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OF  
JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

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*Wm. Walker. P.M.*

*Jonathan Swift*  
*from the bust by Gunningham in St. Patrick's Cathedral.*

THE PROSE WORKS  
OF  
JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

EDITED BY  
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VOL. XI  
LITERARY ESSAYS



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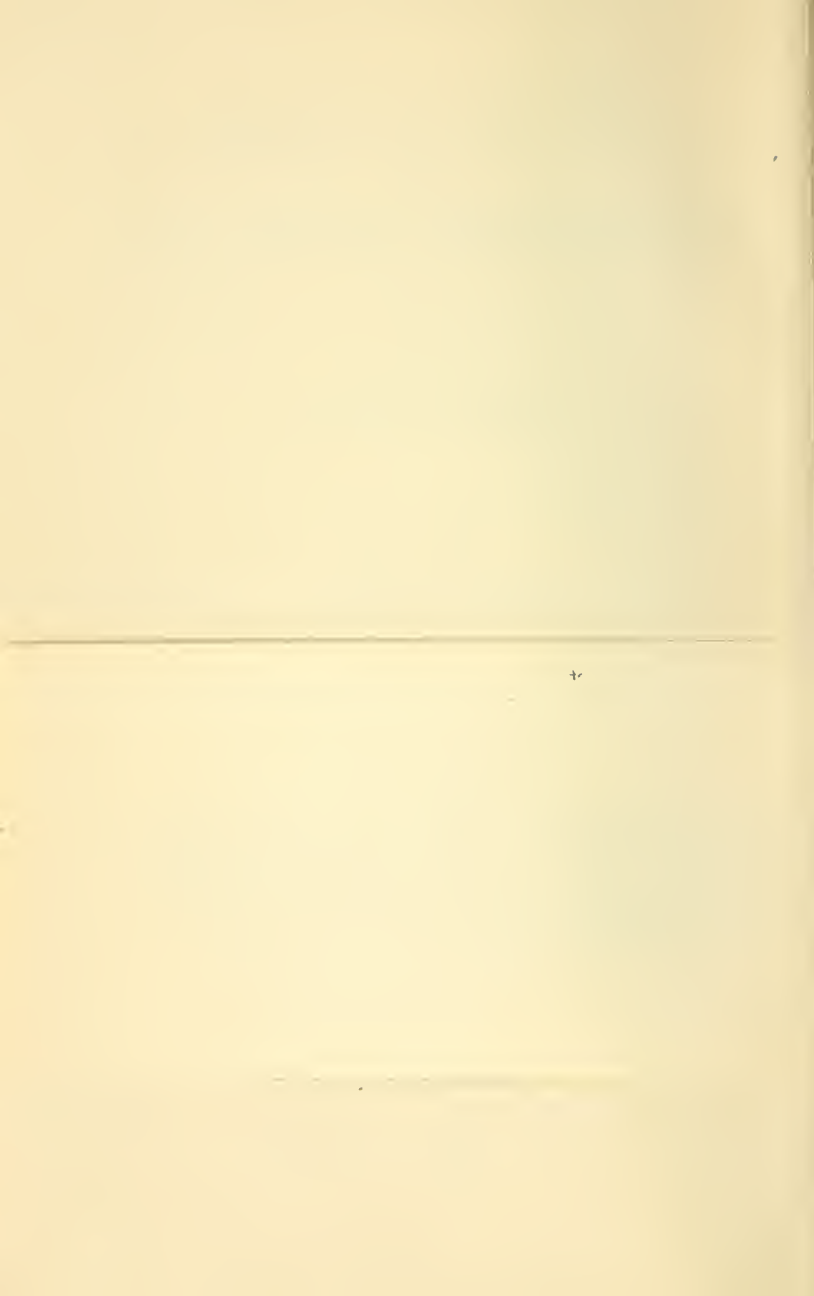
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## ERRATUM

PREFACE, last paragraph, *should read*: "The portrait prefixed to this volume is engraved from the bust by Patrick Cunningham, which was presented to St. Patrick's Cathedral in 1776 by Thomas Todd, the nephew and successor of George Faulkner the printer."



