing it. Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near

twelve, and so I'll answer your letter (it strikes twelve now) to-morrow

morning.

7. Morning. Well, now let us answer MD's letter, N.15, 15, 15, 15. Now

have I told you the number? 15, 15; there, impudence, to call names in

the beginning of your letter, before you say, How do you do, Mr. Presto?

There is your breeding! Where is your manners, sirrah, to a gentleman?

Get you gone, you couple of jades.--No, I never sit up late now; but

this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink something that

will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few strawberries.--Why then, do

you know in Ireland that Mr. St. John talked so in Parliament?(21) Your

Whigs are plaguily bit; for he is entirely for their being all out.--And

are you as vicious in snuff as ever? I believe, as you say, it does

neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when anybody offers

me their box, I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and

then just smell to it, and privately fling the rest away. I keep to my

tobacco still,(22) as you say; but even much less of that than formerly,

only mornings and evenings, and very seldom in the day.--As for Joe,(23)

I have recommended his case heartily to my Lord Lieutenant; and, by

his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr. Southwell, to whom I have

recommended it likewise. I can do no more, if he were my brother. His

business will be to apply himself to Southwell. And you must desire

Raymond, if Price of Galway comes to town, to desire him to wait on Mr.

Southwell, as recommended by me for one of the Duke's chaplains, which

was all I could do for him; and he must be presented to the Duke, and

make his court, and ply about, and find out some vacancy, and solicit

early for it. The bustle about your Mayor I had before, as I told you,

from the Archbishop of Dublin. Was Raymond not come till May 18? So

he says fine things of me? Certainly he lies. I am sure I used him

indifferently enough; and we never once dined together, or walked, or

were in any third place; only he came sometimes to my lodgings, and even

there was oftener denied than admitted.--What an odd bill is that you

sent of Raymond's! A bill upon one Murry in Chester, which depends

entirely not only upon Raymond's honesty, but his discretion; and in

money matters he is the last man I would depend on. Why should Sir

Alexander Cairnes(24) in London pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who,

upon Murry in Chester? I was at Cairnes's, and they can do no such

thing. I went among some friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill

must be sent to Murry, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then

Cairnes may accept or refuse it as he pleases. Accordingly I gave Sir

Thomas Frankland the bill, who has sent it to Chester, and ordered the

postmaster there to get it accepted, and then send it back, and in a day

or two I shall have an answer; and therefore this letter must stay a day

or two longer than I intended, and see what answer I get. Raymond should

have written to Murry at the same time, to desire Sir Alexander Cairnes

to have answered such a bill, if it come. But Cairnes's clerks (himself

was not at home) said they had received no notice of it, and could do

nothing; and advised me to send to Murry.--I have been six weeks to-day

at Chelsea, and you know it but just now. And so Dean ------ thinks I

write the Medley. Pox of his judgment! It is equal to his honesty. Then

you han't seen the Miscellany yet?(25) Why, 'tis a four-shilling book:

has nobody carried it over?--No, I believe Manley(26) will not lose his

place; for his friend(27) in England is so far from being out that he

has taken a new patent since the Post Office Act; and his brother

Jack Manley(28) here takes his part firmly; and I have often spoken to

Southwell in his behalf, and he seems very well inclined to him. But the

Irish folks here in general are horribly violent against him. Besides,

he must consider he could not send Stella wine if he were put out. And

so he is very kind, and sends you a dozen bottles of wine AT A TIME,

and you win eight shillings AT A TIME; and how much do you lose? No, no,

never one syllable about that, I warrant you.--Why, this same Stella is

so unmerciful a writer, she has hardly left any room for Dingley. If you

have such summer there as here, sure the Wexford waters are good by this

time. I forgot what weather we had May 6th; go look in my journal. We

had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop since. Yes, yes,

I remember Berested's bridge; the coach sosses up and down as one goes

that way, just as at Hockley-in-the-Hole.(29) I never impute any illness

or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise, or ill

air, or something I have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so

I fence against those as well as I can: but who a deuce can help the

weather? Will Seymour,(30) the General, was excessively hot with the

sun shining full upon him; so he turns to the sun, and says, "Harkee,

friend, you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this

rate," etc. Another time, fretting at the heat, a gentleman by said it

was such weather as pleased God: Seymour said, "Perhaps it may; but I am

sure it pleases nobody else." Why, Madam Dingley, the First-Fruits

are done. Southwell told me they went to inquire about them, and Lord

Treasurer said they were done, and had been done long ago. And I'll tell

you a secret you must not mention, that the Duke of Ormond is ordered to

take notice of them in his speech in your Parliament: and I desire you

will take care to say on occasion that my Lord Treasurer Harley did it

many months ago, before the Duke was Lord Lieutenant. And yet I cannot

possibly come over yet: so get you gone to Wexford, and make Stella

well. Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and

there are five hundred people on the way as I walk. Tisdall is a puppy,

and I will excuse him the half-hour he would talk with me. As for the

Examiner, I have heard a whisper that after that of this day,(31) which

tells us what this Parliament has done, you will hardly find them so

good. I prophesy they will be trash for the future; and methinks in

this day's Examiner the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no

more.(32) Observe whether the change be discovered in Dublin, only

for your own curiosity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. Vedeau's

business I have answered, and I hope the bill is not lost. Morrow. 'Tis

stewing hot, but I must rise and go to town between fire and water.

Morrow, sirrahs both, morrow.--At night. I dined to-day with Colonel

Crowe, Governor of Jamaica, and your friend Sterne. I presented Sterne

to my Lord Treasurer's brother,(33) and gave him his case, and engaged

him in his favour. At dinner there fell the swingingest long shower, and

the most grateful to me, that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at

least, and the air is so cool that a body is able to live; and I walked

home to-night with comfort, and without dirt. I went this evening to

Lord Treasurer, and sat with him two hours, and we were in very good

humour, and he abused me, and called me Dr. Thomas Swift fifty times:

I have told you he does that when he has mind to make me mad.(34) Sir

Thomas Frankland gave me to-day a letter from Murry, accepting my bill;

so all is well: only, by a letter from Parvisol, I find there are some

perplexities.--Joe has likewise written to me, to thank me for what I

have done for him; and desires I would write to the Bishop of Clogher,

that Tom Ashe(35) may not hinder his father(36) from being portreve.

I have written and sent to Joe several times, that I will not trouble

myself at all about Trim. I wish them their liberty, but they do not

deserve it: so tell Joe, and send to him. I am mighty happy with this

rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot

go till Saturday; and perhaps I may go out of town with Lord Shelburne

and Lady Kerry to-morrow for two or three days. Lady Kerry has written

to desire it; but tomorrow I shall know farther.--O this dear rain, I

cannot forbear praising it: I never felt myself to be revived so in my

life. It lasted from three till five, hard as a horn, and mixed with

hail.

8. Morning. I am going to town, and will just finish this there, if I go

into the country with Lady Kerry and Lord Shelburne: so morrow, till an

hour or two hence.--In town. I met Cairnes, who, I suppose, will pay me

the money; though he says I must send him the bill first, and I will get

it done in absence. Farewell, etc. etc.

LETTER 25.

CHELSEA, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

I have been all this time at Wycombe, between Oxford and London, with

Lord Shelburne, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an

estate there in a delicious country. Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt were with

us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged

myself from all public thoughts, and everything but MD, who had the

impudence to send me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I will

answer it. This day, the 20th, I came from Wycombe with Lady Kerry after

dinner, lighted at Hyde Park Corner, and walked: it was twenty-seven

miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr. Secretary at his office, and there was

Lord Treasurer: so I killed two birds, etc., and we were glad to see

one another, and so forth. And the Secretary and I dined at Sir William

Wyndham's,(1) who married Lady Catharine Seymour, your acquaintance, I

suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems, in my absence, they

had erected a Club,(2) and made me one; and we made some laws to-day,

which I am to digest and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings

are to be every Thursday. We are yet but twelve: Lord Keeper and

Lord Treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr.

Secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded; but

we design to admit the Duke of Shrewsbury. The end of our Club is, to

advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons

with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or

men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other Club in this town

will be worth talking of. The Solicitor-General, Sir Robert Raymond,

is one of our Club; and I ordered him immediately to write to your Lord

Chancellor in favour of Dr. Raymond: so tell Raymond, if you see him;

but I believe this will find you at Wexford. This letter will come three

weeks after the last, so there is a week lost; but that is owing to my

being out of town; yet I think it is right, because it goes enclosed to

Mr. Reading:(3) and why should he know how often Presto writes to MD,

pray?--I sat this evening with Lady Betty Butler and Lady Ashburnham,

and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have

had no extreme hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at

times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold so. We had

peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I saw

Will Congreve attending at the Treasury, by order, with his brethren,

the Commissioners of the Wine Licences. I had often mentioned him with

kindness to Lord Treasurer; and Congreve told me that, after they had

answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and

spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, etc. The

poor man said he had been used so ill of late years that he was quite

astonished at my lord's goodness, etc., and desired me to tell my lord

so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord

assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him;

that what he said was to make Congreve easy, because he knew people

talked as if his lordship designed to turn everybody out, and

particularly Congreve: which indeed was true, for the poor man told me

he apprehended it. As I left my Lord Treasurer, I called on Congreve

(knowing where he dined), and told him what had passed between my lord

and me; so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's

work.(4) I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for

correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be

changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the Dean of

Carlisle;(5) and I design to write a letter to Lord Treasurer with

the proposals of it, and publish it;(6) and so I told my lord, and he

approves it. Yesterday's(7) was a sad Examiner, and last week was very

indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had

given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is

changed.

23. I have not been in London to-day: for Dr. Gastrell(8) and I dined,

by invitation, with the Dean of Carlisle, my neighbour; so I know not

what they are doing in the world, a mere country gentleman. And are not

you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten

days, just as I did, saucy monkeys? But I never rode; I had no horses,

and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do

you keep your lodgings when you go to Wexford? I suppose you do; for you

will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town

to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking. I am thinking to

leave it, and return to town, now the Irish folks are gone. Ford goes

in three days. How does Dingley divert herself while Stella is riding?

work, or read, or walk? Does Dingley ever read to you? Had you ever a

book with you in the country? Is all that left off? Confess. Well, I'll

go sleep; 'tis past eleven, and I go early to sleep: I write nothing at

night but to MD.

24. Stratford and I, and Pastoral Philips (just come from Denmark) dined

at Ford's to-day, who paid his way, and goes for Ireland on Tuesday. The

Earl of Peterborow is returned from Vienna without one servant: he left

them scattered in several towns of Germany. I had a letter from him,

four days ago, from Hanover, where he desires I would immediately send

him an answer to his house at Parson's Green,(9) about five miles off. I

wondered what he meant, till I heard he was come. He sent expresses,

and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of

five-and-twenty. I have not seen him yet, nor know when I shall, or

where to find him.

25. Poor Duke of Shrewsbury has been very ill of a fever: we were all

in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at Lord

Ashburnham's, with his lady, for he was not at home: she is a very

good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. Sterne tells me he has

desired a friend to receive your box in Chester, and carry it over. I

fear he will miscarry in his business, which was sent to the Treasury

before he was recommended; for I was positive only to second his

recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your

account I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the secretary of the

Treasury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at Lord Treasurer's. Prior

never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every

day that he will be a Commissioner of the Customs, and that in a short

time a great many more will be turned out. They blame Lord Treasurer for

his slowness in turning people out; but I suppose he has his reasons.

They still keep my neighbour Atterbury in suspense about the deanery

of Christ Church,(10) which has been above six months vacant, and he

is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your Wexford

expedition; and poor Dingley is full of carking and caring, scolding.

How long will you stay? Shall I be in Dublin before you return? Don't

fall and hurt yourselves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and

be good girls; and drink Presto's health in water, Madam Stella; and in

good ale, Madam Dingley.

27. The Secretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to

do a world of business: he came at four, and brought Prior with him,

and had forgot the appointment, and no business was done. I left him at

eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and there was

Sir Andrew Fountaine at ombre with Lady Ashburnham and Lady Frederic

Schomberg, and Lady Mary Schomberg,(11) and Lady Betty Butler, and

others, talking; and it put me in mind of the Dean and Stoyte, and

Walls, and Stella at play, and Dingley and I looking on. I stayed with

them till ten, like a fool. Lady Ashburnham is something like Stella; so

I helped her, and wished her good cards. It is late, etc.

28. Well, but I must answer this letter of our MD's. Saturday

approaches, and I han't written down this side. O, faith, Presto has

been a sort of a lazy fellow: but Presto will remove to town this day

se'ennight; the Secretary has commanded me to do so; and I believe he

and I shall go for some days to Windsor, where he will have leisure to

mind some business we have together. To-day, our Society (it must not

be called a Club) dined at Mr. Secretary's: we were but eight; the rest

sent excuses, or were out of town. We sat till eight, and made some laws

and settlements; and then I went to take leave of Lady Ashburnham,

who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are

already, and left the town very thin. I shall make but short journeys

this summer, and not be long out of London. The days are grown sensibly

short already, all our fruit blasted. Your Duke of Ormond is still

at Chester; and perhaps this letter will be with you as soon as he.

Sterne's business is quite blown up: they stand to it to send him back

to the Commissioners of the Revenue in Ireland for a reference, and

all my credit could not alter it, though I almost fell out with

the secretary of the Treasury,(12) who is my Lord Treasurer's

cousin-germain, and my very good friend. It seems every step he has

hitherto taken hath been wrong; at least they say so, and that is the

same thing. I am heartily sorry for it; and I really think they are in

the wrong, and use him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. Steele has had the assurance to write to me that I would engage my

Lord Treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I

told you how he and Addison served me for my good offices in Steele's

behalf; and I promised Lord Treasurer never to speak for either of them

again. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's.

Dilly Ashe has been in town this fortnight: I saw him twice; he was four

days at Lord Pembroke's in the country, punning with him; his face is

very well. I was this evening two or three hours at Lord Treasurer's,

who called me Dr. Thomas Swift twenty times; that's his way of teasing.

I left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and

to-morrow morning I'll answer your little letter, sirrahs.

30. Morning. I am terribly sleepy always in a morning; I believe it is

my walk over-night that disposes me to sleep: faith, 'tis now striking

eight, and I am but just awake. Patrick comes early, and wakes me five

or six times; but I have excuses, though I am three parts asleep. I tell

him I sat up late, or slept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I

have now got little MD's letter before me, N.16, no more, nor no less,

no mistake. Dingley says, "This letter won't be above six lines"; and I

was afraid it was true, though I saw it filled on both sides. The Bishop

of Clogher writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you

were well: I am glad at heart MD rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot

weather ended in May, and all this month has been moderate: it was then

so hot I was not able to endure it; I was miserable every moment, and

found myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome: I believe a very

hot country would make me stark mad.--Yes, my head continues pretty

tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does Stella eat fruit? I eat

a little; but I always repent, and resolve against it. No, in very hot

weather I always go to town by water; but I constantly walk back, for

then the sun is down. And so Mrs. Proby(13) goes with you to Wexford:

she's admirable company; you'll grow plaguy wise with those you

frequent. Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Proby! take care of infection. I believe

my two hundred pounds will be paid, but that Sir Alexander Cairnes is a

scrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr. Stratford, who is to have the

money. Now, Madam Stella, what say you? you ride every day; I know that

already, sirrah; and, if you rid every day for a twelvemonth, you

would be still better and better. No, I hope Parvisol will not have

the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll

UN-PARVISOL him; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are! Stella

can't stay writing and writing; she must write and go a cock-horse, pray

now. Well, but the horses are not come to the door; the fellow can't

find the bridle; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips,

Dingley? Marget, where have you laid Mrs. Johnson's ribbon to tie about

her? reach me my mask: sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a

gallop: sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones.--Well,

now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl? and what news

is that you are to tell me?--No, I believe the box is not lost: Sterne

says it is not.--No, faith, you must go to Wexford without seeing

your Duke of Ormond, unless you stay on purpose; perhaps you may be

so wise.--I tell you this is your sixteenth letter; will you never be

satisfied? No, no, I will walk late no more; I ought less to venture it

than other people, and so I was told: but I will return to lodge in

town next Thursday. When you come from Wexford, I would have you send

a letter of attorney to Mr. Benjamin Tooke, bookseller, in London,

directed to me; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment

safely locked up in London.--O, Madam Stella, welcome home; was it

pleasant riding? did your horse stumble? how often did the man light to

settle your stirrup? ride nine miles! faith, you have galloped indeed.

Well, but where is the fine thing you promised me? I have been a good

boy, ask Dingley else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man:

faith, you are a cheat. So you will see Raymond and his wife in town.

Faith, that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs, as well as you. All

the days I have passed here have been dirt to those. I have been gaining

enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples; which is against the

rules of wisdom, because they say one enemy can do more hurt than

ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I

get nothing else. And so let Fate govern.--Now I think your letter is

answered; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go

to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past,

yet it hardly keeps down the dust.--We have plays acted in our town; and

Patrick was at one of them, oh oh. He was damnably mauled one day when

he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother-footman, who dragged him

along the floor upon his face, which looked for a week after as if he

had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times

sending him over to you; yet now he has new clothes, and a laced hat,

which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the

lace out of his wages.--I am to dine to-day with Dilly at Sir Andrew

Fountaine's, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half

a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the

Dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late: and I have not seen

that Lord Peterborow yet. The Duke of Shrewsbury is almost well again,

and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now: you

do not care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives and delights; I

love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever

will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together! I pray

for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty

prayers.--Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have

formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at

it. Yet I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every

day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them. And the

Ministry all use me perfectly well; and all that know them say they

love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and

kindness.--They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none

but me, and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed

this: yet all makes little impression on me.--Pox of these speculations!

they give me the spleen; and that is a disease I was not born to. Let

me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as MD and Presto are

well.

Little wealth,

And much health,

And a life by stealth:

that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest MD; Stella, Dingley,

Presto, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell again and

again.

LETTER 26.

CHELSEA, June 30, 1711.

See what large paper I am forced to take, to write to MD; Patrick has

brought me none clipped; but, faith, the next shall be smaller. I dined

to-day, as I told you, with Dilly at Sir Andrew Fountaine's: there were

we wretchedly punning, and writing together to Lord Pembroke. Dilly

is just such a puppy as ever; and it is so uncouth, after so long an

intermission. My twenty-fifth is gone this evening to the post. I think

I will direct my next (which is this) to Mr. Curry's, and let them send

it to Wexford; and then the next enclosed to Reading. Instruct me how I

shall do. I long to hear from you from Wexford, and what sort of place

it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had

a letter from Mr. Philips, the pastoral poet, to get him a certain

employment from Lord Treasurer. I have now had almost all the Whig poets

my solicitors; and I have been useful to Congreve, Steele, and Harrison:

but I will do nothing for Philips; I find he is more a puppy than ever,

so don't solicit for him. Besides, I will not trouble Lord Treasurer,

unless upon some very extraordinary occasion.

July 1. Dilly lies conveniently for me when I come to town from Chelsea

of a Sunday, and go to the Secretary's; so I called at his lodgings this

morning, and sent for my gown, and dressed myself there. He had a letter

from the Bishop, with an account that you were set out for Wexford the

morning he writ, which was June 26, and he had the letter the 30th; that

was very quick: the Bishop says you design to stay there two months or

more. Dilly had also a letter from Tom Ashe, full of Irish news;

that your Lady Lyndon(1) is dead, and I know not what besides of Dr.

Coghill(2) losing his drab, etc. The Secretary was gone to Windsor, and

I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Lord Treasurer is at Windsor too; they

will be going and coming all summer, while the Queen is there, and the

town is empty, and I fear I shall be sometimes forced to stoop beneath

my dignity, and send to the ale-house for a dinner. Well, sirrahs, had

you a good journey to Wexford? did you drink ale by the way? were you

never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on straw in

your new town where you are? Cudshoe,(3) the next letter to Presto

will be dated from Wexford. What fine company have you there? what new

acquaintance have you got? You are to write constantly to Mrs. Walls and

Mrs. Stoyte: and the Dean said, "Shall we never hear from you?" "Yes,

Mr. Dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter." Then at

Wexford; when you meet a lady, "Did your waters pass well this morning,

madam?" Will Dingley drink them too? Yes, I warrant; to get her a

stomach. I suppose you are all gamesters at Wexford. Do not lose your

money, sirrah, far from home. I believe I shall go to Windsor in a few

days; at least, the Secretary tells me so. He has a small house there,

with just room enough for him and me; and I would be satisfied to pass a

few days there sometimes. Sirrahs, let me go to sleep, it is past twelve

in our town.

2. Sterne came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet some hopes

of compassing his business: he was with Tom Harley, the secretary of the

Treasury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man

tells me it will almost undo him if he fails. I called this morning

to see Will Congreve, who lives much by himself, is forced to read for

amusement, and cannot do it without a magnifying-glass. I have set him

very well with the Ministry, and I hope he is in no danger of losing his

place. I dined in the City with Dr. Freind, not among my merchants, but

with a scrub instrument of mischief of mine, whom I never mentioned to

you, nor am like to do. You two little saucy Wexfordians, you are now

drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddlestick. Pray God send

them to do you good; if not, faith, next summer you shall come to the

Bath.

3. Lord Peterborow desired to see me this morning at nine; I had not

seen him before since he came home. I met Mrs. Manley(4) there, who

was soliciting him to get some pension or reward for her service in

the cause, by writing her Atalantis, and prosecution, etc., upon it.

I seconded her, and hope they will do something for the poor woman. My

lord kept me two hours upon politics: he comes home very sanguine;

he has certainly done great things at Savoy and Vienna, by his

negotiations: he is violent against a peace, and finds true what I writ

to him, that the Ministry seems for it. He reasons well; yet I am for a

peace. I took leave of Lady Kerry, who goes to-morrow for Ireland; she

picks up Lord Shelburne and Mrs. Pratt at Lord Shelburne's house. I was

this evening with Lord Treasurer: Tom Harley was there, and whispered me

that he began to doubt about Sterne's business; I told him he would find

he was in the wrong. I sat two or three hours at Lord Treasurer's; he

rallied me sufficiently upon my refusing to take him into our Club, and

told a judge who was with us that my name was Thomas Swift. I had a mind

to prevent Sir H. Belasyse(5) going to Spain, who is a most covetous

cur, and I fell a railing against avarice, and turned it so that he

smoked me, and named Belasyse. I went on, and said it was a shame

to send him; to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who

understood business, and do not love money, for he could not find them.

I said there was something in a Treasurer different from other men; that

we ought not to make a man a Bishop who does not love divinity, or a

General who does not love war; and I wondered why the Queen would make a

man Lord Treasurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleased with

what I said. He was talking of the First-Fruits of England, and I took

occasion to tell him that I would not for a thousand pounds anybody but

he had got them for Ireland, who got them for England too. He bid me

consider what a thousand pounds was; I said I would have him to know I

valued a thousand pounds as little as he valued a million.--Is it not

silly to write all this? but it gives you an idea what our conversation

is with mixed company. I have taken a lodging in Suffolk Street, and go

to it on Thursday; and design to walk the Park and the town, to supply

my walking here: yet I will walk here sometimes too, in a visit now and

then to the Dean.(6) When I was almost at home, Patrick told me he had

two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark, yet I could see one

of them was from saucy MD. I went to visit the Dean for half an hour;

and then came home, and first read the other letter, which was from the

Bishop of Clogher, who tells me the Archbishop of Dublin mentioned in a

full assembly of the clergy the Queen's granting the First-Fruits, said

it was done by the Lord Treasurer, and talked much of my merit in it:

but reading yours I find nothing of that: perhaps the Bishop lies, out

of a desire to please me. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Well, sirrahs,

you are gone to Wexford; but I'll follow you.

4. Sterne came to me again this morning, to advise about reasons and

memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and

having nothing to do, I stole into the City to an instrument of mine,

and then went to see poor Patty Rolt,(7) who has been in town these

two months with a cousin of hers. Her life passes with boarding in some

country town as cheap as she can, and, when she runs out, shifting to

some cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich, I

would ease her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I sent

her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumstances. She is now going

to Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire. It has rained and hailed prodigiously

to-day, with some thunder. This is the last night I lie at Chelsea; and

I got home early, and sat two hours with the Dean, and ate victuals,

having had a very scurvy dinner. I'll answer your letter when I come to

live in town. You shall have a fine London answer: but first I will go

sleep, and dream of MD.

London, July 5. This day I left Chelsea for good (that's a genteel

phrase), and am got into Suffolk Street. I dined to-day at our Society,

and we are adjourned for a month, because most of us go into the

country: we dined at Lord Keeper's with young Harcourt, and Lord Keeper

was forced to sneak off, and dine with Lord Treasurer, who had invited

the Secretary and me to dine with him; but we scorned to leave our

company, as George Granville did, whom we have threatened to expel:

however, in the evening I went to Lord Treasurer, and, among other

company, found a couple of judges with him; one of them, Judge

Powell,(8) an old fellow with grey hairs, was the merriest old gentleman

I ever saw, spoke pleasant things, and laughed and chuckled till he

cried again. I stayed till eleven, because I was not now to walk to

Chelsea.

6. An ugly rainy day. I was to visit Mrs. Barton, then called at Mrs.

Vanhomrigh's, where Sir Andrew Fountaine and the rain kept me to dinner;

and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect

laziness, and the weather not permitting me to walk: but I'll do so no

more. Are your waters at Wexford good in this rain? I long to hear how

you are established there, how and whom you visit, what is your lodging,

what are your entertainments. You are got far southwards; but I think

you must eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I ate some Kentish

cherries t'other day, and I repent it already; I have felt my head a

little disordered. We had not a hot day all June, or since, which I

reckon a mighty happiness. Have you left a direction with Reading for

Wexford? I will, as I said, direct this to Curry's, and the next to

Reading; or suppose I send this at a venture straight to Wexford? It

would vex me to have it miscarry. I had a letter to-night from Parvisol,

that White has paid me most of my remaining money; and another from

Joe, that they have had their election at Trim, but not a word of who

is chosen portreeve.(9) Poor Joe is full of complaints, says he has

enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds; and I fear

so too, although I have done what I could.--I'll answer your letter when

I think fit, when saucy Presto thinks fit, sirrahs. I am not at leisure

yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchsafe.--O Lord, the

two Wexford ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the dismallest rainy day I ever saw: I went to the Secretary

in the morning, and he was gone to Windsor. Then it began raining, and

I struck in to Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and dined, and stayed till night very

dull and insipid. I hate this town in summer; I'll leave it for a while,

if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one Tisdall,(10) lodges in the same

house with me. Patrick told me Squire Tisdall and his lady lodged here.

I pretended I never heard of him; but I knew his ugly face, and saw him

at church in the next pew to me, and he often looked for a bow, but it

would not do. I think he lives in Capel Street, and has an ugly fine

wife in a fine coach. Dr. Freind and I dined in the City by invitation,

and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are

troubled with agues by this continuance of wet, cold weather; but I am

glad to find the season so temperate. I was this evening to see Will

Congreve, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the City, and dined with Mr. Stratford, who tells me

Sir Alexander Cairnes makes difficulties about paying my bill; so that I

cannot give order yet to Parvisol to deliver up the bond to Dr. Raymond.

To-morrow I shall have a positive answer: that Cairnes is a shuffling

scoundrel; and several merchants have told me so: what can one expect

from a Scot and a fanatic? I was at Bateman's the bookseller's, to see a

fine old library he has bought; and my fingers itched, as yours would

do at a china-shop; but I resisted, and found everything too dear, and

I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your

waters, saucy rogue, and make yourself well; and pray walk while you are

there: I have a notion there is never a good walk in Ireland.(11) Do

you find all places without trees? Pray observe the inhabitants about

Wexford; they are old English; see what they have particular in their

manners, names, and language: magpies have been always there, and

nowhere else in Ireland, till of late years. They say the cocks and dogs

go to sleep at noon, and so do the people. Write your travels, and bring

home good eyes and health.

10. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer: we did not sit down till four.

I despatched three businesses with him, and forgot a fourth. I think I

have got a friend an employment; and besides I made him consent to let

me bring Congreve to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind

to do a small thing, only turn out all the Queen's physicians; for in my

conscience they will soon kill her among them. And I must talk over

that matter with some people. My Lord Treasurer told me the Queen and he

between them have lost the paper about the First-Fruits, but desires I

will let the bishops know it shall be done with the first opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour Van, and walked pretty well in the

Park this evening. Stella, hussy, don't you remember, sirrah, you used

to reproach me about meddling in other folk's affairs? I have enough of

it now: two people came to me to-night in the Park to engage to speak

to Lord Treasurer in their behalf, and I believe they make up fifty who

have asked me the same favour. I am hardened, and resolve to trouble

him, or any other Minister, less than ever. And I observe those who have

ten times more credit than I will not speak a word for anybody. I met

yesterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr. Tenison,(12)

who has been ill of an ague ever since I saw him. He looked wretchedly,

and was exceeding thankful for half a crown I gave him. He had a crown

from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young Manley(13) in the City, who is to get me

out a box of books and a hamper of wine from Hamburg. I inquired of Mr.

Stratford, who tells me that Cairnes has not yet paid my two hundred

pounds, but shams and delays from day to day. Young Manley's wife is a

very indifferent person of a young woman, goggle-eyed, and looks like a

fool: yet he is a handsome fellow, and married her for love after long

courtship, and she refused him until he got his last employment.--I

believe I shall not be so good a boy for writing as I was during your

stay at Wexford, unless I may send my letters every second time to

Curry's; pray let me know. This, I think, shall go there: or why not

to Wexford itself? That is right, and so it shall this next Tuesday,

although it costs you tenpence. What care I?

13. This toad of a Secretary is come from Windsor, and I cannot find

him; and he goes back on Sunday, and I can't see him to-morrow. I dined

scurvily to-day with Mr. Lewis and a parson; and then went to see Lord

Treasurer, and met him coming from his house in his coach: he smiled,

and I shrugged, and we smoked each other; and so my visit is paid. I

now confine myself to see him only twice a week: he has invited me to

Windsor, and betwixt two stools, etc. I will go live at Windsor, if

possible, that's pozzz. I have always the luck to pass my summer

in London. I called this evening to see poor Sir Matthew Dudley, a

Commissioner of the Customs; I know he is to be out for certain: he is

in hopes of continuing: I would not tell him bad news, but advised him

to prepare for the worst. Dilly was with me this morning, to invite me

to dine at Kensington on Sunday with Lord Mountjoy, who goes soon for

Ireland. Your late Chief-Justice Broderick(14) is here, and they say

violent as a tiger. How is party among you at Wexford? Are the majority

of ladies for the late or present Ministry? Write me Wexford news, and

love Presto, because he is a good boy.

14. Although it was shaving-day, I walked to Chelsea, and was there by

nine this morning; and the Dean of Carlisle and I crossed the water to

Battersea, and went in his chariot to Greenwich, where we dined at

Dr. Gastrell's, and passed the afternoon at Lewisham, at the Dean

of Canterbury's;(15) and there I saw Moll Stanhope,(16) who is grown

monstrously tall, but not so handsome as formerly. It is the first

little rambling journey I have had this summer about London, and they

are the agreeablest pastimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and

to good company. Bank Stock is fallen three or four per cent. by the

whispers about the town of the Queen's being ill, who is however very

well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to Wexford? What, not one

single book? Oh, but your time will be so taken up; and you can borrow

of the parson. I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountaine and Dilly at

Kensington with Lord Mountjoy; and in the afternoon Stratford came

there, and told me my two hundred pounds were paid at last; so that

business is over, and I am at ease about it; and I wish all your money

was in the Bank too. I will have my other hundred pounds there, that is

in Hawkshaw's hands. Have you had the interest of it paid yet? I ordered

Parvisol to do it. What makes Presto write so crooked? I will answer

your letter to-morrow, and send it on Tuesday. Here's hot weather come

again, yesterday and to-day: fine drinking waters now. We had a sad pert

dull parson at Kensington to-day. I almost repent my coming to town; I

want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the City to-day with a hedge(17) acquaintance, and the

day passed without any consequence. I will answer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning. I have put your letter before me, and am going to answer

it. Hold your tongue: stand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we

had not a bit of hot weather in June, yet you complain of it on the 19th

day. What, you used to love hot weather then? I could never endure it:

I detest and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country, to be king

of it. What a splutter you keep about my bonds with Raymond, and all to

affront Presto! Presto will be suspicious of everything but MD, in spite

of your little nose. Soft and fair, Madam Stella, how you gallop away,

in your spleen and your rage, about repenting my journey, and preferment

here, and sixpence a dozen, and nasty England, and Laracor all my life.

Hey-dazy, will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord

Keeper told me some months ago he would give me one when I pleased;

but I told him I would not take any from him; and the Secretary told me

t'other day he had refused a very good one for me, but it was in a place

he did not like; and I know nothing of getting anything here, and, if

they would give me leave, I would come over just now. Addison, I hear,

has changed his mind about going over; but I have not seen him these

four months.--Oh ay, that's true, Dingley; that's like herself: millions

of businesses to do before she goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well,

but threatening within these two or three days, which I impute to some

fruit I ate; but I will eat no more: not a bit of any sort. I suppose

you had a journey without dust, and that was happy. I long for a Wexford

letter, but must not think of it yet: your last was finished but three

weeks ago. It is d----d news you tell me of Mrs. F----; it makes me love

England less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or

taken; so 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think

I was told that there are some things for me that my mother left

particularly to me. I am really sorry for -----; that scoundrel -----

will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs. Walls

has got her tea: I hope Richardson(18) stayed in Dublin till it came.

Mrs. Walls needed not have that blemish in her eye; for I am not in love

with her at all. No, I do not like anything in the Examiner after the

45th, except the first part of the 46th;(19) all the rest is trash; and

if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgment is spoiled by ill

company and want of reading, which I am more sorry for than you think:

and I have spent fourteen years in improving you to little purpose.

(Mr. Tooke is come here, and I must stop.)--At night. I dined with

Lord Treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; so I cannot send this

to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. Green,(20) his

surgeon, was there, and dressed his breast; that is, put on a plaster,

which is still requisite: and I took an opportunity to speak to him of

the Queen; but he cut me short with this saying, "Laissez faire a Don

Antoine," which is a French proverb, expressing, "Leave that to me."

I find he is against her taking much physic; and I doubt he cannot

persuade her to take Dr. Radcliffe. However, she is very well now, and

all the story of her illness, except the first day or two, was a lie.

We had some business, that company hindered us from doing, though he is

earnest for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come

at all times till we can have leisure. This takes up a great deal of my

time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the Secretary

this morning, and we both think to go to Windsor for some days, to

despatch an affair, if we can have leisure. Sterne met me just now in

the street by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to Jemmy Leigh,

who loves London dearly: he asked after you with great respect and

friendship.--To return to your letter. Your Bishop Mills(21) hates me

mortally: I wonder he should speak well of me, having abused me in

all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cudsho: you had a

fine supper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and some

currants.--It is just three weeks to-day since you set out to Wexford;

you were three days going, and I do not expect a letter these ten days

yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the Gazette(22) for Ben

Tooke this morning from Mr. Secretary: it will be worth to him a hundred

pounds a year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. Barton, who is going into the country;

and I dined with Sir John Stanley,(23) where I have not been this great

while. There dined with us Lord Rochester, and his fine daughter, Lady

Jane,(24) just growing a top-toast. I have been endeavouring to save

Sir Matthew Dudley,(25) but fear I cannot. I walked the Mall six times

to-night for exercise, and would have done more; but, as empty as the

town is, a fool got hold of me, and so I came home, to tell you this

shall go to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to Wexford, like a dog.

19. Dean Atterbury sent to me to dine with him at Chelsea. I refused

his coach, and walked, and am come back by seven, because I would finish

this letter, and some others I am writing. Patrick tells me the maid

says one Mr. Walls, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to visit me. Is it

your Irish Archdeacon? I shall be sorry for it; but I shall make shift

to see him seldom enough, as I do Dilly. What can he do here? or is it

somebody else? The Duke of Newcastle(26) is dead by the fall he had from

his horse. God send poor Stella her health, and keep MD happy! Farewell,

and love Presto, who loves MD above all things ten million of times. God

bless the dear Wexford girls. Farewell again, etc. etc.

LETTER 27.

LONDON, July 19, 1711.

I have just sent my 26th, and have nothing to say, because I have other

letters to write (pshaw, I began too high); but I must lay the beginning

like a nest-egg: to-morrow I will say more, and fetch up this line to be

straight. This is enough at present for two dear saucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that Walls has been with me, and leaves the town

in three days? He has brought no gown with him. Dilly carried him to a

play. He has come upon a foolish errand, and goes back as he comes.

I was this day with Lord Peterborow, who is going another ramble: I

believe I told you so. I dined with Lord Treasurer, but cannot get him

to do his own business with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yesterday with Lord Treasurer, who would needs take me

along with him to Windsor, although I refused him several times, having

no linen, etc. I had just time to desire Lord Forbes(1) to call at my

lodging and order my man to send my things to-day to Windsor by his

servant. I lay last night at the Secretary's lodgings at Windsor, and

borrowed one of his shirts to go to Court in. The Queen is very well. I

dined with Mr. Masham; and not hearing anything of my things, I got Lord

Winchelsea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick had broke open

the closet to get my linen and nightgown, and sent them to Windsor, and

there they are; and he, not thinking I would return so soon, is gone

upon his rambles: so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a

nightgown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow: faith,

it gives me the spleen.

23. Morning. It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiously on

Saturday night. Patrick lay out last night, and is not yet returned:

faith, poor Presto is a desolate creature; neither servant, nor linen,

nor anything.--Night. Lord Forbes's man has brought back my portmantua,

and Patrick is come; so I am in Christian circumstances: I shall hardly

commit such a frolic again. I just crept out to Mrs. Van's, and dined,

and stayed there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. Windsor is

a delicious place: I never saw it before, except for an hour about

seventeen years ago. Walls has been here in my absence, I suppose, to

take his leave; for he designed not to stay above five days in London.

He says he and his wife will come here for some months next year; and,

in short, he dares not stay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge(2) friend in the City; and Walls

overtook me in the street, and told me he was just getting on horseback

for Chester. He has as much curiosity as a cow: he lodged with his horse

in Aldersgate Street: he has bought his wife a silk gown, and himself a

hat. And what are you doing? what is poor MD doing now? how do you pass

your time at Wexford? how do the waters agree with you? Let Presto

know soon; for Presto longs to know, and must know. Is not Madam Proby

curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will spoil your waters.

We have had a great deal of wet these three days. Tell me all the

particulars of Wexford: the place, the company, the diversions, the

victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor Dingley never saw such a place

in her life; sent all over the town for a little parsley to a boiled

chicken, and it was not to be had; the butter is stark naught, except an

old English woman's; and it is such a favour to get a pound from her now

and then! I am glad you carried down your sheets with you, else you must

have lain in sackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this forenoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped

to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The Under

Secretary was willing to save him, upon an old notion that a woman

cannot be ravished; but I told the Secretary he could not pardon him

without a favourable report from the judge; besides, he was a fiddler,

and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for some thing else; and

so he shall swing. What, I must stand up for the honour of the fair sex!

'Tis true the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before, but

what care I for that! What, must a woman be ravished because she is

a whore?--The Secretary and I go on Saturday to Windsor for a week.

I dined with Lord Treasurer, and stayed with him till past ten. I was

to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a

mind to do a good office for a gentleman: so I talked with him before

my lord, that he might see me, and then found occasion to recommend him

this afternoon. I was forced to excuse my coming to the levee, that I

did it to see the sight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never

been there but once, and that was long before he was Treasurer. The

rooms were all full, and as many Whigs as Tories. He whispered me a jest

or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but just now; and 'tis

late.

26. Mr. Addison and I have at last met again. I dined with him and

Steele to-day at young Jacob Tonson's. The two Jacobs(3) think it is I

who have made the Secretary take from them the printing of the Gazette,

which they are going to lose, and Ben Tooke and another(4) are to have

it. Jacob came to me the other day, to make his court; but I told him it

was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will lose it

in a week or two. Mr. Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had

seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, though

I writ him lately a biting letter, in answer to one of his, where he

desired me to recommend a friend of his to Lord Treasurer. Go, get you

gone to your waters, sirrah. Do they give you a stomach? Do you eat

heartily?--We have had much rain to-day and yesterday.

27. I dined to-day in the City, and saw poor Patty Rolt, and gave her

a pistole to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the

country. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced

to seek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raise their price, and

sometimes they starve her, and then she is forced to shift. Patrick the

puppy put too much ink in my standish,(5) and, carrying too many things

together, I spilled it on my paper and floor. The town is dull, wet,

and empty; Wexford is worth two of it; I hope so at least, and that poor

little MD finds it so. I reckon upon going to Windsor to-morrow with Mr.

Secretary, unless he changes his mind, or some other business prevents

him. I shall stay there a week, I hope.

28. Morning. Mr. Secretary sent me word he will call at my lodgings by

two this afternoon, to take me to Windsor; so I must dine nowhere; and I

promised Lord Treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall

dine at Windsor at five, for we make but three hours there.(6) I am

going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be sure

to be at home half an hour before two.--Windsor, at night. We did not

leave London till three, and dined here between six and seven; at nine

I left the company, and went to see Lord Treasurer, who is just come. I

chid him for coming so late; he chid me for not dining with him; said he

stayed an hour for me. Then I went and sat with Mr. Lewis till just now,

and it is past eleven. I lie in the same house with the Secretary, one

of the Prebendary's houses. The Secretary is not come from his apartment

in the Castle. Do you think that abominable dog Patrick was out after

two to-day, and I in a fright every moment, for fear the chariot should

come; and when he came in, he had not put up one rag of my things! I

never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropped one of

his ears, if I had not looked every moment for the Secretary, who sent

his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from Whitehall

to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of

Lord Treasurer's servants gave me a letter to-night: I found it was

from ----, with an offer of fifty pounds, to be paid me in what manner

I pleased; because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a

rage;(7) but my friend Lewis cooled me, and said it is what the best

men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like

manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment,

nor ever found the least inclination to take anything. Well, I will go

try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella

that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at Court and church to-day, as I was this day se'ennight: I

generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and I

am so proud I make all the lords come up to me: one passes half an hour

pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the Queen to-day,

which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is

scoundrel. I have this morning got the Gazette for Ben Tooke and one

Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between

them. The other fellow was printer of the Examiner, which is now laid

down.(8) I dined with the Secretary: we were a dozen in all, three

Scotch lords, and Lord Peterborow. The Duke of Hamilton(9) would needs

be witty, and hold up my train as I walked upstairs. It is an ill

circumstance that on Sundays much company always meet at the great

tables. Lord Treasurer told at Court what I said to Mr. Secretary on

this occasion. The Secretary showed me his bill of fare, to encourage me

to dine with him. "Poh," said I, "show me a bill of company, for I value

not your dinner." See how this is all blotted,(10) I can write no more

here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bless them.

30. In my conscience, I fear I shall have the gout. I sometimes feel

pains about my feet and toes: I never drank till within these two years,

and I did it to cure my head. I often sit evenings with some of these

people, and drink in my turn; but I am now resolved to drink ten times

less than before; but they advise me to let what I drink be all wine,

and not to put water to it. Tooke and the printer stayed to-day to

finish their affair, and treated me and two of the Under Secretaries

upon their getting the Gazette. Then I went to see Lord Treasurer, and

chid him for not taking notice of me at Windsor. He said he kept a place

for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did

not go, because the Duke of Buckingham was there, and that would have

made us acquainted; which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to

sup at Mr. Masham's, and there stayed till past one o'clock; and that is

late, sirrahs: and I have much business.

31. I have sent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs.

Vanhomrigh: I wish you had it, sirrahs. I dined gravely with my landlord

the Secretary. The Queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt; but,

finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach; she hunts in a

chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously,

like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of

Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eton,

which is but just cross the bridge, to see my Lord Kerry's son,(11) who

is at school there. Mr. Secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I

can't send it to MD. It is a sad thing, faith, considering how Presto

loves MD, and how MD would love Presto's venison for Presto's sake. God

bless the two dear Wexford girls!

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I sent to

London; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was

bad. The Queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but

not together; and were both hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches

and chaises all went back, and the guards too; and I scoured into the

market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue

I ever saw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked

in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr.

Secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I

was endeavouring to settle some points of the greatest consequence, and

had wormed myself pretty well into him, when his Under Secretary came in

(who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I

have just left him: it is late, etc.

2. I have been now five days at Windsor, and Patrick has been drunk

three times that I have seen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had

clothes that have cost me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the

whip-hand of me: he begins to master me; so now I am resolved to part

with him, and will use him without the least pity. The Secretary and

I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The Duchess of

Shrewsbury(12) asked him, was not that Dr.--Dr.--and she could not say

my name in English, but said Dr. Presto, which is Italian for Swift.

Whimsical enough, as Billy Swift(13) says. I go to-morrow with the

Secretary to his house at Bucklebury, twenty-five miles from hence,

and return early on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me

locked up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had

a letter yesterday from the Bishop of Clogher, who is coming up to his

Parliament. Have you any correspondence with him to Wexford? Methinks,

I now long for a letter from you, dated Wexford, July 24, etc. O Lord,

that would be so pretending;(14) and then, says you, Stella can't write

much, because it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I

think, says you, I find myself better already, but I cannot tell yet

whether it be the journey or the waters. Presto is so silly to-night;

yes he be; but Presto loves MD dearly, as hope saved.

3. Morning. I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to Bucklebury:

we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours. I cannot bid

you good-night now, because I shall be twenty-five miles from this paper

to-night, and so my journal must have a break; so good-morrow, etc.

4, 5. I dined yesterday at Bucklebury, where we lay two nights, and set

out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve; in four hours we

went twenty-six miles. Mr. Secretary was a perfect country gentleman at

Bucklebury: he smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours; he inquired

after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his hounds, and

knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the

country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds

a year he had by his lady,(15) who is descended from Jack Newbury, of

whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him

in the house. She is a great favourite of mine. I lost church to-day;

but I dressed and shaved, and went to Court, and would not dine with the

Secretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr. Lewis, and

one friend more. We go to London to-morrow; for Lord Dartmouth, the

other Secretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord Treasurer comes every Saturday to Windsor, and goes away on

Monday or Tuesday. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one

cannot see him otherwise here, he is so hurried: we had some talk; and

I told him I would stay this week at Windsor by myself, where I can have

more leisure to do some business that concerns them. Lord Treasurer

and the Secretary thought to mortify me; for they told me they had been

talking a great deal of me to-day to the Queen, and she said she had

never heard of me. I told them that was their fault, and not hers, etc.,

and so we laughed. I dined with the Secretary, and let him go to London

at five without me; and here am I alone in the Prebendary's house, which

Mr. Secretary has taken; only Mr. Lewis is in my neighbourhood, and we

shall be good company. The Vice-Chamberlain,(16) and Mr. Masham, and the

Green Cloth,(17) have promised me dinners. I shall want but four till

Mr. Secretary returns. We have a music-meeting in our town to-night.

I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita,(18) and her

sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers: I was weary, and

would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it

was a great assembly. Mr. Lewis came from it, and sat with me till just

now; and 'tis late.

7. I can do no business, I fear, because Mr. Lewis, who has nothing or

little to do here, sticks close to me. I dined today with the gentlemen

ushers, among scurvy company; but the Queen was hunting the stag till

four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and

it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this

town. I sometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a Drawing-room to-day at Court; but so few company, that

the Queen sent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and

stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round

with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to

some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and

went out. I dined at the Green Cloth, by Mr. Scarborow's(19) invitation,

who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs

the Queen a thousand pounds a month while she is at Windsor or Hampton

Court, and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in

the Queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign Ministers, and

people of quality, who come to see the Queen, and have no place to dine

at.

9. Mr. Coke, the Vice-Chamberlain, made me a long visit this morning,

and invited me to dinner; but the toast, his lady,(20) was unfortunately

engaged to Lady Sunderland.(21) Lord Treasurer stole here last night,

but did not lie at his lodgings in the Castle; and, after seeing the

Queen, went back again. I just drank a dish of chocolate with him. I

fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon; but what

care I? I believe I shall die with Ministries in my debt.--This night

I received a certain letter from a place called Wexford, from two dear

naughty girls of my acquaintance; but, faith, I will not answer it here,

no in troth. I will send this to Mr. Reading, supposing it will find you

returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. Vice-Chamberlain lent me his horses to ride about and see

the country this morning. Dr. Arbuthnot, the Queen's physician and

favourite, went out with me to show me the places: we went a little

after the Queen, and overtook Miss Forester,(22) a maid of honour, on

her palfrey, taking the air; we made her go along with us. We saw a

place they have made for a famous horse-race to-morrow, where the Queen

will come. We met the Queen coming back, and Miss Forester stood, like

us, with her hat off while the Queen went by. The Doctor and I left the

lady where we found her, but under other conductors; and we dined at a

little place he has taken, about a mile off.--When I came back I found

Mr. Scarborow had sent all about to invite me to the Green Cloth, and

lessened his company on purpose to make me easy. It is very obliging,

and will cost me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening,

to see to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettlesome

horse a dozen miles, having not been on horseback this twelvemonth.

And Miss Forester did not make it easier; she is a silly true maid of

honour, and I did not like her, although she be a toast, and was dressed

like a man.(23)

11. I will send this letter to-day. I expect the Secretary by noon. I

will not go to the race unless I can get room in some coach. It is now

morning. I must rise, and fold up and seal my letter. Farewell, and God

preserve dearest MD.

I believe I shall leave this town on Monday.

LETTER 28.

WINDSOR, Aug. 11, 1711.

I sent away my twenty-seventh this morning in an express to London, and

directed to Mr. Reading: this shall go to your lodgings, where I reckon

you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the

race(1) to-day, but was hindered by a visit: I believe I told you so in

my last. I dined to-day at the Green Cloth, where everybody had been at

the race but myself, and we were twenty in all, and very noisy company;

but I made the Vice-Chamberlain and two friends more sit at a side

table, to be a little quiet. At six I went to see the Secretary, who is

returned; but Lord Keeper sent to desire I would sup with him, where I

stayed till just now: Lord Treasurer and Secretary were to come to us,

but both failed. 'Tis late, etc.

12. I was this morning to visit Lord Keeper, who made me reproaches

that I had never visited him at Windsor. He had a present sent him of

delicious peaches, and he was champing and champing, but I durst not eat

one; I wished Dingley had some of them, for poor Stella can no more eat

fruit than Presto. Dilly Ashe is come to Windsor; and after church

I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the Keeper and

Treasurer, on purpose to show them to him; and he saw the Queen and

several great lords, and the Duchess of Montagu;(2) he was mighty happy,

and resolves to fill a letter to the Bishop.(3) My friend Lewis and I

dined soberly with Dr. Adams,(4) the only neighbour prebendary. One of

the prebendaries here is lately a peer, by the death of his father. He

is now Lord Willoughby of Broke,(5) and will sit in the House of Lords

with his gown. I supped to-night at Masham's with Lord Treasurer, Mr.

Secretary, and Prior. The Treasurer made us stay till twelve, before he

came from the Queen, and 'tis now past two.

13. I reckoned upon going to London to-day; but by an accident the

Cabinet Council did not sit last night, and sat to-day, so we go

to-morrow at six in the morning. I missed the race to-day by coming out

too late, when everybody's coach was gone, and ride I would not: I

felt my last riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the

Secretary's lodgings without him: Mr. Hare,(6) his Under Secretary,

Mr. Lewis, Brigadier Sutton,(7) and I, dined together; and I made the

Vice-Chamberlain take a snap with us, rather than stay till five for his

lady, who was gone to the race. The reason why the Cabinet Council was

not held last night was because Mr. Secretary St. John would not sit

with your Duke of Somerset.(8) So to-day the Duke was forced to go to

the race while the Cabinet was held. We have music-meetings in our town,

and I was at the rehearsal t'other day; but I did not value it, nor

would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes:

twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the Archbishop of

Dublin, sent me the Lord knows how. He says some of the bishops

will hardly believe that Lord Treasurer got the Queen to remit the

First-Fruits before the Duke of Ormond was declared Lord Lieutenant, and

that the bishops have written a letter to Lord Treasurer to thank him.

He has sent me the address of the Convocation, ascribing, in good part,

that affair to the Duke, who had less share in it than MD; for if it

had not been for MD, I should not have been so good a solicitor. I dined

to-day in the City, about a little bit of mischief, with a printer.--I

found Mrs. Vanhomrigh all in combustion, squabbling with her rogue of

a landlord; she has left her house, and gone out of our neighbourhood

a good way. Her eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to

look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.(9)

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, who goes to-night to her new lodgings.

I went at six to see Lord Treasurer; but his company was gone, contrary

to custom, and he was busy, and I was forced to stay some time before I

could see him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away, being

in haste. He desired me to dine with him on Friday, because there would

be a friend of his that I must see: my Lord Harley told me, when he was

gone, that it was Mrs. Masham his father meant, who is come to town to

lie-in, and whom I never saw, though her husband is one of our Society.

God send her a good time! her death would be a terrible thing.(10)--Do

you know that I have ventured all my credit with these great Ministers,

to clear some misunderstandings betwixt them; and if there be no breach,

I ought to have the merit of it. 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work,

and a man hazards losing both sides. It is a pity the world does not

know my virtue.--I thought the clergy in Convocation in Ireland would

have given me thanks for being their solicitor; but I hear of no such

thing. Pray talk occasionally on that subject, and let me know what you

hear. Do you know the greatness of my spirit, that I value their thanks

not a rush, but at my return shall freely let all people know that it

was my Lord Treasurer's action, wherein the Duke of Ormond had no more

share than a cat? And so they may go whistle, and I'll go sleep.

16. I was this day in the City, and dined at Pontack's(11) with

Stratford, and two other merchants. Pontack told us, although his wine

was so good, he sold it cheaper than others; he took but seven shillings

a flask. Are not these pretty rates? The books he sent for from Hamburg

are come, but not yet got out of the custom-house. My library will be at

least double when I come back. I shall go to Windsor again on Saturday,

to meet our Society, who are to sup at Mr. Secretary's; but I believe

I shall return on Monday, and then I will answer your letter, that lies

here safe underneath;--I see it; lie still: I will answer you when the

ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at Lord Treasurer's with Mrs. Masham, and she is

extremely like one Mrs. Malolly, that was once my landlady in Trim.

She was used with mighty kindness and respect, like a favourite. It

signifies nothing going to this Lord Treasurer about business, although

it be his own. He was in haste, and desires I will come again, and dine

with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen sick, and they

think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I

have told you he is an old Scotch fanatic, and the damn'dest liar in his

office alive.(12) I have a mind to recommend Patrick to succeed him:

I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain you are now in

town. The weather now begins to alter to rain.

Windsor, 18. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer, and he would make me go

with him to Windsor, although I was engaged to the Secretary, to whom

I made my excuses: we had in the coach besides, his son and son-in-law,

Lord Harley and Lord Dupplin, who are two of our Society, and seven of

us met by appointment, and supped this night with the Secretary. It was

past nine before we got here, but a fine moonshiny night. I shall go

back, I believe, on Monday. 'Tis very late.

19. The Queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the

gout. I dined at Mr. Masham's; we had none but our Society members, six

in all, and I supped with Lord Treasurer. The Queen has ordered twenty

thousand pounds to go on with the building at Blenheim, which has been

starved till now, since the change of the Ministry.(13) I suppose it

is to reward his last action of getting into the French lines.(14) Lord

Treasurer kept me till past twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every step of our journey to-day: I

returned with the Secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to

Mrs. Van's, where I sat the evening. I grow very idle, because I have a

great deal of business. Tell me how you passed your time at Wexford; and

are not you glad at heart you have got home safe to your lodgings at St.

Mary's, pray? And so your friends come to visit you; and Mrs. Walls is

much better of her eye; and the Dean is just as he used to be: and what

does Walls say of London? 'tis a reasoning coxcomb. And Goody Stoyte,

and Hannah what d'ye call her; no, her name an't Hannah, Catherine I

mean; they were so glad to see the ladies again! and Mrs. Manley wanted

a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the Archbishop of Dublin, and enclosed a long

politic paper by itself. You know the bishops are all angry (smoke the

wax-candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know

the First-Fruits were got by Lord Treasurer before the Duke of Ormond

was Governor. I told Lord Treasurer all this, and he is very angry; but

I pacified him again by telling him they were fools, and knew nothing of

what passed here; but thought all was well enough if they complimented

the Duke of Ormond. Lord Treasurer gave me t'other day a letter of

thanks he received from the bishops of Ireland, signed by seventeen;

and says he will write them an answer. The Dean of Carlisle sat with

me to-day till three; and I went to dine with Lord Treasurer, who dined

abroad, so did the Secretary, and I was left in the suds. 'Twas almost

four, and I got to Sir Matthew Dudley, who had half dined. Thornhill,

who killed Sir Cholmley Dering,(15) was murdered by two men, on Turnham

Green, last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember Sir

Cholmley Dering. They had quarrelled at Hampton Court, and followed and

stabbed him on horseback. We have only a Grub Street paper of it, but I

believe it is true. I went myself through Turnham Green the same night,

which was yesterday.

22. We have had terrible rains these two or three days. I intended to

dine at Lord Treasurer's, but went to see Lady Abercorn, who is come

to town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and visited Lord Treasurer

this evening. His porter is mending. I sat with my lord about

three hours, and am come home early to be busy. Passing by White's

Chocolate-house,(16) my brother Masham called me, and told me his wife

was brought to bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our Society, you must

know, are all brothers.) Dr. Garth told us that Mr. Henley(17) is dead

of an apoplexy. His brother-in-law, Earl Poulett, is gone down to the

Grange, to take care of his funeral. The Earl of Danby,(18) the Duke of

Leeds's eldest grandson, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is

dead at Utrecht of the smallpox.--I long to know whether you begin

to have any good effect by your waters.--Methinks this letter goes on

slowly; 'twill be a fortnight next Saturday since it was begun, and one

side not filled. O fie for shame, Presto! Faith, I'm so tosticated to

and from Windsor, that I know not what to say; but, faith, I'll go to

Windsor again on Saturday, if they ask me, not else. So lose your money

again, now you are come home; do, sirrah.

Take your magnifying-glass, Madam Dingley.

You shan't read this, sirrah Stella; don't read it for your life, for

fear of your dearest eyes.

There's enough for this side; these Ministers hinder me. Pretty, dear,

little, naughty, saucy MD.

Silly, impudent, loggerhead Presto.

23. Dilly and I dined to-day with Lord Abercorn, and had a fine fat

haunch of venison, that smelt rarely on one side: and after dinner

Dilly won half a crown of me at backgammon at his lodgings, to his great

content. It is a scurvy empty town this melancholy season of the year;

but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in

winter. The grapes are sad things; but the peaches are pretty good, and

there are some figs. I sometimes venture to eat one, but always repent

it. You say nothing of the box sent half a year ago. I wish you would

pay me for Mrs. Walls's tea. Your mother is in the country, I suppose.

Pray send me the account of MD, Madam Dingley, as it stands since

November,(19) that is to say, for this year (excluding the twenty pounds

lent Stella for Wexford), for I cannot look in your letters. I think I

ordered that Hawkshaw's interest should be paid to you. When you think

proper, I will let Parvisol know you have paid that twenty pounds, or

part of it; and so go play with the Dean, and I will answer your letter

to-morrow. Good-night, sirrahs, and love Presto, and be good girls.

24. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer, who chid me for not dining with

him yesterday, for it seems I did not understand his invitation;

and their Club of the Ministry dined together, and expected me. Lord

Radnor(20) and I were walking the Mall this evening; and Mr. Secretary

met us, and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both

believed it was to pick up some wench; and to-morrow he will be at the

Cabinet with the Queen: so goes the world! Prior has been out of town

these two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People

confidently affirm he has been in France, and I half believe it. It

is said he was sent by the Ministry, and for some overtures towards a

peace. The Secretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your

Parliament will be dissolved. I have been talking about the quarrel

between your Lords and Commons with Lord Treasurer, and did, at the

request of some people, desire that the Queen's answer to the Commons'

address might express a dislike of some principles, etc.; but was

answered dubiously.--And so now to your letter, fair ladies. I know

drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was

angry to see so much in Stella's hand. But why Dingley drinks them, I

cannot imagine; but truly she'll drink waters as well as Stella: why

not? I hope you now find the benefit of them since you are returned;

pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exercise,

which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis

now past the middle of August; so by your reckoning you are in Dublin.

It would vex me to the dogs that letters should miscarry between Dublin

and Wexford, after 'scaping the salt seas. I will write no more to

that nasty town in haste again, I warrant you. I have been four Sundays

together at Windsor, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I

shall not go to-morrow, for I will not, unless the Secretary asks me. I

know all your news about the Mayor: it makes no noise here at all, but

the quarrel of your Parliament does; it is so very extraordinary, and

the language of the Commons so very pretty. The Examiner has been down

this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there

is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a letter to the seven Lords

who examined Gregg.(21) The Answer(22) is by the real author of the

Examiner, as I believe; for it is very well written. We had Trapp's poem

on the Duke of Ormond(23) printed here, and the printer sold just eleven

of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half so good as Stella's; and she is

very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily

sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's(24) death; she seemed to be an excellent

good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted;

they appeared to live perfectly well together. Dilly is not tired at all

with England, but intends to continue here a good while: he is mighty

easy to be at distance from his two sisters-in-law. He finds some sort

of scrub acquaintance; goes now and then in disguise to a play; smokes

his pipe; reads now and then a little trash, and what else the Lord

knows. I see him now and then; for he calls here, and the town being

thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many

of my solicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or

nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight who

desired me to speak to Lord Treasurer to give him two thousand pounds,

or five hundred pounds a year, until he could get something better? I

honestly delivered my message to the Treasurer, adding, the knight was

a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to save from the gallows. Cole

Reading's father-in-law has been two or three times at me, to recommend

his lights to the Ministry, assuring me that a word of mine would, etc.

Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He

knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I

have ordered Patrick to deny me constantly to him.--Did the Bishop of

London(25) die in Wexford? poor gentleman! Did he drink the waters? were

you at his burial? was it a great funeral? so far from his friends!

But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if

God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned: I believe he died but

poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? who held up his pall? was there

a great sight of clergy? do they design a tomb for him?--Are you sure

it was the Bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here

that we give the same title to: or did you fancy all this in your water,

as others do strange things in their wine? They say these waters trouble

the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make

no more of killing a Bishop? are these your Whiggish tricks?--Yes, yes,

I see you are in a fret. O, faith, says you, saucy Presto, I'll break

your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made

a jest and a laughing-stock? Are these your English tricks, with a

murrain? And Sacheverell will be the next Bishop? He would be glad of an

addition of two hundred pounds a year to what he has, and that is more

than they will give him, for aught I see. He hates the new Ministry

mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to despise him too. They will

not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least

some of them will not: but my Lord Keeper owned it to me the other day.

No, Mr. Addison does not go to Ireland this year: he pretended he would;

but he is gone to Bath with Pastoral Philips, for his eyes.--So now I

have run over your letter; and I think this shall go to-morrow, which

will be just a fortnight from the last, and bring things to the old form

again, after your rambles to Wexford, and mine to Windsor. Are there not

many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy

there are. What do you do then? do you guess my meaning, or are you

acquainted with my manner of mistaking? I lost my handkerchief in the

Mall to-night with Lord Radnor; but I made him walk with me to find it,

and find it I did not. Tisdall(26) (that lodges with me) and I have had

no conversation, nor do we pull off our hats in the streets. There is a

cousin of his (I suppose,) a young parson, that lodges in the house

too; a handsome, genteel fellow. Dick Tighe(27) and his wife lodged over

against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her

two or three times: they are both gone to Ireland, but not together; and

he solemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not stick to

say that she has a tongue: in short, I am told she is the most urging,

provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot, whiffling(28) puppy,

very apt to resent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm sleepy.

25. I was with the Secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry,

and went to Windsor in a chariot with Lord Keeper; so I was not invited,

and am forced to stay at home, but not at all against my will; for

I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the City with one of my

printers, for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early; and have

nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by

the bellman. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town

is splenetic, and things are so oddly contrived that I cannot be absent;

otherwise I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promised.--They say

it is certain that Prior has been in France,(29) nobody doubts it: I had

not time to ask the Secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take

my leave of dearest MD for a while; for I must begin my next letter

to-night: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls,

and love Presto. There is now but one business the Ministry want me for,

and when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a

penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very

ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewell, dear sirrahs,

dearest lives: there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere else. They

have not leisure here to think of small things, which may ruin them; and

I have been forward enough. Farewell again, dearest rogues; I am never

happy but when I write or think of MD. I have enough of Courts and

Ministries, and wish I were at Laracor; and if I could with honour come

away this moment, I would. Bernage(30) came to see me to-day; he is just

landed from Portugal, and come to raise recruits; he looks very well,

and seems pleased with his station and manner of life. He never saw

London nor England before; he is ravished with Kent, which was his first

prospect when he landed. Farewell again, etc. etc.

LETTER 29.

LONDON, Aug. 25, 1711.

I have got a pretty small gilt sheet of paper, to write to MD. I have

this moment sent my 28th by Patrick, who tells me he has put it in the

post-office; 'tis directed to your lodgings: if it wants more particular

direction, you must set me right. It is now a solar month and two days

since the date of your last, N.18; and I reckon you are now quiet

at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your

quarrel between the two Houses, all which I know already. Where shall

I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs. Vanhomrigh boards now, and cannot

invite one; and there I used to dine when I was at a loss: and all my

friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fullest, with

your Parliament and Convocation. But let me alone, sirrahs; for Presto

is going to be very busy; not Presto, but the other I.

26. People have so left the town that I am at a loss for a dinner. It is

a long time since I have been at London upon a Sunday; and the Ministers

are all at Windsor. It cost me eighteenpence in coach-hire before I

could find a place to dine in. I went to Frankland's,(1) and he was

abroad, and the drab his wife looked out at window, and bowed to

me without inviting me up: so I dined with Mr. Coote,(2) my Lord

Mountrath's brother; my lord is with you in Ireland. This morning at

five my Lord Jersey(3) died of the gout in his stomach, or apoplexy,

or both: he was abroad yesterday, and his death was sudden. He was

Chamberlain to King William, and a great favourite, turned out by the

Queen as a Tory, and stood now fair to be Privy Seal; and by his death

will, I suppose, make that matter easier, which has been a very stubborn

business at Court, as I have been informed. I never remember so many

people of quality to have died in so short a time.

27. I went to-day into the City, to thank Stratford for my books,

and dine with him, and settle my affairs of my money in the Bank, and

receive a bill for Mrs. Wesley for some things I am to buy for her; and

the d---- a one of all these could I do. The merchants were all out of

town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May

my enemies live here in summer! and yet I am so unlucky that I cannot

possibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town so

late in summer, and return so late in winter, that they have almost

inverted the seasons. It is autumn this good while in St. James's Park;

the limes have been losing their leaves, and those remaining on the

trees are all parched: I hate this season, where everything grows worse

and worse. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not

eat. Had you any fruit at Wexford? A few cherries, and durst not eat

them. I do not hear we have yet got a new Privy Seal. The Whigs whisper

that our new Ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk

out Mr. Secretary: they have some reasons for their whispers, although

I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of

things; I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and

so I have told them several times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes at

present; and whatever is the matter, all kind of stocks fall. I have not

yet talked with the Secretary about Prior's journey. I should be apt to

think it may foretell a peace, and that is all we have to preserve us.

The Secretary is not come from Windsor, but I expect him to-morrow. Burn

all politics!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to Chelsea, and

dined with the Dean of Carlisle, who is laid up with the gout. It is now

fixed that he is to be Dean of Christ Church in Oxford. I was advising

him to use his interest to prevent any misunderstanding between our

Ministers; but he is too wise to meddle, though he fears the thing and

the consequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm, quiet

deanery, and leave them to themselves; and he is in the right.--When

I came home to-night, I found a letter from Mr. Lewis, who is now at

Windsor; and in it, forsooth, another which looked like Presto's hand;

and what should it be but a 19th from MD? O, faith, I 'scaped narrowly,

for I sent my 28th but on Saturday; and what should I have done if I had

two letters to answer at once? I did not expect another from Wexford,

that is certain. Well, I must be contented; but you are dear saucy

girls, for all that, to write so soon again, faith; an't you?

29. I dined to-day with Lord Abercorn, and took my leave of them: they

set out to-morrow for Chester, and, I believe, will now fix in Ireland.

They have made a pretty good journey of it: his eldest son(4) is married

to a lady with ten thousand pounds; and his second son(5) has, t'other

day, got a prize in the lottery of four thousand pounds, beside two

small ones of two hundred pounds each: nay, the family was so fortunate,

that my lord bestowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of

his servants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which

has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to Lord Treasurer,

who desires I will dine with him to-morrow, when he will show me the

answer he designs to return to the letter of thanks from your bishops in

Ireland. The Archbishop of Dublin desired me to get myself mentioned

in the answer which my lord would send; but I sent him word I would not

open my lips to my lord upon it. He says it would convince the bishops

of what I have affirmed, that the First-Fruits were granted before the

Duke of Ormond was declared Governor; and I writ to him that I would not

give a farthing to convince them. My Lord Treasurer began a health to my

Lord Privy Seal: Prior punned, and said it was so privy, he knew not who

it was; but I fancy they have fixed it all, and we shall know to-morrow.

But what care you who is Privy Seal, saucy sluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning, I was surprised with the news that

the Bishop of Bristol is made Lord Privy Seal. You know his name is

Robinson,(6) and that he was many years Envoy in Sweden. All the friends

of the present Ministry are extremely glad, and the clergy above the

rest. The Whigs will fret to death to see a civil employment given to a

clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my Lord Treasurer, and will

bind the Church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not

written his letter;(see above, 29th Aug.) but told me he would not offer

to send it without showing it to me: he thought that would not be just,

since I was so deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company: Lord

Rivers, Mar,(7) and Kinnoull,(8) Mr. Secretary, George Granville, and

Masham: the last has invited me to the christening of his son to-morrow

se'ennight; and on Saturday I go to Windsor with Mr. Secretary.

31. Dilly and I walked to-day to Kensington to Lady Mountjoy, who

invited us to dinner. He returned soon, to go to a play, it being the

last that will be acted for some time: he dresses himself like a

beau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went to visit some people at

Kensington: Ophy Butler's wife(9) there lies very ill of an ague, which

is a very common disease here, and little known in Ireland. I am apt to

think we shall soon have a peace, by the little words I hear thrown out

by the Ministry. I have just thought of a project to bite the town. I

have told you that it is now known that Mr. Prior has been lately in

France. I will make a printer of my own sit by me one day, and I will

dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey,(10) with several

particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

Sept. 1. Morning. I go to-day to Windsor with Mr. Secretary; and Lord

Treasurer has promised to bring me back. The weather has been fine for

some time, and I believe we shall have a great deal of dust.--At night.

Windsor. The Secretary and I dined to-day at Parson's Green, at my Lord

Peterborow's house, who has left it and his gardens to the Secretary

during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this

town; and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great

plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit but one fig; but

I brought a basket full to my friend Lewis here at Windsor. Does Stella

never eat any? what, no apricots at Donnybrook! nothing but claret and

ombre! I envy people maunching and maunching peaches and grapes, and I

not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a sudden turn any

time makes me giddy for a moment, and sometimes it feels very

stuffed; but if it grows no worse, I can bear it very well. I take all

opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here just joining

to the Castle, and an avenue in the great park very wide and two miles

long, set with a double row of elms on each side. Were you ever at

Windsor? I was once, a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

2. The Queen has the gout, and did not come to chapel, nor stir out from

her chamber, but received the sacrament there, as she always does the

first Sunday in the month. Yet we had a great Court; and, among others,

I saw your Ingoldsby,(11) who, seeing me talk very familiarly with

the Keeper, Treasurer, etc., came up and saluted me, and began a very

impertinent discourse about the siege of Bouchain. I told him I could

not answer his questions, but I would bring him one that should; so

I went and fetched Sutton (who brought over the express about a

month ago), and delivered him to the General, and bid him answer his

questions; and so I left them together. Sutton after some time comes

back in a rage, finds me with Lord Rivers and Masham, and there

complains of the trick I had played him, and swore he had been plagued

to death with Ingoldsby's talk. But he told me Ingoldsby asked him what

I meant by bringing him; so, I suppose, he smoked me a little. So we

laughed, etc. My Lord Willoughby,(12) who is one of the chaplains, and

Prebendary of Windsor, read prayers last night to the family; and the

Bishop of Bristol, who is Dean of Windsor, officiated last night at the

Cathedral. This they do to be popular; and it pleases mightily. I dined

with Mr. Masham, because he lets me have a select company: for the Court

here have got by the end a good thing I said to the Secretary some weeks

ago. He showed me his bill of fare, to tempt me to dine with him. "Poh,"

said I, "I value not your bill of fare; give me your bill of company."

Lord Treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it everybody as a notable

thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow: they say the Bishop will then

have the Privy Seal delivered him at a great Council.

3. Windsor still. The Council was held so late to-day that I do not go

back to town till to-morrow. The Bishop was sworn Privy Councillor, and

had the Privy Seal given him: and now the patents are passed for those

who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord Raby,(13) who is

Earl of Strafford, is on Thursday to marry a namesake of Stella's; the

daughter of Sir H. Johnson in the City; he has three-score thousand

pounds with her, ready money; besides the rest at the father's death. I

have got my friend Stratford to be one of the directors of the South Sea

Company, who were named to-day. My Lord Treasurer did it for me a month

ago; and one of those whom I got to be printer of the Gazette I am

recommending to be printer to the same company. He treated Mr. Lewis and

me to-day at dinner. I supped last night and this with Lord Treasurer,

Keeper, etc., and took occasion to mention the printer. I said it was

the same printer whom my Lord Treasurer has appointed to print for the

South Sea Company. He denied, and I insisted on it; and I got the laugh

on my side.

London, 4. I came as far as Brentford in Lord Rivers's chariot, who

had business with Lord Treasurer; then I went into Lord Treasurer's. We

stopped at Kensington, where Lord Treasurer went to see Mrs. Masham,

who is now what they call in the straw. We got to town by three, and I

lighted at Lord Treasurer's, who commanded me not to stir: but I was not

well; and when he went up, I begged the young lord to excuse me, and so

went into the City by water, where I could be easier, and dined with the

printer, and dictated to him some part of Prior's Journey to France. I

walked from the City, for I take all occasions of exercise. Our journey

was horridly dusty.

5. When I went out to-day, I found it had rained mightily in the night,

and the streets were as dirty as winter: it is very refreshing after ten

days dry.--I went into the City, and dined with Stratford, thanked him

for his books, gave him joy of his being director, of which he had the

first notice by a letter from me. I ate sturgeon, and it lies on my

stomach. I almost finished Prior's Journey at the printer's; and came

home pretty late, with Patrick at my heels.

7. Morning. But what shall we do about this letter of MD's, N.19? Not a

word answered yet, and so much paper spent! I cannot do anything in

it, sweethearts, till night.--At night. O Lord, O Lord! the greatest

disgrace that ever was has happened to Presto. What do you think? but,

when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from MD, N.20, dated

Dublin. O dear, O dear! O sad, O sad!--Now I have two letters together

to answer: here they are, lying together. But I will only answer the

first; for I came in late. I dined with my friend Lewis at his lodgings,

and walked at six to Kensington to Mrs. Masham's son's christening.

It was very private; nobody there but my Lord Treasurer, his son and

son-in-law, that is to say, Lord Harley and Lord Dupplin, and Lord

Rivers and I. The Dean of Rochester(14) christened the child, but soon

went away. Lord Treasurer and Lord Rivers were godfathers; and Mrs.

Hill,(15) Mrs. Masham's sister, godmother. The child roared like a bull,

and I gave Mrs. Masham joy of it; and she charged me to take care of my

nephew, because, Mr. Masham being a brother of our Society, his son, you

know, is consequently a nephew. Mrs. Masham sat up dressed in bed, but

not, as they do in Ireland, with all smooth about her, as if she was

cut off in the middle; for you might see the counterpane (what d'ye

call it?) rise about her hips and body. There is another name of the

counterpane; and you will laugh now, sirrahs. George Granville came in

at supper, and we stayed till eleven; and Lord Treasurer set me down at

my lodging in Suffolk Street. Did I ever tell you that Lord Treasurer

hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right,

and his servants whisper him at that only. I dare not tell him that I am

so too, for fear he should think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You must read this before the other; for I mistook, and forgot to

write yesterday's journal, it was so insignificant. I dined with Dr.

Cockburn, and sat the evening with Lord Treasurer till ten o'clock.

On Thursdays he has always a large select company, and expects me. So

good-night for last night, etc.

8. Morning. I go to Windsor with Lord Treasurer to-day, and will leave

this behind me, to be sent to the post. And now let us hear what says

the first letter, N.19. You are still at Wexford, as you say, Madam

Dingley. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And so

Inish-Corthy,(16) and the river Slainy; fine words those in a lady's

mouth. Your hand like Dingley's, you scambling,(17) scattering

sluttikin! YES, MIGHTY LIKE INDEED, IS NOT IT?(18) Pisshh, do not talk

of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I

would have Dingley read sometimes to you, that you may not lose the

desire of it. God be thanked, that the ugly numbing is gone! Pray

use exercise when you go to town. What game is that ombra which

Dr. Elwood(19) and you play at? is it the Spanish game ombre? Your

card-purse? you a card-purse! you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed;

and luck in a bag. What a devil! is that eight-shilling tea-kettle

copper, or tin japanned? It is like your Irish politeness, raffling for

tea-kettles. What a splutter you keep, to convince me that Walls has

no taste! My head continues pretty well. Why do you write, dear sirrah

Stella, when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? what

comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So

Dingley cannot write, because of the clutter of new company come to

Wexford! I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or

do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What! you are afraid of

losing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford, and chiefly

the Bishop of Raphoe,(20) an old, doting, perverse coxcomb? Twenty at a

time at breakfast. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never

but once. I doubt, Madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your travels,

though not so bad as Stella; she tells thumpers, as I shall prove in my

next, if I find this receives encouragement.--So Dr. Elwood says there

are a world of pretty things in my works. A pox on his praises! an enemy

here would say more. The Duke of Buckingham would say as much, though

he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually

inflaming me against him: they bring me all he says of me, and, I

believe, make it worse out of roguery.--No, 'tis not your pen is

bewitched, Madam Stella, but your old SCRAWLING, SPLAY-FOOT POT-HOOKS,

S, S,(21) ay that's it: there the s, s, s, there, there, that's exact.

Farewell, etc.

Our fine weather is gone; and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey

to-day. Faith, 'tis shaving-day, and I have much to do. When Stella says

her pen was bewitched, it was only because there was a hair in it. You

know, the fellow they call God-help-it had the same thoughts of his

wife, and for the same reason. I think this is very well observed, and I

unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off those two notes above; and see the nine pounds indorsed, and

receive the other; and send me word how my accounts stand, that they

may be adjusted by Nov. 1.(22) Pray be very particular; but the twenty

pounds I lend you is not to be included: so make no blunder. I won't

wrong you, nor you shan't wrong me; that is the short. O Lord, how stout

Presto is of late! But he loves MD more than his life a thousand times,

for all his stoutness; tell them that; and that I'll swear it, as hope

saved, ten millions of times, etc. etc.

I open my letter once more, to tell Stella that if she does not use

exercise after her waters, it will lose all the effects of them: I

should not live if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray,

pray, do this, to oblige poor Presto.

LETTER 30.

WINDSOR, Sept. 8, 1711.

I made the coachman stop, and put in my twenty-ninth at the post-office

at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to Lord Treasurer, with whom I

dined, and came here by a quarter-past eight; but the moon shone, and so

we were not in much danger of overturning; which, however, he values not

a straw, and only laughs when I chide at him for it. There was

nobody but he and I, and we supped together, with Mr. Masham, and Dr.

Arbuthnot, the Queen's favourite physician, a Scotchman. I could not

keep myself awake after supper, but did all I was able to disguise it,

and thought I came off clear; but, at parting, he told me I had got my

nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves sitting up late.

9. The Queen is still in the gout, but recovering: she saw company in

her bed-chamber after church; but the crowd was so great, I could not

see her. I dined with my brother Sir William Wyndham,(1) and some others

of our Society, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at Windsor, which I

hate. The usual company supped to-night at Lord Treasurer's, which was

Lord Keeper, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, Masham, Arbuthnot, and

I. But showers have hindered me from walking to-day, and that I do not

love.--Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and

sometimes a few mulberries, because it is said they are wholesome, and

you know a good name does much. I shall return to town to-morrow, though

I thought to have stayed a week, to be at leisure for something I am

doing. But I have put it off till next; for I shall come here again on

Saturday, when our Society are to meet at supper at Mr. Secretary's.

My life is very regular here: on Sunday morning I constantly visit Lord

Keeper, and sup at Lord Treasurer's with the same set of company. I was

not sleepy to-night; I resolved I would not; yet it is past midnight at

this present writing.

London, 10. Lord Treasurer and Masham and I left Windsor at three this

afternoon: we dropped Masham at Kensington with his lady, and got home

by six. It was seven before we sat down to dinner, and I stayed till

past eleven. Patrick came home with the Secretary: I am more plagued

with Patrick and my portmantua than with myself. I forgot to tell you

that when I went to Windsor on Saturday I overtook Lady Giffard and

Mrs. Fenton(2) in a chariot, going, I suppose, to Sheen. I was then in

a chariot too, of Lord Treasurer's brother, who had business with the

Treasurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at Turnham Green,

four miles from London; and then the brother went back, and I went in

the coach with Lord Treasurer: so it happened that those people saw me,

and not with Lord Treasurer. Mrs. F. was to see me about a week ago; and

desired I would get her son into the Charter-house.

11. This morning the printer sent me an account of Prior's Journey;(3)

it makes a twopenny pamphlet. I suppose you will see it, for I dare

engage it will run; 'tis a formal, grave lie, from the beginning to

the end. I writ all but about the last page; that I dictated, and the

printer writ. Mr. Secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was

at Prior's: when I came in, Prior showed me the pamphlet, seemed to be

angry, and said, "Here is our English liberty!" I read some of it, and

said I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for, had it

come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself. We stayed at

Prior's till past ten; and then the Secretary received a packet with the

news of Bouchain being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow.

Prior owned his having been in France, for it was past denying: it seems

he was discovered by a rascal at Dover, who had positive orders to let

him pass. I believe we shall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in

coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three

hours this morning with the Secretary about some business of moment, and

then went into the City to dine. The printer tells me he sold yesterday

a thousand of Prior's Journey, and had printed five hundred more. It

will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is MD doing all

this while? got again to their cards, their Walls, their deans, their

Stoytes, and their claret? Pray present my service to Mr. Stoyte and

Catherine. Tell Goody Stoyte she owes me a world of dinners, and I will

shortly come over and demand them.--Did I tell you of the Archbishop of

Dublin's last letter? He had been saying, in several of his former, that

he would shortly write to me something about myself; and it looked as if

he intended something for me: at last out it comes, and consists of two

parts. First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment now I have

friends; and secondly, he advises me, since I have parts, and learning,

and a happy pen, to think of some new subject in divinity not handled

by others, which I should manage better than anybody. A rare spark this,

with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have

invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But hang him! and

so good-night, etc.

13. It rained most furiously all this morning till about twelve, and

sometimes thundered; I trembled for my shillings, but it cleared up,

and I made a shift to get a walk in the Park, and then went with the

Secretary to dine with Lord Treasurer. Upon Thursdays there is always

a select company: we had the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Rivers, the two

Secretaries, Mr. Granville, and Mr. Prior. Half of them went to Council

at six; but Rivers, Granville, Prior, and I, stayed till eight. Prior

was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to Paris;

and indeed the two last pages, which the printer got somebody to add,(4)

are so romantic, they spoil all the rest. Dilly Ashe pretended to me

that he was only going to Oxford and Cambridge for a fortnight, and then

would come back. I could not see him as I appointed t'other day; but

some of his friends tell me he took leave of them as going to Ireland;

and so they say at his lodging. I believe the rogue was ashamed to tell

me so, because I advised him to stay the winter, and he said he would.

I find he had got into a good set of scrub acquaintance, and I thought

passed his time very merrily; but I suppose he languished after

Balderig, and the claret of Dublin; and, after all, I think he is in

the right; for he can eat, drink, and converse better there than here.

Bernage was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in

terrible fear of a peace. He said he never had his health so well as in

Portugal. He is a favourite of his Colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to

dine, the town is so empty. I met H. Coote,(5) and thought he would

invite me, but he did not: Sir John Stanley did not come into my head;

so I took up with Mrs. Van, and dined with her and her damned landlady,

who, I believe, by her eyebrows, is a bawd. This evening I met Addison

and Pastoral Philips in the Park, and supped with them at Addison's

lodgings: we were very good company, and I yet know no man half so

agreeable to me as he is. I sat with them till twelve, so you may think

it is late, young women; however, I would have some little conversation

with MD before your Presto goes to bed, because it makes me sleep, and

dream, and so forth. Faith, this letter goes on slowly enough, sirrahs;

but I cannot write much at a time till you are quite settled after your

journey, you know, and have gone all your visits, and lost your money at

ombre. You never play at chess now, Stella. That puts me in mind of

Dick Tighe; I fancy I told you he used to beat his wife here; and she

deserved it; and he resolves to part with her; and they went to Ireland

in different coaches. O Lord, I said all this before, I am sure. Go to

bed, sirrahs.

Windsor, 15. I made the Secretary stop at Brentford, because we set

out at two this afternoon, and fasting would not agree with me. I only

designed to eat a bit of bread-and-butter; but he would light, and

we ate roast beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more

gentlemen; faith, it cost me a guinea. I do not like such jesting, yet

I was mightily pleased with it too. To-night our Society met at the

Secretary's: there were nine of us; and we have chosen a new member, the

Earl of Jersey,(6) whose father died lately. 'Tis past one, and I have

stolen away.

16. I design to stay here this week by myself, about some business that

lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr. Adams,(7)

one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are so full

here on Sunday that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. Adams knows

I love to do so; which is very obliging. The Queen saw company in her

bed-chamber; she looks very well, but she sat down. I supped with Lord

Treasurer as usual, and stayed till past one as usual, and with our

usual company, except Lord Keeper, who did not come this time to

Windsor. I hate these suppers mortally, but I seldom eat anything.

17. Lord Treasurer and Mr. Secretary stay here till tomorrow; some

business keeps them, and I am sorry for it, for they hinder me a day.

Mr. Lewis and I were going to dine soberly with a little Court friend

at one. But Lord Harley and Lord Dupplin kept me by force, and said we

should dine at Lord Treasurer's, who intended to go at four to London. I

stayed like a fool, and went with the two young lords to Lord Treasurer,

who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited

to the Duke of Somerset, but he was gone to a horse-race, and would not

come till five; so we were forced to go to a tavern, and sent for wine

from Lord Treasurer's, who at last, we were told, did not go to town

till the morrow, and at Lord Treasurer's we supped again; and I desired

him to let me add four shillings to the bill I gave him. We sat up till

two, yet I must write to little MD.

18. They are all gone early this morning, and I am alone to seek my

fortune; but Dr. Arbuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday

gave me my choice of place, person, and victuals for to-day. So I chose

to dine with Mrs. Hill, who is one of the dressers, and Mrs. Masham's

sister, no company but us three, and to have a shoulder of mutton, a

small one; which was exactly, only there was too much victuals besides;

and the Doctor's wife(8) was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. Hill and

I are to dine with the Doctor. I have seen a fellow often about Court

whom I thought I knew. I asked who he was, and they told me it was the

gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was Killy's acquaintance

(I won't say yours); I think his name is Lovet,(9) or Lovel, or

something like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my present

posture I shall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I

used to see him with the Bradleys; and, by the way, I have not seen Mrs.

Bradley since I came to England. I left your letter in London, like

a fool; and cannot answer it till I go back, which will not be until

Monday next; so this will be above a fortnight from my last; but I will

fetch it up in my next; so go and walk to the Dean's for your health

this fine weather.

19. The Queen designs to have cards and dancing here next week, which

makes us think she will stay here longer than we believed. Mrs. Masham

is not well after her lying-in: I doubt she got some cold; she is lame

in one of her legs with a rheumatic pain. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Hill go

tomorrow to Kensington to see her, and return the same night. Mrs. Hill

and I dined with the Doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the

Doctor to see Cranburn, a house of Lord Ranelagh's,(10) and the Duchess

of Marlborough's lodge, and the Park; the finest places they are, for

nature and plantations, that ever I saw; and the finest riding upon

artificial roads, made on purpose for the Queen. Arbuthnot made me draw

up a sham subscription for a book, called A History of the Maids of

Honour since Harry the Eighth, showing they make the best wives, with a

list of all the maids of honour since, etc.; to pay a crown in hand, and

the other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in common forms of

those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is

known; and we sent it to the maids of honour, when they came to supper.

If they bite at it, it will be a very good Court jest; and the Queen

will certainly have it: we did not tell Mrs. Hill.

20. To-day I was invited to the Green Cloth by Colonel Godfrey, who

married the Duke of Marlborough's sister,(11) mother to the Duke of

Berwick by King James: I must tell you those things that happened before

you were born. But I made my excuses, and young Harcourt (Lord Keeper's

son) and I dined with my next neighbour, Dr Adams.(12) Mrs. Masham is

better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the

Duchess of Somerset is thought to gain ground daily.--We have not sent

you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money-bill.

The Duke of Ormond is censured here, by those in power, for very wrong

management in the affair of the mayoralty.(13) He is governed by fools,

and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds

by it. I must know how your health continues after Wexford. Walk and

use exercise, sirrahs both; and get somebody to play at shuttlecock with

you, Madam Stella, and walk to the Dean's and Donnybrook.

21. Colonel Godfrey sent to me again to-day; so I dined at the Green

Cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a small number there,

the Court being always thin of company till Saturday night.--This new

ink and pen make a strange figure; I MUST WRITE LARGER, YES I MUST, OR

STELLA WILL NOT BE ABLE TO READ THIS.(14) S. S. S., there is your S's

for you, Stella. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed

their crowns, and are teasing others to subscribe for the book. I will

tell Lord Keeper and Lord Treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the Queen

will have it. After a little walk this evening, I squandered away the

rest of it in sitting at Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr. Arbuthnot

played at picquet. I have that foolish pleasure, which I believe nobody

has beside me, except old Lady Berkeley.(15) But I fretted when I came

away: I will loiter so no more, for I have a plaguy deal of business

upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to

be very busy against the Ministry: I have begged Mr. Secretary to make

examples of one or two of them, and he assures me he will. They are very

bold and abusive.

22. This being the day the Ministry come to Windsor, I ate a bit or two

at Mr. Lewis's lodgings, because I must sup with Lord Treasurer; and at

half an hour after one, I led Mr. Lewis a walk up the avenue, which is

two miles long. We walked in all about five miles; but I was so tired

with his slow walking, that I left him here, and walked two miles

towards London, hoping to meet Lord Treasurer, and return with him; but

it grew darkish, and I was forced to walk back, so I walked nine miles

in all; and Lord Treasurer did not come till after eight; which is very

wrong, for there was no moon, and I often tell him how ill he does to

expose himself so; but he only makes a jest of it. I supped with him,

and stayed till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry

and careless and disengaged as a young heir at one-and-twenty. 'Tis late

indeed.

23. The Secretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon.

I have not seen him yet, but I verily think they are contriving a peace

as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The

Queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. Lewis

dined privately with Mr. Lowman,(16) Clerk of the Kitchen. I was to see

Lord Keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour;

and Lord Treasurer had it last night. That rogue Arbuthnot puts it all

upon me. The Court was very full to-day. I expected Lord Treasurer

would have invited me to supper; but he only bowed to me; and we had

no discourse in the drawing-room. It is now seven at night, and I am at

home; and I hope Lord Treasurer will not send for me to supper: if he

does not, I will reproach him; and he will pretend to chide me for not

coming.--So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy.--It is

now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr. Secretary:

they tell me the Queen is yet at Council, and that she went to supper,

and came out to the Council afterwards. It is certain they are managing

a peace. I will go to bed, and there is an end.--It is now eleven, and

a messenger is come from Lord Treasurer to sup with them; but I have

excused myself, and am glad I am in bed; for else I should sit up till

two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go sleep.

London, 24. I came to town by six with Lord Treasurer, and have stayed

till ten. That of the Queen's going out to sup, and coming in again, is

a lie, as the Secretary told me this morning; but I find the Ministry

are very busy with Mr. Prior, and I believe he will go again to France.

I am told so much, that we shall certainly have a peace very soon. I had

charming weather all last week at Windsor; but we have had a little rain

to-day, and yesterday was windy. Prior's Journey sells still; they have

sold two thousand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from

Mrs. Fenton here, desiring me, in Lady Giffard's name, to come and pass

a week at Sheen, while she is at Moor Park. I will answer it with a

vengeance: and now you talk of answering, there is MD's N.20 is yet to

be answered: I had put it up so safe, I could hardly find it; but here

it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot send this till Thursday; for I

must see the Secretary to-morrow morning, and be in some other place in

the evening.

25. Stella writes like an emperor, and gives such an account of her

journey, never saw the like. Let me see; stand away, let us compute; you

stayed four days at Inish-Corthy, two nights at Mrs. Proby's mother's,

and yet was but six days in journey; for your words are, "We left

Wexford this day se'ennight, and came here last night." I have heard

them say that "travellers may lie by authority." Make up this, if you

can. How far is it from Wexford to Dublin? how many miles did you travel

in a day?(17) Let me see--thirty pounds in two months is nine score

pounds a year; a matter of nothing in Stella's purse! I dreamed Billy

Swift was alive, and that I told him you writ me word he was dead, and

that you had been at his funeral; and I admired at your impudence, and

was in mighty haste to run and let you know what lying rogues you were.

Poor lad! he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondness; and yet

now I believe, as you say, that her grief will soon wear off.--O

yes, Madam Dingley, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at

Wexford! And your description of it is excellent; clean sheets, but bare

walls; I suppose then you lay upon the walls.--Mrs. Walls has got her

tea; but who pays me the money? Come, I shall never get it; so I make a

present of it, to stop some gaps, etc. Where's the thanks of the house?

So, that's well; why, it cost four-and-thirty shillings English--you

must adjust that with Mrs. Walls; I think that is so many pence more

with you.--No, Leigh and Sterne, I suppose, were not at the water-side:

I fear Sterne's business will not be done; I have not seen him this

good while. I hate him, for the management of that box; and I was the

greatest fool in nature for trusting to such a young jackanapes; I will

speak to him once more about it, when I see him. Mr. Addison and I

met once more since, and I supped with him; I believe I told you so

somewhere in this letter. The Archbishop chose an admirable messenger

in Walls, to send to me; yet I think him fitter for a messenger than

anything.--The D---- she has! I did not observe her looks. Will she rot

out of modesty with Lady Giffard? I pity poor Jenny(18)--but her husband

is a dunce, and with respect to him she loses little by her deafness.

I believe, Madam Stella, in your accounts you mistook one liquor for

another, and it was an hundred and forty quarts of wine, and thirty-two

of water.--This is all written in the morning before I go to the

Secretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little

shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will

give you my journal at night in my next; for I'm so afraid of

another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again

unanswered.--What care I for Dr. Tisdall and Dr. Raymond, or how many

children they have! I wish they had a hundred apiece.--Lord Treasurer

promises me to answer the bishops' letter to-morrow, and show it me; and

I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the

merit on the Duke of Ormond; for I have made him jealous of it; and

t'other day, talking of the matter, he said, "I am your witness, you got

it for them before the Duke was Lord Lieutenant." My humble service to

Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. Farewell, etc.

What do you do when you see any literal mistakes in my letters? how

do you set them right? for I never read them over to correct them.

Farewell, again.

Pray send this note to Mrs. Brent, to get the money when Parvisol comes

to town, or she can send to him.

LETTER 31.

LONDON, Sept. 25, 1711.

I dined in the City to-day, and at my return I put my 30th into the

post-office; and when I got home I found for me one of the noblest

letters I ever read: it was from ----, three sides and a half in folio,

on a large sheet of paper; the two first pages made up of satire upon

London, and crowds and hurry, stolen from some of his own schoolboy's

exercises: the side and a half remaining is spent in desiring me to

recommend Mrs. South, your Commissioner's widow,(1) to my Lord Treasurer

for a pension. He is the prettiest, discreetest fellow that ever my eyes

beheld, or that ever dipped pen into ink. I know not what to say to him.

A pox on him, I have too many such customers on this side already. I

think I will send him word that I never saw my Lord Treasurer in my

life: I am sure I industriously avoided the name of any great person

when I saw him, for fear of his reporting it in Ireland. And this

recommendation must be a secret too, for fear the Duke of Bolton(2)

should know it, and think it was too mean. I never read so d----d a

letter in my life: a little would make me send it over to you.--I must

send you a pattern, the first place I cast my eyes on, I will not pick

and choose. IN THIS PLACE (meaning the Exchange in London), WHICH IS THE

COMPENDIUM OF OLD TROYNOVANT, AS THAT IS OF THE WHOLE BUSY WORLD, I GOT

SUCH A SURFEIT, THAT I GREW SICK OF MANKIND, AND RESOLVED FOR EVER AFTER

TO BURY MYSELF IN THE SHADY RETREAT OF -----. You must know that London

has been called by some Troynovant, or New Troy. Will you have any

more? Yes, one little bit for Stella, because she'll be fond of it. This

wondrous theatre (meaning London) was no more to me than a desert, and

I should less complain of solitude in a Connaught shipwreck, or even the

great bog of Allen. A little scrap for Mrs. Marget,(3) and then I have

done. THEIR ROYAL FANUM, WHEREIN THE IDOL PECUNIA IS DAILY WORSHIPPED,

SEEMED TO ME TO BE JUST LIKE A HIVE OF BEES WORKING AND LABOURING UNDER

HUGE WEIGHTS OF CARES. Fanum is a temple, but he means the Exchange; and

Pecunia is money: so now Mrs. Marget will understand her part. One more

paragraph, and I-- Well, come, don't be in such a rage, you shall have

no more. Pray, Stella, be satisfied; 'tis very pretty: and that I must

be acquainted with such a dog as this!--Our peace goes on fast. Prior

was with the Secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little

after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will soon be

despatched again to France; and I will put somebody to write an account

of his second journey: I hope you have seen the other. This latter has

taken up my time with storming at it.

26. Bernage has been with me these two days; yesterday I sent for him

to let him know that Dr. Arbuthnot is putting in strongly to have his

brother made a captain over Bernage's(4) head. Arbuthnot's brother is

but an ensign, but the Doctor has great power with the Queen: yet he

told me he would not do anything hard to a gentleman who is my friend;

and I have engaged the Secretary and his Colonel(5) for him. To-day he

told me very melancholy, that the other had written from Windsor (where

he went to solicit) that he has got the company; and Bernage is full of

the spleen. I made the Secretary write yesterday a letter to the Colonel

in Bernage's behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr.

Arbuthnot to Windsor, not to insist on doing such a hardship. I dined

in the City at Pontack's, with Stratford; it cost me seven shillings: he

would have treated, but I did not let him. I have removed my money from

the Bank to another fund. I desire Parvisol may speak to Hawkshaw to

pay in my money when he can, for I will put it in the funds; and, in the

meantime, borrow so much of Mr. Secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go

to the Dean's, sirrahs.

27. Bernage was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and so was

I; but this afternoon, at Lord Treasurer's, where I dined, my brother,

George Granville, Secretary at War, after keeping me a while in

suspense, told me that Dr. Arbuthnot had waived the business, because

he would not wrong a friend of mine; that his brother is to be a

lieutenant, and Bernage is made a captain. I called at his lodging, and

the soldier's coffee-house, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him;

so I have left word, and shall see him to-morrow morning, I suppose.

Bernage is now easy; he has ten shillings a day, beside lawful cheating.

However, he gives a private sum to his Colonel, but it is very cheap:

his Colonel loves him well, but is surprised to see him have so many

friends. So he is now quite off my hands. I left the company early

to-night, at Lord Treasurer's; but the Secretary followed me, to desire

I would go with him to W--. Mr. Lewis's man came in before I could

finish that word beginning with a W, which ought to be Windsor, and

brought me a very handsome rallying letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, to tell

me he had, in compliance to me, given up his brother's pretensions in

favour of Bernage, this very morning; that the Queen had spoken to

Mr. Granville to make the company easy in the other's having the

captainship. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I must own it

so. He says he this very morning begged Her Majesty to give Mr. Bernage

the company. I am mighty well pleased to have succeeded so well; but you

will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

Windsor, 28. I came here a day sooner than ordinary, at Mr. Secretary's

desire, and supped with him and Prior, and two private Ministers from

France, and a French priest.(6) I know not the two Ministers' names; but

they are come about the peace. The names the Secretary called them,

I suppose, were feigned; they were good rational men. We have already

settled all things with France, and very much to the honour and

advantage of England; and the Queen is in mighty good humour. All this

news is a mighty secret; the people in general know that a peace is

forwarding. The Earl of Strafford(7) is to go soon to Holland, and let

them know what we have been doing: and then there will be the devil

and all to pay; but we'll make them swallow it with a pox. The French

Ministers stayed with us till one, and the Secretary and I sat up

talking till two; so you will own 'tis late, sirrahs, and time for your

little saucy Presto to go to bed and sleep adazy; and God bless poor

little MD: I hope they are now fast asleep, and dreaming of Presto.

29. Lord Treasurer came to-night, as usual, at half an hour after eight,

as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him; so I commended him for

observing his friend's advice, and coming so early, etc. I was two hours

with Lady Oglethorpe(8) to-night, and then supped with Lord Treasurer,

after dining at the Green Cloth: I stayed till two; this is the effect

of Lord Treasurer's being here; I must sup with him; and he keeps cursed

hours. Lord Keeper and the Secretary were absent; they cannot sit up

with him. This long sitting up makes the periods in my letters so short.

I design to stay here all the next week, to be at leisure by myself, to

finish something of weight I have upon my hands, and which must soon be

done. I shall then think of returning to Ireland, if these people will

let me; and I know nothing else they have for me to do. I gave Dr.

Arbuthnot my thanks for his kindness to Bernage, whose commission is

now signed. Methinks I long to know something of Stella's health, how it

continues after Wexford waters.

30. The Queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we

had a dunce to preach: she has a little of the gout. I dined with

my brother Masham, and a moderate company, and would not go to Lord

Treasurer's till after supper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had

mistaken the hour; so I ate nothing: and a little after twelve the

company broke up, the Keeper and Secretary refusing to stay; so I saved

this night's debauch. Prior went away yesterday with his Frenchmen, and

a thousand reports are raised in this town. Some said they knew one to

be the Abbe de Polignac: others swore it was the Abbe du Bois. The Whigs

are in a rage about the peace; but we'll wherret(9) them, I warrant,

boys. Go, go, go to the Dean's and don't mind politics, young women,

they are not good after the waters; they are stark naught: they strike

up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fish for a manilio.

Oct. 1. Sir John Walter,(10) an honest drunken fellow, is now in

waiting, and invited me to the Green Cloth to-day, that he might not

be behindhand with Colonel Godfrey, who is a Whig. I was engaged to

the Mayor's feast with Mr. Masham; but waiting to take leave of Lord

Treasurer, I came too late, and so returned sneaking to the Green Cloth,

and did not see my Lord Treasurer neither; but was resolved not to lose

two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and solicitor

Lord Rivers, who is commanded by the Queen to set out for Hanover on

Thursday. The Secretary does not go to town till to-morrow; he and I,

and two friends more, drank a sober bottle of wine here at home, and

parted at twelve; he goes by seven to-morrow morning, so I shall not see

him. I have power over his cellar in his absence, and make little use

of it. Lord Dartmouth and my friend Lewis stay here this week; but I can

never work out a dinner from Dartmouth. Masham has promised to provide

for me: I squired his lady out of her chaise to-day, and must visit her

in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the finest weather in the

world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no

business to-day; I am very idle.

2. My friend Lewis and I, to avoid over much eating and great tables,

dined with honest Jemmy Eckershall,(11) Clerk of the Kitchen, now in

waiting, and I bespoke my dinner: but the cur had your acquaintance

Lovet, the gentleman porter, to be our company. Lovet, towards the end

of dinner, after twenty wrigglings, said he had the honour to see me

formerly at Moor Park, and thought he remembered my face. I said I

thought I remembered him, and was glad to see him, etc., and I escaped

for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I

doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon,

playing at twelvepenny picquet with Lewis: I won seven shillings, which

is the only money I won this year: I have not played above four times,

and I think always at Windsor. Cards are very dear: there is a duty on

them of sixpence a pack, which spoils small gamesters.

3. Mr. Masham sent this morning to desire I would ride out with him, the

weather growing again very fine. I was very busy, and sent my excuses;

but desired he would provide me a dinner. I dined with him, his lady,

and her sister, Mrs. Hill, who invites us to-morrow to dine with her,

and we are to ride out in the morning. I sat with Lady Oglethorpe till

eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the

woman that keeps the key of the house: she told me Patrick had it.

I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went in to the

music-meeting, where I had been often desired to go; but was weary

in half an hour of their fine stuff, and stole out so privately that

everybody saw me; and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after

ten: then came in Patrick. I went up, shut the chamber door, and gave

him two or three swinging cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the

thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he

was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a

noble caravan of us. The Duchess of Shrewsbury in her own chaise

with one horse, and Miss Touchet(12) with her, Mrs. Masham and Mrs.

Scarborow, one of the dressers, in one of the Queen's chaises; Miss

Forester and Miss Scarborow,(13) two maids of honour, and Mrs. Hill

on horseback. The Duke of Shrewsbury, Mr. Masham, George Fielding,(14)

Arbuthnot, and I, on horseback too. Mrs. Hill's horse was hired for Miss

Scarborow, but she took it in civility; her own horse was galled and

could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horse was not worth

eighteenpence. I borrowed coat, boots, and horse, and in short we had

all the difficulties, and more than we used to have in making a party

from Trim to Longfield's.(15) My coat was light camlet, faced with red

velvet, and silver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest

about a dozen miles, and the Duchess and I had much conversation: we got

home by two, and Mr. Masham, his lady, Arbuthnot and I, dined with

Mrs. Hill. Arbuthnot made us all melancholy, by some symptoms of bloody

u---e: he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says

he is never mistaken, and he appears like a man that was to be racked

to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly

honest man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this

afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Oglethorpe sent to speak to me, and

it was to let me know that Lady Rochester(16) desires she and I may be

better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late; for I am not now in love with

Lady Rochester: they shame me out of her, because she is old. Arbuthnot

says he hopes my strained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found

people so mistaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it

me, only I had it just after beating Patrick, and now it is better; so I

believe he is mistaken.

5. The Duchess of Shrewsbury sent to invite me to dinner; but I was

abroad last night when her servant came, and this morning I sent my

excuses, because I was engaged, which I was sorry for. Mrs. Forester

taxed me yesterday about the History of the Maids of Honour;(17) but I

told her fairly it was no jest of mine; for I found they did not relish

it altogether well; and I have enough already of a quarrel with that

brute Sir John Walter, who has been railing at me in all companies ever

since I dined with him; that I abused the Queen's meat and drink, and

said nothing at the table was good, and all a d----d lie; for after

dinner, commending the wine, I said I thought it was something small.

You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be

such a jest for the Keeper, Treasurer, and Secretary.--I dined with

honest Colonel Godfrey, took a good walk of an hour on the terrace, and

then came up to study; but it grows bloody cold, and I have no waistcoat

here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrell

and the Dean of Rochester(18) had often invited me, and I happened to be

disengaged: it is the worst provided table at Court. We ate on pewter:

every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate, and so

they have got a little, some of it very old. One who was made Dean of

Peterborough (a small deanery) said he would give no plate; he was

only Dean of Pewterborough. The news of Mr. Hill's miscarriage in his

expedition(19) came to-day, and I went to visit Mrs. Masham and Mrs.

Hill, his two sisters, to condole with them. I advised them by all means

to go to the music-meeting to-night, to show they were not cast down,

etc., and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr. Hill

and his admiral made wrong steps; however, we lay it all to a storm,

etc. I sat with the Secretary at supper; then we both went to Lord

Treasurer's supper, and sat till twelve. The Secretary is much mortified

about Hill, because this expedition was of his contriving, and he

counted much upon it; but Lord Treasurer was just as merry as usual,

and old laughing at Sir John Walter and me falling out. I said nothing

grieved me but that they would take example, and perhaps presume upon

it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged

to govern bears, though I governed men. They promise to be as obedient

as ever, and so we laughed; and so I go to bed; for it is colder still,

and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord Harley and I dined privately to-day with Mrs. Masham and Mrs.

Hill, and my brother Masham. I saw Lord Halifax at Court, and we joined

and talked; and the Duchess of Shrewsbury came up and reproached me for

not dining with her. I said that was not so soon done, for I expected

more advances from ladies, especially duchesses: she promised to comply

with any demands I pleased; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow,

if I did not go to London too soon, as I believe I shall before dinner.

Lady Oglethorpe brought me and the Duchess of Hamilton(20) together

to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her some encouragement, but

not much. Everybody has been teasing Walter. He told Lord Treasurer that

he took his company from him that were to dine with him: my lord said,

"I will send you Dr. Swift:" Lord Keeper bid him take care what he

did; "for," said he, "Dr. Swift is not only all our favourite, but our

governor." The old company supped with Lord Treasurer, and got away by

twelve.

London, 8. I believe I shall go no more to Windsor, for we expect the

Queen will come in ten days to Hampton Court. It was frost last night,

and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the Duchess, for I left

Windsor half an hour after one with Lord Treasurer, and we called at

Kensington, where Mrs. Masham was got to see her children for two days.

I dined, or rather supped, with Lord Treasurer, and stayed till after

ten. Tisdall(21) and his family are gone from hence, upon some wrangle

with the family. Yesterday I had two letters brought me to Mr. Masham's;

one from Ford, and t'other from our little MD, N.21. I would not tell

you till to-day, because I would not. I won't answer it till the next,

because I have slipped two days by being at Windsor, which I must

recover here. Well, sirrahs, I must go to sleep. The roads were as dry

as at midsummer to-day. This letter shall go to-morrow.

9. Morning. It rains hard this morning. I suppose our fair weather is

now at an end. I think I'll put on my waistcoat to-day: shall I? Well,

I will then, to please MD. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop

and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord Strafford is gone to

Holland, to tell them what we have done here toward a peace. We shall

soon hear what the Dutch say, and how they take it. My humble service

to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine.--Morrow, dearest sirrahs, and

farewell; and God Almighty bless MD, poor little dear MD, for so I mean,

and Presto too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my

next letter. Farewell, etc.

This little bit belongs to MD; we must always write on the margin:(22)

you are saucy rogues.

LETTER 32.

LONDON, Oct. 9, 1711.

I was forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's sleep: I

slept till after two, and then sent for a bit of mutton and pot of ale

from the next cook's shop, and had no stomach. I went out at four, and

called to see Biddy Floyd, which I had not done these three months: she

is something marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks

very well. Then I sat the evening with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and drank

coffee, and ate an egg. I likewise took a new lodging to-day, not liking

a ground-floor, nor the ill smell, and other circumstances. I lodge,

or shall lodge, by Leicester Fields, and pay ten shillings a week; that

won't hold out long, faith. I shall lie here but one night more. It

rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I shall lie here two

nights, till Thursday, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend

Mrs. Barton has a brother(1) drowned, that went on the expedition with

Jack Hill? He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and she keeps her

chamber in form, and the servants say she receives no messages.--Answer

MD's letter, Presto, d'ye hear? No, says Presto, I won't yet, I'm busy;

you're a saucy rogue. Who talks?

10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the City with a

printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a

fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm; and whenever anything of theirs

makes a noise, it shall have an answer. I have instructed an under

spur-leather to write so, that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes

a newspaper, called The Protestant Postboy, has reflected on me in one

of his papers; but the Secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a

squeeze extraordinary. He says that an ambitious tantivy,(2) missing of

his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his

spleen on the late Ministry, etc. I'll tantivy him with a vengeance. I

sat the evening at home, and am very busy, and can hardly find time to

write, unless it were to MD. I am in furious haste.

11. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer. Thursdays are now his days

when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. George

Granville sent his excuses upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the

apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord Treasurer calls Prior nothing

but Monsieur Baudrier, which was the feigned name of the Frenchman that

writ his Journey to Paris.(3) They pretend to suspect me, so I talk

freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord Treasurer calls me

now Dr. Martin, because martin(4) is a sort of a swallow, and so is a

swift. When he and I came last Monday from Windsor, we were reading

all the signs on the road.(5) He is a pure trifler; tell the Bishop of

Clogher so. I made him make two lines in verse for the Bell and Dragon,

and they were rare bad ones. I suppose Dilly is with you by this time:

what could his reason be of leaving London, and not owning it? 'Twas

plaguy silly. I believe his natural inconstancy made him weary. I think

he is the king of inconstancy. I stayed with Lord Treasurer till ten; we

had five lords and three commoners. Go to ombre, sirrahs.

12. Mrs. Vanhomrigh has changed her lodging as well as I. She found she

had got with a bawd, and removed. I dined with her to-day; for though

she boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty

lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the

afternoon I visited an old major-general, and ate six oysters; then sat

an hour with Mrs. Colledge,(6) the joiner's daughter that was hanged; it

was the joiner was hanged, and not his daughter; with Thompson's wife, a

magistrate. There was the famous Mrs. Floyd of Chester, who, I think,

is the handsomest woman (except MD) that ever I saw. She told me that

twenty people had sent her the verses upon Biddy,(7) as meant to her:

and, indeed, in point of handsomeness, she deserves them much better. I

will not go to Windsor to-morrow, and so I told the Secretary to-day.

I hate the thoughts of Saturday and Sunday suppers with Lord Treasurer.

Jack Hill is come home from his unfortunate expedition, and is, I think,

now at Windsor: I have not yet seen him. He is privately blamed by his

own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein

it was determined to come back. But they say a general should not do

that, because the officers will always give their opinion for returning,

since the blame will not lie upon them, but the general. I pity him

heartily. Bernage received his commission to-day.

13. I dined to-day with Colonel Crowe,(8) late Governor of Barbadoes;

he is a great acquaintance of your friend Sterne, to whom I trusted the

box. Lord Treasurer has refused Sterne's business, and I doubt he is a

rake; Jemmy Leigh stays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I

am so busy now I have hardly time to spare to write to our little MD,

but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be busy,

etc.

14. I was going to dine with Dr. Cockburn, but Sir Andrew Fountaine

met me, and carried me to Mrs. Van's, where I drank the last bottle

of Raymond's wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the

Ministry. I must pick up time to answer this letter of MD's; I'll do it

in a day or two for certain.--I am glad I am not at Windsor, for it is

very cold, and I won't have a fire till November. I am contriving how to

stop up my grate with bricks. Patrick was drunk last night; but did

not come to me, else I should have given him t'other cuff. I sat this

evening with Mrs. Barton; it is the first day of her seeing company; but

I made her merry enough, and we were three hours disputing upon Whig and

Tory. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a sad

dog. Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray? no numbings left?

no darkness in your eyes? do you walk and exercise? Your exercise is

ombre.--People are coming up to town: the Queen will be at Hampton Court

in a week. Lady Betty Germaine, I hear, is come; and Lord Pembroke is

coming: his wife(9) is as big with child as she can tumble.

15. I sat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a

roll and butter; then visited Will Congreve an hour or two, and supped

with Lord Treasurer, who came from Windsor to-day, and brought Prior

with him. The Queen has thanked Prior for his good service in France,

and promised to make him a Commissioner of the Customs. Several of that

Commission are to be out; among the rest, my friend Sir Matthew Dudley.

I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the Ministry. Lord Treasurer

kept me till twelve, so I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary at Dr. Coatesworth's,(10) where he

now lodges till his house be got ready in Golden Square. One Boyer,(11)

a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in

a messenger's hands: the Secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord

Treasurer told me last night that he had the honour to be abused with me

in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example, for warning to

others. I was to see Jack Hill this morning, who made that unfortunate

expedition; and there is still more misfortune; for that ship, which was

admiral of his fleet,(12) is blown up in the Thames, by an accident and

carelessness of some rogue, who was going, as they think, to steal some

gunpowder: five hundred men are lost. We don't yet know the particulars.

I am got home by seven, and am going to be busy, and you are going to

play and supper; you live ten times happier than I; but I should live

ten times happier than you if I were with MD. I saw Jemmy Leigh to-day

in the street, who tells me that Sterne has not lain above once these

three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courses; he

stays only till he can find Sterne to go along with him, and he cannot

hear of him. I begged him to inquire about the box when he comes to

Chester, which he promises.

17. The Secretary and I dined to-day with Brigadier Britton,(13) a great

friend of his. The lady of the house is very gallant, about thirty-five;

she is said to have a great deal of wit; but I see nothing among any of

them that equals MD by a bar's length, as hope saved. My Lord Treasurer

is much out of order; he has a sore throat, and the gravel, and a pain

in his breast where the wound was: pray God preserve him. The Queen

comes to Hampton Court on Tuesday next; people are coming fast to town,

and I must answer MD's letter, which I can hardly find time to do,

though I am at home the greatest part of the day. Lady Betty Germaine

and I were disputing Whig and Tory to death this morning. She is grown

very fat, and looks mighty well. Biddy Floyd was there, and she is, I

think, very much spoiled with the smallpox.

18. Lord Treasurer is still out of order, and that breaks our method of

dining there to-day. He is often subject to a sore throat, and some time

or other it will kill him, unless he takes more care than he is apt to

do. It was said about the town that poor Lord Peterborow was dead at

Frankfort; but he is something better, and the Queen is sending him to

Italy, where I hope the warm climate will recover him: he has abundance

of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this

afternoon in the City, ate a bit of meat, and settled some things with

a printer. I will answer your letter on Saturday, if possible, and then

send away this; so to fetch up the odd days I lost at Windsor, and keep

constant to my fortnight. Ombre time is now coming on, and we shall have

nothing but Manley, and Walls, and Stoytes, and the Dean. Have you got

no new acquaintance? Poor girls; nobody knows MD's good qualities.--'Tis

very cold; but I will not have a fire till November, that's pozz.--Well,

but coming home to-night, I found on my table a letter from MD; faith,

I was angry, that is, with myself; and I was afraid too to see MD's hand

so soon, for fear of something, I don't know what: at last I opened it,

and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However,

'tis a sad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-first

answered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Van, with some company who

did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings; you must know I hardly

ever eat of above one thing, and that the plainest ordinary meat at

table; I love it best, and believe it wholesomest. You love rarities;

yes you do; I wish you had all that I ever see where I go. I was coming

home early, and met the Secretary in his chair, who persuaded me to go

with him to Britton's; for he said he had been all day at business, and

had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time passed so, that we stayed

till two, so you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by sitting up so late last night. Lord

Treasurer is not yet well, and can't go to Windsor. I dined with Sir

Matthew Dudley, and took occasion to hint to him that he would lose his

employment, for which I am very sorry. Lord Pembroke and his family are

all come to town. I was kept so long at a friend's this evening that I

cannot send this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow asked

me where lodged Dr. Swift? I told him I was the person: he gave me

a letter he brought from the Secretary's office, and I gave him a

shilling: when I came up, I saw Dingley's hand: faith, I was afraid, I

do not know what. At last it was a formal letter, from Dingley about

her exchequer business. Well, I'll do it on Monday, and settle it with

Tooke. And now, boys, for your letter, I mean the first, N.21. Let's

see; come out, little letter. I never had the letter from the Bishop

that Raymond mentions; but I have written to Ned Southwell, to desire

the Duke of Ormond to speak to his reverence, that he may leave off his

impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the Archbishop

here? You have a pretty notion of me in Ireland, to make me an agent

for the Archbishop of Dublin.--Why! do you think I value your

people's ingratitude about my part in serving them? I remit them their

first-fruits of ingratitude, as freely as I got the other remitted to

them. The Lord Treasurer defers writing his letter to them, or else they

would be plaguily confounded by this time. For he designs to give the

merit of it wholly to the Queen and me, and to let them know it was

done before the Duke of Ormond was Lord Lieutenant. You visit, you dine

abroad, you see friends; you pilgarlick;(14) you walk from Finglas, you

a cat's foot. O Lord--Lady Gore(15) hung her child by the WAIST; what is

that waist?(16) I don't understand that word; he must hang on till

you explain or spell it.--I don't believe he was pretty, that's a

liiii.--Pish! burn your First-Fruits; again at it. Stella has made

twenty false spellings in her writing; I'll send them to you all back

again on the other side of this letter, to mend them; I won't miss one.

Why, I think there were seventeen bishops' names to the letter Lord

Oxford received.--I will send you some pamphlets by Leigh; put me in

mind of it on Monday, for I shall go then to the printer; yes, and the

Miscellany. I am mightily obliged to Walls, but I don't deserve it by

any usage of him here, having seen him but twice, and once en passant.

Mrs. Manley forsworn ombre! What! and no blazing star appear? no

monsters born? no whale thrown up? have you not found out some evasion

for her? She had no such regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the

books for nothing, Madam Dingley; but the wine I got not; it was but a

promise.--Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a

little threatening or so.--You talk of my reconciling some great folks.

I tell you what. The Secretary told me last night that he had found the

reason why the Queen was cold to him for some months past; that a friend

had told it him yesterday; and it was, that they suspected he was at the

bottom with the Duke of Marlborough. Then he said he had reflected upon

all I had spoken to him long ago, but he thought it had only been my

suspicion, and my zeal and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take

that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the world as to talk at

a venture to a great Minister; that I had gone between him and Lord

Treasurer often, and told each of them what I had said to the other, and

that I had informed him so before. He said all that you may imagine to

excuse himself, and approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along that

this proceeding of mine was the surest way to send me back to my willows

in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom

service in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told

Lord Treasurer, Lord Keeper, and him together, that all things depended

on their union, and that my comfort was to see them love one another;

and I had told them all singly that I had not said this by chance, etc.

He was in a rage to be thus suspected; swears he will be upon a better

foot, or none at all; and I do not see how they can well want him in

this juncture. I hope to find a way of settling this matter. I act an

honest part, that will bring me neither honour nor praise. MD must

think the better of me for it: nobody else shall ever know of it. Here's

politics enough for once; but Madam DD gave me occasion for it. I think

I told you I have got into lodgings that don't smell ill--O Lord! the

spectacles: well, I'll do that on Monday too; although it goes against

me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is

the eight pounds from Hawkshaw included in the thirty-nine pounds five

shillings and twopence? How do I know by this how my account stands?

Can't you write five or six lines to cast it up? Mine is forty-four

pounds per annum, and eight pounds from Hawkshaw makes fifty-two pounds.

Pray set it right, and let me know; you had best.--And so now I have

answered N.21, and 'tis late, and I will answer N.22 in my next: this

cannot go to-night, but shall on Tuesday: and so go to your play, and

lose your money, with your two eggs a penny; silly jade; you witty? very

pretty.

21. Mrs. Van would have me dine with her again to-day, and so I did,

though Lady Mountjoy has sent two or three times to have me see and dine

with her, and she is a little body I love very well. My head has ached

a little in the evenings these three or four days, but it is not of the

giddy sort, so I do not much value it. I was to see Lord Harley to-day,

but Lord Treasurer took physic; and I could not see him. He has voided

much gravel, and is better, but not well: he talks of going on Tuesday

to see the Queen at Hampton Court; I wish he may be able. I never saw so

fine a summer day as this was: how is it with you, pray? and can't you

remember, naughty packs? I han't seen Lord Pembroke yet. He will be

sorry to miss Dilly: I wonder you say nothing of Dilly's being got

to Ireland; if he be not there soon, I shall have some certain odd

thoughts: guess them if you can.

22. I dined in the City to-day with Dr. Freind, at one of my printers:

I inquired for Leigh, but could not find him: I have forgot what sort of

apron you want. I must rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of

hay. I gave Sterne directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have

bespoken the spectacles; got a set of Examiners, and five pamphlets,

which I have either written or contributed to, except the best, which

is the vindication of the Duke of Marlborough, and is entirely of the

author of the Atalantis.(17) I have settled Dingley's affair with Tooke,

who has undertaken it, and understands it. I have bespoken a Miscellany:

what would you have me do more? It cost me a shilling coming home; it

rains terribly, and did so in the morning. Lord Treasurer has had an ill

day, in much pain. He writes and does business in his chamber now he is

ill: the man is bewitched: he desires to see me, and I'll maul him, but

he will not value it a rush. I am half weary of them all. I often burst

out into these thoughts, and will certainly steal away as soon as I

decently can. I have many friends, and many enemies; and the last are

more constant in their nature. I have no shuddering at all to think of

retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy; but I will always

live in Ireland as I did the last time; I will not hunt for dinners

there, nor converse with more than a very few.

23. Morning. This goes to-day, and shall be sealed by and by. Lord

Treasurer takes physic again to-day: I believe I shall dine with Lord

Dupplin. Mr. Tooke brought me a letter directed for me at Morphew's the

bookseller. I suppose, by the postage, it came from Ireland. It is a

woman's hand, and seems false spelt on purpose: it is in such sort of

verse as Harris's petition;(18) rallies me for writing merry things,

and not upon divinity; and is like the subject of the Archbishop's last

letter, as I told you. Can you guess whom it came from? It is not ill

written; pray find it out. There is a Latin verse at the end of it all

rightly spelt; yet the English, as I think, affectedly wrong in many

places. My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a

letter from Judge Coote,(19) with recommendation to be lieutenant of a

man-of-war. He is the son of one Echlin,(20) who was minister of Belfast

before Tisdall, and I have got some other new customers; but I shall

trouble my friends as little as possible. Saucy Stella used to jeer

me for meddling with other folks' affairs; but now I am punished for

it.--Patrick has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewell,

etc. etc.

Here is a full and true account of Stella's new spelling:--(21)

Plaguely, Plaguily. Dineing, Dining. Straingers, Strangers. Chais,

Chase. Waist, Wast. Houer, Hour. Immagin, Imagine. A bout, About.

Intellegence, Intelligence. Merrit, Merit. Aboundance, Abundance.

Secreet, Secret. Phamphlets, Pamphlets. Bussiness, Business.

Tell me truly, sirrah, how many of these are mistakes of the pen, and

how many are you to answer for as real ill spelling? There are but

fourteen; I said twenty by guess. You must not be angry, for I will have

you spell right, let the world go how it will. Though, after all,

there is but a mistake of one letter in any of these words. I allow you

henceforth but six false spellings in every letter you send me.

LETTER 33.

LONDON, Oct. 23, 1711.

I dined with Lord Dupplin as I told you I would, and put my

thirty-second into the post-office my own self; and I believe there has

not been one moment since we parted wherein a letter was not upon the

road going or coming to or from PMD. If the Queen knew it, she would

give us a pension; for it is we bring good luck to their post-boys and

their packets; else they would break their necks and sink. But, an old

saying and a true one:

Be it snow, or storm, or hail,

PMD's letters never fail;

Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry,

But PMD's letters can't miscarry.

Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to save my

twelvepence coming home. Lord Treasurer is much better this evening.

I hate to have him ill, he is so confoundedly careless. I won't answer

your letter yet, so be satisfied.

24. I called at Lord Treasurer's to-day at noon: he was eating some

broth in his bed-chamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him.

He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly bloodshot; yet he

dressed himself and went out to the Treasury. He told me he had a letter

from a lady with a complaint against me; it was from Mrs. Cutts, a

sister of Lord Cutts, who writ to him that I had abused her brother:(1)

you remember the "Salamander," it is printed in the Miscellany. I told

my lord that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected,

whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into

the fire, and forget them, else I should have no quiet. I had a little

turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not last above a

moment, yet being of the true sort, has made me as weak as a dog all

this day. 'Tis the first I have had this half-year. I shall take my

pills if I hear of it again. I dined at Lady Mountjoy's with Harry

Coote,(2) and went to see Lord Pembroke upon his coming to town.--The

Whig party are furious against a peace, and every day some ballad comes

out reflecting on the Ministry on that account. The Secretary St. John

has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers into his messengers'

hands.(3) Some of the foreign Ministers have published the preliminaries

agreed on here between France and England; and people rail at them as

insufficient to treat a peace upon; but the secret is, that the French

have agreed to articles much more important, which our Ministers

have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are

discontented that there is no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold

to the Secretary, but we could contrive no way to fence against it. So

there's politics for you.

25. The Queen is at Hampton Court: she went on Tuesday in that terrible

rain. I dined with Lewis at his lodgings, to despatch some business we

had. I sent this morning and evening to Lord Treasurer, and he is much

worse by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr.

Radcliffe; pray God preserve him. The Chancellor of the Exchequer(4)

showed me to-day a ballad(5) in manuscript against Lord Treasurer and

his South Sea project; it is very sharply written: if it be not

printed, I will send it you. If it be, it shall go in your packet of

pamphlets.--I found out your letter about directions for the apron, and

have ordered to be bought a cheap green silk work apron; I have it by

heart. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton, who is my near neighbour. It

was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was

walking too just at that time that Presto was. This paper does not

cost me a farthing, I have it from the Secretary's office. I long till

to-morrow to know how my Lord Treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear

he mends: we are all undone without him; so pray for him, sirrahs, and

don't stay too late at the Dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. Van; for the weather is so bad, and I am so busy,

that I can't dine with great folks: and besides I dare eat but little,

to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord Treasurer is very ill,

but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so

violent against a peace; but I'll cool them, with a vengeance, very

soon. I have not heard from the Bishop of Clogher, whether he has got

his statues.(6) I writ to him six weeks ago; he's so busy with his

Parliament. I won't answer your letter yet, say what you will, saucy

girls.

27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me

double the time; and I was forced to be at the Secretary's office till

four, and lose my dinner; so I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me

three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light victuals:

besides, I was to have supped at Lady Ashburnham's; but the drab did

not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent for us, and so I

sent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in

the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and

Sterne as I was going into the Park. Leigh says he will go to Ireland

in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him; so I will send him the

things for MD, and I have desired him to inquire about the box. I hate

that Sterne for his carelessness about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis upon business

of importance; and I dined with him, and came home about seven, and

thought I would amuse myself a little, after the pains I had taken. I

saw a volume of Congreve's plays in my room, that Patrick had taken

to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till

twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do so again; never saw

the like. Count Gallas,(7) the Emperor's Envoy, you will hear, is in

disgrace with us: the Queen has ordered her Ministers to have no more

commerce with him; the reason is, the fool writ a rude letter to Lord

Dartmouth, Secretary of State, complaining of our proceedings about

a peace; and he is always in close confidence with Lord Wharton and

Sunderland, and others of the late Ministry. I believe you begin to

think there will be no peace; the Whigs here are sure it cannot be, and

stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless France

plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any of your Whig

acquaintance that we shall not have another campaign. You will get

more by it than by ombre, sirrah.--I let slip telling you yesterday's

journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I

dined yesterday at Harry Coote's, with Lord Hatton,(8) Mr. Finch, a son

of Lord Nottingham, and Sir Andrew Fountaine. I left them soon, but

hear they stayed till two in the morning, and were all drunk: and so

good-night for last night, and good-night for to-night. You blundering

goosecap, an't you ashamed to blunder to young ladies? I shall have a

fire in three or four days now, oh ho.

30. I was to-day in the City concerting some things with a printer, and

am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr. Secretary about the same. I

won't tell you now; but the Ministers reckon it will do abundance of

good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a

peace. Few of this generation can remember anything but war and taxes,

and they think it is as it should be; whereas 'tis certain we are the

most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond

all contradiction. But I forgot; I won't tell you what I will do, nor

what I will not do: so let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give Goody

Stoyte and Catherine my humble service; I love Goody Stoyte better than

Goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money;

it cost ten shillings and sixpence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap

thing; but they said that English silk would cockle,(9) and I know not

what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right Italian: I have

sent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will send the Miscellanies and

spectacles in a day or two. I would send more; but, faith, I'm plaguy

poor at present.

31. The devil's in this Secretary: when I went this morning he had

people with him; but says he, "we are to dine with Prior to-day, and

then will do all our business in the afternoon": at two, Prior sends

word he is otherwise engaged; then the Secretary and I go and dine with

Brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; he is

in haste to see Lady Jersey;(10) we part, and appoint no time to meet

again. This is the fault of all the present Ministers, teasing me to

death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon

it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord Treasurer mends every day, though

slowly: I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to

Parvisol to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can, for I

want money. I must have money; I will have money, sirrahs.

Nov. 1. I went to-day into the City to settle some business with

Stratford, and to dine with him; but he was engaged, and I was so angry

I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer, and

ate a bit, and did business of mischief with him, and I shall have the

spectacles and Miscellany to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A fine

day always makes me go into the City, if I can spare time, because it is

exercise; and that does me more good than anything. I have heard nothing

since of my head, but a little, I don't know how, sometimes: but I am

very temperate, especially now the Treasurer is ill, and the Ministers

often at Hampton Court, and the Secretary not yet fixed in his house,

and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been

a fellow discovered going out of the East India House with sixteen

thousand pounds in money and bills; he would have escaped, if he had not

been so uneasy with thirst, that he stole out before his time, and was

caught. But what is that to MD? I wish we had the money, provided the

East India Company was never the worse; you know we must not covet, etc.

Our weather, for this fortnight past, is chequered, a fair and a rainy

day: this was very fine, and I have walked four miles; wish MD would do

so, lazy sluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a continuendo, and I went in a chair to

dine with Mrs. Van; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a shift

to come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few visits, and

keep but very little company; I read no newspapers. I am sorry I sent

you the Examiner, for the printer is going to print them in a small

volume: it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by

subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth

five hundred pounds to him. The Spectators are likewise printing in a

larger and a smaller volume, so I believe they are going to leave

them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often

prettily written. We have had no news for me to send you now towards

the end of my letter. The Queen has the gout a little: I hoped the Lord

Treasurer would have had it too, but Radcliffe told me yesterday it was

the rheumatism in his knee and foot; however, he mends, and I hope will

be abroad in a short time. I am told they design giving away several

employments before the Parliament sits, which will be the thirteenth

instant. I either do not like, or not understand this policy; and if

Lord Treasurer does not mend soon, they must give them just before the

session. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal. I stuffed the

Secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at

Hampton Court, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no

lodgings for me there, so I can't go, for the town is small, chargeable,

and inconvenient. Lord Treasurer had a very ill night last night, with

much pain in his knee and foot, but is easier to-day.--And so I went to

visit Prior about some business, and so he was not within, and so Sir

Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again with Mrs. Van, and I came

home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of

MD's to answer. O Lord, where is it? let me see; so, so, here it is. You

grudge writing so soon. Pox on that bill! the woman would have me manage

that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it: I am

like the unprofitable steward in the Gospel: I laid it up in a napkin;

there thou hast what is thine own, etc. Well, well, I know of your new

Mayor. (I'll tell you a pun: a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he

sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then said he was paid: how

is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds

it out?) Well, but as I was saying, what care I for your Mayor? I

fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to Ireland before

Christmas, or soon after. I'm sorry you did not go on with your story

about Pray God you be John; I never heard it in my life, and wonder what

it can be.--Ah, Stella, faith, you leaned upon your Bible to think what

to say when you writ that. Yes, that story of the Secretary's making me

an example is true; "never heard it before;" why, how could you hear

it? is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our

companies here? The Secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I

have often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple makes about being

Secretary of State:(11) I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man

I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good

learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the House of

Commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners;

generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his

friends in way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks

a little like affectation; and he endeavours too much to mix the fine

gentleman and man of pleasure with the man of business. What truth and

sincerity he may have I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been

Secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? how he stands

with the Queen and Lord Treasurer I have told you before. This is his

character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to

the Archbishop of Dublin, Bishop of Cloyne(12) and of Clogher together,

five weeks ago from Windsor: I hope they had my letters; pray know if

Clogher had his.--Fig for your physician and his advice, Madam Dingley:

if I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and

exercise: your fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves fall? I am

sorry to see them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physic

because leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from falling.

If a man falls from a horse, must I take physic for that?--This arguing

makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved.--I

am glad at heart to hear poor Stella is better; use exercise and walk,

spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and waste claret. Have

you found out my pun of the fishmonger? don't read a word more till you

have got it. And Stella is handsome again, you say? and is she fat? I

have sent to Leigh the set of Examiners: the first thirteen were written

by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three-and-thirty were

all by one hand, that makes forty-six: then that author,(13) whoever he

was, laid it down on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were

written by a woman.(14) Then there is an account of Guiscard by the same

woman, but the facts sent by Presto. Then an answer to the letter to the

Lords about Gregg by Presto; Prior's Journey by Presto; Vindication of

the Duke of Marlborough, entirely by the same woman; Comment on Hare's

Sermon by the same woman, only hints sent to the printer from Presto to

give her.(15) Then there's the Miscellany, an apron for Stella, a pound

of chocolate, without sugar, for Stella, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory,

given me by Mrs. St. John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco,

which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of

spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will

come safe. Oh, Mrs. Masham and I are very well; we write to one another,

but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before: pray pardon my

forgetfulness in these cases; poor Presto can't help it. MD shall have

the money as soon as Tooke gets it. And so I think I have answered all,

and the paper is out, and now I have fetched up my week, and will

send you another this day fortnight.--Why, you rogues, two crowns make

TENCH-ILL-LING:(16) you are so dull you could never have found it out.

Farewell, etc. etc.

LETTER 34.

LONDON, Nov. 3, 1711.

My thirty-third lies now before me just finished, and I am going to seal

and send it, so let me know whether you would have me add anything: I

gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am

going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to-day where I was invited, just when dinner

was setting on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows

I did not know; and went to Sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the same

inconvenience, but he would not let me go; otherwise I would have gone

home, and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine

with persons unknown, as bad, for aught I know, as your deans, parsons,

and curates. Bad slabby weather to-day.--Now methinks I write at ease,

when I have no letter of MD's to answer. But I mistook, and have got the

large paper. The Queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton Court: she

is now seldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her

out in a very few years. I plainly find I have less twitchings about my

toes since these Ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't

dine with them. I would compound for a light easy gout to be perfectly

well in my head.--Pray walk when the frost comes, young ladies go a

frost-biting. It comes into my head, that, from the very time you first

went to Ireland, I have been always plying you to walk and read. The

young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of

them have got swingeing strong shoes on purpose; it has got as far as

several young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady

Lucy(1) and I are fallen out; she rails at me, and I have left visiting

her.

5. MD was very troublesome to me last night in my sleep; I was a

dreamed, methought, that Stella was here. I asked her after Dingley, and

she said she had left her in Ireland, because she designed her stay to

be short, and such stuff.--Monsieur Pontchartain, the Secretary of State

in France, and Monsieur Fontenelle, the Secretary of the Royal Academy

there (who writ the Dialogues des Morts, etc.), have sent letters to

Lord Pembroke that the Academy have, with the King's consent, chosen

him one of their members in the room of one who is lately dead. But the

cautious gentleman has given me the letters to show my Lord Dartmouth

and Mr. St. John, our two Secretaries, and let them see there is no

treason in them; which I will do on Wednesday, when they come from

Hampton Court. The letters are very handsome, and it is a very great

mark of honour and distinction to Lord Pembroke. I hear the two French

Ministers are come over again about the peace; but I have seen nobody

of consequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my

acquaintance, who was sick, in her bed-chamber, upon three herrings and

a chicken: the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have chestnuts

and Seville oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy

day, and we had processions in carts of the Pope and the Devil, and the

butchers rang their cleavers. You know this is the Fifth of November,

Popery and gunpowder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make

out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every

line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above

seven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your Ingoldsby(2) is going

over, and they say here he is to be made a lord.--Here was I staying in

my room till two this afternoon for that puppy Sir Andrew Fountaine, who

was to go with me into the City, and never came; and if I had not shot

a dinner flying, with one Mr. Murray, I might have fasted, or gone to an

alehouse.--You never said one word of Goody Stoyte in your letter; but

I suppose these winter nights we shall hear more of her. Does the

Provost(3) laugh as much as he used to do? We reckon him here a

good-for-nothing fellow.--I design to write to your Dean one of these

days, but I can never find time, nor what to say.--I will think of

something: but if DD(4) were not in Ireland I believe seriously I

should not think of the place twice a year. Nothing there ever makes the

subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the City on business; but stopped at a printer's,

and stayed there: it was a most delicious day. I hear the Parliament is

to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I suppose, either because the

Queen has the gout, or that Lord Treasurer is not well, or that they

would do something more towards a peace. I called at Lord Treasurer's

at noon, and sat a while with Lord Harley, but his father was asleep.

A bookseller has reprinted or new-titled a sermon of Tom Swift's,(5)

printed last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it Dr. Swift's

Sermon. Some friend of Lord Galway(6) has, by his directions, published

a four-shilling book about his conduct in Spain, to defend him; I

have but just seen it. But what care you for books, except Presto's

Miscellanies? Leigh promised to call and see me, but has not yet; I hope

he will take care of his cargo, and get your Chester box. A murrain take

that box! everything is spoiled that is in it. How does the strong box

do? You say nothing of Raymond: is his wife brought to bed again; or

how? has he finished his house; paid his debts; and put out the rest

of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor Joe is like to get his two

hundred pounds. I suppose Trim is now reduced to slavery again. I am

glad of it; the people were as great rascals as the gentlemen. But I

must go to bed, sirrahs: the Secretary is still at Hampton Court with my

papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the Secretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and

did business this afternoon till about eight; and I must alter and undo,

and a clutter. I am glad the Parliament is prorogued. I stayed with

Prior till eleven; the Secretary left us at eight. Prior, I believe,

will be one of those employed to make the peace, when a Congress is

opened. Lord Ashburnham told to-day at the Coffee-house that Lord

Harley(7) was yesterday morning married to the Duke of Newcastle's

daughter, the great heiress, and it got about all the town. But I saw

Lord Harley yesterday at noon in his nightgown, and he dined in the City

with Prior and others; so it is not true; but I hope it will be so; for

I know it has been privately managing this long time:(8) the lady will

not have half her father's estate; for the Duke left Lord Pelham's son

his heir.(9) The widow Duchess will not stand to the will, and she is

now at law with Pelham. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten

thousand pounds a year to support the honour; for Lord Treasurer will

never save a groat for himself. Lord Harley is a very valuable young

gentleman; and they say the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but

red hair.

9. I designed a jaunt into the City to-day to be merry, but was

disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see Lord

Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure

both disappointed. You can go to your Dean, and for want of him, Goody

Stoyte, or Walls, or Manley, and meet everywhere with cards and claret.

I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a

flask of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now, when the mornings

are cold. I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate for good

husbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me my caps are wearing out. I

know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely. I am

as helpless as an elephant.--I had three packets from the Archbishop of

Dublin, cost me four shillings, all about Higgins,(10) printed stuff,

and two long letters. His people forgot to enclose them to Lewis;

and they were only directed to Doctor Swift, without naming London

or anything else. I wonder how they reached me, unless the postmaster

directed them. I have read all the trash, and am weary.

10. Why, if you must have it out, something is to be published of great

moment,(11) and three or four great people are to see there are no

mistakes in point of fact: and 'tis so troublesome to send it among

them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined

to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagues

me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady Dupplin, Lord

Treasurer's daughter,(12) is brought to bed of a son. Lord Treasurer

has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel

pits,(13) but not for gravel pits to live in us; a man in this case

should leave no stone unturned. Lord Treasurer's sickness, the Queen's

gout, the forwarding the peace, occasion putting off the Parliament a

fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking

to-day in the City, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my

health; but I can't walk in the Park, because that is only for walking's

sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business. I wish MD walked half

as much as Presto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk

behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tucked up

like anything; and Stella is naturally a stout walker, and carries

herself firm; methinks I see her strut, and step clever over a kennel;

and Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned up; but

she is so embroiled, and so fearful, and then Stella scolds, and Dingley

stumbles, and is so daggled.(14) Have you got the whalebone petticoats

among you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant

under them. Pshaw, what's all this I'm saying? Methinks I am talking to

MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde,(15) the old fool, is selling his

estate at Pepperhara, and is skulking about the town nobody knows where?

and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue Child,(16)

the double squire of Farnham? I have put Mrs. Masham, the Queen's

favourite, upon buying it, but that is yet a great secret; and I have

employed Lady Oglethorpe to inquire about it. I was with Lady Oglethorpe

to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see

to hunt out the old fool: he is utterly ruined, and at this present

in some blind alley with some dirty wench. He has two sons that must

starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. Masham buys the

land, I will desire her to get the Queen to give some pension to the

old fool, to keep him from absolutely starving. What do you meddle with

other people's affairs for? says Stella. Oh, but Mr. Masham and his wife

are very urgent with me, since I first put them in the head of it.

I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, who, I doubt, will soon lose his

employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old Frowde, and to do some business

in the City. I have not yet called to Patrick to know whether it be

fair.--It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my

pate and my purse. He tells me 'tis very windy, and begins to look dark;

woe be to my shillings! an old saying and a true,

Few fillings,

Many shillings.

If the day be dark, my purse will be light.

To my enemies be this curse,

A dark day and a light purse.

And so I'll rise, and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a

fire; yet it is not shaving-day, nor is the weather cold; this is too

extravagant. What is become of Dilly? I suppose you have him with you.

Stella is just now showing a white leg, and putting it into the slipper.

Present my service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the Dean, and

desire she will come too: or, Dingley, can't you write a note? This is

Stella's morning dialogue, no, morning speech I mean.--Morrow, sirrahs,

and let me rise as well as you; but I promise you Walls can't dine with

the Dean to-day, for she is to be at Mrs. Proby's just after dinner, and

to go with Gracy Spencer(17) to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a

silver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, sirrahs.--At night. I

dined with Stratford in the City, but could not finish my affairs with

him; but now I am resolved to buy five hundred pounds South Sea Stock,

which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make

use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs. Walls

over to Hawkshaw; or if she dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds

of the Secretary, and repay her. Three shillings coach-hire to-day.

I have spoken to Frowde's brother to get me the lowest price of the

estate, to tell Mrs. Masham.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last

Saturday night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and

my bed-chamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own

defence, and no fire: I was sick on Sunday, and now have got a swingeing

cold. I scolded like a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me: I

detest washing of rooms; can't they wash them in a morning, and make

a fire, and leave open the windows? I slept not a wink last night for

hawking(18) and spitting: and now everybody has colds. Here's a clutter:

I'll go to bed and sleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy sent to me two days ago, so I dined with her to-day,

and in the evening went to see Lord Treasurer. I found Patrick had been

just there with a how d'ye,(19) and my lord had returned answer that he

desired to see me. Mrs. Masham was with him when I came, and they are

never disturbed: 'tis well she is not very handsome; they sit alone

together settling the nation. I sat with Lady Oxford, and stopped Mrs.

Masham as she came out, and told her what progress I had made, etc., and

then went to Lord Treasurer: he is very well, only uneasy at rising

or sitting, with some rheumatic pain in his thigh, and a foot weak. He

showed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to one Mr. Cook, who

sent it to my lord: it was written in plain large letters thus

"Though G----d's knife did not succeed,

A F----n's yet may do the deed."

And a little below: "BURN THIS, YOU DOG." My lord has frequently such

letters as these: once he showed me one, which was a vision describing

a certain man, his dress, his sword, and his countenance, who was to

murder my lord. And he told me he saw a fellow in the chapel at Windsor

with a dress very like it. They often send him letters signed, "Your

humble servant, The Devil," and such stuff. I sat with him till after

ten, and have business to do.

15. The Secretary came yesterday to town from Hampton Court, so I went

to him early this morning; but he went back last night again: and coming

home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me that he was just

come from Hampton Court, and just returning, and will not be here till

Saturday night. A pox take him! he stops all my business. I'll beg leave

to come back when I have got over this, and hope to see MD in Ireland

soon after Christmas.--I'm weary of Courts, and want my journeys to

Laracor; they did me more good than all the Ministries these twenty

years. I dined to-day in the City, but did no business as I designed.

Lady Mountjoy tells me that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the

Archbishop of Dublin was the cause of his returning so soon. The

Parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the

Queen's absence, makes the town very dull and empty. They tell me the

Duke of Ormond brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London

has nothing so bad in it in winter as your knots of Irish folks; but I

go to no coffee-house, and so I seldom see them. This letter shall go

on Saturday; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money,

and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myself.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a visitor, when I had

ordered to see nobody; so I was forced to hurry a hang-dog instrument of

mine into my bed-chamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above

an hour.--I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I

believe it will last me about ten days in all.--I should have told

you, that in those two verses sent to Lord Treasurer, G---d stands for

Guiscard; that is easy; but we differed about F---n; I thought it was

for Frenchman, because he hates them, and they him: and so it would

be, That although Guiscard's knife missed its design, the knife of a

Frenchman might yet do it. My lord thinks it stands for Felton, the name

of him that stabbed the first Duke of Buckingham. Sir Andrew Fountaine

and I dined with the Vans to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the

evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? just a

month to-day since I had your N.22. I'll stay a week longer, and then,

I'll expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as

you please. The Whigs are still crying down our peace, but we will have

it, I hope, in spite of them: the Emperor comes now with his two eggs

a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war; but it is too late;

only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the French to be easy

and sincere: Night, sirrahs; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning. This goes to-night; I will put it myself in the

post-office. I had just now a long letter from the Archbishop of Dublin,

giving me an account of the ending your session, how it ended in a

storm; which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half

nature. I can't help it, I won't hide. I often advised the dissolution

of that Parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much

courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will

fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by several things

the Archbishop says, he is not very well either with the Government or

clergy.--See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.--God Almighty

bless and preserve dearest little MD.--I suppose your Lord Lieutenant

is now setting out for England. I wonder the Bishop of Clogher does not

write to me, or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them: I

will write to him again, as soon as I have leisure. Farewell, dearest

MD, and love Presto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things,

and who will.--My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine. I'm sitting in

my bed, but will rise to seal this. Morrow, dear rogues: Farewell again,

dearest MD, etc.

LETTER 35.

LONDON, NOV. 17, 1711.

I put my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr.

Cockburn. This being Queen Elizabeth's birthday, we have the D---- and

all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed

this morning, and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have

been visiting Lady Oglethorpe(1) and Lady Worsley;(2) the latter is

lately come to town for the winter, and with child, and what care

you? This is Queen Elizabeth's birthday, usually kept in this town

by apprentices, etc.; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by

midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the Pope,

Devil, cardinals, Sacheverell, etc., and carry them with torches about,

and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr.

Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night,

by order from the Secretary: you will have an account of it, for they

bawl it about the streets already.(3) They had some very foolish and

mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble

upon assaulting my Lord Treasurer's house and the Secretary's, and other

violences. The militia was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose,

all will be quiet. The figures are now at the Secretary's office at

Whitehall. I design to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, who just came from Hampton

Court. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning

the Pope. It cost a great deal of money, and had it gone on, would have

cost three times as much; but the town is full of it, and half a dozen

Grub Street papers already. The Secretary and I dined at Brigadier

Britton's, but I left them at six, upon an appointment with some sober

company of men and ladies, to drink punch at Sir Andrew Fountaine's. We

were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with

brandy; are you of my opinion? Why then, twelvepenny weather; sirrahs,

why don't you play at shuttlecock? I have thought of it a hundred times;

faith, Presto will come over after Christmas, and will play with Stella

before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the Spectators? I never do;

they never come in my way; I go to no coffee-houses. They say abundance

of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes;

I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week,

and if Leigh be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now

finishing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not seen him this good

while, though he promised to call: I shall send to him. The Queen comes

to town on Thursday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at Lord Dartmouth's office, and sent out for him

from the Committee of Council, about some business. I was asking him

more concerning this bustle about the figures in wax-work of the Pope,

and Devil, etc. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I

hear the owners are so impudent, that they design to replevin them by

law. I am assured that the figure of the Devil is made as like Lord

Treasurer as they could. Why, I dined with a friend in St. James's

Street. Lord Treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day; I will know

to-morrow how he does after it. The Duke of Marlborough is come, and was

yesterday at Hampton Court with the Queen; no, it was t'other day; no,

it was yesterday; for to-day I remember Mr. Secretary was going to see

him, when I was there, not at the Duke of Marlborough's, but at the

Secretary's; the Duke is not so fond of me. What care I? I won seven

shillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teased with Whiggish discourse by Mrs. Barton and

Lady Betty Germaine, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of

the Pope-burning into ridicule; and, indeed, they have made too great a

clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults.

I dined with Lady Betty. I hear Prior's commission is passed to be

Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary for the peace; my Lord

Privy Seal, who you know is Bishop of Bristol, is the other; and Lord

Strafford, already Ambassador at The Hague, the third: I am forced to

tell you, ignorant sluts, who is who. I was punning scurvily with Sir

Andrew Fountaine and Lord Pembroke this evening: do you ever pun now?

Sometimes with the Dean, or Tom Leigh.(4) Prior puns very well. Odso, I

must go see His Excellency, 'tis a noble advancement: but they could

do no less, after sending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud

as Hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal

character with him, I know not. And so I go to my business, and bid you

good-night.

21. I was this morning busy with my printer: I gave him the fifth

sheet,(5) and then I went and dined with him in the City, to correct

something, and alter, etc., and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain

overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr. Lewis; well, and so I

opened it; and he says the peace is past danger, etc. Well, and so there

was another letter enclosed in his: well, and so I looked on the outside

of this t'other letter. Well, and so who do you think this t'other

letter was from? Well, and so I'll tell you; it was from little MD,

N.23, 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more, I have told you so before:

but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an

emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false

spellings in all. Shall I send them to you? I am glad you did not take

my correction ill. Well, but I won't answer your letter now, sirrah

saucyboxes, no, no; not yet; just a month and three days from the last,

which is just five weeks: you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning. Tooke has just brought me Dingley's money. I will give

you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half a crown for

entering the letter of attorney; but I swore to stop that. I'll spend

your money bravely here. Morrow, dear sirrahs.--At night. I dined to-day

with Sir Thomas Hanmer; his wife, the Duchess of Grafton,(6) dined with

us: she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen

years ago, and looks like a mad woman in it; yet she has great remains

of beauty. I was this evening to see Lord Harley, and thought to have

sat with Lord Treasurer, but he was taken up with the Dutch Envoy and

such folks; and I would not stay. One particular in life here, different

from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect

to find some letter for me, and seldom miss; and never any worth a

farthing, but often to vex me. The Queen does not come to town till

Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but these Ministers being at

Hampton Court, I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it

is always lies. You will think it affectation; but nothing has vexed

me more for some months past, than people I never saw pretending to be

acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too; at least some of them.

An old crooked Scotch countess, whom I never heard of in my life, told

the Duchess of Hamilton(7) t'other day that I often visited her. People

of worth never do that; so that a man only gets the scandal of having

scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time

ago, and said they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had

never heard of, and the third I had only seen twice where I happened to

visit. A man who has once seen me in a coffee-house will ask me how I

do, when he sees me talking at Court with a Minister of State; who is

sure to ask me how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come,

sirrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the

paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day,

which I have not done five times since I came to England; I never will

call it Britain, pray don't call it Britain. My week is not out, and one

side of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of MD's into

the bargain: must I write on the third side? faith, that will give you

an ill habit. I saw Leigh last night: he gives a terrible account of

Sterne; he reckons he is seduced by some wench; he is over head and ears

in debt, and has pawned several things. Leigh says he goes on Monday

next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him; Sterne has

kept him these three months. Leigh has got the apron and things,

and promises to call for the box at Chester; but I despair of it.

Good-night, sirrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet(8) to-day, which has cost me so much

time and trouble: it will be published in three or four days, when the

Parliament begins sitting. I suppose the Queen is come to town, but

know nothing, having been in the City finishing and correcting with the

printer. When I came home, I found letters on my table as usual, and one

from your mother, to tell me that you desire your writings and a picture

should be sent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her

letter, and promised to take care of them if they be sent to me. She is

at Farnham: it is too late to send them by Leigh; besides, I will

wait your orders, Madam Stella. I am going to finish a letter to Lord

Treasurer about reforming our language;(9) but first I must put an end

to a ballad; and go you to your cards, sirrahs, this is card season.

25. I was early with the Secretary to-day, but he was gone to his

devotions, and to receive the sacrament: several rakes did the same; it

was not for piety, but employments; according to Act of Parliament. I

dined with Lady Mary Dudley;(10) and passed my time since insipidly,

only I was at Court at noon, and saw fifty acquaintance I had not met

this long time: that is the advantage of a Court, and I fancy I am

better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walter's(11) quarrel

with me has entertained the town ever since; and yet we never had a

word, only he railed at me behind my back. The Parliament is again to

be prorogued for eight or nine days, for the Whigs are too strong in the

House of Lords: other reasons are pretended, but that is the truth. The

prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there

dined with us an Irish knight, one Sir John St. Leger,(12) who follows

the law here, but at a great distance: he was so pert, I was forced to

take him down more than once. I saw to-day the Pope, and Devil, and the

other figures of cardinals, etc., fifteen in all, which have made such a

noise. I have put an under-strapper upon writing a twopenny pamphlet(13)

to give an account of the whole design. My large pamphlet(14) will

be published to-morrow; copies are sent to the great men this night.

Domville(15) is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it: I have not

seen him yet; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontack's, and

were all day together, till six this evening: he is perfectly as fine

a gentleman as I know; he set me down at Lord Treasurer's, with whom I

stayed about an hour, till Monsieur Buys, the Dutch Envoy, came to him

about business. My Lord Treasurer is pretty well, but stiff in the hips

with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring Domville to my Lord

Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw.

The pamphlet is published; Lord Treasurer had it by him on the table,

and was asking me about the mottoes in the title-page; he gave me one of

them himself.(16) I must send you the pamphlet, if I can.

28. Mrs. Van sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of

my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning

to return Domville his visit, and went to visit Mrs. Masham, who was

not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: it seems her

husband and her son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging

hard by, in Leicester Fields. I presented Mr. Domville to Mr. Lewis and

Mr. Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Sosias,(17) in a

Whig newspaper. Sosias, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a

noise: I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised

me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be

suspected; and it will have several paltry answers. It must take its

fate, as Savage(18) said of his sermon that he preached at Farnham on

Sir William Temple's death. Domville saw Savage in Italy, and says he is

a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red, and with yellow waistcoats,

and was at ceremony kneeling to the Pope on a Palm Sunday, which is much

more than kissing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis

told. I'll answer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I

must borrow from the other side.

29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning to tell me he must

immediately print a second edition,(19) and Lord Treasurer made one

or two small additions: they must work day and night to have it out on

Saturday; they sold a thousand in two days. Our Society met to-day;

nine of us were present: we dined at our brother Bathurst's.(20) We made

several regulations, and have chosen three new members, Lord Orrery,(21)

Jack Hill, who is Mrs. Masham's brother, he that lately miscarried in

the expedition to Quebec, and one Colonel Disney.(22)--We have taken

a room in a house near St. James's to meet in. I left them early about

correcting the pamphlet, etc., and am now got home, etc.

30. This morning I carried Domville to see my Lord Harley, and I did

some business with Lord Treasurer, and have been all this afternoon with

the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the

printer: the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal

of good; it tells abundance of most important facts which were not

at all known. I'll answer your letter to-morrow morning; or suppose I

answer it just now, though it is pretty late. Come then.--You say you

are busy with Parliaments, etc.; that's more than ever I will be when

I come back; but you will have none these two years. Lord Santry, etc.,

yes, I have had enough on't.(23) I am glad Dilly is mended; does not he

thank me for showing him the Court and the great people's faces? He had

his glass out at the Queen and the rest. 'Tis right what Dilly says:

I depend upon nothing from my friends, but to go back as I came. Never

fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a peace, or surely they'll give me the

Dublin parish. Stella is in the right: the Bishop of Ossory(24) is the

silliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as

an egg-shell. Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next

time say AT LEAST, and not AT LEST. Pox on your Newbury!(25) what can I

do for him? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what

members I know; that's all I can do. Lord Treasurer's lameness goes off

daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs. Stoyte; she would be a great

loss to us all: pray give her my service, and tell her she has my

heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs. Manley; but I think the child is

happy to die, considering how little provision it would have had.--Poh,

every pamphlet abuses me, and for things that I never writ. Joe(26)

should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he

got it by my means; and I must thank the Duke of Ormond, who I dare

swear will say he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, those

seven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you. 7 pounds,

17 shillings, 8 pence, old blunderer, not 18 shillings: I have reckoned

it eighteen times. Hawkshaw's eight pounds is not reckoned and if it

be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it: so

Parvisol may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs.

Wesley's money into the Bank, and will pay her with Hawkshaw's.--I mean

that Hawkshaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know; but be good

housewives. Bernage never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask;

but I hear he has been ill.--A pox on Mrs. South's(27) affair; I can do

nothing in it, but by way of assisting anybody else that solicits it,

by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do

no more for anybody with my Lord Treasurer, especially a thing of this

kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion, and have no more to

use.--And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly.--And so I

have got to the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to

you, young women.

It goes to-morrow,

To nobody's sorrow.

You are silly, not I; I'm a poet, if I had but, etc.--Who's silly now?

rogues and lasses, tinderboxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high

vein of silliness; methought I was speaking to dearest little MD face

to face. There; so, lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the

blackguards. Goodnight, my delight, etc.

Dec. 1. Pish, sirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of your letter,

as well as the top, that I may know when you send it; your last is

of November 3, yet I had others at the same time, written a fortnight

after. Whenever you would have any money, send me word three weeks

before, and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill

on Parvisol: pray do this; for my head is full, and it will ease my

memory. Why, I think I quoted to you some of ----'s letter, so you may

imagine how witty the rest was; for it was all of a bunch, as Goodman

Peesley(28) says. Pray let us have no more bussiness, but busyness:

the deuce take me if I know how to spell it; your wrong spelling, Madam

Stella, has put me out: it does not look right; let me see, bussiness,

busyness, business, bisyness, bisness, bysness; faith, I know not which

is right, I think the second; I believe I never writ the word in my life

before; yes, sure I must, though; business, busyness, bisyness.--I have

perplexed myself, and can't do it. Prithee ask Walls. Business, I fancy

that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice

in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. Oh, now I see

it as plain as can be; so yours is only an \_s\_ too much. The Parliament

will certainly meet on Friday next: the Whigs will have a great majority

in the House of Lords, no care is taken to prevent it; there is too

much neglect; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing: it

was feared there would be some peevish address from the Lords against a

peace. 'Tis said about the town that several of the Allies begin now to

be content that a peace should be treated. This is all the news I have.

The Queen is pretty well: and so now I bid poor dearest MD farewell till

to-night; then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I

stretched a little when I said a thousand. The Grub Street account of

that tumult is published. The Devil is not like Lord Treasurer: they

were all in your odd antic masks, bought in common shops.(29) I fear

Prior will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over this letter, and find I make many mistakes of

leaving out words; so 'tis impossible to find my meaning, unless you be

conjurers. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day

just what I have written that day, which will take up no time to speak

of.

LETTER 36.

LONDON, Dec. 1, 1711.

My last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. Masham

to-day, and called at White's chocolate house to see if he was there.

Lord Wharton saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice,

and was going away, but he came through the crowd, called after me, and

asked me how I did, etc. This was pretty; and I believe he wished every

word he spoke was a halter to hang me. Masham did not dine at home, so I

ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not sent me the

second edition; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to-day;

perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from Lord

Harley on my table, to tell me that his father desires I would make two

small alterations. I am going to be busy, etc.

2. Morning. See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month,

from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old Frowde, who

appointed to call this morning: I am ready dressed to go to church: I

suppose he dare not stir out but on Sundays.(1) The printer called early

this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five

hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have

sold half another: his men are all at work with it, though it be

Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church. Morrow,

sirrahs.--At night. I was at Court to-day: the Queen is well, and walked

through part of the rooms. I dined with the Secretary, and despatched

some business. He tells me the Dutch Envoy designs to complain of that

pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should

answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed

in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr. Secretary St. John, but

I am always the first they lay everything to. I'll go sleep, etc.

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and

a fellow would needs speak with me from Sir George Pretyman.(2) I had

never heard of him, and would not see the messenger: but at last it

proved that this Sir George has sold his estate, and is a beggar.

Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from

your mother, with three papers enclosed of Lady Giffard's writing; one

owning some exchequer business of 100 pounds to be Stella's;(3) another

for 100 pounds that she has of yours, which I made over to you for

Mariston; and a third for 300 pounds; the last is on stamped paper. I

think they had better lie in England in some good hand till Lady Giffard

dies; and I will think of some such hand before I come over. I was

asking Smithers about all the people of Farnham. Mrs. White(4) has left

off dressing, is troubled with lameness and swelled legs, and seldom

stirs out; but her old hang-dog husband as hearty as ever. I was this

morning with Lord Treasurer, about something he would have altered

in the pamphlet;(5) but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I

believe will be soon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they

have sold off half the third. Mrs. Perceval(6) and her daughter have

been in town these three weeks, which I never heard till to-day; and

Mrs. Wesley(7) is come to town too, to consult Dr. Radcliffe. The Whigs

are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the House of Lords to have it

condemned, so I hear. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the

author; he must say he had it from the penny-post. Some people talk as

if the House of Lords would do some peevish thing, for the Whigs are now

a great majority in it; our Ministers are too negligent of such things:

I have never slipped giving them warning; some of them are sensible of

it; but Lord Treasurer stands too much upon his own legs. I fancy his

good fortune will bear him out in everything; but in reason I should

think this Ministry to stand very unsteady; if they can carry a peace,

they may hold; I believe not else.

4. Mr. Secretary sent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had

two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this

morning with young Harcourt, secretary to our Society, to take a room

for our weekly meetings; and the fellow asked us five guineas a week

only to have leave to dine once a week; was not that pretty? so we broke

off with him, and are to dine next Thursday at Harcourt's (he is Lord

Keeper's son). They have sold off above half the third edition,

and answers are coming out: the Dutch Envoy refused dining with Dr.