## PREFACE

THIS volume of Literary Essays contains two rather long humorous writings—the “Polite Conversation,” and the “Directions to Servants”—and a number of shorter pieces relating to Literature, the Dean’s Contemporaries, and his own Life. It is unnecessary to add anything in this place to the notes prefixed to each separate work beyond calling attention to two documents of great personal interest which appear in the Appendix: the “Fragment of Autobiography”—here printed by kind permission of Mr. Murray from the text prepared by Mr. John Forster for his “Life of Swift,” together with a few of Mr. Forster’s notes—and the “Holyhead Journal,” which has not been included in any previous edition of Swift’s Works and is here given *verbatim et literatim* from the Dean’s autograph manuscript in the Forster collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

The present writer desires to associate himself with the publishers in their regret that this volume has not the advantage of the usual Introduction from the pen of Mr. Temple Scott, owing to his absence in America and the demands of more pressing work. The greater part of this volume was passed by him for press, and to the remainder he furnished notes. Some of the pieces were collated by the writer of this preface, who is responsible for the final revision of the last few sheets.

The portrait prefixed to this volume is engraved from the bust by Cunningham, which was presented to St. Patrick’s Cathedral in 1776 by George Faulkner the printer.

W. SPENCER JACKSON.

March 4, 1907.



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## ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA

Page 121. In the footnote *for* "Countess of Suffolk" *read* "Countess of Orkney."

Page 141. For second paragraph of footnote *read* "Swift's 'Miscellanies,' vol. x, 1745 (Dodsley), gives the first published form of these *bons mots*. The text here given is based on that edition, and corrected," etc.

Page 175. Add to note <sup>2</sup>, "and the Earl of Pembroke was Philip Herbert, the fourth Earl."

Page 188. The last paragraph of note should read: "The present text is that of Swift's 'Miscellanies,' vol. x, 1745, published by Dodsley. That," etc.

Pages 192 and 193. *For* "Wellesley" *read* "Wesley." This Richard Colley Wesley was created Lord Mornington in 1746.

Page 432. *For* "Pembroke, William, 3rd Earl of" *read* "Pembroke, Philip Herbert, 4th Earl of."





A PROPOSAL  
FOR CORRECTING, IMPROVING, AND ASCERTAINING  
THE  
ENGLISH TONGUE.

## NOTE.

"I HAVE," wrote Swift to Stella under date February 21st, 1711-12, "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. It will not be above five or six more. I will send it him to-morrow; and will print it, if he desires me." The following day he added to this letter: "I finished the rest of my letter to Lord-treasurer to-day, and sent it to him."

On March 11th of the same year he informed Stella that "Lord-treasurer has lent the long letter I writ him to Prior; and I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed; and to make up this Academy for the improvement of our language." On May 10th he writes to say that "My letter to the Lord-treasurer about the English tongue is now printing; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life." Before the end of that month it must have been printed, for on the 31st he writes again to Stella: "Have you seen my letter to the Lord-treasurer? There are two answers come out to it already, though it is no politics, but a harmless proposal about the improvement of the English tongue. I believe, if I writ an essay upon a straw, some fool would answer it." He referred to it again in July.

Evidently Swift thought very highly of his proposal. He had already hinted at what he expands in this pamphlet, in the "Tatler" (No. 230), where he ridiculed the objectionable methods in vogue in speaking and in writing. So careful a writer as Swift could not but be repelled by the slovenly speech of his time; but it is strange that so profound a thinker should have so entirely missed appreciating the genius of the English language. Of course nothing came of his proposal. It was evidently founded on the French Academy fostered under the patronage of Louis XIV. The plan, however, has always had a fascination for literary men, probably because it offers some immediate and public recognition of their work. Johnson's criticism of the proposal is unanswerable: "Written without much knowledge of the general nature of language, and without any accurate inquiry into the history of other tongues. The certainty and stability which, contrary to all experience, Swift thinks attainable, he proposes to secure by instituting an academy; the decrees of which every man would have been willing, and many would have been proud to disobey, and which, being renewed by successive elections, would, in a short time, have differed from itself."

This pamphlet was the only piece of writing to which Swift inscribed his name. It was printed by Benjamin Tooke in May, 1712. The present text is that of the first edition, collated with those given by Faulkner and Sir W. Scott.

[T. S.]

A  
PROPOSAL  
FOR  
*Correcting, Improving and Ascertaining*  
THE  
English Tongue;  
IN A  
LETTER  
To the Most Honourable  
ROBERT  
*Earl of Oxford and Mortimer,*  
*Lord High Treasurer*  
OF  
GREAT BRITAIN.

---

L O N D O N:  
Printed for BENJ. TOOKE, at the  
*Middle-Temple-Gate, Fleetstreet.* 1712.



# A PROPOSAL

## FOR CORRECTING, IMPROVING, AND ASCERTAINING THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

*London, Feb. 22, 1711-12.*

MY LORD,<sup>1</sup>

WHAT I had the honour of mentioning to your lordship some time ago in conversation, was not a new thought, just then started by accident or occasion, but the result of long reflection; and I have been confirmed in my sentiments, by the opinion of some very judicious persons, with whom I consulted. They all agreed, that nothing would be of greater use towards the improvement of knowledge and politeness, than some effectual method for correcting, enlarging, and ascertaining our language; and they think it a work very possible to be compassed under the protection of a prince, the countenance and encouragement of a ministry, and the care of proper persons chosen for such an undertaking.<sup>2</sup> I was glad to find your lordship's answer in so different a style, from what has been commonly made use of on the like occasions, for some years past; that all such thoughts must be deferred to a time of peace; a topic which some have carried so far, that they would not have us by

<sup>1</sup> The "Proposal," as the original title-page of the tract stated, was addressed to "Robert, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain." This was the same Oxford on whose behalf Swift worked so strenuously during his residence in London. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> "Dr. Swift proposed a plan of this nature, (the forming a society to fix a standard to the English language,) to his friend, as he thought him, the Lord-Treasurer Oxford, but without success; precision and perspicuity not being in general the favourite objects of ministers, and perhaps still less so of *that* minister than any other."—[CHESTERFIELD.]

any means think of preserving our civil or religious constitution, because we are engaged in a war abroad.<sup>1</sup> It will be among the distinguishing marks of your ministry, my lord, that you have a genius above all such regards, and that no reasonable proposal for the honour, the advantage, or the ornament of your country, however foreign to your more immediate office, was ever neglected by you. I confess the merit of this candour and condescension is very much lessened, because your lordship hardly leaves us room to offer our good wishes, removing all our difficulties, and supplying our wants, faster than the most visionary projector can adjust his schemes. And, therefore, my lord, the design of this paper is not so much to offer you ways and means, as to complain of a grievance, the redressing of which is to be your own work, as much as that of paying the nation's debts, or opening a trade into the South-Sea; and though not of such immediate benefit as either of these, or any other of your glorious actions, yet perhaps, in future ages, not less to your honour.

My lord, I do here, in the name of all the learned and polite persons of the nation, complain to your lordship, as first minister, that our language is extremely imperfect; that its daily improvements are by no means in proportion to its daily corruptions; that the pretenders to polish and refine it, have chiefly multiplied abuses and absurdities; and that in many instances it offends against every part of grammar. But lest your lordship should think my censure too severe, I shall take leave to be more particular.

I believe your lordship will agree with me in the reason, why our language is less refined than those of Italy, Spain, or France. 'Tis plain, that the Latin tongue in its purity was never in this island, towards the conquest of which, few or no attempts were made till the time of Claudius;<sup>2</sup> neither was that language ever so vulgar in Britain, as it is known to have been in Gaul and Spain. Farther, we find that the Roman legions here were at length all recalled to help their country against the Goths, and other barbarous invaders.