Davenant,(8) because he was suspected to write it: I have made some

alterations in every edition, and it has cost me more trouble, for the

time, since the printing, than before. 'Tis sent over to Ireland, and I

suppose you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very

extraordinary, considering 'tis a dear twelvepenny book, and not bought

up in numbers by the party to give away, as the Whigs do, but purely

upon its own strength. I have got an under spur-leather to write an

Examiner again,(9) and the Secretary and I will now and then send hints;

but we would have it a little upon the Grub Street, to be a match for

their writers. I dined with Lord Treasurer to-day at five: he dined

by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his

rheumatism, of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is

always: yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture

of affairs. The Elector of Hanover's Minister here has given in a

violent memorial against the peace, and caused it to be printed. The

Whig lords are doing their utmost for a majority against Friday, and

design, if they can, to address the Queen against the peace. Lord

Nottingham,(10) a famous Tory and speech-maker, is gone over to the Whig

side: they toast him daily, and Lord Wharton says, It is Dismal (so they

call him from his looks) will save England at last. Lord Treasurer was

hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up

one against to-morrow.(11) He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad

verses on himself, under the name of the English Catiline, and made me

read them to the company. It was his birthday, which he would not tell

us, but Lord Harley whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grub Street:

at noon I paid a visit to Mrs. Masham, and then went to dine with our

Society. Poor Lord Keeper dined below stairs, I suppose, on a bit of

mutton. We chose two members: we were eleven met, the greatest meeting

we ever had: I am next week to introduce Lord Orrery. The printer came

before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very

heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet(12) in small,

a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends, and sent into the country.

A sixpenny answer is come out, good for nothing, but guessing me, among

others, for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the Parliament

meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a

majority of ten on our side in the House of Lords; yet I observed Mrs.

Masham a little uneasy: she assures me the Queen is stout. The Duke of

Marlborough has not seen the Queen for some days past; Mrs. Masham is

glad of it, because she says he tells a hundred lies to his friends of

what she says to him: he is one day humble, and the next day on the high

ropes. The Duke of Ormond, they say, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the Parliament was to meet, and the great question

to be determined, I went with Dr. Freind to dine in the City, on purpose

to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was our

fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The Earl of

Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their

address they might put in a clause to advise the Queen not to make a

peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the Whigs by

about six voices: and this has happened entirely by my Lord Treasurer's

neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength,

although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has

certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the Committee

of the whole House, and we hope when it is reported to the House

to-morrow, we shall have a majority, by some Scotch lords coming to

town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to Lord

Treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer

brought it, who was at the debate; but how the Ministry take it, or what

their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be

early with the Secretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and

shall write a full account to the Bishop of Clogher to-morrow, and to

the Archbishop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at present.

I long to know how Lord Treasurer bears this, and what remedy he has.

The Duke of Ormond came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the Secretary, and talked over this

matter. He hoped that when it was reported this day in the House of

Lords, they would disagree with their Committee, and so the matter would

go off, only with a little loss of reputation to the Lord Treasurer. I

dined with Mr. Cockburn, and after, a Scotch member came in, and told

us that the clause was carried against the Court in the House of Lords

almost two to one. I went immediately to Mrs. Masham, and meeting Dr.

Arbuthnot (the Queen's favourite physician), we went together. She was

just come from waiting at the Queen's dinner, and going to her own.

She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems Lord

Treasurer had been so negligent that he was with the Queen while the

question was put in the House: I immediately told Mrs. Masham that

either she and Lord Treasurer had joined with the Queen to betray us, or

that they two were betrayed by the Queen: she protested solemnly it

was not the former, and I believed her; but she gave me some lights to

suspect the Queen is changed. For yesterday, when the Queen was

going from the House, where she sat to hear the debate, the Duke

of Shrewsbury, Lord Chamberlain, asked her whether he or the Great

Chamberlain Lindsey(13) ought to lead her out; she answered short,

"Neither of you," and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerset, who was

louder than any in the House for the clause against peace. She gave me

one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the Queen

is false, or at least very much wavering. Mr. Masham begged us to stay,

because Lord Treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him

about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in

good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down.

I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did: I

told him, if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he

asked how; I said I would immediately turn Lord Marlborough, his

two daughters,(14) the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, and Lord

Cholmondeley,(15) out of all their employments; and I believe he had

not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked how he came not to

secure a majority. He could answer nothing but that he could not

help it, if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great

Minister. There fell from him a Scripture expression, that "the hearts

of kings are unsearchable."(16) I told him it was what I feared, and was

from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he

had to trust to: he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all

would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was,

but he would go home, it was past six: he made me go home with him.

There we found his brother and Mr. Secretary. He made his son take

a list of all in the House of Commons who had places, and yet voted

against the Court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places:

I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord Keeper came in an hour,

and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs.

Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not stay.--This is

a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and

hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph; they foretold

how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the

Parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may:

this is all your d----d Duchess of Somerset's doings. I warned them

of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the Secretary always

dreaded it. I told Lord Treasurer I should have the advantage of him;

for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my

body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary: we are both of opinion that

the Queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by

other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had sent to see

me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in Wales. He gave me

reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the Queen and the

Whigs; he hears that Lord Somers is to be Treasurer, and believes that,

sooner than turn out the Duchess of Somerset, she will dissolve the

Parliament, and get a Whiggish one, which may be done by managing

elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will

determine. I have desired him to engage Lord Treasurer that as soon as

he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as Queen's

Secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new Ministers

recall me; and then I will be sick for five or six months, till the

storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should

hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is

fresh. I dined to-day with the Secretary, who affects mirth, and seems

to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him

how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might

ask security; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad

before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care

of me as himself, etc., but bid me have courage, for that in two days my

Lord Treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered

all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to

advantage. I said, "God send it"; but I do not believe a syllable; and,

as far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon, and my

letters will at least be a good history to show you the steps of this

change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the

Parliament sit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in

spring, and break the Ministry. He spoke to Lord Treasurer about what

I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness to assure me

that all would be well, and that I should fear nothing. I dined in the

City with a friend. This day the Commons went to the Queen with their

address, and all the Lords who were for the peace went with them, to

show their zeal. I have now some further conviction that the Queen is

false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to see Mrs. Masham; while I was there

she went to her bed-chamber to try a petticoat. Lord Treasurer came in

to see her, and seeing me in the outer room, fell a rallying me: says

he, "You had better keep company with me, than with such a fellow as

Lewis, who has not the soul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite." Then

he went in to Mrs. Masham, and as he came back desired her leave to let

me go home with him to dinner. He asked whether I was not afraid to be

seen with him. I said I never valued my Lord Treasurer in my life, and

therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr. Harley and Lord

Oxford. He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this

would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting that he was not

sure of the Queen, and that those scoundrel, starving lords would never

have dared to vote against the Court, if Somerset had not assured them

that it would please the Queen. He said that was true, and Somerset did

so. I stayed till six; then De Buys, the Dutch Envoy, came to him, and

I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of

them cast down, though they make the best of it.

12. Ford is come to town; I saw him last night: he is in no fear, but

sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so

resembles the last, that I wonder they do not observe it. The Secretary

sent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had

something to say to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going

to the Duke of Ormond, whom I have not yet seen. Morrow, sirrahs.--At

night. I was to see the Duke of Ormond this morning: he asked me two

or three questions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland: at

last I told him that, from the time I had seen him, I never once thought

of Irish affairs. He whispered me that he hoped I had done some good

things here: I said, if everybody else had done half as much, we should

not be as we are: then we went aside, and talked over affairs. I told

him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I

then went and sat an hour with the Duchess; then as long with Lady

Oglethorpe,(17) who is so cunning a devil that I believe she could yet

find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at

Court.

13. I was this morning with the Secretary: he will needs pretend to talk

as if things would be well: "Will you believe it," said he, "if you see

these people turned out?" I said, yes, if I saw the Duke and Duchess of

Somerset out: he swore if they were not, he would give up his place. Our

Society dined to-day at Sir William Wyndham's; we were thirteen present.

Lord Orrery and two other members were introduced: I left them at seven.

I forgot to tell you that the printer told me yesterday that Morphew,

the publisher, was sent for by that Lord Chief-Justice, who was a

manager against Sacheverell; he showed him two or three papers and

pamphlets; among the rest mine of the Conduct of the Allies, threatened

him, asked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next

term. He would not have the impudence to do this, if he did not foresee

what was coming at Court.

14. Lord Shelburne was with me this morning, to be informed of the state

of affairs, and desired I would answer all his objections against a

peace, which was soon done, for he would not give me room to put in a

word. He is a man of good sense enough; but argues so violently, that he

will some day or other put himself into a consumption. He desires that

he may not be denied when he comes to see me, which I promised, but will

not perform. Leigh and Sterne set out for Ireland on Monday se'nnight: I

suppose they will be with you long before this.--I was to-night drinking

very good wine in scurvy company, at least some of them; I was drawn in,

but will be more cautious for the future; 'tis late, etc.

15. Morning. They say the Occasional Bill(19) is brought to-day into the

House of Lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and

give it into the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and

I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps toward

the ruin of an excellent Ministry; for I look upon them as certainly

ruined; and God knows what may be the consequences.--I now bid my

dearest MD farewell; for company is coming, and I must be at Lord

Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, dearest MD; I wish you a merry

Christmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto,

who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest

MD, etc.

LETTER 37.

LONDON, Dec. 15, 1711.

I put in my letter this evening myself. I was to-day inquiring at the

Secretary's office of Mr. Lewis how things went: I there met Prior,

who told me he gave all for gone, etc., and was of opinion the whole

Ministry would give up their places next week: Lewis thinks they

will not till spring, when the session is over; both of them entirely

despair. I went to see Mrs. Masham, who invited me to dinner; but I was

engaged to Lewis. At four I went to Masham's. He came and whispered me

that he had it from a very good hand that all would be well, and I found

them both very cheerful. The company was going to the opera, but desired

I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten, and Lord Treasurer was

there, and sat with us till past twelve, and was more cheerful than I

have seen him these ten days. Mrs. Masham told me he was mightily cast

down some days ago, and he could not indeed hide it from me. Arbuthnot

is in good hopes that the Queen has not betrayed us, but only has been

frightened, and flattered, etc. But I cannot yet be of his opinion,

whether my reasons are better, or that my fears are greater. I do

resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some

months, and I have pitched upon the place already: but I will take

methods for hearing from MD, and writing to them. But I would be out of

the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things on me,

even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to Court with a very cheerful

countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to observe

each other's faces. I have avoided Lord Halifax's bow till he forced

it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than

fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs. The Duke of

Somerset is gone to Petworth, and, I hear, the Duchess too, of which I

shall be very glad. Prince Eugene,(1) who was expected here some days

ago, we are now told, will not come at all. The Whigs designed to have

met him with forty thousand horse. Lord Treasurer told me some days ago

of his discourse with the Emperor's Resident, that puppy Hoffman, about

Prince Eugene's coming; by which I found my lord would hinder it, if he

could; and we shall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good

point gained. Sir Andrew Fountaine, Ford, and I dined to-day with Mrs.

Van, by invitation.

17. I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it

thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. Masham and his lady, by invitation. Lord

Treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the

Dutch Envoy, who speaks English well enough: he was plaguily politic,

telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are

still in the condition of suspense, and I think have little hopes. The

Duchess of Somerset is not gone to Petworth; only the Duke, and that is

a poor sacrifice. I believe the Queen certainly designs to change the

Ministry, but perhaps may put it off till the session is over: and I

think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly; and

then they need not answer for the consequences of a peace, when it is in

other hands, and may yet be broken. They say my Lord Privy Seal sets out

for Holland this week: so the peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three

shillings in coach-hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined

in the City, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of

the Conduct, etc.: it is in small, and sold for sixpence; they have

printed as many as three editions, because they are to be sent in

numbers into the country by great men, etc., who subscribe for hundreds.

It has been sent a fortnight ago to Ireland: I suppose you will print it

there. The Tory Lords and Commons in Parliament argue all from it; and

all agree that never anything of that kind was of so great consequence,

or made so many converts. By the time I have sent this letter, I expect

to hear from little MD: it will be a month, two days hence, since I had

your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid

of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago, or else it is a new one.

I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am

sending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and

design to send to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed

a Grub Street speech of Lord Nottingham;(2) and he was such an owl to

complain of it in the House of Lords, who have taken up the printer for

it. I heard at Court that Walpole(3) (a great Whig member) said that I

and my whimsical Club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should

pay for it. He will find he lies: and I shall let him know by a third

hand my thoughts of him. He is to be Secretary of State, if the Ministry

changes; but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in Parliament,

while he was Secretary at War. He is one of the Whigs' chief speakers.

19. Sad dismal weather. I went to the Secretary's office, and Lewis made

me dine with him. I intended to have dined with Lord Treasurer. I

have not seen the Secretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord

Dartmouth despairs, and is for giving up; Lewis is of the same mind; but

Lord Treasurer only says, "Poh, poh, all will be well." I am come

home early to finish something I am doing; but I find I want heart and

humour, and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just

sent away a penny paper to make a little mischief. Patrick is gone to

the burial of an Irish footman, who was Dr. King's(4) servant; he died

of a consumption, a fit death for a poor starving wit's footman. The

Irish servants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the Secretary this morning, and, for aught I can see,

we shall have a languishing death: I can know nothing, nor themselves

neither. I dined, you know, with our Society, and that odious Secretary

would make me President next week; so I must entertain them this day

se'nnight at the Thatched House Tavern,(5) where we dined to-day: it

will cost me five or six pounds; yet the Secretary says he will give me

wine. I found a letter when I came home from the Bishop of Clogher.

21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold before the old one was

going: it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose

running, etc., and is now very bad; and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir

Andrew Fountaine and I were invited to dine with Mrs. Van. I was this

morning with the Duke of Ormond; and neither he nor I can think of

anything to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if

the Duchess of Somerset be not turned out; and nobody believes the Queen

will ever part with her. The Duke and I were settling when Mr. Secretary

and I should dine with him, and he fixes upon Tuesday; and when I came

away I remembered it was Christmas Day. I was to see Lady ----, who is

just up after lying-in; and the ugliest sight I have seen, pale, dead,

old and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But

she will soon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back,

which I imputed to champagne I had drunk; but find it to have been only

my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into the

City. I called at Lord Treasurer's at eleven, and stayed some time with

him.--He showed me a letter from a great Presbyterian parson(6) to

him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by passing this

Conformity Bill; and he showed me the answer he had written, which his

friends would not let him send; but was a very good one. He is very

cheerful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the

City, and there I dined.

23. Morning. As I was dressing to go to church, a friend that was to see

me advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only

eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost, and snow

fell yesterday, which still remains: look there, you may see it from the

penthouses. The Lords made yesterday two or three votes about peace, and

Hanover, of a very angry kind to vex the Ministry, and they will meet

sooner by a fortnight than the Commons; and they say, are preparing some

knocking addresses. Morrow, sirrahs. I'll sit at home, and when I go

to bed I will tell you how I am.--I have sat at home all day, and eaten

only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a Prophecy,(7) which I

design to print; I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the City to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is

going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four

days. My Prophecy is printed, and will be published after Christmas

Day; I like it mightily: I don't know how it will pass. You will never

understand it at your distance, without help. I believe everybody will

guess it to be mine, because it is somewhat in the same manner with that

of "Merlin"(8) in the Miscellanies. My Lord Privy Seal set out this day

for Holland: he'll have a cold journey. I gave Patrick half a crown for

his Christmas box, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk

at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it, because I never design to

give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wish MD a merry Christmas, and many a one; but mine is melancholy:

I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order,

and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. Van,

who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: and there I received

the news that poor Mrs. Long(9) died at Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday

last, at four in the morning: she was sick but four hours. We suppose it

was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she

sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago; but then

said she was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The

poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap, and

pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by

Christmas; and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise.

She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the

indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two

thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother,(10) with which she

intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred

pounds a year, and Newburg House, which would be about sixty pounds

more. That odious grandmother living so long, forced her to retire; for

the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death,

yet her brute of a brother, Sir James Long,(11) would not advance it for

her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived

still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a

paragraph to be put in the Postboy,(12) giving an account of her death,

and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her

memory: but one reason was spite; for her brother would fain have her

death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her,

or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the sake of a poor creature

I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr. Secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with

him. I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the

Prophecy be published, for fear of angering the Queen about the Duchess

of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them. They have been

printed and given about, but not sold. I saw Lord Treasurer there, who

had been two hours with the Queen; and Mrs. Masham is in hopes things

will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr. Masham's,

and Lord Treasurer sat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, etc.

27. I entertained our Society at the Thatched House Tavern to-day at

dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none.

The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought up dozens

apiece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an

admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The frost still continues

violently cold. Mrs. Masham invited me to come to-night and play at

cards; but our Society did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs.

Hill, her sister, and there was Mrs. Masham and Lord Treasurer, and we

stayed till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority against next

Wednesday, when the House of Lords is to meet, and the Whigs intend to

make some violent addresses against a peace, if not prevented. God knows

what will become of us.--It is still prodigiously cold; but so I told

you already. We have eggs on the spit, I wish they may not be addled.

When I came home tonight I found, forsooth, a letter from MD, N.24, 24,

24, 24; there, do you know the numbers now? and at the same time one

from Joe,(13) full of thanks: let him know I have received it, and am

glad of his success, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had

a letter some time ago from Mr. Warburton,(14) and I beg one of you

will copy out what I shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity

to Warburton. 'Tis as follows: The Doctor has received Mr. Warburton's

letter, and desires he will let the Doctor know where(15) that accident

he mentions is like soon to happen, and he will do what he can in

it.--And pray, madam, let them know that I do this to save myself the

trouble, and them the expense of a letter. And I think that this is

enough for one that comes home at twelve from a Lord Treasurer and Mrs.

Masham. Oh, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politics,

upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go

rest my busy head.

28. I was this morning with brother Bathurst to see the Duke of Ormond.

We have given his Grace some hopes to be one of our Society. The

Secretary and I and Bathurst are to dine with him on Sunday next. The

Duke is not in much hopes, but has been very busy in endeavouring to

bring over some lords against next Wednesday. The Duchess caught me as I

was going out; she is sadly in fear about things, and blames me for not

mending them by my credit with Lord Treasurer; and I blame her. She met

me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did;

and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on

Wednesday, I believe it will be by some strange sort of neglect. They

talk of making eight new lords by calling up some peers' eldest sons;

but they delay strangely. I saw Judge Coote(16) to-day at the Duke of

Ormond's: he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to-day. I will not answer yours, your 24th, till

next, which shall begin to-night, as usual. Lord Shelburne has sent to

invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's.

Lord Northampton and Lord Aylesbury's sons(17) are both made peers; but

we shall want more. I write this post to your Dean. I owe the Archbishop

a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland complain of

him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray, Madam Dingley, let me know

what Presto has received for this year, or whether anything is due

to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for

Dingley's own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other

side. Farewell, my own dearest MD, and love Presto; and God ever bless

dearest MD, etc. etc. I wish you many happy Christmases and new years.

I have owned to the Dean a letter I just had from you, but that I had

not one this great while before.

DINGLEY'S ACCOUNT

Received of Mr. Tooke.. 6 17 6

Deducted for entering the letter of attorney. 0 2 6

For the three half-crowns it used to cost you, I don't

know why nor wherefore.. 0 7 6

For exchange to Ireland.. 0 10 0

Forcoach-hire.. 0 2 6

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In all, just 8 0 0

So there's your money, and we are both even: for I'll pay you no more

than that eight pounds Irish, and pray be satisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the

bargain, to let you know that we are all safe: the Queen has made no

less than twelve lords,(18) to have a majority; nine new ones, the

other three peers' sons; and has turned out the Duke of Somerset. She is

awaked at last, and so is Lord Treasurer: I want nothing now but to

see the Duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely

happy. Give me joy, sirrahs. This is written in a coffee-house. Three of

the new lords are of our Society.

LETTER 38.

LONDON, Dec. 29, 1711.

I put my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned

Southwell's, where I drank very good Irish wine, and we are in great joy

at this happy turn of affairs. The Queen has been at last persuaded to

her own interest and security, and I freely think she must have made

both herself and kingdom very unhappy, if she had done otherwise. It is

still a mighty secret that Masham is to be one of the new lords; they

say he does not yet know it himself; but the Queen is to surprise him

with it. Mr. Secretary will be a lord at the end of the session; but

they want him still in Parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy

necessity of making so many peers together; but the Queen has drawn it

upon herself, by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I

told you, are of our Society.

30. I writ the Dean and you a lie yesterday; for the Duke of Somerset is

not yet turned out. I was to-day at Court, and resolved to be very civil

to the Whigs; but saw few there. When I was in the bed-chamber talking

to Lord Rochester, he went up to Lady Burlington,(1) who asked him who

I was; and Lady Sunderland and she whispered about me: I desired Lord

Rochester to tell Lady Sunderland I doubted she was not as much in love

with me as I was with her; but he would not deliver my message. The

Duchess of Shrewsbury came running up to me, and clapped her fan up to

hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change;

but sighed when we reflected on the Somerset family not being out. The

Secretary and I, and brother Bathurst, and Lord Windsor, dined with the

Duke of Ormond. Bathurst and Windsor(2) are to be two of the new lords.

I desired my Lord Radnor's brother,(3) at Court to-day, to let my lord

know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with

him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely that I

believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said

I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie; for I did not care if

he were hanged: but everyone gained over is of consequence. The Duke of

Marlborough was at Court today, and nobody hardly took notice of him.

Masham's being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at Court can be kept

a secret. Wednesday will be a great day: you shall know more.

31. Our frost is broken since yesterday, and it is very slabbery;(4)

yet I walked to the City and dined, and ordered some things with the

printer. I have settled Dr. King in the Gazette; it will be worth two

hundred pounds a year to him. Our new lords' patents are passed: I don't

like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I see I have said

this before. I hear the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his

employments: I shall know to-morrow when I am to carry Dr. King to dine

with the Secretary.--These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is

able to bear them. The last Ministry people are utterly desperate.

Jan. 1. Now I wish my dearest little MD many happy new years; yes, both

Dingley and Stella, ay and Presto too, many happy new years. I dined

with the Secretary, and it is true that the Duke of Marlborough

is turned out of all. The Duke of Ormond has got his regiment of

foot-guards, I know not who has the rest. If the Ministry be not sure of

a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The

Queen and Lord Treasurer mortally hate the Duke of Marlborough, and to

that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults: unless he has

been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any

particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess

my belief that he has not one good quality in the world beside that of

a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers.

But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is

a mighty matter in war, and I doubt the French think it impossible to

conquer an army that he leads, and our soldiers think the same; and how

far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us,

no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public

affairs.

2. This being the day the Lords meet, and the new peers to be

introduced, I went to Westminster to see the sight; but the crowd was

too great in the house. So I only went into the robing-room, to give my

four brothers joy, and Sir Thomas Mansel,(5) and Lord Windsor; the other

six I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have

raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see Lady

Masham at noon, and wish her joy of her new honour, and a happy new

year. I found her very well pleased; for peerage will be some sort of

protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at

night, and sup with her and Lord Treasurer: I went at nine, and she was

not at home, so I would not stay.--No, no, I won't answer your letter

yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I see

nothing here like Christmas, except brawn or mince-pies in places where

I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great men's

porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow

at the tavern where I treated the Society. I have a great mind to send

you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether

anything was done in the House of Lords after introducing the new ones.

Ford has been sitting with me till peeast tweeleve a clock.

3. This was our Society day: Lord Dupplin was President; we choose every

week; the last President treats and chooses his successor. I believe our

dinner cost fifteen pounds beside wine. The Secretary grew brisk, and

would not let me go, nor Lord Lansdowne,(6) who would fain have gone

home to his lady, being newly married to Lady Mary Thynne. It was near

one when we parted, so you must think I cannot write much to-night. The

adjourning of the House of Lords yesterday, as the Queen desired, was

just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not

there: I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you that I have brought Dr.

King in to be Gazetteer? It will be worth above two hundred pounds a

year to him: I believe I told you so before, but I am forgetful. Go, get

you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go sleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the City

to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several

hands, I know not whom. I believe Lord Treasurer had a finger in it; I

added three stanzas; I suppose Dr. Arbuthnot had the greatest share. I

had been overseeing some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one

of my under-strappers. Somerset is not out yet. I doubt not but you will

have the Prophecy in Ireland, although it is not published here, only

printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No,

faith, not without help. Tell me what you stick at, and I'll explain.

We turned out a member of our Society yesterday for gross neglect and

non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is

Tom Harley,(7) secretary to the Treasurer, and cousin-german to Lord

Treasurer. He is going to Hanover from the Queen. I am to give the Duke

of Ormond notice of his election as soon as I can see him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one Nuttal, who came

over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had

refused to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the

lawyer a sharp letter, that I had taken Nuttal into my protection, and

was resolved to stand by him, and the next news was, that the lawyer

desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man, which I did, and

his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited Lord Treasurer, who is

now right again, and all well, only that the Somerset family is not out

yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man said, by, etc. Then I went

and visited poor Will Congreve, who had a French fellow tampering with

one of his eyes; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants

in the City, but could not see Stratford, with whom I had business.

Presto, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, saith MD.

Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. O, faith,

this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet. These ugly

spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large

paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttal was surprised when they gave

him bits of paper instead of money, but I made Ben Tooke put him in his

geers:(8) he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Irish

way. Ben Tooke and my printer have desired me to make them stationers

to the Ordnance, of which Lord Rivers is Master, instead of the Duke of

Marlborough. It will be a hundred pounds a year apiece to them, if I can

get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to Earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new

employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be

stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old

courtier, told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had

intended to engage Mr. Secretary to speak to him, and desired I would

engage him to do so, but that, however, he did it only for my sake. This

is a Court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers

to poor Mrs. Wesley, who is very much out of order, instead of going

to church; and then I went to Court, which I found very full, in

expectation of seeing Prince Eugene, who landed last night, and lies at

Leicester House; he was not to see the Queen till six this evening. I

hope and believe he comes too late to do the Whigs any good. I refused

dining with the Secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at

a private acquaintance's. I went at six to see the Prince at Court, but

he was gone in to the Queen; and when he came out, Mr. Secretary, who

introduced him, walked so near him that he quite screened me from him

with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: as Prince Eugene

was going with Mr. Secretary to Court, he told the Secretary that

Hoffman, the Emperor's Resident, said to His Highness that it was not

proper to go to Court without a long wig, and his was a tied-up one:

"Now," says the Prince, "I knew not what to do, for I never had a long

periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen, to see

whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but none of them

has any."--Was not this spoken very greatly with some sort of contempt?

But the Secretary said it was a thing of no consequence, and only

observed by gentlemen ushers. I supped with Lord Masham, where Lord

Treasurer and Mr. Secretary supped with us: the first left us at twelve,

but the rest did not part till two, yet I have written all this, because

it is fresh: and now I'll go sleep if I can; that is, I believe I shall,

because I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the Duke of Ormond notice of the honour

done him to make him one of our Society, and to invite him on Thursday

next to the Thatched House: he has accepted it with the gratitude and

humility such a preferment deserves, but cannot come till the next

meeting, because Prince Eugene is to dine with him that day, which I

allowed for: a good excuse, and will report accordingly. I dined with

Lord Masham, and sat there till eight this evening, and came home,

because I was not very well, but a little griped; but now I am well

again, I will not go, at least but very seldom, to Lord Masham's

suppers. Lord Treasurer is generally there, and that tempts me, but late

sitting up does not agree with me: there's the short and the long, and I

won't do it; so take your answer, dear little young women; and I have no

more to say to you to-night, because of the Archbishop, for I am going

to write a long letter to him, but not so politely as formerly: I won't

trust him.

8. Well, then, come, let us see this letter; if I must answer it, I

must. What's here now? yes, faith, I lamented my birthday(9) two days

after, and that's all: and you rhyme, Madam Stella; were those verses

made upon my birthday? faith, when I read them, I had them running in my

head all the day, and said them over a thousand times; they drank your

health in all their glasses, and wished, etc. I could not get them

out of my head. What? no, I believe it was not; what do I say upon the

eighth of December? Compare, and see whether I say so. I am glad of

Mrs. Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad; your Dolly Manley's and Bishop of

Cloyne's(10) child I have no concern about: I am sorry in a civil way,

that's all. Yes, yes, Sir George St. George dead.(11)--Go, cry, Madam

Dingley; I have written to the Dean. Raymond will be rich, for he has

the building itch. I wish all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I

have fires like lightning; they cost me twelvepence a week, beside small

coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with

striped cambric, instead of muslin; so Patrick need not mend them, but

take the old ones. Stella snatched Dingley's word out of her pen; Presto

a cold? Why, all the world here is dead with them: I never had anything

like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope Leigh is with

you before this, and has brought your box. How do you like the ivory

rasp? Stella is angry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not

the apron as good? I'm sure I shall never be paid it; so all's well

again.--What? the quarrel with Sir John Walter?(12) Why, we had not one

word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was gone: and Lord Keeper

and Treasurer teased me for a week. It was nuts to them; a serious

thing with a vengeance.--The Whigs may sell their estates then, or

hang themselves, as they are disposed; for a peace there will be.

Lord Treasurer told me that Connolly(13) was going to Hanover. Your

Provost(14) is a coxcomb. Stella is a good girl for not being angry

when I tell her of spelling; I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be

praised that your disorder lessens; it increases my hopes mightily that

they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague?

never mind those reports; I have heard them five hundred times. Replevi?

Replevin, simpleton, 'tis Dingley I mean; but it is a hard word, and

so I'll excuse it. I stated Dingley's accounts in my last. I forgot

Catherine's sevenpenny dinner. I hope it was the beef-steaks; I'll call

and eat them in spring; but Goody Stoyte must give me coffee, or green

tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, ay, the pamphlet; but there are some

additions to the fourth edition; the fifth edition was of four thousand,

in a smaller print, sold for sixpence. Yes, I had the twenty-pound bill

from Parvisol: and what then? Pray now eat the Laracor apples; I beg you

not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had Tooke's bill

in my last. And so there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you

what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer

what is necessary; and so and so. Well, when I expected we were all

undone, I designed to retire for six months, and then steal over

to Laracor; and I had in my mouth a thousand times two lines of

Shakespeare, where Cardinal Wolsey says,

"A weak old man, battered with storms of state,

Is come to lay his weary bones among you."(15)

I beg your pardon; I have cheated you all this margin, I did not

perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like Stella; awkward sluts;

SHE WRITES SO SO, THERE:(16) that's as like as two eggs a penny.--"A

weak old man," now I am saying it, and shall till to-morrow.--The

Duke of Marlborough says there is nothing he now desires so much as to

contrive some way how to soften Dr. Swift. He is mistaken; for those

things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr.

Secretary told me this from a friend of the Duke's; and I'm sure now he

is down, I shall not trample on him; although I love him not, I dislike

his being out.--Bernage was to see me this morning, and gave some very

indifferent excuses for not calling here so long. I care not twopence.

Prince Eugene did not dine with the Duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but

was last night at Lady Betty Germaine's assemblee, and a vast number of

ladies to see him. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a private friend. I was

this morning to see the Duke of Ormond, who appointed me to meet him

at the Cockpit at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the

Duchess. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and

going to be busy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go sleep last night till past two, and was waked before

three by a noise of people endeavouring to break open my window. For a

while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing

the noise continued, I rose and went to the window, and then it ceased.

I went to bed again, and heard it repeated more violently; then I rose

and called up the house, and got a candle: the rogues had lifted up

the sash a yard; there are great sheds before my windows, although

my lodgings be a storey high; and if they get upon the sheds they are

almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass

fresh broken. The watchmen told us to-day they saw them, but could not

catch them. They attacked others in the neighbourhood about the same

time, and actually robbed a house in Suffolk Street, which is the

next street but one to us. It is said they are seamen discharged from

service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it seems he

often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers.

He is a sad dog; and the minute I come to Ireland I will discard him. I

have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and

bed-chamber; and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's

head and the wainscot. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend, who

brought the Duke of Douglas(17) and three or four more Scots upon us.

10. This was our Society day, you know; but the Duke of Ormond could

not be with us, because he dined with Prince Eugene. It cost me a guinea

contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verses upon monkeys,

applying the story to the Duke of Marlborough; the rest gave two

guineas, except the two physicians,(18) who followed my example. I don't

like this custom: the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening

at Lord Masham's with Lord Treasurer: I don't like his countenance; nor

I don't like the posture of things well.

We cannot be stout,

Till Somerset's out:

as the old saying is.

11. Mr. Lewis and I dined with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who eats

the most elegantly of any man I know in town. I walked lustily in the

Park by moonshine till eight, to shake off my dinner and wine; and then

went to sup at Mr. Domville's with Ford, and stayed till twelve. It is

told me to-day as a great secret that the Duke of Somerset will be out

soon, that the thing is fixed; but what shall we do with the Duchess?

They say the Duke will make her leave the Queen out of spite, if he be

out. It has stuck upon that fear a good while already. Well, but Lewis

gave me a letter from MD, N.25. O Lord, I did not expect one this

fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain: but I won't

answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the

printer being taken up; I value it not; all's safe there; nor do I fear

anything, unless the Ministry be changed: I hope that danger is over.

However, I shall be in Ireland before such a change; which could not

be, I think, till the end of the session, if the Whigs' designs had

gone on.--Have not you an apron by Leigh, Madam Stella? have you all I

mentioned in a former letter?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as usual. I think of going into the City;

but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather these two or three days

last. Farewell, etc. etc.

LETTER 39.

LONDON, Jan. 12,1711-12.

When I sealed up my letter this morning, I looked upon myself to be

not worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr. Ford and I left

Domville, Ford desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest

business, and then told me that both he and I were ruined; for he had

trusted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery,

and he had been with Stratford, who confessed he had lost fifteen

thousand pounds by Sir Stephen Evans,(1) who broke last week; that he

concluded Stratford must break too; that he could not get his tickets,

but Stratford made him several excuses, which seemed very blind ones,

etc. And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy me

five hundred pounds in the South Sea Company. I came home reflecting

a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and

religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my usual

time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I sent for Tooke, whom I

had employed to buy the stock of Stratford, and settle things with him.

He told me I was secure; for Stratford had transferred it to me in form

in the South Sea House, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done

on stamped parchment. However, he would be further informed; and at

night sent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet secure; and,

besides, am in pain for Ford, whom I first brought acquainted with

Stratford. I dined in the City.

13. Domville and I dined with Ford to-day by appointment: the Lord

Mansel told me at Court to-day that I was engaged to him; but Stratford

had promised Ford to meet him and me to-night at Ford's lodgings. He

did so; said he had hopes to save himself in his affair with Evans.

Ford asked him for his tickets: he said he would send them tomorrow; but

looking in his pocket-book, said he believed he had some of them about

him, and gave him as many as came to two hundred pounds, which rejoiced

us much; besides, he talked so frankly, that we might think there is no

danger. I asked him, Was there any more to be settled between us in my

affair? He said, No; and answered my questions just as Tooke had got

them from others; so I hope I am safe. This has been a scurvy affair. I

believe Stella would have half laughed at me, to see a suspicious fellow

like me overreached. I saw Prince Eugene to-day at Court: I don't think

him an ugly-faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape.

14. The Parliament was to sit to-day, and met; but were adjourned by

the Queen's directions till Thursday. She designs to make some important

speech then. She pretended illness; but I believe they were not ready,

and they expect some opposition: and the Scotch lords are angry,(2) and

must be pacified. I was this morning to invite the Duke of Ormond to our

Society on Thursday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed

me at twelve to-morrow about some business: I would fain have his help

to impeach a certain lord; but I doubt we shall make nothing of it. I

intended to have dined with Lord Treasurer, but I was told he would be

busy: so I dined with Mrs. Van; and at night I sat with Lord Masham till

one. Lord Treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: he

was in very good humour. I brought home two flasks of burgundy in my

chair: I wish MD had them. You see it is very late; so I'll go to bed,

and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer and bookseller to Lord Rivers,

to be stationers to the Ordnance; stationers, that's the word; I did not

write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds

a year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them.

Rivers told them the Doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse it. I

would have dined with Lord Treasurer to-day again, but Lord Mansel would

not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the Duke

of Ormond to-day at the Cockpit, where we met to be private; but I doubt

I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will

Penn the Quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the Duke for

his kindness to their people in Ireland. To see a dozen scoundrels with

their hats on, and the Duke complimenting with his off, was a good sight

enough. I sat this evening with Sir William Robinson,(3) who has mighty

often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is past twelve.

16. This being fast-day, Dr. Freind and I went into the City to dine

late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to hook in

another employment for them in the Tower, because it was enjoyed before

by a stationer, although it be to serve the Ordnance with oil, tallow,

etc., and is worth four hundred pounds per annum more: I will try what

I can do. They are resolved to ask several other employments of the

same nature to other offices; and I will then grease fat sows, and see

whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer? The

Parliament sits to-morrow, and Walpole, late Secretary at War, is to be

swinged for bribery, and the Queen is to communicate something of great

importance to the two Houses, at least they say so. But I must think of

answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the Duke of Ormond about some business, and

he told me he could not dine with us today, being to dine with Prince

Eugene. Those of our Society of the House of Commons could not be with

us, the House sitting late on Walpole. I left them at nine, and they

were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope Walpole will be sent

to the Tower, and expelled the House; but this afternoon the members I

spoke with in the Court of Requests talked dubiously of it. It will be

a leading card to maul the Duke of Marlborough for the same crime, or at

least to censure him. The Queen's message was only to give them notice

of the peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to

prevent libels against the Government; so farewell to Grub Street.

18. I heard to-day that the commoners of our Society did not leave the

Parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I left, and stayed

till three in the morning. Walpole is expelled, and sent to the Tower.

I was this morning again with Lord Rivers, and have made him give the

other employment to my printer and bookseller; 'tis worth a great deal.

I dined with my friend Lewis privately, to talk over affairs. We want to

have this Duke of Somerset out, and he apprehends it will not be, but I

hope better. They are going now at last to change the Commissioners of

the Customs; my friend Sir Matthew Dudley will be out, and three more,

and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a small pamphlet, and

sent it to the press, that I might not be known for author; 'tis

A Letter to the October Club,(4) if ever you heard of such a

thing.--Methinks this letter goes on but slowly for almost a week: I

want some little conversation with MD, and to know what they are doing

just now. I am sick of politics. I have not dined with Lord Treasurer

these three weeks: he chides me, but I don't care: I don't.

19. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer: this is his day of choice

company, where they sometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And

to-day they met on some extraordinary business; the Keeper, Steward,

both Secretaries, Lord Rivers, and Lord Anglesea: I left them at seven,

and came away, and have been writing to the Bishop of Clogher. I forgot

to know where to direct to him since Sir George St. George's death,(5)

but I have directed to the same house: you must tell me better, for

the letter is sent by the bellman. Don't write to me again till this is

gone, I charge you, for I won't answer two letters together. The Duke of

Somerset is out, and was with his yellow liveries at Parliament to-day.

You know he had the same with the Queen, when he was Master of the

Horse: we hope the Duchess will follow, or that he will take her away

in spite. Lord Treasurer, I hope, has now saved his head. Has the Dean

received my letter? ask him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at Court to see Prince Eugene,

but all bit, for he did not come. I saw the Duchess of Somerset talking

with the Duke of Buckingham; she looked a little down, but was extremely

courteous. The Queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill

this line too?(6) well then, so let it be. The Duke of Beaufort(7) has

a mighty mind to come into our Society; shall we let him? I spoke to the

Duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or

no. They say the Duke of Somerset is advised by his friends to let his

wife stay with the Queen; I am sorry for it. I dined with the Secretary

to-day, with mixed company; I don't love it. Our Society does not

meet till Friday, because Thursday will be a busy day in the House of

Commons, for then the Duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined

into about the pension paid him by those that furnished bread to the

army.

21. I have been five times with the Duke of Ormond about a perfect

trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I

was asked to-day by several in the Court of Requests whether it was

true that the author of the Examiner was taken up in an action of twenty

thousand pounds by the Duke of Marlborough?(8) I dined in the City,

where my printer showed me a pamphlet, called Advice to the October

Club, which he said was sent him by an unknown hand: I commended it

mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet. I came home

and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the Secretary's servants

came to me to let me know that Lord Treasurer would immediately speak

to me at Lord Masham's upon earnest business, and that, if I was abed, I

should rise and come. I did so: Lord Treasurer was above with the Queen;

and when he came down he laughed, and said it was not he that sent for

me: the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper,

which might have been done to-morrow. I stayed with them till past one,

and then got to bed again. Pize(9) take their frolics. I thought to have

answered your letter.

22. Dr. Gastrell was to see me this morning: he is an eminent divine,

one of the canons of Christ Church, and one I love very well: he said

he was glad to find I was not with James Broad. I asked what he meant.

"Why," says he, "have you not seen the Grub Street paper, that says Dr.

Swift was taken up as author of the Examiner, on an action of twenty

thousand pounds, and was now at James Broad's?" who, I suppose, is some

bailiff. I knew of this; but at the Court of Requests twenty people

told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord Lansdowne observed to the

Secretary and me that the Whigs spread three lies yesterday; that about

me; and another, that Maccartney, who was turned out last summer,(10)

is again restored to his places in the army; and the third, that Jack

Hill's commission for Lieutenant of the Tower is stopped, and that

Cadogan is to continue. Lansdowne thinks they have some design by these

reports; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that Sacheverell has desired

mightily to come and see me? but I have put it off: he has heard that I

have spoken to the Secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains,

and who desires an employment.(11) T'other day at the Court of Requests

Dr. Yalden(12) saluted me by name: Sacheverell, who was just by, came

up to me, and made me many acknowledgment and compliments. Last night

I desired Lord Treasurer to do something for that brother of

Sacheverell's: he said he never knew he had a brother, but thanked me

for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book.(13)

I will let Sacheverell know this, that he may take his measures

accordingly, but he shall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day

privately with the Secretary, left him at six, paid a visit or two, and

came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the Secretary, but could not despatch some

business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this

juncture, and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we

are top full of. The Minister's design is that the Duke of Marlborough

shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not

make head to defend him, but if they do, it may end in some severer

votes. A gentleman, who was just now with him, tells me he is much cast

down, and fallen away; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in

the House, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavour to

prevent the least censure upon him, which I think cannot be, since the

bribery is manifest. Sir Solomon Medina(14) paid him six thousand pounds

a year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and

the Duke owns it in his letter to the Commissioners of Accounts. I was

to-night at Lord Masham's: Lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet,

and the Secretary read a great deal of it to Lord Treasurer: they all

commended it to the skies, and so did I, and they began a health to the

author. But I doubt Lord Treasurer suspected; for he said, "This is

Mr. Davenant's style," which is his cant when he suspects me.(15) But

I carried the matter very well. Lord Treasurer put the pamphlet in his

pocket to read at home. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

24. The Secretary made me promise to dine with him today, after the

Parliament was up: I said I would come; but I dined at my usual time,

knowing the House would sit late on this great affair. I dined at a

tavern with Mr. Domville and another gentleman; I have not done so

before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the Secretary,

but he was not come home: I sat with his lady till twelve, then came

away; and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but

I would not go back; and so I know not how things have passed, but hope

all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, etc.

25. The Secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should

dine together. I went to him, and there I learned that the question

went against the Duke of Marlborough, by a majority of a hundred; so the

Ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the Duke will now be able to

do no hurt. The Secretary and I, and Lord Masham, etc., dined with

Lieutenant-General Withers,(16) who is just going to look after the army

in Flanders: the Secretary and I left them a little after seven, and

I am come home, and will now answer your letter, because this goes

to-morrow: let me see--The box at Chester; oh, burn that box, and

hang that Sterne; I have desired one to inquire for it who went toward

Ireland last Monday, but I am in utter despair of it. No, I was not

splenetic; you see what plunges the Court has been at to set all right

again. And that Duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more

mischief. Somerset shows all about a letter from the Queen, desiring

him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find Dingley

smelled a rat; because the Whigs are UPISH; but if ever I hear that word

again, I'll UPPISH you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound; does

Stella like her apron? Your critics about guarantees of succession are

puppies; that's an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the

same objection, but it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion that Lord

Marlborough is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages

from papers and pamphlets sent me, before they were printed, because I

thought them too severe. But he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort

of merit beside the military. The Examiners are good for little: I would

fain have hindered the severity of the two or three last, but could

not. I will either bring your papers over, or leave them with Tooke, for

whose honesty I will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them

with me at sea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling so very positively

that all would be well. Duke of Ormond speak against peace? No,

simpleton, he is one of the staunchest we have for the Ministry. Neither

trouble yourself about the printer: he appeared the first day of the

term, and is to appear when summoned again; but nothing else will come

of it. Lord Chief-Justice(17) is cooled since this new settlement. No;

I will not split my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight:

but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and

t'other half next week. So now your letter is answered. (P--- on these

blots.) What must I say more? I will set out in March, if there be a fit

of fine weather; unless the Ministry desire me to stay till the end of

the session, which may be a month longer; but I believe they will not:

for I suppose the peace will be made, and they will have no further

service for me. I must make my canal fine this summer, as fine as I can.

I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quicksets. I hope the

cherry-trees on the river walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so

late I must give it to the bellman; but I would have it go to-night,

lest you should think there is anything in the story of my being

arrested in an action of twenty thousand pounds by Lord Marlborough,

which I hear is in Dyer's Letter,(18) and, consequently, I suppose, gone

to Ireland. Farewell, dearest MD, etc. etc.

LETTER 40.

LONDON, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I have no gilt paper left of this size, so you must be content with

plain. Our Society dined together today, for it was put off, as I told

you, upon Lord Marlborough's business on Thursday. The Duke of Ormond

dined with us to-day, the first time: we were thirteen at table; and

Lord Lansdowne came in after dinner, so that we wanted but three. The

Secretary proposed the Duke of Beaufort, who desires to be one of our

Society; but I stopped it, because the Duke of Ormond doubts a little

about it; and he was gone before it was proposed. I left them at seven,

and sat this evening with poor Mrs. Wesley, who has been mightily ill

to-day with a fainting fit; she has often convulsions, too: she takes

a mixture with asafoetida, which I have now in my nose, and everything

smells of it. I never smelt it before; 'tis abominable. We have eight

packets, they say, due from Ireland.

27. I could not see Prince Eugene at Court to-day, the crowd was so

great. The Whigs contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ

the rabble to give the word, when he sets out from any place. When the

Duchess of Hamilton came from the Queen after church, she whispered me

that she was going to pay me a visit. I went to Lady Oglethorpe's, the

place appointed; for ladies always visit me in third places; and she

kept me till near four: she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and

I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with Lord

Masham: they stayed as long as they could, yet had almost dined, and

were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but Lady

Masham saved it. At eight I went again to Lord Masham's; Lord Treasurer

is generally there at night: we sat up till almost two. Lord Treasurer

has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the Archbishop of York(1)

from being seduced by Lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it

to-morrow. 'Tis very late, so I must go sleep.

28. Poor Mrs. Manley, the author, is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg:

the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long. I am heartily

sorry for her: she has very generous principles for one of her sort,

and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very

homely, and very fat. Mrs. Van made me dine with her to-day. I was

this morning with the Duke of Ormond and the Prolocutor about what Lord

Treasurer spoke to me yesterday; I know not what will be the issue.

There is but a slender majority in the House of Lords, and we want more.

We are sadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in

Brazil from the Portuguese. The sixth edition of three thousand of

the Conduct of the Allies is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh:

eleven thousand of them have been sold, which is a most prodigious run.

The little twopenny Letter of Advice to the October Club does not sell:

I know not the reason, for it is finely written, I assure you; and, like

a true author, I grow fond of it, because it does not sell: you know

that it is usual to writers to condemn the judgment of the world: if I

had hinted it to be mine, everybody would have bought it, but it is a

great secret.

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of Contes des Fees,(2) and have

been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon

my hands. I loitered till one at home; then went to Mr. Lewis at his

office; and the Vice-Chamberlain told me that Lady Rialton(3) had

yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bed-chamber, and that

Lady Jane Hyde,(4) Lord Rochester's daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is

to succeed. He said, too, that Lady Sunderland would resign in a day or

two. I dined with Lewis, and then went to see Mrs. Wesley, who is better

to-day. But you must know that Mr. Lewis gave me two letters, one from

the Bishop of Cloyne, with an enclosed from Lord Inchiquin(5) to Lord

Treasurer, which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told

that lord was much in with Lord Wharton, and I remember he was to have

been one of the Lords Justices by his recommendation; yet the Bishop

recommends him as a great friend to the Church, etc. I'll do what I

think proper. T'other letter was from little saucy MD, N.26. O Lord,

never saw the like, under a cover, too, and by way of journal; we shall

never have done. Sirrahs, how durst you write so soon, sirrahs? I won't

answer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the Secretary, who was sick, and out of

humour: he would needs drink champagne some days ago, on purpose to

spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it.

Stella used to do such tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady

Sunderland has resigned her place too. It is Lady Catherine Hyde(6) that

succeeds Lady Rialton, and not Lady Jane. Lady Catherine is the late

Earl of Rochester's daughter. I dined with the Secretary, then visited

his lady; and sat this evening with Lady Masham: the Secretary came

to us; but Lord Treasurer did not; he dined with the Master of the

Rolls,(7) and stayed late with him. Our Society does not meet till

to-morrow se'nnight, because we think the Parliament will be very busy

to-morrow upon the state of the war, and the Secretary, who is to treat

as President, must be in the House. I fancy my talking of persons and

things here must be very tedious to you, because you know nothing of

them, and I talk as if you did. You know Kevin's Street, and Werburgh

Street, and (what do you call the street where Mrs. Walls lives?) and

Ingoldsby,(8) and Higgins,(9) and Lord Santry;(10) but what care you for

Lady Catherine Hyde? Why do you say nothing of your health, sirrah? I

hope it is well.

31. Trimnel, Bishop of Norwich,(11) who was with this Lord Sunderland

at Moor Park in their travels, preached yesterday before the House

of Lords; and to-day the question was put to thank him, and print his

sermon; but passed against him; for it was a terrible Whig sermon. The

Bill to repeal the Act for naturalising Protestant foreigners passed the

House of Lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the Scotch lords

went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about the Duke of

Hamilton's patent, if you know anything of it. A poem is come out to-day

inscribed to me, by way of a flirt;(12) for it is a Whiggish poem, and

good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the Court of Requests. I

dined with Lord Treasurer at five alone, only with one Dutchman. Prior

is now a Commissioner of the Customs. I told you so before, I suppose.

When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Dr. Sacheverell,

thanking me for recommending his brother to Lord Treasurer and Mr.

Secretary for a place. Lord Treasurer sent to him about it: so good a

solicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be a solicitor

for Sacheverell.

Feb. 1. Has not your Dean of St. Patrick received my letter? you say

nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the

gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a

most delicious day: why don't you observe whether the same days be fine

with you? To-night, at six, Dr. Atterbury, and Prior, and I, and Dr.

Freind, met at Dr. Robert Freind's(13) house at Westminster, who is

master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough

company. I here take leave to tell politic Dingley that the passage

in the Conduct of the Allies is so far from being blamable that the

Secretary designs to insist upon it in the House of Commons, when the

Treaty of Barrier(14) is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they

have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of Advice to the

October Club begins now to sell; but I believe its fame will hardly

reach Ireland: 'tis finely written, I assure you. I long to answer your

letter, but won't yet; you know, 'tis late, etc.

2. This ends Christmas,(15) and what care I? I have neither seen, nor

felt, nor heard any Christmas this year. I passed a lazy dull day. I was

this morning with Lord Treasurer, to get some papers from him, which

he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own business. It

threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the

Park, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard

by; and in the evening sat with Lord Masham till twelve. Lord Treasurer

did not come; this is an idle dining-day usually with him. We want to

hear from Holland how our peace goes on; for we are afraid of those

scoundrels the Dutch, lest they should play us tricks. Lord Mar,(16) a

Scotch earl, was with us at Lord Masham's: I was arguing with him about

the stubbornness and folly of his countrymen; they are so angry about

the affair of the Duke of Hamilton, whom the Queen has made a duke of

England, and the House of Lords will not admit him. He swears he would

vote for us, but dare not, because all Scotland would detest him if he

did: he should never be chosen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at Court to-day to look for a dinner, but did not like any that

were offered me; and I dined with Lord Mountjoy. The Queen has the gout

in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail, but I

know not what news, although I was with the Secretary this morning. He

showed me a letter from the Hanover Envoy, Mr. Bothmar, complaining that

the Barrier Treaty is laid before the House of Commons; and desiring

that no infringement may be made in the guarantee of the succession; but

the Secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you understand

all this, and are able states-girls, since you have read the Conduct

of the Allies. We are all preparing against the Birthday; I think it

is Wednesday next. If the Queen's gout increases, it will spoil sport.

Prince Eugene has two fine suits made against it; and the Queen is

to give him a sword worth four thousand pounds, the diamonds set

transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the House of Commons' door for Mr.

Vesey, a son of the Archbishop of Tuam,(17) who has petitioned for a

Bill to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate: I secured him

above fifty members. I dined with Lady Masham. We have no packet from

Holland, as I was told yesterday: and this wind will hinder many people

from appearing at the Birthday, who expected clothes from Holland. I

appointed to meet a gentleman at the Secretary's to-night, and they both

failed. The House of Commons have this day made many severe votes about

our being abused by our Allies. Those who spoke drew all their arguments

from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the Court had a

majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree that it was my book that

spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them in print. My head

has not been as well as I could wish it for some days past, but I have

not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The Secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and showed me

fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give some French spy. I

dined with four Irishmen at a tavern to-day: I thought I had resolved

against it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at

Lady Masham's, but I only played for her while she was waiting; and I

won her a pool, and supped there. Lord Treasurer was with us, but went

away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their clothes ready

against to-morrow: I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be

a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful French fashion of the

Whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman;

and I hope it will more spirit the Queen against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at Lord Masham's at three, and met all the company

just coming out of Court; a mighty crowd: they stayed long for their

coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my

acquaintance in their fineries. Lady Ashburnham(18) looked the best in

my eyes. They say the Court was never fuller nor finer. Lord Treasurer,

his lady, and two daughters and Mrs. Hill, dined with Lord and Lady

Masham; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The Queen gave Prince

Eugene the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it

except my Lord Chamberlain. There was an entertainment of opera songs

at night, and the Queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well

after it. I saw Lady Wharton,(19) as ugly as the devil, coming out

in the crowd all in an undress; she has been with the Marlborough

daughters(20) and Lady Bridgewater(21) in St. James's, looking out of

the window all undressed to see the sight. I do not hear that one Whig

lady was there, except those of the bed-chamber. Nothing has made so

great a noise as one Kelson's chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty

pounds, the finest was ever seen. The rabble huzzaed him as much as they

did Prince Eugene. This is Birthday chat.

7. Our Society met to-day: the Duke of Ormond was not with us; we

have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant that Lord

Treasurer and everybody else cried shame. I left them at seven, visited

for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The Queen is much

better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a

little more. I opposed Lord Jersey's(22) election into our Society, and

he is refused: I likewise opposed the Duke of Beaufort; but I believe

he will be chosen in spite of me: I don't much care; I shall not be

with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for Ireland the

beginning of April next (before I treat them again), and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the City. This morning a scoundrel dog, one of the

Queen's music, a German, whom I had never seen, got access to me in my

chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely desired me to get an employment

in the Customs for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and

likewise to forward a project of his own, for raising ten thousand

pounds a year upon operas: I used him civiller than he deserved; but it

vexed me to the pluck.(23) He was told I had a mighty interest with Lord

Treasurer, and one word of mine, etc. Well; I got home early on purpose

to answer MD's letter, N.26; for this goes to-morrow.--Well; I never saw

such a letter in all my life; so saucy, so journalish, so sanguine, so

pretending, so everything. I satisfied all your fears in my last: all is

gone well, as you say; yet you are an impudent slut to be so positive;

you will swagger so upon your sagacity that we shall never have done.

Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it, if I had it

here: how long is it? I suppose half a sheet: was the answer written in

Ireland? Yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from Ballygall.

I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out

the Duchess of Somerset.--So, they say Presto writ the Conduct, etc. Do

they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the resolutions

printed t'other day in the Votes are almost quotations from it, and

would never have passed if that book had not been written. I will not

meddle with the Spectator, let him fair-sex it to the world's end.

My disorder is over, but blood was not from the p-les.--Well, Madam

Dingley, the frost; why, we had a great frost, but I forget how long

ago; it lasted above a week or ten days: I believe about six weeks ago;

but it did not break so soon with us, I think, as December 29; yet I

think it was about that time, on second thoughts. MD can have no letter

from Presto, says you; and yet four days before you own you had my

thirty-seventh, unreasonable sluts! The Bishop of Gloucester is not

dead,(24) and I am as likely to succeed the Duke of Marlborough as him

if he were; there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the

Duke of Shrewsbury will be your Governor; at least I believe the Duke of

Ormond will not return.--Well, Stella again: why, really three editions

of the Conduct, etc., is very much for Ireland; it is a sign you have

some honest among you. Well; I will do Mr. Manley(25) all the service

I can; but he will ruin himself. What business had he to engage at all

about the City? Can't he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he

finds that stirring will do it no good, and himself a great deal of

hurt? I cannot imagine who should open my letter: it must be done at

your side.--If I hear of any thoughts of turning out Mr. Manley, I will

endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of Ireland

here upon my back often, for defending him. So now I have answered your

saucy letter. My humble service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine; I will

come soon for my dinner.

9. Morning. My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new

one. I have no news since last. They say we hear by the way of Calais,

that peace is very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and

seal up my letter, and give it myself to-night into the post-office; and

so I bid my dearest MD farewell till to-night. I heartily wish myself

with them, as hope saved. My willows, and quicksets, and trees, will be

finely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather

yesterday and to-day. Farewell, etc. etc. etc.

LETTER 41.(1)

LONDON, Feb. 9, 1711-12.

When my letter is gone, and I have none of yours to answer, my

conscience is so clear, and my shoulder so light, and I go on with such

courage to prate upon nothing to deerichar MD, oo would wonder. I dined

with Sir Matthew Dudley, who is newly turned out of Commission of

the Customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of

Whiggery, which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little,

while he kept in employment. We can yet get no packets from Holland. I

have not been with any of the Ministry these two or three days. I keep

out of their way on purpose, for a certain reason, for some time, though

I must dine with the Secretary to-morrow, the choosing of the company

being left to me. I have engaged Lord Anglesea(2) and Lord Carteret,(3)

and have promised to get three more; but I have a mind that none else

should be admitted: however, if I like anybody at Court to-morrow, I may

perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad. Nite. ..

MD.

10. I saw Prince Eugene at Court to-day very plain; he's plaguy yellow,

and tolerably ugly besides. The Court was very full, and people had

their Birthday clothes. I dined with the Secretary to-day. I was to

invite five, but I only invited two, Lord Anglesea and Lord Carteret.

Pshaw, I told you this but yesterday. We have no packets from Holland

yet. Here are a parcel of drunken Whiggish lords, like your Lord

Santry,(4) who come into chocolate-houses and rail aloud at the Tories,

and have challenges sent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon.

General Ross(5) was like to swinge the Marquis of Winchester(6) for

this trick t'other day; and we have nothing else now to talk of till

the Parliament has had another bout with the state of the war, as they

intended in a few days. They have ordered the Barrier Treaty to be laid

before them; and it was talked some time ago, as if there was a design

to impeach Lord Townshend, who made it. I have no more politics now.

Nite dee MD.

11. I dined with Lord Anglesea to-day, who had seven Irishmen to be my

companions, of which two only were coxcombs; one I did not know, and

t'other was young Blith,(7) who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine

chariot. He asked me one day at Court, when I had been just talking

with some lords who stood near me, "Doctor, when shall we see you in

the county of Meath?" I whispered him to take care what he said, for

the people would think he was some barbarian. He never would speak to

me since, till we met to-day. I went to Lady Masham's to-night, and sat

with Lord Treasurer and the Secretary there till past two o'clock; and

when I came home, found some letters from Ireland, which I read, but

can say nothing of them till to-morrow, 'tis so very late; but I(8) must

always be...,(9) late or early. Nite deelest sollahs.(10)

12. One letter was from the Bishop of Clogher last night, and t'other

from Walls, about Mrs. South's(11) salary, and his own pension of 18

pounds for his tithe of the park. I will do nothing in either; the first

I cannot serve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him I

had his letter, and will speak to Ned Southwell about what he desires

me. You say nothing of your Dean's receiving my letter. I find

Clements,(12) whom I recommended to Lord Anglesea last year, at

Walls's desire, or rather the Bishop of Clogher's, is mightily in Lord

Anglesea's favour. You may tell the Bishop and Walls so; I said to Lord

Anglesea that I was (glad) I had the good luck to recommend him, etc. I

dined in the City with my printer, to consult with him about some papers

Lord Treasurer gave me last night, as he always does, too late; however,

I will do something with them. My third cold is a little better; I never

had anything like it before, three colds successively; I hope I shall

have the fourth.(13) Those messengers come from Holland to-day, and they

brought over the six packets that were due. I know not the particulars

yet, for when I was with the Secretary at noon they were just opening;

but one thing I find, that the Dutch are playing us tricks, and

tampering with the French; they are dogs; I shall know more tomollow...

MD.(14)

13. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis, at his lodgings, to

consult about some observations on the Barrier Treaty. Our news from

Holland is not good. The French raise difficulties, and make such offers

to the Allies as cannot be accepted. And the Dutch are uneasy that we

are likely to get anything for ourselves; and the Whigs are glad at all

this. I came home early, and have been very busy three or four hours. I

had a letter from Dr. Pratt(15) to-day by a private hand, recommending

the bearer to me, for something that I shall not trouble myself about.

Wesley(16) writ to recommend the same fellow to me. His expression is

that, hearing I am acquainted with my Lord Treasurer, he desires I would

do so and so: a matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind! I hope

I shall be wiser when I have once done with Courts. I think you han't

troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the

saavis(17) I could.

Pray have you got your aplon,(18) maram Ppt? I paid for it but

yesterday; that puts me in mind of it. I writ an inventory of what

things I sent by Leigh in one of my letters; did you compare it with

what you got? I hear nothing of your cards now; do you never play? Yes,

at Ballygall. Go to bed. Nite, deelest MD.(19)

14. Our Society dined to-day at Mr. Secretary's house. I went there at

four; but hearing the House of Commons would sit late upon the Barrier

Treaty, I went for an hour to Kensington, to see Lord Masham's children.

My young nephew,(20) his son of six months old, has got a swelling in

his neck; I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at

night, and I left them at ten. The Commons have been very severe on the

Barrier Treaty, as you will find by their votes. A Whig member took out

the Conduct of the Allies, and read that passage about the succession

with great resentment; but none seconded him. The Church party carried

every vote by a great majority. The A.B.(21) Dublin is so railed at by

all who come from Ireland that I can defend him no longer. Lord Anglesea

assured me that the story of applying Piso out of Tacitus(22) to Lord

Treasurer's being wounded is true. I believe the Duke of Beaufort will

be admitted to our Society next meeting. To-day I published the Fable

of Midas,(23) a poem, printed in a loose half-sheet of paper. I know not

how it will sell; but it passed wonderfully at our Society to-night; and

Mr. Secretary read it before me the other night to Lord Treasurer, at

Lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes

with you. I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is six

days' journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear these journals are very

dull. Nite my deelest lives.

15. Mr. Lewis and I dined by invitation with a Scotch acquaintance,

after I had been very busy in my chamber till two afternoon. My third

cold is now very troublesome on my breast, especially in the morning.

This is a great revolution in my health; colds never used to return so

soon with me, or last so long. 'Tis very surprising this news to-day of

the Dauphin and Dauphiness both dying within six days. They say the old

King is almost heart-broke. He has had prodigious mortifications in his

family. The Dauphin has left two little sons, of four and two years old;

the eldest is sick. There is a foolish story got about the town that

Lord Strafford, one of our Plenipotentiaries, is in the interests of

France; and it has been a good while said that Lord Privy Seal(24) and

he do not agree very well. They are both long practised in business, but

neither of them of much parts. Strafford has some life and spirit, but

is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate. Nite, MD.

16. I dined to-day in the City with my printer, to finish something I

am doing about the Barrier Treaty;(25) but it is not quite done. I went

this evening to Lord Masham's, where Lord Treasurer sat with us till

past twelve. The Lords have voted an Address to the Queen, to tell

her they are not satisfied with the King of France's offers. The Whigs

brought it in of a sudden; and the Court could not prevent it, and

therefore did not oppose it. The House of Lords is too strong in Whigs,

notwithstanding the new creations; for they are very diligent, and the

Tories as lazy: the side that is down has always most industry. The

Whigs intended to have made a vote that would reflect on Lord Treasurer;

but their project was not ripe. I hit my face such a rap by calling the

coach to stop to-night, that it is plaguy sore, the bone beneath the

eye. Nite dee logues.

17. The Court was mighty full to-day, and has been these many Sundays;

but the Queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout

in her foot. The good of going to Court is that one sees all one's

acquaintance, whom otherwise I should hardly meet twice a year. Prince

Eugene dines with the Secretary to-day, with about seven or eight

General Officers, or foreign Ministers. They will be all drunk, I am

sure. I never was in company with this Prince: I have proposed to some

lords that we should have a sober meal with him; but I can't compass

it. It is come over in the Dutch news prints that I was arrested on an

action of twenty thousand pounds by the Duke of Marlborough. I did not

like my Court invitation to-day; so Sir Andrew Fountaine and I went and

dined with Mrs. Van. I came home at six, and have been very busy till

this minute, and it is past twelve. So I got into bed to write to MD...

MD.(26) We reckon the Dauphin's death will put forward the peace a good

deal. Pray is Dr. Griffith(27) reconciled to me yet? Have I done enough

to soften him?... (28) Nite deelest logues.

18. Lewis had Guiscard's picture: he bought it, and offered it to Lord

Treasurer, who promised to send for it, but never did; so I made Lewis

give it me, and I have it in my room; and now Lord Treasurer says he

will take it from me: is that fair? He designs to have it at length in

the clothes he was when he did the action, and a penknife in his hand;

and Kneller is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with

Lord Treasurer to-day, but he has put me off till to-morrow; so I dined

with Lord Dupplin. You know Lord Dupplin very well; he is a brother

of the Society. Well, but I have received a letter from the Bishop of

Cloyne, to solicit an affair for him with Lord Treasurer, and with the

Parliament, which I will do as soon as fly. I am not near so keen about

other people's affairs as... (29) Ppt used to reproach me about; it was

a judgment on me. Harkee, idle dearees both, meetinks I begin to want

a rettle flom(30) MD: faith, and so I do. I doubt you have been in pain

about the report of my being arrested. The pamphleteers have let me

alone this month, which is a great wonder: only the third part of the

Answer to the Conduct, which is lately come out. (Did I tell you of it

already?) The House of Commons goes on in mauling the late Ministry and

their proceedings. Nite deelest MD.(31)

19. I dined with Lord Treasurer to-day, and sat with him till ten, in

spite of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a sheet.

I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil, on a bit

of paper in his house, while he lay wounded. Some of the servants, I

suppose, made waste-paper of them, and he never had heard of them. Shall

I tell them you? They were inscribed to Mr. Harley's physician. Thus

On Britain Europe's safety lies;(32)

Britain is lost, if Harley dies.

Harley depends upon your skill:

Think what you save, or what you kill.

Are not they well enough to be done off-hand; for that is the meaning

of the word extempore, which you did not know, did you? I proposed that

some company should dine with him on the 8th of March, which was the day

he was wounded, but he says he designs that the Lords of the Cabinet,

who then sat with him, should dine that day with him:(33) however, he

has invited me too. I am not got rid of my cold; it plagues me in the

morning chiefly. Nite, MD,

20. After waiting to catch the Secretary coming out from Sir Thomas

Hanmer, for two hours, in vain, about some business, I went into the

City to my printer, to correct some sheets of the Barrier Treaty and

Remarks, which must be finished to-morrow: I have been horrible busy for

some days past, with this and some other things; and I wanted some very

necessary papers, which the Secretary was to give me, and the pamphlet

must now be published without them. But they are all busy too.

Sir Thomas Hanmer is Chairman of the Committee for drawing up a

Representation of the state of the nation(34) to the Queen, where all

the wrong steps of the Allies and late Ministry about the war will be

mentioned. The Secretary, I suppose, was helping him about it to-day; I

believe it will be a pepperer. Nite, deel MD.

21. I have been six hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a

letter to Lord Treasurer, about forming a Society or Academy to correct

and fix the English language.(35) (Is English a speech or a language?)

It will not be above five or six more. I will send it to him to-morrow,

and will print it, if he desires me. I dined, you know, with our Society

to-day: Thursday is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the

Duke of Beaufort. We had thirteen met: brother Ormond was not there, but

sent his excuse that Prince Eugene dined with him. I left them at seven,

being engaged to go to Sir Thomas Hanmer, who desired I would see him at

that hour. His business was that I would hoenlbp ihainm itavoi dsroanws

ubpl tohne sroegporaensiepnotlastoigobn,(36) which I consented to do;

but know not whether I shall succeed, because it is a little out of my

way. However, I have taken my share. Nite, MD.

22. I finished the rest of my letter to Lord Treasurer today, and sent

it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr.

Lewis, to talk over some affairs of moment. I had gotten the thirteenth

volume of Rymer's Collection of the Records of the Tower for the

University of Dublin.(37) I have two volumes now. I will write to the

Provost, to know how I shall send them to him; no, I won't, for I will

bring them myself among my own books. I was with Hanmer this morning,

and there were the Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer(38) very

busy with him, laying their heads together about the representation. I

went to Lord Masham's to-night, and Lady Masham made me read to her a

pretty twopenny pamphlet, called The St. Albans Ghost.(39) I thought I

had writ it myself; so did they; but I did not. Lord Treasurer came down

to us from the Queen, and we stayed till two o'clock. That is the best

night-place I have. The usual(40) company are Lord and Lady Masham, Lord

Treasurer, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I; sometimes the Secretary, and sometimes

Mrs. Hill of the bed-chamber, Lady Masham's sister. I assure oo, it im

vely rate now; but zis goes to-morrow: and I must have time to converse

with own richar MD. Nite, deelest sollahs.(41)

23. I have no news to tell you this last day, nor do I know where I

shall dine. I hear the Secretary is a little out of order; perhaps I may

dine there, perhaps not. I sent Hanmer what he wanted from me, I know

not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the same sort; I am

going out, and must carry zis in my pottick to give it at some general

post-house. I will talk further with oo at night. I suppose in my next

I shall answer a letter from MD that will be sent me. On Tuesday it will

be four weeks since I had your last, N.26. This day se'nnight I expect

one, for that will be something more than a full month. Farewell, MD...

deelest... MD MD MD... ME ME ME... logues... lele.(42)

LETTER 42.(1)

LONDON, Feb. 23, 1711-12.

After having disposed my last letter in the post-office, I am now to

begin this with telling MD that I dined with the Secretary to-day,

who is much out of order with a cold, and feverish; yet he went to the

Cabinet Council tonight at six, against my will. The Secretary is much

the greatest commoner in England, and turns the whole Parliament, who

can do nothing without him; and if he lives and has his health, will,

I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him sometimes

that, if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour,

and trust my fortune with his. But what care oo for all this? I am sorry

when I came first acquainted with this Ministry that I did not send you

their names and characters, and then you would have relished what(2)

I would have writ, especially if I had let you into the particulars of

affairs: but enough of this. Nite, deelest logues.

24. I went early this morning to the Secretary, who is not yet well.

Sir Thomas Hanmer and the Chancellor of the Exchequer came while I was

there, and he would not let me stir; so I did not go to church, but was

busy with them till noon, about the affair I told you in my last. The

other two went away; and I dined with the Secretary, and found my head

very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well

all this day. It has shook me a little. I sometimes sit up very late

at Lord Masham's, and have writ much for several days past: but I will

amend both; for I have now very little business, and hope I shall have

no more, and I am resolved to be a great rider this summer in Ireland.

I was to see Mrs. Wesley this evening, who has been somewhat better for

this month past, and talks of returning to the Bath in a few weeks. Our

peace goes on but slowly; the Dutch are playing tricks, and we do not

push it strongly as we ought. The fault of our Court is delay, of which

the Queen has a great deal; and Lord Treasurer is not without his share.

But pay richar MD ret us know a little of your life and tonvelsasens.(3)

Do you play at ombre, or visit the Dean, and Goody Walls and Stoytes and

Manleys, as usual? I must have a letter from oo, to fill the other side

of this sheet. Let me know what you do. Is my aunt alive yet?

Oh, pray, now I think of it, be so kind to step to my aunt, and take

notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his

finger, with a seal of an anchor and dolphin about it; but I think

there is besides, at the bottom of the picture, the same coat of arms

quartered with another, which I suppose was my great-grandmother's.

If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see

whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with

the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my aunt what

she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the

picture, and I only dreamed it. My reason is, because I would ask some

herald here, whether I should choose that coat, or one in Guillim's

large folio of heraldry,(4) where my uncle Godwin is named with another

coat of arms of three stags. This is sad stuff to rite; so nite, MD.

25. I was this morning again with the Secretary, and we were two hours

busy; and then went together to the Park, Hyde Park, I mean; and he

walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horses sent

some time ago to Lord Treasurer.(5) The Duke of Marlborough's coach

overtook us, with his Grace and Lord Godolphin in it; but they did not

see us, to our great satisfaction; for neither of us desired that either

of those two lords should see us together. There was half a dozen ladies

riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined

with the Secretary; but we did no business after dinner, and at six I

walked into the fields; the days are grown pure and long; then I went to

visit Perceval(6) and his family, whom I had seen but twice since they

came to town. They too are going to the Bath next month. Countess Doll

of Meath(7) is such an owl that, wherever I visit, people are asking

me whether I know such an Irish lady, and her figure and her foppery? I

came home early, and have been amusing myself with looking into one of

Rymer's volumes of the Records of the Tower, and am mighty easy to think

I have no urgent business upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; I

sometimes cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you

that I believe it is Lady Masham's hot room that gives it me? I never

knew such a stove; and in my conscience I believe both my lord and she,

my Lord Treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and myself have all suffered by it. We

have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot. Nite dee logues.

26. I was again busy with the Secretary.(8) We read over some papers,

and did a good deal of business; and I dined with him, and we were to

do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner--an old

saying and a true, "much drinking, little thinking." We had company with

us, and nothing could be done, and I am to go there again to-morrow.

I have now nothing to do; and the Parliament, by the Queen's

recommendation, is to take some method for preventing libels, etc.,

which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I don't know what method they

will take, but it comes on in a day or two. To-day in the morning I

visited upwards: first I saw the Duke of Ormond below stairs, and gave

him joy of his being declared General in Flanders; then I went up one

pair of stairs, and sat with the Duchess; then I went up another pair of

stairs, and paid a visit to Lady Betty; and desired her woman to go

up to the garret, that I might pass half an hour with her, but she was

young and handsome, and would not. The Duke is our President this week,

and I have bespoke a small dinner on purpose, for good example. Nite mi

deelest logues.

27. I was again with the Secretary this morning; but we only read over

some papers with Sir Thomas Hanmer; then I called at Lord Treasurer's;

it was his levee-day, but I went up to his bed-chamber, and said what

I had to say. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred

fools were waiting, and two streets were full of coaches. I dined in the

City with my printer,(9) and came back at six to Lord Treasurer, who had

invited me to dinner, but I refused him. I sat there an hour or two, and

then went to Lord Masham's. They were all abroad: so truly I came, and

read whatever stuff was next me. I can sit and be idle now, which I have

not been above a year past. However, I will stay out the session, to see

if they have any further commands for me, and that, I suppose, will end

in April. But I may go somewhat before, for I hope all will be ended

by then, and we shall have either a certain peace, or certain war. The

Ministry is contriving new funds for money by lotteries, and we go on as

if the war were to continue, but I believe it will not. 'Tis pretty late

now, ung oomens; so I bid oo nite, own dee dallars.

28. I have been packing up some books in a great box I have bought, and

must buy another for clothes and luggage. This is a beginning towards

a removal. I have sent to Holland for a dozen shirts, and design to buy

another new gown and hat. I will come over like a zinkerman,(10) and

lay out nothing in clothes in Ireland this good while. I have writ

this night to the Provost. Our Society met to-day as usual, and we were

fourteen, beside the Earl of Arran,(11) whom his brother, the Duke of

Ormond, brought among us against all order. We were mightily shocked;

but, after some whispers, it ended in choosing Lord Arran one of our

Society, which I opposed to his face, but it was carried by all the rest

against me.

29. This is leap year, and this is leap day. Prince George was born on

this day. People are mistaken; and some here think it is St. David's

Day; but they do not understand the virtue of leap year. I have nothing

to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like Gumdragon; and

yet I was dictating some trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with

a friend hard by, and the weather was so discouraging I could not walk.

I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arran. Alexander

the Great is just dead: I do not think he was poisoned; betwixt you and

me, all those are but idle stories: it is certain that neither Ptolemy

nor Aristobulus thought so, and they were both with him when he(12)

died. It is a pity we have not their histories. The Bill for limiting

Members of Parliament to have but so many places passed the House of

Commons, and will pass the House of Lords, in spite of the Ministry,

which you know is a great lessening of the Queen's power. Four of the

new lords voted against the Court in this point. It is certainly a good

Bill in the reign of an ill prince, but I think things are not settled

enough for it at present. And the Court may want a majority upon a

pinch. Nite deelest logues. Rove Pdfr.

March 1. I went into the City to inquire after poor Stratford,(13) who

has put himself a prisoner into the Queen's Bench, for which his friends

blame him much, because his creditors designed to be very easy with him.

He grasped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There

is one circumstance relative to Lieutenant-General Meredith(14) that

is very melancholy: Meredith was turned out of all his employments

last year, and had about 10,000 pounds left to live on. Stratford, upon

friendship, desired he might have the management of it for Meredith, to

put it into the stocks and funds for the best advantage, and now he

has lost it all. You have heard me often talk of Stratford; we were

class-fellows at school and university. I dined with some merchants,

his friends, to-day, and they said they expected his breaking this good

while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace, while it was a secret, of

which he might have made good use, but that helped to ruin him; for he

gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace by this time, and

consequently stocks rise high. Ford narrowly 'scaped losing 500 pounds

by him, and so did I too. Nite, my two deelest rives MD.

2. Morning. I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people

of the house telling me of a great fire in the Haymarket. I slept again,

and two hours after my man came in again, and told me it was my poor

brother Sir William Wyndham's(15) house burnt, and that two maids,

leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, both fell on their

heads, one of them upon the iron spikes before the door, and both lay

dead in the streets. It is supposed to have been some carelessness of

one or both those maids. The Duke of Ormond was there helping to put

out the fire. Brother Wyndham gave 6,000 pounds but a few months ago

for that house, as he told me, and it was very richly furnished. I shall

know more particulars at night. He married Lady Catherine Seymour,

the Duke of Somerset's daughter; you know her, I believe.--At night.

Wyndham's young child escaped very narrowly; Lady Catherine escaped

barefoot; they all went to Northumberland House. Mr. Brydges's(16)

house, at next door, is damaged much, and was like to be burnt. Wyndham

has lost above 10,000 pounds by this accident; his lady above a thousand

pounds worth of clothes. It was a terrible accident. He was not at Court

to-day. I dined with Lord Masham. The Queen was not at church. Nite, MD.

3. Pray tell Walls that I spoke to the Duke of Ormond and Mr. Southwell

about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed not me for a solicitor,

for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewise mentioned

his own affair to Mr. Southwell, and I hope that will be done too, for

Southwell seems to think it reasonable, and I will mind him of it again.

Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are

secrets: one of them is about Mrs. South having a pension; the other

about his salary from the Government for the tithes of the park that lie

in his parish, to be put upon the establishment, but oo must not know

zees sings, zey are secrets; and we must keep them flom nauty dallars.

I dined in the City with my printer, with whom I had some small affair;

but I have no large work on my hands now. I was with Lord Treasurer this

morning, and hat(17) care oo for zat? Oo dined with the Dean to-day.

Monday is parson's holiday, and oo lost oo money at cards and dice; ze

Givars(18) device. So I'll go to bed. Nite, my two deelest logues.

4. I sat to-day with poor Mrs. Wesley, who made me dine with her. She

is much better than she was. I heartily pray for her health, out of

the entire love I bear to her worthy husband. This day has passed very

insignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now that I can come

home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at Lord

Masham's to-night, and stayed there till one. Lord Treasurer was there;

but I thought, I thought he looked melancholy, just as he did at the

beginning of the session, and he was not so merry as usual. In short,

the majority in the House of Lords is a very weak one: and he has much

ado to keep it up; and he is not able to make those removes he would,

and oblige his friends; and I doubt too(19) he does not take care enough

about it, or rather cannot do all himself, and will not employ others:

which is his great fault, as I have often told you. 'Tis late. Nite, MD.

5. I wish you a merry Lent. I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and

furmity and butter, and herb porridge; and sour devout faces of people

who only put on religion for seven weeks. I was at the Secretary's

office this morning; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated

last October; one from the Bishop of Clogher, t'other from Walls. The

gentleman is called Colonel Newburgh.(20) I think you mentioned him to

me some time ago; he has business in the House of Lords. I will do

him what service I can. The Representation of the House of Commons is

printed:(21) I have not seen it yet; it is plaguy severe, they say. I

dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, and had a true Lenten dinner, not in point of

victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the

house, and that was full as mortifying as fish. We have had fine mighty

cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage

of it, and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters

where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath to cool my Lenten

porridge. Tell Jemmy Leigh that his boy that robbed him now appears

about the town: Patrick has seen him once or twice. I knew nothing of

his being robbed till Patrick told me he had seen the boy. I wish it

had been Sterne that had been robbed, to be revenged for the box that he

lost,(22) and be p-xed to him. Nite, MD.

6. I hear Mr. Prior has suffered by Stratford's breaking. I was

yesterday to see Prior, who is not well, and I thought he looked

melancholy. He can ill afford to lose money. I walked before dinner

in the Mall a good while with Lord Arran and Lord Dupplin, two of my

brothers, and then we went to dinner, where the Duke of Beaufort was our

President. We were but eleven to-day. We are now in all nine lords and

ten commoners. The Duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his

brother-in-law, the Earl of Danby,(23) to be a member; but I opposed

it so warmly that it was waived. Danby is not above twenty, and we will

have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I stayed

till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The Duke of Ormond's

treat last week cost 20 pounds, though it was only four dishes and four,

without a dessert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Yet I could

not prevail to change the house. Lord Treasurer is in a rage with us for

being so extravagant: and the wine was not reckoned neither; for that

is always brought by him that is President. Lord Orrery(24) is to be

President next week; and I will see whether it cannot be cheaper; or

else we will leave the house...(25) Lord Masham made me go home with him

to-night to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is,

wash their shells clean; then put your oysters into an earthen pot,

with their hollow sides down, then put this pot into a great kettle

with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled in their own

liquor, and not mixed water. Lord Treasurer was not with us; he was very

ill to-day with a swimming in the head, and is gone home to be cupped,

and sent to desire Lady Masham to excuse him to the Queen. Nite, dee MD.

7. I was to-day at the House of Lords about a friend's Bill. Then I

crossed the water at Westminster Stairs to Southwark, went through St.