<sup>1</sup> The War of the Grand Alliance in which Marlborough was England's Commander-in-Chief. See previous volume containing Swift's "Historical Tracts, English." [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> A.D. 50. [T. S.]

Meantime, the Britains, left to shift for themselves, and daily harassed by cruel inroads from the Picts, were forced to call in the Saxons for their defence; who, consequently, reduced the greatest part of the island to their own power, drove the Britains into the most remote and mountainous parts, and the rest of the country, in customs, religion, and language, became wholly Saxon. This I take to be the reason, why there are more Latin words<sup>1</sup> remaining in the British tongue, than in the old Saxon, which, excepting some few variations in the orthography, is the same in most original words with our present English, as well as with German and other northern dialects.

Edward the Confessor having lived long in France appears to be the first who introduced any mixture of the French tongue with the Saxon; the court affecting what the prince was fond of, and others taking it up for a fashion, as it is now with us. William the Conqueror proceeded much farther; bringing over with him vast numbers of that nation, scattering them in every monastery, giving them great quantities of land, directing all pleadings to be in that language, and endeavouring to make it universal in the kingdom. This at least is the opinion generally received; but your lordship has fully convinced me, that the French tongue made yet a greater progress here under Harry the Second, who had large territories on that continent both from his father and his wife, made frequent journeys and expeditions thither, and was always attended with a number of his countrymen, retainers at his court.<sup>2</sup> For some centuries

<sup>1</sup> “As for our *English* tongue; the great alterations it has undergone in the two last centuries are principally owing to that vast stock of *Latin* words which we have transplanted into our own soil; which being now in a manner exhausted, one may easily presage that it will not have such changes in the two next centuries. Nay, it were no difficult contrivance, if the public had any regard to it, to make the *English* tongue immutable; unless hereafter some foreign nation shall invade and over-run us.”—BENTLEY.

How very far Bentley was mistaken in his prophecy is evident, from the great number of words naturalized from the Latin during the last century [eighteenth], especially since the style of Johnson was adopted as a model. Many of the words quoted by Swift as the offspring of affectation and pedantry, are now in common and every-day use. [S.]

<sup>2</sup> In this passage Swift mistakes the History of the English language, which later philological researches have more accurately ascertained.

after, there was a constant intercourse between France and England, by the dominions we possessed there, and the conquests we made; so that our language, between two and three hundred years ago, seems to have had a greater mixture with French, than at present; many words having been afterwards rejected, and some since the time of Spenser; although we have still retained not a few, which have been long antiquated in France. I could produce several instances of both kinds, if it were of any use or entertainment.

To examine into the several circumstances by which the language of a country may be altered, would force me to enter into a wide field. I shall only observe, that the Latin, the French, and the English, seem to have undergone the same fortune. The first, from the days of Romulus to those of Julius Cæsar, suffered perpetual changes; and by what we meet in those authors who occasionally speak on that subject, as well as from certain fragments of old laws, it is manifest that the Latin, three hundred years before Tully, was as unintelligible in his time, as the English and French of the same period are now; and these two have changed as much since William the Conqueror, (which is but little less than seven hundred years) as the Latin appears to have done in the like term. Whether our language, or the French, will decline as fast as the Roman did, is a question, that

After the Norman conquest, French, the language of the conquerors, was universally spoken by the court, the barons, and all who pretended to rank above the vulgar. The Anglo-Saxon was only used by the common people. But in order to maintain the necessary intercourse between the higher and lower classes, a composite language was introduced, grounded indeed upon the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, but with the extinction of its ancient grammatical inflexions, and the addition of a strong infusion of the Norman French, for the convenience and accommodation of the victors. It is this *lingua franca*, which gradually superseded the use of both the languages, of which it was composed. Edward III. was the first monarch who adopted an English motto; and Chaucer, while he complains of the uncertainty and diversity of the English language, in his own time, had probably no small share in refining and fixing it. In the reign of Henry II., when Lord Oxford seems to have persuaded Swift, that the French tongue was more intermixed than formerly with the English, it would appear, that both languages subsisted in a state unmixed and unincorporated; as the reader may see from the account of Layamon's Translation of Wace's Brut, in Ellis's "Specimens of Early English Poets," vol. i., p. 60. [S.]



would perhaps admit more debate than it is worth. There were many reasons for the corruptions of the last; as, the change of their government to a tyranny, which ruined the study of eloquence, there being no farther use or encouragement for popular orators; their giving not only the freedom of the city, but capacity for employments, to several towns in Gaul, Spain, and Germany, and other distant parts, as far as Asia; which brought a great number of foreign pretenders into Rome; the slavish disposition of the senate and people, by which the wit and eloquence of the age were wholly turned into panegyric, the most barren of all subjects; the great corruption of manners, and introduction of foreign luxury, with foreign terms to express it, with several others that might be assigned; not to mention those invasions from the Goths and Vandals, which are too obvious to insist on.

The Roman language arrived at great perfection, before it began to decay; and the French, for these last fifty years has been polishing as much as it will bear, and appears to be declining by the natural inconstancy of that people, and the affectation of some late authors to introduce and multiply cant words, which is the most ruinous corruption in any language.<sup>1</sup> La Bruyère, a late celebrated writer among them, makes use of many new terms, which are not to be found in any of the common dictionaries before his time. But the English tongue is not arrived to such a degree of perfection, as to make us apprehend any thoughts of its decay; and if it were once refined to a certain standard, perhaps there might be ways found out to fix it for ever, or at least till we are invaded and made a conquest by some other state; and even then our best writings might probably be preserved with care, and grow into esteem, and the authors have a chance for immortality.

But without such great revolutions as these (to which we are, I think, less subject than kingdoms upon the continent)

<sup>1</sup> How mistaken Swift was need hardly be pointed out to any student of modern French literature. The very inconstancy of the French people which Swift here cites an evil, has, if it be true that they are inconstant, proved one of the most potent influences for the full development of the French idiom. There is no language spoken or written so flexible and so capable of expressing *nuances* of meaning, as the French. [T. S.]

I see no absolute necessity why any language should be perpetually changing; for we find many examples to the contrary. From Homer to Plutarch are above a thousand years; so long at least the purity of the Greek tongue may be allowed to last, and we know not how far before. The Grecians spread their colonies round all the coast of Asia Minor, even to the northern parts lying toward the Euxine, in every island of the Aegean sea, and several others in the Mediterranean; where the language was preserved entire for many ages, after they themselves became colonies to Rome, and till they were overrun by the barbarous nations upon the fall of that empire. The Chinese have books in their language above two thousand years old, neither have the frequent conquests of the Tartars been able to alter it. The German, Spanish, and Italian, have admitted few or no changes for some ages past. The other languages of Europe I know nothing of; neither is there any occasion to consider them.<sup>1</sup>

Having taken this compass, I return to those considerations upon our own language, which I would humbly offer your lordship. The period, wherein the English tongue received most improvement, I take to commence with the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and to conclude with the great rebellion in forty-two.<sup>2</sup> It is true, there was a very ill taste both of style and wit, which prevailed under King James the First; but that seems to have been corrected in the first years of his successor, who, among many other qualifications of an excellent prince, was a great patron of learning. From the Civil War to this present time, I am apt to doubt, whether the corruptions in our language have not at least equalled the refinements of it; and these corruptions very few of the best authors in our age have wholly escaped. During the usurpation,<sup>3</sup> such an infusion of enthusiastic jar-

<sup>1</sup> All the countries Swift cites were countries which kept themselves aloof from any strong influence from without. Swift could hardly foresee the development of nations along the lines they have gone, or he would not have argued for the virtue of isolation. A language is not necessarily corrupt or decaying if it assimilate terms and expressions from other languages. It rather enriches itself in the process, even as the English language did before Swift's time and as it has done since. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> The war between the King and Parliament broke out in 1642. [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> Referring to the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. [T. S.]