George's Fields to the Mint, which is the dominion of the King's(26)

Bench Prison, where Stratford lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to

come to him; but he was gone to the 'Change. I thought he had

something to say to me about his own affairs. I found him at his usual

coffee-house, and went to his own lodgings, and dined with him and

his wife, and other company. His business was only to desire I would

intercede with the Ministry about his brother-in-law, Ben Burton,(27)

of Dublin, the banker, who is likely to come into trouble, as we hear,

about spreading false Whiggish news. I hate Burton, and told Stratford

so; and I will advise the Duke of Ormond to make use of it, to keep

the rogue in awe. Mrs. Stratford tells me her husband's creditors have

consented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and she hopes

he will pay them all. He was cheerfuller than I have seen him this great

while. I have walked much today.--Night, deelest logues.

8. This day twelvemonth Mr. Harley was stabbed; but he is ill, and takes

physic to-day, I hear ('tis now morning), and cannot have the Cabinet

Council with him, as he intended, nor me to say grace. I am going to see

him. Pray read the Representation; 'tis the finest that ever was writ.

Some of it is Pdfr's style, but not very much. This is the day of the

Queen's accession to the Crown; so it is a great day. I am going to

Court, and will dine with Lord Masham; but I must go this moment to see

the Secretary about some businesses; so I will seal up this, and put

it in the post my own self. Farewell, deelest hearts and souls, MD.

Farewell MD MD MD FW FW FW ME ME Lele Lele Lele Sollahs lele.

LETTER 43.(1)

LONDON, March 8, 1711-12.

I carried my forty-second letter in my pocket till evening, and then put

it in the general post.--I went in the morning to see Lord Treasurer,

who had taken physic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with

the Secretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr. Freind,(2) to

be Physician-General; and the Secretary promised to mention it to the

Queen. I can serve everybody but myself. Then I went to Court, and

carried Lord Keeper and the Secretary to dine with Lord Masham, when we

drank the Queen and Lord Treasurer with every health, because this was

the day of his stabbing.--Then I went and played pools at picquet with

Lady Masham and Mrs. Hill; won ten shillings, gave a crown to the

box, and came home. I met at my lodgings a letter from Joe, with a bit

annexed from Ppt. What Joe asks is entirely out of my way, and I take it

for a foolish whim in him. Besides, I know not who is to give a patent:

if the Duke of Ormond, I would speak to him; and if it come in my head

I will mention it to Ned Southwell. They have no patents that I know

of for such things here, but good security is all; and to think that I

would speak to Lord Treasurer for any such matter at random is a jest.

Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks,(3) that play the

devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and beat them,

etc.? Nite, sollahs, and rove Pdfr. Nite, MD.

9. I was at Court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or

two, whom I did not care to dine with; so I dined with Mrs. Van. Young

Davenant(4) was telling us at Court how he was set upon by the Mohocks,

and how they ran his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in

the streets at night for them. The Bishop of Salisbury's son(5) is said

to be of the gang. They are all Whigs; and a great lady sent to me, to

speak to her father and to Lord Treasurer, to have a care of them,

and to be careful likewise of myself; for she heard they had malicious

intentions against the Ministers and their friends. I know not whether

there be anything in this, though others are of the same opinion. The

weather still continues very fine and frosty. I walked in the Park this

evening, and came home early to avoid the Mohocks. Lord Treasurer is

better. Nite, my own two deelest MD.

10. I went this morning again to the Lord Treasurer, who is quite

recovered; and I stayed till he went out. I dined with a friend in the

City, about a little business of printing; but not my own. You must buy

a small twopenny pamphlet, called Law is a Bottomless Pit.(6) 'Tis very

prettily written, and there will be a Second Part. The Commons are very

slow in bringing in their Bill to limit the press, and the pamphleteers

make good use of their time; for there come out three or four every day.

Well, but is not it time, methinks, to have a letter from MD? 'Tis

now six weeks since I had your Number 26. I can assure oo I expect

one before this goes; and I'll make shorter day's journals than usual,

'cause I hope to fill up a good deal of t'other side with my answer.

Our fine weather lasts yet, but grows a little windy. We shall have rain

soon, I dispose. Go to cards, sollahs, and I to seep. Nite, MD.

11. Lord Treasurer has lent the long letter I writ him(7) to Prior, and

I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make

up this Academy for the improvement of our language. Faith, we never

shall improve it so much as FW has done; sall we? No, faith, ourrichar

gangridge.(8) I dined privately with my friend Lewis, and then went to

see Ned Southwell, and talk with him about Walls's business, and Mrs.

South's. The latter will be done; but his own not. Southwell tells

me that it must be laid before Lord Treasurer, and the nature of it

explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while;

and maybe Lord Treasurer won't do it (at) last; and it is, as Walls

says himself, not above forty shillings a year difference. You must tell

Walls this, unless he would have the business a secret from you: in

that case only say I did all I could with Ned Southwell, and it can't be

done; for it must be laid before Lord Treasurer, etc., who will not do

it; and besides, it is not worth troubling his lordship. So nite, my two

deelest nuntyes nine MD.(9)

12. Here is the D---- and all to do with these Mohocks. Grub Street

papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty

put into several prisons, and all a lie; and I begin almost to think

there is no truth, or very little, in the whole story. He that abused

Davenant was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me

that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publicly, that one

design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and though I

believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to

the charge of some shillings already. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer

and two gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland, yet very polite men.

I sat there till nine, and then went to Lord Masham's, where Lord

Treasurer followed me, and we sat till twelve; and I came home in a

chair for fear of the Mohocks, and I have given him warning of it

too. Little Harrison,(10) whom I sent to Holland, is now actually made

Queen's Secretary at The Hague. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow.

'Tis worth twelve hundred pounds a year. Here is a young fellow has writ

some Sea Eclogues, poems of Mermen, resembling pastorals of shepherds,

and they are very pretty, and the thought is new. Mermen are

he-mermaids; Tritons, natives of the sea. Do you understand me? I think

to recommend him to our Society to-morrow. His name is Diaper.(11) P--

on him, I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate

to have any new wits rise, but when they do rise I would encourage them;

but they tread on our heels and thrust us off the stage. Nite deelest

MD.

13. You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our Society

after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which

he seldom fails to do. Yet he had nothing to-day. Lord Lansdowne, one of

our Society, was offended at a passage in this day's Examiner, which he

thinks reflects on him, as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil

way. 'Tis only that his underlings cheat; but that he is a very fine

gentleman every way, etc.(12) Lord Orrery was President to-day; but

both our dukes were absent. Brother Wyndham recommended Diaper to the

Society. I believe we shall make a contribution among ourselves, which I

don't like. Lord Treasurer has yet done nothing for us, but we shall try

him soon. The company parted early, but Freind, and Prior, and I, sat a

while longer and reformed the State, and found fault with the Ministry.

Prior hates his Commission of the Customs, because it spoils his wit. He

says he dreams of nothing but cockets,(13) and dockets, and drawbacks,

and other jargon words of the custom-house. Our good weather went away

yesterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten.

Night nown... deelest sollahs.

14. I have been plagued this morning with solicitors, and with nobody

more than my brother, Dr. Freind, who must needs have to get old Dr.

Lawrence,(14) the Physician-General, turned out and himself in. He has

argued with me so long upon the reasonableness of it, that I am fully

convinced it is very unreasonable; and so I would tell the Secretary, if

I had not already made him speak to the Queen. Besides, I know not but

my friend Dr. Arbuthnot would be content to have it himself, and I love

him ten times better than Freind. What's all this to you? but I must

talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know anything

of them or no. I dined in the City, and, coming back, one Parson

Richardson(15) of Ireland overtook me. He was here last summer upon

a project of converting the Irish and printing Bibles, etc., in

that language, and is now returned to pursue it on. He tells me Dr.

Coghill(16) came last night (to) town. I will send to see how he does

to-morrow. He gave me a letter from Walls about his old business. Nite,

deelest MD.

15. I had intended to be early with the Secretary this morning, when my

man admitted upstairs one Mr. Newcomb,(17) an officer, who brought me a

letter from the Bishop of Clogher, with four lines added by Mrs. Ashe,

all about that Newcomb. I think, indeed, his case is hard, but God

knows whether I shall be able to do him any service. People will

not understand: I am a very good second, but I care not to begin a

recommendation, unless it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do

what I can. I missed the Secretary, and then walked to Chelsea to dine

with the Dean of Christ Church,(18) who was engaged to Lord Orrery with

some other Christ Church men. He made me go with him whether I would or

not, for they have this long time admitted me a Christ Church man.

Lord Orrery, generally every winter, gives his old acquaintance of that

college a dinner. There were nine clergymen at table, and four laymen.

The Dean and I soon left them, and after a visit or two, I went to Lord

Masham's, and Lord Treasurer, Arbuthnot and I sat till twelve. And now I

am come home and got to bed. I came afoot, but had my man with me. Lord

Treasurer advised me not to go in a chair, because the Mohocks insult

chairs more than they do those on foot. They think there is some

mischievous design in those villains. Several of them, Lord Treasurer

told me, are actually taken up. I heard at dinner that one of them was

killed last night. We shall know more in a little time. I don't like

them, as the men said.(19) Nite MD.

16. This morning, at the Secretary's, I met General Ross,(20) and

recommended Newcomb's case to him, who promises to join with me

in working up the Duke of Ormond to do something for him. Lord

Winchelsea(21) told me to-day at Court that two of the Mohocks caught

a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's,(22) at the door of their house in the

Park, where she was with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody.

They cut all her face, and beat her without any provocation. I hear my

friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the messenger's hands. The Queen

was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an

ugly cough, Arbuthnot, her physician, says. I dined with Crowe,(23) late

Governor of Barbados; an acquaintance of Sterne's.(24) After dinner I

asked him whether he had heard of Sterne. "Here he is," said he, "at the

door in a coach:" and in came Sterne. He has been here this week. He is

buying a captainship in his cousin Sterne's(25) regiment. He told me he

left Jemmy Leigh playing at cards with you. He is to give 800 guineas

for his commission. I suppose you know all this better than I. How shall

I have room to answer oo rettle(26) hen I get it, I have gone so far

already? Nite, deelest logues MD.

17. Dr. Sacheverell came this morning to give me thanks for getting his

brother an employment. It was but six or seven weeks since I spoke to

Lord Treasurer for him. Sacheverell brought Trapp(27) along with him. We

dined together at my printer's, and I sat with them till seven. I little

thought, and I believe so did he, that ever I should be his solicitor

to the present Ministry, when I left Ireland. This is the seventh I have

now provided for since I came, and can do nothing for myself. I don't

care; I shall have Ministries and other people obliged to me. Trapp is a

coxcomb, and the t'other is not very deep; and their judgment in things

of wit or sense is miraculous. The Second Part of Law is a Bottomless

Pit(28) is just now printed, and better, I think, than the first. Night,

my two deel saucy dallars.

18. There is a proclamation out against the Mohocks. One of those that

are taken is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs. Wesley, who is returning

to the Bath. Mrs. Perceval's(29) young daughter has got the smallpox,

but will do well. I walked this evening in the Park, and met Prior, who

made me go home with him, where I stayed till past twelve, and could not

get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I

will do so no more, though I got home safe. Prior and I were talking

discontentedly of some managements, that no more people are turned out,

which get Lord Treasurer many enemies: but whether the fault be in him,

or the Queen, I know not; I doubt, in both. Ung omens, it is now seven

weeks since I received your last; but I expect one next Irish packet, to

fill the rest of this paper; but if it don't come, I'll do without it:

so I wish oo good luck at ombre with the Dean. Nite, nuntyes nine.(30)

19. Newcomb came to me this morning, and I went to the Duke of Ormond

to speak for him; but the Duke was just going out to take the oaths for

General. The Duke of Shrewsbury is to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I

walked with Domville and Ford to Kensington, where we dined, and it

cost me above a crown. I don't like it, as the man said.(31) It was

very windy walking. I saw there Lord Masham's children. The youngest, my

nephew, I fear, has got the king's evil; the other two are daughters of

three and four years old. 'Twas very windy walking. The gardens there

are mighty fine. I passed the evening at Lord Masham's with Lord

Treasurer and Arbuthnot, as usual, and we stayed till past one; but I

had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from

one Fetherston, a parson, with a postscript of Tisdall's to recommend

him: and Fetherston, whom I never saw, has been so kind to give me

a letter of attorney to recover a debt for him. Another from Lord

Abercorn, to get him the dukedom of Chatelherault(32) from the King

of France; in which I will do what I can, for his pretensions are very

just. The third, I warrant you, from our MD. 'Tis a great stir this, of

getting a dukedom from the King of France: but it is only to speak to

the Secretary, and get the Duke of Ormond to engage in it, and mention

the case to Lord Treasurer, etc., and this I shall do. Nite deelest

richar MD.

20. I was with the Duke of Ormond this morning, about Lord Abercorn, Dr.

Freind, and Newcomb. Some will do, and some will not do; that's wise,

marams.(33) The Duke of Shrewsbury is certainly to be your Governor.

I will go in a day or two, and give the Duchess joy, and recommend the

Archbishop of Dublin to her. I writ to the Archbishop, some months ago,

that it would be so, and told him I would speak a good word for him to

the Duchess; and he says he has a great respect for her, etc. I made our

Society change their house, and we met to-day at the Star and Garter

in the Pall Mall. Lord Arran was President. The other dog was so

extravagant in his bills, that for four dishes and four, first and

second course, without wine or dessert, he charged twenty-one pounds,

six shillings, and eightpence, to the Duke of Ormond. We design, when

all have been Presidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of so

much a head; but we shall break up when the session ends. Nite deelest

MD.

21. Morning. Now I will answer MD's rettle, N.27; you that are adding

to your number and grumbling, had made it 26, and then altered(34) it

to 27. I believe it is above a month since your last; yes, it is above

seven weeks since I had your last: but I ought to consider that this

was twelve days right,(35) so that makes it pretty even. O, the sirry

zade,(36) with her excuses of a fortnight at Ballygall, seeing their

friends, and landlord running away. O Rold, hot a cruttle(37) and a

bustle!--No--if you will have it--I am not Dean of Wells,(38) nor know

anything of being so; nor is there anything in the story; and that's

enough. It was not Roper(39) sent that news: Roper is my humble

slave.--Yes, I heard of your resolves, and that Burton was embroiled.

Stratford spoke to me in his behalf; but I said I hated the rascal. Poor

Catherine gone to Wales? But she will come back again, I hope. I would

see her in my journey, if she were near the road; and bring her over.

Joe(40) is a fool; that sort of business is not at all in my way, pray

put him off it. People laugh when I mention it. Bed ee paadon, Maram;

I'm drad oo rike ee aplon:(41) no harm, I hope. And so... DD wonders

she has not a letter at the day; oo'll have it soon.... The D---- he is!

married to that vengeance! Men are not to be believed. I don't think her

a fool. Who would have her? Dilly will be governed like an ass; and she

will govern like a lion. Is not that true, Ppt? Why, Sterne told me he

left you at ombre with Leigh; and yet you never saw him. I know nothing

of his wife being here: it may cost her a c---(42) (I don't care

to write that word plain). He is a little in doubt about buying his

commission. Yes, I will bring oo over all the little papers I can think

on. I thought I sent you, by Leigh, all that were good at that time. The

author of the Sea Eclogues sent books to the Society yesterday, and we

gave him guineas apiece; and, maybe, will do further from him (for him,

I mean). So the Bishop of Clogher, and lady, were your guests for a

night or two. Why, Ppt, you are grown a great gamester and company

keeper. I did say to myself, when I read those names, just what you

guess; and you clear up the matter wonderfully. You may converse with

those two nymphs if you please, but the ----- take me if ever I do. Iss,

fais, it is delightful to hear that Ppt is every way Ppt now, in health,

and looks, and all. Pray God keep her so, many, many, many years. I

doubt the session will not be over till the end of April; however, I

shall not wait for it, if the Ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I

were just now in my garden at Laracor. I would set out for Dublin early

on Monday, and bring you an account of my young trees, which you are

better acquainted with than the Ministry, and so am I. Oh, now you have

got Number 41, have you so? Why, perhaps, I forgot, and kept it to next

post in my pocket: I have done such tricks. My cold is better, but not

gone. I want air and riding. Hold ee tongue, oo Ppt, about colds at

Moor Park! the case is quite different. I will do what you desire me for

Tisdall, when I next see Lord Anglesea. Pray give him my service. The

weather is warm these three or four days, and rainy. I am to dine to-day

with Lewis and Darteneuf at Somers's,(43) the Clerk of the Kitchen at

Court. Darteneuf loves good bits and good sups. Good mollows richar

sollohs.--At night. I dined, as I said; and it cost me a shilling for a

chair. It has rained all day, and is very warm. Lady Masham's young son,

my nephew, is very ill; and she is out of mind(44) with grief. I pity

her mightily. I am got home early, and going to write to the Bishop of

Clogher, but have no politics to send him. Nite my own two deelest saucy

d(ear) ones.

22. I am going into the City this morning with a friend about some

business; so I will immediately seal up this, and keep it in my pottick

till evening, and zen put it in the post. The weather continues warm and

gloomy. I have heard no news since I went to bed, so can say no more.

Pray send... that I may have time to write to...(45) about it. I have

here underneath given order for forty shillings to Mrs. Brent, which you

will send to Parvisol. Farewell, deelest deel MD, and rove Pdfr dearly

dearly. Farewell, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW, ME, ME, ME, Lele lele lele lele

lele lele, and lele aden.

LETTER 44.(1)

LONDON, March 22, 1711-12.

Ugly, nasty weather. I was in the City to-day with Mrs. Wesley and Mrs.

Perceval, to get money from a banker for Mrs. Wesley, who goes to Bath

on Thursday. I left them there, and dined with a friend, and went to see

Lord Treasurer; but he had people with him I did not know: so I went to

Lady Masham's, and lost a crown with her at picquet, and then sat with

Lord Masham and Lord Treasurer, etc., there till past one; but I had

my man with me, to come home. I gave in my forty-third, and one for the

Bishop of Clogher, to the post-office, as I came from the City; and

so oo know 'tis late now, and I have nothing to say for this day. Our

Mohocks are all vanished; however, I shall take care of my person. Nite

my own two deelest nuntyes MD.

23. I was this morning, before church, with the Secretary, about Lord

Abercorn's business, and some others. My soliciting season is come, and

will last as long as the session. I went late to Court, and the company

was almost gone. The Court serves me for a coffee-house; once a week I

meet acquaintance there, that I should not otherwise see in a quarter.

There is a flying report that the French have offered a cessation of

arms, and to give us Dunkirk, and the Dutch Namur, for security,

till the peace is made. The Duke of Ormond, they say, goes in a week.

Abundance of his equipage is already gone. His(2) friends are afraid

the expense of this employment will ruin him, since he must lose the

government of Ireland. I dined privately with a friend, and refused all

dinners offered me at Court; which, however, were but two, and I did not

like either. Did I tell you of a scoundrel about the Court that sells

employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He

lately made a bargain for the Vice-Chamberlain's place, for seven

thousand pounds, and had received some guineas earnest; but the whole

thing was discovered t'other day, and examination taken of it by Lord

Dartmouth, and I hope he will be swinged. The Vice-Chamberlain told me

several particulars of it last night at Lord Masham's. Can DD play at

ombre yet, enough to hold the cards while Ppt steps into the next room?

Nite deelest sollahs.(3)

24. This morning I recommended Newcomb again to the Duke of Ormond, and

left Dick Stewart(4) to do it further. Then I went to visit the Duchess

of Hamilton, who was not awake. So I went to the Duchess of Shrewsbury,

and sat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the Duke's being

Lord Lieutenant. She said she knew nothing of it; but I rallied her

out of that, and she resolves not to stay behind the Duke. I intend to

recommend the Bishop of Clogher to her for an acquaintance. He will

like her very well: she is, indeed, a most agreeable woman, and a great

favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in Ireland will like

her. I was at the Court of Requests, to get some lords to be at a

committee to-morrow, about a friend's Bill: and then the Duke of

Beaufort gave me a poem, finely bound in folio, printed at Stamford, and

writ by a country squire. Lord Exeter(5) desired the Duke to give it the

Queen, because the author is his friend; but the Duke desired I would

let him know whether it was good for anything. I brought it home, and

will return it to-morrow, as the dullest thing I ever read; and advise

the Duke not to present it. I dined with Domville at his lodgings, by

invitation; for he goes in a few days for Ireland. Nite dee MD.

25. There is a mighty feast at a Tory sheriff's to-day in the City:

twelve hundred dishes of meat.--Above five lords, and several hundred

gentlemen, will be there, and give four or five guineas apiece,

according to custom. Dr. Coghill and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs.

Van's. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are

two new answers come out to the Conduct of the Allies. The last year's

Examiners, printed together in a small volume, go off but slowly. The

printer over-printed himself by at least a thousand; so soon out of

fashion are party papers, however so well writ. The Medleys are coming

out in the same volume, and perhaps may sell better. Our news about a

cessation of arms begins to flag, and I have not these three days seen

anybody in business to ask them about it. We had a terrible fire last

night in Drury Lane, or thereabouts, and three or four people destroyed.

One of the maids of honour has the smallpox; but the best is, she can

lose no beauty; and we have one new handsome maid of honour. Nite MD.

26. I forgot to tell you that on Sunday last, about seven at night,

it lightened above fifty times as I walked the Mall, which I think is

extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very

hot. Had you anything of this in Dublin? I intended to dine with Lord

Treasurer to-day; but Lord Mansel and Mr. Lewis made me dine with them

at Kit Musgrave's.(6) I sat the evening with Mrs. Wesley, who goes

to-morrow morning to the Bath. She is much better than she was. The news

of the French desiring a cessation of arms, etc., was but town talk. We

shall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace

or not. The Duke of Ormond will go in a week for Flanders, they say.

Our Mohocks go on still, and cut people's faces every night; fais, they

shan't cut mine, I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at

least a crown a week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of

cattle have got into them, and now they don't distinguish between a cow

and a Christian. I forgot to wish you yesterday a happy New Year. You

know the twenty-fifth of March is the first day of the year, and now you

must leave off cards, and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the first

of April, cold or not cold. I believe I shall lose credit with you by

not coming over at the beginning of April; but I hoped the session

would be ended, and I must stay till then; yet I would fain be at the

beginning of my willows growing. Perceval tells me that the quicksets

upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those famous ones

on the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry-trees, by the

river-side, my heart is set upon. Nite MD.

27. Society day. You know that, I suppose. Dr. Arthburnett(7) was

President. His dinner was dressed in the Queen's kitchen, and was mighty

fine. We ate it at Ozinda's Chocolate-house,(8) just by St. James's.

We were never merrier, nor better company, and did not part till after

eleven. I did not summon Lord Lansdowne: he and I are fallen out. There

was something in an Examiner a fortnight ago that he thought reflected

on the abuses in his office (he is Secretary at War), and he writ to the

Secretary that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. This I resented

highly, that he should complain of me before he spoke to me. I sent him

a peppering letter, and would not summon him by a note, as I did the

rest; nor ever will have anything to say to him, till he begs my pardon.

I met Lord Treasurer to-day at Lady Masham's. He would fain have carried

me home to dinner, but I begged his pardon. What! upon a Society day!

No, no. 'Tis rate, sollahs. I an't dlunk. Nite MD.

28. I was with my friend Lewis to-day, getting materials for a little

mischief; and I dined with Lord Treasurer, and three or four fellows

I never saw before. I left them at seven, and came home, and have been

writing to the Archbishop of Dublin, and cousin Deane,(9) in answer to

one of his of four months old, that I spied by chance, routing among

my papers. I have a pain these two days exactly upon the top of my left

shoulder. I fear it is something rheumatic; it winches(10) now and then.

Shall I put flannel to it? Domville is going to Ireland; he came here

this morning to take leave of me, but I shall dine with him to-morrow.

Does the Bishop of Clogher talk of coming for England this summer? I

think Lord Molesworth told me so about two months ago. The weather

is bad again; rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the

longitude is? A projector(11) has been applying himself to me, to

recommend him to the Ministry, because he pretends to have found out the

longitude. I believe he has no more found it out than he has found out

mine...(12) However, I will gravely hear what he says, and discover him

a knave or fool. Nite MD.

29. I am plagued with these pains in my shoulder; I believe it is

rheumatic; I will do something for it to-night. Mr. Lewis and I dined

with Mr. Domville, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four

glasses of champagne by perfect teasing, though it is bad for my pain;

but if it continue, I will not drink any wine without water till I am

well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I am got into bed, and

have put some old flannel, for want of new, to my shoulder, and rubbed

it with Hungary water.(13) It is plaguy hard. I never would drink any

wine, if it were not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I

will try abstemiousness for a while. How does MD do now; how does DD and

Ppt? You must know I hate pain, as the old woman said. But I'll try to

go seep. My flesh sucks up Hungary water rarely. My man is an awkward

rascal, and makes me peevish. Do you know that t'other day he was forced

to beg my pardon, that he could not shave my head, his hand shook so? He

is drunk every day, and I design to turn him off soon as ever I get to

Ireland. I'll write no more now, but go to sleep, and see whether sleep

and flannel will cure my shoulder. Nite deelest MD.

30. I was not able to go to church or Court to-day for my shoulder.

The pain has left my shoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. It

makes me think of poo Ppt's bladebone. Urge, urge, urge; dogs gnawing. I

went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs. Van, where I could be easy,

and came back at seven. My Hungary water is gone; and to-night I use

spirits of wine, which my landlady tells me is very good. It has rained

terribly all day long, and is extremely cold. I am very uneasy, and such

cruel twinges every moment! Nite deelest MD.

31. April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All these days I have been extremely

ill, though I twice crawled out a week ago; but am now recovering,

though very weak. The violence of my pain abated the night before last:

I will just tell you how I was, and then send away this letter, which

ought to have gone Saturday last. The pain increased with mighty

violence in my left shoulder and collar-bone, and that side my neck. On

Thursday morning appeared great red spots in all those places where my

pain was, and the violence of the pain was confined to my neck behind, a

little on the left side; which was so violent that I had not a minute's

ease, nor hardly a minute's sleep in three days and nights. The spots

increased every day, and bred little pimples, which are now grown white,

and full of corruption, though small. The red still continues too, and

most prodigious hot and inflamed. The disease is the shingles. I eat

nothing but water-gruel; am very weak; but out of all violent pain. The

doctors say it would have ended in some violent disease if it had not

come out thus. I shall now recover fast. I have been in no danger

of life, but miserable torture. I must not write too much. So adieu,

deelest MD MD MD FW FW, ME ME ME, Lele. I can say lele yet, oo see.

Fais, I don't conceal a bit, as hope saved.(14)

I(15) must purge and clyster after this; and my next letter will not

be in the old order of journal, till I have done with physic. An't oo

surprised to see a letter want half a side?

LETTER 45.(1)

LONDON, April 24, 1712.

I had your twenty-eighth two or three days ago. I can hardly answer it

now. Since my last I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day just a month

since I felt a small pain on the tip of my left shoulder, which grew

worse, and spread for six days; then broke all out by my collar and left

side of my neck in monstrous red spots inflamed, and these grew to small

pimples. For four days I had no rest, nor nights, for a pain in my neck;

then I grew a little better; afterward, where my pains were, a cruel

itching seized me, beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake

several nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not scratch it: then it

grew into three or four great sores like blisters, and run; at last I

advised the doctor to use it like a blister, so I did with melilot(2)

plasters, which still run: and am now in pain enough, but am daily

mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two, but

then confined myself again. Two days ago I went to a neighbour to dine,

but yesterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad a little,

and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never suffered so much in

my life. I have taken my breeches in above two inches, so I am leaner,

which answers one question in your letter. The weather is mighty fine.

I write in the morning, because I am better then. I will go and try

to walk a little. I will give DD's certificate to Tooke to-morrow.

Farewell, MD MD MD, ME ME, FW FW ME ME.

LETTER 46.(1)

LONDON, May 10, 1712.

I have not yet ease or humour enough to go on in my journal method,

though I have left my chamber these ten days. My pain continues still

in my shoulder and collar: I keep flannel on it, and rub it with brandy,

and take a nasty diet drink. I still itch terribly, and have some few

pimples; I am weak, and sweat; and then the flannel makes me mad with

itching; but I think my pain lessens. A journal, while I was sick,

would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and physic, visits, and

messages; the two last were almost as troublesome as the two first. One

good circumstance is that I am grown much leaner. I believe I told you

that I have taken in my breeches two inches. I had your N.29 last night.

In answer to your good opinion of my disease, the doctors said they

never saw anything so odd of the kind; they were not properly shingles,

but herpes miliaris, and twenty other hard names. I can never be sick

like other people, but always something out of the common way; and as

for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came, nor

stayed, nor went without pain, and the most pain I ever bore in my life.

Medemeris(2) is retired in the country, with the beast her husband, long

ago. I thank the Bishop of Clogher for his proxy; I will write to him

soon. Here is Dilly's wife in town; but I have not seen her yet. No,

sinkerton:(3) 'tis not a sign of health, but a sign that, if it had not

come out, some terrible fit of sickness would have followed. I was at

our Society last Thursday, to receive a new member, the Chancellor of

the Exchequer;(4) but I drink nothing above wine and water. We shall

have a peace, I hope, soon, or at least entirely broke; but I believe

the first. My Letter to Lord Treasurer, about the English tongue,(5) is

now printing; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which

I never did before in my life. The Appendix to the Third Part of John

Bull(6) was published yesterday; it is equal to the rest. I hope you

read John Bull. It was a Scotch gentleman,(7) a friend of mine, that

writ it; but they put it upon me. The Parliament will hardly be up

till June. We were like to be undone some days ago with a tack; but we

carried it bravely, and the Whigs came in to help us. Poor Lady Masham,

I am afraid, will lose her only son, about a twelvemonth old, with the

king's evil. I never would let Mrs. Fenton see me during my illness,

though she often came; but she has been once here since I recovered.

Bernage has been twice to see me of late. His regiment will be broke,

and he only upon half-pay; so perhaps he thinks he will want me again.

I am told here the Bishop of Clogher and family are coming over, but he

says nothing of it himself. I have been returning the visits of those

that sent howdees(8) in my sickness; particularly the Duchess of

Hamilton, who came and sat with me two hours. I make bargains with all

people that I dine with, to let me scrub my back against a chair; and

the Duchess of Ormond(9) was forced to bear it the other day. Many of

my friends are gone to Kensington, where the Queen has been removed for

some time. This is a long letter for a kick(10) body. I will begin the

next in the journal way, though my journals will be sorry ones. My left

hand is very weak, and trembles; but my right side has not been touched.

This is a pitiful letter

For want of a better;

But plagued with a tetter,

My fancy does fetter.

Ah! my poor willows and quicksets! Well, but you must read John Bull.

Do you understand it all? Did I tell you that young Parson Gery(11) is

going to be married, and asked my advice when it was too late to break

off? He tells me Elwick has purchased forty pounds a year in land

adjoining to his living. Ppt does not say one word of her own little

health. I am angry almost; but I won't, 'cause see im a dood dallar in

odle sings;(12) iss, and so im DD too. God bless MD, and FW, and ME, ay

and Pdfr too. Farewell, MD, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW. ME, ME Lele. I can say

lele it, ung oomens, iss I tan, well as oo.

LETTER 47.(1)

LONDON, May 31, 1712.

I cannot yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing still,

though with less violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am

in pain; and above all, not journals to MD. But, however, I am so much

mended, that I intend my next shall be in the old way; and yet I shall,

perhaps, break my resolution when I feel pain. I believe I have lost

credit with you, in relation to my coming over; but I protest it is

impossible for one who has anything to do with this Ministry to be

certain when he fixes any time. There is a business which, till it take

some turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And

I never wished so much as now that I had stayed in Ireland; but the

die is cast, and is now a spinning, and till it settles, I cannot tell

whether it be an ace or a sise.(2) I am confident by what you know

yourselves, that you will justify me in all this. The moment I am used

ill, I will leave them; but know not how to do it while things are in

suspense. The session will soon be over (I believe in a fortnight), and

the peace, we hope, will be made in a short time; and there will be

no further occasion for me; nor have I anything to trust to but Court

gratitude, so that I expect to see my willows(3) a month after the

Parliament is up: but I will take MD in my way, and not go to Laracor

like an unmannerly spraenekich ferrow.(4) Have you seen my Letter to

Lord Treasurer? There are two answers come out to it already;(5) though

it is no politics, but a harmless proposal about the improvement of

the English Tongue. I believe if I writ an essay upon a straw some

fool would answer it. About ten days hence I expect a letter from MD;

N.30.--You are now writing it, near the end, as I guess.--I have not

received DD's money; but I will give you a note for it on Parvisol, and

bed oo paadon(6) I have not done it before. I am just now thinking to go

lodge at Kensington for the air. Lady Masham has teased me to do it, but

business has hindered me; but now Lord Treasurer has removed thither.

Fifteen of our Society dined together under a canopy in an arbour

at Parson's Green(7) last Thursday: I never saw anything so fine and

romantic. We got a great victory last Wednesday in the House of Lords

by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the Whigs had desired their

friends to bespeak places to see Lord Treasurer carried to the Tower.(8)

I met your Higgins(9) here yesterday: he roars at the insolence of

the Whigs in Ireland, talks much of his own sufferings and expenses in

asserting the cause of the Church; and I find he would fain plead merit

enough to desire that his fortune should be mended. I believe he designs

to make as much noise as he can in order to preferment. Pray let the

Provost, when he sees you, give you ten English shillings, and I will

give as much here to the man who delivered me Rymer's books:(10) he

knows the meaning. Tell him I will not trust him, but that you can order

it to be paid me here; and I will trust you till I see you. Have I told

you that the rogue Patrick has left me these two months, to my great

satisfaction? I have got another, who seems to be much better, if he

continues it. I am printing a threepenny pamphlet,(11) and shall print

another in a fortnight, and then I have done, unless some new occasion

starts. Is my curate Warburton married to Mrs. Melthrop in my parish? so

I hear. Or is it a lie? Has Raymond got to his new house? Do you see

Joe now and then? What luck have you at ombre? How stands it with the

Dean?...(12) My service to Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine, if she be come

from Wales. I have not yet seen Dilly Ashe's wife. I called once, but

she was not at home: I think she is under the doctor's hand....(13) I

believe the news of the Duke of Ormond producing letters in the council

of war, with orders not to fight, will surprise you in Ireland. Lord

Treasurer said in the House of Lords that in a few days the treaty of

peace should be laid before them; and our Court thought it wrong to

hazard a battle, and sacrifice many lives in such a juncture. If the

peace holds, all will do well, otherwise I know not how we shall weather

it. And it was reckoned as a wrong step in politics for Lord Treasurer

to open himself so much. The Secretary would not go so far to satisfy

the Whigs in the House of Commons; but there all went swimmingly. I'll

say no more to oo to-nite, sellohs, because I must send away the letter,

not by the bell,(14) but early: and besides, I have not much more to say

at zis plesent liting.(15) Does MD never read at all now, pee?(16) But

oo walk plodigiousry, I suppose; oo make nothing of walking to, to,

to, ay, to Donnybrook. I walk too as much as I can, because sweating is

good; but I'll walk more if I go to Kensington. I suppose I shall have

no apples this year neither, for I dined t'other day with Lord Rivers,

who is sick at his country-house, and he showed me all his cherries

blasted. Nite deelest sollahs; farewell deelest rives; rove poo poo

Pdfr. Farewell deelest richar MD, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW, FW, FW, ME, ME,

Lele, ME, Lele, Lele, richar MD.

LETTER 48.(1)

KENSINGTON, June 17, 1712.

I have been so tosticated about since my last, that I could not go on in

my journal manner, though my shoulder is a great deal better; however, I

feel constant pain in it, but I think it diminishes, and I have cut off

some slices from my flannel. I have lodged here near a fortnight, partly

for the air and exercise, partly to be near the Court, where dinners

are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the

evening I walk back. On Saturday I dined with the Duchess of Ormond at

her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat back as usual. I walked

by the bank to Cue (Kew), but no boat, then to Mortlake, but no boat,

and it was nine o'clock. At last a little sculler called, full of nasty

people. I made him set me down at Hammersmith, so walked two miles

to this place, and got here by eleven. Last night I had another such

difficulty. I was in the City till past ten at night; it rained hard,

but no coach to be had. It gave over a little, and I walked all the way

here, and got home by twelve. I love these shabby difficulties when they

are over; but I hate them, because they arise from not having a thousand

pound a year. I had your N.30 about three days ago, which I will now

answer. And first, I did not relapse, but found(2) I came out before I

ought; and so, and so, as I have told you in some of my last. The first

coming abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more

messages afterwards. Well, but John Bull is not writ by the person you

imagine, as hope!(3) It is too good for another to own. Had it been Grub

Street, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's

right: is not it now? so flap ee hand, and make wry mouth oo-self, sauci

doxi. Now comes DD. Why sollah, I did write in a fortnight my 47th;

and if it did not come in due time, can I help wind and weather? am I a

Laplander? am I a witch? can I work miracles? can I make easterly winds?

Now I am against Dr. Smith. I drink little water with my wine, yet I

believe he is right. Yet Dr. Cockburn told me a little wine would not

hurt me; but it is so hot and dry, and water is so dangerous. The worst

thing here is my evenings at Lord Masham's, where Lord Treasurer comes,

and we sit till after twelve. But it is convenient I should be among

them for a while as much as possible. I need not tell oo why. But I hope

that will be at an end in a month or two, one way or other, and I am

resolved it shall. But I can't go to Tunbridge, or anywhere else out of

the way, in this juncture. So Ppt designs for Templeoag (what a name

is that!). Whereabouts is that place? I hope not very far from Dublin.

Higgins is here, roaring that all is wrong in Ireland, and would have

me get him an audience of Lord Treasurer to tell him so; but I will have

nothing to do in it, no, not I, faith. We have had no thunder till last

night, and till then we were dead for want of rain; but there fell a

great deal: no field looked green. I reckon the Queen will go to Windsor

in three or four weeks: and if the Secretary takes a house there, I

shall be sometimes with him. But how affectedly Ppt talks of my being

here all the summer; which I do not intend: nor to stay one minute

longer in England than becomes the circumstances I am in. I wish you

would go soon into the country, and take a good deal of it; and where

better than Trim? Joe will be your humble servant, Parvisol your slave,

and Raymond at your command, for he piques himself on good manners. I

have seen Dilly's wife--and I have seen once or twice old Bradley(4)

here. He is very well, very old, and very wise: I believe I must go see

his wife, when I have leisure. I should be glad to see Goody Stoyte and

her husband; pray give them my humble service, and to Catherine, and to

Mrs. Walls--I am not the least bit in love with Mrs. Walls--I suppose

the cares of the husband increase with the fruitfulness of the wife. I

am grad at halt(5) to hear of Ppt's good health: pray let her finish it

by drinking waters. I hope DD had her bill, and has her money. Remember

to write a due time before ME money is wanted, and be good galls,

dood dallars, I mean, and no crying dallars. I heard somebody coming

upstairs, and forgot I was in the country; and I was afraid of a

visitor: that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teased with

solicitors. Molt, the chemist, is my acquaintance. My service to Dr.

Smith. I sent the question to him about Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial,

and the answer he returned is in these words: "It is directly after Mr.

Boyle's receipt." That commission is performed; if he wants any of it,

Molt shall use him fairly. I suppose Smith is one of your physicians.

So, now your letter is fully and impartially answered; not as rascals

answer me: I believe, if I writ an essay upon a straw, I should have a

shoal of answerers: but no matter for that; you see I can answer without

making any reflections, as becomes men of learning. Well, but now for

the peace: why, we expect it daily; but the French have the staff

in their own hands, and we trust to their honesty. I wish it were

otherwise. Things are now in the way of being soon in the extremes of

well or ill. I hope and believe the first. Lord Wharton is gone out of

town in a rage, and curses himself and friends for ruining themselves

in defending Lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into

their favour. He swears he will meddle no more during this reign; a

pretty speech at sixty-six, and the Queen is near twenty years younger,

and now in very good health; for you must know her health is fixed by

a certain reason, that she has done with braces (I must use the

expression), and nothing ill is happened to her since; so she has a new

lease of her life. Read the Letter to a Whig Lord.(6) Do you ever read?

Why don't you say so? I mean does DD read to Ppt? Do you walk? I think

Ppt should walk to(7) DD; as DD reads to Ppt, for Ppt oo must know is a

good walker; but not so good as Pdfr. I intend to dine to-day with Mr.

Lewis, but it threatens rain; and I shall be too late to get a lift; and

I must write to the Bishop of Clogher. 'Tis now ten in the morning; and

this is all writ at a heat. Farewell deelest... deelest MD, MD, MD, MD,

MD, FW, FW, FW, ME, ME, ME, Lele, ME, Lele, ME, Lele, ME, Lele, Lele,

Lele, ME.

LETTER 49.(1)

KENSINGTON, July 1, 1712.

I never was in a worse station for writing letters than this, especially

for writing to MD, since I left off my journals. For I go to town early;

and when I come home at night, I generally go to Lord Masham, where Lord

Treasurer comes, and we stay till past twelve. But I am now resolved

to write journals again, though my shoulder is not yet well; for I have

still a few itching pimples, and a little pain now and then. It is now

high cherry-time with us; take notice, is it so soon with you? And we

have early apricots, and gooseberries are ripe. On Sunday Archdeacon

Parnell came here to see me. It seems he has been ill for grief of his

wife's death,(2) and has been two months at the Bath. He has a mind

to go to Dunkirk with Jack Hill,(3) and I persuade him to it, and have

spoke to Hill to receive him; but I doubt he won't have spirit to go. I

have made Ford(4) Gazetteer, and got two hundred pounds a year settled

on the employment by the Secretary of State, beside the perquisites.

It is the prettiest employment in England of its bigness; yet the puppy

does not seem satisfied with it. I think people keep some follies to

themselves, till they have occasion to produce them. He thinks it not

genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. 'Tis impossible to make

any man easy. His salary is paid him every week, if he pleases, without

taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office,

with coals, candles, papers, etc.; can frank what letters he will; and

his perquisites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more.

I hear the Bishop of Clogher is landing, or landed, in England; and I

hope to see him in a few days. I was to see Mrs. Bradley(5) on Sunday

night. Her youngest son is married to somebody worth nothing, and her

daughter was forced to leave Lady Giffard, because she was striking up

an intrigue with a footman, who played well upon the flute. This is the

mother's account of it. Yesterday the old Bishop of Worcester,(6) who

pretends to be a prophet, went to the Queen, by appointment, to prove

to Her Majesty, out of Daniel and the Revelations, that four years hence

there would be a war of religion; that the King of France would be

a Protestant, and fight on their side; that the Popedom would be

destroyed, etc.; and declared that he would be content to give up his

bishopric if it were not true. Lord Treasurer, who told it me, was by,

and some others; and I am told Lord Treasurer confounded him sadly in

his own learning, which made the old fool very quarrelsome. He is near

ninety years old. Old Bradley is fat and lusty, and has lost his palsy.

Have you seen Toland's Invitation to Dismal?(7) How do you like it? But

it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you don't understand Horace.

Here has been a great sweep of employments, and we expect still more

removals. The Court seems resolved to make thorough work. Mr. Hill

intended to set out to-morrow for Dunkirk, of which he is appointed

Governor; but he tells me to-day that he cannot go till Thursday or

Friday. I wish it were over. Mr. Secretary tells me he is (in) no fear

at all that France will play tricks with us. If we have Dunkirk once,

all is safe. We rail now all against the Dutch, who, indeed, have acted

like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr. Secretary is soon to be made a

viscount. He desired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but

I excused myself from a work that might lose me a great deal of

reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the Court make

him an earl, but it would not be; and therefore he will not take the

title of Bullenbrook,(8) which is lately extinct in the elder branch of

his family. I have advised him to be called Lord Pomfret; but he thinks

that title is already in some other family;(9) and, besides, he objects

that it is in Yorkshire, where he has no estate; but there is nothing in

that, and I love Pomfret. Don't you love Pomfret? Why? 'Tis in all our

histories; they are full of Pomfret Castle. But what's all this to you?

You don't care for this. Is Goody Stoyte come to London? I have not

heard of her yet. The Dean of St. Patrick's never had the manners to

answer my letter. I was t'other day to see Sterne(10) and his wife.

She is not half so handsome as when I saw her with you at Dublin. They

design to pass the summer at a house near Lord Somers's, about a dozen

miles off. You never told me how my "Letter to Lord Treasurer" passes in

Ireland. I suppose you are drinking at this time Temple-something's(11)

waters. Steele was arrested the other day for making a lottery directly

against an Act of Parliament. He is now under prosecution; but they

think it will be dropped out of pity.(12) I believe he will very soon

lose his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his

Spectators; and I will never offer a word in his behalf. Raymond writes

me word that the Bishop of Meath(13) was going to summon me, in order

to suspension, for absence, if the Provost had not prevented him. I am

prettily rewarded for getting them their First-Fruits, with a p--. We

have had very little hot weather during the whole month of June; and for

a week past we have had a great deal of rain, though not every day. I am

just now told that the Governor of Dunkirk has not orders yet to deliver

up the town to Jack Hill and his forces, but expects them daily. This

must put off Hill's journey a while, and I don't like these stoppings in

such an affair. Go, get oo gone, and drink oo waters, if this rain has

not spoiled them, sauci doxi. I have no more to say to oo at plesent;

but rove Pdfr, and MD, and ME. And Podefr will rove Pdfr, and MD and

ME. I wish you had taken any account when I sent money to Mrs. Brent.

I believe I han't done it a great while. And pray send me notice when

ME... to have it when it is due.(14) Farewell, dearest MD FW FW FW ME ME

ME.

LETTER 50.(1)

KENSINGTON, July 17, 1712.

I am weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it soon. The Queen

goes on Tuesday to Windsor, and I shall follow in three or four days

after. I can do nothing here, going early to London, and coming late

from it, and supping at Lady Masham's. I dined to-day with the Duke of

Argyle at Cue (Kew), and would not go to the Court to-night, because of

writing to MD. The Bishop of Clogher has been here this fortnight: I see

him as often as I can. Poor Master Ashe has a sad redness in his face;

it is St. Anthony's fire; his face all swelled, and will break in his

cheek, but no danger. Since Dunkirk has been in our hands, Grub Street

has been very fruitful. Pdfr has writ five or six Grub Street papers

this last week. Have you seen Toland's Invitation to Dismal, or Hue and

Cry after Dismal, or Ballad on Dunkirk, or Argument that Dunkirk is not

in our Hands? Poh! you have seen nothing. I am dead here with the hot

weather; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good:

but my shoulder is not yet right; itchings, and scratchings, and small

achings. Did I tell you I had made Ford Gazetteer, with two hundred

pounds a year salary, beside perquisites? I had a letter lately from

Parvisol, who says my canal looks very finely; I long to see it; but

no apples; all blasted again. He tells me there will be a triennial

visitation in August. I must send Raymond another proxy. So now I will

answer oo rettle N.33,(2) dated June 17. Ppt writes as well as ever, for

all her waters. I wish I had never come here, as often and as heartily

as Ppt. What had I to do here? I have heard of the Bishop's making me

uneasy, but I did not think it was because I never writ to him. A little

would make me write to him, but I don't know what to say. I find I am

obliged to the Provost for keeping the Bishop(3) from being impertinent.

Yes, Maram DD, but oo would not be content with letters flom Pdfr of six

lines, or twelve either, fais. I hope Ppt will have done with the waters

soon, and find benefit by them. I believe, if they were as far off

as Wexford, they would do as much good; for I take the journey to

contribute as much as anything. I can assure you the Bishop of Clogher's

being here does not in the least affect my staying or going. I never

talked to Higgins but once in my life in the street, and I believe he

and I shall hardly meet but by chance. What care I whether my Letter to

Lord Treasurer be commended there or no? Why does not somebody among

you answer it, as three or four have done here? (I am now sitting with

nothing but my nightgown, for heat.) Ppt shall have a great Bible. I

have put it down in my memlandums(4) just now. And DD shall be repaid

her t'other book; but patience, all in good time: you are so hasty,

a dog would, etc. So Ppt has neither won nor lost. Why, mun, I play

sometimes too at picket, that is picquet, I mean; but very seldom.--Out

late? why, 'tis only at Lady Masham's, and that is in our town; but I

never come late here from London, except once in rain, when I could

not get a coach. We have had very little thunder here; none these

two months. Why, pray, madam philosopher, how did the rain hinder the

thunder from doing any harm? I suppose it ssquenched it. So here comes

Ppt aden(5) with her little watery postscript. O Rold, dlunken srut!(6)

drink Pdfr's health ten times in a morning! you are a whetter, fais;

I sup MD's fifteen times evly molning in milk porridge. Lele's fol oo

now--and lele's fol oo rettle, and evly kind of sing(7)--and now I

must say something else. You hear Secretary St. John is made Viscount

Bullinbrook.(8) I can hardly persuade him to take that title, because

the eldest branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was last

year extinct. If he did not take it, I advised him to be Lord Pomfret,

which I think is a noble title. You hear of it often in the Chronicles,

Pomfret Castle: but we believed it was among the titles of some other

lord. Jack Hill sent his sister a pattern of a head-dress from Dunkirk;

it was like our fashion twenty years ago, only not quite so high, and

looked very ugly. I have made Trapp(9) chaplain to Lord Bullinbroke, and

he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr. Addison returned me my

visit this morning. He lives in our town. I shall be mighty retired, and

mighty busy for a while at Windsor. Pray why don't MD go to Trim, and

see Laracor, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and

the holly and the cherry-trees on the river-walk?

19. I could not send this letter last post, being called away before I

could fold or finish it. I dined yesterday with Lord Treasurer; sat with

him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for some business I

had with him. He brought me to Kensington, and Lord Bulingbrook would

not let me go away till two; and I am now in bed, very lazy and sleepy

at nine. I must shave head and face, and meet Lord Bullinbrook at

eleven, and dine again with Lord Treasurer. To-day there will be another

Grub,(10) A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord. Grub Street has

but ten days to live; then an Act of Parliament takes place that ruins

it, by taxing every half-sheet at a halfpenny. We have news just come,

but not the particulars, that the Earl of Albemarle,(11) at the head of

eight thousand Dutch, is beaten, lost the greatest part of his men, and

himself a prisoner. This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them

think of a peace. The Duke of Ormond has got abundance of credit by his

good conduct of affairs in Flanders. We had a good deal of rain last

night, very refreshing. 'Tis late, and I must rise. Don't play at ombre

in your waters, sollah. Farewell, deelest MD, MD MD MD FW FW ME ME ME

Lele Lele Lele.

LETTER 51.(1)

LONDON, Aug. 7, 1712.

I had your N.32 at Windsor: I just read it, and immediately sealed it up

again, and shall read it no more this twelvemonth at least. The reason

of my resentment at it is, because you talk as glibly of a thing as if

it were done, which, for aught I know, is farther from being done than

ever, since I hear not a word of it, though the town is full of it, and

the Court always giving me joy and vexation. You might be sure I would

have let you know as soon as it was done; but I believe you fancied I

would affect not to tell it you, but let you learn it from newspapers

and reports. I remember only there was something in your letter about

ME's money, and that shall be taken care of on the other side. I left

Windsor on Monday last, upon Lord Bolingbroke's being gone to France,

and somebody's being here that I ought often to consult with in an

affair I am upon: but that person talks of returning to Windsor again,

and I believe I shall follow him. I am now in a hedge-lodging very busy,

as I am every day till noon: so that this letter is like to be short,

and you are not to blame me these two months; for I protest, if I study

ever so hard, I cannot in that time compass what I am upon. We have

a fever both here and at Windsor, which hardly anybody misses; but it

lasts not above three or four days, and kills nobody.(2) The Queen has

forty servants down of it at once. I dined yesterday with Treasurer, but

could do no business, though he sent for me, I thought, on purpose;

but he desires I will dine with him again to-day. Windsor is a most

delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings there

look upon Eton and the Thames. I wish I was owner of them; they belong

to a prebend. God knows what was in your letter; and if it be not

answered, whose fault is it, sauci dallars?--Do you know that Grub

Street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for

love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published

at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's:

but now every single half-sheet pays a halfpenny to the Queen.(3) The

Observator is fallen; the Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying

Post; the Examiner is deadly sick; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles

its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red

stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks it is worth a halfpenny,

the stamping it. Lord Bolingbroke and Prior set out for France last

Saturday. My lord's business is to hasten the peace before the Dutch

are too much mauled, and hinder France from carrying the jest of beating

them too far. Have you seen the Fourth Part of John Bull?(4) It is equal

to the rest, and extremely good. The Bishop of Clogher's son has been

ill of St. Anthony's fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face

would be spoiled, but it is not. Dilly is just as he used to be, and

puns as plentifully and as bad. The two brothers see one another; but I

think not the two sisters. Raymond writ to me that he intended to invite

you to Trim. Are you, have you, will you be there? Won't oo see pool

Laratol?(5) Parvisol says I shall have no fruit. Blasts have taken away

all. Pray observe the cherry-trees on the river-walk; but oo are too

lazy to take such a journey. If you have not your letters in due time

for two months hence, impute it to my being tosticated between this and

Windsor. And pray send me again the state of ME's money; for I will not

look into your letter for it. Poor Lord Winchelsea(6) is dead, to my

great grief. He was a worthy honest gentleman, and particular friend of

mine: and, what is yet worse, my old acquaintance, Mrs. Finch,(7) is

now Countess of Winchelsea, the title being fallen to her husband, but

without much estate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it

is now past two afternoon, so I shall take a little walk in the Park.

Do you play at ombre still? Or is that off by Mr. Stoyte's absence, and

Mrs. Manley's grief? Somebody was telling me of a strange sister that

Mrs. Manley has got in Ireland, who disappointed you all about her being

handsome. My service to Mrs. Walls. Farewell, deelest MD MD MD, FW FW

FW, ME ME ME ME ME. Lele, logues both; rove poo Pdfr.

LETTER 52.(1)

WINDSOR, Sept. 15, 1712.

I never was so long without writing to MD as now, since I left them, nor

ever will again while I am able to write. I have expected from one week

to another that something would be done in my own affairs; but nothing

at all is, nor I don't know when anything will, or whether ever at all,

so slow are people at doing favours. I have been much out of order of

late with the old giddiness in my head. I took a vomit for it two days

ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty

little fruit; yet I impute my disorder to that little, and shall

henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have

done all I can of it, and wait for some papers from the Ministry for

materials for the rest; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I

asked of them; so that I have been idle here this good while, and it

happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to study. One

is kept constantly out of humour by a thousand unaccountable things

in public proceedings; and when I reason with some friends, we cannot

conceive how affairs can last as they are. God only knows, but it is a

very melancholy subject for those who have any near concern in it. I am

again endeavouring, as I was last year, to keep people(2) from breaking

to pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings. One cannot withhold them

from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to destroy

both. See how my style is altered, by living and thinking and talking

among these people, instead of my canal and river-walk and willows. I

lose all my money here among the ladies;(3) so that I never play when I

can help it, being sure to lose. I have lost five pounds the five weeks

I have been here. I hope Ppt is luckier at picquet with the Dean and

Mrs. Walls. The Dean never answered my letter, though. I have clearly

forgot whether I sent a bill for ME in any of my last letters. I think I

did; pray let me know, and always give me timely notice. I wait here but

to see what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from

me, as hope saved, I will come over.

18. I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I shall be better. I have been

very giddy since I writ what is before, yet not as I used to be: more

frequent, but not so violent. Yesterday we were alarmed with the Queen's

being ill: she had an aguish and feverish fit; and you never saw such

countenances as we all had, such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from

town were sent for, but towards night she grew better; to-day she missed

her fit, and was up: we are not now in any fear; it will be at worst but

an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord Treasurer would not

come here from London, because it would make a noise if he came before

his usual time, which is Saturday, and he goes away on Mondays. The

Whigs have lost a great support in the Earl of Godolphin.(4) It is a

good jest to hear the Ministers talk of him now with humanity and pity,

because he is dead, and can do them no more hurt. Lady Orkney,(5) the

late King's mistress (who lives at a fine place, five miles from hence,

called Cliffden(6)), and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the

wisest woman I ever saw; and Lord Treasurer made great use of her advice

in the late change of affairs. I heard Lord Marlborough is growing ill

of his diabetes; which, if it be true, may soon carry him off; and then

the Ministry will be something more at ease. MD has been a long time

without writing to Pdfr, though they have not the same cause: it is

seven weeks since your last came to my hands, which was N.32, that you

may not be mistaken. I hope Ppt has not wanted her health. You were then

drinking waters. The doctor tells me I must go into a course of steel,

though I have not the spleen; for that they can never give me, though I

have as much provocation to it as any man alive. Bernage's(7) regiment

is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not seen him this long time;

but I suppose he is overrun with melancholy. My Lord Shrewsbury is

certainly designed to be Governor of Ireland; and I believe the Duchess

will please the people there mightily. The Irish Whig leaders promise

great things to themselves from his government; but care shall be taken,

if possible, to prevent them. Mrs. Fenton(8) has writ to me that she has

been forced to leave Lady Giffard, and come to town, for a rheumatism:

that lady does not love to be troubled with sick people. Mrs. Fenton

writes to me as one dying, and desires I would think of her son: I have

not answered her letter. She is retired(9) to Mrs. Povey's. Is my aunt

alive yet? and do you ever see her? I suppose she has forgot the loss of

her son. Is Raymond's new house quite finished? and does he squander as

he used to do? Has he yet spent all his wife's fortune? I hear there are

five or six people putting strongly in for my livings; God help them!

But if ever the Court should give me anything, I would recommend Raymond

to the Duke of Ormond; not for any particular friendship to him, but

because it would be proper for the minister of Trim to have Laracor. You

may keep the gold-studded snuff-box now; for my brother Hill, Governor

of Dunkirk, has sent me the finest that ever you saw.(10) It is allowed

at Court that none in England comes near it, though it did not cost

above twenty pounds. And the Duchess of Hamilton has made me pockets for

(it) like a woman's, with a belt and buckle (for, you know, I wear

no waistcoat in summer), and there are several divisions, and one on

purpose for my box, oh ho!--We have had most delightful weather this

whole week; but illness and vomiting have hindered me from sharing in a

great part of it. Lady Masham made the Queen send to Kensington for some

of her preserved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope

it will do me good. Mrs. Brent(11) sent me a letter by a young fellow,

a printer, desiring I would recommend him here, which you may tell her

I have done: but I cannot promise what will come of it, for it is

necessary they should be made free here(12) before they can be employed.

I remember I put the boy prentice to Brent. I hope Parvisol has set my

tithes well this year: he has writ nothing to me about it; pray talk to

him of it when you see him, and let him give me an account how things

are. I suppose the corn is now off the ground. I hope he has sold that

great ugly horse. Why don't you sell to him? He keeps me at charges

for horses that I never ride: yours is lame, and will never be good for

anything. The Queen will stay here about a month longer, I suppose; but

Lady Masham will go in ten days to lie in at Kensington. Poor creature,

she fell down in the court here t'other day. She would needs walk across

it upon some displeasure with her chairmen, and was likely to be spoiled

so near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a sore

side: though I shall not be at ease till she is brought to bed. I find I

can fill up a letter, some way or other, without a journal. If I had

not a spirit naturally cheerful, I should be very much discontented at

a thousand things. Pray God preserve MD's health, and Pdfr's, and that

I may live far from the envy and discontent that attends those who are

thought to have more favour at Courts than they really possess. Love

Pdfr, who loves MD above all things. Farewell, deelest, ten thousand

times deelest, MD MD MD, FW FW, ME ME ME ME. Lele, Lele, Lele, Lele.

LETTER 53.(1)

LONDON, Oct. 9, 1712.

I have left Windsor these ten days, and am deep in pills with

asafoetida, and a steel bitter drink; and I find my head much better

than it was. I was very much discouraged; for I used to be ill for three

or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a

day, and have taken, I believe, a hundred and fifty already. The Queen,

Lord Treasurer, Lady Masham, and I, were all ill together, but are now

all better; only Lady Masham expects every day to lie in at Kensington.

There was never such a lump of lies spread about the town together as

now. I doubt not but you will have them in Dublin before this comes to

you, and all without the least grounds of truth. I have been mightily

put backward in something I am writing by my illness, but hope to fetch

it up, so as to be ready when the Parliament meets. Lord Treasurer has

had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but is now near quite well. I was

playing at one-and-thirty with him and his family t'other night. He

gave us all twelvepence apiece to begin with: it put me in mind of Sir

William Temple.(2) I asked both him and Lady Masham seriously whether

the Queen were at all inclined to a dropsy, and they positively assured

me she was not: so did her physician Arbuthnot, who always attends her.

Yet these devils have spread that she has holes in her legs, and runs

at her navel, and I know not what. Arbuthnot has sent me from Windsor a

pretty Discourse upon Lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for

it. It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called The Art of

Political Lying, in two volumes, etc. And then there is an abstract of

the first volume, just like those pamphlets which they call The Works of

the Learned.(3) Pray get it when it comes out. The Queen has a little of

the gout in one of her hands. I believe she will stay a month still at

Windsor. Lord Treasurer showed me the kindest letter from her in the

world, by which I picked out one secret, that there will be soon

made some Knights of the Garter. You know another is fallen by Lord

Godolphin's death: he will be buried in a day or two at Westminster

Abbey. I saw Tom Leigh(4) in town once. The Bishop of Clogher has taken

his lodging for the winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town

abundance of people from Ireland; half a dozen bishops at least. The

poor old Bishop of London,(5) at past fourscore, fell down backward

going upstairs, and I think broke or cracked his skull; yet is now

recovering. The town is as empty as at midsummer; and if I had not

occasion for physic, I would be at Windsor still. Did I tell you of Lord

Rivers's will? He has left legacies to about twenty paltry old whores by

name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependent, or relation: he has

left from his only child, Lady Barrymore,(6) her mother's estate, and

given the whole to his heir-male, a popish priest, a second cousin, who

is now Earl Rivers, and whom he used in his life like a footman. After

him it goes to his chief wench and bastard. Lord Treasurer and Lord

Chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, and

detest his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the

Dutch are so wilful, because they are told the Queen cannot live. I had

poor MD's letter, N.3,(7) at Windsor: but I could not answer it

then; poor Pdfr was vely kick(8) then: and, besides, it was a very

inconvenient place to send letters from. Oo thought to come home

the same day, and stayed a month: that was a sign the place was

agreeable.(9) I should love such a sort of jaunt. Is that lad

Swanton(10) a little more fixed than he used to be? I think you like

the girl very well. She has left off her grave airs, I suppose. I am now

told Lord Godolphin was buried last night.--O poo Ppt! lay down oo head

aden, fais I...; I always reckon if oo are ill I shall hear it, and

therefore hen oo are silent I reckon all is well.(11) I believe I

'scaped the new fever(12) for the same reason that Ppt did, because I am

not well; but why should DD 'scape it, pray? She is melthigal, oo know,

and ought to have the fever; but I hope it is now too late, and she

won't have it at all. Some physicians here talk very melancholy, and

think it foreruns the plague, which is actually at Hamburg. I hoped Ppt

would have done with her illness; but I think we both have that faculty

never to part with a disorder for ever; we are very constant. I have had

my giddiness twenty-three years by fits. Will Mrs. Raymond never have

done lying-in? He intends to leave beggars enough; for I daresay he has

squandered away the best part of his fortune already, and is not out of

debt. I had a letter from him lately.

Oct. 11. Lord Treasurer sent for me yesterday and the day before to sit

with him, because he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I

could not finish my letter. How the deuce come I to be so exact in ME

money? Just seventeen shillings and eightpence more than due; I believe

you cheat me. If Hawkshaw does not pay the interest I will have the

principal; pray speak to Parvisol and have his advice what I should do

about it. Service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine and Mrs. Walls. Ppt

makes a petition with many apologies. John Danvers, you know, is Lady

Giffard's friend. The rest I never heard of. I tell you what, as things

are at present, I cannot possibly speak to Lord Treasurer for anybody.

I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own

affairs: if the former, I will be a solicitor for your sister;(13) if

the latter, I have done with Courts for ever. Opportunities will often

fall in my way, if I am used well, and I will then make it my business.

It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deserve, and

a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppt, whose affairs she has

so at heart.(14) I have taken down his name and his case (not HER case),

and whenever a proper time comes, I will do all I can; zat's enough to

say when I can do no more; and I beg oo pardon a sousand times,(15) that

I cannot do better. I hope the Dean of St. P(atrick's) is well of his

fever: he has never writ to me: I am glad of it; pray don't desire him

to write. I have dated your bill late, because it must not commence, ung

oomens, till the first of November(16) next. O, fais, I must be ise;(17)

iss, fais, must I; else ME will cheat Pdfr. Are you good housewives and

readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gamesters. Are you drinkers?

Are you-- O Rold, I must go no further, for fear of abusing fine

radies.(18) Parvisol has never sent me one word how he set this year's

tithes. Pray ask whether tithes set well or ill this year. The Bishop

of Killaloe(19) tells me wool bears a good rate in Ireland: but how is

corn? I dined yesterday with Lady Orkney, and we sat alone from two

till eleven at night.--You have heard of her, I suppose. I have twenty

letters upon my hands, and am so lazy and so busy, I cannot answer them,

and they grow upon me for several months. Have I any apples at Laracor?

It is strange every year should blast them, when I took so much care

for shelter. Lord Bolingbroke has been idle at his country-house this

fortnight, which puts me backward in a business I have. I am got into an

ordinary room two pair of stairs, and see nobody, if I can help it;

yet some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as

Patrick at denying me. Patrick has been soliciting to come to me again,

but in vain. The printer has been here with some of the new whims

printed, and has taken up my time. I am just going out, and can only bid

oo farewell. Farewell, deelest ickle MD, MD MD MD FW FW FW FW ME ME ME

ME. Lele deel ME. Lele lele lele sollahs bose.(20)

LETTER 54.(1)

LONDON, Oct. 28, 1712.

I have been in physic this month, and have been better these three

weeks. I stop my physic, by the doctor's orders, till he sends me

further directions. DD grows politician, and longs to hear the peace

is proclaimed. I hope we shall have it soon, for the Dutch are fully

humbled; and Prior is just come over from France for a few days; I

suppose upon some important affair. I saw him last night, but had no

private talk with him. Stocks rise upon his coming. As for my stay in

England, it cannot be long now, so tell my friends. The Parliament will

not meet till after Christmas, and by that time the work I am doing will

be over, and then nothing shall keep me. I am very much discontented at

Parvisol, about neglecting to sell my horses, etc.

Lady Masham is not yet brought to bed; but we expect it daily. I dined

with her to-day. Lord Bolingbroke returned about two months ago, and

Prior about a week; and goes back (Prior I mean) in a few days. Who told

you of my snuff-box and pocket? Did I? I had a letter to-day from Dr.

Coghill,(2) desiring me to get Raphoe for Dean Sterne, and the deanery

for myself. I shall indeed, I have such obligations to Sterne. But

however, if I am asked who will make a good bishop, I shall name him

before anybody. Then comes another letter, desiring I would recommend a

Provost,(3) supposing that Pratt (who has been here about a week) will

certainly be promoted; but I believe he will not. I presented Pratt to

Lord Treasurer, and truly young Molyneux(4) would have had me present

him too; but I directly answered him I would not, unless he had business

with him. He is the son of one Mr. Molyneux of Ireland. His father wrote

a book;(5) I suppose you know it. Here is the Duke of Marlborough going

out of England (Lord knows why), which causes many speculations. Some

say he is conscious of guilt, and dare not stand it. Others think he has

a mind to fling an odium on the Government, as who should say that one

who has done such great services to his country cannot live quietly in

it, by reason of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up

these people(6) together once more. God knows how long it may last.

I was to-day at a trial between Lord Lansdowne and Lord Carteret, two

friends of mine. It was in the Queen's Bench, for about six thousand a

year (or nine, I think). I sat under Lord Chief-Justice Parker, and his

pen falling down I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going

to whisper him that I HAD DONE GOOD FOR EVIL; FOR HE WOULD HAVE TAKEN

MINE FROM ME.(7) I told it Lord Treasurer and Bolingbroke. Parker would

not have known me, if several lords on the bench, and in the court,

bowing, had not turned everybody's eyes, and set them a whispering. I

owe the dog a spite, and will pay him in two months at furthest, if

I can. So much for that. But you must have chat, and I must say every

sorry thing that comes into my head. They say the Queen will stay a

month longer at Windsor. These devils of Grub Street rogues, that write

the Flying Post and Medley in one paper,(8) will not be quiet. They are

always mauling Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog

under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope

to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath.(9) They get out upon

bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes

round. They say some learned Dutchman has wrote a book, proving by

civil law that we do them wrong by this peace; but I shall show by plain

reason that we have suffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a

horse, and have hundreds of letters still to read and squeeze a line out

of each, or at least the seeds of a line. Strafford goes back to Holland

in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty

pages more to write (that is, to be extracted), which will be sixty in

print. It is the most troublesome part of all, and I cannot keep myself

private, though I stole into a room up two pair of stairs, when I came

from Windsor; but my present man has not yet learned his lesson of

denying me discreetly.

30. The Duchess of Ormond found me out to-day, and made me dine with

her. Lady Masham is still expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could

not finish my letter last post for the soul of me. Lord Bolingbroke has

had my papers these six weeks, and done nothing to them. Is Tisdall

yet in the world? I propose writing controversies, to get a name with

posterity. The Duke of Ormond will not be over these three or four

days. I desire to make him join with me in settling all right among our

people. I have ordered the Duchess to let me have an hour with the Duke

at his first coming, to give him a true state of persons and things.

I believe the Duke of Shrewsbury will hardly be declared your Governor

yet; at least, I think so now; but resolutions alter very often. The

Duke of Hamilton gave me a pound of snuff to-day, admirable good. I wish

DD had it, and Ppt too, if she likes it. It cost me a quarter of an hour

of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady Orkney(10) is making

me a writing-table of her own contrivance, and a bed nightgown. She is

perfectly kind, like a mother. I think the devil was in it the other

day, that I should talk to her of an ugly squinting cousin of hers, and

the poor lady herself, you know, squints like a dragon. The other day

we had a long discourse with her about love; and she told us a saying

of her sister Fitz-Hardinge,(11) which I thought excellent, that in men,

desire begets love, and in women, love begets desire. We have abundance

of our old criers(12) still hereabouts. I hear every morning your women

with the old satin and taffeta, etc., the fellow with old coats, suits

or cloaks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable

days in twenty. I have lost money again at ombre, with Lord Orkney

and others; yet, after all, this year I have lost but three-and-twenty

shillings; so that, considering card money, I am no loser.

Our Society hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we shall

continue to do some good this winter; and Lord Treasurer promises the

Academy for reforming our language shall soon go forward. I must now

go hunt those dry letter for materials. You will see something very

notable, I hope. So much for that. God Almighty bless you.

LETTER 55.(1)

LONDON, Nov. 15, 1712.

Before this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most

terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning, at

eight, my man brought me word that the Duke of Hamilton had fought

with Lord Mohun,(2) and killed him, and was brought home wounded.(3) I

immediately sent him to the Duke's house, in St. James's Square; but the

porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the

house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun

was killed on the spot; and while(4) the Duke was over him, Mohun,

shortening his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The

Duke was helped toward the cake-house by the Ring in Hyde Park (where

they fought), and died on the grass, before he could reach the house;

and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor Duchess(5)

was asleep. Maccartney,(6) and one Hamilton,(7) were the seconds, who

fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told that a footman of Lord

Mohun's stabbed the Duke of Hamilton; and some say Maccartney did so

too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely

concerned for the poor Duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man.

I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had(8) the

greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst

not tell it me; and those he did, said I could not be spared, which

was true. They have removed the poor Duchess to a lodging in the

neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come

away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for

real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for anybody to be a greater

loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was

inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would

not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been

tortured with the noise of the Grub Street screamers mention(ing) her

husband's murder to her ears.

I believe you have heard the story of my escape, in opening the bandbox

sent to Lord Treasurer.(9) The prints have told a thousand lies of it;

but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in the

evening;(10) only I would not suffer them to name me, having been so

often named before, and teased to death with questions. I wonder how I

came to have so much presence of mind, which is usually not my talent;

but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him; for there was a

bullet apiece. A gentleman told me that if I had been killed, the Whigs

would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of inkhorns,

with which I had done them so much mischief. There was a pure Grub

Street of it, full of lies and inconsistencies.(11) I do not like these

things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my willows.(12)

There is a devilish spirit among people, and the Ministry must exert

themselves, or sink. Nite dee sollahs, I'll go seep.(13)

16. I thought to have finished this yesterday; but was too much

disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to Lady Masham, to beg

her to write some comforting words to the poor Duchess. I dined to-(day)

with Lady Masham at Kensington, where she is expecting these two months

to lie in. She has promised me to get the Queen to write to the Duchess

kindly on this occasion; and to-morrow I will beg Lord Treasurer to

visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find

her worse: her violences not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal

and settled. She has abundance of wit and spirit; about thirty-three

years old; handsome and airy, and seldom spared anybody that gave her

the least provocation; by which she had many enemies and few friends.

Lady Orkney, her sister-in-law, is come to town on this occasion, and

has been to see her, and behaved herself with great humanity. They

have been always very ill together, and the poor Duchess could not have

patience when people told her I went often to Lady Orkney's. But I am

resolved to make them friends; for the Duchess is now no more the object

of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, Affliction.

I design to make the Ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found

proper) against that villain Maccartney. What shall we do with these

murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion;

for I cannot send it till Tuesday, and the crowner's inquest on the

Duke's body is to be to-morrow, and I shall know more. But what care oo

for all this? Iss, poo MD im sorry for poo Pdfr's(14) friends; and this

is a very surprising event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks

like journals. Nite.

17. I was to-day at noon with the Duchess of Hamilton again, after I had

been with Lady Orkney, and charged her to be kind to her sister in her

affliction. The Duchess told me Lady Orkney had been with her, and that

she did not treat her as gently as she ought. They hate one another, but

I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for the

Postboy, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as possible, and

very proper for Abel Roper,(15) the printer of it. I dined at Lord

Treasurer's at six in the evening, which is his usual hour of returning

from Windsor: he promises to visit the Duchess to-morrow, and says he

has a message to her from the Queen. Thank God. I have stayed till past

one with him. So nite deelest MD.(16)

18. The Committee of Council is to sit this afternoon upon the affair

of the Duke of Hamilton's murder, and I hope a proclamation will be out

against Maccartney. I was just now ('tis now noon) with the Duchess, to

let her know Lord Treasurer will see her. She is mightily out of order.

The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the crowner's

inquest. We suspect Maccartney stabbed the Duke while he was fighting.

The Queen and Lord Treasurer are in great concern at this event. I dine

to-day again with Lord Treasurer; but must send this to the post-office

before, because else I shall not have time; he usually keeping me so

late. Ben Tooke bid me write to DD to send her certificate, for it is

high time it should be sent, he says. Pray make Parvisol write to me,

and send me a general account of my affairs; and let him know I shall

be over in spring, and that by all means he sells the horses. Prior has

kissed the Queen's hand, and will return to France in a few days, and

Lord Strafford to Holland; and now the King of Spain has renounced his

pretensions to France, the peace must follow very soon unavoidably. You

must no more call Philip, Duke of Anjou, for we now acknowledge him

King of Spain. Dr. Pratt tells me you are all mad in Ireland with your

playhouse frolics and prologues, and I know not what. The Bishop of

Clogher and family are well: they have heard from you, or you from them,

lately, I have forgot which: I dined there t'other day, but the Bishop

came not till after dinner; and our meat and drink was very so so.

Mr. Vedeau(17) was with me yesterday, and inquired after you. He was a

lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He asked me nothing

for himself; but wanted an employment for a friend, who would give a

handsome pair of gloves. One Hales sent me up a letter t'other day,

which said you lodged in his house, and therefore desired I would get

him a civil employment. I would not be within, and have directed my

man to give him an answer, that I never open letters brought me by

the writers, etc. I was complaining to a lady that I wanted to mend an

employment from forty to sixty pounds a year, in the Salt Office, and

thought it hard I could not do it. She told me one Mr. Griffin(18)

should do it. And afterward I met Griffin at her lodgings; and he was,

as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named Filby(19) to him,

and his abode somewhere near Nantwich. He said frankly he had formerly

examined the man, and found he understood very little of his business;

but if he heard he mended, he would do what I desired. I will let it

rest a while, and then resume it; and if Ppt writes to Filby, she may

advise him to diligence, etc. I told Griffin positively I would have it

done, if the man mended. This is an account of poo Ppt's commission to

her most humble servant Pdfr. I have a world of writing to finish, and

little time; these toads of Ministers are so slow in their helps. This

makes me sometimes steal a week from the exactness I used to write to

MD. Farewell, dee logues, deelest MD MD MD,... FW FW FW ME ME ME Lele.

Smoke the folding of my letters of late.(20)

LETTER 56.(1)

LONDON, Dec. 12, 1712.

Here is now a stlange ting; a rettle flom MD unanswered: never was

before. I am slower, and MD is faster: but the last was owing to DD's

certificate. Why could it not be sent before, pay now? Is it so hard for

DD to prove she is alive? I protest solemnly I am not able to write to

MD for other business, but I will resume my journal method next time. I

find it is easier, though it contains nothing but where I dine, and the

occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks

till this business is off my hands, which must be in six, I think, at

farthest. O Ppt, I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other

people's affairs: I have enough of it now, with a wanion.(2) Two women

have been here six times apiece; I never saw them yet. The first I have

despatched with a letter; the other I must see, and tell her I can

do nothing for her: she is wife of one Connor,(3) an old college

acquaintance, and comes on a foolish errand, for some old pretensions,

that will succeed when I am Lord Treasurer. I am got (up) two pair of

stairs, in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to

discover where I am; yet every morning two or three sots are plaguing

me, and my present servant has not yet his lesson perfect of denying me.

I have written a hundred and thirty pages in folio, to be printed,

and must write thirty more, which will make a large book of four

shillings.(4) I wish I knew an opportunity of sending you some snuff.

I will watch who goes to Ireland, and do it if possible. I had a

letter from Parvisol, and find he has set my livings very low. Colonel

Hamilton, who was second to the Duke of Hamilton, is tried to-day.

I suppose he is come off, but have not heard.(5) I dined with Lord

Treasurer, but left him by nine, and visited some people. Lady Betty,(6)

his(7) daughter, will be married on Monday next (as I suppose) to the

Marquis of Caermarthen. I did not know your country place had been

Portraine, till you told me so in your last. Has Swanton taken it of

Wallis? That Wallis was a grave, wise coxcomb. God be thanked that Ppt

im better of her disoddles.(8) Pray God keep her so. The pamphlet of

Political Lying is written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of John Bull;

'tis very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood. Higgins,(9) first

chaplain to the Duke of Hamilton? Why, the Duke of Hamilton never dreamt

of a chaplain, nor I believe ever heard of Higgins. You are glorious

newsmongers in Ireland--Dean Francis,(10) Sir R. Levinge,(11) stuff

stuff: and Pratt, more stuff. We have lost our fine frost here; and Abel

Roper tells as you have had floods in Dublin; ho, brave(12) you! Oh

ho! Swanton seized Portraine, now I understand oo. Ay, ay, now I see

Portraune at the top of your letter. I never minded it before. Now

to your second, N.36. So, you read one of the Grub Streets about the

bandbox.(13) The Whig papers have abused me about the bandbox. God help

me, what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular

account of it in the Postboy, and Evening Post of that day. Lord

Treasurer has had the seal sent him that sealed the box, and directions

where to find the other pistol in a tree in St. James's Park, which Lord

Bolingbroke's messenger found accordingly; but who sent the present

is not yet known. The Duke of Hamilton avoided the quarrel as much as

possible, according to the foppish rules of honour in practice. What

signified your writing angry to Filby? I hope you said nothing of

hearing anything from me. Heigh! do oo write by sandlelight! nauti,

nauti, nauti dallar, a hundred times, fol doing so. O, fais, DD, I'll

take care of myself! The Queen is in town, and Lady Masham's month of

lying-in is within two days of being out. I was at the christening on

Monday. I could not get the child named Robin, after Lord Treasurer; it

is Samuel, after the father. My brother Ormond sent me some chocolate

to-day. I wish you had share of it: but they say 'tis good for me, and I

design to drink some in a morning. Our Society meets next Thursday, now

the Queen is in town; and Lord Treasurer assures me that the Society for

reforming the language shall soon be established. I have given away ten

shillings to-day to servants; 'tan't be help if one should cry one's

eyes out.(14) Hot a stir is here about your company and visits! Charming

company, no doubt; now I keep no company at all, nor have I any desire

to keep any. I never go to a coffee-house nor a tavern, nor have touched

a card since I left Windsor. I make few visits, nor go to levees; my

only debauching is sitting late where I dine, if I like the company.

I have almost dropped the Duchesses of Shrewsbury and Hamilton, and

several others. Lord Treasurer, the Duke of Ormond, and Lady Orkney are

all that I see very often. Oh yes, and Lady Masham and Lord Bolingbroke,

and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at Court, where I

affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance, and I love

to go there on Sundays to see the world. But, to say the truth, I am

growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of

public affairs; and if I were to stay here much longer, I am sure

I should ruin myself with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day

invited into schemes of doing this, but I cannot find any that will

probably succeed. It is impossible to save people against their own

will; and I have been too much engaged in patchwork already. Do you

understand all this stuff? No. Well zen, you are now returned to ombre

and the Dean, and Christmas; I wish oo a very merry one; and pray don't

lose oo money, nor play upon Watt Welch's game. Nite, sollahs, 'tis rate

I'll go to seep; I don't seep well, and therefore never dare to drink

coffee or tea after dinner: but I am very seepy in a molning. This is

the effect of time and years. Nite deelest MD.

18. Morn. I am so very seepy in the morning that my man wakens me

above ten times; and now I can tell oo no news of this day. (Here is a

restless dog, crying cabbages and savoys, plagues me every morning about

this time; he is now at it. I wish his largest cabbage were sticking

in his throat.) I lodge over against the house in Little Rider Street,

where DD lodged. Don't oo lememble, maram? To-night I must see the Abbe

Gaultier,(15) to get some particulars for my History. It was he who was

first employed by France in the overtures of peace, and I have not had

time this month to see him; he is but a puppy too. Lady Orkney has just

sent to invite me to dinner; she has not given me the bed-nightgown;(16)

besides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing

it this minute; but I stay till my fire is burnt up. My grate is very

large; two bushels of coals in a week: but I save it in lodgings. Lord

Abercorn is come to London, and will plague me, and I can do him no

service. The Duke of Shrewsbury goes in a day or two for France, perhaps

to-day. We shall have a peace very soon; the Dutch are almost entirely

agreed, and if they stop we shall make it without them; that has been

long resolved. One Squire Jones,(17) a scoundrel in my parish, has writ

to me to desire I would engage Joe Beaumont to give him his interest for

Parliament-man for Trim: pray tell Joe this; and if he designed to vote

for him already, then he may tell Jones that I received his letter, and

that I writ to Joe to do it. If Joe be engaged for any other, then he

may do what he will: and Parvisol may say he spoke to Joe, but Joe's

engaged, etc. I received three pair of fine thread stockings from Joe

lately. Pray thank him when you see him, and that I say they are very

fine and good. (I never looked at them yet, but that's no matter.) This

is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelvepenny

weather. I must see my brother Ormond at eleven, and then the Duchess of

Hamilton, with whom I doubt I am in disgrace, not having seen her these

ten days. I send this to-day, and must finish it now; and perhaps

some people may come and hinder me; for it im ten o'clock (but not

shaving-day), and I must be abroad at eleven. Abbe Gaultier sends me

word I can't see him to-night; pots cake him! I don't value anything but

one letter he has of Petecum's,(18) showing the roguery of the Dutch.