gon prevailed in every writing, as was not shaken off in many years after. To this succeeded that licentiousness which entered with the Restoration, and from infecting our religion and morals, fell to corrupt our language; which last was not likely to be much improved by those, who at that time made up the court of King Charles the Second; either such who had followed him in his banishment, or who had been altogether conversant in the dialect of those fanatic times; or young men, who had been educated in the same country: so that the court, which used to be the standard of propriety and correctness of speech, was then, and, I think, has ever since continued, the worst school in England for that accomplishment; and so will remain, till better care be taken in the education of our young nobility, that they may set out into the world with some foundation of literature, in order to qualify them for patterns of politeness. The consequence of this defect upon our language, may appear from the plays, and other competitions written for entertainment within fifty years past; filled with a succession of affected phrases, and new conceited words, either borrowed from the current style of the court, or from those who, under the character of men of wit and pleasure, pretended to give the law. Many of these refinements have already been long antiquated, and are now hardly intelligible; which is no wonder, when they were the product only of ignorance and caprice.

I have never known this great town without one or more dunces of figure, who had credit enough to give rise to some new word, and propagate it in most conversations, though it had neither humour nor significancy. If it struck the present taste, it was soon transferred into the plays and current scribbles of the week, and became an addition to our language; while the men of wit and learning, instead of early obviating such corruptions, were too often seduced to imitate and comply with them.

There is another set of men, who have contributed very much to the spoiling of the English tongue; I mean the poets from the time of the Restoration. These gentlemen, although they could not be insensible how much our language was already overstocked with monosyllables, yet, to save time and pains, introduced that barbarous custom of abbreviating words,

to fit them to the measure of their verses; and this they have frequently done so very injudiciously, as to form such harsh unharmonious sounds, that none but a northern ear could endure. They have joined the most obdurate consonants with one intervening vowel, only to shorten a syllable; and their taste in time became so depraved, that what was at first a poetical licence, not to be justified, they made their choice, alleging, that the words pronounced at length sounded faint and languid. This was a pretence to take up the same custom in prose; so that most of the books we see now-a-days, are full of those manglings and abbreviations. Instances of this abuse are innumerable: What does your lordship think of the words, *drudg'd*, *disturb'd*, *rebuk'd*, *fledg'd*, and a thousand others everywhere to be met with in prose as well as verse, where, by leaving out a vowel to save a syllable, we form so jarring a sound, and so difficult to utter, that I have often wondered how it could ever obtain?

Another cause (and perhaps borrowed from the former) which has contributed not a little to the maiming of our language, is a foolish opinion, advanced of late years, that we ought to spell exactly as we speak; which, beside the obvious inconvenience of utterly destroying our etymology, would be a thing we should never see an end of. Not only the several towns and counties of England have a different way of pronouncing, but even here in London they clip their words after one manner about the court, another in the city, and a third in the suburbs; and in a few years, it is probable, will all differ from themselves, as fancy or fashion shall direct; all which reduced to writing, would entirely confound orthography. Yet many people are so fond of this conceit, that it is sometimes a difficult matter to read modern books and pamphlets; where the words are so curtailed, and varied from their original spelling, that whoever has been used to plain English, will hardly know them by sight.

Several young men at the universities, terribly possessed with the fear of pedantry, run into a worse extreme, and think all politeness to consist in reading the daily trash sent down to them from hence; this they call knowing the world, and reading men and manners. Thus furnished, they come up to town, reckon all their errors for accomplishments,

borrow the newest set of phrases; and if they take a pen into their hands, all the odd words they have picked up in a coffeehouse, or a gaming ordinary, are produced as flowers of style; and the orthography refined to the utmost. To this we owe those monstrous productions, which, under the name of Trips, Spies, Amusements, and other conceited appellations, have overrun us for some years past. To this we owe that strange race of wits, who tell us, they write to the humour of the age. And I wish I could say, these quaint fopperies were wholly absent from graver subjects. In short, I would undertake to shew your lordship several pieces, where the beauties of this kind are so predominant, that, with all your skill in languages, you could never be able to read or understand them.