Did not the Conduct of the Allies make you great politicians? Fais, I

believe you are not quite so ignorant as I thought you. I am glad to

hear oo walked so much in the country. Does DD ever read to you, ung

ooman? O, fais! I shall find strange doings hen I tum ole!(19) Here is

somebody coming that I must see that wants a little place; the son of

cousin Rooke's eldest daughter, that died many years ago. He's here.

Farewell, deelest MD MD MD ME ME ME FW FW FW, Lele.

LETTER 57.(1)

LONDON, Dec. 18, 1712.

Our Society was to meet to-day; but Lord Harley, who was President

this week, could not attend, being gone to Wimbledon with his new

brother-in-law, the young Marquis of Caermarthen, who married Lady Betty

Harley on Monday last; and Lord Treasurer is at Wimbledon too. However,

half a dozen of us met, and I propose our meetings should be once a

fortnight; for, between you and me, we do no good. It cost me nineteen

shillings to-day for my Club at dinner; I don't like it, fais. We have

terrible snowy slobbery weather. Lord Abercorn is come to town, and will

see me, whether I will or no. You know he has a pretence to a dukedom

in France, which the Duke of Hamilton was soliciting for; but Abercorn

resolves to spoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part;

and I have advised the Duchess to compound with him, and have made the

Ministry of my opinion. Night, dee sollahs, MD, MD.

19. Ay mally zis is sumsing rike,(2) for Pdfr to write journals again!

'Tis as natural as mother's milk, now I am got into it. Lord Treasurer

is returned from Wimbledon ('tis not above eight miles off), and sent

for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad,

and dined with some others, with honest Ben Tooke, by invitation. The

Duchess of Ormond promised me her picture, and coming home tonight,

I found hers and the Duke's both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty

civil surprise? Yes, and they are in fine gilded frames, too. I am

writing a letter to thank her, which I will send to-morrow morning.

I'll tell her she is such a prude that she will not let so much as her

picture be alone in a room with a man, unless the Duke's be with it;

and so forth.(3) We are full of snow, and dabbling. Lady Masham has come

abroad these three days, and seen the Queen. I dined with her t'other

day at her sister Hill's. I hope she will remove in a few days to her

new lodgings at St. James's from Kensington. Nite, dee logues MD.

20. I lodge (up) two pair of stairs, have but one room, and deny myself

to everybody almost, yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are lost

with people, who will not take answers below stairs; such as Dilly, and

the Bishop, and Provost, etc. Lady Orkney invited me to dinner to-day,

which hindered me from dining with Lord Treasurer. This is his day that

his chief friends in the Ministry dine with him. However, I went there

about six, and sat with them till past nine, when they all went off; but

he kept me back, and told me the circumstances of Lady Betty's match.

The young fellow has 60,000 pounds ready money, three great houses

furnished, 7,000 pounds a year at present, and about five more after his

father and mother die. I think Lady Betty's portion is not above 8,000

pounds. I remember either Tisdall writ to me in somebody's letter,

or you did it for him, that I should mention him on occasion to Lord

Anglesea, with whom, he said, he had some little acquaintance. Lord

Anglesea was with me to-night at Lord Treasurer's; and then I asked him

about Tisdall, and described him. He said he never saw him, but that he

had sent him his book.(4) See what it is to be a puppy. Pray tell Mr.

Walls that Lord Anglesea thanked me for recommending Clements(5) to him;

that he says he is 20,000 pounds the better for knowing Clements. But

pray don't let Clements go and write a letter of thanks, and tell

my lord that he hears so and so, etc. Why, 'tis but like an Irish

understanding to do so. Sad weather; two shillings in coaches to-day,

and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over something and correct

it. So, nite.

21. Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed

for me at Lord Treasurer's, sometimes with enclosed ones to him, and

sometimes with projects, and some times with libels. I usually keep them

three or four days without opening. I was at Court to-day, as I always

am on Sundays, instead of a coffee-house, to see my acquaintance.

This day se'nnight, after I had been talking at Court with Sir William

Wyndham, the Spanish Ambassador(6) came to him and said he heard that

was Dr. Swift, and desired him to tell me that his master, and the

King of France, and the Queen, were more obliged to me than any man in

Europe; so we bowed, and shook hands, etc. I took it very well of him. I

dined with Lord Treasurer, and must again to-morrow, though I had rather

not (as DD says); but now the Queen is in town, he does not keep me so

late. I have not had time to see Fanny Manley since she came, but intend

it one of these days. Her uncle, Jack Manley,(7) I hear, cannot live

a month, which will be a great loss to her father in Ireland, for I

believe he is one of his chief supports. Our peace now will soon

be determined; for Lord Bolingbroke tells me this morning that four

provinces of Holland(8) have complied with the Queen, and we expect the

rest will do so immediately. Nite MD.

22. Lord Keeper promised me yesterday the first convenient living to

poor Mr. Gery,(9) who is married, and wants some addition to what he

has. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter some weeks ago from

Elwick,(10) who married Betty Gery. It seems the poor woman died some

time last summer. Elwick grows rich, and purchases lands. I dined with

Lord Treasurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I

gave Lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's.(11) I made Parnell insert

some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with

it, and read some parts of it to-day to Lord Treasurer, who liked it

as much. And indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar's length. Lord

Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas Day, and

I made Lord Treasurer promise to see him; and it may one day do Parnell

a kindness. You know Parnell. I believe I have told you of that poem.

Nite, deel MD.

23. This morning I presented one Diaper,(12) a poet, to Lord

Bolingbroke, with a new poem, which is a very good one; and I am to give

him a sum of money from my lord; and I have contrived to make a parson

of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and serves

a small cure in the country; but has a sword at his a--- here in town.

'Tis a poor little short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we

will make Lord Keeper give him a living. Lord Bolingbroke writ to

Lord Treasurer to excuse me to-day; so I dined with the former, and

Monteleon, the Spanish Ambassador, who made me many compliments. I

stayed till nine, and now it is past ten, and my man has locked me up,

and I have just called to mind that I shall be in disgrace with

Tom Leigh.(13) That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one

Eckershall,(14) Clerk of the Kitchen to the Queen, who was civil to him

at Windsor on my account; for I had done some service to Eckershall.

Leigh teases me to pass an evening at his lodgings with Eckershall. I

put it off several times, but was forced at last to promise I would come

to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have

called and called, but my man is gone to bed; so I will write an excuse

to-morrow. I detest that Tom Leigh, and am as formal to him as I can

when I happen to meet him in the Park. The rogue frets me, if he knew

it. He asked me why I did not wait on the Bishop of Dromore.(15) I

answered I had not the honour to be acquainted with him, and would not

presume, etc. He takes me seriously, and says the Bishop is no proud

man, etc. He tells me of a judge in Ireland that has done ill things.

I ask why he is not out? Says he, "I think the bishops, and you, and I,

and the rest of the clergy, should meet and consult about it." I beg his

pardon, and say, "I cannot be serviceable that way." He answers, "Yes,

everybody may help something."--Don't you see how curiously he contrives

to vex me; for the dog knows that with half a word I could do more than

all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of

his own heart, and not out of a humorous design of teasing. He is one

of those that would rather a service should not be done, than done by a

private man, and of his own country. You take all this, don't you? Nite

dee sollahs, I'll go seep a dozey.

24. I dined to-day with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order to

look over some of my papers; but nothing was done. I have been also

mediating between the Hamilton family and Lord Abercorn, to have them

compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord Selkirk,(16) the

late Duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to France, to

make the demands; and the Ministry are of opinion they will get some

satisfaction, and they empowered me to advise the Hamilton side to agree

with Abercorn, who asks a fourth part, and will go to France and spoil

all if they won't yield it. Nite sollahs.

25. All melly Titmasses--melly Titmasses--I said it first--I wish it a

souzand (times) zoth with halt(17) and soul.(18) I carried Parnell to

dine at Lord Bolingbroke's, and he behaved himself very well; and Lord

Bolingbroke is mightily pleased with him. I was at St. James's Chapel by

eight this morning; and church and sacrament were done by ten. The Queen

has the gout in her hand, and did not come to church today; and I stayed

so long in my chamber that I missed going to Court. Did I tell you that

the Queen designs to have a Drawing-room and company every day? Nite dee

logues.

26. I was to wish the Duke of Ormond a happy Christmas, and give half

a crown to his porter. It will cost me a dozen half-crowns among such

fellows. I dined with Lord Treasurer, who chid me for being absent

three days. Mighty kind, with a p--; less of civility, and more of his

interest! We hear Maccartney is gone over to Ireland. Was it not comical

for a gentleman to be set upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was

Maccartney? Upon which they brought him to a justice of peace, in hopes

of the reward,(19) and the rogues were sent to gaol. Was it not great

presence of mind? But maybe you heard this already; for there was a

Grub Street of it. Lord Bolingbroke told me I must walk away to-day when

dinner was done, because Lord Treasurer, and he, and another, were

to enter upon business; but I said it was as fit I should know their

business as anybody, for I was to justify (it).(20) So the rest went,

and I stayed, and it was so important, I was like to sleep over it. I

left them at nine, and it is now twelve. Nite, MD.

27. I dined to-day with General Hill, Governor of Dunkirk. Lady Masham

and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, were of the company, and there have I

been sitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play;

for I have left off loving play myself; and I think Ppt is now a great

gamester. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have

them seldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr. Addison and

Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they

both looked terrible dry and cold. A curse of party! And do you know I

have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour and mercy

of the Ministers than any other people. Steele I have kept in his

place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have

recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I could certainly

have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my

recommendation; and I set Addison so right at first that he might have

been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has; yet I am

worse used by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, sollah Ppt,

and dress the wine and olange, sollah MD, and I'll go seep. 'Tis rate.

Nite MD.

28. My cold is so bad that I could not go to church today, nor to Court;

but I was engaged to Lord Orkney's with the Duke of Ormond, at dinner;

and ventured, because I could cough and spit there as I pleased. The

Duke and Lord Arran left us, and I have been sitting ever since with

Lord and Lady Orkney till past eleven: and my cold is worse, and makes

me giddy. I hope it is only my cold. Oh, says Ppt, everybody is giddy

with a cold; I hope it is no more; but I'll go to bed, for the fellow

has bawled "Past twelve." Night, deels.

29. I got out early to-day, and escaped all my duns. I went to see Lord

Bolingbroke about some business, and truly he was gone out too. I dined

in the City upon the broiled leg of a goose and a bit of brawn, with

my printer. Did I tell you that I forbear printing what I have in hand,

till the Court decides something about me? I will contract no more

enemies, at least I will not embitter worse those I have already, till

I have got under shelter; and the Ministers know my resolution, so that

you may be disappointed in seeing this thing as soon as you expected.

I hear Lord Treasurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Every(body)

has one. Nite two dee logues.

30. I suppose this will be full by Saturday; zen(21) it sall go. Duke

of Ormond, Lord Arran, and I, dined privately to-day at an old servant's

house of his. The Council made us part at six. One Mrs. Ramsay dined

with us; an old lady of about fifty-five, that we are all very fond of.

I called this evening at Lord Treasurer's, and sat with him two hours.

He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine

with Parnell and me at Lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow, but says he will

see Parnell some other time. I hoise(22) up Parnell partly to spite the

envious Irish folks here, particularly Tom Leigh. I saw the Bishop

of Clogher's family to-day; Miss is mighty ill of a cold, coughs

incessantly.(23) Nite MD.

31. To-day Parnell and I dined with Lord Bolingbroke, to correct

Parnell's poem. I made him show all the places he disliked; and when

Parnell has corrected it fully he shall print it. I went this evening to

sit with Lord Treasurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two.

I sat with him while the young folks went to supper; and then went down,

and there were the young folks merry together, having turned Lady Oxford

up to my lord, and I stayed with them till twelve. There was the young

couple, Lord and Lady Caermarthen, and Lord and Lady Dupplin, and Lord

Harley and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what

I have formerly done so often; stealing together from the old folks,

though indeed it was not from poor Lord Treasurer, who is as young a

fellow as any of us: but Lady Oxford is a silly mere old woman.(24) My

cold is still so bad that I have not the least smelling. I am just got

home, and 'tis past twelve; and I'll go to bed, and settle my head,

heavy as lead. Nite MD.

Jan. 1, 1712-13. A sousand melly new eels(25) to deelest richar MD. Pray

God Almighty bless you, and send you ever happy! I forgot to tell you

that yesterday Lord Abercorn was here, teasing me about his French

duchy, and suspecting my partiality to the Hamilton family in such a

whimsical manner that Dr. Pratt, who was by, thought he was mad. He was

no sooner gone but Lord Orkney sent to know whether he might come and

sit with me half an hour upon some business. I returned answer that I

would wait on him; which I did. We discoursed a while, and he left me

with Lady Orkney; and in came the Earl of Selkirk, whom I had never seen

before. He is another brother of the Duke of Hamilton, and is going to

France, by a power from his mother, the old Duchess,(26) to negotiate

their pretensions to the duchy of Chatelherault. He teased me for two

hours in spite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to stir;

would have had me engage the Ministry to favour him against Lord

Abercorn, and to convince them that Lord Abercorn had no pretensions;

and desired I would also convince Lord Abercorn himself so; and

concluded he was sorry I was a greater friend to Abercorn than Hamilton.

I had no patience, and used him with some plainness. Am not I purely

handled between a couple of puppies? Ay, says Ppt, you must be meddling

in other folks' affairs. I appeal to the Bishop of Clogher whether

Abercorn did not complain that I would not let him see me last year,

and that he swore he would take no denial from my servant when he came

again. The Ministers gave me leave to tell the Hamilton family it was

their opinion that they ought to agree with Abercorn. Lord Anglesea

was then by, and told Abercorn; upon which he gravely tells me I was

commissioned by the Ministers, and ought to perform my commission,

etc.--But I'll have done with them. I have warned Lord Treasurer and

Lord Bolingbroke to beware of Selkirk's teasing; --x on him! Yet

Abercorn vexes me more. The whelp owes to me all the kind receptions he

has had from the Ministry. I dined to-day at Lord Treasurer's with the

young folks, and sat with Lord Treasurer till nine, and then was forced

to Lady Masham's, and sat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I

am out of humour, as everyone must that knows them inwardly. A thousand

things wrong, most of them easy to mend; yet our schemes availing at

best but little, and sometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I twice

patched up with the hazard of all the credit I had, is now spread more

than ever.(27) But burn politics, and send me from Courts and Ministers!

Nite deelest richar MD.

2. I sauntered about this morning, and went with Dr. Pratt to a picture

auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture that I was

fond of, but, it seems, was good for nothing. Pratt was there to buy

some pictures for the Bishop of Clogher, who resolves to lay out ten

pounds to furnish his house with curious pieces. We dined with the

Bishop, I being by chance disengaged. And this evening I sat with

the Bishop of Ossory,(28) who is laid up with the gout. The French

Ambassador, Duke d'Aumont,(29) came to town to-night; and the rabble

conducted him home with shouts. I cannot smell yet, though my cold

begins to break. It continues cruel hard frosty weather. Go and be

melly,... sollahs.(30)

3. Lord Dupplin and I went with Lord and Lady Orkney this morning at

ten to Wimbledon, six miles off, to see Lord and Lady Caermarthen. It is

much the finest place about this town. Did oo never see it? I was once

there before, about five years ago. You know Lady Caermarthen is Lord

Treasurer's daughter, married about three weeks ago. I hope the young

fellow will be a good husband.--I must send this away now. I came back

just by nightfall, cruel cold weather; I have no smell yet, but my cold

something better. Nite (?) sollahs; I'll take my reeve. I forget how

MD's accounts are. Pray let me know always timely before MD wants; and

pray give the bill on t'other side to Mrs. Brent as usual. I believe I

have not paid her this great while. Go, play cards, and... rove Pdfr.

Nite richar MD... roves Pdfr. FW lele.. . MD MD MD MD MD FW FW FW FW MD

MD Lele...(31)

The six odd shillings, tell Mrs. Brent, are for her new year's gift.

I(32) am just now told that poor dear Lady Ashburnham,(33) the Duke

of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country house. The poor

creature was with child. She was my greatest favourite, and I am in

excessive concern for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on

all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the

Duke and Duchess. She was naturally very healthy; I am afraid she has

been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely

moving. Her lord's a puppy; and I shall never think it worth my while

to be troubled with him, now he has lost all that was valuable in his

possession; yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life when I

think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches

burdening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God did never

intend life for a blessing. Farewell.

LETTER 58.(1)

LONDON, Jan. 4, 1712-13.

I ended my last with the melancholy news of poor Lady Ashburnham's

death. The Bishop of Clogher and Dr. Pratt made me dine with them to-day

at Lord Mountjoy's, pursuant to an engagement, which I had forgot. Lady

Mountjoy told me that Maccartney was got safe out of our clutches, for

she had spoke with one who had a letter from him from Holland. Others

say the same thing. 'Tis hard such a dog should escape.--As I left Lord

Mountjoy's I saw the Duke d'Aumont, the French Ambassador, going from

Lord Bolingbroke's, where he dined, to have a private audience of the

Queen. I followed, and went up to Court, where there was a great

crowd. I was talking with the Duke of Argyle by the fireside in the

bed-chamber, when the Ambassador came out from the Queen. Argyle

presented me to him, and Lord Bolingbroke and we talked together a

while. He is a fine gentleman, something like the Duke of Ormond, and

just such an expensive man. After church to-day I showed the Bishop of

Clogher, at Court, who was who. Nite my two dee logues, and...(2)

5. Our frost is broke, but it is bloody cold. Lord Treasurer is

recovered, and went out this evening to the Queen. I dined with Lady

Oxford, and then sat with Lord Treasurer while he went out. He gave me

a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr. Brown,(3) Bishop of Cork,

recommending him to a better bishopric, as a person who opposed Lord

Wharton, and was made a bishop on that account, celebrating him for

a great politician, etc.: in short, all directly contrary to his

character, which I made bold to explain. What dogs there are in the

world! I was to see the poor Duke and Duchess of Ormond this morning.

The Duke was in his public room, with Mr. Southwell(4) and two more

gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him, he talked something

of Lord Ashburnham, that he was afraid the Whigs would get him again.

He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in

discourse, the tears were just falling out of his eyes, and I looked

off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his

handkerchief. I never saw anything so moving, nor such a mixture of

greatness of mind, and tenderness, and discretion. Nite MD.

6. Lord Bolingbroke and Parnell and I dined, by invitation, with my

friend Darteneuf,(5) whom you have heard me talk of. Lord Bolingbroke

likes Parnell mightily; and it is pleasant to see that one who hardly

passed for anything in Ireland makes his way here with a little friendly

forwarding. It is scurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad

to-day, nor know anything that passes.--Lord Treasurer is quite

recovered, and I hope will be careful to keep himself well. The Duchess

of Marlborough is leaving England to go to her Duke, and makes presents

of rings to several friends, they say worth two hundred pounds apiece. I

am sure she ought to give me one, though the Duke pretended to think me

his greatest enemy, and got people to tell me so, and very mildly to let

me know how gladly he would have me softened toward him. I bid a lady of

his acquaintance and mine let him know that I had hindered many a bitter

thing against him; not for his own sake, but because I thought it looked

base; and I desired everything should be left him, except power. Nite

MD.

7. I dined with Lord and Lady Masham to-day, and this evening played at

ombre with Mrs. Vanhom, merely for amusement. The Ministers have got my

papers, and will neither read them nor give them to me; and I can hardly

do anything. Very warm slabby weather, but I made a shift to get a walk;

yet I lost half of it, by shaking off Lord Rochester,(6) who is a

good, civil, simple man. The Bishop of Ossory will not be Bishop of

Hereford,(7) to the great grief of himself and his wife. And hat is MD

doing now, I wonder? Playing at cards with the Dean and Mrs. Walls? I

think it is not certain yet that Maccartney is escaped. I am plagued

with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems,

the vilest trash I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man,

never to let them see me. I have got new ink, and 'tis very white; and

I don't see that it turns black at all. I'll go to seep; 'tis past

twelve.--Nite, MD.

8. Oo must understand that I am in my geers, and have got a

chocolate-pot, a present from Mrs. Ashe of Clogher, and some chocolate

from my brother Ormond, and I treat folks sometimes. I dined with

Lord Treasurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by while he and Lord

Bolingbroke were at business; for it is fit I should know all that

passes now, because, etc. The Duke of Ormond employed me to speak to

Lord Treasurer to-day about an affair, and I did so; and the Duke had

spoke himself two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the

Duke about it. I'll tell you a good thing; there is not one of the

Ministry but what will employ me as gravely to speak for them to Lord

Treasurer as if I were their brother or his; and I do it as gravely:

though I know they do it only because they will not make themselves

uneasy, or had rather I should be denied than they. I believe our peace

will not be finished these two months; for I think we must have a

return from Spain by a messenger, who will not go till Sunday next.

Lord Treasurer has invited me to dine with him again to-morrow. Your

Commissioner, Keatley,(8) is to be there. Nite dee richar MD.(9)

9. Dr. Pratt drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I

was yesterday with him to see Lady Betty Butler, grieving for her sister

Ashburnham. The jade was in bed in form, and she did so cant, she made

me sick. I meet Tom Leigh every day in the Park, to preserve his

health. He is as ruddy as a rose, and tells me his Bishop of Dromore(10)

recovers very much. That Bishop has been very near dying. This day's

Examiner talks of the play of "What is it like?"(11) and you will think

it to be mine, and be bit; for I have no hand in these papers at all. I

dined with Lord Treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day

when all the Ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is

always on Saturday, and we do indeed usually rally him about his faults

on that day. I was of the original Club, when only poor Lord Rivers,

Lord Keeper, and Lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesea, Lord

Steward,(12) Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it; but

now they pretend as good a title as I; and, indeed, many Saturdays I am

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

10. At seven this evening, as we sat after dinner at Lord Treasurer's,

a servant said Lord Peterborow was at the door. Lord Treasurer and

Lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just

returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. Soon as he saw me,

he left the Duke of Ormond and other lords, and ran and kissed me before

he spoke to them; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I

never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he

changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him.

He left England with a bruise, by his coach overturning, that made him

spit blood, and was so ill, we expected every post to hear of his death;

but he outrode it or outdrank it, or something, and is come home lustier

than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young

fellow I know in England. He has got the old Oxford regiment of horse,

and I believe will have a Garter. I love the hang-dog dearly. Nite dee

MD.

11. The Court was crammed to-day to see(13) the French Ambassador; but

he did not come. Did I never tell you that I go to Court on Sundays as

to a coffee-house, to see acquaintance, whom I should otherwise not

see twice a year? The Provost(14) and I dined with Ned Southwell,

by appointment, in order to settle your kingdom, if my scheme can

be followed; but I doubt our Ministry will be too tedious. You must

certainly have a new Parliament; but they would have that a secret yet.

Our Parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Those puppies the

Dutch will not yet come in, though they pretend to submit to the Queen

in everything; but they would fain try first how our session begins,

in hopes to embroil us in the House of Lords: and if my advice had been

taken, the session should have begun, and we would have trusted the

Parliament to approve the steps already made toward the peace, and had

an Address perhaps from them to conclude without the Dutch, if they

would not agree.--Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned so safe,

it seems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready so soon as three

weeks, but that is a secret. Nite MD.

12. Pratt and I walked into the City to one Bateman's,(15) a famous

bookseller, for old books. There I laid out four pounds like a fool,

and we dined at a hedge ale-house, for two shillings and twopence,

like emperors. Let me see, I bought Plutarch, two volumes, for thirty

shillings, etc. Well, I'll tell you no more; oo don't understand

Greek.(16) We have no news, and I have nothing more to say to-day, and

I can't finish my work. These Ministers will not find time to do what I

would have them. So nite, nown dee dallars.

13. I was to have dined to-day with Lord Keeper, but would not, because

that brute Sir John Walter(17) was to be one of the company. You may

remember he railed at me last summer was twelvemonth at Windsor, and has

never begged my pardon, though he promised to do it; and Lord Mansel,

who was one of the company, would certainly have set us together by

the ears, out of pure roguish mischief. So I dined with Lord Treasurer,

where there was none but Lord Bolingbroke. I stayed till eight, and then

went to Lady Orkney's, who has been sick, and sat with her till twelve,

from whence you may consider it is late, sollahs. The Parliament was

prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very

bad and slobbery, and I shall spoil my new hat (I have bought a new

hat), or empty my pockets. Does Hawkshaw pay the interest he owes? Lord

Abercorn plagues me to death. I have now not above six people to provide

for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many that I

will do nothing for; nor can I if I would. Nite dee MD.

14. To-day I took the circle of morning visits. I went to the Duchess of

Ormond, and there was she, and Lady Betty, and Lord Ashburnham together:

this was the first time the mother and daughter saw each other since

Lady Ashburnham's death. They were both in tears, and I chid them for

being together, and made Lady Betty go to her own chamber; then sat a

while with the Duchess, and went after Lady Betty, and all was well.

There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever

so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do,

and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the Duchess of

Hamilton, who never grieved, but raged, and stormed, and railed.(18) She

is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord Keeper and his

son, and their two ladies, and I, dined to-day with Mr. Caesar,(19)

Treasurer of the Navy, at his house in the City, where he keeps his

office. We happened to talk of Brutus, and I said something in his

praise, when it struck me immediately that I had made a blunder in doing

so; and, therefore, I recollected myself, and said, "Mr. Caesar, I beg

your pardon." So we laughed, etc. Nite, my own deelest richar logues,

MD.

15. I forgot to tell you that last night I had a present sent me (I

found it, when I came home, in my chamber) of the finest wild fowl I

ever saw, with the vilest letter, and from the vilest poet in the world,

who sent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I knew not where

the scoundrel lived, so I could not send them back, and therefore I gave

them away as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let

up the poet when he comes. The rogue should have kept the wings at least

for his muse. One of his fowls was a large capon pheasant, as fat as

a pullet. I ate share of it to-day with a friend. We have now a

Drawing-room every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at one o'clock. The

Queen does not come out; but all her Ministers, foreigners, and persons

of quality are at it. I was there to-day; and as Lord Treasurer came

towards me, I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I

affect never to take notice of him at church or Court. He knows it, for

I have told him so; and to-night, at Lord Masham's, he gave an account

of it to the company; but my reasons are, that people seeing me speak to

him causes a great deal of teasing. I tell you what comes into my head,

that I never knew whether MD were Whigs or Tories, and I value our

conversation the more that it never turned on that subject. I have

a fancy that Ppt is a Tory, and a violent one. I don't know why; but

methinks she looks like one, and DD a sort of a Trimmer. Am I right? I

gave the Examiner a hint about this prorogation, and to praise the

Queen for her tenderness to the Dutch in giving them still more time to

submit.(20) It fitted the occasions at present. Nite MD.

16. I was busy to-day at the Secretary's office, and stayed till past

three. The Duke of Ormond and I were to dine at Lord Orkney's. The Duke

was at the Committee, so I thought all was safe. When I went there, they

had almost dined; for the Duke had sent to excuse himself, which I never

knew. I came home at seven, and began a little whim, which just came

into my head; and will make a threepenny pamphlet.(21) It shall be

finished and out in a week; and if it succeeds, you shall know what it

is; otherwise, not. I cannot send this to-morrow, and will put it off

till next Saturday, because I have much business. So my journals shall

be short, and Ppt must have patience. So nite, dee sollahs.

17. This rogue Parnell has not yet corrected his poem, and I would

fain have it out. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer, and his Saturday

company, nine of us in all. They went away at seven, and Lord Treasurer

and I sat talking an hour after. After dinner he was talking to the

lords about the speech the Queen must make when the Parliament meets. He

asked me how I would make it. I was going to be serious, because it

was seriously put; but I turned it to a jest. And because they had been

speaking of the Duchess of Marlborough going to Flanders after the Duke,

I said the speech should begin thus: "My Lords and Gentlemen, In order

to my own quiet, and that of my subjects, I have thought fit to send

the Duchess of Marlborough abroad after the Duke." This took well,

and turned off the discourse. I must tell you I do not at all like the

present situation of affairs, and remember I tell you so. Things must be

on another foot, or we are all undone. I hate this driving always to an

inch. Nite MD.

18. We had a mighty full Court to-day. Dilly was with me at the French

church, and edified mightily. The Duke of Ormond and I dined at Lord

Orkney's; but I left them at seven, and came home to my whim. I have

made a great progress. My large Treatise(22) stands stock still. Some

think it too dangerous to publish, and would have me print only what

relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I shall do.--The Bishop of

Dromore is dying. They thought yesterday he could not live two hours;

yet he is still alive, but is utterly past all hopes. Go to cards,

sollahs, and nite.

19. I was this morning to see the Duke and Duchess of Ormond. The

Duke d'Aumont came in while I was with the Duke of Ormond, and we

complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door

where I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a present for me. I bid my

man know what his name was, and whence he came. He sent word his name

was Bun, and that I knew him very well. I bid my man tell him I was

busy, and he could not speak to me; and not to let him leave his

oranges. I know no more of it, but I am sure I never heard the name, and

I shall take no such presents from strangers. Perhaps he might be only

some beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be something

worse. Let them keep their poison for their rats. I don't love it.(23)

That blot is a blunder. Nite dee MD....

20. A Committee of our Society dined to-day with the Chancellor of

the Exchequer. Our Society does not meet now as usual, for which I

am blamed: but till Lord Treasurer will agree to give us money and

employments to bestow, I am averse to it; and he gives us nothing but

promises. The Bishop of Dromore is still alive, and that is all. We

expect every day he will die, and then Tom Leigh must go back, which is

one good thing to the town. I believe Pratt will drive at one of these

bishoprics. Our English bishopric(24) is not yet disposed of. I believe

the peace will not be ready by the session. Nite MD.

21. I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I have

written, but not politics. It will be out by Monday. If it succeeds, I

will tell you of it; otherwise, not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day,

as bad as rain; yet I walked like a good boy all the way. The Bishop of

Dromore still draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large

book lies flat. Some people think a great part of it ought not to be now

printed. I believe I told you so before. This letter shall not go till

Saturday, which makes up the three weeks exactly; and I allow MD six

weeks, which are now almost out; so oo must know I expect a rettle vely

soon, and that MD is vely werr;(25) and so nite, dee MD.

22. This is one of our Court days, and I was there. I told you there

is a Drawing-room, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The Hamiltons and

Abercorns have done teasing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to

France. Lord Treasurer quarrelled with me at Court for being four days

without dining with him; so I dined there to-day, and he has at last

fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining halfpence and

farthings, with devices, like medals, in honour of the Queen, every year

changing the device. I wish it may be done. Nite MD.

23. The Duke of Ormond and I appointed to dine with Ned Southwell

to-day, to talk of settling your affairs of Parliament in Ireland, but

there was a mixture of company, and the Duke of Ormond was in haste, and

nothing was done. If your Parliament meets this summer, it must be a new

one; but I find some are of opinion there should be none at all these

two years. I will trouble myself no more about it. My design was to

serve the Duke of Ormond. Dr. Pratt and I sat this evening with the

Bishop of Clogher, and played at ombre for threepences. That, I suppose,

is but low with you. I found, at coming home, a letter from MD, N.37. I

shall not answer it zis bout, but will the next. I am sorry for poo poo

Ppt. Pray walk hen oo can. I have got a terrible new cold before my old

one was quite gone, and don't know how. Pay. ... (26) I shall have DD's

money soon from the Exchequer. The Bishop of Dromore is dead now at

last. Nite, dee MD.

24. I was at Court to-day, and it was comical to see Lord Abercorn

bowing to me, but not speaking, and Lord Selkirk the same.(27) I dined

with Lord Treasurer and his Saturday Club, and sat with him two hours

after the rest were gone, and spoke freer to him of affairs than I am

afraid others do, who might do more good. All his friends repine, and

shrug their shoulders; but will not deal with him so freely as they

ought. It is an odd business; the Parliament just going to sit, and no

employments given. They say they will give them in a few days. There

is a new bishop made of Hereford;(28) so Ossory(29) is disappointed. I

hinted so to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding

himself, and being indiscreet, as he was. I have just time to send this,

without giving to the bellman. Nite deelest richar MD.... dee MD MD MD

FW FW FW ME ME ME Lele Lele Lele.

My second cold is better now. Lele lele lele lele.

LETTER 59.(1)

LONDON, Jan. 25, 1712-1713.

We had such a terrible storm to-day, that, going to Lord Bolingbroke's,

I saw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one swinger fell about forty

yards before me, that would have killed a horse: so, after church and

Court, I walked through the Park, and took a chair to Lord Treasurer's.

Next door to his house, a tin chimneytop had fallen down, with a hundred

bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you such a wind

to-day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord Treasurer has engaged

me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has those tricks sometimes of

inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My

little pamphlet(2) is out: 'tis not politics. If it takes, I say again

you shall hear of it. Nite dee logues.

26. This morning I felt a little touch of giddiness, which has

disordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. Pity

Pdfr. After dinner at Lord Treasurer's, the French Ambassador, Duke

d'Aumont, sent Lord Treasurer word that his house was burnt down to the

ground. It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with

Monteleon, the Spanish Ambassador, and other persons; and soon after

Lord Bolingbroke came to us with the same story. We are full of

speculations upon it, but I believe it was the carelessness of his

French rascally servants. 'Tis odd that this very day Lord Somers,

Wharton, Sunderland, Halifax, and the whole club of Whig lords, dined at

Pontack's(3) in the City, as I received private notice. They have some

damned design. I tell you another odd thing; I was observing it to Lord

Treasurer, that he was stabbed on the day King William died; and the

day I saved his life, by opening the bandbox,(4) was King William's

birthday. My friend Mr. Lewis has had a lie spread on him by the mistake

of a man, who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for

passing his Privy Seal to come from France.(5) That other Lewis spread

about that the man brought him thanks from Lord Perth and Lord Melfort

(two lords with the Pretender), for his great services, etc. The Lords

will examine that t'other Lewis to-morrow in council; and I believe

you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give

a relation of it. Pray tell me if it be necessary to write a little

plainer; for I looked over a bit of my last letter, and could hardly

read it. I'll mend my hand, if oo please: but you are more used to it

nor I, as Mr. Raymond says. Nite MD.

27. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer: this makes four days together;

and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I absolutely refused him.

I was this evening at a christening with him of Lord Dupplin's(6)

daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and some others till

past twelve; so you may be sure 'tis late, as they say. We have now

stronger suspicions that the Duke d'Aumont's house was set on fire by

malice. I was to-day to see Lord Keeper, who has quite lost his voice

with a cold. There Dr. Radcliffe told me that it was the Ambassador's

confectioner set the house on fire by boiling sugar, and going down and

letting it boil over. Yet others still think differently; so I know not

what to judge. Nite my own deelest MD, rove Pdfr.

28. I was to-day at Court, where the Spanish Ambassador talked to me as

if he did not suspect any design in burning d'Aumont's house: but Abbe

Gaultier, Secretary for France here, said quite otherwise; and that

d'Aumont had a letter the very same day to let him know his house should

be burnt, and they tell several other circumstances too tedious to

write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles just when the fire broke

out, saw a pot with wildfire(7) in the room. I dined with Lord Orkney.

Neither Lord Abercorn nor Selkirk will now speak with me. I have

disobliged both sides. Nite dear MD.

29. Our Society met to-day, fourteen of us, and at a tavern. We now

resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a Committee every other

week of six or seven, to consult about doing some good. I proposed

another message to Lord Treasurer by three principal members, to give a

hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as

they can. We also raised sixty guineas upon our own Society; but I made

them do it by sessors,(8) and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax

to the several estates. The Duke of Ormond pays ten guineas, and I the

third part of a guinea; at that rate, they may tax as often as they

please. Well, but I must answer oor rettle, ung oomens: not yet; 'tis

rate now, and I can't tind it. Nite deelest MD.

30. I have drank Spa waters this two or three days; but they do not

pass, and make me very giddy. I an't well; faith, I'll take them no

more. I sauntered after church with the Provost to-day to see a library

to be sold, and dined at five with Lord Orkney. We still think there was

malice in burning d'Aumont's house. I hear little Harrison(9) is come

over; it was he I sent to Utrecht. He is now Queen's Secretary to the

Embassy, and has brought with him the Barrier Treaty, as it is now

corrected by us, and yielded to by the Dutch, which was the greatest

difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a

month hence, for we will send him back as soon as possible. I long

to see the little brat, my own creature. His pay is in all a thousand

pounds a year, and they have never paid him a groat, though I have

teased their hearts out. He must be three or four hundred pounds in debt

at least, the brat! Let me go to bed, sollahs.--Nite dee richar MD.

31. Harrison was with me this morning: we talked three hours, and then

I carried him to Court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I

found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it; but he whispered me it

was impossible to do otherwise; and in the coach he told me he had not

one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for

the whole day, and intended to borrow money somewhere or other. So

there was the Queen's Minister entrusted in affairs of the greatest

importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach! I paid

him while he was with me seven guineas, in part of a dozen of shirts he

bought me in Holland. I presented him to the Duke of Ormond, and several

lords at Court; and I contrived it so that Lord Treasurer came to me and

asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and came up

and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house.

I value myself upon making the Ministry desire to be acquainted with

Parnell, and not Parnell with the Ministry. His poem is almost fully

corrected, and shall soon be out. Here's enough for to-day: only to tell

you that I was in the City with my printer to alter an Examiner about my

friend Lewis's story,(10) which will be told with remarks. Nite MD.

Feb. 1. I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner, but the

printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be

said, and then Mr. Lewis came, and corrected it as he would have it;

so I was neither at church nor Court. The Duke of Ormond and I dined at

Lord Orkney's. I left them at seven, and sat with Sir Andrew Fountaine,

who has a very bad sore leg, for which he designs to go to France. Fais,

here's a week gone, and one side of this letter not finished. Oh, but I

write now but once in three weeks; iss, fais, this shall go sooner. The

Parliament is to sit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four

days; for the Queen is laid up with the gout, and both Speakers out of

order, though one of them, the Lord Keeper, is almost well. I spoke

to the Duke of Ormond a good deal about Ireland. We do not altogether

agree, nor am I judge enough of Irish affairs; but I will speak to Lord

Treasurer to-morrow, that we three may settle them some way or other.

Nite sollahs both, rove Pdfr.

2. I had a letter some days ago from Moll Gery;(11) her name is now

Wigmore, and her husband has turned parson. She desires nothing but that

I would get Lord Keeper to give him a living; but I will send her no

answer, though she desires it much. She still makes mantuas at Farnham.

It rained all this day, and Dilly came to me, and was coaching it into

the City; so I went with him for a shaking, because it would not cost

me a farthing. There I met my friend Stratford,(12) the merchant, who

is going abroad to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world.

He begged that I would dine with some merchant friends of ours there,

because it was the last time I should see him: so I did, and thought to

have seen Lord Treasurer in the evening, but he happened to go out

at five; so I visited some friends, and came home. And now I have

the greatest part of your letter to answer; and yet I will not do it

to-night, say what oo please. The Parliament meets to-morrow, but will

be prorogued for a fortnight; which disappointment will, I believe, vex

abundance of them, though they are not Whigs; for they are forced to be

in town at expense for nothing: but we want an answer from Spain, before

we are sure of everything being right for the peace; and God knows

whether we can have that answer this month. It is a most ticklish

juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch: I am weary of it.

Nite MD.

3. The Parliament met, and was prorogued, as I said, and I found

some cloudy faces, and heard some grumbling. We have got over all

our difficulties with France, I think. They have now settled all the

articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much

disposed to play the rogue if we had not held them to (it); and this

business we wait from Spain is to prevent some other rogueries of the

French, who are finding an evasion to trade to the Spanish West Indies;

but I hope we shall prevent it. I dined with Lord Treasurer, and he was

in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuscript to

read where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading

and correcting it with his pencil, when the Bishop of St. David's(13)

(now removing to Hereford) came in and interrupted us. I left him at

eight, and sat till twelve with the Provost and Bishop of Clogher at the

Provost's. Nite MD.

4. I was to-day at Court, but kept out of Lord Treasurer's way, because

I was engaged to the Duke of Ormond, where I dined, and, I think, ate

and drank too much. I sat this evening with Lady Masham, and then with

Lord Masham and Lord Treasurer at Lord Masham's. It was last year, you

may remember, my constant evening place. I saw Lady Jersey(14) with Lady

Masham, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a

promise for me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know

not whether I shall perform (I have just mended my pen, you see), for I

do not much like her character; but she is very malicious, and therefore

I think I must keep fair with her. I cannot send this letter till

Saturday next, I find; so I will answer oors now. I see no different

days of the month; yet it is dated January 3: so it was long a coming.

I did not write to Dr. Coghill that I would have nothing in Ireland, but

that I was soliciting nothing anywhere, and that is true. I have named

Dr. Sterne to Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and the Duke of Ormond,

for a bishopric, and I did it heartily. I know not what will come of

it; but I tell you as a great secret that I have made the Duke of Ormond

promise me to recommend nobody till he tells me, and this for some

reasons too long to mention. My head is still in no good order. I am

heartily sorry for poo Ppt, I'm sure. Her head is good for...(15) I'll

answer more to-mollow. Nite, dearest MD; nite dee sollahs, MD.(16)

5. I must go on with oo letter. I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountaine

and the Provost, and I played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I

won, yet Sir Andrew is an admirable player. Lord Pembroke(17) came in,

and I gave him three or four scurvy Dilly puns, that begin with an IF.

Well, but oor letter, well, ret me see.--No; I believe I shall write no

more this good while, nor publish what I have done. Nauty (?) Ppt, oo

are vely tempegant. I did not suspect oo would tell Filby.(18) Oo are

so... (19) Turns and visitations--what are these? I'll preach and visit

as much for Mr. Walls. Pray God mend poopt's(20) health; mine is but

very indifferent. I have left off Spa water; it makes my leg swell. Nite

deelest MD.

6. This is the Queen's Birthday, and I never saw it celebrated with so

much luxury and fine clothes. I went to Court to see them, and I dined

with Lord Keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I passed the

evening at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came home pretty early, to answer oo

rettle again. Pray God keep the Queen. She was very ill about ten days

ago, and had the gout in her stomach. When I came from Lord Keeper's, I

called at Lord Treasurer's, because I heard he was very fine, and

that was a new thing; and it was true, for his coat and waistcoat were

embroidered. I have seen the Provost often since, and never spoke to him

to speak to the Temples about Daniel Carr, nor will; I don't care to do

it. I have writ lately to Parvisol. Oo did well to let him make up his

accounts. All things grow dear in Ireland, but corn to the parsons; for

my livings are fallen much this year by Parvisol's account. Nite dee

logues, MD.

7.(8) I was at Court to-day, but saw no Birthday clothes; the great folks

never wear them above once or twice. I dined with Lord Orkney, and sat

the evening with Sir Andrew Fountaine, whose leg is in a very dubious

condition. Pray let me know when DD's money is near due: always let me

know it beforehand. This, I believe, will hardly go till Saturday; for

I tell you what, being not very well, I dare not study much: so I let

company come in a morning, and the afternoon pass in dining and sitting

somewhere. Lord Treasurer is angry if I don't dine with him every second

day, and I cannot part with him till late: he kept me last night till

near twelve. Our weather is constant rain above these two months, which

hinders walking, so that our spring is not like yours. I have not seen

Fanny Manley(21) yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my

acquaintance, but I will mend with my health and the weather. Clogher

make a figure! Clogher make a ----. Colds! why, we have been all dying

with colds; but now they are a little over, and my second is almost

off. I can do nothing for Swanton indeed. It is a thing impossible, and

wholly out of my way. If he buys, he must buy. So now I have answered oo

rettle; and there's an end of that now; and I'll say no more, but bid oo

nite, dee MD.

8.(9) It was terrible rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended

to have dined with Lord Treasurer, but went to see Sir Andrew Fountaine,

and he kept me to dinner, which saved coach-hire; and I stayed with him

all the afternoon, and lost thirteen shillings and sixpence at ombre.

There was management! and Lord Treasurer will chide; but I'll dine

with him to-morrow. The Bishop of Clogher's daughter has been ill some

days,(22) and it proves the smallpox. She is very full; but it comes

out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady Orkney has given me her

picture; a very fine original of Sir Godfrey Kneller's; it is now a

mending. He has favoured her squint admirably; and you know I love a

cast in the eye. I was to see Lady Worsley(23) to-day, who is just come

to town; she is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old

and sickly. She lodges in the very house in King Street, between St.

James's Street and St. James's Square, where DD's brother bought the

sweetbread, when I lodged there, and MD came to see me. Short sighs.(24)

Nite MD.

9.(10) I thought to have dined with Lord Treasurer to-day, but he dined

abroad at Tom Harley's; so I dined at Lord Masham's, and was winning all

I had lost playing with Lady Masham at crown picquet, when we went to

pools, and I lost it again. Lord Treasurer came in to us, and chid me

for not following him to Tom Harley's. Miss Ashe is still the same, and

they think her not in danger; my man calls there daily after I am gone

out, and tells me at night. I was this morning to see Lady Jersey, and

we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I shall hardly

keep one of them. She is reduced after all her greatness to seven

servants, and a small house, and no coach.(25) I like her tolerably as

yet. Nite MD.

10.(11) I made visits this morning to the Duke and Duchess of Ormond,

and Lady Betty, and the Duchess of Hamilton. (When I was writing this

near twelve o'clock, the Duchess of Hamilton sent to have me dine with

her to-morrow. I am forced to give my answer through the door, for my

man has got the key, and is gone to bed; but I cannot obey her, for our

Society meets to-morrow.) I stole away from Lord Treasurer by eight, and

intended to have passed the evening with Sir Thomas Clarges(26) and his

lady; but met them in another place, and have there sat till now. My

head has not been ill to-day. I was at Court, and made Lord Mansel walk

with me in the Park before we went to dinner.--Yesterday and to-day have

been fair, but yet it rained all last night. I saw Sterne staring at

Court to-day. He has been often to see me, he says: but my man has

not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his

wife.(27) I did not ask him. Nite MD.

12.(28) I have reckoned days wrong all this while; for this is the

twelfth. I do not know when I lost it. I dined to-day with our Society,

the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at Jack Hill's, the

Governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected,

and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow; and Lord Treasurer

has promised us a hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter

on my table last night to tell me that poor little Harrison, the Queen's

Secretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the Barrier Treaty, was

ill, and desired to see me at night; but it was late, and I could not

go till to-day. I have often mentioned him in my letters, you may

remember.... I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got

thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for a hundred

pounds from the Treasury to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him

removed to Knightsbridge for air. He has a fever and inflammation on his

lungs; but I hope will do well. Nite.

13. I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper,(29) in a nasty garret,

very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and disposed

the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive

the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow

morning. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I

very much afflicted for him, for he is my own creature, and in a very

honourable post, and very worthy of it. I dined in the City. I am in

much concern for this poor lad. His mother and sister attend him, and he

wants nothing. Nite poo dee MD.

14. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison.

I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to

knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears

told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to

me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral

with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord

Treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with Lord

Treasurer, nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat toward evening. No

loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless

poor MD. Adieu.

I send this away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much

grief.

LETTER 60.(1)

LONDON, Feb. 15 (1712-13).

I dined to-day with Mr. Rowe(2) and a projector, who has been teasing

me with twenty schemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and,

besides, I was out of humour for the loss of poor Harrison. At ten

this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as

possible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying

us home after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to sit

in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs,(3) at eleven at

night in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to

bed. Nite... MD.(4)

16. I dined to-day with Lord Dupplin and some company to divert me; but

left them early, and have been reading a foolish book for amusement. I

shall never have courage again to care for making anybody's fortune. The

Parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight,

at which several of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped,

though everything about the peace is past all danger. I never saw such

a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together

these ten weeks. I have not dined with Lord Treasurer these four days,

nor can I till Saturday; for I have several engagements till then,

and he will chide me to some purpose. I am perplexed with this hundred

pounds of poor Harrison's, what to do with it. I cannot pay his

relations till they administer, for he is much in debt;(5) but I will

have the staff in my own hands, and venture nothing. Nite poo dee MD.

17. Lady Jersey and I dined by appointment to-day with Lord Bolingbroke.

He is sending his brother(6) to succeed Mr.(7) Harrison. It is the

prettiest post in Europe for a young gentleman. I lose my money at ombre

sadly; I make a thousand blunders. I play but(8) threepenny ombre; but

it is what you call running ombre. Lady Clarges,(9) and a drab I hate,

won a dozen shillings of me last night. The Parliament was prorogued

to-day; and people grumble; and the good of it is the peace cannot be

finished by the time they meet, there are so many fiddling things to do.

Is Ppt an ombre lady yet? You know all the tricks of it now, I suppose.

I reckon you have all your cards from France, for ours pay sixpence a

pack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have given away all my Spa

water, and take some nasty steel drops, and my head has been better this

week past. I send every day to see how Miss Ashe does: she is very full,

they say, but in no danger. I fear she will lose some of her beauty.

The son lies out of the house. I wish he had them too, while he is so

young.--Nite MD.

18. The Earl of Abingdon(10) has been teasing me these three months to

dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named

my company; Lord Stawel,(11) Colonel Disney,(12) and Dr. Arbuthnot; but

the two last slipped out their necks, and left Stawell and me to dine

there. We did not dine till seven, because it is Ash Wednesday. We had

nothing but fish, which Lord Stawell could not eat, and got a broiled

leg of a turkey. Our wine was poison; yet the puppy has twelve thousand

pound a year. His carps were raw, and his candles tallow. He(13) shall

not catch me in haste again, and everybody has laughed at me for dining

with him. I was to-day to let Harrison's mother know I could not

pay till she administers; which she will do. I believe she is an old

bawd,(14) and her daughter a ------. There were more Whigs to-day at

Court than Tories. I believe they think the peace must be made, and so

come to please the Queen. She is still lame with the gout. Nite MD.

19. I was at Court to-day, to speak to Lord Bolingbroke to look over

Parnell's poem since it is corrected; and Parnell and I dined with him,

and he has shown him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady

Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared

at her as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife,

and he thought so too. Parnell is much pleased with Lord Bolingbroke's

favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem

will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues as fresh raining as

if it had not rained at all. I sat to-night at Lady Masham's, where

Lord Treasurer came and scolded me for not dining with him. I told him

I could not till Saturday. I have stayed there till past twelve. So nite

dee sollahs, nite.

20. Lady Jersey, Lady Catherine Hyde,(15) the Spanish Ambassador, the

Duke d'Atree,(16) another Spaniard, and I, dined to-day by appointment

with Lord Bolingbroke; but they fell a drinking so many Spanish healths

in champagne that I stole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight;

and then went and lost my money at ombre with Sir Andrew Fountaine, who

has a very bad leg. Miss Ashe is past all danger; and her eye, which was

lately bad (I suppose one effect of her distemper), is now better. I do

not let the Bishop see me, nor shall this good while. Good luck! when I

came home, I warrant, I found a letter from MD, No.38; and oo write

so small nowadays, I hope oo poor eyes are better. Well, this shall go

to-morrow se'nnight, with a bill for MD. I will speak to Mr. Griffin(17)

to-morrow about Ppt's brother Filby, and desire, whether he deserves

or no, that his employment may be mended; that is to say, if I can see

Griffin; otherwise not; and I'll answer oo rettle hen I Pdfr think fit.

Nite MD.

21. Methinks I writ a little saucy last night. I mean the last... (18) I

saw Griffin at Court. He says he knows nothing of a salt-work at Recton;

but that he will give Filby a better employment, and desires Filby will

write to him. If I knew how to write to Filby, I would; but pray do you.

Bid him make no mention of you; but only let Mr. Griffin know that

he has the honour to be recommended by Dr. S----, etc.; that he will

endeavour to deserve, etc.; and if you dictated a whole letter for him,

it would be better; I hope he can write and spell well. I'll inquire for

a direction to Griffin before I finish this. I dined with Lord Treasurer

and seven lords to-day. You know Saturday is his great day, but I sat

with them alone till eight, and then came home, and have been writing a

letter to Mrs. Davis, at York. She took care to have a letter delivered

for me at Lord Treasurer's; for I would not own one she sent by post.

She reproaches me for not writing to her these four years; and I have

honestly told her it was my way never to write to those whom I am never

likely to see, unless I can serve them, which I cannot her, etc. Davis

the schoolmaster's widow. Nite MD.

22. I dined to-day at Lord Orkney's, with the Duke of Ormond and Sir

Thomas Hanmer.(19) Have you ever heard of the latter? He married the

Duchess of Grafton in his youth (she dined with us too). He is the

most considerable man in the House of Commons. He went last spring to

Flanders, with the Duke of Ormond; from thence to France, and was going

to Italy; but the Ministry sent for him, and he has been come over about

ten days. He is much out of humour with things: he thinks the peace is

kept off too long, and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is

designed for Secretary of State, instead of Lord Dartmouth. We have been

acquainted these two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an

hour's talk with him on affairs. I saw the Bishop of Clogher at Court;

Miss is recovering. I know not how much she will be marked. The Queen

is slowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to

Parliament when it meets, which will be March 3; for I suppose they

will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be signed then, and we

apprehend the Tories themselves will many of them be discontented. Nite

dee MD.

23. It was ill weather to-day, and I dined with Sir Andrew Fountaine,

and in the evening played at ombre with him and the Provost, and won

twenty-five shillings; so I have recovered myself pretty well. Dilly has

been dunning me to see Fanny Manley; but I have not yet been able to

do it. Miss Ashe is now quite out of danger; and hope will not be much

marked. I cannot tell how to direct to Griffin; and think he lives in

Bury Street, near St. James's Street, hard by me; but I suppose your

brother may direct to him to the Salt Office, and, as I remember, he

knows his Christian name, because he sent it me in the list of the

Commissioners. Nite dee MD.

24. I walked this morning to Chelsea, to see Dr. Atterbury, Dean

of Christ Church. I had business with him about entering Mr.

Fitzmaurice,(20) my Lord Kerry's son, into his College; and Lady

Kerry(21) is a great favourite of mine. Lord Harley, Lord Dupplin, young

Bromley(22) the Speaker's son, and I, dined with Dr. Stratford(23) and

some other clergymen; but I left them at seven to go to Lady Jersey,

to see Monteleon the Spanish Ambassador play at ombre. Lady Jersey was

abroad, and I chid the servants, and made a rattle; but since I came

home she sent me a message that I was mistaken, and that the meeting is

to be to-morrow. I have a worse memory than when I left you, and every

day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But

I'll go to-morrow; for Lady Catherine Hyde and Lady Bolingbroke are to

be there by appointment, and I listed(24) up my periwig, and all, to

make a figure. Well, who can help it? Not I, vow to...!(25) Nite MD.

25. Lord Treasurer met me last night at Lord Masham's, and thanked me

for my company in a jeer, because I had not dined with him in three

days. He chides me if I stay away but two days together. What will this

come to? Nothing. My grandmother used to say, "More of your lining, and

less of your dining." However, I dined with him, and could hardly

leave him at eight, to go to Lady Jersey's, where five or six foreign

Ministers were, and as many ladies. Monteleon played like the English,

and cried "gacco," and knocked his knuckles for trump, and played at

small games like Ppt. Lady Jersey whispered me to stay and sup with the

ladies when the fellows were gone; but they played till eleven, and I

would not stay. I think this letter must go on Saturday; that's certain;

and it is not half full yet. Lady Catherine Hyde had a mighty mind I

should be acquainted with Lady Dalkeith,(26) her sister, the Duke of

Monmouth's eldest son's widow, who was of the company to-night; but I

did not like her; she paints too much. Nite MD.

26. This day our Society met at the Duke of Ormond's, but I had business

that called me another way; so I sent my excuses, and dined privately

with a friend. Besides, Sir Thomas Hanmer whispered me last night at

Lady Jersey's that I must attend Lord Treasurer and Duke of Ormond at

supper at his house to-night; which I did at eleven, and stayed till

one, so oo may be sure 'tis late enough. There was the Duchess of

Grafton, and the Duke her son; nine of us in all. The Duke of Ormond

chid me for not being at the Society to-day, and said sixteen were

there. I said I never knew sixteen people good company in my life; no,

fais, nor eight either. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder

why I don't write you news. I know less of what passes than anybody,

because I go to(27) no coffee-house, nor see any but Ministers, and such

people; and Ministers never talk politics in conversation. The Whigs are

forming great schemes against the meeting of Parliament, which will be

next Tuesday, I still think, without fail; and we hope to hear by then

that the peace is ready to sign. The Queen's gout mends daily. Nite MD.

27. I passed a very insipid day, and dined privately with a friend in

the neighbourhood. Did I tell you that I have a very fine picture of

Lady Orkney,(28) an original, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, three-quarters

length? I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord Bolingbroke

and Lady Masham have promised to sit for me; but I despair of Lord

Treasurer; only I hope he will give me a copy, and then I shall have all

the pictures of those I really love here; just half a dozen; only I'll

make Lord Keeper give me his print in a frame. This letter must go

to-morrow, because of sending ME a bill; else it should not till next

week, I assure oo. I have little to do now with my pen; for my grand

business stops till they are more pressing, and till something or other

happens; and I believe I shall return with disgust to finish it, it is

so very laborious. Sir Thomas Hanmer has my papers now. And hat is MD

doing now? Oh, at ombre with the Dean always on Friday night, with Mrs.

Walls. Pray don't play at small games. I stood by, t'other night, while

the Duke d'Atree(29) lost six times with manilio, basto, and three small

trumps; and Lady Jersey won above twenty pounds. Nite dee richar(30) MD.

28. I was at Court to-day, when the Abbe Gaultier whispered me that a

courier was just come with an account that the French King had consented

to all the Queen's demands, and his consent was carried to Utrecht,

and the peace will be signed in a few days. I suppose the general peace

cannot be so soon ready; but that is no matter. The news presently ran

about the Court. I saw the Queen carried out in her chair, to take the

air in the garden. I met Griffin at Court, and he told me that orders

were sent to examine Filby; and, if he be fit, to make him (I think he

called it) an assistant; I don't know what, Supervisor, I think; but it

is some employment a good deal better than his own. The Parliament will

have another short prorogation, though it is not known yet. I dined with

Lord Treasurer and his Saturday company, and left him at eight to put

this in the post-office time enough. And now I must bid oo farewell,

deelest richar Ppt. God bless oo ever, and rove Pdfr. Farewell MD MD MD

FW FW FW FW ME ME ME Lele Lele.

LETTER 61.(1)

LONDON, March 1, 1712-13.

'Tis out of my head whether I answered all your letter in my last

yesterday or no. I think I was in haste, and could not: but now I see I

answered a good deal of it; no, only about your brother, and ME's bill.

I dined with Lady Orkney, and we talked politics till eleven at night;

and, as usual, found everything wrong, and put ourselves out of humour.

Yes, I have Lady Giffard's picture sent me by your mother. It is boxed

up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three

places; and when I leave a lodging, I box up the books I get (for I

always get some), and come naked into a new lodging; and so on. Talk not

to me of deaneries; I know less of that than ever by much. Nite MD.

2. I went to-day into the City to see Pat Rolt,(2) who lodges with a

City cousin, a daughter of coz Cleve; (you are much the wiser). I had

never been at her house before. My he-coz Thompson the butcher is dead,

or dying. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to sit with

Lady Clarges. I found four of them at whist; Lady Godolphin(3) was one.

I sat by her, and talked of her cards, etc., but she would not give

me one look, nor say a word to me. She refused some time ago to be

acquainted with me. You know she is Lord Marlborough's eldest daughter.

She is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down. What can I do for

Dr. Smith's daughter's husband? I have no personal credit with any

of the Commissioners. I'll speak to Keatley;(4) but I believe it will

signify nothing. In the Customs people must rise by degrees, and he

must at first take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. Ppt

mistakes me; I am not angry at your recommending anyone to me, provided

you will take my answer. Some things are in my way, and then I serve

those I can. But people will not distinguish, but take things ill, when

I have no power; but Ppt is wiser. And employments in general are very

hard to be got. Nite MD.

3. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer, who chid me for my absence, which

was only from Saturday last. The Parliament was again prorogued for a

week, and I suppose the peace will be ready by then, and the Queen

will be able to be brought to the House, and make her speech. I saw Dr.

Griffith(5) two or three months ago, at a Latin play at Westminster;

but did not speak to him. I hope he will not die; I should be sorry for

Ppt's sake; he is very tender of her. I have long lost all my colds,

and the weather mends a little. I take some steel drops, and my head

is pretty well. I walk when I can, but am grown very idle; and, not

finishing my thing, I gamble(6) abroad and play at ombre. I shall be

more careful in my physic than Mrs. Price: 'tis not a farthing matter

her death, I think; and so I say no more to-night, but will read a dull

book, and go sleep. Nite dee MD.

4. Mr. Ford has been this half-year inviting me to dine at his lodgings:

so I did to-day, and brought the Provost and Dr. Parnell with me, and my

friend Lewis was there. Parnell went away, and the other three played at

ombre, and I looked on; which I love, and would not play. Tisdall is a

pretty fellow, as you say; and when I come back to Ireland with nothing,

he will condole with me with abundance of secret pleasure. I believe

I told you what he wrote to me, that I have saved England, and he

Ireland;(7) but I can bear that. I have learned to hear and see, and say

nothing. I was to see the Duchess of Hamilton to-day, and met Blith(8)

of Ireland just going out of her house into his coach. I asked her how

she came to receive young fellows. It seems he had a ball in the Duke

of Hamilton's house when the Duke died; and the Duchess got an

advertisement put in the Postboy,(9) reflecting on the ball, because

the Marlborough daughters(10) were there; and Blith came to beg the

Duchess's pardon, and clear himself. He's a sad dog. Nite poo dee

deelest MD.

5. Lady Masham has miscarried; but is well almost again. I have many

visits to-day. I met Blith at the Duke of Ormond's; and he begged me to

carry him to the Duchess of Hamilton, to beg her pardon again. I did

on purpose to see how the blunderbuss behaved himself; but I begged the

Duchess to use him mercifully, for she is the devil of a teaser. The

good of it is, she ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet

she would not allow him to put in an advertisement to clear himself from

hers, though hers was all a lie. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave

it against him. I was at Court to-day, and the foreign Ministers have

got a trick of employing me to speak for them to Lord Treasurer and Lord

Bolingbroke; which I do when the case is reasonable. The College(11)

need not fear; I will not be their Governor. I dined with Sir Thomas

Hanmer and his Duchess.(12) The Duke of Ormond was there, but we parted

soon, and I went to visit Lord Pembroke for the first time; but it was

to see some curious books. Lord Cholmondeley(13) came in; but I would

not talk to him, though he made many advances. I hate the scoundrel for

all he is your Griffith's friend.--Yes, yes, I am abused enough, if that

be all. Nite sollahs.

6. I was to-day at an auction of pictures with Pratt,(14) and laid

out two pound five shillings for a picture of Titian, and if it were

a Titian it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll

part with it to Lord Masham: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myself.

That's my conscience. But I made Pratt buy several pictures for Lord

Masham. Pratt is a great virtuoso that way. I dined with Lord Treasurer,

but made him go to Court at eight. I always tease him to be gone. I

thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head

is out of order like mine, but more constant, poor boy!--I was at Lord

Treasurer's levee with the Provost, to ask a book for the College.--I

never go to his levee, unless to present somebody. For all oor rallying,

saucy(15) Ppt, as hope saved, I expected they would have decided about

me long ago; and as hope saved, as soon as ever things are given away

and I not provided for, I will be gone with the very first opportunity,

and put up bag and baggage. But people are slower than can be thought.

Nite MD.

7. Yes, I hope Leigh will soon be gone, a p-- on him! I met him once,

and he talked gravely to me of not seeing the Irish bishops here, and

the Irish gentlemen; but I believe my answers fretted him enough. I

would not dine with Lord Treasurer to-day, though it was Saturday (for

he has engaged me for to-morrow), but went and dined with Lord Masham,

and played at ombre, sixpenny running ombre, for three hours. There were

three voles(16) against me, and I was once a great loser, but came off

for three shillings and sixpence. One may easily lose five guineas at

it. Lady Orkney is gone out of town to-day, and I could not see her for

laziness, but writ to her. She has left me some physic. Fais, I never

knew MD's politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a

great compliment to you, and I believe never three people conversed so

much with so little politics. I avoid all conversation with the other

party; it is not to be borne, and I am sorry for it. O yes, things (are)

very dear. DD must come in at last with DD's two eggs a penny. There the

proverb was well applied. Parvisol has sent me a bill of fifty pounds,

as I ordered him, which, I hope, will serve me, and bring me over. Pray

God MD does not be delayed for it; but I have had very little from him

this long time. I was not at Court to-day; a wonder! Nite sollahs...

Pdfr.

8. Oo must know, I give chocolate almost every day to two or three

people that I suffer to come to see me in a morning. My man begins to

lie pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man

knows all I will see, and denies me to everybody else. This is the

day of the Queen's coming to the Crown, and the day Lord Treasurer was

stabbed by Guiscard. I was at Court, where everybody had their Birthday

clothes on, and I dined with Lord Treasurer, who was very fine. He

showed me some of the Queen's speech, which I corrected in several

places, and penned the vote of address of thanks for the speech; but

I was of opinion the House should not sit on Tuesday next, unless they

hear the peace is signed; that is, provided they are sure it will be

signed the week after, and so have one scolding for all. Nite MD.

9. Lord Treasurer would have had me dine with him to-day; he desired

me last night, but I refused, because he would not keep the day of his

stabbing with all the Cabinet, as he intended: so I dined with my

friend Lewis; and the Provost and Parnell, and Ford, was with us. I

lost sixteen shillings at ombre; I don't like it, as etc. At night Lewis

brought us word that the Parliament does not sit to-morrow. I hope

they are sure of the peace by next week, and then they are right in

my opinion: otherwise I think they have done wrong, and might have sat

three weeks ago. People will grumble; but Lord Treasurer cares not a

rush. Lord Keeper is suddenly taken ill of a quinsy, and some lords are

commissioned, I think Lord Trevor,(17) to prorogue the Parliament in his

stead. You never saw a town so full of ferment and expectation. Mr. Pope

has published a fine poem, called Windsor Forest.(18) Read it. Nite.

10. I was early this morning to see Lord Bolingbroke. I find he was of

opinion the Parliament should sit; and says they are not sure the peace

will be signed next week. The prorogation is to this day se'nnight. I

went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have

offered a hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten more. Lord

Bolingbroke will lend me the money. I was two hours poring on the books.

I will sell some of them, and keep the rest; but I doubt they won't take

the money. I dined in the City, and sat an hour in the evening with Lord

Treasurer, who was in very good humour; but reproached me for not dining

with him yesterday and to-day. What will all this come to? Lord Keeper

had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him. How do oo

do sollahs?... Nite MD.(19)

11. I was this morning to visit the Duke and Duchess of Ormond, and

the Duchess of Hamilton, and went with the Provost to an auction of

pictures, and laid out fourteen shillings. I am in for it, if I had

money; but I doubt I shall be undone; for Sir Andrew Fountaine invited

the Provost and me to dine with him, and play at ombre, when I fairly

lost fourteen shillings. Fais, it won't do; and I shall be out of

conceit with play this good while. I am come home; and it is late, and

my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed and writing there, and

it is past twelve a good while. Went out four matadores and a trump in

black, and was bested. Vely bad, fais! Nite my deelest logues MD.

12. I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it

was. I made Lord Masham lay out forty pounds. There were pictures sold

of twice as much value apiece. Our Society met to-day at the Duke of

Beaufort's: a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did some

business. Our printer was to attend us, as usual; and the Chancellor of

the Exchequer sent the author of the Examiner(20) twenty guineas. He is

an ingenious fellow, but the most confounded vain coxcomb in the world,

so that I dare not let him see me, nor am acquainted with him. I had

much discourse with the Duke of Ormond this morning, and am driving

some points to secure us all in case of accidents, etc.(21) I left the

Society at seven. I can't drink now at all with any pleasure. I love

white Portugal wine better than claret, champagne, or burgundy. I have a

sad vulgar appetite. I remember Ppt used to maunder, when I came from a

great dinner, and DD had but a bit of mutton. I cannot endure above one

dish; nor ever could since I was a boy, and loved stuffing. It was a

fine day, which is a rarity with us, I assure (you). Never fair two days

together. Nite dee MD.

13. I had a rabble of Irish parsons this morning drinking my chocolate.

I cannot remember appointments. I was to have supped last night with the

Swedish Envoy at his house, and some other company, but forgot it; and

he rallied me to-day at Lord Bolingbroke's, who excused me, saying, the

Envoy ought not to be angry, because I serve Lord Treasurer and him the

same way. For that reason, I very seldom promise to go anywhere. I dined

with Lord Treasurer, who chid me for being absent so long, as he always

does if I miss a day. I sat three hours this evening with Lady Jersey;

but the first two hours she was at ombre with some company. I left Lord

Treasurer at eight: I fancied he was a little thoughtful, for he was

playing with an orange by fits, which, I told him, among common men

looked like the spleen. This letter shall not go to-morrow; no haste,

ung oomens; nothing that presses. I promised but once in three weeks,

and I am better than my word. I wish the peace may be ready, I mean that

we have notice it is signed, before Tuesday; otherwise the grumbling

will much increase. Nite logues.

14. It was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good

deal in the Park, before I went to Court. Colonel Disney, one of our

Society, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love

him mightily, and he would be a great loss. I doubt I shall not buy the

library; for a roguey bookseller has offered sixty pounds more than I

designed to give; so you see I meant to have a good bargain. I dined

with Lord Treasurer and his Saturday company; but there were but seven

at table. Lord Peterborrow is ill, and spits blood, with a bruise he got

before he left England; but, I believe, an Italian lady he has

brought over is the cause that his illness returns. You know old Lady

Bellasis(22) is dead at last? She has left Lord Berkeley of Stratton(23)

one of her executors, and it will be of great advantage to him; they say

above ten thousand pounds. I stayed with Lord Treasurer upon business,

after the company was gone; but I dare not tell you upon what. My

letters would be good memoirs, if I durst venture to say a thousand

things that pass; but I hear so much of letters opening at your

post-office that I am fearful, etc., and so good-nite, sollahs, rove

Pdfr, MD.

15. Lord Treasurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I

had ready what he wanted; but he would not see it, but put me off till

to-morrow. The Queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open

chair, and will be well enough to go to Parliament on Tuesday, if

the Houses meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the

Ministers themselves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and

circumstances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly

to meet; and I am to be at Lord Treasurer's to-morrow, upon that

supposition, to settle some things relating that way. Ppt(24) may

understand me. The doctors tell me that if poor Colonel Disney does not

get some sleep to-night, he must die. What care you? Ah! but I do

care. He is one of our Society; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old

battered rake, but very honest, not an old man, but an old rake. It was

he that said of Jenny Kingdom,(25) the maid of honour, who is a little

old, that, since she could not get a husband, the Queen should give her

a brevet to act as a married woman. You don't understand this. They give

brevets to majors and captains to act as colonels in the army. Brevets

are commissions. Ask soldiers, dull sollahs. Nite MD.

16. I was at Lord Treasurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he

told me the Parliament was prorogued till Thursday se'nnight. They have

had some expresses, by which they count that the peace may be signed

by that time; at least, that France, Holland, and we, will sign some

articles, by which we shall engage to sign the peace when it is ready:

but Spain has no Minister there; for Monteleon, who is to be their

Ambassador at Utrecht, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there,

the Spaniards can sign no peace: and (of) one thing take notice, that

a general peace can hardly be finished these two months, so as to be

proclaimed here; for, after signing, it must be ratified; that is,

confirmed by the several princes at their Courts, which to Spain will

cost a month; for we must have notice that it is ratified in all Courts

before we can proclaim it. So be not in too much haste. Nite MD.

17. The Irish folks were disappointed that the Parliament did not meet

to-day, because it was St. Patrick's Day; and the Mall was so full of

crosses that I thought all the world was Irish. Miss Ashe is almost

quite well, and I see the Bishop, but shall not yet go to his house. I

dined again with Lord Treasurer; but the Parliament being prorogued, I

must keep what I have till next week: for I believe he will not see it

till just the evening before the session. He has engaged me to dine with

him again to-morrow, though I did all I could to put it off; but I don't

care to disoblige him. Nite dee sollahs 'tis late. Nite MD.

18. I have now dined six days successively with Lord Treasurer; but

to-night I stole away while he was talking with somebody else, and so am

at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general cessation

of arms: everybody had it at Court; but, I believe, there is nothing in

it. I asked a certain French Minister how things went. And he whispered

me in French, "Your Plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool." None

of us, indeed, approve of the conduct of either at this time; but Lord

Treasurer was in full good-humour for all that. He had invited a good

many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the

Harley family but myself. Disney is recovering, though you don't care

a straw. Dilly murders us with his IF puns. You know them.... (26) Nite

MD.

19. The Bishop of Clogher has made an IF pun that he is mighty proud of,

and designs to send it over to his brother Tom. But Sir Andrew Fountaine

has wrote to Tom Ashe last post, and told him the pun, and desired him

to send it over to the Bishop as his own; and, if it succeeds, 'twill

be a pure bite. The Bishop will tell it us as a wonder that he and his

brother should jump so exactly. I'll tell you the pun:--If there was a

hackney coach at Mr. Pooley's(27) door, what town in Egypt would it be?

Why, it would be Hecatompolis; Hack at Tom Pooley's. "Sillly," says Ppt.

I dined with a private friend to-day; for our Society, I told you, meet

but once a fortnight. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I can't help it.

Lady Orkney is come to town: why, she was at her country house; hat(28)

care you? Nite darling (?) dee MD.

20. Dilly read me a letter to-day from Ppt. She seems to have scratched

her head when she writ it. 'Tis a sad thing to write to people without

tact. There you say, you hear I was going to Bath. No such thing; I am

pretty well, I thank God. The town is now sending me to Savoy.(29) Forty

people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the least truth that I

know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was so

glad of my liberty, that I would dine nowhere; but, the weather being

fine, I sauntered into the City, and ate a bit about five, and then

supped at Mr. Burke's(30) your Accountant-General, who had been engaging

me this month. The Bishop of Clogher was to have been there, but was

hindered by Lord Paget's(31) funeral. The Provost and I sat till one

o'clock; and, if that be not late, I don't know what is late. Parnell's

poem will be published on Monday, and to-morrow I design he shall

present it to Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke at Court. The poor lad

is almost always out of order with his head. Burke's wife is his sister.

She has a little of the pert Irish way. Nite MD.

21. Morning. I will now finish my letter; for company will come, and

a stir, and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pottick,(32)

and give it into the post myself. I must go to Court, and you know on

Saturdays I dine with Lord Treasurer, of course. Farewell, deelest MD MD

MD, FW FW FW, MD ME ME ME Lele sollahs.(33)

LETTER 62.(1)

LONDON, March 21, 1712-13.

I gave your letter in this night. I dined with Lord Treasurer to-day,

and find he has been at a meeting at Lord Halifax's house, with four

principal Whigs; but he is resolved to begin a speech against them when

the Parliament sits; and I have begged that the Ministers may have a

meeting on purpose to settle that matter, and let us be the attackers;

and I believe it will come to something, for the Whigs intend to attack

the Ministers: and if, instead of that, the Ministers attack the Whigs,

it will be better: and farther, I believe we shall attack them on those

very points they intend to attack us. The Parliament will be again

prorogued for a fortnight, because of Passion Week. I forgot to tell you

that Mr. Griffin has given Ppt's brother(2) a new employment, about ten

pounds a year better than his former; but more remote, and consequently

cheaper. I wish I could have done better, and hope oo will take what can

be done in good part, and that oo brother will not dislike it.--Nite own

dear... MD.

22. I dined to-day with Lord Steward.(3) There Frank Annesley(4) (a

Parliament-man) told me he had heard that I had wrote to my friends in

Ireland to keep firm to the Whig interest; for that Lord Treasurer would

certainly declare for it after the peace. Annesley said twenty people

had told him this. You must know this is what they endeavour to report

of Lord Treasurer, that he designs to declare for the Whigs; and a

Scotch fellow has wrote the same to Scotland; and his meeting with

those lords gives occasion to such reports. Let me henceforth call

Lord Treasurer Eltee, because possibly my letters may be opened. Pray

remember Eltee. You know the reason; L.T. and Eltee pronounced the same

way. Stay, 'tis five weeks since I had a letter from MD. I allow you

six. You see why I cannot come over the beginning of April; whoever has

to do with this Ministry can fix no time: but as(5) hope saved, it is

not Pdfr's fault. Pay don't blame poo Pdfr. Nite deelest logues MD.(6)

23. I dined to-day at Sir Thomas Hanmer's, by an old appointment: there

was the Duke of Ormond, and Lord and Lady Orkney. I left them at six.

Everybody is as sour as vinegar. I endeavour to keep a firm friendship

between the Duke of Ormond and Eltee. (Oo know who Eltee is, or have oo

fordot already?) I have great designs, if I can compass them; but delay

is rooted in Eltee's heart; yet the fault is not altogether there, that

things are no better. Here is the cursedest libel in verse come out that

ever was seen, called The Ambassadress;(7) it is very dull, too; it has

been printed three or four different ways, and is handed about, but not

sold. It abuses the Queen horribly. The Examiner has cleared me to-day

of being author of his paper, and done it with great civilities to

me.(8) I hope it will stop people's mouths; if not, they must go on and

be hanged, I care not. 'Tis terribly rainy weather, I'll go sleep. Nite

deelest MD.

24. It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach-hire. I went to

Colonel Disney, who is past danger. Then I visited Lord Keeper, who was

at dinner; but I would not dine with him, but drove to Lord Treasurer

(Eltee I mean), paid the coachman, and went in; but he dined abroad: so

I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to Lord Bolingbroke's.

He dined abroad too; and at Lord Dupplin's I alighted, and by good

luck got a dinner there, and then went to the Latin play at Westminster

School, acted by the boys; and Lord Treasurer (Eltee I mean again)

honoured them with his presence. Lady Masham's eldest son, about two

years old, is ill, and I am afraid will not live: she is full of grief,

and I pity and am angry with her. Four shillings to-day in coach-hire;

fais, it won't do. Our peace will certainly be ready by Thursday

fortnight; but our Plenipotentiaries were to blame that it was not done

already. They thought their powers were not full enough to sign the

peace, unless every Prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for Spain has

no Minister yet at Utrecht; but now ours have new orders. Nite MD.

25. Weather worse than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was resolved

I would spend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr.

Pratt, and there met the Duke of Beaufort, who promised to come with me

to Court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to Court, and did some

little business there, but was forced to go home; for oo must understand

I take a little physic over-night, which works me next day. Lady Orkney

is my physician. It is hiera picra,(9) two spoonfuls, devilish stuff!

I thought to have dined with Eltee, but would not, merely to save a

shilling; but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and

won six shillings. Here are several people of quality lately dead of

the smallpox. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe, but hear she is well. The

Bishop of Clogher has bought abundance of pictures, and Dr. Pratt has

got him very good pennyworths.(10) I can get no walks, the weather is so

bad. Is it so with oo, sollahs?... (11)

26. Though it was shaving-day, head and beard, yet I was out early to

see Lord Bolingbroke, and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to

the Duke of Ormond's, and so to Court, where the Ministers did not come,

because the Parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had

terrible rain and hail to-day. Our Society met this day, but I left them

before seven, and went to Sir A(ndrew) F(ountaine), and played at ombre

with him and Sir Thomas Clarges, till ten, and then went to Sir Thomas

Hanmer. His wife, the Duchess of Grafton, left us after a little while,

and I stayed with him about an hour, upon some affairs, etc. Lord

Bolingbroke left us at the Society before I went; for there is an

express from Utrecht, but I know not yet what it contains; only I know

the Ministers expect the peace will be signed in a week, which is a week

before the session. Nite, MD.

27. Parnell's poem is mightily esteemed; but poetry sells ill. I am

plagued with that... (12) poor Harrison's mother; you would laugh to see

how cautious I am of paying her the 100 pounds I received for her son

from the Treasury. I have asked every creature I know whether I may do

it safely, yet durst not venture, till my Lord Keeper assured me there

was no danger. I have not paid her, but will in a day or two: though I

have a great mind to stay till Ppt sends me her opinion, because Ppt

is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a

Scotchman's, who made the invitation to Mr. Lewis and me, and has some

design upon us, which we know very well. I went afterwards to see a

famous moving picture,(13) and I never saw anything so pretty. You see a

sea ten miles wide, a town on t'other end, and ships sailing in the sea,

and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky, with moon and stars,

etc. I'm a fool. Nite, dee MD.

28. I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myself to everybody, except

about half a dozen, and they were all here, and Mr. Addison was one, and

I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues.

Coach-hire goes deep. I dined with Eltee and his Saturday company, as

usual, and could not get away till nine. Lord Peterborow was making long

harangues, and Eltee kept me in spite. Then I went to see the Bishop of

Ossory, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to Ireland. The

Bishop of Killaloe(14) and Tom Leigh was with us. The latter had wholly

changed his style, by seeing how the bishops behaved themselves, and he

seemed to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the

ill conduct of the bishops about the First-Fruits, with relation to

Eltee and me, strongly upon Killaloe, and showed how it had hindered me

from getting a better thing for them, called the Crown rents, which the

Queen had promised. He had nothing to say, but was humble, and desired

my interest in that and some other things. This letter is half done in a

week: I believe oo will have it next. Nite MD.

29. I have been employed in endeavouring to save one of your junior

Fellows,(15) who came over here for a dispensation from taking orders,

and, in soliciting it, has run out his time, and now his fellowship is

void, if the College pleases, unless the Queen suspends the execution,

and gives him time to take orders. I spoke to all the Ministers

yesterday about it; but they say the Queen is angry, and thought it

was a trick to deceive her; and she is positive, and so the man must be

ruined, for I cannot help him. I never saw him in my life; but the

case was so hard, I could not forbear interposing. Your Government

recommended him to the Duke of Ormond, and he thought they would

grant it; and by the time it was refused, the fellowship by rigour

is forfeited. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot (one of my brothers) at his

lodgings in Chelsea, and was there at chapel; and the altar put me

in mind of Tisdall's outlandish would(16) at your hospital for the

soldiers. I was not at Court to-day, and I hear the Queen was not at

church. Perhaps the gout has seized her again. Terrible rain all day.

Have oo such weather? Nite MD.

30. Morning. I was naming some time ago, to a certain person, another

certain person, that was very deserving, and poor and sickly; and

t'other, that first certain person, gave me a hundred pounds to give the

other, which I have not yet done. The person who is to have it never

saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or

imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise;

for I think it is a handsome present enough. At night I dined in the

City, at Pontack's,(17) with Lord Dupplin, and some others. We were

treated by one Colonel Cleland,(18) who has a mind to be Governor of

Barbados, and is laying these long traps for me and others, to engage

our interests for him. He is a true Scotchman. I paid the hundred pounds

this evening, and it was an agreeable surprise to the receiver. We

reckon the peace is now signed, and that we shall have it in three days.

I believe it is pretty sure. Nite MD.

31. I thought to-day on Ppt when she told me she suppose(d) I was

acquainted with the steward, when I was giving myself airs of being at

some lord's house. Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the Bishop of Clogher

and me, and some others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the

Duke of Kent's,(19) who was gone out of town; but the steward treated

us nobly, and showed us the fine pictures, etc. I have not yet seen Miss

Ashe. I wait till she has been abroad, and taken the air. This evening

Lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I, were contriving a lie for to-morrow,

that Mr. Noble,(20) who was hanged last Saturday, was recovered by

his friends, and then seized again by the sheriff, and is now in a

messenger's hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to send to

our friends, to know whether they have heard anything of it, and so we

hope it will spread. However, we shall do our endeavours; nothing shall

be wanting on our parts, and leave the rest to fortune. Nite MD.

April 1. We had no success in our story, though I sent my man to several

houses, to inquire among the footmen, without letting him into the

secret; but I doubt my colleagues did not contribute as they ought.

Parnell and I dined with Darteneuf(21) to-day. You have heard of

Darteneuf: I have told you of Darteneuf. After dinner we all went to

Lord Bolingbroke's, who had desired me to dine with him; but I would

not, because I heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parson

Trapp(22) upon the peace. The Swedish Envoy told me to-day at Court that

he was in great apprehensions about his master;(23) and indeed we are

afraid that prince has(24) died among those Turkish dogs. I prevailed on

Lord Bolingbroke to invite Mr. Addison to dine with him on Good Friday.

I suppose we shall be mighty mannerly. Addison is to have a play of his

acted on Friday in Easter Week: 'tis a tragedy, called Cato; I saw it

unfinished some years ago.(25) Did I tell you that Steele has begun a

new daily paper, called the Guardian?(26) they say good for nothing. I

have not seen it. Nite dee MD.

2. I was this morning with Lord Bolingbroke, and he tells me a Spanish

courier is just come, with the news that the King of Spain has agreed to

everything that the Queen desires; and the Duke d'Ossuna has left Paris

in order to his journey to Utrecht. I was prevailed on to come home with

Trapp, and read his poem and correct it; but it was good for nothing.

While I was thus employed, Sir Thomas Hanmer came up to my chamber, and

balked me of a journey he and I intended this week to Lord Orkney's at

Cliffden;(27) but he is not well, and his physician will not let him

undertake such a journey. I intended to dine with Lord Treasurer; but

going to see Colonel Disney, who lives with General Withers,(28) I liked

the General's little dinner so well, that I stayed and took share of

it, and did not go to Lord Treasurer till six, where I found Dr.

Sacheverell, who told us that the bookseller had given him 100 pounds

for his sermon,(29) preached last Sunday, and intended to print 30,000:

I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly sell above half.

I have fires still, though April has begun, against my old maxim; but

the weather is wet and cold. I never saw such a long run of ill weather

in my life. Nite dee logues MD.

3. I was at the Queen's chapel to-day, but she was not there. Mr. St.

John, Lord Bolingbroke's brother, came this day at noon with an express

from Utrecht, that the peace is signed by all the Ministers there, but

those of the Emperor, who will likewise sign in a few days; so that now

the great work is in effect done, and I believe it will appear a most

excellent peace for Europe, particularly for England. Addison and I, and

some others, dined with Lord Bolingbroke, and sat with him till twelve.

We were very civil, but yet when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly

manner of party. Addison raised his objections, and Lord Bolingbroke

answered them with great complaisance. Addison began Lord Somers's

health, which went about; but I bid him not name Lord Wharton's, for I

would not pledge it; and I told Lord Bolingbroke frankly that Addison

loved Lord Wharton as little as I did: so we laughed, etc. Well, but

you are glad of the peace, you Ppt the Trimmer, are not you? As for DD

I don't doubt her. Why, now, if I did not think Ppt had been a violent

Tory, and DD the greater Whig of the two! 'Tis late. Nite MD.

4. This Passion Week, people are so demure, especially this last day,

that I told Dilly, who called here, that I would dine with him, and so I

did, faith; and had a small shoulder of mutton of my own bespeaking. It

rained all day. I came home at seven, and have never stirred out, but

have been reading Sacheverell's long dull sermon, which he sent me. It

is the first sermon since his suspension is expired; but not a word in

it upon the occasion, except two or three remote hints. The Bishop of

Clogher has been sadly bit by Tom Ashe, who sent him a pun, which the

Bishop had made, and designed to send to him, but delayed it; and Lord

Pembroke and I made Sir Andrew Fountaine write it to Tom. I believe

I told you of it in my last; it succeeded right, and the Bishop was

wondering to Lord Pembroke how he and his brother could hit on the same

thing. I'll go to bed soon, for I must be at church by eight to-morrow,

Easter Day. Nite dee MD.

5. Warburton(30) wrote to me two letters about a living of one Foulkes,

who is lately dead in the county of Meath. My answer is, that before I

received the first letter, General Gorges(31) had recommended a friend

of his to the Duke of Ormond, which was the first time I heard of its

vacancy, and it was the Provost told me of it. I believe verily that

Foulkes was not dead when Gorges recommended the other: for Warburton's

last letter said that Foulkes was dead the day before the date.--This

has prevented me from serving Warburton, as I would have done, if I had

received early notice enough. Pray say or write this to Warburton, to

justify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and dressed

and shaved after I came back, but was too late at Court; and Lord

Abingdon(32) was like to have snapped me for dinner, and I believe will

fall out with me for refusing him; but I hate dining with them, and I

dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks; for it

was a very fine day, the first we have had a great while. Remember, was

Easter Day a fine day with you? I have sat with Lady Worsley till now.

Nite dee MD.

6. I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's play,

called Cato, which is to be acted on Friday. There were not above half a

score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough

to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them;

and the drab that acts Cato's daughter,(33) out in the midst of a

passionate part, and then calling out, "What's next?" The Bishop of

Clogher was there too; but he stood privately in a gallery. I went to

dine with Lord Treasurer, but he was gone to Wimbledon, his daughter

Caermarthen's(34) country seat, seven miles off. So I went back,

and dined privately with Mr. Addison, whom I had left to go to Lord

Treasurer. I keep fires yet; I am very extravagant. I sat this evening

with Sir A. Fountaine, and we amused ourselves with making IFS for

Dilly. It is rainy weather again; nevle saw ze rike.(35) This letter

shall go to-morrow; remember, ung oomens, it is seven weeks since oor

last, and I allow oo but five weeks; but oo have been galloping into

the country to Swanton's.(36) O pray tell Swanton I had his letter, but

cannot contrive how to serve him. If a Governor were to go over, I would

recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more: and you

know all employments in Ireland, at least almost all, are engaged

in reversions. If I were on the spot, and had credit with a Lord

Lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but employments here

are no more in my power than the monarchy itself. Nite, dee MD.

7. Morning. I have had a visitor here, that has taken up my time. I have

not been abroad, oo may be sure; so I can say nothing to-day, but that

I rove MD bettle zan ever, if possibbere. I will put this in the

post-office; so I say no more. I write by this post to the Dean, but it

is not above two lines; and one enclosed to you, but that enclosed to

you is not above three lines; and then one enclosed to the Dean, which

he must not have but upon condition of burning it immediately after

reading, and that before your eyes; for there are some things in it I

would not have liable to accident. You shall only know in general that

it is an account of what I have done to serve him in his pretensions on

these vacancies, etc. But he must not know that you know so much.(37)

Does this perplex you? Hat care I? But rove Pdfr, saucy Pdfr. Farewell,

deelest MD MD MD FW FW FW,... ME, MD Lele.

LETTER 63.(1)

LONDON, April 7, 1713.

I fancy I marked my last, which I sent this day, wrong; only 61, and it

ought to be 62. I dined with Lord Treasurer, and though the business I

had with him is something against Thursday, when the Parliament is to

meet, and this is Tuesday, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not

tell you what it is, lest this letter should miscarry or be opened; but

I never saw his fellow for delays. The Parliament will now certainly

sit, and everybody's expectations are ready to burst. At a Council

to-night the Lord Chief-Justice Parker, a Whig, spoke against the peace;

so did Lord Chomley,(2) another Whig, who is Treasurer of the Household.

My Lord Keeper(3) was this night made Lord Chancellor. We hope there

will soon be some removes. Nite, dee sollahs; Late. Rove Pdfr.(4)

8. Lord Chomley (the right name is Cholmondeley) is this day removed

from his employment, for his last night's speech; and Sir Richard

Temple,(5) Lieutenant-General, the greatest Whig in the army, is turned

out; and Lieutenant-General Palmes(6) will be obliged to sell his

regiment. This is the first-fruits of a friendship I have established

between two great men. I dined with Lord Treasurer, and did the business

I had for him to his satisfaction. I won't tell MD what it was.... (7)

for zat. The Parliament sits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter

printed in Maccartney's name, vindicating himself from the murder of the

Duke of Hamilton. I must give some hints to have it answered; 'tis full

of lies, and will give an opportunity of exposing that party. To morrow

will be a very important day. All the world will be at Westminster. Lord

Treasurer is as easy as a lamb. They are mustering up the proxies of the

absent lords; but they are not in any fear of wanting a majority, which

death and accidents have increased this year. Nite MD.

9. I was this morning with Lord Treasurer, to present to him a young

son(8) of the late Earl of Jersey, at the desire of the widow. There I

saw the mace and great coach ready for Lord Treasurer, who was going to

Parliament. Our Society met to-day; but I expected the Houses would

sit longer than I cared to fast; so I dined with a friend, and never

inquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to Lord

Orkney's, where I found Sir Thomas Hanmer. The Queen delivered her

speech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vast.

The order for the Address(9) was moved, and opposed by Lord Nottingham,

Halifax, and Cowper. Lord Treasurer spoke with great spirit and

resolution; Lord Peterborow flirted(10) against the Duke of Marlborough

(who is in Germany, you know), but it was in answer to one of Halifax's

impertinences. The order for an Address passed by a majority of

thirty-three, and the Houses rose before six. This is the account I

heard at Lord Orkney's. The Bishop of Chester,(11) a high Tory, was

against the Court. The Duchess of Marlborough sent for him some months

ago, to justify herself to him in relation to the Queen, and showed

him letters, and told him stories, which the weak man believed, and was

perverted. Nite MD.

10. I dined with a cousin in the City, and poor Pat Rolt was there.

I have got her rogue of a husband leave to come to England from

Port-Mahon. The Whigs are much down; but I reckon they have some

scheme in agitation. This Parliament-time hinders our Court meetings

on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. I had a great deal of business

to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle, and I lost a dozen

shillings at ombre, with Dr. Pratt and another. I have been to see

t'other day the Bishop of Clogher and lady, but did not see Miss. It

rains every day, and yet we are all over dust. Lady Masham's eldest boy

is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and she stays at Kensington to

nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me

mad. She should never leave the Queen, but leave everything, to stick to

what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own. This I

tell her; but talk to the winds. Nite MD.

11. I dined at Lord Treasurer's, with his Saturday company. We had ten

at table, all lords but myself and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Argyle went off at six, and was in very indifferent humour as usual.

Duke of Ormond and Lord Bolingbroke were absent. I stayed till near ten.

Lord Treasurer showed us a small picture, enamelled work, and set in

gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean, of the Queen,

which she gave to the Duchess of Marlborough, set in diamonds. When the

Duchess was leaving England, she took off all the diamonds, and gave

the picture to one Mrs. Higgins (an old intriguing woman, whom everybody

knows), bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord Treasurer sent

to Mrs. Higgins for this picture, and gave her a hundred pounds for it.

Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that Duchess? or did you ever hear

such a story? I suppose the Whigs will not believe it. Pray, try them.

Takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant

woman, as a thing of no consequence: and gives it to her to sell, like a

piece of old-fashioned plate. Is she not a detestable slut? Nite deelest

MD.

12. I went to Court to-day, on purpose to present Mr. Berkeley,(12) one

of your Fellows of Dublin College, to Lord Berkeley of Stratton. That

Mr. Berkeley is a very ingenious man, and great philosopher, and I have

mentioned him to all the Ministers, and given them some of his writings;

and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to,

in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit toward helping

forward men of worth in the world. The Queen was at chapel to-day,

and looks well. I dined at Lord Orkney's with the Duke of Ormond,

Lord Arran, and Sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr. St. John, Secretary at Utrecht,

expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace.

Did I tell you in my last of Addison's play called Cato, and that I was

at the rehearsal of it? Nite MD.

13. This morning my friend, Mr. Lewis, came to me, and showed me an

order for a warrant for the three vacant deaneries; but none of them

to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it

better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. Lewis tell Lord Treasurer

that I took nothing ill of him but his not giving me timely notice, as

he promised to do, if he found the Queen would do nothing for me. At

noon, Lord Treasurer hearing I was in Mr. Lewis's office, came to me,

and said many things too long to repeat. I told him I had nothing to

do but go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation,

stay longer here, unless I had something honourable immediately given to

me. We dined together at the Duke of Ormond's. He there told me he had

stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me might be

at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to-night; but I believe

him not. I told the Duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne

should be a bishop, and I have St. Patrick's; but I believe nothing will

come of it, for stay I will not; and so I believe for all oo... (13) oo

may see me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of humour than you

would imagine: and if it were not that impertinent people will condole

with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I will

avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday

by the carrier to Chester, and come and see my willows, against the

expectation of all the world.--Hat care I? Nite deelest logues, MD.

14. I dined in the City to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready

for me against I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of

the town as soon as ever the warrants for the deaneries are out,

which are yet stopped. Lord Treasurer told Mr. Lewis that it should be

determined to-night: and so he will for(14) a hundred nights. So he said

yesterday, but I value it not. My daily journals shall be but short

till I get into the City, and then I will send away this, and follow it

myself; and design to walk it all the way to Chester, my man and I, by

ten miles a day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I shall do

it in fourteen days. Nite dee MD.

15. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him to-day; he(15) was as good

company as ever; and told me the Queen would determine something for me

to-night. The dispute is, Windsor or St. Patrick's. I told him I would

not stay for their disputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord

Masham told me that Lady Masham is angry I have not been to see her

since this business, and desires I will come to-morrow. Nite deelest MD.

16. I was this noon at Lady Masham's, who was just come from Kensington,

where her eldest son is sick. She said much to me of what she had talked

to the Queen and Lord Treasurer. The poor lady fell a shedding tears

openly. She could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick's, etc. I

was never more moved than to see so much friendship. I would not stay

with her, but went and dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley,

one of your Fellows, whom I have recommended to the Doctor, and to Lord

Berkeley of Stratton. Mr. Lewis tells me that the Duke of Ormond has

been to-day with the Queen; and she was content that Dr. Sterne should

be Bishop of Dromore, and I Dean of St. Patrick's; but then out came

Lord Treasurer, and said he would not be satisfied but that I must be

Prebend(ary) of Windsor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but

I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment

that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's. Lady Masham

says she will speak to purpose to the Queen to-morrow. Nite,... dee MD.

17. I went to dine at Lady Masham's to-day, and she was taken ill of a

sore throat, and aguish. She spoke to the Queen last night, but had

not much time. The Queen says she will determine to-morrow with Lord

Treasurer. The warrants for the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I

should be gone. Do you think anything will be done? I don't care whether

it is or no. In the meantime, I prepare for my journey, and see no great

people, nor will see Lord Treasurer any more, if I go. Lord Treasurer

told Mr. Lewis it should be done to-night; so he said five nights ago.

Nite MD.

18. This morning Mr. Lewis sent me word that Lord Treasurer told him

the Queen would determine at noon. At three Lord Treasurer sent to me to

come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told me the Queen was at last

resolved that Dr. Sterne should be Bishop of Dromore, and I Dean of St.

Patrick's; and that Sterne's warrant should be drawn immediately. You

know the deanery is in the Duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted

between the Queen, Lord Treasurer, and the Duke of Ormond, to make room

for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident

may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and

I confess I thought the Ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they

can't help it. Nite MD.

19. I forgot to tell you that Lord Treasurer forced me to dine with

him yesterday as usual, with his Saturday company; which I did after

frequent refusals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at

Court. After dinner Mr. Lewis sent me a note, that the Queen stayed till

she knew whether the Duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for Bishop. I

went this evening, and found the Duke of Ormond at the Cock-pit, and

told him, and desired he would go to the Queen, and approve of Sterne.

He made objections, desired I would name any other deanery, for he

did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to see him; that he was

influenced by the Archbishop of Dublin, etc.; so all now is broken

again. I sent out for Lord Treasurer, and told him this. He says all

will do well; but I value not what he says. This suspense vexes me worse

than anything else. Nite MD.

20. I went to-day, by appointment, to the Cock-pit, to talk with the

Duke of Ormond. He repeated the same proposals of any other deanery,

etc. I desired he would put me out of the case, and do as he pleased.

Then, with great kindness, he said he would consent; but would do it

for no man alive but me, etc. And he will speak to the Queen today or

to-morrow; so, perhaps, something will come of it. I can't tell. Nite

dee dee logues, MD.

21. The Duke of Ormond has told the Queen he is satisfied that Sterne

should be Bishop, and she consents I shall be Dean; and I suppose the

warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an ale-house with

Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in humour to go among the Ministers,

though Lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to-day, and Lord

Treasurer was to be there. I said I would, if I were out of suspense.

Nite deelest MD.

22. The Queen says warrants shall be drawn, but she will dispose of all

in England and Ireland at once, to be teased no more. This will delay

it some time; and, while it is delayed, I am not sure of the Queen, my

enemies being busy. I hate this suspense. Nite deelest MD.(16)

23. I dined yesterday with General Hamilton.(17) I forgot to tell oo. I

write short journals now. I have eggs on the spit. This night the Queen

has signed all the warrants, among which Sterne is Bishop of Dromore,

and the Duke of Ormond is to send over an order for making me Dean of

St. Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now passed.

And I suppose MD is malicious enough to be glad, and rather have it than

Wells.(18) But you see what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay

but six hundred pounds for the house; but the Bishop of Clogher says

eight hundred pounds; first-fruits one hundred and fifty pounds, and so,

with patent, a thousand pounds in all; so that I shall not be the better

for the deanery these three years. I hope in some time they will be

persuaded here to give me some money to pay off these debts. I must

finish the book I am writing,(19) before I can go over; and they expect

I shall pass next winter here, and then I will dun them to give me a

sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with MD, and

whatever comes on it. MD's allowance must be increased, and shall be

too, fais... (20) I received oor rettle No. 39 to-night; just ten weeks

since I had your last. I shall write next post to Bishop Sterne. Never

man had so many enemies of Ireland(21) as he. I carried it with the

strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well and gently in

what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of

mankind. The Archbishop of York,(22) my mortal enemy, has sent, by a

third hand, that he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him, or not?

I hope to be over in a month, and that MD, with their raillery, will

be mistaken, that I shall make it three years. I will answer oo rettle

soon; but no more journals. I shall be very busy. Short letters from

hence forward. I shall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live

on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a year.

Is it? If it be, the overplus shall be divided between MD and FW beside

usual allowance of MD.... (23) Pray write to me a good-humoured letter

immediately, let it be ever so short. This affair was carried with great

difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here 'tis much to my reputation

that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, to get the best

deanery in Ireland. Nite dee sollahs.

24. I forgot to tell you I had Sterne's letter yesterday, in answer to

mine. Oo performed oor commission well, dood dallars both.(24) I made

mistakes the three last days, and am forced to alter the number.(25) I

dined in the City to-day with my printer, and came home early, and

am going to (be) busy with my work. I will send this to-morrow, and I

suppose the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr. Coghill, to take care

of passing my patent; and to Parvisol, to attend him with money, if he

has any, or to borrow some where he can. Nite MD.

25. Morning. I know not whether my warrant be yet ready from the Duke of

Ormond. I suppose it will by tonight. I am going abroad, and will keep

this unsealed, till I know whether all be finished. Mollow,(26) sollahs.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the

warrants were gone over. Mr. Lewis sent to Southwell's clerk at ten; and

he said the Bishop of Killaloe(27) had desired they should be stopped

till next post. He sent again, that the Bishop of Killaloe's business

had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myself, but it was past eleven,

and asked the reason. Killaloe is removed to Raphoe, and he has a mind

to have an order for the rents of Raphoe, that have fallen due since the

vacancy, and he would have all stop till he has gotten that. A pretty

request! But the clerk, at Mr. Lewis's message, sent the warrants for

Sterne and me; but then it was too late to send this, which frets me

heartily, that MD should not have intelligence first from Pdfr. I

think to take a hundred pounds a year out of the deanery, and divide it

between MD and Pr,(28) and so be one year longer in paying the debt; but

we'll talk of zis hen I come over. So nite dear sollahs. Lele.(29)

26. I was at Court to-day, and a thousand people gave me joy; so I ran

out. I dined with Lady Orkney. Yesterday I dined with Lord Treasurer

and his Saturday people as usual; and was so bedeaned! The Archbishop

of York says he will never more speak against me. Pray see that Parvisol

stirs about getting my patent. I have given Tooke DD's note to prove she

is alive. I'll answer oo rettle.... Nite.

27. Nothing new to-day. I dined with Tom Harley, etc. I'll seal up this

to-night. Pray write soon.... MD MD MD FW FW FW ME ME ME Lele, lele.

LETTER 64.(1)

LONDON, May 16 (1713).

I had yours, No. 40, yesterday. Your new Bishop acts very ungratefully.

I cannot say so bad of it as he deserved. I begged at the same post

his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave those livings to my

disposal. I shall write this post to him to let him know how ill I take

it. I have letters to tell me that I ought to think of employing some

body to set the tithes of the deanery. I know not what to do at this

distance. I cannot be in Ireland under a month. I will write two orders;

one to Parvisol, and t'other to Parvisol, and a blank for whatever

fellow it is whom the last Dean employed; and I would desire you to

advise with friends which to make use of: and if the latter, let the

fellow's name be inserted, and both act by commission. If the former,

then speak to Parvisol, and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it

is hardly to be done by a perfect stranger alone, as Parvisol is. He

may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his interest with me; but that is

needless, for I am willing to do him any good, that will do me no harm.

Pray advise with Walls and Raymond, and a little with Bishop Sterne

for form. Tell Raymond I cannot succeed for him to get that living of

Moimed. It is represented here as a great sinecure. Several chaplains

have solicited for it; and it has vexed me so, that, if I live, I will

make it my business to serve him better in something else. I am heartily

sorry for his illness, and that of the other two. If it be not necessary

to let the tithes till a month hence, you may keep the two papers, and

advise well in the meantime; and whenever it is absolutely necessary,

then give that paper which you are most advised to. I thank Mr. Walls

for his letter. Tell him that must serve for an answer, with my

service to him and her. I shall buy Bishop Sterne's hair as soon as his

household goods. I shall be ruined, or at least sadly cramped, unless

the Queen will give me a thousand pounds. I am sure she owes me a great

deal more. Lord Treasurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it;

but, quando? I am advised to hasten over as soon as possible, and so I

will, and hope to set out the beginning of June. Take no lodging for me.

What? at your old tricks again? I can lie somewhere after I land, and I

care not where, nor how. I will buy your eggs and bacon, DD... (2)

your caps and Bible; and pray think immediately, and give me some

commissions, and I will perform them as far as oo poo Pdfr can.(3)

The letter I sent before this was to have gone a post before; but an

accident hindered it; and, I assure oo, I wam very akkree(4) MD did

not write to Dean Pdfr, and I think oo might have had a Dean under your

girdle for the superscription. I have just finished my Treatise,(5) and

must be ten days correcting it. Farewell, deelest MD, MD, MD, FW, FW,

FW, ME, ME, ME, Lele.

You'll seal the two papers after my name.

"LONDON, May 16, 1713.

"I appoint Mr. Isaiah Parvisol and Mr. to set and let the tithes of the

Deanery of St. Patrick's for this present year. In witness whereof, I

hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

(JONAT. SWIFT."(6))

"LONDON, May 16, 1713.

"I do hereby appoint Mr. Isaiah Parvisol my proctor, to set and let

the tithes of the Deanery of St. Patrick's. In witness whereof, I have

hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

JONAT. SWIFT."

LETTER 65.(1)

CHESTER, June 6, 1713.

I am come here after six days. I set out on Monday last, and got here

to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider, fais! and all the

ships and people went off yesterday with a rare wind. This was told

me, to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not used riding these three

years, made me terrible weary; yet I resolve on Monday to set out for

Holyhead, as weary as I am. 'Tis good for my health, mam. When I came

here, I found MD's letter of the 26th of May sent down to me. Had you

writ a post sooner I might have brought some pins: but you were lazy,

and would not write your orders immediately, as I desired you. I will

come when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I will be

three days going to Holyhead; I cannot ride faster, say hat oo will. I

am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would fain

'scape this Holyhead journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it

will be almost necessary I should be in Dublin before the 25th instant,

to take the oaths;(2) otherwise I must wait to a quarter sessions. I

will lodge as I can; therefore take no lodgings for me, to pay in my

absence. The poor Dean can't afford it. I spoke again to the Duke of

Ormond about Moimed for Raymond, and hope he may yet have it, for I laid

it strongly to the Duke, and gave him the Bishop of Meath's memorial.

I am sorry for Raymond's fistula; tell him so. I will speak to Lord

Treasurer about Mrs. South(3) to-morrow. Odso! I forgot; I thought I

had been in London. Mrs. Tisdall(4) is very big, ready to lie down. Her

husband is a puppy. Do his feet stink still? The letters to Ireland go

at so uncertain an hour, that I am forced to conclude. Farewell, MD, MD

MD FW FW FW ME ME ME ME.

Lele lele

lele logues and

Ladies bose fair

and slender.

(On flyleaf.)

I mightily approve Ppt's project of hanging the blind parson. When I

read that passage upon Chester walls, as I was coming into town, and

just received your letter, I said aloud--Agreeable B-tch.

NOTES.

These notes are referenced by 'Notes to the Introduction' or 'Letter

(number)', and the numbers in square brackets (thus -- (3)) in the body

of the Journal.

Notes to the Introduction.

1 Notes and Queries, Sixth Series, x. 287.

2 See letter from Swift to John Temple, February 1737. She was then

"quite sunk with years and unwieldliness."

3 Athenaeum, Aug. 8, 1891.

4 Journal, May 4, 1711.

5 Craik's Life of Swift, 269.

6 Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift, pp. 189-96.

7 In 1730 he wrote, "Those who have been married may form juster

ideas of that estate than I can pretend to do" (Dr. Birkbeck Hill's

Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift, p. 237).

8 Scott added a new incident which has become incorporated in the

popular conception of Swift's story. Delany is said to have met

Swift rushing out of Archbishop King's study, with a countenance of

distraction, immediately after the wedding. King, who was in tears,

said, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the

subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Will it be

believed that Scott--who rejects Delany's inference from this alleged

incident--had no better authority for it than "a friend of his

(Delany's) relict"?

9 This incident, for which there is probably some foundation of fact--we

cannot say how much--has been greatly expanded by Mrs. Woods in her

novel Esther Vanhomrigh. Unfortunately most of her readers cannot, of

course, judge exactly how far her story is a work of imagination.

10 In October Swift explained that he had been in the country "partly to

see a lady of my old acquaintance, who was extremely ill" (Unpublished

Letters of Dean Swift, p. 198).

11 There is a story that shortly before her death Swift begged Stella to

allow herself to be publicly announced as his wife, but that she replied

that it was then too late. The versions given by Delany and Theophilus

Swift differ considerably, while Sheridan alters the whole thing by

representing Swift as brutally refusing to comply with Stella's last

wishes.

12 There has also been the absurd suggestion that the impediment was

Swift's knowledge that both he and Stella were the illegitimate children

of Sir William Temple--a theory which is absolutely disproved by known

facts.

13 It is curious to note the intimate knowledge of some of Swift's

peculiarities which was possessed by the hostile writer of a pamphlet

called A Hue and Cry after Dr. S---t, published in 1714. That piece

consists, for the most part, of extracts from a supposed Diary by Swift,

and contains such passages as these: "Friday. Go to the Club... Am

treated. Expenses one shilling." "Saturday. Bid my servant get all

things ready for a journey to the country: mend my breeches; hire a

washerwoman, making her allow for old shirts, socks, dabbs and markees,

which she bought of me... Six coaches of quality, and nine hacks, this

day called at my lodgings." "Thursday. The Earl looked queerly: left him

in a huff. Bid him send for me when he was fit for company... Spent ten

shillings."

14 The "little language" is marked chiefly by such changes of letters

(e.g., l for r, or r for l) as a child makes when learning to speak.

The combinations of letters in which Swift indulges are not so easy of

interpretation. For himself he uses Pdfr, and sometimes Podefar or FR

(perhaps Poor dear foolish rogue). Stella is Ppt (Poor pretty thing).

MD (my dears) usually stands for both Stella and Mrs. Dingley, but

sometimes for Stella alone. Mrs. Dingley is indicated by ME (Madam

Elderly), D, or DD (Dear Dingley). The letters FW may mean Farewell, or

Foolish Wenches. Lele seems sometimes to be There, there, and sometimes

Truly.

LETTER 1.

1. Addressed "To Mrs. Dingley, at Mr. Curry's house over against the

Ram in Capel Street, Dublin, Ireland," and endorsed by Esther Johnson,

"Sept. 9. Received." Afterwards Swift added, "MD received this Sept. 9,"

and "Letters to Ireland from Sept.1710, begun soon after the change of

Ministry. Nothing in this."

2. Beaumont is the "grey old fellow, poet Joe," of Swift's verses "On

the little house by the Churchyard at Castlenock." Joseph Beaumont, a

linen-merchant, is described as "a venerable, handsome, grey-headed man,

of quick and various natural abilities, but not improved by learning."

His inventions and mathematical speculations, relating to the longitude

and other things, brought on mental troubles, which were intensified

by bankruptcy, about 1718. He was afterwards removed from Dublin to his

home at Trim, where he rallied; but in a few years his madness returned,

and he committed suicide.

3. Vicar of Trim, and formerly a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. In

various places in his correspondence Swift criticises the failings of

Dr. Anthony Raymond, who was, says Scott, "a particular friend." His

unreliability in money matters, the improvidence of his large family,

his peculiarities in grammar, his pride in his good manners, all these

points are noticed in the journal and elsewhere. But when Dr. Raymond

returned to Ireland after a visit to London, Swift felt a little

melancholy, and regretted that he had not seen more of him. In July 1713

Raymond was presented to the Crown living of Moyenet.

4. A small township on the estuary of the Dee, between twelve and

thirteen miles north-west of Chester. In the early part of the

eighteenth century Parkgate was a rival of Holyhead as a station for the

Dublin packets, which started, on the Irish side, from off Kingsend.

5. Dr. St. George Ashe, afterwards Bishop of Derry, who had been Swift's

tutor at Trinity College, Dublin. He died in 1718. It is this lifelong

friend who is said to have married Swift and Esther Johnson in 1716.

6. The Commission to solicit for the remission of the First-Fruits and

twentieth parts, payable to the Crown by the Irish clergy, was signed

by the Archbishops of Armagh, Dublin, and Cashel, and the Bishops of

Kildare, Meath, and Killala.

7. Dr. William Lloyd was appointed Bishop of Killala in 1690. He had

previously been Dean of Achonry.

8. Dr. John Hough (1651-1743). In 1687 he had been elected President of

Magdalen College, Oxford, in place of the nominee of James II. Hough was

Bishop of Oxford, Lichfield, and Worcester successively, and declined

the primacy in 1715.

9. Steele was at this time Gazetteer. The Cockpit, in Whitehall, looked

upon St. James's Palace, and was used for various Government purposes.

10. This coffee-house, the resort of the Whig politicians, was kept by a

man named Elliot. It is often alluded to in the Tatler and Spectator.

11. William Stewart, second Viscount Mountjoy, a friend and

correspondent of Swift's in Ireland. He was the son of one of William's

generals, and was himself a Lieutenant-General and Master-General of the

Ordnance; he died in 1728.

12. Catherine, daughter of Maurice Keating, of Narraghmore, Kildare, and

wife of Garret Wesley, of Dangan, M.P. for Meath. She died in 1745. On

the death of Garret Wesley without issue in 1728, the property passed to

a cousin, Richard Colley, who was afterwards created Baron Mornington,

and was grandfather to the Duke of Wellington.

13. The landlady of Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.

14. Swift's housekeeper at Laracor. Elsewhere Swift speaks of his "old

Presbyterian housekeeper," "who has been my Walpole above thirty years,

whenever I lived in this kingdom." "Joe Beaumont is my oracle for public

affairs in the country, and an old Presbyterian woman in town."

15. Isaiah Parvisol, Swift's tithe-agent and steward at Laracor, was an

Irishman of French extraction, who died in 1718 (Birkbeck's Unpublished

Letters of Dean Swift, 1899, p.85).

Letter 2.

1. In some MS. Accounts of Swift's, in the Forster Collection at South

Kensington there is the following entry:--"Set out for England Aug. 31st

on Thursday, 10 at night; landed at Parkgate Friday 1st at noon.

Sept. 1, 1710, came to London. Thursday at noon, Sept. 7th, with Lord

Mountjoy, etc. Mem.: Lord Mountjoy bore my expenses from Chester to

London."

2. In a letter to Archbishop King of the same date Swift says he

was "equally caressed by both parties; by one as a sort of bough for

drowning men to lay hold of, and by the other as one discontented with

the late men in power."

3. The Earl of Godolphin, who was severely satirised by Swift in his Sid

Hamet's Rod, 1710. He had been ordered to break his staff as Treasurer

on August 8. Swift told Archbishop King that Godolphin was "altogether

short, dry, and morose."

4. Martha, widow of Sir Thomas Giffard, Bart., of County Kildare, the

favourite sister of Sir William Temple, had been described by Swift in

early pindaric verses as "wise and great." Afterwards he was to call her

"an old beast" (Journal, Nov. 11, 1710). Their quarrel arose, towards

the close of 1709, out of a difference with regard to the publication

of Sir William Temple's Works. On the appearance of vol. v. Lady

Giffard charged Swift with publishing portions of the writings from

an unfaithful copy in lieu of the originals in his possession, and in

particular with printing laudatory notices of Godolphin and Sunderland

which Temple intended to omit, and with omitting an unfavourable remark

on Sunderland which Temple intended to print. Swift replied that the

corrections were all made by Temple himself.

5. Lord Wharton's second wife, Lucy, daughter of Lord Lisburn. She

died in 1716, a few months after her husband. See Lady M. W. Montagu's

Letters.

6. Mrs. Bridget Johnson, who married, as her second husband, Ralph

Mose or Moss, of Farnham, an agent for Sir William Temple's estate,

was waiting-woman or companion to Lady Giffard. In her will (1722) Lady

Giffard left Mrs. Moss 20 pounds, "with my silver cup and cover." Mrs.

Moss died in 1745, when letters of administration were granted to a

creditor of the deceased.

7. Dr. William King (1610-1729), a Whig and High Churchman, had more

than one difference with Swift during the twenty years following Swift's

first visit to London in connection with the First-Fruits question.

8. Swift's benefice, in the diocese of Meath, two miles from Trim.

9. Steele, who had been issuing the Tatler thrice weekly since April.

He lost the Gazetteership in October.

10. James, second Duke of Ormond (1665-1745) was appointed Lord

Lieutenant on the 26th of October. In the following year he became

Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief. He was impeached of high treason

and attainted in 1715; and he died in exile.

11. "Presto," substituted by the original editor for "Pdfr," was

suggested by a passage in the Journal for Aug. 2, 1711, where Swift says

that the Duchess of Shrewsbury "could not say my name in English, but

said Dr. Presto, which is Italian for Swift."

12. Charles Jervas, the popular portrait-painter, has left two portraits

of Swift, one of which is in the National Portrait Gallery, and the

other in the Bodleian Library.

13. Sir William Temple's nephew, and son of Sir John Temple (died

1704), Solicitor and Attorney-General, and Speaker of the Irish House of

Commons. "Jack" Temple acquired the estate of Moor Park, Surrey, by his

marriage with Elizabeth, granddaughter of Sir William Temple, and elder

daughter of John Temple, who committed suicide in 1689. As late as 1706

Swift received an invitation to visit Moor Park.

14. Dr. Benjamin Pratt, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, was

appointed Dean of Down in 1717. Swift calls him "a person of wit and

learning," and "a gentleman of good birth and fortune,... very much

esteemed among us" (Short Character of Thomas, Earl of Wharton). On his

death in 1721 Swift wrote, "He was one of the oldest acquaintance I had,

and the last that I expected to die. He has left a young widow, in very

good circumstances. He had schemes of long life.... What a ridiculous

thing is man!" (Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift, 1899, p. 106).

15. A Westmeath landlord, whom Swift met from time to time in London.

The Leighs were well acquainted with Esther Johnson.

16. Dr. Enoch Sterne, appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, in 1704.

Swift was his successor in the deanery on Dr. Sterne's appointment

as Bishop of Dromore in 1713. In 1717 Sterne was translated to the

bishopric of Clogher. He spent much money on the cathedrals, etc., with

which he was connected.

17. Archdeacon Walls was rector of Castle Knock, near Trim. Esther

Johnson was a frequent visitor at his house in Queen Street, Dublin.

18. William Frankland, Comptroller of the Inland Office at the Post

Office, was the second son of the Postmaster-General, Sir Thomas

Frankland, Bart. Luttrell (vi. 333) records that in 1708 he was made

Treasurer of the Stamp Office, or, according to Chamberlayne's Mag.

Brit. Notitia for 1710, Receiver-General.

19. Thomas Wharton, Earl and afterwards Marquis of Wharton, had been

one of Swift's fellow-travellers from Dublin. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland

under the Whig Government, from 1708 to 1710, Wharton was the most

thorough-going party man that had yet appeared in English politics; and

his political enemies did not fail to make the most of his well-known

immorality. In his Notes to Macky's Characters Swift described Wharton

as "the most universal villain that ever I knew." On his death in 1715

he was succeeded by his profligate son, Philip, who was created Duke of

Wharton in 1718.

20. This money was a premium the Government had promised Beaumont for

his Mathematical Sleying Tables, calculated for the improvement of the

linen manufacture.

21. The bellman was both town-crier and night-watchman.

Letter 3.

1. Dr. William Cockburn (1669-1739), Swift's physician, of a good

Scottish family, was educated at Leyden. He invented an electuary for

the cure of fluxes, and in 1730, in The Danger of Improving Physick,

satirised the academical physicians who envied him the fortune he had

made by his secret remedy. He was described in 1729 as "an old very rich

quack."

2. Sir Matthew Dudley, Bart., an old Whig friend, was M.P. for

Huntingdonshire, and Commissioner of the Customs from 1706 to 1712, and

again under George I., until his death in 1721.

3. Isaac Manley, who was appointed Postmaster-General in Ireland in 1703

(Luttrell, v. 333). He had previously been Comptroller of the English

Letter Office, a post in which he was succeeded by William Frankland,

son of Sir Thomas Frankland. Dunton calls Manley "loyal and acute."

4. Sir Thomas Frankland was joint Postmaster-General from 1691 to 1715.

He succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, Sir William

Frankland, in 1697, and he died in 1726. Macky describes Sir Thomas as

"of a sweet and easy disposition, zealous for the Constitution, yet not

forward, and indulgent to his dependants." On this Swift comments, "This

is a fair character."

5. Theophilus Butler, elected M.P. for Cavan, in the Irish Parliament,

in 1703, and for Belturbet (as "the Right Hon. Theophilus Butler") in

1713. On May 3, 1710, Luttrell wrote (Brief Relation of State Affairs,

vi. 577), "'Tis said the Earl of Montrath, Lord Viscount Mountjoy... and

Mr. Butler will be made Privy Councillors of the Kingdom of Ireland."

Butler--a contemporary of Swift's at Trinity College, Dublin--was

created Baron of Newtown-Butler in 1715, and his brother, who succeeded

him in 1723, was made Viscount Lanesborough. Butler's wife was Emilia,

eldest daughter and co-heir of James Stopford, of Tara, County Meath.

6. No. 193 of the Tatler, for July 4, 1710, contained a letter from

Downes the Prompter--not by Steele himself--in ridicule of Harley and

his proposed Ministry.

7. Charles Robartes, second Earl of Radnor, who died in 1723. In the

Journal for Dec. 30, 1711, Swift calls him "a scoundrel."

8. Benjamin Tooke, Swift's bookseller or publisher, lived at the Middle

Temple Gate. Dunton wrote of him, "He is truly honest, a man of refined

sense, and is unblemished in his reputation." Tooke died in 1723.

9. Swift's servant, of whose misdeeds he makes frequent complaints in

the Journal.

10. Deputy Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. In one place Swift calls him

Captain Pratt; and in all probability he is the John Pratt who, as we

learn from Dalton's English Army Lists, was appointed captain in General

Erle's regiment of foot in 1699, and was out of the regiment by 1706. In

1702 he obtained the Queen's leave to be absent from the regiment when

it was sent to the West Indies. Pratt seems to have been introduced to

Swift by Addison.

11. Charles Ford, of Wood Park, near Dublin, was a great lover of the

opera and a friend of the Tory wits. He was appointed Gazetteer in 1712.

Gay calls him "joyous Ford," and he was given to over-indulgence in

conviviality. See Swift's poem on Stella at Wood Park.

12. Lord Somers, to whom Swift had dedicated The Tale of a Tub, with

high praise of his public and private virtues. In later years Swift said

that Somers "possessed all excellent qualifications except virtue."

13. At the foundation school of the Ormonds at Kilkenny. (see note 22.)

14. A Whig haberdasher.

15. Benjamin Hoadley, the Whig divine, had been engaged in controversy

with Sacheverell, Blackall, and Atterbury. After the accession of George

I. he became Bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester in

success.

16. Dr. Henry Sacheverell, whose impeachment and trial had led to the

fall of the Whig Government.

17. Sir Berkeley Lucy, Bart., F.R.S., married Katherine, daughter of

Charles Cotton, of Beresford, Staffordshire, Isaac Walton's friend. Lady

Lucy died in 1740, leaving an only surviving daughter, Mary, who married

the youngest son of the Earl of Northampton, and had two sons, who

became successively seventh and eighth Earls of Northampton. Forster and

others assumed that "Lady Lucy" was a Lady Lucy Stanhope, though they

were not able to identify her. It was reserved for Mr. Ryland to clear

up this difficulty. As he points out, Lady Lucy's elder sister, Olive,

married George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, and left a daughter

Mary,--Swift's "Moll Stanhope,"--a beauty and a madcap, who married,

in 1712, William Burnet, son of Bishop Burnet, and died in 1714. Mary,

another sister of Lady Lucy's, married Augustine Armstrong, of Great

Ormond Street, and is the Mrs. Armstrong mentioned by Swift on Feb. 3,

1711, as a pretender to wit, without taste. Sir Berkeley Lucy's mother

was a daughter of the first Earl of Berkeley, and it was probably

through the Berkeleys that Swift came to know the Lucys.

18. Ann Long was sister to Sir James Long, and niece to Colonel

Strangeways. Once a beauty and toast of the Kit-Cat Club, she fell

into narrow circumstances through imprudence and the unkindness of her

friends, and retired under the name of Mrs. Smythe to Lynn, in Norfolk,

where she died in 1711 (see Journal, December 25, 1711). Swift said,

"She was the most beautiful person of the age she lived in; of great

honour and virtue, infinite sweetness and generosity of temper, and true

good sense" (Forster's Swift, 229). In a letter of December 1711, Swift

wrote that she "had every valuable quality of body and mind that could

make a lady loved and esteemed."

19. Said, I know not on what authority, to be Swift's friend, Mrs.

Barton. But Mrs. Barton is often mentioned by Swift as living in London

in 1710-11.

20. One of Swift's cousins, who was separated from her husband, a man of

bad character, living abroad. Her second husband, Lancelot, a servant of

Lord Sussex, lived in New Bond Street, and there Swift lodged in 1727.

21. 100,000 pounds.

22. Francis Stratford's name appears in the Dublin University Register

for 1686 immediately before Swift's. Budgell is believed to have

referred to the friendship of Swift and Stratford in the Spectator,

No. 353, where he describes two schoolfellows, and says that the man of

genius was buried in a country parsonage of 160 pounds a year, while

his friend, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, had gained an

estate of above 100,000 pounds.

23. William Cowper, afterwards Lord Cowper.

24. Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Viscount Harcourt, had been counsel

for Sacheverell. On Sept. 19, 1710, he was appointed Attorney-General,

and on October 19 Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. In April 1713 he became

Lord Chancellor.

25. This may be some relative of Dr. John Freind (see Letter 9), or,

more probably, as Sir Henry Craik suggests, a misprint for Colonel

Frowde, Addison's friend (see Journal, Nov. 4, 1710). No officer named

Freind or Friend is mentioned in Dalton's English Army Lists.

26. See the Tatler, Nos. 124, 203. There are various allusions in the

"Wentworth Papers" to this, the first State Lottery of 1710; and two

bluecoat boys drawing out the tickets, and showing their hands to the

crowd, as Swift describes them, are shown in a reproduction of a picture

in a contemporary pamphlet given in Ashton's Social Life in the Reign of

Queen Anne, i. 115.

27. A few weeks later Swift wrote, "I took a fancy of resolving to grow

mad for it, but now it is off."

28. Sir John Holland, Bart., was a leading manager for the Commons in

the impeachment of Sacheverell. He succeeded Sir Thomas Felton in the

Comptrollership in March 1710.

29. Dryden Leach. (see Letter 7.)

30. William Pate, "bel esprit and woollen-draper," as Swift called him,

lived opposite the Royal Exchange. He was Sheriff of London in 1734,

and died in 1746. Arbuthnot, previous to matriculating at Oxford, lodged

with Pate, who gave him a letter of introduction to Dr. Charlett,

Master of University College; and Pate is supposed to have been the

woollen-draper, "remarkable for his learning and good-nature," who is

mentioned by Steele in the Guardian, No. 141.

31. James Brydges, son of Lord Chandos of Sudeley, was appointed

Paymaster-General of Forces Abroad in 1707. He succeeded his father

as Baron Chandos in 1714, and was created Duke of Chandos in 1729. The

"princely Chandos" and his house at Canons suggested to Pope the Timon's

villa of the "Epistle to Lord Burlington." The Duke died in 1744.

32. Charles Talbot, created Duke of Shrewsbury in 1694, was held in

great esteem by William III., and was Lord Chamberlain under Anne. In

1713 he became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and held various offices

under George I., until his death in 1718. "Before he was o. age," says

Macaulay, "he was allowed to be one of the finest gentlemen and finest

scholars of his time."

33. See No. 230.

34. William Cavendish, second Duke of Devonshire (1673-1729), who was

Lord Steward from 1707 to 1710 and from 1714 to 1716. Afterwards he was

Lord President of the Council. Swift's comment on Macky's character of

this Whig nobleman was, "A very poor understanding."

35. John Annesley, fourth Earl of Anglesea, a young nobleman of

great promise, had only recently been appointed joint Vice-Treasurer,

Receiver-General, and Paymaster of the Forces in Ireland, and sworn of

the Privy Council.

36. Nichols, followed by subsequent editors, suggested that "Durham"

was a mistake for "St. David's," because Dr. George Bull, Bishop of St.

David's, died in 1710. But Dr. Bull died on Feb. 17, 1710, though his

successor, Dr. Philip Bisse, was not appointed until November; and Swift

was merely repeating a false report of the death of Lord Crewe, Bishop

of Durham, which was current on the day on which he wrote. Luttrell

says, on Sept. 19, "The Lord Crewe.. . died lately"; but on the 23rd he

adds, "The Bishop of Durham is not dead as reported" (Brief Relation,

vi. 630, 633.

37. Lady Elizabeth ("Betty") Butler, who died unmarried in 1750.

38. Swift wrote in 1734, "Once every year I issued out an edict,

commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had

an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at

their peril: which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed."

39. Charles, second Earl of Berkeley (1649-1710), married Elizabeth,

daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden. The Earl died on Sept. 24,

1710, and his widow in 1719. Swift, it will be remembered, had been

chaplain to Lord Berkeley in Ireland in 1699.

40. Lady Betty and Lady Mary Butler. (see Letter 7, notes 2 and 3.)

41. Henry Boyle, Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1702 to 1708, was

Secretary of State from 1708 to 1710, when he was succeeded by St. John.

In 1714 he was created Baron Carleton, and he was Lord President from

1721 until his death in 1725.

42. On Sept. 29 Swift wrote that his rooms consisted of the first floor,

a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week. On his last

visit to England, in 1726, he lodged "next door to the Royal Chair" in

Bury Street. Steele lived in the same street from 1707 to 1712; and Mrs.

Vanhomrigh was Swift's next-door neighbour.

43. In Exchange Alley. Cf. Spectator, No. 454: "I went afterwards to

Robin's, and saw people who had dined with me at the fivepenny ordinary

just before, give bills for the value of large estates."

Letter 4.

1 John Molesworth, Commissioner of the Stamp Office, was sent as Envoy

to Tuscany in 1710, and was afterwards Minister at Florence, Venice,

Geneva, and Turin. He became second Viscount Molesworth in 1725, and

died in 1731.

2 Misson says, "Every two hours you may write to any part of the city or

suburbs: he that receives it pays a penny, and you give nothing when you

put it into the Post; but when you write into the country both he that

writes and he that receives pay each a penny." The Penny Post system had

been taken over by the Government, but was worked separately from the

general Post.

3 The Countess of Berkeley's second daughter, who married, in 1706,

Sir John Germaine, Bart. (1650-1718), a soldier of fortune. Lady Betty

Germaine is said to have written a satire on Pope (Nichols' Literary

Anecdotes, ii. 11), and was a constant correspondent of Swift's. She was

always a Whig, and shortly before her death in 1769 she made a present

of 100 pounds to John Wilkes, then in prison in the Tower. Writing of

Lady Betty Butler and Lady Betty Germaine, Swift says elsewhere, "I saw

two Lady Bettys this afternoon; the beauty of one, the good breeding

and nature of the other, and the wit of either, would have made a fine

woman." Germaine obtained the estate at Drayton through his first wife,

Lady Mary Mordaunt--Lord Peterborough's sister--who had been divorced

by her first husband, the Duke of Norfolk. Lady Betty was thirty years

younger than her husband, and after Sir John's death she remained a

widow for over fifty years.

4 The letter in No. 280 of the Tatler.

5 Discover, find out. Cf. Shakespeare's All's Well that Ends Well, iii.

6: "He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu."

6 A village near Dublin.

7 Excellent.

8 John Molesworth, and, probably, his brother Richard, afterwards third

Viscount Molesworth, who had saved the Duke of Marlborough's life at

the battle of Ramillies, and had been appointed, in 1710, colonel of a

regiment of foot.

9 Presumably at Charles Ford's.

10 The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod, published as a single

folio sheet, was a satire on Godolphin.

11 Apparently Marcus Antonius Morgan, steward to the Bishop of Kildare

(Craik). Swift wrote to the Duke of Montagu on Aug. 12, 1713 (Buccleuch

MSS., 1899, i. 359). "Mr. Morgan of Kingstrope is a friend, and was, I

am informed, put out of the Commission of justice for being so."

12 Dr. Raymond is called Morgan's "father" because he warmly supported

Morgan's interests.

13 The Rev. Thomas Warburton, Swift's curate at Laracor, whom Swift

described to the Archbishop as "a gentleman of very good learning and

sense, who has behaved himself altogether unblamably."

14 The tobacco was to be used as snuff. About this time ladies much

affected the use of snuff, and Steele, in No. 344 of the Spectator,

speaks of Flavilla pulling out her box, "which is indeed full of good

Brazil," in the middle of the sermon. People often made their own snuff

out of roll tobacco, by means of rasps. On Nov. 3, 1711, Swift speaks

of sending "a fine snuff rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John for

Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco."

15 Katherine Barton, second daughter of Robert Barton, of Brigstock,

Northamptonshire, and niece of Sir Isaac Newton. She was a favourite

among the toasts of the Kit-Cat Club, and Lord Halifax, who left her

a fortune, was an intimate friend. In 1717 she married John Conduitt,

afterwards Master of the Mint.

16 William Connolly, appointed a Commissioner of the Revenue in 1709,

was afterwards Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. He died in 1729.

Francis Robarts, appointed a Commissioner of the Revenue in 1692, was

made a Teller of the Exchequer in England in 1704, and quitted that

office, in September 1710, on his reappointment, in Connolly's place,

as Revenue Commissioner in Ireland. In 1714 Robarts was removed, and

Connolly again appointed Commissioner.

17 Enoch Sterne, Collector of Wicklow and Clerk to the Irish House of

Lords. Writing to Dr. Sterne on Sept. 26, Swift said, "I saw Collector

Sterne, who desired me to present his service to you, and to tell you he

would be glad to hear from you, but not about business."

18 In his "Character of Mrs. Johnson" Swift says, "She was never known

to cry out, or discover any fear, in a coach." The passage in the text

is obscure. Apparently Esther Johnson had boasted of saving money by

walking, instead of riding, like a coward.

19 John Radcliffe (1650-1714), the well-known physician and wit, was

often denounced as a clever empiric. Early in 1711 he treated Swift for

his dizziness. By his will, Radcliffe left most of his property to the

University of Oxford.

20 Charles Barnard, Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen, and Master of the

Barber Surgeons' Company. His large and valuable library, to which Swift

afterwards refers, fetched great prices. Luttrell records Barnard's

death in his diary for Oct. 12, 1710.

21 Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, had been appointed

Chancellor of the Exchequer in August 1710. In May 1711 he was raised to

the peerage and made Lord High Treasurer; and he is constantly referred

to in the Journal as "Lord Treasurer." He was impeached in 1715, but was

acquitted to 1717; he died in 1724.

22 The Right Hon. Thomas Bligh, M.P., of Rathmore, County Meath, died on

Aug. 28, 1710. His son, mentioned later in the Journal, became Earl of

Darnley.

Letter 5.

1 Penalty.

2 Erasmus Lewis, Under Secretary of State under Lord Dartmouth, was a

great friend of Swift, Pope, and Arbuthnot. He had previously been one

of Harley's secretaries, and in his Horace Imitated, Book I. Ep. vii.,

Swift describes him as "a cunning shaver, and very much in Harley's

favour." Arbuthnot says that under George I. Lewis kept company with

the greatest, and was "principal governor" in many families. Lewis was

a witness to Arbuthnot's will. Pope and Esther Vanhomrigh both left him

money to buy rings. Lewis died in 1754, aged eighty-three.

3 Charles Darteneuf, or Dartiquenave, was a celebrated epicure, who is

said to have been a son of Charles II. Lord Lyttleton, in his Dialogues

of the Dead, recalling Pope's allusions to him, selects him to represent

modern bon vivants in the dialogue between Darteneuf and Apicius. See

Tatler 252. Darteneuf was Paymaster of the Royal Works and a member of

the Kit-Cat Club. He died in 1737.

4 No. 230.

5 Good, excellent.

6 Captain George Delaval, appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the King of

Portugal in Oct, 1710, was with Lord Peterborough in Spain in 1706. In

May 1707 he went to Lisbon with despatches for the Courts of Spain

and Portugal, from whence he was to proceed as Envoy to the Emperor of

Morocco, with rich presents (Luttrell, vi. 52, 174, 192).

7 Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, as Ranger of Bushey Park and Hampton

Court, held many offices under William III., and was First Lord of

the Treasury under George I., until his death in 1715. He was great as

financier and as debater, and he was a liberal patron of literature.

8 John Manley, M.P. for Bossiney, was made Surveyor-General on Sept. 30,

1710, and died in 1714. In 1706 he fought a duel with another Cornish

member (Luttrell, vi. 11, 535, 635). He seems to be the cousin whom Mrs.

De la Riviere Manley accuses of having drawn her into a false marriage.

For Isaac Manley and Sir Thomas Frankland, see Letter 3, notes 3 and 4.

9 The Earl of Godolphin (see Letter 2, note 3).

10 Sir John Stanley, Bart., of Northend, Commissioner of Customs, whom

Swift knew through his intimate friends the Pendarves. His wife, Anne,

daughter of Bernard Granville, and niece of John, Earl of Bath, was aunt

to Mary Granville, afterwards Mrs. Delany, who lived with the Stanleys

at their house in Whitehall.

11 Henry, Viscount Hyde, eldest son of Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester,

succeeded his father in the earldom in 1711, and afterwards became Earl

of Clarendon. His wife, Jane, younger daughter of Sir William Leveson

Gower,--who married a daughter of John Granville, Earl of Bath,--was

a beauty, and the mother of two beauties--Jane, afterwards Countess of

Essex (see journal, Jan. 29, 1712), and Catherine, afterwards Countess

of Queensberry. Lady Hyde was complimented by Prior, Pope, and her

kinsman, Lord Lansdowne, and is said to have been more handsome than

either of her daughters. She died in 1725; her husband in 1753. Lord

Hyde became joint Vice-Treasurer for Ireland in 1710; hence his interest

with respect to Pratt's appointment.

12 See Letter 3, note 10.

13 Sir Paul Methuen (1672-1757), son of John Methuen, diplomatist and

Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Methuen was Envoy and Ambassador to Portugal

from 1697 to 1708, and was M.P. for Devizes from 1708 to 1710, and a

Lord of the Admiralty. Under George I. he was Ambassador to Spain, and

held other offices. Gay speaks of "Methuen of sincerest mind, as Arthur

grave, as soft as womankind," and Steele dedicated to him the seventh

volume of the Spectator. In his Notes on Macky's Characters, Swift calls

him "a profligate rogue... without abilities of any kind."

14 Sir James Montagu was Attorney-General from 1708 to Sept. 1710, when

he resigned, and was succeeded by Sir Simon Harcourt. Under George I.

Montagu was raised to the Bench, and a few months before his death in

1723 became Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

15 The turnpike system had spread rapidly since the Restoration, and

had already effected an important reform in the English roads. Turnpike

roads were as yet unknown in Ireland.

16 Ann Johnson, who afterwards married a baker named Filby.

17 An infusion of which the main ingredient was cowslip or palsy-wort.

18 William Legge, first Earl of Dartmouth (1672-1750), was St. John's

fellow Secretary of State. Lord Dartmouth seems to have been a plain,

unpretending man, whose ignorance of French helped to throw important

matters into St. John's hands.

19 Richard Dyot was tried at the Old Bailey, on Jan. 13, 1710-11, for

counterfeiting stamps, and was acquitted, the crime being found

not felony, but only breach of trust. Two days afterwards a bill of

indictment was found against him for high misdemeanour.

20 Sir Philip Meadows (1626-1718) was knighted in 1658, and was

Ambassador to Sweden under Cromwell. His son Philip (died 1757) was

knighted in 1700, and was sent on a special mission to the Emperor in

1707. A great-grandson of the elder Sir Philip was created Earl Manvers

in 1806.

21 Her eyes were weak.

22 The son of the Sir Robert Southwell to whom Temple had offered Swift

as a "servant" on his going as Secretary of State to Ireland in 1690.

Edward Southwell (1671-1730) succeeded his father as Secretary of

State for Ireland in 1702, and in 1708 was appointed Clerk to the Privy

Council of Great Britain. Southwell held various offices under George I.

and George II., and amassed a considerable fortune.

23 Nicholas Rowe (1674-1718), dramatist and poet laureate, and one of

the first editors of Shakespeare, was at this time under-secretary to

the Duke of Queensberry, Secretary of State for Scotland.

24 No. 238 contains Swift's "Description of a Shower in London."

25 This seems to be a vague allusion to the text, "Cast thy bread upon

the waters," etc.

26 Sir Godfrey Kneller (1646-1723), the fashionable portrait-painter of

the period.

27 At the General election of 1710 the contest at Westminster excited

much interest. The number of constituents was large, and the franchise

low, all householders who paid scot and lot being voters. There were,

too, many houses of great Whig merchants, and a number of French

Protestants. But the High Church candidates, Cross and Medlicott,

were returned by large majorities, though the Whigs had chosen popular

candidates--General Stanhope, fresh from his successes in Spain, and Sir

Henry Dutton Colt, a Herefordshire gentleman.

28 Sir Andrew Fountaine (1676-1753), a distinguished antiquary, of an

old Norfolk family, was knighted by William III. in 1699, and inherited

his father's estate at Norfolk in 1706. He succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as

Warden of the Mint in 1727, and was Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Caroline.

He became acquainted with Swift in Ireland in 1707, when he went over as

Usher of the Black Rod in Lord Pembroke's Court.

29 See Letter 2, note 17. The Bishop was probably Dr. Moreton, Bishop of

Meath (see Journal, July 1, 1712).

30 The game of ombre--of Spanish origin--is described in Pope's Rape of

the Lock. See also the Compleat Gamester, 1721, and Notes and Queries,

April 8, 1871. The ace of spades, or Spadille, was always the first

trump; the ace of clubs (Basto) always the third. The second trump was

the worst card of the trump suit in its natural order, i.e. the seven in

red and the deuce in black suits, and was called Manille. If either of

the red suits was trumps, the ace of the suit was fourth trump (Punto).

Spadille, Manille, and Basto were "matadores," or murderers, as they

never gave suit.

31 See Letter 3, note 30,

32 In the Spectator, No. 337, there is a complaint from "one of the top

China women about town," of the trouble given by ladies who turn

over all the goods in a shop without buying anything. Sometimes they

cheapened tea, at others examined screens or tea-dishes.

33 The Right Hon. John Grubham Howe, M.P. for Gloucestershire, an

extreme Tory, had recently been appointed Paymaster of the Forces. He is

mentioned satirically as a patriot in sec. 9 of The Tale of a Tub.

34 George Henry Hay, Viscount Dupplin, eldest son of the sixth Earl of

Kinnoull, was made a Teller of the Exchequer in August, and a peer of

Great Britain in December 1711, with the title of Baron Hay. He married,

in 1709, Abigail, Harley's younger daughter, and he succeeded his father

in the earldom of Kinnoull in 1719.

35 Edward Harley, afterwards Lord Harley, who succeeded his father as

Earl of Oxford in 1724. He married Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles,

daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, but died without male issue in 1741.

His interest in literature caused him to form the collection known as

the Harleian Miscellany.

36 William Penn (1644-1718), the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania.

Swift says that he "spoke very agreeably, and with much spirit."

37 This "Memorial to Mr. Harley about the First-Fruits" is dated Oct. 7,

1710.

38 Henry St. John, created Viscount Bolingbroke in July 1712. In the

quarrel between Oxford and Bolingbroke in 1714, Swift's sympathies were

with Oxford.

39 I.e., it is decreed by fate. So Tillotson says, "These things are

fatal and necessary."

40 See Letter 3, note 8.

41 Obscure. Hooker speaks of a "blind or secret corner."

42 Ale served in a gill measure.

43 Scott suggests that the allusion is to The Tale of a Tub.

44 An extravagant compliment.

45 See Letter 8.

46 L'Estrange speaks of "trencher-flies and spungers."

47 See Letter 1, note 10.

48 Samuel Garth, physician and member of the Kit-Cat Club, was knighted

in 1714. He is best known by his satirical poem, The Dispensary, 1699.

49 Gay speaks of "Wondering Main, so fat, with laughing eyes" (Mr.

Pope's Welcome from Greece, st. xvii.).

50 See Letter 5, note 10.

51 See the letter of Oct. 10, 1710, to Archbishop King.

52 See Letter 1.

53 Seventy-three lines in folio upon one page, and in a very small

hand." (Deane Swift).

Letter 6.

1. I.e., Lord Lieutenant.

2 Tatler, No. 238.

3 See Letter 1, note 12.

4 Charles Coote, fourth Earl of Mountrath, and M.P. for Knaresborough.

He died unmarried in 1715.

5 Henry Coote, Lord Mountrath's brother. He succeeded to the earldom in

1715, but died unmarried in 1720.

6 The Devil Tavern was the meeting-place of Ben Jonson's Apollo Club.

The house was pulled down in 1787.

7 Addison was re-elected M.P. for Malmesbury in Oct. 1710, and he kept

that seat until his death in 1719.

8 Captain Charles Lavallee, who served in the Cadiz Expedition of 1702,

and was appointed a captain in Colonel Hans Hamilton's Regiment of Foot

in 1706 (Luttrell, v. 175, vi. 640; Dalton's English Army Lists, iv.

126).

9 See Letter 5.

10 The Tatler, No. 230, Sid Hamet's Rod, and the ballad (now lost) on

the Westminster Election.

11 The Earl of Galway (1648-1720), who lost the battle of Almanza to

the Duke of Berwick in 1707. Originally the Marquis de Ruvigny, a

French refugee, he had been made Viscount Galway and Earl of Galway

successively by William III.

12 William Harrison, the son of a doctor at St. Cross, Winchester, had

been recommended to Swift by Addison, who obtained for him the post of

governor to the Duke of Queensberry's son. In Jan. 1711 Harrison began

the issue of a continuation of Steele's Tatler with Swift's assistance,

but without success. In May 1711, St. John gave Harrison the appointment

of secretary to Lord Raby, Ambassador Extraordinary at the Hague, and in

Jan. 1713 Harrison brought the Barrier Treaty to England. He died in

the following month, at the age of twenty-seven, and Lady Strafford says

that "his brother poets buried him, as Mr. Addison, Mr. Philips, and Dr.

Swift." Tickell calls him "that much loved youth," and Swift felt his

death keenly. Harrison's best poem is Woodstock Park, 1706.

13 The last volume of Tonson's Miscellany, 1708.

14 James Douglas, second Duke of Queensberry and Duke of Dover

(1662-1711), was appointed joint Keeper of the Privy Seal in 1708, and

third Secretary of State in 1709. Harrison must have been "governor"

either to the third son, Charles, Marquis of Beverley (born 1698), who

succeeded to the dukedom in 1711, or to the fourth son, George, born in

1701.

15 Anthony Henley, son of Sir Robert Henley, M.P. for Andover, was

a favourite with the wits in London. He was a strong Whig, and

occasionally contributed to the Tatler and Maynwaring's Medley. Garth

dedicated The Dispensary to him. Swift records Henley's death from

apoplexy in August 1711.

16 Sir William Ashurst, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and Mr. John Ward were

replaced by Sir Richard Hoare, Sir George Newland, and Mr. John Cass at

the election for the City in 1710. Scott was wrong in saying that the

Whigs lost also the fourth seat, for Sir William Withers had been member

for the City since 1707.

17 Sir Richard Onslow, Bart., was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons

in 1708. Under George I. he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and

was elevated to the peerage as Baron Onslow in 1716. He died in the

following year.

18 "The upper part of the letter was a little besmeared with some such

stuff; the mark is still on it" (Deane Swift).

19 John Bolton, D.D., appointed a prebendary of St. Patrick's in 1691,

became Dean of Derry in 1699. He died in 1724. Like Swift, Bolton was

chaplain to Lord Berkeley, the Lord Lieutenant, and, according to Swift,

he obtained the deanery of Derry through Swift having declined to give a

bribe of 1000 pounds to Lord Berkeley's secretary. But Lord Orrery says

that the Bishop of Derry objected to Swift, fearing that he would be

constantly flying backwards and forwards between Ireland and England.

20 See Letter 2, note 16.

21 "That is, to the next page; for he is now within three lines of the

bottom of the first" (Deane Swift).

22 See Letter 4, note 15.

23 Joshua Dawson, secretary to the Lords Justices. He built a fine house

in Dawson Street, Dublin, and provided largely for his relatives by the

aid of the official patronage in his hands.

24 He had been dead three weeks (see Letters 3 and 5).

25 In The Importance of the Guardian Considered, Swift says that

Steele, "to avoid being discarded, thought fit to resign his place of

Gazetteer."

26 As Swift never used the name "Stella" in the Journal, this fragment

of his "little language" must have been altered by Deane Swift, the

first editor. Forster makes the excellent suggestion that the correct

reading is "sluttikins," a word used in the Journal on Nov. 28, 1710.

Swift often calls his correspondents "sluts."

27 Godolphin, who was satirised in Sid Hamel's Rod (see Letter 2, note

3).

28 No. 230.

29 "This appears to be an interjection of surprise at the length of his

journal" (Deane Swift).

30 Matthew Prior, poet and diplomatist, had been deprived of his

Commissionership of Trade by the Whigs, but was rewarded for his Tory

principles in 1711 by a Commissionership of Customs.

31 "The twentieth parts are 12 pence in the pound paid annually out of

all ecclesiastical benefices as they were valued at the Reformation.

They amount to about 500 pounds per annum; but are of little or no value

to the Queen after the offices and other charges are paid, though of

much trouble and vexation to the clergy" (Swift's "Memorial to Mr.

Harley").

32 Charles Mordaunt, the brilliant but erratic Earl of Peterborough, had

been engaged for two years, after the unsatisfactory inquiry into his

conduct in Spain by the House of Lords in 1708, in preparing an account

of the money he had received and expended. The change of Government

brought him relief from his troubles; in November he was made

Captain-General of Marines, and in December he was nominated Ambassador

Extraordinary to Vienna.

33 Tapped, nudged.

34 I.e., told only to you.

35 Sir Hew Dalrymple (1652-1737), Lord President of the Court of

Session, and son of the first Viscount Stair.

36 Robert Benson, a moderate Tory, was made a Lord of the Treasury in

August 1710, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the following June, and

was raised to the peerage as Baron Bingley in 1713. He died in 1731.

37 The Smyrna Coffee-house was on the north side of Pall Mall, opposite

Marlborough House. In the Tatler (Nos. 10, 78) Steele laughed at the

"cluster of wise heads" to be found every evening at the Smyrna; and

Goldsmith says that Beau Nash would wait a whole day at a window at

the Smyrna, in order to receive a bow from the Prince or the Duchess of

Marlborough, and would then look round upon the company for admiration

and respect.

38 See Letter 4, note 14.

39 See Letter 5, note 17.

40 An Irish doctor, with whom Swift invested money.

41 Enoch Sterne, Collector of Wicklow and Clerk to the House of Lords in

Ireland.

42 Claret.

43 Colonel Ambrose Edgworth, a famous dandy, who is supposed to have

been referred to by Steele in No. 246 of the Tatler. Edgworth was the

son of Sir John Edgworth, who was made Colonel of a Regiment of Foot

in 1689 (Dalton, iii, 59). Ambrose Edgworth was a Captain in the same

regiment, but father and son were shortly afterwards turned out of

the regiment for dishonest conduct in connection with the soldiers'

clothing. Ambrose was, however, reappointed a Captain in General Eric's

Regiment of Foot in 1691. He served in Spain as Major in Brigadier

Gorge's regiment; was taken prisoner in 1706; and was appointed

Lieutenant-Colonel of Colonel Thomas Allen's Regiment of Foot in 1707.

44 This volume of Miscellanies in Prose and Verse was published by

Morphew in 1711.

45 Dr. Thomas Lindsay, afterwards Bishop of Raphoe.

Letter 7.

1 The first mention of the Vanhomrighs in the Journal. Swift had made

their acquaintance when he was in London in 1708.

2 Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary (see Letter 3, note 40 and below).

3 John, third Lord Ashburnham, and afterwards Earl of Ashburnham

(1687-1737), married, on Oct. 21, 1710, Lady Mary Butler, younger

daughter of the Duke of Ormond. She died on Jan. 2, 1712-3, in her

twenty-third year. She was Swift's "greatest favourite," and he was much

moved at her death.

4 Edward Wortley Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, and

M.P. for Huntingdon. He was a great friend of Addison's, and the second

volume of the Tatler was dedicated to him. In 1712 he married the famous

Lady Mary Pierrepont, eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and under

George I. he became Ambassador Extraordinary to the Porte. He died in

1761, aged eighty.

5 See Letter 5, note 27. No copy of these verses is known.

6 Henry Alexander, fifth Earl of Stirling, who died without issue in

1739. His sister, Lady Judith Alexander, married Sir William Trumbull,

Pope's friend.

7 "These words, notwithstanding their great obscurity at present,

were very clear and intelligible to Mrs. Johnson: they referred to

conversations, which passed between her and Dr. Tisdall seven or eight

years before; when the Doctor, who was not only a learned and faithful

divine, but a zealous Church-Tory, frequently entertained her with

Convocation disputes. This gentleman, in the year 1704, paid his

addresses to Mrs. Johnson" (Deane Swift). The Rev. William Tisdall

was made D.D. in 1707. Swift never forgave Tisdall's proposal to marry

Esther Johnson in 1704, and often gave expression to his contempt for

him. In 1706 Tisdall married, and was appointed Vicar of Kerry and

Ruavon; in 1712 he became Vicar of Belfast. He published several

controversial pieces, directed against Presbyterians and other

Dissenters.

8 No. 193 of the Tatler, for July 4, 1710, contained a letter from

Downes the Prompter in ridicule of Harley's newly formed Ministry.

This letter, the authorship of which Steele disavowed, was probably by

Anthony Henley.

9 William Berkeley, fourth Baron Berkeley of Stratton, was sworn of the

Privy Council in September 1710, and was appointed Chancellor of the

Duchy of Lancaster. He married Frances, youngest daughter of Sir John

Temple, of East Sheen, Surrey, and died in 1740.

10 Probably the widow of Sir William Temple's son, John Temple (see

Letter 2, note 13). She was Mary Duplessis, daughter of Duplessis

Rambouillet, a Huguenot.

11 The Rev. James Sartre, who married Addison's sister Dorothy, was

Prebendary and Archdeacon of Westminster. He had formerly been French

pastor at Montpelier. After his death in 1713 his widow married a Mr.

Combe, and lived until 1750.

12 William Congreve's last play was produced in 1700. In 1710, when

he was forty, he published a collected edition of his works. Swift and

Congreve had been schoolfellows at Kilkenny, and they had both been

pupils of St. George Ashe--afterwards Bishop of Clogher--at Trinity

College, Dublin. On Congreve's death, in 1729, Swift wrote, "I loved him

from my youth."

13 See Letter 4, note 11.

14 Dean Sterne.

15 See Letter 6, note 19.

16 When he became Dean he withheld from Swift the living of St. Nicholas

Without, promised in gratitude for the aid rendered by Swift in his

election.

17 Crowe was a Commissioner for Appeals from the Revenue Commissioners

for a short time in 1706, and was Recorder of Blessington, Co. Wicklow.

In his Short Character of Thomas, Earl of Wharton, 1710, Swift speaks of

Whartons "barbarous injustice to... poor Will Crowe."

18 See Letter 3, note 10.

19 See Letter 3, note 35.

20 See Letter 1, note 15.

21 Richard Tighe, M.P. for Belturbet, was a Whig, much disliked by

Swift. He became a Privy Councillor under George I.

22 Dryden Leach, of the Old Bailey, formerly an actor, was son of

Francis Leach. Swift recommended Harrison to employ Leach in printing

the continuation of the Tatler; but Harrison discarded him. (See

Journal, Jan. 16, 1710-11, and Timperley's Literary Anecdotes, 600,

631).

23 The Postman, which appeared three days in the week, written by M.

Fonvive, a French Protestant, whom Dunton calls "the glory and mirror

of news writers, a very grave, learned, orthodox man." Fonvive had a

universal system of intelligence, at home and abroad, and "as his news

is early and good, so his style is excellent."

24 Sir William Temple left Esther Johnson the lease of some property in

Ireland.

25 See Letter 5, note 23.

26 An out-of-the-way or obscure house. So Pepys (Diary, Oct. 15, 1661)

"To St. Paul's Churchyard to a blind place where Mr. Goldsborough was to

meet me."

27 Sir Richard Temple, Bart., of Stowe, a Lieutenant-General who saw

much service in Flanders, was dismissed in 1713 owing to his Whig views,

but on the accession of George I. was raised to the peerage, and was

created Viscount Cobham in 1718. He died in 1749. Congreve wrote in

praise of him, and he was the "brave Cobham" of Pope's first Moral

Essay.

28 Richard Estcourt, the actor, died in August 1712, when his abilities

on the stage and as a talker were celebrated by Steele to No. 468 of the

Spectator. See also Tatler, Aug. 6, 1709, and Spectator, May 5, 1712.

Estcourt was "providore" of the Beef-Steak Club, and a few months before

his death opened the Bumper Tavern in James Street, Covent Garden.

29 See Letter 5, note 49.

30 Poor, mean. Elsewhere Swift speaks of "the corrector of a hedge press

in Little Britain," and "a little hedge vicar."

31 Thomas Herbert, eighth Earl of Pembroke, was Lord Lieutenant from

April 1707 to December 1708. A nobleman of taste and learning, he was,

like Swift, very fond of punning, and they had been great friends in

Ireland.

32 See Letter 3, note 11.

33 See Letter 3, note 18.

34 A small town and fortress in what is now the Pas de Calais.

35 Richard Stewart, third son of the first Lord Mountjoy (see Letter 1,

note 11), was M.P. at various times for Castlebar, Strabane, and County

Tyrone. He died in 1728.

Letter 8.

1 See Letter 3, note 1.

2 Swift, Esther Johnson, and Mrs. Dingley seem to have begun their

financial year on the 1st of November. Swift refers to "MD's allowance"

in the Journal for April 23, 1713.

3 Samuel Dopping, an Irish friend of Stella's, who was probably related

to Anthony Dopping, Bishop of Meath (died 1697), and to his son Anthony

(died 1743), who became Bishop of Ossory.

4 See Letter 2, note 17.

5 The wife of Alderman Stoyte, afterwards Lord Mayor of Dublin. Mrs.

Stoyte and her sister Catherine; the Walls; Isaac Manley and his wife;

Dean Sterne, Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, and Swift, were the

principal members of a card club which met at each other's houses for a

number of years.

6 See Letter 1, note 12.

7 "This cypher stands for Presto, Stella, and Dingley; as much as to

say, it looks like us three quite retired from all the rest of the

world" (Deane Swift).

8 Steele's "dear Prue," Mary Scurlock, whom he married as his second

wife in 1707, was a lady of property and a "cried-up beauty." She was

somewhat of a prude, and did not hesitate to complain to her husband, in

and out of season, of his extravagance and other weaknesses. The other

lady to whom Swift alludes is probably the Duchess of Marlborough.

9 See Letter 7, note 7.

10 Remembers: an Irish expression.

11 This new Commission, signed by Narcissus Marsh, Archbishop of Armagh,

and William King, was dated Oct. 24, 1710. In this document Swift was

begged to take the full management of the business of the First-Fruits

into his hands, the Bishops of Ossory and Killala--who were to have

joined with him in the negotiations--having left London before Swift

arrived. But before this commission was despatched the Queen had granted

the First-Fruits and Twentieth Parts to the Irish clergy.

12 Lady Mountjoy, wife of the second Viscount Mountjoy (see Letter

1), was Anne, youngest daughter of Murrough Boyle, first Viscount

Blessington, by his second wife, Anne, daughter of Charles Coote,

second Earl of Mountrath. After Lord Mountjoy's death she married John

Farquharson, and she died in 1741.

13 Forster suggests that Swift wrote "Frond " or "Frowde" and there is

every reason to believe that this was the case. No Colonel Proud appears

in Dalton's Army Lists. A Colonel William Frowde, apparently third son

of Sir Philip Frowde, Knight, by his third wife, Margaret, daughter

of Sir John Ashburnham, was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in Colonel

Farrington's (see note 18) Regiment of Foot in 1694. He resigned his

commission on his appointment to the First Life Guards in 1702, and he

was in this latter regiment in 1704. In November and December 1711 Swift

wrote of Philip Frowde the elder (Colonel William Frowde's brother) as

"an old fool," in monetary difficulties. It is probable that Swift's

Colonel Proud (? Frowde) was not Colonel William Frowde, but his nephew,

Philip Frowde, junior, who was Addison's friend at Oxford, and the

author of two tragedies and various poems. Nothing seems known of Philip

Frowde's connection with the army, but he is certainly called "Colonel"

by Swift, Addison, and Pope (see Forster's Swift, 159; Addison's Works,

v. 324; Pope's Works, v. 177, vi. 227). Swift wrote to Ambrose Philips

in 1705, "Col. Frond is just as he was, very friendly and grand reveur

et distrait. He has brought his poems almost to perfection." It will

be observed that when Swift met Colonel "Proud" he was in company with

Addison, as was also the case when he was with Colonel "Freind" (see

Letter 3, note 25).

14 Charles Davenant, LL.D., educated at Balliol College, Oxford, was the

eldest son of Sir William Davenant, author of Gondibert. In Parliament

he attacked Ministerial abuses with great bitterness until, in 1703, he

was made secretary to the Commissioners appointed to treat for a union

with Scotland. To this post was added, in 1705, an Inspector-Generalship

of Exports and Imports, which he retained until his death in 1714. Tom

Double, a satire on his change of front after obtaining his place, was

published in 1704. In a Note on Macky's character of Davenant, Swift

says, "He ruined his estate, which put him under a necessity to comply

with the times." Davenant's True Picture of a Modern Whig, in Two Parts,

appeared in 1701-2; in 1707 he published "The True Picture of a Modern

Whig revived, set forth in a third dialogue between Whiglove and

Double," which seems to be the piece mentioned in the text, though Swift

speaks of the pamphlet as "lately put out."

15 Hugh Chamberlen, the younger (1664-1728), was a Fellow of the College

of Physicians and Censor in 1707, 1717, and 1721. Atterbury and the

Duchess of Buckingham and Normanby were among his fashionable patients.

His father, Hugh Chamberlen, M.D., was the author of the Land Bank

Scheme of 1693-94.

16 Sir John Holland (see Letter 3, note 28).

17 Swift may mean either rambling or gambolling.

18 Thomas Farrington was appointed Colonel of the newly raised 29th

Regiment of Foot in 1702. He was a subscriber for a copy of the Tatler

on royal paper (Aitken, Life of Steele, i. 329, 330).

19 In The History of Vanbrugh's House, Swift described everyone as

hunting for it up and down the river banks, and unable to find it, until

at length they--

"-- in the rubbish spy

A thing resembling a goose pie."

Sir John Vanbrugh was more successful as a dramatist than as an

architect, though his work at Blenheim and elsewhere has many merits.

20 For the successes of the last campaign.

21 John Sheffield, third Earl of Mulgrave, was created Duke of

Buckingham and Normanby in 1703, and died in 1721. On Queen Anne's

accession he became Lord Privy Seal, and on the return of the Tories

to power in 1710 he was Lord Steward, and afterward (June 1710) Lord

President of the Council. The Duke was a poet, as well as a soldier

and statesman, his best known work being the Essay on Poetry. He was

Dryden's patron, and Pope prepared a collected edition of his works.

22 Laurence Hyde, created Earl of Rochester in 1682, died in 1711. He

was the Hushai of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, "the friend of David

in distress." In 1684 he was made Lord President of the Council, and on

the accession of James II., Lord Treasurer; he was, however, dismissed

in 1687. Under William III. Rochester was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, an

office he resigned in 1703; and in September 1710 he again became Lord

President. His imperious temper always stood in the way of popularity or

real success.

23 Sir Thomas Osborne, Charles II.'s famous Minister, was elevated to

the peerage in 1673, and afterwards was made successively Earl of Danby,

Marquis of Caermarthen, and Duke of Leeds. On Nov. 29, 1710, a few days

after this reference to him, the Duke was granted a pension of 3500

pounds a year out of the Post Office revenues. He died in July 1712,

aged eighty-one, and soon afterwards his grandson married Lord Oxford's

daughter.

24 This is, of course, a joke; Swift was never introduced at Court.

25 Captain Delaval (see Letter 5, note 6).

26 Admiral Sir Charles Wager (1666-1743) served in the West Indies from

1707 to 1709, and gained great wealth from the prizes he took. Under

George I. he was Comptroller of the Navy, and in 1733 he became First

Lord of the Admiralty, a post which he held until 1742.

27 See Letter 7, note 27.

28 See Letter 5, note 13.

29 Isaac Bickerstaff's "valentine" sent him a nightcap, finely wrought

by a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth (Tatler, No. 141). The "nightcap"

was a periwig with a short tie and small round head, and embroidered

nightcaps were worn chiefly by members of the graver professions.

30 Tatler, No. 237.

31 Tatler, No. 230.

32 "Returning home at night, you'll find the sink

Strike your offended sense with double stink."

("Description of a City Shower, 11. 5, 6.)

33 Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin.

34 See Letter 1, note 3.

35 See Letter 8, note 5.

36 See Letter 6, note 4.

37 See Letter 1, note 11.

38 The bellman's accents. Cf. Pepys' Diary, Jan. 16, 1659-60: "I staid

up till the bellman came by with his bell just under my window as I

was writing of this very line, and cried, 'Past one of the clock, and a

cold, frosty, windy morning.'"

LETTER 9.

1 John Freind, M.D. (1675-1728), was a younger brother of the Robert

Freind, of Westminster School, mentioned elsewhere in the Journal.

Educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster, he was in 1694 elected a

student of Christ Church, where he made the acquaintance of Atterbury,

and supported Boyle against Bentley in the dispute as to the authorship

of the letters of Phalaris. In 1705 he attended the Earl of Peterborough

to Spain, and in the following year wrote a defence of that commander

(Account of the Earl of Peterborough's Conduct in Spain). A steady Tory,

he took a share in the defence of Dr. Sacheverell; and in 1723, when

M.P. for Launceston, he fell under the suspicion of the Government, and

was sent to the Tower. On the accession of George II., however, he came

into favour with the Court, and died Physician to the Queen.

2 See Letter 8, note 19.

3 St. John was thirty-two in October 1710. He had been Secretary at

War six years before, resigning with Harley in 1707. Swift repeats

this comparison elsewhere. Temple was forty-six when he refused a

Secretaryship of State in 1674.

4 Sir Henry St. John seems to have continued a gay man to the end of

his life. In his youth he was tried and convicted for the murder of

Sir William Estcourt in a duel (Scott). In 1716, after his son had been

attainted, he was made Viscount St. John. He died in 1742, aged ninety.

5 "Swift delighted to let his pen run into such rhymes as these, which

he generally passes off as old proverbs" (Scott). Many of the charming

scraps of "Old Ballads" and "Old Plays" at the head of Scott's own

chapters are in reality the result of his own imagination.

6 See Letter 3, note 18.

7 Sir Richard Levinge, Bart., had been Solicitor-General for Ireland

from 1704 to 1709, and was Attorney-General from 1711 to 1714.

Afterwards he was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons and

Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland.

8 See Letter 2, note 18.

9 Thomas Belasyse, second Viscount Fauconberg, or Falconbridge

(died 1700), a nobleman of hereditary loyalty, married, in 1657, the

Protector's youngest daughter, Mary Cromwell, who is represented as

a lady of high talent and spirit. She died on March 14, 1712. Burnet

describes her as "a wise and worthy woman," who would have had a better

prospect of maintaining her father's post than either of her brothers.

10 Richard Freeman, Chief Baron, was Lord Chancellor of Ireland from

1707 until his death in November 1710.

11 See Letter 7, note 17.

12 Sir Richard Cox, Bart. (1650-1733), was Lord Chancellor of Ireland

from 1703 to 1707. In 1711 he was appointed Chief-Justice of the Queen's

Bench, but he was removed from office on the death of Queen Anne. His

zealous Protestantism sometimes caused his views to be warped, but he

was honest and well-principled.

13 Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. (1676-1746), succeeded Bromley as Speaker in

1714. In February 1713 Swift said, "He is the most considerable man in

the House of Commons." His edition of Shakespeare was published by the

University of Oxford in 1743-44. Pope called it "pompous," and sneered

at Hanmer's "superior air" (Dunciad, iv. 105).

14 See Letter 5, note 8.

15 Elliot was keeper of the St. James's Coffee-house (see Letter 1).

16 Forster suggested that the true reading is "writhing." If so, it is

not necessary to suppose that Lady Giffard was the cause of it. Perhaps

it is the word "tiger" that is corrupt.

17 The Hon. Charles Boyle (1676-1731), of the Boyle and Bentley

controversy, succeeded to the peerage as Lord Orrery in 1703. When he

settled in London he became the centre of a Christ Church set, a strong

adherent of Harley's party, and a member of Swift's "club." His son

John, fifth Earl of Orrery, published Remarks on the Life and Writings

of Jonathan Swift in 1751.

18 William Domville, a landed proprietor in County Dublin, whom Swift

called "perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know."

19 On May 16, 1711, Swift wrote, "There will be an old to do." The word

is found in Elizabethan writers in the sense of "more than enough." Cf.

Macbeth, ii. 3: "If a man were porter of hell gate, he should have old

turning the key."

20 See Letter 3, note 10. Clements was related to Pratt, the Deputy

Vice-Treasurer, and was probably the Robert Clements who became Deputy

Vice-Treasurer, and whose grandson Robert was created Earl of Leitrim in

1795.

21 Letter 5, note 11.

22 Swift's sister Jane, who had married a currier in Bride Street, named

Joseph Fenton, a match to which Swift strongly objected. Deane Swift

says that Swift never saw his sister again after the marriage; he had

offered her 500 pounds if she would show a "proper disdain" of Fenton.

On her husband's dying bankrupt, however, Swift paid her an annuity

until 1738, when she died in the same lodging with Esther Johnson's

mother, Mrs. Bridget Mose, at Farnham (Forster's Swift, pp. 118-19).

23 Welbore Ellis, appointed Bishop of Kildare in 1705. He was translated

to Meath in 1731, and died three years later.

24 The expression of the Archbishop is, "I am not to conceal from you

that some expressed a little jealously, that you would not be acceptable

to the present courtiers; intimating that you were under the reputation

of being a favourite of the late party in power" (King to Swift, Nov. 2,

1710).

25 This indignant letter is dated Nov. 23, 1710. It produced an

apologetic reply from the Archbishop (Nov. 30, 1710), who represented

that the letter to Southwell was a snare laid in his way, since if he

declined signing it, it might have been interpreted into disrespect to

the Duke of Ormond. Of the bishops King said, "You cannot do yourself a

greater service than to bring this to a good issue, to their shame and

conviction."

LETTER 10.

1 William Bromley (died 1732) was M.P. for the University of Oxford. A

good debater and a strong High Churchman, he was Secretary of State from

August 1713 until the Queen's death in the following year.

2 Colonel, afterwards Major-General, John Hill (died 1735) was younger

brother of Mrs. Masham, the Queen's favourite, and a poor relation of

the Duchess of Marlborough. He was wounded at Mons in 1709, and in 1711

was sent on an unsuccessful expedition to attack the French settlements

in North America. In 1713 he was appointed to command the troops at

Dunkirk.

3 "The footmen in attendance at the Houses of Parliament used at this

time to form themselves into a deliberative body, and usually debated

the same points with their masters. It was jocularly said that several

questions were lost by the Court party in the menial House of Lords

which were carried triumphantly in the real assembly; which was at

length explained by a discovery that the Scottish peers whose votes

were sometimes decisive of a question had but few representatives in the

convocation of lacqueys. The sable attendant mentioned by Swift, being

an appendage of the brother of Mrs. Masham, the reigning favourite, had

a title to the chair, the Court and Tory interest being exerted in his

favour" (Scott). Steele alludes to the "Footmen's Parliament" in No. 88

of the Spectator.

4 See Letter 1, note 3.

5 A Court of Equity abolished in the reign of Charles I. It met in the

Camera Alba, or Whitehall, and the room appears to have retained the

name of the old Court.

6 See Letter 6, note 2.

7 Swift's first contribution to the Examiner (No. 13) is dated Nov. 2,

1710.

8 Seduced, induced. Dryden (Spanish Friar) has "To debauch a king to

break his laws."

9 Freeman (see Letter 9, note 10).

10 "To make this intelligible, it is necessary to observe, that the

words 'this fortnight', in the preceding sentence, were first written

in what he calls their little language, and afterwards scratched out and

written plain. It must be confessed this little language, which passed

current between Swift and Stella, has occasioned infinite trouble in the

revisal of these papers" (Deane Swift).

11 Trim. An attack upon the liberties of this corporation is among the

political offences of Wharton's Lieutenancy of Ireland set forth in

Swift's Short Character of the Earl of Wharton.

12 Apologies.

13 "A Description of the Morning," in No. 9 of the Tatler.

14 See Letter 6, note 19.

15 William Palliser (died 1726).

16 See Letter 4, note 15.

17 "Here he writ with his eyes shut; and the writing is somewhat

crooked, although as well in other respects as if his eyes had been

open" (Deane Swift).

18 Tatler, No. 249; cf. p. 93. During this visit to London Swift

contributed to only three Tatlers, viz. Nos. 230, 238, and 258.

19 St. Andrew's Day.

20 No. 241.

21 Tatler, No. 258.

22 Lieutenant-General Philip Bragg, Colonel of the 28th Regiment of

Foot, and M.P. for Armagh, died in 1759.

23 James Cecil, fifth Earl of Salisbury, who died in 1728.

24 See Letter 2, note 13.

25 See Letter 8, note 22.

26 Kneller seems never to have painted Swift's portrait.

27 On Nov. 25 and 28.

28 Arthur Annesley, M.P. for Cambridge University, had recently become

fifth Earl of Anglesea, on the death of his brother (see Letter 3, note

35). Under George I. he was Joint Treasurer of Ireland, and Treasurer at

War.

29 A Short Character of the Earl of Wharton, by Swift himself, though

the authorship was not suspected at the time. "Archbishop King," says

Scott, "would have hardly otherwise ventured to mention it to Swift in

his letter of Jan. 9, 1710, as 'a wound given in the dark.'" Elsewhere,

however, in a note, Swift hints that Archbishop King was really aware of

the authorship of the pamphlet.

30 A false report. (See Letter 11, note 4.)

31 None of these Commissioners of Revenue lost their places at this

time. Samuel Ogle was Commissioner from 1699 to 1714; John South from

1696 until his death in 1711; and Sir William St. Quintin, Bart., from

1706 to 1713. Stephen Ludlow succeeded South in September 1711.

32 See Letter 7, note 35.

33 James Hamilton, sixth Earl of Abercorn (1656-1734), a Scotch peer who

had strongly supported the Union of 1706.

LETTER 11.

1 L'Estrange speaks of "insipid twittle twattles." Johnson calls this "a

vile word."

2 A cousin of Swift's; probably a son of William Swift.

3 Nicholas Sankey (died 1722) succeeded Lord Lovelace as Colonel of

a Regiment of Foot in Ireland in 1689. He became Brigadier-General in

1704, Major-General 1707, and Lieutenant-General 1710. He served in

Spain, and was taken prisoner at the battle of the Caya in 1709.

4 See Letter 10, note 30.

5 The Earl of Abercorn (see Letter 10, note 33) married, in 1686,

Elizabeth, only child of Sir Robert Reading, Bart., of Dublin, by Jane,

Dowager Countess of Mountrath. Lady Abercorn survived her husband twenty

years, dying in 1754, aged eighty-six.

6 Charles Lennox, first Duke of Richmond and Gordon (1672-1723), was the

illegitimate son of Charles II. by Madame de Querouaille.

7 Sir Robert Raymond, afterwards Lord Raymond (1673-1733), M.P. for

Bishop's Castle, Shropshire, was appointed Solicitor-General in May

1710, and was knighted in October. He was removed from office on the

accession of George I., but was made Attorney-General in 1720, and in

1724 became a judge of the King's Bench. In the following year he was

made Lord Chief-Justice, and was distinguished both for his learning and

his impartiality.

8 Lynn-Regis.

9 Richard Savage, fourth Earl Rivers, the father of Richard Savage, the

poet. Under the Whigs Lord Rivers was Envoy to Hanover; and after his

conversion by Harley, he was Constable of the Tower under the Tories. He

died in 1712.

10 Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland from 1695 until his death in

1717.

11 Lord Shelburne's clever sister, Anne, only daughter of Sir William

Petty, and wife of Thomas Fitzmaurice, Lord of Kerry, afterwards created

first Earl of Kerry.

12 Mrs. Pratt, an Irish friend of Lady Kerry, lodged at Lord Shelburne's

during her visit to London. The reference to Clements (see Letter 9,

note 20), Pratt's relative, in the Journal for April 14, 1711, makes

it clear that Mrs. Pratt was the wife of the Deputy Vice-Treasurer of

Ireland, to whom Swift often alludes (see Letter 3, note 10).

13 Lieutenant-General Thomas Meredith, Major-General Maccartney,

and Brigadier Philip Honeywood. They alleged that their offence only

amounted to drinking a health to the Duke of Marlborough, and confusion

to his enemies. But the Government said that an example must be made,

because various officers had dropped dangerous expressions about

standing by their General, Marlborough, who was believed to be aiming at

being made Captain General for life. For Maccartney see the Journal for

Nov. 15, 1712, seq. Meredith, who was appointed Adjutant-General of

the Forces in 1701, was made a Lieutenant-General in 1708. He saw much

service under William III., and Marlborough, and was elected M.P. for

Midhurst in 1709. He died in 1719 (Dalton's Army Lists, III. 181).

Honeywood entered the army in 1694; was at Namur; and was made a

Brigadier-General before 1711. After the accession of George I. he

became Colonel of a Regiment of Dragoons, and commanded a division at

Dettingen. At his death in 1752 he was acting as Governor of Portsmouth,

with the rank of General (Dalton, iv. 30).

14 Or "malkin"; a counterfeit, or scarecrow.

15 William Cadogan, Lieutenant-General and afterwards Earl Cadogan

(1675-1726), a great friend of Marlborough, was Envoy to the United

Provinces and Spanish Flanders. Cadogan retained the post of Lieutenant

to the Tower until 1715.

16 Earl Cadogan's father, Henry Cadogan, barrister, married Bridget,

daughter of Sir Hardresse Waller, and sister of Elizabeth, Baroness

Shelburne in her own right.

17 See Letter 5, note 30.

18 Cadogan married Margaretta, daughter of William Munter, Counsellor of

the Court of Holland.

19 Presumably the eldest son, William, who succeeded his father as

second Earl of Kerry in 1741, and died in 1747. He was at Eton and

Christ Church, Oxford, and was afterwards a Colonel in the Coldstream

Guards.

20 Henry Petty, third Lord Shelburne, who became Earl of Shelburne in

1719. His son predeceased him, without issue, and on Lord Shelburne's

death, in 1751, his honours became extinct. His daughter Anne also died

without issue.

21 The menagerie, which had been one of the sights of London, was

removed from the Tower in 1834. In his account of the Tory Fox Hunter

in No. 47 of the Freeholder, Addison says, "Our first visit was to the

lions."

22 Bethlehem Hospital, for lunatics, in Moorfields, was a popular

"sight" in the eighteenth century. Cf. the Tatler, No. 30: "On Tuesday

last I took three lads, who are under my guardianship, a rambling, in a

hackney coach, to show them the town: as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam."

23 The Royal Society met at Gresham College from 1660 to 1710. The

professors of the College lectured on divinity, civil law, astronomy,

music, geometry, rhetoric, and physic.

24 The most important of the puppet-shows was Powell's, in the Little

Piazza, Covent Garden, which is frequently mentioned in the Tatler.

25 The precise nature this negligent costume is not known, but it is

always decried by popular writers of the time.

26 Retched. Bacon has "Patients must not keck at them at the first."

27 Swift was born on November 30.

28 Mrs. De la Riviere Manley, daughter of Sir Roger Manley, and cousin

of John Manley, M.P., and Isaac Manley (see Letter 3, note 3), wrote

poems and plays, but is best known for her "Secret Memoirs and Manners

of Several Persons of Quality, of both sexes. From the New Atalantis,

1709," a book abounding in scandalous references to her contemporaries.

She was arrested in October, but was discharged in Feb. 1710. In

May 1710 she brought out a continuation of the New Atalantis, called

"Memoirs of Europe towards the Close of the Eighth Century." In June

1711 she became editress of the Tory Examiner, and wrote political

pamphlets with Swift's assistance. Afterwards she lived with Alderman

Barber, the printer, at whose office she died in 1724. In her will

she mentioned her "much honoured friend, the Dean of St. Patrick, Dr.

Swift."

29 "He seems to have written these words in a whim; for the sake of what

follows" (Deane Swift).

30 See Letter 8, note 33.

31 No. 249 (see Letter 10, note 18).

32 See Letter 5, note 34.

33 In a letter to the Rev. Dr. Tisdall, of Dec. 16, 1703, Swift said:

"I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnson: it is a new-fashioned

way of being witty, and they call it a bite. You must ask a bantering

question, or tell some damned lie in a serious manner, and then she will

answer or speak as if you were in earnest; and then cry you, 'Madam,

there's a bite!' I would not have you undervalue this, for it is

the constant amusement in Court, and everywhere else among the great

people." See, too, the Tatler, No. 12, and Spectator, Nos. 47, 504: "In

a word, a Biter is one who thinks you a fool, because you do not think

him a knave."

34 See Letter 9, note 4.

35 "As I hope to be saved;" a favourite phrase in the Journal.

36 See Letter 7, note 12.

37 This statement receives some confirmation from a pamphlet published

in September 1710, called "A Condoling Letter to the Tatler: On Account

of the Misfortunes of Isaac Bickerstaf Esq., a Prisoner in the ---- on

Suspicion of Debt."

38 Dr. Lambert, chaplain to Lord Wharton, was censured in Convocation

for being the author of a libellous letter.

39 Probably the same person as Dr. Griffith, spoken of in the Journal

for March 3, 1713,--when he was ill,--as having been "very tender of"

Stella.

40 See Letter 9, note 22.

41 Vexed, offended. Elsewhere Swift wrote, "I am apt to grate the ears

of more than I could wish."

42 Ambrose Philips, whose Pastorals had been published in the same

volume of Tonson's Miscellany as Pope's. Two years later Swift wrote,

"I should certainly have provided for him had he not run party mad." In

1712 his play, The Distrest Mother, received flattering notice in the

Spectator, and in 1713, to Pope's annoyance, Philips' Pastorals were

praised in the Guardian. His pretty poems to children led Henry Carey to

nickname him "Namby Pamby."

43 An equestrian statue of William III., in College Green, Dublin. It

was common, in the days of party, for students of the University of

Dublin to play tricks with this statue.

44 Lieutenant-General Richard Ingoldsby (died 1712) was Commander of the

Forces in Ireland, and one of the Lords Justices in the absence of the

Lord Lieutenant.

45 This seems to have been a mistake; cf. Journal for July 13, 1711,

Alan Brodrick, afterwards Viscount Midleton, a Whig politician and

lawyer, was made Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in Ireland in 1709,

but was removed from office in June 1711, when Sir Richard Cox succeeded

him. On the accession of George I. he was appointed Lord Chancellor

for Ireland. Afterwards he declined to accept the dedication to him of

Swift's Drapiers Letters, and supported the prosecution of the author.

He died in 1728.

46 Robert Doyne was appointed Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland

in 1695, and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1703. This appointment

was revoked on the accession of George I.

47 See Letter 9, note 12.

48 Of the University of Dublin.

49 See Letter 2, note 18 and Letter 3, note 4. Sir Thomas Frankland's

eldest son, Thomas, who afterwards succeeded to the baronetcy, acquired

a fortune with his first wife, Dinah, daughter of Francis Topham, of

Agelthorpe, Yorkshire. He died in 1747.

50 See Letter 8, note 21.

51 see Letter 4, note 15.

52 Mary, daughter of Sir John Williams, Bart., and widow of Charles

Petty, second Lord Shelburne, who died in 1696. She had married, as

her second husband, Major-General Conyngham, and, as her third husband,

Colonel Dallway.

53 Dr. John Vesey became Bishop of Limerick in 1672, and Archbishop of

Tuam in 1678. He died in 1716.

54 See Letter 3, note 39.

55 Sex.

56 Toby Caulfeild, third son of the fifth Lord Charlemont. In 1689 he

was Colonel to the Earl of Drogheda's Regiment of Foot, and about 1705

he succeeded to the command of Lord Skerrin's Regiment of Foot. After

serving in Spain his regiment was reduced, having lost most of its men

(Luttrell, vi. 158).

57 John Campbell, second Duke of Argyle (1680-1743), was installed a

Knight of the Garter in December 1710, after he had successfully opposed

a vote of thanks to Marlborough, with whom he had quarrelled. It was of

this nobleman that Pope wrote-- "Argyle, the State's whole thunder born

to wield, And shake alike the senate and the field."

In a note to Macky's Memoirs, Swift describes the Duke as an "ambitious,

covetous, cunning Scot, who had no principle but his own interests and

greatness."

58 Harley's second wife, Sarah, daughter of Simon Middleton, of

Edmonton, and sister of Sir Hugh Middleton, Bart. She died, without

issue, in 1737.

59 Elizabeth Harley, then unmarried, the daughter of Harley's

first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Foley, of Whitley Court,

Worcestershire. She subsequently married the Marquis of Caermarthen,

afterwards Duke of Leeds.

60 Harcourt (see Letter 3, note 24).

61 William Stawel, the third baron, who succeeded to the title in 1692,

was half-brother to the second Baron Stawel. The brother here referred

to was Edward, who succeeded to the title as fourth baron in 1742.

LETTER 12.

1 Charles Finch, third Earl of Winchelsea, son of Lord Maidstone, and

grandson of Heneage, second Earl of Winchelsea. On his death in 1712

Swift spoke of him as "a worthy honest gentleman, and particular friend

of mine."

2 Vedeau was a shopkeeper, who abandoned his trade for the army

(Journal, March 28, April 4, 1711). Swift calls him "a lieutenant, who

is now broke, and upon half pay" (Journal, Nov. 18, 1712)

3 Sir Edmund Bacon, Bart. (died 1721), of Herringflat, Suffolk,

succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1686.

4 The reverse at Brihuega.

5 See Letter 8, note 12.

6 John Barber, a printer, became Lord Mayor of London in 1732, and died

in 1741. Mrs. Manley was his mistress, and died at his printing office.

Swift speaks of Barber as his "very good and old friend."

7 Bernage was an officer serving under Colonel Fielding. In August 1710

a difficulty arose through Arbuthnot trying to get his brother George

made Captain over Bernage's head; but ultimately Arbuthnot waived the

business, because he would not wrong a friend of Swift's.

8 See Letter 1, note 52.

9 George Smalridge (1663-1719), the High Church divine and popular

preacher, was made Dean of Carlisle in 1711, and Bishop of Bristol in

1714. Steele spoke of him in the Tatler (Nos. 73, 114) as "abounding in

that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful."

10 St. Albans Street, Pall Mall, was removed in 1815 to make way for

Waterloo Place. It was named after Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans.

11 Ben Portlack, the Duke of Ormond's secretary.

12 Algernon Seymour, Earl of Hertford (1684-1750), only son of Charles

Seymour, Duke of Somerset. Lord Hertford succeeded to the dukedom in

1748. From 1708 to 1722 he was M.P. for Northumberland, and from 1708 to

1713 he took an active part in the war in Flanders.

13 See Letter 4.

14 A Short Character of the Earl of Wharton (see Letter 10. note 29).

15 See Letter 9.

16 Henry Herbert, the last Baron Herbert of Cherbury, succeeded to the

peerage in 1709, and soon afterwards married a sister of the Earl of

Portsmouth. A ruined man, he committed suicide in 1738.

17 Nos. 257, 260.

18 See Letter 6, note 12.

19 "AFTER is interlined" (Deane Swift).

20 With this account may be compared what Pope says, as recorded in

Spence's Anecdotes, p. 223: "Lord Peterborough could dictate letters to

nine amanuenses together, as I was assured by a gentleman who saw him do

it when Ambassador at Turin. He walked round the room, and told each of

them in his turn what he was to write. One perhaps was a letter to the

emperor, another to an old friend, a third to a mistress, a fourth to

a statesman, and so on: yet he carried so many and so different

connections in his head, all at the same time."

21 Francis Atterbury, Dean of Carlisle, had taken an active part in the

defence of Dr. Sacheverell. After a long period of suspense he received

the appointment of Dean of Christ Church, and in 1713 he was made Bishop

of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. Atterbury was on intimate terms

with Swift, Pope, and other writers on the Tory side, and Addison--at

whose funeral the Bishop officiated--described him as "one of the

greatest geniuses of his age."

22 John Carteret, second Baron Carteret, afterwards to be well known as

a statesman, succeeded to the peerage in 1695, and became Earl Granville

and Viscount Carteret on the death of his brother in 1744. He died in

1763. In October 1710, when twenty years of age, he had married Frances,

only daughter of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart., of Appuldurcombe, Isle of

Wight.

23 Dillon Ashe, D.D., Vicar of Finglas, and brother of the Bishop

of Clogher. In 1704 he was made Archdeacon of Clogher, and in 1706

Chancellor of Armagh. He seems to have been too fond of drink.

24 Henley (see Letter 6, note 15) married Mary, daughter of Peregrine

Bertie, the second son of Montagu, Earl of Lindsey, and with her

obtained a fortune of 30,000 pounds. After Henley's death his widow

married her relative, Henry Bertie, third son of James, Earl of

Abingdon.

25 Hebrews v. 6.

LETTER 13.

1 Probably Mrs. Manley and John Barber (see Letter 11, note 28 and

Letter 12, note 6).

2 Sir Andrew Fountaine's (see Letter 5, note 28) father, Andrew

Fountaine, M.P., married Sarah, daughter of Sir Thomas Chicheley, Master

of the Ordnance. Sir Andrew's sister, Elizabeth, married Colonel Edward

Clent. The "scoundrel brother," Brig, died in 1746, aged sixty-four

(Blomefield's Norfolk, vi. 233-36).

3 Dame Overdo, the justice's wife in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair.

4 See Letter 3, note 5.

5 Atterbury, who had recently been elected Prolocutor to the Lower House

of Convocation.

6 Dr. Sterne, Dean of St. Patrick's, was not married.

7 January 6 was Twelfth-night.

8 Garraway's Coffee-house, in Change Alley, was founded by Thomas

Garway, the first coffee-man who sold and retailed tea. A room upstairs

was used for sales of wine "by the candle."

9 Sir Constantine Phipps, who had taken an active part in Sacheverell's

defence. Phipps' interference in elections in the Tory interest made

him very unpopular in Dublin, and he was recalled on the death of Queen

Anne.

10 Joseph Trapp, one of the seven poets alluded to in the distich:--

"Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas, Bubb, Stubb, Gru

Trapp wrote a tragedy in 1704, and in 1708 was chosen the first

Professor of Poetry at Oxford. In 1710 he published pamphlets on behalf

of Sacheverell, and in 1712 Swift secured for him the post of chaplain

to Bolingbroke. During his latter years he held several good livings.

Elsewhere Swift calls him a "coxcomb."

11 See Letter 7, note 21.

12 The extreme Tories, who afterwards formed the October Club.

13 Crowd. A Jacobean writer speaks of "the lurry of lawyers," and "a

lurry and rabble of poor friars."

14 See Letter 5, note 10.

15 St. John's first wife was Frances, daughter and co-heiress of Sir

Henry Winchcombe, Bart., of Berkshire, and in her right St. John enjoyed

the estates of Bucklebury, which on her death in 1718 passed to her

sister. In April 1711 Swift said that "poor Mrs. St. John" was growing

a great favourite of his; she was going to Bath owing to ill-health, and

begged him to take care of her husband. She "said she had none to trust

but me, and the poor creature's tears came fresh in her eyes." Though

the marriage was, naturally enough, unhappy, she did not leave St.

John's house until 1713, and she returned to him when he fell from

power. There are letters from her to Swift as late as 1716, not

only doing her best to defend his honour, but speaking of him with

tenderness.

16 "Battoon" means (1) a truncheon; (2) a staff of office. Luttrell, in

1704, speaks of "a battoon set with diamonds sent him from the French

king."

17 Edward Harley, second son of Sir Edward Harley, was M.P. for

Leominster and Recorder of the same town. In 1702 he was appointed

Auditor of the Imposts, a post which he held until his death in 1735.

His wife, Sarah, daughter of Thomas Foley, was a sister of Robert

Harley's wife, and his eldest son eventually became third Earl of

Oxford. Harley published several books on biblical subjects.

18 See Letter 6, note 12. The last number of Steele's Tatler appeared on

Jan. 2, 1711; Harrison's paper reached to fifty-two numbers.

19 Dryden Leach (see Letter 7, note 22).

20 Cf. Letter 7, October 28th.

21 Published by John Baker and John Morphew. See Aitken's Life of

Steele, i. 299-301.

22 In No. 224 of the Tatler, Addison, speaking of polemical

advertisements, says: "The inventors of Strops for Razors have written

against one another this way for several years, and that with great

bitterness." See also Spectator, Nos. 428, 509, and the Postman for

March 23, 1703: "The so much famed strops for setting razors, etc., are

only to be had at Jacob's Coffee-house.... Beware of counterfeits, for

such are abroad."

23 Sir John Holland (see Letter 3, note 28).

24 Addison speaks of a fine flaxen long wig costing thirty guineas

(Guardian, No. 97), and Duumvir's fair wig, which Phillis threw into the

fire, cost forty guineas (Tatler, No. 54)

25 Swift's mother, Abigail Erick, was of a Leicestershire family, and

after her husband's death she spent much of her time with her friends

near her old home. Mr. Worrall, vicar of St. Patrick's, with whom Swift

was on terms of intimacy in 1728-29, was evidently a relative of the

Worralls where Mrs. Swift had lodged, and we may reasonably suppose that

he owed the living to Swift's interest in the family.

26 The title of a humorous poem by Lydgate. A "lickpenny" is a greedy or

grasping person.

27 Small wooden blocks used for lighting fires. See Swift ("Description

of the Morning"), "The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,

Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney-sweep;" and Gay (Trivia, ii.

35), "When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,

From smutty dangers guard thy threatened coat."

28 The Tory Ministers.

LETTER 14.

1 See Letter 7, note 22.

2 Thomas Southerne's play of Oroonoko, based on Mrs. Aphra Behn's novel

of the same name, was first acted in 1696.

3 "Mrs." Cross created the part of Mrs. Clerimont in Steele's Tender

Husband in 1705.

4 See Letter 12, note 7.

5 George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, was M.P. for Cornwall,

and Secretary at War. In December 1711 he was raised to the peerage,

and in 1712 was appointed Comptroller of the Household. He died in 1735,

when the title became extinct. Granville wrote plays and poems, and

was a patron of both Dryden and Pope. Pope called him "Granville the

polite." His Works in Verse and Prose appeared in 1732.

6 Samuel Masham, son of Sir Francis Masham, Bart., had been a page to

the Queen while Princess of Denmark, and an equerry and gentleman of the

bed-chamber to Prince George. He married Abigail Hill (see Letter 16,

note 7), daughter of Francis Hill, a Turkey merchant, and sister of

General John Hill, and through that lady's influence with the Queen he

was raised to the peerage as Baron Masham, in January 1712. Under George

I. he was Remembrancer of the Exchequer. He died in 1758.

7 A roughly printed pamphlet, The Honourable Descent, Life, and True

Character of the... Earl of Wharton, appeared early in 1711, in reply to

Swift's Short Character; but that can hardly be the pamphlet referred

to here, because it is directed against libellers and backbiters, and

cannot be described as "pretty civil."

8 "In that word (the seven last words of the sentence huddled into one)

there were some puzzling characters" (Deane Swift).

9 Sir Robert Worsley, Bart., married, in 1690, Frances, only daughter

of the first Viscount Weymouth. Their daughter Frances married Lord

Carteret (see Letter 12, note 22) in 1710. In a letter to Colonel Hunter

in March 1709 Swift spoke of Lady (then Mrs.) Worsley as one of the

principal beauties in town. See, too, Swift's letter to her of April 19,

1730: "My Lady Carteret has been the best queen we have known in Ireland

these many years; yet is she mortally hated by all the young girls,

because (and it is your fault) she is handsomer than all of them

together."

10 See Letter 3, note 1.

11 See Letter 5, note 17.

12 William Stratford, son of Nicholas Stratford, Bishop of Chester, was

Archdeacon of Richmond and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, until his

death in 1729.

13 See Letter 3, note 22.

14 James, third Earl of Berkeley (1680-1736), whom Swift calls a "young

rake" (see Letter 16, note 15). The young Countess of Berkeley was

only sixteen on her marriage. In 1714 she was appointed a lady of the

bed-chamber to Caroline, Princess of Wales, and she died of smallpox

in 1717, aged twenty-two. The Earl was an Admiral, and saw much

service between 1701 and 1710; under George I. he was First Lord of the

Admiralty.

15 Edward Wettenhall was Bishop of Kilmore from 1699 to 1713.

16 In the Dedication to The Tale of a Tub Swift had addressed Somers in

very different terms: "There is no virtue, either in public or private

life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon

the stage of the world."

17 Their lodgings, opposite to St. Mary's Church in Stafford Street,

Dublin.

LETTER 15.

1 The Stamp Act was not passed until June 1712: see the Journal for Aug.

7, 1712.

2 Both in St. James's Park. The Canal was formed by Charles II. from

several small ponds, and Rosamond's Pond was a sheet of water in the

south-west corner of the Park, "long consecrated," as Warburton said,

"to disastrous love and elegiac poetry." It is often mentioned as a

place of assignation in Restoration plays. Evelyn (Diary, Dec. 1, 1662)

describes the "scheets" used on the Canal.

3 Mrs. Beaumont.

4 The first direct mention of Hester Vanhomrigh. She is referred to

only in two other places in the Journal (Feb. 14, 1710-11, and Aug, 14,

1711).

5 See Letter 3, note 17.

6 No. 27, by Swift himself.

7 No. 7 of Harrison's series.

8 The printers of the original Tatler.

9 Harley had forwarded to Swift a banknote for fifty pounds (see

Journal, March 7, 1710-11).

10 At Moor Park.

11 Scott says that Swift here alludes to some unidentified pamphlet of

which he was the real or supposed author.

12 See Letter 11, note 13.

13 The Examiner.

14 See Letter 6, note 43.

15 Mistaken.

16 Mrs. De Caudres, "over against St. Mary's Church, near Capel Street,"

where Stella now lodged.

17 "A crease in the sheet" (Deane Swift).

18 "In the original it was, good mallows, little sollahs. But in these

words, and many others, he writes constantly ll for rr" (Deane Swift).

19 See Letter 4, note 19.

20 "Those letters which are in italics in the original are of a

monstrous size, which occasioned his calling himself a loggerhead"

(Deane Swift). (Italics replaced by capitals for the transcription of

this etext.)

21 I.e., to ask whether.

LETTER 16.

1 Harcourt.

2 "A shilling passes for thirteenpence in Ireland" (Deane Swift).

3 Robert Cope, a gentleman of learning with whom Swift corresponded.

4 Archdeacon Morris is not mentioned in Cotton's Fasti Ecclesiae

Hiberniae.

5 See Letter 14, note 6.

6 See Letter 10, note 2.

7 Abigail Hill, afterwards Lady Masham, had been introduced into the

Queens service as bed-chamber woman by the Duchess of Marlborough. Her

High Church and Tory views recommended her to Queen Anne, and in 1707

she was privately married to Mr. Samuel Masham, a gentleman in the

service of Prince George (see Letter 14, note 6). The Duchess of

Marlborough discovered that Mrs. Masham's cousin, Harley, was using her

influence to further his own interests with the Queen; and in spite of

her violence the Duchess found herself gradually supplanted. From

1710 Mrs. Masham's only rival in the royal favour was the Duchess

of Somerset. Afterwards she quarrelled with Harley and joined the

Bolingbroke faction.

8 See Letter 4, note 16.

9 No. 14 of Harrison's series.

10 See Letter 15, note 4.

11 Richard Duke, a minor poet and friend of Dryden's, entered the Church

about 1685. In July 1710 he was presented by the Bishop of Winchester to

the living of Witney, Oxfordshire, which was worth 700 pounds a year.

12 Sir Jonathan Trelawney, one of the seven bishops committed to the

Tower in 1688, was translated to Winchester in 1707, when he appointed

Duke to be his chaplain.

13 See Letter 4, note 3.

14 See Letter 3, note 39.

15 See Letter 14, note 14.

16 See Letter 7, note 28.

17 Cf. Feb. 22, 1711.

18 Esther Johnson lodged opposite St. Mary's in Dublin.

19 This famous Tory club began with the meeting together of a few

extreme Tories at the Bell in Westminster. The password to the

Club--"October"--was one easy of remembrance to a country gentleman who

loved his ale.

20 "Duke" Disney, "not an old man, but an old rake," died in 1731. Gay

calls him "facetious Disney," and Swift says that all the members of the

Club "love him mightily." Lady M. W. Montagu speaks of his

"Broad plump face, pert eyes, and ruddy skin,

Which showed the stupid joke which lurked within."

Disney was a French Huguenot refugee, and his real name was Desaulnais.

He commanded an Irish regiment, and took part in General Hill's

expedition to Canada in 1711 (Kingsford's Canada, ii. 465). By his will

(Wentworth papers, 109) he "left nothing to his poor relations, but very

handsome to his bottle companions."

21 There were several Colonel Fieldings in the first half of the

eighteenth century, and it is not clear which is the one referred to by

Swift. Possibly he was the Edmund Fielding--grandson of the first

Earl of Denbigh--who died a Lieutenant-General in 1741, at the age of

sixty-three, but is best known as the father of Henry Fielding, the

novelist.

22 Cf. Feb. 17, 1711.

23 See Letter 3, note 37.

24 "It is a measured mile round the outer wall; and far beyond any the

finest square in London" (Deane Swift).

25 "The common fare for a set-down in Dublin" (ib.).

26 "Mrs. Stoyte lived at Donnybrook, the road to which from Stephen's

Green ran into the country about a mile from the south-east corner"

(ib.).

27 "Those words in italics are written in a very large hand, and so

is the word large" (ib.). (Italics replaced by capitals for the

transcription of this etext.)

28 Deane Swift alters "lele" to "there," but in a note states how he

here altered Swift's "cypher way of writing." No doubt "lele" and other

favourite words occurred frequently in the MS., as they do in the later

letters.

LETTER 17.

1 Sir Thomas Mansel, Bart., Comptroller of the Household to Queen Anne,

and a Lord of the Treasury, was raised to the peerage in December 1711

as Baron Mansel of Margam. He died in 1723.

2 Lady Betty Butler and Lady Betty Germaine (see Letter 3, note 40 and

Letter 4, note 3).

3 James Eckershall, "second clerk of the Queen's Privy Kitchen."

Chamberlayne (Magnae Britanniae Notitia, 1710, p. 536) says that his

wages were 11 pounds, 8 shillings and a penny-ha'penny, and board-wages

138 pounds, 11 shillings and tenpence-ha'penny, making 150 pounds in

all. Afterwards Eckershall was gentleman usher to Queen Anne; he died at

Drayton in 1753, aged seventy-four. Pope was in correspondence with him

in 1720 on the subject of contemplated speculations in South Sea and

other stocks.

4 In October 1710 (see Letter 6, note 44) Swift wrote as if he knew

about the preparation of these Miscellanies. The volume was published

by Morphew instead of Tooke, and it is frequently referred to in the

Journal.

5 In 1685 the Duke of Ormond (see Letter 2, note 10) married, as his

second wife, Lady Mary Somerset, eldest surviving daughter of Henry,

first Duke of Beaufort.

6 Arthur Moore, M.P., was a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations from

1710 until his death in 1730. Gay calls him "grave," and Pope ("Prologue

to the Satires," 23) says that Moore blamed him for the way in which his

"giddy son," James Moore Smythe, neglected the law.

7 James, Lord Paisley, who succeeded his father (see Letter 10, note

33) as seventh Earl of Abercorn in 1734, married, in 1711, Anne, eldest

daughter of Colonel John Plumer, of Blakesware, Herts.

8 Harley's ill-health was partly due to his drinking habits.

9 Crowd or confusion.

10 The first wife of Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset, was

Lady Elizabeth Percy, only daughter of Joscelyn, eleventh Earl of

Northumberland, and heiress of the house of Percy. She married the Duke,

her third husband, at the age of eighteen.

11 John Richardson, D.D., rector of Armagh, Cavan, and afterwards

chaplain to the Duke of Ormond. In 1711 he published a Proposal for the

Conversion of the Popish Natives of Ireland to the Established Religion,

and in 1712 a Short History of the Attempts to Convert the Popish

Natives of Ireland. In 1709 the Lower House of Convocation in Ireland

had passed resolutions for printing the Bible and liturgy in Irish,

providing Irish preachers, etc. In 1711 Thomas Parnell, the poet, headed

a deputation to the Queen on the subject, when an address was presented;

but nothing came of the proposals, owing to fears that the English

interest in Ireland might be injured. In 1731 Richardson was given the

small deanery of Kilmacluagh.

12 See Feb. 27, 1711.

13 Harley.

14 "Bank bill for fifty pound," taking the alternate letters (see Letter

15, note 9).

15 See Letter 5, note 17.

16 See Nos. 27 and 29, by Swift himself.

17 "Print cannot do justice to whims of this kind, as they depend wholly

upon the awkward shape of the letters" (Deane Swift).

18 See Letter 8, note 2.

19 "Here is just one specimen given of his way of writing to Stella in

these journals. The reader, I hope, will excuse my omitting it in all

other places where it occurs. The meaning of this pretty language is:

'And you must cry There, and Here, and Here again. Must you imitate

Presto, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for your letter.

Good-morrow'" (Deane Swift). What Swift really wrote was probably as

follows: "Oo must cly Lele and Lele and Lele aden. Must oo mimitate

Pdfr, pay? Iss, and so oo sall. And so lele's fol oo rettle.

Dood-mallow."

20 Lady Catherine Morice (died 1716) was the eldest daughter of Thomas

Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and wife of Sir Nicholas Morice, Bart., M.P.

for Newport.

21 Perhaps Henry Arundell, who succeeded his father as fifth Baron

Arundell of Wardour in 1712, and died in 1726.

22 Antoine, Abbe de Bourlie and Marquis de Guiscard, was a cadet of a

distinguished family of the south of France. He joined the Church,

but having been driven from France in consequence of his licentious

excesses, he came to England, after many adventures in Europe, with a

recommendation from the Duke of Savoy. Godolphin gave him the command

of a regiment of refugees, and employed him in projects for effecting a

landing in France. These schemes proving abortive, Guiscard's regiment

was disbanded, and he was discharged with a pension of 500 pounds

a year. Soon after the Tories came to power Guiscard came to the

conclusion that there was no hope of employment for him, and

little chance of receiving his pension; and he began a treacherous

correspondence with the French. When this was detected he was brought

before the Privy Council, and finding that everything was known, and

wishing a better death than hanging, he stabbed Harley in the breast.

Mrs. Manley, under Swift's directions, wrote a Narrative of Guiscard's

Examination, and the incident greatly added to the security of Harley's

position, and to the strength of the Government.

23 Harley's surgeon, Mr. Green.

24 See Letter 9, note 20.

25 Mrs. Walls' baby (see Feb 5, 1711).

26 The phrase had its origin in the sharp practices in the horse and

cattle markets. Writing to Arbuthnot in 1727, Swift said that Gay "had

made a pretty good bargain (that is a Smithfield) for a little place in

the Custom House."

27 "There."

LETTER 18.

1 See Swift's paper in the Examiner, No. 32, and Mrs. Manley's pamphlet,

already mentioned.

2 Presumably Mrs. Johnson's palsy-water (see Letter 5, note 17).

3 Thomas Wentworth, Baron Raby (1672-1739), was created Viscount

Wentworth and Earl of Strafford in June 1711. Lord Raby was Envoy and

Ambassador at Berlin for some years, and was appointed Ambassador at

the Hague in March 1711. In November he was nominated as joint

Plenipotentiary with the Bishop of Bristol to negotiate the terms of

peace. He objected to Prior as a colleague; Swift says he was "as

proud as hell." In 1715 it was proposed to impeach Strafford, but the

proceedings were dropped. In his later years he was, according to Lord

Hervey, a loquacious and illiterate, but constant, speaker in the House

of Lords.

4 A beauty, to whom Swift addressed verses in 1708. During the frost of

January 1709 Swift wrote: "Mrs. Floyd looked out with both her eyes, and

we had one day's thaw; but she drew in her head, and it now freezes as

hard as ever." She was a great friend of Lady Betty Germaine's.

5 Swift never had the smallpox.

6 See Letter 12, note 22.

7 Heart.

8 The first number of the Spectator appeared on March 1, 1711.

9 In one of his poems Swift speaks of Stella "sossing in an easy-chair."

10 See Letter 4, note 20.

11 "It is reasonable to suppose that Swift's acquaintance with Arbuthnot

commenced just about this time; for in the original letter Swift

misspells his name, and writes it Arthbuthnet, in a clear large hand,

that MD might not mistake any of the letters" (Deane Swift). Dr. John

Arbuthnot had been made Physician in Ordinary to the Queen; he was one

of Swift's dearest friends.

12 Clobery Bromley, M.P. for Coventry, son of William Bromley, M.P. (see

Letter 10, note 1), died on March 20, 1711, and Boyer (Political State,

i. 255) says that the House, "out of respect to the father, and to give

him time, both to perform the funeral rites and to indulge his just

affliction," adjourned until the 26th.

13 See Letter 5, note 4.

14 See Letter 17, note 11.

15 Sir John Perceval, Bart. (died 1748), was created Baron Perceval

1715, Viscount Perceval 1722, and Earl of Egmont 1733, all in the Irish

peerage. He married, in 1710, Catherine, eldest daughter of Sir Philip

Parker A'Morley, Bart., of Erwarton, Suffolk; and his son (born Feb. 27,

1710-11) was made Baron Perceval and Holland, in the English peerage, in

1762.

16 This report was false. The Old Pretender did not marry until 1718,

when he was united to the Princess Clementina Maria, daughter of Prince

James Sobieski.

Letter 19.

1 John Hartstonge, D.D. (died 1717), was Bishop of Ossory from 1693 to

1714, when he was translated to Derry.

2 See Letter 15, note 16.

3 Thomas Proby was Chirurgeon-General in Ireland from 1699 until his

death in 1761. In his Short Character of Thomas, Earl of Wharton, Swift

speaks of him as "a person universally esteemed," who had been badly

treated by Lord Wharton. In 1724 Proby's son, a captain in the army, was

accused of popery, and Swift wrote to Lord Carteret that the charge

was generally believed to be false: "The father is the most universally

beloved of any man I ever knew in his station.... You cannot do

any personal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland than

in inclining towards lenity to Mr. Proby and his family." Proby was

probably a near relative of Sir Thomas Proby, Bart., M.P., of Elton,

Hunts, at whose death in 1689 the baronetcy expired. Mrs. Proby seems to

have been a Miss Spencer.

4 Meliora, daughter of Thomas Coningsby, Baron of Clanbrassil and

Earl of Coningsby, and wife of Sir Thomas Southwell, afterwards Baron

Southwell, one of the Commissioners of Revenue in Ireland, and a member

of the Irish Privy Council. Lady Southwell died in 1736.

5 Lady Betty Rochfort was the daughter of Henry Moore, third Earl of

Drogheda. Her husband, George Rochfort, M.P. for Westmeath, was son of

Robert Rochfort, an Irish judge, and brother of Robert Rochford, M.P.,

to whose wife Swift addressed his Advice to a very Young Lady on her

Marriage. Lady Betty's son Robert was created Earl of Belvedere in 1757.

6 See Letter 17, note 23. Mr. Bussiere, of Suffolk Street, had been

called in directly after the outrage, but Radcliffe would not consult

him.

7 The letter from Dr. King dated March 17, 1711, commenting on

Guiscard's attack upon Harley.

8 See Feb. 10, 1710-11.

9 The word "trangram" or "tangram" ordinarily means a toy or gimcrack,

or trumpery article. Cf. Wycherley (Plain Dealer, iii. 1), "But go,

thou trangram, and carry back those trangrams which thou hast stolen or

purloined." Apparently "trangum" here means a tally.

10 See Letter 12, note 2.

11 Swift means Godolphin, the late Lord Treasurer.

12 Sir John Holland (see Letter 3, note 28).

13 "It caused a violent daub on the paper, which still continues much

discoloured in the original" (Deane Swift).

14 "He forgot here to say, 'At night.' See what goes before" (Deane

Swift).

15 See Letter 17, note 1.

16 Irishman. "Teague" was a term of contempt for an Irishman.

17 To "Mr. Harley, wounded by Guiscard." In this piece Prior said,

"Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound," a wound which could

not have been inflicted by any but a stranger to our land.

18 Sir Thomas Mansel married Martha, daughter and heiress of Francis

Millington, a London merchant.

19 Slatterning, consuming carelessly.

20 "The candle grease mentioned before, which soaked through, deformed

this part of the paper on the second page" (Deane Swift).

21 Harcourt.

22 William Rollinson, formerly a wine merchant, settled afterwards in

Oxfordshire, where he died at a great age. He was a friend of Pope,

Bolingbroke, and Gay.

23 In relation to the banknote (see Letter 17, note 14).

24 "Swift was, at this time, their great support and champion" (Deane

Swift).

25 See Letter 14, note 15.

26 See Letter 17, note 25.

27 "Stella, with all her wit and good sense, spelled very ill; and Dr.

Swift insisted greatly upon women spelling well" (Deane Swift).

28 "The slope of the letters in the words THIS WAY, THIS WAY, is to

the left hand, but the slope of the words THAT WAY, THAT WAY, is to the

right hand" (Deane Swift).

29 See Letter 17, note 24.

30 See Letter 5, note 11 and Letter 10, note 28.

LETTER 20.

1 By the Act 9 Anne, cap. 23, the number of hackney coaches was

increased to 800, and it was provided that they were to go a mile and a

half for one shilling, two miles for one shilling and sixpence, and so

on.

2 See Letter 11, note 39.

3 In a letter to Swift, of March 17, 1711, King said that it might have

been thought that Guiscard's attack would have convinced the world that

Harley was not in the French interest; but it did not have that effect

with all, for some whispered the case of Fenius Rufus and Scevinus in

the 15th book of Tacitus: "Accensis indicibus ad prodendum Fenium Rufum,

quem eundem conscium et inquisitorem non tolerabant." Next month Swift

told King that it was reported that the Archbishop had applied this

passage in a speech made to his clergy, and explained at some length the

steps he had taken to prevent the story being published in the Postboy.

King thanked Swift for this action, explaining that he had been arguing

on Harley's behalf when someone instanced the story of Rufus.

4 A Tory paper, published thrice weekly by Abel Roper.

5 Sir Charles Duncombe, banker, died on April 9, 1711. The first wife of

the Duke of Argyle (see Letter 11, note 57) was Duncombe's niece,

Mary Browne, daughter of Ursula Duncombe and Thomas Browne, of St.

Margaret's, Westminster. Duncombe was elected Lord Mayor in 1700, and

was the richest commoner in England.

6 The Rev. Dillon Ashe (see Letter 12, note 23).

7 John, fourth Baron Poulett, was created Earl Poulett in 1706, after

serving as one of the Commissioners for the Treaty of Union with

Scotland. From August 1710 to May 1711 he was First Lord of the

Treasury, and from June 1711 to August 1714 he was Lord Steward of the

Household.

8 Lost or stupid person.

9 Sir William Read, a quack who advertised largely in the Tatler and

other papers. He was satirised in No. 547 of the Spectator. In 1705

he was knighted for his services in curing many seamen and soldiers of

blindness gratis, and he was appointed Oculist in Ordinary to the Queen.

Read died in 1715, but his business was continued by his widow.

10 General John Webb was not on good terms with Marlborough. He was a

Tory, and had gained distinction in the war at Wynendale (1708), though

the Duke's secretary gave the credit, in the despatch, to Cadogan. There

is a well-known account of Webb in Thackeray's Esmond. He was severely

wounded at Malplaquet in 1709, and in 1710 was given the governorship of

the Isle of Wight. He died in 1724.

11 Henry Campion, M.P. for Penryn, is mentioned in the Political State

for February 1712 as one of the leading men of the October Club. Campion

seems to have been Member, not for Penryn, but for Bossiney.

12 See Letter 3, note 32.

13 Sir George Beaumont, Bart., M.P. for Leicester, and an acquaintance

of Swift's mother, was made a Commissioner of the Privy Seal in 1712,

and one of the Lords of the Admiralty in 1714. He died in 1737.

14 Heneage Finch, afterwards second Earl of Aylesford, was the son of

Heneage Finch, the chief counsel for the seven bishops, who was created

Baron Guernsey in 1703, and Earl of Aylesford in 1714.

15 James, Lord Compton, afterwards fifth Earl of Northampton, was the

eldest son of George, the fourth Earl. He was summoned to the House of

Lords in December 1711, and died in 1754.

16 See Letter 11, note 12.

LETTER 21.

1 In 1670 Temple thanked the Grand Duke of Tuscany for "an entire

vintage of the finest wines of Italy" (Temple's Works, 1814, ii.

155-56).

2 Mrs. Manley (see Letter 17, note 22).

3 Charles Caesar, M.P. for Hertford, was appointed Treasurer of the Navy

in June 1711, in the room of Robert Walpole.

4 Joseph I. His successor was his brother Charles, the King of Spain

recognised by England.

5 Simon Harcourt, M.P. for Wallingford. He married Elizabeth, sister of

Sir John Evelyn, Bart., and died in 1720, aged thirty-five, before his

father. He was secretary to the society of "Brothers," wrote verses, and

was a friend of the poets. His son Simon was created Earl Harcourt in

1749, and was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

6 Doiley, a seventeenth-century linen-draper,--probably "Thomas Doyley,

at the Nun, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden,"--invented stuffs which

"might at once be cheap and genteel" (Spectator, No. 283).

7 A special envoy. The Resident from Venice in 1710 was Signor Bianchi.

8 See Letter 17, note 5.

9 Nanfan Coote, second Earl of Bellamont, who died in 1708, married, in

1705, Lucia Anna, daughter of Henry de Nassau, Lord of Auverquerque, and

sister of Henry, first Earl of Grantham. She died in 1744.

10 "Farnese" (Deane Swift).

11 See Letter 20, note 3.

12 Swift's changes of residence during the period covered by the Journal

were numerous. On Sept. 20, 1710, he moved from Pall Mall to Bury

Street, "where I suppose I shall continue while in London." But on Dec.

28 he went to new lodgings in St. Albans Street, Haymarket. On April 26,

1711, he moved to Chelsea, and from there to Suffolk Street, to be near

the Vanhomrighs. He next moved to St. Martins Street, Leicester Fields;

and a month later to Panton Street, Haymarket. In 1712 he lodged for a

time at Kensington Gravel Pits.

13 At raffling for books.

14 James Brydges, Paymaster-General, and afterwards Duke of Chandos (see

Letter 3, note 31).

15 Thomas Foley, M.P. for Worcestershire, was created Baron Foley in

December 1711, and died in 1733.

16 See 25th April, 1711 and Letter 20, note 3.

17 See Letter 19, note 3.

18 Charles Dering, second son of Sir Edward Dering, Bart., M.P. for

Kent, was Auditor of the Exchequer in Ireland, and M.P. for Carlingford.

19 See Letter 11, note 44.

20 See Letter 17, note 4.

21 A Whig paper, for the most part by Mainwaring and Oldmixon, in

opposition to the Examiner. It appeared weekly from October 1710 to

August 1711.

22 See Letter 17, note 22.

23 See Spectator, No. 50, by Addison.

24 In all probability a mistake for "Wesley" (see Letter 1, note 12).

LETTER 22.

1 Lord Paisley (see Letter 17, note 7).

2 See Letter 11, note 5.

3 Sir Hovenden Walker. The "man midwife" was Sir Chamberlen Walker, his

younger brother. The "secret expedition" against Quebec conveyed upwards

of 5000 soldiers, under the command of General John Hill (see Letter

10, note 2), but owing to the want of due preparations and the severe

weather encountered, the fleet was compelled to return to England

without accomplishing anything.

4 Robert Freind, elder brother of John Freind, M.D. (see Letter 9,

note 1), became headmaster of Westminster School in 1711, and held the

appointment until 1733. He was Rector of Witney, and afterwards Canon of

Windsor, Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Christ Church. He died

in 1751, aged eighty-four.

5 Christopher Musgrave was Clerk of the Ordnance.

6 Atterbury's wife, Katherine Osborn, has been described as "the

inspiration of his youth and the solace of his riper years."

7 The original Chelsea Bun House, in Jew's Row, was pulled down in

1839. Sir R. Philips, writing in 1817, said, "Those buns have afforded a

competency, and even wealth, to four generations of the same family; and

it is singular that their delicate flavour, lightness, and richness have

never been successfully imitated."

8 See Letter 8, note 22. King wrote to Swift (May 15, 1711), "The death

of the Earl of Rochester is a great blow to all good men, and even his

enemies cannot but do justice to his character. What influence it will

have on public affairs God only knows."

9 See Letter 11, note 11.

10 See Letter 17, note 6.

11 See Letter 18, note 4.

12 See Letter 20, note 13.

13 Swift's curate at Laracor.

14 Queen Anne was the last sovereign who exercised the supposed royal

gift of healing by touch. Dr. Johnson was touched by her, but without

effect.

15 Richard Thornhill was tried at the Old Bailey on May 18, 1711, for

the murder of Sir Cholmley Dering, M.P. for Kent, and found guilty

of manslaughter only; but he was shortly afterwards assassinated (see

Journal for Aug. 21, 1711; Spectator, No. 84). The quarrel began on

April 27, when they fell to blows, and Thornhill being knocked down, had

some teeth struck out by Sir C. Dering stamping on him. The spectators

then interfered, and Dering expressed himself as ready to beg pardon;

but Thornhill not thinking this was sufficient satisfaction, gave Dering

the lie, and on May 9 sent him a challenge.

16 Tothill Fields, Westminster, was a favourite place for duels in the

seventeenth century.

17 See Letter 13, note 17.

18 Benjamin Burton, a Dublin banker, and brother-in-law of Swift's

friend Stratford (see Letter 3, note 22). Swift says he hated this

"rogue."

LETTER 23.

1 The day on which the Club met. See letter from Swift to St. John, May

11, 1711.

2 Henry Barry, fourth Lord Barry of Santry (1680-1734), was an Irish

Privy Councillor, and Governor of Derry. In 1702 he married Bridget,

daughter of Sir Thomas Domville, Bart., and in an undated letter (about

1735) to Lady Santry Swift spoke of his esteem for her, "although I had

hardly the least acquaintance with your lord, nor was at all desirous

to cultivate it, because I did not at all approve of his conduct." Lord

Santry's only son and heir, who was born in 1710, was condemned to death

for the murder of a footman in 1739, when the barony became extinct by

forfeiture. See B. W. Adams's History of Santry.

3 Probably Captain Cammock, of the Speedwell, of 28 guns and 125 men

(Luttrell, vi. 331), who met on July 13, 1708, off Scotland, two French

privateers, one of 16, the other of 18 guns, and fought them several

hours. The first privateer got off, much shattered; the other was

brought into Carrickfergus.

4 See Letter 7, note 21.

5 See Letter 13, note 10.

6 This valuable pamphlet is signed "J.G.," and is believed to be by John

Gay.

7 Edmund Curll's collection of Swift's Miscellanies, published in 1711,

was an expansion of a pamphlet of 1710, "A Meditation upon a Broomstick,

and somewhat beside, of the same Author's."

8 "In this passage DD signifies both Dingley and Stella" (Deane Swift).

9 Sir Henry Craik's reading. The old editions have, "It would do: DD

goes as well as Presto," which is obviously corrupt.

10 Cf. Journal, June 17, 1712.

11 Cf. "old doings" (see Letter 9, note 19.)

12 See Letter 17, note 11.

13 Rymer's Foedera, in three volumes, which Swift obtained for Trinity

College, Dublin.

14 See Letter 6, note 43 and 9th Feb. 1710-11.

15 Stephen Colledge, "the Protestant joiner," was hanged in 1681. He had

published attacks on the Roman Catholics, and had advocated resistance

to Charles II.

16 See Letter 3, note 39.

17 Mitford Crowe was appointed Governor of Barbados in 1706, and before

his departure for that island went to Spain, "to settle the accounts of

our army there, of which he is paymaster" (Luttrell, vi. 104). In 1710

charges of bribery brought against him by merchants were inquired into

by the Privy Council, but he seems to have cleared himself, for in June

1711 Swift speaks of him as Governor of Jamaica. He died in 1719.

18 See Letter 8, note 21.

19 Swift's uncle Adam "lived and died in Ireland," and left no son.

Another daughter of his became Mrs. Whiteway.

20 William Lowndes, M.P., secretary to the Treasury, whom Walpole called

"as able and honest a servant as ever the Crown had."

21 The Lord Treasurer's staff: since the dismissal of Godolphin, the

Treasurership had been held in commission.

22 "As I hope to be saved."

23 Stella's maid.

24 See letter from King to Swift, May 15, 1711. Alderman Constantine,

a High Churchman, indignant at being passed over by a junior in the

contest for the mayoralty, brought the matter before the Council

Board, and produced an old by-law by which aldermen, according to their

ancientry, were required to keep their mayoralty. King took the side of

the city, but the majority was for the by-law, and disapproved of the

election; whereupon the citizens repealed the by-law and re-elected the

same alderman as before.

LETTER 24.

1 The Lord Treasurer's staff.

2 Swift's "little parson cousin," the resident chaplain at Moor Park. He

pretended to have had some part in The Tale of a Tub, and Swift always

professed great contempt for him. Thomas Swift was son of an Oxford

uncle of Swift's, of the same name, and was at school and college with

Swift. He became Rector of Puttenham, Surrey, and died in 1752, aged

eighty-seven.

3 The Duke of Ormond's daughter, Lady Mary Butler (see Letter 7, notes 2

and 3.)

4 Thomas Harley, the Lord Treasurer's cousin, was secretary to the

Treasury.

5 Lord Oxford's daughter Elizabeth married, in 1712, the Marquis of

Caermarthen.

6 Henry Tenison, M.P. for County Louth, was one of the Commissioners of

the Revenue in Ireland from 1704 until his death in 1709 (Luttrell, v.

381, vi. 523). Probably he was related to Dr. Tenison, Bishop of Meath,

who died in 1705.

7 Anne Finch (died 1720), daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, and wife

of Heneage Finch, who became fourth Earl of Winchelsea in 1712. Lady

Winchelsea published a volume of poems in 1713, and was a friend of Pope

and Rowe. Wordsworth recognised the advance in the growth of attention

to "external nature" shown in her writings.

8 See Letter 23, note 24 and Letter 30, note 13.

9 This was a mistake. Charles Hickman, D.D., Bishop of Derry, died in

November 1713.

10 "These words in italics are written in a large round hand" (Deane

Swift). (Italics replaced by capitals for the transcription of this

etext.)

11 "This entry is interlined in the original" (Deane Swift).

12 Colonel James Graham (1649-1730) held various offices under James

II., and was granted a lease of a lodge in Bagshot Park. Like his

brother, Viscount Preston, he was suspected of treasonable practices in

1691, and he was arrested in 1692 and 1696. Under Queen Anne and George

I., Colonel Graham was M.P. for Appleby and Westmorland.

13 Mr. Leslie Stephen has pointed out that this is the name of an inn

(now the Jolly Farmer) near Frimley, on the hill between Bagshot and

Farnborough. This inn is still called the Golden Farmer on the Ordnance

map.

14 "Soley" is probably a misreading for "sollah," a form often used

by Swift for "sirrah," and "figgarkick" may be "pilgarlick" (a poor

creature) in Swift's "little language" (cf. 20th Oct. 1711).

15 See Letter 14, note 14.

16 Probably a misprint for "Bertie." This Mr. Bertie may have been the

Hon. James Bertie, second son of the first Earl of Abingdon, and M.P.

for Middlesex.

17 Evelyn Pierrepont, fifth Earl of Kingston, was made Marquis of

Dorchester in 1706. He became Duke of Kingston-upon-Hull in 1715, and

died in 1726. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was his daughter.

18 See Letter 12, note 22.

19 Sir Thomas Thynne, first Viscount Weymouth, who died in 1714, aged

seventy-four, married Frances, daughter of Heneage Finch, second Earl of

Winchelsea.

20 See Letter 7, note 31.

21 Swift is referring to St. John's defence of Brydges (see Letter 21,

note 14.)

22 "He does not mean smoking, which he never practised, but snuffing

up cut-and-dry tobacco, which sometimes was just coloured with Spanish

snuff; and this he used all his life, but would not own that he took

snuff" (Deane Swift).

23 Beaumont (see Letter 1, note 2).

24 Sir Alexander Cairnes, M.P. for Monaghan, a banker, was created a

baronet in 1706, and died in 1732.

25 See Letter 6, note 44 and Letter 17, note 4.

26 Isaac Manley (see Letter 3, note 3.)

27 Sir Thomas Frankland.

28 See Letter 5, note 8.

29 Hockley-in-the-Hole, Clerkenwell, a place of public diversion, was

famous for its bear and bull baitings.

30 Sir William Seymour, second son of Sir Edward Seymour, Bart., of

Berry Pomeroy, retired from the army in 1717, and died in 1728 (Dalton's

Army Lists). He was wounded at Landen and Vigo, and saw much service

between his appointment as a Captain of Fusiliers in 1686 and his

promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1707.

31 No. 45.

32 "And now I conceive the main design I had in writing these papers is

fully executed. A great majority of the nation is at length thoroughly

convinced that the Queen proceeded with the highest wisdom, in changing

her Ministry and Parliament" (Examiner, No. 45).

33 Edward Harley (see Letter 13, note 17).

34 See Letter 24, note 2.

35 Tom Ashe was an elder brother of the Bishop of Clogher. He had an

estate of more than 1000 pounds a year in County Meath, and Nichols

describes him as of droll appearance, thick and short in person: "a

facetious, pleasant companion, but the most eternal unwearied punster

that ever lived."

36 "Even Joseph Beaumont, the son, was at this time an old man, whose

grey locks were venerable; yet his father lived until about 1719" (Deane

Swift).

Letter 25.

1 Sir William Wyndham, Bart. (1687-1740), was M.P. for Somerset. He was

a close partisan of Bolingbroke's, and in 1713 introduced the Schism

Bill, which drove Oxford from office. Wyndham became Chancellor of the

Exchequer, and was afterwards a leading opponent of Walpole. His wife,

Lady Catherine Seymour (died 1713), was the second daughter of Charles,

Duke of Somerset (see Letter 28, note 8).

2 Swift was afterwards President of this Club, which is better known as

"the Society."

3 Perhaps Daniel Reading, M.P. for Newcastle, Co. Dublin.

4 Afterwards Congreve formed a friendship with the Whigs; or, as Swift

put it, "Took proper principles to thrive,

And so might every dunce alive."

5 Atterbury.

6 This pamphlet, published in February 1712, was called "A Proposal for

Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue, in a Letter

to the... Lord High Treasurer."

7 No. 47

8 Francis Gastrell, Canon of Christ Church, was made Bishop of Chester

in 1713. His valuable Notitia Cestriensis was published in 1845-50.

9 Near Fulham.

10 See Letter 12, note 21.

11 The daughters of Meinhardt Schomberg, Duke of Leinster, in Ireland,

and third Duke of Schomberg. Lady Mary married Count Dagenfeldt, and

Lady Frederica married, first, the Earl of Holderness, and, secondly,

Earl Fitz Walter.

12 Thomas Harley.

13 See Letter 19, note 3.

LETTER 26.

1 The widow of Sir John Lyndon, who was appointed a justice of the Court

of King's Bench in Ireland in 1682, and died in 1699.

2 "Marmaduke Coghill, LL.D., was judge of the Prerogative Court in

Ireland. About this time he courted a lady, and was soon to have been

married to her; but unfortunately a cause was brought to trial before

him, wherein a man was sued for beating his wife. When the matter was

agitated, the Doctor gave his opinion, 'That although a man had no right

to beat his wife unmercifully, yet that, with such a little cane or

switch as he then held in his hand, a husband was at liberty, and was

invested with a power, to give his wife moderate correction'; which

opinion determined the lady against having the Doctor. He died an old

man and a bachelor" (Deane Swift). See also Lascelles, Liber Muner.

Hibern., part ii. p. 80.

3 This was a common exclamation of the time, but the spelling varies in

different writers. It seems to be a corruption of "God so," or "God

ho," but there may have been a confusion with "cat-so," derived from the

Italian "cazzo."

4 See Letter 9, note 28. Mrs. Manley was now editing the Examiner.

5 Sir Henry Belasyse was sent to Spain as Commissioner to inquire into

the state of the English forces in that country. The son of Sir Richard

Belasyse, Knight of Ludworth, Durham, Sir Henry finished a chequered

career in 1717, when he was buried in Westminster Abbey (Dalton's

Army Lists, ii. 228). In his earlier years he served under the

United Provinces, and after the accession of William was made a

Brigadier-General in the English army, and in 1694, Lieutenant-General.

In 1702 he was second in command of the expedition to Cadiz, but he was

dismissed the service in consequence of the looting of Port St. Mary.

Subsequently he was elected M.P. for Durham, and in 1713 was appointed

Governor of Berwick.

6 Atterbury.

7 See Letter 3, note 20.

8 Sir John Powell, a Judge of the Queen's Bench, died in 1713, aged

sixty-eight. He was a kindly as well as able judge.

9 See June 7th, 1711.

10 This Tisdall has been described as a Dublin merchant; but in all

probability he was Richard Tisdall, Registrar of the Irish Court of

Chancery, and M.P. for Dundalk (1707-1713) and County Louth (1713-1727).

He married Marian, daughter of Richard Boyle, M.P., and died in 1742.

Richard Tisdall was a relative of Stella's suitor, the Rev. William

Tisdall, and years afterwards Swift took an interest in his son Philip,

who became a Secretary of State and Leader of the Irish House of

Commons.

11 "In Ireland there are not public paths from place to place, as in

England" (Deane Swift).

12 See Letter 24, note 6.

13 Probably a son of John Manley, M.P. (see Letter 5, note 8).

14 See Letter 11, note 45.

15 Dr. George Stanhope, who was Vicar of Lewisham as well as of

Deptford. He was a popular preacher and a translator of Thomas a Kempis

and other religious writers.

16 See Letter 3, note 17.

17 A favourite word with Swift, when he wished to indicate anything

obscure or humble.

18 See Letter 17, note 11.

19 See June 7th, 1711 and notes.

20 See Letter 17, note 23.

21 Thomas Mills (1671-1740) was made Bishop of Waterford and Lismore in

1708. A man of learning and a liberal contributor to the cost of church

restorations, he is charged by Archbishop King with giving all the

valuable livings in his gift to his non-resident relatives.

22 Tooke was appointed printer of the London Gazette in 1711 (see Letter

3, note 8).

23 See Letter 5, note 10

24 Lady Jane Hyde, the elder daughter of Henry Hyde, Earl of Rochester

(see Letter 5, note 11), married William Capel, third Earl of Essex. Her

daughter Charlotte's husband, the son of the Earl of Jersey, was created

Earl of Clarendon in 1776. Lady Jane's younger sister, Catherine,

who became the famous Duchess of Queensberry, Gay's patroness, is

represented by Prior, in The Female Phaeton, as jealous, when a young

girl, of her sister, "Lady Jenny," who went to balls, and "brought home

hearts by dozens."

25 See Letter 3, note 2.

26 John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, had held the Privy Seal from 1705,

and was regarded by the Ministers as a possible plenipotentiary in the

event of their negotiations for a peace being successful. He married

Lady Margaret Cavendish, daughter and co-heiress of Henry Cavendish,

second Duke of Newcastle, and was one of the richest nobles in

England. His death, on July 15, 1711, was the result of a fall while

stag-hunting. The Duke's only daughter married, in 1713, Edward, Lord

Harley, the Earl of Oxford's son.

LETTER 27.

1 Alexander Forbes, fourth Lord Forbes, who was afterwards attainted for

his share in the Rebellion of 1745.

2 Obscure (cf. Letter 7, note 30).

3 Jacob Tonson the elder, who died in 1736, outlived his nephew, Jacob

Tonson the younger, by a few months. The elder Tonson, the secretary

of the Kit-Cat Club, published many of Dryden's works, and the firm

continued to be the chief publishers of the time during the greater part

of the eighteenth century.

4 John Barber.

5 By his will Swift left to Deane Swift his "large silver standish,

consisting of a large silver plate, an ink-pot, and a sand-box."

6 I.e., we are only three hours in getting there.

7 Cf. Letter 15, note 9.

8 The Examiner was revived in December 1711, under Oldisworth's

editorship, and was continued by him until 1714.

9 James Douglas, fourth Duke of Hamilton, was created Duke of Brandon in

the English peerage in September 1711, and was killed by Lord Mohun in

a duel in 1712. Swift calls him "a worthy good-natured person, very

generous, but of a middle understanding." He married, in 1698, as his

second wife, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Digby, Lord Gerard, a

lady to whom Swift often refers in the Journal. She outlived the Duke

thirty-two years.

10 See August 27th, 1711.

11 William Fitzmaurice (see Letter 11, note 19).

12 The Duke of Shrewsbury (see Letter 3, note 32) married an Italian

lady, Adelhida, daughter of the Marquis of Paliotti, of Bologna,

descended maternally from Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Queen

Elizabeth's favourite. Lady Cowper (Diary, pp. 8, 9) says that the

Duchess "had a wonderful art of entertaining and diverting people,

though she would sometimes exceed the bounds of decency;... but then,

with all her prate and noise, she was the most cunning, designing woman

alive, obliging to people in prosperity, and a great party-woman." As

regards the name "Presto," see Letter 2, note 11.

13 Probably a cousin.

14 Presumptuous: claiming much.

15 See Letter 13, note 15. John Winchcombe, a weaver of Newbury, marched

with a hundred of his workmen, at his own expenses, against the Scots in

1513.

16 Thomas Coke, M.P., of Derbyshire, was appointed a Teller of the

Exchequer in 1704, and Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen in 1706. In 1706

he married--as his second wife--Mrs. Hale, one of the maids of honour

(Luttrell, v. 411, 423; vi. 113, 462; Lady Cowper's Diary, 15, 16), a

lady whose "piercing" beauty it was, apparently, that Steele described

under the name of Chloe, in No. 4 of the Tatler. Jervas painted her as

a country girl, "with a liveliness that shows she is conscious, but not

affected, of her perfections." Coke was the Sir Plume of Pope's Rape of

the Lock.

17 The committee of management of the Royal household.

18 Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, the famous singer, and principal

rival of Mrs. Tofts, came to England in 1692, and constantly sang in

opera until her retirement in 1718, when she married Dr. Pepusch. She

died in 1746. Her sister, Maria Gallia, also a singer, did not attain

the same popularity.

19 Charles Scarborow and Sir William Foster were the Clerks of the Board

of Green Cloth.

20 See Letter 27, note 16 on Thomas Coke.

21 The Earl of Sunderland's second wife, Lady Anne Churchill, who died

in 1716, aged twenty-eight. She was the favourite daughter of the Duke

of Marlborough, and was called "the little Whig." Verses were written in

honour of her beauty and talent by Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, Dr.

Watts and others, and her portrait was painted by Lely and Kneller.

22 Mary, daughter of Sir William Forester, of Dothill, Shropshire.

In 1700, at the age of thirteen, she had been secretly married to her

cousin, George Downing, a lad of fifteen. Three years later, Downing,

on his return from abroad, refused to acknowledge his wife, and in 1715

both parties petitioned the House of Lords for leave to bring in a

Bill declaring the marriage to be void; but leave was refused (Lords'

Journals, xx. 41, 45). Downing had become Sir George Downing, Bart., in

1711, and had been elected M.P. for Dunwich; he died without issue in

1749, and was the founder of Downing College, Cambridge.

23 In a discussion upon what would be the result if beards became the

fashion, Budgell (Spectator, No. 331) says, "Besides, we are not certain

that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air

on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and

periwigs."

LETTER 28.

1 Horse-racing was much encouraged by Charles II., who, as Strutt tells

us, appointed races to be made in Datchet Mead, when he was residing

at Windsor. By Queen Anne's time horse-racing was becoming a regular

institution: see Spectator, No. 173.

2 John Montagu, second Duke of Montagu, married Lady Mary Churchill,

youngest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough.

3 Of Clogher.

4 John Adams, Prebendary of Canterbury and Canon of Windsor. He was made

Provost of King's College, Cambridge, in 1712, and died in 1720.

5 The Hon. and Rev. George Verney, Canon of Windsor (died 1728), became

fourth Lord Willoughby de Broke on the death of his father (Sir Richard

Verney, the third Baron), in July 1711. Lord Willoughby became Dean of

Windsor in 1713.

6 Thomas Hare, Under Secretary of State in Bolingbroke's office.

7 Richard Sutton was the second son of Robert Sutton, the nephew of the

Robert Sutton who was created Viscount Lexington by Charles I. Sutton

served under William III. and Marlborough in Flanders, and was made a

Brigadier-General in 1710, in which year also he was elected M.P.

for Newark. In 1711 he was appointed Governor of Hull, and he died, a

Lieutenant-General, in 1737 (Dalton's Army Lists, iii. 153)

8 Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset (1662-1748), known as

"the proud Duke of Somerset." Through the influence which his

wife--afterwards Mistress of the Robes (see Letter 17, note 10)--had

obtained over the Queen, he bore no small part in bringing about the

changes of 1710. His intrigues during this period were, however, mainly

actuated by jealousy of Marlborough, and he had really no sympathies

with the Tories. His intrigues with the Whigs caused the utmost alarm to

St. John and to Swift.

9 The third and last reference to Vanessa in the Journal.

10 "Pray God preserve her life, which is of great importance" (Swift

to Archbishop King, Aug. 15, 1711). St. John was at this moment very

anxious to conciliate Mrs. Masham, as he felt that she was the only

person capable of counteracting the intrigues of the Duchess of Somerset

with the Queen.

11 Pontack, of Abchurch Lane, son of Arnaud de Pontac, President of

the Parliament of Bordeaux, was proprietor of the most fashionable

eating-house in London. There the Royal Society met annually at dinner

until 1746. Several writers speak of the dinners at a guinea a head

and upwards served at Pontack's, and Swift comments on the price of the

wine.

12 "His name was Read" (Scott).

13 Up to the end of 1709 the warrants for the payment of the works

at Blenheim had been regularly issued by Godolphin and paid at the

Treasury; over 200,000 pounds was expended in this manner. But after

the dismissal of the Whigs the Queen drew tight the purse-strings. The

20,000 pounds mentioned by Swift was paid in 1711, but on June 1, 1712,

Anne gave positive orders that nothing further should be allowed for

Blenheim, though 12,000 pounds remained due to the contractors.

14 The piercing of the lines before Bouchain, which Villars had declared

to be the non plus ultra of the Allies, one of the most striking proofs

of Marlborough's military genius.

15 See Letter 22, note 15.

16 A fashionable gaming-house in St. James's Street.

17 See Letter 6, note 15. The Grange, near Alresford, Hampshire, was

Henley's seat. His wife (see Letter 12, note 24) was the daughter of

Peregrine Bertie, son of Montagu Bertie, second Earl of Lindsey; and

Earl Poulett (see Letter 20, note 7) married Bridget, an elder daughter

of Bertie's.

18 William Henry Hyde, Earl of Danby, grandson of the first Duke of

Leeds (see Letter 8, note 22), and eldest son of Peregrine Osborne,

Baron Osborne and Viscount Dunblane, who succeeded to the dukedom in

1712. Owing to this young man's death (at the age of twenty-one), his

brother, Peregrine Hyde, Marquis of Caermarthen, who married Harley's

daughter Elizabeth, afterwards became third Duke of Leeds.

19 See Letter 8, note 2.

20 See Letter 3, note 7.

21 William Gregg was a clerk in Harley's office when the latter was

Secretary of State under the Whig Administration. In 1707-8 he was in

treasonable correspondence with M. de Chamillart, the French Secretary

of State. When he was detected he was tried for high treason, and hanged

on April 28. The Lords who examined Gregg did their utmost to establish

Harley's complicity, which Gregg, however, with his dying breath

solemnly denied.

22 By Swift himself. The title was, Some Remarks upon a Pamphlet

entitled, A Letter to the Seven Lords of the Committee appointed to

examine Gregg.

23 See Letter 13, note 10. There is no copy in the British Museum.

24 Thomas Parnell, the poet, married, in 1706, Anne, daughter of Thomas

Minchin, of Tipperary. In 1711 Parnell was thirty-two years of age,

and was Archdeacon of Clogher and Vicar of Clontibret. Swift took much

trouble to obtain for Parnell the friendship of Bolingbroke and other

persons of note, and Parnell became a member of the Scriblerus Club.

In 1716 he was made Vicar of Finglas, and after his death in 1718

Pope prepared an edition of his poems. The fits of depression to which

Parnell was liable became more marked after his wife's death, and he

seems to have to some extent given way to drink. His sincerity and charm

of manner made him welcome with men of both parties.

25 Dr. Henry Compton had been Bishop of London since 1675. He was

dangerously ill early in 1711, but he lived until 1713, when he was

eighty-one.

26 See Letter 26, note 10.

27 See Letter 7, note 21.

28 L'Estrange speaks of "a whiffling fop" and Swift says, "Every

whiffler in a laced coat, who frequents the chocolate-house, shall talk

of the Constitution."

29 Prior's first visit to France with a view to the secret negotiations

with that country which the Ministers were now bent on carrying

through, had been made in July, when he and Gaultier reached Calais in

a fishing-boat and proceeded to Fontainbleau under assumed names. He

returned to England in August, but was recognised at Dover, whence the

news spread all over London, to the great annoyance of the Ministers.

The officer who recognised Prior was John Macky, reputed author of those

Characters upon which Swift wrote comments. Formerly a secret service

agent under William III., Macky had been given the direction of the

Ostend mail packets by Marlborough, to whom he communicated the news of

Prior's journey. Bolingbroke threatened to hang Macky, and he was thrown

into prison; but the accession of George I. again brought him favour and

employment.

30 See Letter 12, note 7.

LETTER 29.

1 See Letter 3, note 4.

2 See Letter 6, note 4.

3 Edward Villiers (1656-1711), created Viscount Villiers in 1691, was

made Earl of Jersey in 1697. Under William III. he was Lord Chamberlain

and Secretary of State, but he was dismissed from office in 1704. When

he died he had been nominated as a plenipotentiary at the Congress of

Utrecht, and was about to receive the appointment of Lord Privy Seal.

Lord Jersey married, in 1681, when she was eighteen, Barbara, daughter

of William Chiffinch, closet-keeper to Charles II.; she died in 1735.

4 Lord Paisley was the Earl of Abercorn's eldest surviving son (see

Letter 17, note 7).

5 The Hon. John Hamilton, the Earl's second surviving son, died in 1714.

6 Dr. John Robinson (1650-1723) had gone out as chaplain to the Embassy

at the Court of Sweden in 1682, and had returned in 1708 with the double

reputation of being a thorough Churchman and a sound diplomatist. He was

soon made Dean of Windsor, and afterwards Bishop of Bristol. He was now

introduced to the Council Board, and it was made known to those in

the confidence of Ministers that he would be one of the English

plenipotentiaries at the coming Peace Congress. In 1713 Dr. Robinson was

made Bishop of London.

7 John Erskine, Earl of Mar (1675-1732), who was attainted for his

part in the Rebellion of 1715. His first wife, Lady Margaret Hay, was a

daughter of Lord Kinnoull.

8 Thomas Hay, sixth Earl of Kinnoull (died 1719), a Commissioner for

the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland, and one of the Scotch

representative peers in the first Parliament of Great Britain. His son

and heir, Viscount Dupplin, afterwards Baron Hay (see Letter 5, note

34), who married Harley's daughter Abigail, is often mentioned in the

Journal.

9 See Letter 3, note 5.

10 The title of the pamphlet was, "A New Journey to Paris, together

with some Secret Transactions between the French King and an English

Gentleman. By the Sieur du Baudrier. Translated from the French."

11 See Letter 11, note 44.

12 See Letter 28, note 6.

13 The Earl of Strafford (see Letter 18, note 3) married, on Sept.

6, 1711, Anne, only daughter and heiress of Sir Henry Johnson, of

Bradenham, Buckinghamshire, a wealthy shipbuilder. Many of Lady

Strafford's letters to her husband are given in the Wentworth Papers,

1883.

14 Samuel Pratt, who was also Clerk of the Closet.

15 Alice Hill, woman of the bed-chamber to the Queen, died in 1762.

16 Enniscorthy, the name of a town in the county of Wexford.

17 Scrambling.

18 "These words in italics are written in strange, misshapen letters,

inclining to the right hand, in imitation of Stella's writing" (Deane

Swift). (Italics replaced by capitals for the transcription of this

etext.)

19 Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

20 John Pooley, appointed Bishop of Raphoe in 1702.

21 These words in italics are miserably scrawled, in imitation of

Stella's hand (Deane Swift). (Italics replaced by capitals for the

transcription of this etext.)

22 See Letter 8, note 2.

LETTER 30.

1 See Letter 25, note 1.

2 See Letter 9, note 22.

3 See Letter 29, note 10.

4 Cf. the entry on the 11th (note 3 above).

5 See Letter 6, note 4.

6 William, Lord Villiers, second Earl of Jersey (died 1721), a strong

Jacobite, had been M.P. for Kent before his father's death. He married,

in 1704, Judith, only daughter of a City merchant, Frederick Herne, son

of Sir Nathaniel Herne, Alderman; she died in 1735. Lord Jersey, one of

"the prettiest young peers in England," was a companion of Bolingbroke,

and stories in the Wentworth Papers (pp. 149, 230, 395, 445), show that

he had a bad reputation.

7 See Letter 28, note 4.

8 The name of Arbuthnot's wife is not known: she died in 1730.

9 James Lovet, one of the "Yeomen Porters" at Court.

10 Richard Jones, Earl of Ranelagh, who died without male issue in

January 1712. Writing to Archbishop King on Jan. 8, Swift said, "Lord

Ranelagh died on Sunday morning; he was very poor and needy, and could

hardly support himself for want of a pension which used to be paid him."

11 Arabella Churchill, maid of honour to the Duchess of York, and

mistress of James II., afterwards married Colonel Charles Godfrey,

Clerk Comptroller of the Green Cloth and Master of the Jewel Office. Her

second son by James II. was created Duke of Albemarle.

12 See Letter 28, note 4.

13 The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of Dublin, elected in August 1711, "not

being approved of by the Government, the City was obliged to proceed

to another election, which occasioned a great ferment among the vulgar

sort" (Boyer, Political State, 1711, p. 500). After two other persons

had been elected and disapproved of, Alderman Gore was elected Lord

Mayor, and approved (ib. pp. 612-17).

14 "These words in italics are written enormously large" (Deane Swift).

(Italics replaced by capitals for the transcription of this etext.)

15 See Letter 3, note 39.

16 Henry Lowman, First Clerk of the Kitchen.

17 "The Doctor was always a bad reckoner, either of money or anything

else; and this is one of his rapid computations. For, as Stella was

seven days in journey, although Dr. Swift says only six, she might well

have spent four days at Inish-Corthy, and two nights at Mrs. Proby's

mother's, the distance from Wexford to Dublin being but two easy days'

journey" (Deane Swift).

18 Mrs. Fenton.

LETTER 31.

1 See Letter 10, note 31.

2 Charles Paulet, second Duke of Bolton, was appointed Lord Lieutenant

of Ireland in 1717, and died in 1722. In a note on Macky's character of

the Duke, Swift calls him "a great booby"; and Lady Cowper (Diary, p.

154) says that he was generally to be seen with his tongue lolling out

of his mouth.

3 Stella's maid.

4 See Letter 12, note 7.

5 Colonel Fielding (see Letter 16, note 21).

6 The envoys were Menager and the Abbe du Bois; the priest was the Abbe

Gaultier.

7 See Letter 18, note 3.

8 Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, General, who died in 1702, married Eleanor,

daughter of Richard Wall, of Rogane, Tipperary. She died in 1732, and

Swift described her as so "cunning a devil that she had great influence

as a reconciler of the differences at Court." One of her sons was

General James Oglethorpe, the philanthropist, and friend of Dr. Johnson.

9 "Worrit," trouble, tease.

10 Sir John Walter, Bart. (died 1722), was M.P. for the city of

Oxford. He and Charles Godfrey (see Letter 30, note 11) were the Clerks

Comptrollers of the Green Cloth.

11 See Letter 17, note 3.

12 No doubt one of the daughters of Mervyn Tuchet, fourth Earl of

Castlehaven, who died in 1686.

13 Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles Scarborow (see Letter 27,

note 19). She married, in 1712, Sir Robert Jenkinson, Bart., M.P. for

Oxfordshire, who died without issue in 1717. See Wentworth Papers, 244.

14 In July 1712 a Commission passed empowering Conyers Darcy and George

Fielding (an equerry to the Queen) to execute the office of Master of

the Horse.

15 At Killibride, about four miles from Trim.

16 Swift's "mistress," Lady Hyde (see Letter 5, note 11), whose husband

had become Earl of Rochester in May 1711. She was forty-one in 1711.

17 See Sept. 19, 1711.

18 See Letter 29, note 14.

19 See Letter 22, note 3.

20 See Letter 27, note 9.

21 See Letter 26, note 10.

22 "This happens to be the only single line written upon the margin of

any of his journals. By some accident there was a margin about as broad

as the back of a razor, and therefore he made this use of it" (Deane

Swift).

LETTER 32.

1 Lieutenant-Colonel Barton, of Colonel Kane's regiment.

2 A nickname for the High Church party.

3 See Letter 29, note 10.

4 "From this pleasantry of my Lord Oxford, the appellative Martinus

Scriblerus took its rise" (Deane Swift).

5 Cf. the Imitation of the Sixth Satire of the Second Book of Horace,

1714, where Swift says that, during their drives together, Harley would

"gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country signs."

6 See Letter 23, note 15.

7 See Letter 18, note 4.

8 See Letter 23, note 17.

9 Lord Pembroke (see Letter 7, note 31) married, in 1708, as his second

wife, Barbara, Dowager Baroness Arundell of Trerice, formerly widow of

Sir Richard Mauleverer, and daughter of Sir Thomas Slingsby. She died in

1722.

10 Caleb Coatesworth, who died in 1741, leaving a large fortune.

11 Abel Boyer, Whig journalist and historian, attacked Swift in

his pamphlet, An Account of the State and Progress of the Present

Negotiations for Peace. Boyer says that he was released from custody by

Harley; and in the Political State for 1711 (p. 646) he speaks of Swift

as "a shameless and most contemptible ecclesiastical turncoat, whose

tongue is as swift to revile as his mind is swift to change." The

Postboy said that Boyer would "be prosecuted with the utmost severity of

the law" for this attack.

12 The "Edgar." Four hundred men were killed.

13 William Bretton, or Britton, was made Lieutenant-Colonel in 1702,

Colonel of a new Regiment of Foot 1705, Brigadier-General 1710, and

Colonel of the King's Own Borderers in April 1711 (Dalton, Army Lists,

iii. 238). In December 1711 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the

King of Prussia (Postboy, Jan. 1, 1712), and he died in December 1714 or

January 1715.

14 See Letter 24, note 14.

15 It is not clear which of several Lady Gores is here referred to.

It may be (1) the wife of Sir William Gore, Bart., of Manor Gore, and

Custos Rotulorum, County Leitrim, who married Hannah, eldest daughter

and co-heir of James Hamilton, Esq., son of Sir Frederick Hamilton, and

niece of Gustavus Hamilton, created Viscount Boyne. She died 1733.

Or (2) the wife of Sir Ralph Gore, Bart. (died 1732), M.P. for County

Donegal, and afterwards Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. He

married Miss Colville, daughter of Sir Robert Colville, of Newtown,

Leitrim, and, as his second wife, Elizabeth, only daughter of Dr. Ashe,

Bishop of Clogher. Or (3) the wife of Sir Arthur Gore, Bart. (died

1727), of Newtown Gore, Mayo, who married Eleanor, daughter of Sir

George St. George, Bart., of Carrick, Leitrim, and was ancestor of the

Earls of Arran.

16 "Modern usage has sanctioned Stella's spelling" (Scott). Swift's

spelling was "wast."

17 Mrs. Manley.

18 Swift's own lines, "Mrs. Frances Harris's Petition."

19 Thomas Coote was a justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, in Ireland,

from 1692 until his removal in 1715.

20 Probably a relative of Robert Echlin, Dean of Tuam, who was killed by

some of his own servants in April 1712, at the age of seventy-three. His

son John became Prebendary and Vicar-General of Tuam, and died in 1764,

aged eighty-three. In August 1731 Bolingbroke sent Swift a letter by

the hands of "Mr. Echlin," who would, he said, tell Swift of the general

state of things in England.

21 "This column of words, as they are corrected, is in Stella's hand"

(Deane Swift).

LETTER 33.

1 Swift's verses, "The Description of a Salamander," are a scurrilous

attack on John, Lord Cutts (died 1707), who was famous for his

bravery. Joanna Cutts, the sister who complained of Swift's abuse, died

unmarried.

2 See Letter 6, note 5.

3 Fourteen printers or publishers were arrested, under warrants signed

by St. John, for publishing pamphlets directed against the Government.

They appeared at the Court of Queens Bench on Oct. 23, and were

continued on their own recognisances till the end of the term.

4 Robert Benson (see Letter 6, note 36).

5 "The South Sea Whim," printed in Scott's Swift, ii. 398.

6 See Letter 21, Apr. 24, 1711, Letter 22, Apr. 28, 1711, and Letter 34,

17 Nov. 1711.

7 Count Gallas was dismissed with a message that he might depart from

the kingdom when he thought fit. He published the preliminaries of peace

in the Daily Courant.

8 William, second Viscount Hatton, who died without issue in 1760. His

half-sister Anne married Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, and

Lord Hatton was therefore uncle to his fellow-guest, Mr. Finch.

9 Crinkle or contract. Gay writes: "Showers soon drench the camblet's

cockled grain."

10 The Countess of Jersey (see Letter 30, note 6), like her husband, was

a friend of Bolingbroke's. Lady Strafford speaks of her having lately

(November 1711) "been in pickle for her sins," at which she was not

surprised. Before the Earl succeeded to the title, Lady Wentworth wrote

to her son: "It's said Lord Villors Lady was worth fower scoar thoussand

pd; you might have got her, as wel as Lord Villors.... He (Lord Jersey)

has not don well by his son, the young lady is not yoused well as I hear

amongst them, which in my openion is not well." Wentworth Papers (pp.

214, 234).

11 Cf. Letter 9, Nov. 11, 1710, and Letter 9, note 3.

12 Charles Crow, appointed Bishop of Cloyne in 1702.

13 Swift.

14 Mrs. Manley.

15 The titles of these pamphlets are as follows: (1) A True Narrative

of.. . the Examination of the Marquis de Guiscard; (2) Some Remarks upon

a Pamphlet entitled, A Letter to the Seven Lords; (3) A New Journey to

Paris; (4) The Duke of Marlborough's Vindication; (5) A Learned Comment

on Dr. Hare's Sermon.

16 See the pun this day above.

LETTER 34.

1 See Letter 3, note 17.

2 See Letter 11, note 44.

3 Pratt (see Letter 2, note 14).

4 Stella and Dingley.

5 "Noah's Dove, an Exhortation to Peace, set forth in a Sermon preached

on the Seventh of November, 1710, a Thanksgiving Day, by Thomas Swift,

A.M., formerly Chaplain to Sir William Temple, now Rector of Puttenham

in Surrey." Thomas Swift was Swift's "little parson cousin" (see Letter

24, note 2).

6 See Letter 6, note 11. The book referred to is, apparently, An

Impartial Enquiry into the Management of the War in Spain, post-dated

1712.

7 Lord Harley (afterwards second Earl of Oxford) (see Letter 5, note

35) married, on Oct. 31, 1713, Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only

daughter of John Holles, last Duke of Newcastle of that family (see

Letter 26, note 26).

8 Bolingbroke afterwards said that the great aim (at length

accomplished) of Harley's administration was to marry his son to

this young lady. Swift wrote a poetical address to Lord Harley on his

marriage.

9 Thomas Pelham, first Baron Pelham, married, as his second wife, Lady

Grace Holles, daughter of the Earl of Clare and sister of the Duke of

Newcastle. Their eldest son, Thomas, who succeeded to the barony in

1712, was afterwards created Earl of Clare and Duke of Newcastle,

10 Francis Higgins, Rector of Baldruddery, called "the Sacheverell

of Ireland," was an extreme High Churchman, who had been charged with

sedition on account of sermons preached in London in 1707. In 1711 he

was again prosecuted as "a disloyal subject and disturber of the public

peace." At that time he was Prebendary of Christ Church, Dublin; in 1725

he was made Archdeacon of Cashel.

11 Swift's pamphlet, The Conduct of the Allies.

12 Lord Oxford's daughter Abigail married, in 1709, Viscount Dupplin,

afterwards seventh Earl of Kinnoull (see Letter 5, note 34). She died in

1750, and her husband in 1758, when the eldest son, Thomas, became Earl.

The second son, Robert, was made Archbishop of York in 1761.

13 Kensington Gravel Pits was then a famous health resort.

14 Draggled. Pope has, "A puppy, daggled through the town."

15 Writing of Peperharrow, Manning and Bray state (Surrey, ii. 32, 47)

that Oxenford Grange was conveyed to Philip Froud (died 1736) in 1700,

and was sold by him in 1713 to Alan Broderick, afterwards Viscount

Midleton. This Froud (Swift's "old Frowde") had been Deputy

Postmaster-General; he was son of Sir Philip Frowde, who was knighted in

1665 (Le Neve's Knights, Harleian Society, p. 190), and his son Philip

was Addison's friend (see Letter 8, note 13).

16 Probably the Charles Child, Esq., of Farnham, whose death is recorded

in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1754.

17 Grace Spencer was probably Mrs. Proby's sister (see Letter 19, note

3).

18 Cf. Shakespeare, As You Like It, v. 3: "Shall we clap into 't

roundly, without hawking or spitting, which are the only prologues to a

bad voice?"

19 In the "Verses on his own Death," 1731, Swift says

"When daily howd'y's come of course,

And servants answer, 'Worse and worse!'"

Cf. Steele (Tatler, No. 109),

"After so many howdies, you proceed to visit or not, as you like the run

of each other's reputation or fortune,"

and (Spectator, No. 143),

"the howd'ye servants of our women."

LETTER 35.

1 See Letter 31, note 8.

2 See Letter 14, note 9.

3 The Tories alleged that the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Montagu,

Steele, etc., were to take part in the procession (cf. Spectator,

No. 269). Swift admits that the images seized were worth less than 40

pounds, and not 1000 pounds, as he had said, and that the Devil was not

like Harley; yet he employed someone to write a lying pamphlet, A True

Relation of the Several Facts and Circumstances of the Intended Riot and

Tumult, etc.

4 A brother of Jemmy Leigh (see Letter 2, note 16), and one of Stella's

card-playing acquaintances.

5 Of The Conduct of the Allies (see Letter 34, Nov. 10, 1711, and Letter

35, Nov. 24, 1711).

6 Sir Thomas Hanmer (see Letter 9, note 13) married, in 1698, Isabella,

widow of the first Duke of Grafton, and only daughter and heiress of

Henry, Earl of Arlington. She died in 1723.

7 James, Duke of Hamilton (see Letter 27, note 9), married, in 1698,

as his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of Digby, Lord

Gerard. She died in 1744.

8 The Conduct of the Allies.

9 See Letter 25, note 6.

10 Sir Matthew Dudley (see Letter 3, note 2) married Lady Mary O'Bryen,

youngest daughter of Henry, Earl of Thomond.

11 See Letter 31, note 10.

12 Sir John St. Leger (died 1743) was M.P. for Doneraile and a Baron of

the Exchequer in Ireland from 1714 to 1741. His elder brother, Arthur,

was created Viscount Doneraile in 1703.

13 "Relation of the Facts and Circumstances of the Intended Riot on

Queen Elizabeth's Birthday."

14 The Conduct of the Allies.

15 See Letter 9, note 18.

16 The first motto was "Partem tibi Gallia nostri eripuit," etc.

(Horace, 2 Od. 17-24).

17 See Plautus's Amphitrus, or Dryden's Amphitryon.

18 It is not known whether or no this was Dr. William Savage, Master

of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. No copy of the sermon--if it was

printed--has been found. See Courtenay's Memoirs of Sir William Temple.

19 Of The Conduct of the Allies, a pamphlet which had a very wide

circulation. See a paper by Edward Solly in the Antiquarian Magazine,

March 1885.

20 Allen Bathurst, M.P. (1684-1775), created Baron Bathurst in December

1711, and Earl Bathurst in 1772. His second and eldest surviving son

was appointed Lord Chancellor in the year preceding the father's

death. Writing to her son in January 1711 (Wentworth Papers, 173), Lady

Wentworth said of Bathurst, "He is, next to you, the finest gentleman

and the best young man I know; I love him dearly."

21 See Letter 9, note 17.

22 See Letter 16, note 20.

23 Swift is alluding to the quarrel between Lord Santry (see Letter

23, note 2) and Francis Higgins (see Letter 34, note 10), which led

to Higgins's prosecution. The matter is described at length in Boyer s

Political State, 1711, pp. 617 seq.

24 See Letter 19, note 1.

25 No doubt the same as Colonel Newburgh (see Journal, March 5,

1711-12).

26 Beaumont (see Letter 1, note 2 and Letter 26, Jul. 6, 1711).

27 See Letter 31, note 1.

28 Cf. Letter 15, Feb. 9, 1710-11.

29 See Letter 35, note 3.

LETTER 36.

1 See Letter 34, note 15. Debtors could not be arrested on Sunday.

2 Sir George Pretyman, Bart., dissipated the fortune of the family. The

title became dormant in 1749.

3 See the Introduction.

4 For the Whites of Farnham, see Manning and Bray's Surrey, iii. 177.

5 The Conduct of the Allies.

6 The Percevals were among Swift's principal friends in the

neighbourhood of Laracor. In a letter to John Temple in 1706 (Forster's

Life of Swift, 182) Swift alludes to Perceval; in spite of different

views in politics, "I always loved him," says Swift, "very well as a man

of very good understanding and humour." Perceval was related to Sir John

Perceval, afterwards Earl of Egmont (see Letter 18, note 15).

7 See Letter 1, note 12.

8 See Letter 8, note 14.

9 The Examiner was resumed on Dec. 6, 1711, under Oldisworth's

editorship, and was continued by him until July 1714.

10 Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, a staunch Tory, had

quarrelled with the Government and the Court. On Dec. 7, 1711, he

carried, by six votes, an amendment to the Address, to the effect that

no peace would be acceptable which left Spain in the possession of the

House of Bourbon. Harley's counter-stroke was the creation of twelve new

peers. The Whigs rewarded Nottingham by withdrawing their opposition to

the Occasional Conformity Bill:

11 This "Song" begins:

"An orator dismal of Nottinghamshire,

Who had forty years let out his conscience for hire."

12 The Conduct of the Allies.

13 Robert Bertie, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and fourth Earl of Lindsey,

was created Marquis of Lindsay in 1706, and Duke of Ancaster and

Kesteven in 1715. He died in 1723.

14 Lady Sunderland (see Letter 27, note 21) and Lady Rialton, ladies of

the bed-chamber to the Queen.

15 Hugh Cholmondeley (died 1724), the second Viscount, was created

Viscount Malpas and Earl of Cholmondeley in 1706, and in 1708 was

appointed Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household, an office which he held

until 1713, in spite of his Whig sympathies. "Good for nothing, so far

as ever I knew," Swift wrote of him.

16 Prov. xxv. 3.

17 See Letter 31, note 8.

18 Thomas Parker, afterwards created Earl of Macclesfield, was appointed

Lord Chief-Justice in March 1710. In September 1711 he declined Harley's

offer of the Lord Chancellorship, a post which he accepted under a Whig

Government in the next reign.

19 The Bill against Occasional Conformity.

LETTER 37.

1 The proposed visit to London of Prince Eugene of Savoy, the renowned

General, and friend of Marlborough, was viewed by the Government with

considerable alarm.

2 Swift's "An excellent new Song; being the intended Speech of a famous

orator against Peace," a ballad "two degrees above Grub Street" (see

Letter 36, note 11).

3 Robert Walpole was then M.P. for King's Lynn, and Leader of the

Opposition in the House of Commons. He had been Secretary at War

from February 1708 to September 1710, and the Commissioners of Public

Accounts having reported, on Dec. 21, 1711, that he had been guilty of

venality and corruption, he was expelled from the House of Commons, and

taken to the Tower.

4 William King, D.C.L., author of the Journey to London in 1698,

Dialogues of the Dead, The Art of Cookery, and other amusing works, was,

at the end of the month, appointed Gazetteer, in succession to Steele,

on Swift's recommendation. Writing earlier in the year, Gay said that

King deserved better than to "languish out the small remainder of his

life in the Fleet Prison." The duties of Gazetteer were too much for his

easy-going nature and failing health, and he resigned the post in July

1712. He died in the following December.

5 At the bottom of St. James's Street, on the west side.

6 The Rev. John Shower, pastor of the Presbyterian Congregation at

Curriers' Hall, London Wall.

7 The Windsor Prophecy, in which the Duchess of Somerset (see Letter 17,

note 10) is attacked as "Carrots from Northumberland."

8 Merlin's Prophecy, 1709, written in pseudo-mediaeval English.

9 See Letter 3, note 18.

10 Dorothy, daughter of Sir Edward Leach, of Shipley, Derbyshire.

11 Sir James Long, Bart. (died 1729), was at this time M.P. for

Chippenham.

12 The number containing this paragraph is not in the British Museum.

13 Joseph Beaumont (see Letter 1, note 2, Letter 26, Jul. 6, 1711 and

Letter 35, note 26)

14 See Letter 4, note 13.

15 Apparently a misprint for "whether."

16 See Letter 32, note 19.

17 James Compton, afterwards fifth Earl of Northampton (died 1754),

was summoned to the House of Lords as Baron Compton in December 1711.

Charles Bruce, who succeeded his father as third Earl of Aylesbury in

1741, was created Lord Bruce, of Whorlton, at the same time.

18 James, Lord Compton, eldest son of the Earl of Northampton; Charles,

Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesbury; Henry Paget, son of

Lord Paget; George Hay, Viscount Dupplin, the son-in-law of the Lord

Treasurer, created Baron Hay; Viscount Windsor, created Baron Montjoy;

Sir Thomas Mansel, Baron Mansel; Sir Thomas Willoughby, Baron Middleton;

Sir Thomas Trevor, Baron Trevor; George Granville, Baron Lansdowne;

Samuel Masham, Baron Masham; Thomas Foley, Baron Foley; and Allen

Bathurst, Baron Bathurst.

LETTER 38.

1 Juliana, widow of the second Earl of Burlington, and daughter of the

Hon. Henry Noel, was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Anne. She died in

1750, aged seventy-eight.

2 Thomas Windsor, Viscount Windsor (died 1738), an Irish peer, who had

served under William III. in Flanders, was created Baron Montjoy, of the

Isle of Wight, in December 1711. He married Charlotte, widow of

John, Baron Jeffries, of Wem, and daughter of Philip Herbert, Earl of

Pembroke.

3 The Hon. Russell Robartes, brother of Lord Radnor (see Letter 3, note

7), was Teller of the Exchequer, and M.P. for Bodmin. His son became

third Earl of Radnor in 1723.

4 Gay (Trivia, ii. 92) speaks of "the slabby pavement."

5 See Letter 17, note 1.

6 George Granville (see Letter 14, note 5), now Baron Lansdowne, married

Lady Mary Thynne, widow of Thomas Thynne, and daughter of Edward, Earl

of Jersey (see Letter 29, note 3). In October 1710 Lady Wentworth wrote

to her son, "Pray, my dear, why will you let Lady Mary Thynne go? She is

young, rich, and not unhandsome, some say she is pretty; and a virtuous

lady, and of the nobility, and why will you not try to get her?"

(Wentworth papers, 149).

7 See Letter 24, note 4.

8 Harness.

9 On his birthday Swift read the third chapter of Job.

10 See Letter 33, note 12.

11 Sir George St. George of Dunmore, Co. Galway, M.P. for Co. Leitrim

from 1661 to 1692, and afterwards for Co. Galway, died in December 1711.

12 See Letter 35, note 11 and Letter 31, note 10.

13 See Letter 4, note 16.

14 Dr. Pratt (see Letter 2, note 14).

15 King Henry VIII., act iv. sc. 2; "An old man broken with the storms,"

etc.

16 "These words in the manuscript imitate Stella's writing, and are

sloped the wrong way" (Deane Swift),

17 Archibald Douglas, third Marquis of Douglas, was created Duke of

Douglas in 1703. He died, without issue, in 1761.

18 Arbuthnot and Freind.

LETTER 39.

1 Sir Stephen Evance, goldsmith, was knighted in 1690.

2 Because of the refusal of the House of Lords to allow the Duke of

Hamilton (see Letter 27, note 9), a Scottish peer who had been raised

to the peerage of Great Britain as Duke of Brandon, to sit under that

title. The Scottish peers discontinued their attendance at the House

until the resolution was partially amended; and the Duke of Hamilton

always sat as a representative Scottish peer.

3 Sir William Robinson (1655-1736), created a baronet in 1689, was M.P.

for York from 1697 to 1722. His descendants include the late Earl De

Grey and the Marquis of Ripon.

4 See Letter 16, note 19. The full title was, Some Advice humbly offered

to the Members of the October Club, in a Letter from a Person of Honour.

5 See Letter 38, note 11.

6 "It is the last of the page, and written close to the edge of the

paper" (Deane Swift).

7 Henry Somerset, second Duke of Beaufort. In September 1711 the

Duke--who was then only twenty-seven--married, as his third wife, Mary,

youngest daughter of the Duke of Leeds. In the following January Lady

Strafford wrote, "The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort are the fondest of

one another in the world; I fear 'tis too hot to hold.... I own I fancy

people may love one another as well without making so great a rout"

(Wentworth Papers, 256). The Duke died in 1714, at the age of thirty.

8 "Upon the 10th and 17th of this month the Examiner was very severe

upon the Duke of Marlborough, and in consequence of this report pursued

him with greater virulence in the following course of his papers" (Deane

Swift).

9 A term of execration. Scott (Kenilworth) has, "A pize on it."

10 See Letter 11, note 13.

11 In a letter to Swift of Jan. 31, 1712, Sacheverell, after expressing

his indebtedness to St. John and Harley, said, "For yourself, good

Doctor, who was the first spring to move it, I can never sufficiently

acknowledge the obligation," and in a postscript he hinted that a place

in the Custom House which he heard was vacant might suit his brother.

12 Thomas Yalden, D.D., (1671-1736), Addison's college friend, succeeded

Atterbury as preacher of Bridewell Hospital in 1713. In 1723 he was

arrested on suspicion of being involved in the Atterbury plot.

13 Tablets.

14 Sir Solomon de Medina, a Jew, was knighted in 1700.

15 Davenant had been said to be the writer of papers which Swift

contributed to the Examiner.

16 Henry Withers, a friend of "Duke" Disney (see Letter 16, note 20),

was appointed Lieutenant-General in 1707, and Major-General in 1712. On

his death in 1729 he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

17 See Letter 36, note 18.

18 Dyer's News Letter, the favourite reading of Sir Roger de Coverley

(Spectator, No. 127), was the work of John Dyer, a Jacobite journalist.

In the Tatler (No. 18) Addison says that Dyer was "justly looked upon by

all the fox-hunters in the nation as the greatest statesman our country

has produced." Lord Chief-Justice Holt referred to the News Letter as "a

little scandalous paper of a scandalous author" (Howell's State Trials,

xiv. 1150).

Letter 40.

1 Dr. John Sharp, made Archbishop of York in 1691, was called by Swift

"the harmless tool of others' hate." Swift believed that Sharp, owing to

his dislike of The Tale of a Tub, assisted in preventing the bishopric

of Hereford being offered to him. Sharp was an excellent preacher, with

a taste for both poetry and science.

2 An edition of the Countess d'Aulnoy's Les Contes des Fees appeared in

1710, in four volumes.

3 Francis Godolphin, Viscount Rialton, the eldest son of Sidney, Earl

of Godolphin, succeeded his father as second Earl on Sept. 15, 1712. He

held 3 various offices, including that of Lord Privy Seal (1735-1740),

and died in 1766, aged eighty-eight. He married, in 1698, Lady Henrietta

Churchill, who afterwards was Duchess of Marlborough in her own right.

She died in 1733.

4 See Letter 26, note 24. Ladies of the bed-chamber received 1000 pounds

a year.

5 William O'Brien, third Earl of Inchiquin, succeeded his father in

1691, and died in 1719.

6 Lady Catherine Hyde was an unmarried daughter of Laurence Hyde, first

Earl of Rochester (see Letter 8, note 22). Notwithstanding Swift's

express statement that the lady to whom he here refers was the late

Earl's daughter, and the allusion to her sister, Lady Dalkeith, in

Letter 60, note 26, she has been confused by previous editors with her

niece, Lady Catherine Hyde (see Letter 26, note 24), daughter of the

second Earl, and afterwards Duchess of Queensberry. That lady, not long

afterwards to be celebrated by Prior, was a child under twelve when

Swift wrote.

7 Sir John Trevor (1637-1717), formerly Speaker of the House of Commons.

8 See Letter 11, note 44.

9 See Letter 34, note 10.

10 See Letter 23, note 2.

11 Charles Trimnel, made Bishop of Norwich in 1708, and Bishop of

Winchester in 1721, was strongly opposed to High Church doctrines.

12 Jibe or jest.

13 See Letter 22, note 4.

14 The treaty concluded with Holland in 1711.

15 Feb. 2 is the Purification of the Virgin Mary.

16 See Letter 29, note 7.

17 See Letter 11, note 53.

18 Lady Mary Butler (see Letter 7, note 2 and Letter 3, note 40),

daughter of the Duke of Ormond, who married, in 1710, John, third Lord

Ashburnham, afterwards Earl of Ashburnham.

19 See Letter 2, note 5.

20 See Letter 36, note 14.

21 Scroop Egerton, fifth Earl and first Duke of Bridgewater, married,

in 1703, Lady Elizabeth Churchill, third daughter of the Duke of

Marlborough. She died in 1714, aged twenty-six.

22 See Letter 30, note 6.

23 Heart.

24 Edward Fowler, D.D., appointed Bishop of Gloucester in 1691, died in

1714.

25 Isaac Manley (see Letter 3, note 3).

LETTER 41.

1 This letter, the first of the series published by Hawkesworth, of

which we have the originals (see Preface), was addressed "To Mrs.

Johnson at her Lodgings over against St. Mary's Church, near Capell

Street, Dublin, Ireland"; and was endorsed by her "Recd. Mar. 1st."

2 See Letter 10, note 28.

3 See Letter 12, note 22.

4 See Letter 23, note 2.

5 Charles Ross, son of the eleventh Baron Ross, was Colonel of the Royal

Irish Dragoons from 1695 to 1705. He was a Lieutenant-General under the

Duke of Ormond in Flanders, and died in 1732 (Dalton, ii. 212, iii. 34).

6 Charles Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, succeeded his father (see

Letter 31, note 2) as third Duke of Bolton in 1722. He married, as his

second wife, Lavinia Fenton, the actress who took the part of Polly

Peacham in Gay's Beggars Opera in 1728, and he died in 1754.

7 John Blith, or Bligh, son of the Right Hon. Thomas Bligh, M.P. of

Rathmore, Co. Meath (see Letter 4, note 22). In August 1713 he married

Lady Theodosia Hyde, daughter of Edward, third Earl of Clarendon. Lord

Berkeley of Stratton wrote, "Lady Theodosia Hyde... is married to an

Irish Mr. Blythe, of a good estate, who will soon have enough of her,

if I can give any guess" (Wentworth Papers, 353). In 1715 Bligh was

made Baron Clifton, of Rathmore, and Earl of Darnley in 1725. He died in

1728.

8 Obliterated.

9 Word obliterated; probably "found." Forster reads "oors, dee MD."

10 Words obliterated.

11 See Letter 31, note 1 and Letter 10, note 31.

12 See Letter 20, Apr. 13-14, 1711 and Letter 9, note 20.

13 Words obliterated. Forster reads "fourth. Euge, euge, euge."

14 Words obliterated; one illegible.

15 See Letter 2, note 14.

16 See Letter 1, note 12.

17 Service.

18 "Aplon"--if this is the right word--means, of course, apron--the

apron referred to on Letter 39, Jan. 25, 1711-12.

19 Words obliterated.

20 As the son of a "brother" of the Club.

21 The Archbishop, Dr. King.

22 See Tacitus, Annals, book ii. Cn. Calpurnius Piso, who was said to

have poisoned Germanicus, was found with his throat cut.

23 This satire on Marlborough concludes-- "And Midas now neglected

stands, With asses' ears and dirty hands."

24 Dr. Robinson, Bishop of Bristol.

25 Some Remarks on the Barrier Treaty.

26 Several words are obliterated. Forster reads "MD MD, for we

must always write to MD MD MD, awake or asleep;" but the passage is

illegible.

27 See Letter 11, note 39 and Letter 61, note 5.

28 A long erasure. Forster reads "Go to bed. Help pdfr. Rove pdfr. MD

MD. Nite darling rogues."

29 Word obliterated. Forster reads "saucy."

30 Letter from.

31 Words partially obliterated.

32 Swift wrote by mistake, "On Europe Britain's safety lies"; the slip

was pointed out by Hawkesworth. All the verse is written in the MSS. as

prose.

33 "Them" (MS.).

34 See Wyons Queen Anne, ii. 366-7.

35 A Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English

Tongue, in a Letter to the Most Honourable Robert, Earl of Oxford, 1712.

36 "Help him to draw up the representation" (omitting every other

letter).

37 See Letter 23, note 13.

38 Robert Benson.

39 The Story of the St. Albans Ghost, 1712.

40 "Usually" (MS.).

41 These words are partially obliterated.

42 This sentence is obliterated. Forster reads, "Farewell, mine deelest

rife deelest char Ppt, MD MD MD Ppt, FW, Lele MD, ME ME ME ME aden FW MD

Lazy ones Lele Lele all a Lele."

LETTER 42.

1 Endorsed by Stella "Recd. Mar. 19."

2 "Would" (MS.).

3 Conversation.

4 John Guillim's Display of Heraldrie appeared first in 1610. The

edition to which Swift refers was probably that of 1679, which is

wrongly described as the "fifth edition," instead of the seventh.

5 "One of the horses here mentioned may have been the celebrated

Godolphin Arabian from whom descends all the blue blood of the

racecourse, and who was the grandfather of Eclipse" (Larwood's Story of

the London Parks, 99).

6 See Letter 36, note 6.

7 Dorothea, daughter of James Stopford, of New Hall, County Meath, and

sister of Lady Newtown-Butler, was the second wife of Edward, fourth

Earl of Meath, who died without issue in 1707. She afterwards married

General Richard Gorges (see Journal, April 5, 1713), of Kilbrue, County

Meath, and Swift wrote an epitaph on them--"Doll and Dickey."

8 Here follow some obliterated words.

9 Barber (see Letter 12, note 6).

10 "The editors supposed Zinkerman (which they printed in capitals)

to mean some outlandish or foreign distinction; but it is the little

language for 'gentleman'" (Forster).

11 The Hon. Charles Butler, second son of Thomas, Earl of Ossory, eldest

son of James, Duke of Ormond, was elevated to the peerage of Ireland in

1693 as Earl of Arran, and was also created a peer of England, as Baron

Butler. He held various offices under William III. and Queen Anne, and

died without issue in 1759.

12 "They" (MS.).

13 See Letter 31, Jan. 12, 1711-12 and Letter 3, note 22.

14 See Letter 11, note 13.

15 Sir William Wyndham, Bart., of Orchard Wyndham, married Lady

Catherine Seymour, daughter of the sixth Duke of Somerset (see Letter

25, note 1). Their eldest son, Charles, succeeded his uncle, the Duke of

Somerset, as Earl of Egremont; and the second son, Percy, was afterwards

created Earl of Thomond. The Wyndhams' house was in Albemarle Street;

the loss was over 20,000 pounds; but they were "much more concerned for

their servants than for all the other losses" (Wentworth Papers, 274).

The Duke of Ormond "worked as hard as any of the ordinary men, and gave

many guineas about to encourage the men to work hard." The Queen gave

the Wyndhams temporary lodgings in "St. James's house."

16 See Letter 3, note 31.

17 What.

18 Devil's.

19 "To" (MS.).

20 See Letter 35, note 25.

21 See Letter 41, note 34.

22 See Letter 12, Jan. 1, 1710-11.

23 Peregrine Hyde Osborne, Earl of Danby, afterwards Marquis of

Caermarthen and third Duke of Leeds (see Letter 56, note 6). His sister

Mary was married to the Duke of Beaufort (see Letter 39, note 7).

24 See Letter 9, note 17.

25 Several undecipherable words. Forster reads, "Pidy Pdfr, deelest

Sollahs."

26 "K" (MS.). It should, of course, be "Queen's."

27 See Letter 22, note 18.

LETTER 43.

1 Addressed "To Mrs. Johnson, at her lodgings over against St. Mary's

Church, near Capel Street, Dublin, Ireland." Endorsed "Mar. 30."

2 See Letter 9, note 1.

3 The Mohocks succeeded the Scowrers of William III.'s reign. Gay

(Trivia, iii. 325) says "Who has not heard the Scowrers' midnight fame?

Who has not trembled at the Mohocks' name?"

Lady Wentworth (Wentworth Papers, 277) says: "They put an old woman into

a hogshead, and rolled her down a hill; they cut off some noses, others'

hands, and several barbarous tricks, without any provocation. They are

said to be young gentlemen; they never take any money from any." See

also the Spectator, Nos. 324, 332, and 347 (where Budgell alludes to

"the late panic fear"), and Defoe's Review for March 15, 1712. Swift was

in considerable alarm about the Mohocks throughout March, and said that

they were all Whigs. The reports that numbers of persons, including men

of figure, had joined together to commit assaults in the streets, made

many fear to leave their houses at night. A proclamation was issued for

the suppressing of riots and the discovery of those guilty of the

late outrages; but it seems probable that the disorders were not more

frequent than might be expected from time to time in a great city.

4 Henry Davenant, son of Charles Davenant (see Letter 8, note 14), was

Resident at Frankfort. Macky described him as "very giddy-headed, with

some wit," to which Swift added, "He is not worth mentioning."

5 Thomas Burnet, youngest son of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury,

was at this time a young man about town of no good reputation.

Afterwards he turned his attention to the law, and was appointed a judge

of the Court of Common Pleas in 1741. He was knighted in 1745, and died

in 1753.

6 By Arbuthnot, written to recommend the peace proposals of the

Government. The full title was, Law is a Bottomless Pit. Exemplified in

the case of the Lord Strutt, John Bull, Nicholas Frog, and Lewis Baboon;

who spent all they had in a Law Suit.

7 See Letter 25, note 6 and Letter 41, note 35.

8 Our little language.

9 Forster reads, "two deelest nauty nown MD."

10 See Letter 6, note 12.

11 William Diaper, son of Joseph Diaper of Bridgewater, was sent to

Balliol College, Oxford, in 1699, at the age of fourteen. He entered

the Church, and was curate at Brent, Somerset; but he died in 1717, aged

twenty-nine.

12 The Examiner (vol. ii. No. 15) complained of general bribery and

oppression on the part of officials and underlings in the public

service, especially in matters connected with the army; but the writer

said that the head (Lord Lansdowne) was just and liberal in his nature,

and easy in his fortune, and a man of honour and virtue.

13 Sealed documents given to show that a merchant's goods are entered.

14 Thomas Lawrence, First Physician to Queen Anne, and Physician-General

to the Army, died in 1714 (Gentleman's Magazine, 1815, ii. 17). His

daughter Elizabeth was second wife to Lord Mohun.

15 See Letter 17, note 11.

16 See Letter 26, note 2.

17 No officer named Newcomb appears in Dalton's Army Lists; but

the allusion to General Ross, further on in Letter 43, adds to the

probability that Swift was referring to one of the sons of Sir Thomas

Newcomen, Bart., who was killed at the siege of Enniskillen.

Beverley Newcomen (Dalton, iii. 52, iv. 60), who was probably Swift's

acquaintance, was described in a petition of 1706 as a Lieutenant

who had served at Killiecrankie, and had been in Major-General Ross's

regiment ever since 1695.

18 Atterbury.

19 Evidently a familiar quotation at the time. Forster reads,

incorrectly, "But the more I lite MD."

20 See Letter 41, note 5.

21 See Letter 12, note 1.

22 In 1681, Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of John Ayres, of the

City of London, then aged about twenty, became the fourth and last wife

of Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, who died in 1689. She lived until

1745.

23 See Letter 23, note 17.

24 Enoch Sterne (see Letter 4, note 17).

25 Lieut.-Col. Robert Sterne was in Col. Frederick Hamilton's Regiment

in 1695.

26 Letter.

27 See Letter 13, note 10.

28 The title was, John Bull in his Senses: being the Second Part of Law

is a Bottomless Pit.

29 See Letter 36, note 6.

30 Cf. note 9 above. Forster reads "nautyas," when the words would mean

"as naughty as nine," apparently.

31 See note 19 above.

32 In 1549, James, second Earl of Arran, was made Duke of Chatelherault

by Henry II. of France. His eldest son died without issue; the second,

John, became first Marquis of Hamilton, and was great-grandfather of

Lady Anne Hamilton (Duchess of Hamilton), mother of the Duke of Swift's

Journal. The Earl of Abercorn, on the other hand, was descended from

Claud, third son of the Earl of Arran, but in the male line; and

his claim was therefore the stronger, according to the French law of

inheritance.

33 Madams.

34 This word is doubtful. Forster reads "cobbled."

35 A mistake, apparently, for "writing." The letter was begun on March

8.

36 Silly jade.

37 O Lord, what a clutter.

38 On the death of Dr. William Graham, Dean of Wells, it was reported

that Swift was to be his successor. Dr. Brailsford, however, received

the appointment.

39 Abel Roper (1665-1726), a Tory journalist, published, thrice weekly,

the Postboy, to which Swift sometimes sent paragraphs. Boyer (Political

State, 1711, p. 678) said that Roper was only the tool of a party;

"there are men of figure and distinction behind the curtain, who furnish

him with such scandalous reflections as they think proper to cast upon

their antagonists."

40 Joe Beaumont.

41 Beg your pardon, Madams, I'm glad you like your apron (see Letter 41,

note 18).

42 This word was smudged by Swift.

43 I cannot find Somers in contemporary lists of officials. Cf. Letter

30, note 16 and Letter 17, note 3.

44 Obliterated and doubtful.

45 Words obliterated and illegible. Forster reads, conjecturally, "Pray

send Pdfr the ME account that I may have time to write to Parvisol."

LETTER 44.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "Apr. 14."

2 "Is" (MS.).

3 The words after "yet" are partially obliterated.

4 See Letter 7, note 35.

5 John Cecil, sixth Earl of Exeter (died 1721).

6 See Letter 22, note 5.

7 Arbuthnot.

8 A resort of the Tories.

9 Deane Swift, a son of Swift's uncle Godwin, was a merchant in Lisbon.

10 Winces. Lyly says, "Rubbe there no more, least I winch."

11 Probably William Whiston, who was deprived of the Lucasian

professorship at Cambridge in 1710 for his heterodox views. Parliament

having offered a reward for the discovery of means of finding the

longitude, Whiston made several attempts (1714 and 1721).

12 Word obliterated.

13 Distilled water prepared with rosemary flowers. In Fielding's Joseph

Andrews, a lady gives up to a highway robber, in her fright, a silver

bottle which, the ruffian said, contained some of the best brandy he had

ever tasted; this she "afterwards assured the company was a mistake of

her maid, for that she had ordered her to fill the bottle with Hungary

water."

14 As I hope to be saved.

15 Added on the fourth page, as the letter was folded.

Letter 45.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Johnson," etc. Endorsed "May 1st."

2 A kind of clover, used for soothing purposes.

LETTER 46.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "May 15."

2 Madam Ayris.

3 Simpleton.

4 Robert Benson (see Letter 6, note 36).

5 See Letter 41, note 35 and Letter 43, note 7.

6 The title was, An Appendix to John Bull still in his Senses: or, Law

is a Bottomless Pit.

7 Arbuthnot.

8 Enquiries by servants.

9 See Letter 17, note 5.

10 Sick.

11 Afterwards Rector of Letcombe, Berks. It was to his house that Swift

repaired a few weeks before the Queen's death. On June 8, 1714, he

wrote, "I am at a clergyman's house, whom I love very well, but he is

such a melancholy, thoughtful man, partly from nature, and partly by a

solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. His wife has

been this month twenty miles off at her father's, and will not return

these ten days, and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes."

Swift spells the name "Geree"; later on in the Journal he mentions two

of Mr. Gery's sisters, Betty (Mrs. Elwick) and Moll (Mrs. Wigmore);

probably he made the acquaintance of the family when he was living with

the Temples at Moor Park (see Letter 59, note 11).

12 Because she is a good girl in other things.

LETTER 47.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "June 5."

2 Sice, the number six at dice.

3 At Laracor Swift had "a canal and river-walk and willows."

4 Splenetic fellow.

5 One of them was by Oldmixon: Reflections on Dr. Swift's Letter to the

Earl of Oxford.

6 Beg your pardon.

7 See Letter 25, note 9.

8 On May 28, Lord Halifax moved an Address to the Queen that the

instructions given to the Duke of Ormond might be laid before the House,

and that further orders might be issued to him to act offensively, in

concert with the Allies. Wharton and Nottingham supported the motion,

but it was negatived by 68 votes against 40. A similar motion in the

House of Commons was defeated by 203 against 73.

9 See Letter 34, note 10.

10 See Letter 23, note 13.

11 "Some Reasons to prove that no Person is obliged by his Principles,

as a Whig, to oppose Her Majesty: in a Letter to a Whig Lord."

12 Several words obliterated.

13 Several words obliterated.

14 The bellman.

15 This present writing.

16 Please.

LETTER 48.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Rebecca Dingley," etc. Endorsed "June 23d."

2 Mr. Ryland reads "second."

3 As I hope to be saved.

4 See Letter 30, Sept. 18, 1711.

5 Glad at heart.

6 The threepenny pamphlet mentioned in Letter 47, note 11.

7 I.e., for.

LETTER 49.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley." Endorsed "July 8."

2 See Letter 28, note 24.

3 See Letter 10, note 2.

4 See Letter 3, note 11.

5 See Letter 48, note 4.

6 Dr. William Lloyd--one of the Seven Bishops of 1688--was eighty-four

years of age at this time; he died five years later. He was a strong

antipapist, and a great student of the Apocalypse, besides being a

hard-working bishop. A curious letter from him to Lord Oxford about a

coming war of religion is given in the Welbeck Papers (Hist. MSS. Comm.)

v. 128.

7 "Toland's Invitation to Dismal to dine with the Calf's Head Club."

The Earl of Nottingham (Dismal) had deserted the Tories, and Swift's

imitation of Horace (Epist. I. v.) is an invitation from Toland to dine

with "his trusty friends" in celebration of the execution of Charles I.

The Calf's Head Club was in the habit of toasting "confusion to the race

of kings."

8 Bolingbroke.

9 George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland (died 1716), a natural son of

Charles II., was also Viscount Falmouth and Baron of Pontefract. See

Notes and Queries, viii. i. 135.

10 Enoch Sterne.

11 Templeoag (see Letter 48, Jun. 17, 1712).

12 Swift probably was only repeating an inaccurate rumour, for there is

no evidence that Steele was arrested. His gambling scheme was withdrawn

directly an information was laid under the new Act of Parliament against

gambling (Aitken's Life of Steele, i. 347).

13 Dr. William Moreton (1641-1715), Swift's diocesan, was translated

from the see of Kildare to that of Meath in 1705.

14 Words obliterated. Forster reads conjecturally, "when ME wants me to

send. She ought to have it," etc.

LETTER 50.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "July 23."

2 "N.33" seems a mistake. Letter No. 32 was received after Swift had

left Kensington and gone to Windsor; see Letter 51, Aug. 7, 1712 and

Letter 52, Sept. 18, 1712 (Ryland).

3 Dr. Moreton (see Letter 49, note 13).

4 Memoranda.

5 Again.

6 O Lord, drunken slut.

7 There's for you now, and there's for your letter, and every kind of

thing.

8 Bolingbroke.

9 See Letter 13, note 10.

10 Grub Street pamphlet. The title was, A Supposed Letter from the

Pretender to another Whig Lord.

11 Arnold Joost Van Keppel, created Earl of Albemarle in 1697. He died

in 1718. The action referred to was at Denain, where the Dutch were

defeated by Villars.

LETTER 51.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "Aug. 14."

2 Perhaps this was influenza.

3 By the Stamp Act passed on June 10, 1712--which was repealed in

1859--a duty of one halfpenny was levied on all pamphlets and newspapers

contained in half a sheet or less, and a duty of one penny on those of

more than half but not exceeding a whole sheet. Swift opposed the idea

in January 1711 (see Letter 15, note 1), and Defoe argued against the

Bill in the Review for April 26, 1712, and following numbers. Addison,

in the Spectator, No. 445, spoke of the mortality among authors

resulting from the Stamp Act as "the fall of the leaf."

4 The title is, "Lewis Baboon turned honest, and John Bull politician.

Being the Fourth Part of Law is a Bottomless Pit." This pamphlet--really

the fifth of the series--appeared on July 31, 1712.

5 Poor Laracor.

6 See Letter 12, note 1.

7 On the death of the third Earl in 1712, the title of Earl of

Winchelsea passed to his uncle, Heneage Finch, who had married Anne,

daughter of Sir William Kingsmill (see Letter 24, note 7).

LETTER 52.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "Oct. 1st. At Portraune"

(Portraine).

2 Oxford and Bolingbroke.

3 Including Hester Vanhomrigh.

4 He died on Sept. 15, 1712.

5 Elizabeth Villiers, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, Knight

Marischal of England, and sister of the first Earl of Jersey. In

1695 she married Lord George Hamilton (son of Lord William Douglas,

afterwards Duke of Hamilton), who was raised to the peerage of Scotland

in 1696 as Earl of Orkney. William III. gave her an Irish estate worth

26,000 pounds a year. Swift's opinion of her wisdom is confirmed by Lord

Lansdowne, who speaks, in his Progress of Poetry, of

"Villiers, for wisdom and deep judgment famed,

Of a high race, victorious beauty brings

To grace our Courts, and captivate our Kings."

The "beauty" seems a poetic licence; Swift says the lady squinted "like

a dragon."

6 Cliefden.

7 See Letter 12, note 7.

8 Swift's sister (see Letter 9, note 22).

9 Forster reads "returned."

10 See Swift's letter to General Hill of Aug. 12, 1712

11 Swift's housekeeper at Laracor.

12 I.e., be made freemen of the City.

LETTER 53.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "Octr. 18. At Portraune."

2 "Sometimes, when better company was not to be had, he (Swift) was

honoured by being invited to play at cards with his patron; and on such

occasions Sir William was so generous as to give his antagonist a little

silver to begin with" (Macaulay, History of England, chap. xix.).

3 The History of the Works of the Learned, a quarto periodical, was

published from 1699 to 1711.

4 See Letter 35, note 4.

5 See Letter 28, note 25.

6 Lady Elizabeth Savage, daughter of Richard, fourth Earl Rivers (see

Letter 11, note 9), was the second wife of James Barry, fourth Earl of

Barrymore. Of Earl Rivers' illegitimate children, one, Bessy, married

(1) Frederick Nassau, third Earl of Rochford, and (2) a clergyman

named Carter; while another, Richard Savage, was the poet. Earl Rivers'

successor, John Savage, the fifth Earl, was a Roman Catholic priest,

the grandson of John, first Earl Rivers. On his death in 1728 the title

became extinct.

7 No. 32.

8 Very sick.

9 From "but I" to "agreeable" is partially obliterated.

10 Mrs. Swanton was the eldest daughter of Willoughby Swift, and

therefore Swift's second cousin. In her will Esther Johnson left to

Swift "a bond of thirty pounds, due to me by Dr. Russell, in trust for

the use of Mrs. Honoria Swanton."

11 This sentence is partially obliterated.

12 See Letter 51, note 2.

13 See Letter 5, note 16.

14 The latter half of this sentence is partially obliterated.

15 Partly obliterated.

16 See Letter 8, note 2.

17 Wise.

18 Partly obliterated.

19 See Letter 6, note 45.

20 This sentence is almost obliterated.

LETTER 54.

1 The MS. of this letter has not been preserved.

2 See Letter 26, note 2.

3 Swift's friend, Dr. Pratt (see Letter 2, note 14), was then Provost of

Trinity College, Dublin.

4 Samuel Molyneux, then aged twenty-three, was the son of William

Molyneux (1656-1698), M.P. for Dublin University, a writer on

philosophical and scientific subjects, and the friend of Locke. Samuel

Molyneux took his M.A. degree in Dublin in 1710, and in 1712 visited

England. He was befriended by the Duke of Marlborough at Antwerp, and in

1714 was sent by the Duke on a mission to the Court of Hanover. He

held office under George I., but devoted most of his attention to

astronomical research, until his death in 1728.

5 Probably "The Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in

England stated" (1698).

6 Oxford and Bolingbroke.

7 See Letter 36, note 18.

8 See Letter 51, Aug. 7, 1712.

9 George Ridpath (died 1726), a Whig journalist, of whom Pope (Dunciad,

i. 208) wrote-- "To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist." He edited the

Flying Post for some years, and also wrote for the Medley in 1712.

In September William Hurt and Ridpath were arrested for libellous

and seditious articles, but were released on bail. On October 23 they

appeared before the Court of Queen's Bench, and were continued on their

recognizances. In February 1713 Ridpath was tried and, in spite of

an able defence by leading Whig lawyers, was convicted. Sentence was

postponed, and when Ridpath failed to appear, as ordered, in April, his

recognizances were escheated, and a reward offered for his discovery;

but he had fled to Scotland, and from thence to Holland.

10 See Letter 52, note 5.

11 Lady Orkney's sister, Barbara Villiers, who married John Berkeley,

fourth Viscount Fitz-Hardinge, had been governess to the Duke of

Gloucester, Queen Anne's son. She died in 1708, in her fifty-second

year; and on her husband's death four years later the peerage became

extinct.

12 For the street criers, see the Spectator, No. 251.

LETTER 55.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley." Endorsed "Nov. 26, just come from

Portraine"; and "The band-box plot--D: Hamilton's murther."

2 Charles Mohun, fifth Baron Mohun, had been twice arraigned of murder,

but acquitted; and during his short but turbulent life he had taken part

in many duels. Even Burnet could say nothing in his favour.

3 This duel between the Duke of Hamilton (see Letter 27, note 9) and

Lord Mohun, who had married nieces of Lord Macclesfield, had its origin

in a protracted dispute about some property. The challenge came from

Lord Mohun, and the combatants fought like "enraged lions." Tory writers

suggested that the duel was a Whig conspiracy to get rid of the Duke of

Hamilton (Examiner, Nov. 20, 1712). The whole subject is discussed from

the Whig point of view in Boyer's Political State for 1712, pp. 297-326.

4 "Will" (MS.).

5 See Letter 27, note 9.

6 George Maccartney (see Letter 11, note 13 and Letter 39, Jan. 22,

1711-12 ) fought at Almanza, Malplaquet, and Douay. After the duel,

Maccartney escaped to Holland, but on the accession of George I. he

returned to England, and was tried for murder (June 1716), when Colonel

Hamilton gave evidence against him. Hamilton's evidence was discredited,

and he found it necessary to sell his commission and leave the country.

Maccartney was found guilty as an accessory, and "burnt" in the hand.

Within a month he was given an appointment in the army; and promoted to

be Lieutenant-General. He died in 1730.

7 Colonel John Hamilton, of the Scots Guards. He surrendered himself,

and was tried at the Old Bailey on Dec. 12, 1712, when he was found

guilty of manslaughter, on two indictments; and on the following day

he was "burnt" in the hand. Hamilton died in October 1716, soon after

Maccartney's trial, from a sudden vomiting of blood.

8 "That" (MS.).

9 The story (as told in the Tory Postboy of Nov. 11 to 13) was that on

Nov. 4 a bandbox was sent to the Earl of Oxford by post. When he began

to open it he saw a pistol, whereupon a gentleman present (Swift) asked

for the box, and opening it, by the window, found powder, nails, etc.,

so arranged that, if opened in the ordinary way, the whole would have

been fired, and two barrels discharged different ways. No doubt a box

so packed was received, but whether anything serious was intended, or

whether it was a hoax, cannot be said with any certainty. The Earl of

Oxford is said to have met allusions to the subject with a smile, and

Swift seems to have been annoyed at the reports which were put into

circulation.

10 "We have received a more particular account relating to the box sent

to the Lord Treasurer, as mentioned in our last, which is as follows,"

etc. (Evening News, Nov. 11 to 13, 1712).

11 Either "A Letter to the People, to be left for them at the

Booksellers, with a word or two of the Bandbox Plot" (by T. Burnet),

1712, or "An Account of the Duel..., with Previous Reflections on Sham

Plots" (by A. Boyer), 1712. Swift's connection with the Bandbox Plot was

ridiculed in the Flying Post for Nov. 20 to 22.

12 Cf. Letter 16, Feb. 20, 1710-11.

13 This sentence is partially obliterated.

14 Part of this sentence has been obliterated.

15 See Letter 43, note 39. I have not been able to find a copy of the

paper containing Swift's paragraph.

16 This sentence is partially obliterated.

17 See Letter 12, note 2.

18 Apparently Humphrey Griffith, who was one of the Commissioners of

Salt; but Swift gives the name as "Griffin" throughout.

19 See Letter 53, note 13 and Letter 5, note 16.

20 For these shorter letters Swift folded the folio sheet before

writing.

LETTER 56.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "Decr. 18."

2 Vengeance.

3 Charles Connor, scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, who took his B.A.

degree in the same year as Swift (1686), and his M.A. degree in 1691.

4 The History of the Peace of Utrecht.

5 See Letter 55, note 7.

6 Lord Oxford's daughter Elizabeth married, on Dec. 16, 1712, Peregrine

Hyde, Marquis of Caermarthen, afterwards third Duke of Leeds (see Letter

42, note 23 and Letter 24, note 5). She died on Nov. 20, 1713, a few

days after the birth of a son. Swift called her "a friend I extremely

loved."

7 "Is" (MS.).

8 Disorders.

9 See Letter 34, note 10.

10 John Francis, Rector of St. Mary's, Dublin, was made Dean of Leighlin

in 1705.

11 See Letter 9, note 7.

12 Possibly "have."

13 See Letter 55, notes 9, 10, 11.

14 This clause is omitted by Mr. Ryland.

15 See Letter 31, note 6.

16 See Letter 54, Oct. 30, 1712.

17 Thomas Jones, Esq., was M.P. for Trim in the Parliament of 1713-4.

18 A Dutch agent employed in the negotiations with Lewis XIV.

19 When I come home.

LETTER 57.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "Jan. 13."

2 "Ay, marry, this is something like." The earlier editions give,

"How agreeable it is in a morning." The words in the MS. are partially

obliterated.

3 In this letter (Dec. 20, 1712) Swift paid many compliments to the

Duchess of Ormond (see Letter 17, note 5): "All the accomplishments of

your mind and person are so deeply printed in the heart, and represent

you so lively to my imagination, that I should take it for a high

affront if you believed it in the power of colours to refresh my

memory."

4 Tisdall's Conduct of the Dissenters in Ireland (see Letter 61, note

7).

5 See Letter 9, note 20 and Letter 20, Apr. 13, 1711.

6 Monteleon.

7 See Letter 5, note 8 and Letter 3, note 3.

8 Utrecht, North and South Holland, and West Frieseland.

9 See Letter 46, note 11.

10 See Letter 46, note 11.

11 "On Queen Anne's Peace."

12 See Letter 43, note 11. The poem was "Dryades, or the Nymph's

Prophecy."

13 See Letter 35, note 4.

14 See Letter 17, note 3.

15 Dr. Tobias Pullen (1648-1713) was made Bishop of Dromore in 1695.

16 Lord Charles Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, died unmarried in 1739. When

his father, William, first Earl of Selkirk, married Anne, Duchess of

Hamilton, the Duchess obtained for her husband, in 1660, the title of

Duke of Hamilton, for life. James II. conferred the Earldom of Selkirk

on his Grace's second and younger sons, primogenitively; and the second

son having died without issue, the third, Charles, became Earl. The

fifth son, George, was created Earl of Orkney (see Letter 52, note 5).

The difference between Lord Selkirk and the Earl of Abercorn (see Letter

10, note 33) to which Swift alludes was in connection with the claim to

the Dukedom of Chatelherault (see Letter 43, note 32).

17 Heart.

18 This sentence is almost illegible.

19 A reward of 500 pounds was offered by the Crown for Maccartney's

apprehension, and 200 pounds by the Duchess of Hamilton.

20 In the proposed History of the Peace of Utrecht.

21 Mr. Ryland's reading. Forster has "Iss." These words are obliterated.

22 Hoist. Cf."Hoised up the mainsail" (Acts xxvii. 40).

23 It was afterwards found that Miss Ashe was suffering from smallpox.

24 We are told in the Wentworth Papers, p. 268, that the Duchess of

Shrewsbury remarked to Lady Oxford, "Madam, I and my Lord are so weary

of talking politics; what are you and your Lord?" whereupon Lady Oxford

sighed and said she knew no Lord but the Lord Jehovah. The Duchess

rejoined, "Oh, dear! Madam, who is that? I believe 'tis one of the new

titles, for I never heard of him before."

25 A thousand merry new years. The words are much obliterated.

26 Lady Anne Hamilton, daughter of James, first Duke of Hamilton, became

Duchess on the death of her uncle William, the second Duke, at the

battle of Worcester.

27 The quarrel between Oxford and Bolingbroke.

28 See Letter 19, note 1.

29 Burnet (History, iv. 382) says that the Duc d'Aumont was "a

goodnatured and generous man, of profuse expense, throwing handfuls of

money often out of his coach as he went about the streets. He was not

thought a man of business, and seemed to employ himself chiefly in

maintaining the dignity of his character and making himself acceptable

to the nation."

30 Partially obliterated.

31 For the most part illegible. Forster reads, "Go, play cards, and be

melly, deelest logues, and rove Pdfr. Nite richar MD, FW oo roves Pdfr.

FW lele lele ME ME MD MD MD MD MD MD. MD FW FW FW ME ME FW FW FW FW FW

ME ME ME."

32 On the third page of the paper.

33 See Letter 7, note 3.

LETTER 58.

1 To "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "Feb. 4."

2 This sentence is scribbled over. Forster reads the last word as

"lastalls," i.e. rascals, but it seems rather to be "ledles."

3 Dr. Peter Brown was appointed Bishop of Cork in 1709.

4 See Letter 5, note 22.

5 See Letter 5, note 3.

6 See Letter 5, note 11.

7 Dr. H. Humphreys, Bishop of Hereford, died on Nov. 20, 1712. His

successor was Dr. Philip Bisse (1667-1721), Bishop of St. David's (see

Letter 3, note 36).

8 Thomas Keightley, a Commissioner of the Great Seal in Ireland.

9 Nearly obliterated. Mr. Ryland reads, "deelest MD."

10 See Letter 57, note 14.

11 In the Examiner for Jan. 5 to 9, 1712(-13), there is an account of

the game of Similitudes. One person thinks of a subject, and the others,

not knowing what it is, name similitudes, and when the subject is

proclaimed, must make good the comparisons. On the occasion described,

the subject chosen was Faction. The prize was given to a Dutchman, who

argued that Faction was like butter, because too much fire spoiled its

consistency.

12 Earl Poulett (see Letter 20, note 7).

13 "Say" (MS.).

14 Dr. Pratt.

15 See Letter 13, Jan. 6, 1710-11.

16 This sentence is partially obliterated.

17 See Letter 31, note 10 and, in the same letter, Oct. 5, 1711.

18 Cf. the account of Beatrix's feelings on the death of the Duke in

"Esmond", book iii. chaps. 6 and 7.

19 See Letter 21, note 3.

20 "Her Majesty is all goodness and tenderness to her people and her

Allies. She has now prorogued the best Parliament that ever assembled in

her reign and respited her own glory, and the wishes, prayers, and wants

of her people, only to give some of her Allies an opportunity to

think of the returns they owe her, and try if there be such a thing as

gratitude, justice, or humanity in Europe. The conduct of Her Majesty

is without parallel. Never was so great a condescension made to the

unreasonable clamours of an insolent faction now dwindled to the most

contemptible circumstances."--Examiner, Jan. 12-16, 1712(-13).

21 Mr. Collins's "Discourse of Freethinking, put into plain English

by way of Abstract, for the use of the Poor," an ironical pamphlet on

Arthur Collins's Discourse of Freethinking, 1713.

22 The History of the Peace of Utrecht.

23 A line here has been erased. Forster imagined that he read, "Nite

dear MD, drowsy drowsy dear."

24 Hereford.

25 Very well.

26 Sentence obliterated. Forster professes to read, "Pay can oo walk

oftener--oftener still?"

27 See Letter 57, note 15.

28 Dr. Bisse, translated from St. David's.

29 See Letter 58, note 7 and Letter 19, note 1.

LETTER 59.

1 To "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "Febr. 26."

2 See Letter 58, note 21.

3 See Letter 28, note 11.

4 See Letter 55, note 9.

5 A result of confusion between Erasmus Lewis and Henry Lewis, a Hamburg

merchant. See Swift's paper in the Examiner of Jan. 30 to Feb. 2,

reprinted in his Works under the title, "A Complete Refutation of the

Falsehoods alleged against Erasmus Lewis, Esq."

6 Lord Dupplin (see Letter 5, note 34) had been created Baron Hay in

December 1711.

7 A composition of inflammable materials.

8 Assessors.

9 See Letter 6, note 12.

10 See Letter 59, note 5.

11 See Letter 46, note 11.

12 See Letter 3, notes 21 and 22, Letter 39, Jan. 12, 1711-12 and Letter

42, Mar. 1, 1711-12.

13 Dr. Bisse.

14 See Letter 33, note 10.

15 Forster reads, "something."

16 Hardly legible.

17 See Letter 7, note 31.

18 Stella's brother-in-law (See Letter 53, note 13, Letter 5, note 16

and Letter 55, Nov. 18, 1712).

19 Forster guesses, "Oo are so 'recise; not to oor health."

20 For "poo Ppt's." Mr. Ryland reads, "people's."

21 See Letter 57, 21 Dec. 1712.

22 See Letter 57, note 23.

23 See Letter 14, note 9.

24 Obliterated; Forster's reading.

25 Writing in October 1713, Lord Berkeley of Stratton told Lord

Strafford of "a fine prank of the widow Lady Jersey" (see Letter 29,

note 3). "It is well known her lord died much in debt, and she, after

taking upon her the administration, sold everything and made what money

she could, and is run away into France without paying a farthing of the

debts, with only one servant and unknown to all her friends, and hath

taken her youngest son, as 'tis supposed to make herself a merit in

breeding him a papist. My Lord Bolingbroke sent after her, but too late,

and they say the Queen hath writ a letter with her own hand to the King

of France to send back the boy" (Wentworth Papers, p. 357). See also

Letter 63, note 8. I am not sure whether in the present passage Swift is

referring to the widow or the younger Lady Jersey (see Letter 33, note

10).

26 Sir Thomas Clarges, Bart. (died 1759), M.P. for Lostwithiel,

married Barbara, youngest daughter of John Berkeley, fourth Viscount

Fitz-Hardinge, and of Barbara Villiers (see Letter 54, note 11),

daughter of Sir Edward Villiers.

27 See Letter 43, Mar. 21, 1711-12 and Letter 49, Jul. 1, 1712.

28 Altered from "11" in the MS. It is not certain where the error in the

dates began; but the entry of the 6th must be correctly dated, because

the Feb. 6 was the Queen's Birthday.

29 See Letter 43, note 11 and Letter 57, note 12.

Letter 60.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "Mar. 7."

2 See Letter 5, note 23.

3 Sedan chairs were then comparatively novel (see Gay's Trivia).

4 Some words obliterated. Forster reads, "Nite MD, My own deelest MD."

5 Peter Wentworth wrote to Lord Strafford, on Feb. 17, 1713, "Poor Mr.

Harrison is very much lamented; he died last Saturday. Dr. Swift told me

that he had told him... he owed about 300 pounds, and the Queen owed him

500 pounds, and that if you or some of your people could send an account

of his debts, that I might give it to him, he would undertake to solicit

Lord Treasurer and get this 500 pounds, and give the remainder to his

mother and sister" (Wentworth Papers, 320).

6 George St. John (eldest son of Sir Harry St. John by his second

marriage) was Secretary to the English Plenipotentiaries at Utrecht. He

died at Venice in 1716 (Lady Cowper's Diary, 65).

7 Forster wrongly reads, "poor."

8 "Putt" (MS.).

9 See Letter 59, note 26.

10 Montagu Bertie, second Earl of Abingdon (died 1743), was a strong

Tory.

11 See Letter 11, note 61. These friends were together again on an

expedition to Bath in 1715, when Jervas wrote to Pope (Aug. 12, 1715)

that Arbuthnot, Disney, and he were to meet at Hyde Park Corner,

proceed to Mr. Hill's at Egham, meet Pope next day, and then go to Lord

Stawell's to lodge the night. Lord Stawell's seat, Aldermaston, was

seventeen miles from Binfield.

12 See Letter 16, note 20.

13 "I" (MS.).

14 Obliterated. Forster reads, "devil," and Mr. Ryland, "bitch."

15 See Letter 40, note 6.

16 Victor Marie, duc d'Estrees, Marshal of France (died 1727).

17 See Letter 55, note 18.

18 Several words are obliterated. Forster reads, "the last word, God

'give me"; but "'give me" is certainly wrong.

19 See Letter 9, note 13. Sir Thomas Hanmer married, in 1698, at the age

of twenty-two, Isabella, Dowager Duchess of Grafton, daughter of Henry,

Earl of Arlington, and Countess of Arlington in her own right. Hanmer

was not made Secretary of State, but he succeeded Bromley as Speaker of

the House of Commons.

20 William Fitzmaurice (see Letter 11, note 19 and Letter 27, note 11)

entered Christ Church, Oxford, matriculating on March 10, 1712-13, at

the age of eighteen.

21 See Letter 11, note 11.

22 William Bromley, second son of Bromley the Speaker (see Letter 10,

note 1), was a boy of fourteen at this time. In 1727 he was elected M.P.

for Warwick, and he died in 1737, shortly after being elected Member for

Oxford University.

23 See Letter 14, note 12.

24 Sometimes "list" means to border or edge; at others, to sew together,

so as to make a variegated display, or to form a border. Probably it

here means the curling of the bottom of the wig.

25 The last eight words have been much obliterated, and the reading is

doubtful.

26 Lady Henrietta Hyde, second daughter of Laurence Hyde, first Earl

of Rochester (see Letter 8, note 22), married James Scott, Earl of

Dalkeith, son of the Duke of Monmouth. Lord Dalkeith died in 1705,

leaving a son, who succeeded his grandmother (Monmouth's widow) as

second Duke of Buccleuch. Lady Catherine Hyde (see Letter 40, note 6)

was a younger sister of Lady Dalkeith.

27 Swift first wrote "I frequent."

28 See Letter 52, note 5.

29 D'Estrees.

30 Little (almost illegible).

LETTER 61.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "Mar. 27."

2 See Letter 3, note 20.

3 Formerly Lady Rialton (see Letter 40, note 3).

4 See Letter 58, note 8.

5 See Letter 11, note 39 and Letter 41, note 27.

6 Pun on "gambol."

7 See Letter 57, note 4.

8 See Letter 41, note 7.

9 "Upon Tuesday last, the house where His Grace the late Duke of

Hamilton and Brandon lived was hired for that day, where there was a

fine ball and entertainment; and it is reported in town, that a great

lady, lately gone to travel, left one hundred guineas, with orders that

it should be spent in that manner, and in that house" (Postboy, Feb.

26-28, 1712-13). The "great lady" was, presumably, the Duchess of

Marlborough.

10 See Letter 36, note 14 and Letter 40, note 21.

11 Trinity College, Dublin.

12 See Letter 60, note 19.

13 See Letter 36, note 15.

14 Dr. Pratt, Provost of Trinity College.

15 Obliterated, and doubtful.

16 A deal at cards, that draws the whole tricks.

17 Previous editors have misread "Trevor" as "Treasurer." Thomas Trevor,

Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, was created Baron Trevor, of Bromham,

in January 1712. By commission of March 9, 1713, he occupied the

woolsack during the illness of the Lord Keeper, Harcourt.

18 This is the only reference to Pope in the Journal. In his "Windsor

Forest" the young poet assisted the Tories by his reference to the peace

of Utrecht, then awaiting ratification.

19 Several words have been obliterated. Forster reads, "Rove Pdfr, poo

Pdfr, Nite MD MD MD," but this is more than the space would contain.

20 William Oldisworth (1680-1734), a Tory journalist and pamphleteer,

who published various works, including a translation of the Iliad. He

died in a debtors' prison.

21 Some words obliterated. The reading is Forster's, and seems to be

correct.

22 Susan Armine, elder daughter of Sir William Armine, Bart., of

Osgodby, Lincolnshire, was created a life peeress in 1674, as Baroness

Belasyse of Osgodby. She died March 6, 1713. Her first husband was the

Honourable Sir Henry Belasyse, son and heir of John, Baron Belasyse, of

Worlaby; and her second, Mr. Fortney, of Chequers.

23 See Letter 7, note 9.

24 A word before "Ppt" is illegible. Forster's reading, "yes," does not

seem right.

25 In November 1711 it was reported that Miss Kingdom was privately

married to Lord Conway (Wentworth Papers, 207), but this was not the

case. Lord Conway was a widower in 1713, but he married an Irish lady

named Bowden.

26 Forster reads, "Nite, my own dee sollahs. Pdfr roves MD"; but the

last three words, at least, do not seem to be in the MS.

27 Probably the Bishop of Raphoe's son (see Letter 29, note 20).

28 What.

29 As Master of the Savoy.

30 William Burgh was Comptroller and Accountant-General for Ireland from

1694 to 1717, when his patent was revoked. He was succeeded by Eustace

Budgell.

31 William Paget, sixth Lord Paget, died in March 1713, aged

seventy-six. He spent a great part of his life as Ambassador at Vienna

and Constantinople.

32 Pocket.

33 Forster reads, "Lele lele logues"; Mr. Ryland, "Lele lele... "

LETTER 62.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "Apr. 13."

2 Esther Johnson's brother-in-law, Filby (see Letter 55, note 19).

3 Earl Poulett (see Letter 20, note 7).

4 Francis Annesley, M.P. for Westbury. His colleague in the

representation of that borough was Henry Bertie (third son of James,

Earl of Abingdon), who married Earl Poulett's sister-in-law, Anthony

Henley's widow (see Letter 12, note 24).

5 "Has" (MS.).

6 A dozen words are erased. The reading is Forster's, and appears to be

correct.

7 The British Ambassadress's Speech to the French King. The printer was

sent to the pillory and fined.

8 The Examiner (vol. iii. No. 35) said that Swift--"a gentleman of the

first character for learning, good sense, wit, and more virtues than

even they can set off and illustrate"--was not the author of that

periodical. "Out of pure regard to justice, I strip myself of all the

honour that lucky untruth did this paper."

9 A purgative electuary.

10 Bargains.

11 Three or four words illegible. Forster reads, "Nite, nite, own MD."

12 Forster reads, "devil's brood "; probably the second word is "bawd:"

Cf. Letter 60, note 14 and Feb. 18, 1712-13.

13 Several "moving pictures," mostly brought from Germany, were on view

in London at about this time. See Tatler, No. 129, and Gay's Fables, No.

6.

14 See Letter 6, note 45.

15 "Mr. Charles Grattan, afterwards master of a free school at

Enniskillen" (Scott).

16 So given in the MS. Forster suggests that it is a mistake for "wood."

17 See Letter 28, note 11.

18 It is probable that this is Pope's friend, William Cleland, who died

in 1741, aged sixty-seven. William Cleland served in Spain under Lord

Rivers, but was not a Colonel, though he seems to have been a

Major. Afterwards he was a Commissioner of Customs in Scotland and a

Commissioner of the Land Tax in England. Colonel Cleland cannot, as

Scott suggested (Swift's Works, iii. 142, xviii. 137-39, xix. 8), have

been the son of the Colonel William Cleland, Covenanter and poet, who

died in 1689, at the age of twenty-eight. William Cleland allowed his

name to be appended to a letter of Pope's prefixed to the Dunciad, and

Pope afterwards described him as "a person of universal learning, and an

enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friends, or

a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country." Swift,

referring to this letter, wrote to Pope, "Pray tell me whether your

Colonel (sic) Cleland be a tall Scots gentleman, walking perpetually in

the Mall, and fastening upon everybody he meets, as he has often done

upon me?" (Pope's Works, iv. 48, vii. 214).

19 Henry Grey, Lord Lucas (died 1741), who became twelfth Earl of Kent

in 1702, was made Duke of Kent in 1710. He held various offices under

George I. and George II.

20 Forster found, among the MSS. at Narford, the "lie" thus prepared for

All Fools' Day. Richard Noble, an attorney, ran away with a lady who

was the wife of John Sayer and daughter of Admiral Nevill; and he killed

Sayer on the discovery of the intrigue. The incident was made use of by

Hogarth in the fifth scene of "Marriage a la Mode."

21 See Letter 5, note 3.

22 See Letter 13, note 10.

23 Charles XII.

24 "Is" (MS.).

25 Cibber says that he saw four acts of Cato in 1703; the fifth act,

according to Steele, was written in less than a week. The famous first

performance was on April 14, 1713.

26 The first number of the Guardian appeared on March 12, and the paper

was published daily until Oct. 1, 1713. Pope, Addison, and Berkeley were

among the contributors.

27 See Letter 52, note 6.

28 See Letter 39, note 16.

29 The first preached after the period of his suspension by the House

of Lords. It was delivered at St. Saviour's, Southwark, before his

installation at St. Andrew's, and was published with the title, "The

Christian's Triumph, or the Duty of praying for our Enemies".

30 Swift's curate at Laracor.

31 Richard Gorges (died 1728) was eldest son and heir of Dr. Robert

Gorges, of Kilbrue, County Meath, by Jane, daughter of Sir Arthur

Loftus, and sister of Adam, Viscount Lisburne. He was appointed

Adjutant-General of the Forces in Ireland 1697, Colonel of a

new Regiment of Foot 1703, Major-General of the Forces 1707, and

Lieutenant-General 1710 (Dalton's Army Lists, iii. 75).

32 See Letter 60, note 10.

33 Mrs. Oldfield.

34 See Letter 56, note 6.

35 Never saw the like.

36 See Letter 53, note 10.

37 The remainder has been partially obliterated.

LETTER 63.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "May 4."

2 Lord Cholmondeley (see Letter 36, note 15).

3 Harcourt.

4 Forster's reading; the last two words are doubtful.

5 See Letter 7, note 27.

6 Francis Palmes, who was wounded at Blenheim, was made a

Lieutenant-General in 1709. In 1707 he was elected M.P. for West Loo;

in 1708 he was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to the Duke of Savoy, and in

1710 to Vienna.

7 Apparently "so heed."

8 Henry Villiers (died 1743), second son of the first Earl of Jersey

and of Barbara, daughter of William Chiffinch (see Letter 29, note 3 and

Letter 59, note 25).

9 See Letter 61, Mar. 8, 1712-13. The Speech and Address are in the

Commons' Journals, xvii. 278, 280. For the draft Address, in Swift's

handwriting, see the Portland Papers (1899), v. 276.

10 Scoffed, jeered.

11 Dr. Gastrell (see Letter 25, note 8).

12 George Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, but then a young man

of twenty-eight, came to London in January 1713. He was already known

by his "New Theory of Vision" and "Treatise on the Principles of Human

Knowledge", and he brought with him his "Three Dialogues between Hylas

and Philonous". Steele was among the first to welcome him, and he soon

made the acquaintance of Addison, Pope, and Swift. On March 27, Berkeley

wrote to Sir John Perceval of the breach between Swift and the Whigs:

"Dr. Swift's wit is admired by both of them (Addison and Steele),

and indeed by his greatest enemies, and... I think him one of the

best-matured and agreeable men in the world." In November 1713

Swift procured for Berkeley the chaplaincy and secretaryship to Lord

Peterborough, the new Envoy to Sicily.

13 Forster reads, "all oo sawcy Ppt can say oo may see me"; but the

words are illegible.

14 Possibly "see," written in mistake for "say."

15 "J" (MS.).

16 Obliterated. Forster imagined that he read, "Nite dee logues. Poo

Mr."

17 There were two General Hamiltons at this time; probably Swift's

acquaintance was Gustavus Hamilton (1639-1723), who was created Viscount

Boyne in 1717. Hamilton distinguished himself at the battle of the Boyne

and the capture of Athlone, and was made Brigadier-General in 1696, and

Major General in 1703. He took part in the siege of Vigo, and was made a

member of the Privy Council in 1710.

18 See Letter 43, note 38.

19 The History of the Peace of Utrecht.

20 This is Forster's reading, and appears to be correct. The last word,

which he gives as "iss truly," is illegible.

21 Belonging to Ireland.

22 See Letter 40, note 1.

23 Another excellent reading of Forster's. I cannot decipher the last

word, which he gives as "dee rogues."

24 Sentence obliterated.

25 The number at the beginning of each entry in the Journal.

26 Mr. Ryland's reading. Forster has "morning, dee."

27 Dr. Thomas Lindsay (see Letter 6, note 45).

28 I think the "MD" is right, though Forster gives "M." The "Pr" is

probably an abbreviation of "Pdfr."

29 The last three lines have been obliterated.

Letter 64.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "May 22."

2 Illegible. Forster reads, "and dee deelest Ppt."

3 The last few words have been partially obliterated.

4 Am very angry. The last word is scribbled over.

5 The History of the Peace of Utrecht.

6 The signature has been cut off.

Letter 65.

1 Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley," etc. Endorsed "Chester Letter."

2 "Others" (MS.).

3 See Letter 10, note 31 and Letter 31, note 1.

4 See Letter 7, note 7.