But I am very much mistaken, if many of these false refinements among us do not arise from a principle, which would quite destroy their credit, if it were well understood and considered. For I am afraid, my lord, that with all the real good qualities of our country, we are naturally not very polite. This perpetual disposition to shorten our words by retrenching the vowels, is nothing else but a tendency to lapse into the barbarity of those northern nations, from whom we are descended, and whose languages labour all under the same defect. For it is worthy our observation, that the Spaniards, the French, and the Italians, although derived from the same northern ancestors with ourselves, are with the utmost difficulty taught to pronounce our words, which the Swedes and Danes, as well as the Germans and the Dutch, attain to with ease, because our syllables resemble theirs in the roughness and frequency of consonants. Now, as we struggle with an ill climate to improve the nobler kinds of fruits, are at the expense of walls to receive and reverberate the faint rays of the sun, and fence against the northern blast, we sometimes, by the help of a good soil, equal the production of warmer countries, who have no need to be at so much cost and care. It is the same thing with respect to the politer arts among us; and the same defect of heat which gives a fierceness to our natures, may contribute to that roughness of our language, which bears some analogy to the harsh fruit of colder countries. For I do not reckon that we want a genius more than the rest of our neighbours; but



your lordship will be of my opinion, that we ought to struggle with these natural disadvantages as much as we can, and be careful whom we employ, whenever we design to correct them, which is a work that has hitherto been assumed by the least qualified hands. So that if the choice had been left to me, I would rather have trusted the refinement of our language, as far as it relates to sound, to the judgment of the women, than of illiterate court fops, half-witted poets, and university boys. For it is plain, that women, in their manner of corrupting words, do naturally discard the consonants, as we do the vowels. What I am going to tell your lordship appears very trifling: that more than once, where some of both sexes were in company, I have persuaded two or three of each to take a pen, and write down a number of letters joined together, just as it came into their heads; and upon reading this gibberish, we have found that which the men had wrote, by the frequent encountering of rough consonants, to sound like High Dutch; and the other, by the women, like Italian, abounding in vowels and liquids. Now, though I would by no means give ladies the trouble of advising us in the reformation of our language, yet I cannot help thinking, that since they have been left out of all meetings, except parties at play, or where worse designs are carried on, our conversation has very much degenerated.

In order to reform our language, I conceive, my lord, that a free judicious choice should be made of such persons, as are generally allowed to be best qualified for such a work, without any regard to quality, party, or profession. These, to a certain number at least, should assemble at some appointed time and place, and fix on rules, by which they design to proceed. What methods they will take, is not for me to prescribe. Your lordship, and other persons in great employments, might please to be of the number, and I am afraid such a society would want your instruction and example, as much as your protection; for I have, not without a little envy, observed of late the style of some great ministers very much to exceed that of any other productions.

The persons who are to undertake this work, will have the example of the French before them, to imitate where these have proceeded right, and to avoid their mistakes. Beside the grammar part, wherein we are allowed to be very de-

fective, they will observe many gross improprieties, which, however authorized by practice, and grown familiar, ought to be discarded. They will find many words that deserve to be utterly thrown out of our language, many more to be corrected, and perhaps not a few long since antiquated, which ought to be restored on account of their energy and sound.

But what I have most at heart, is, that some method should be thought on for ascertaining and fixing our language for ever, after such alterations are made in it as shall be thought requisite. For I am of opinion, it is better a language should not be wholly perfect, than that it should be perpetually changing; and we must give over at one time, or at length infallibly change for the worse; as the Romans did, when they began to quit their simplicity of style, for affected refinements, such as we meet in Tacitus and other authors; which ended by degrees in many barbarities, even before the Goths had invaded Italy.

The fame of our writers is usually confined to these two islands, and it is hard it should be limited in time, as much as place, by the perpetual variations of our speech. It is your lordship's observation, that if it were not for the Bible and Common Prayer Book in the vulgar tongue, we should hardly be able to understand anything that was written among us a hundred years ago; which is certainly true; for those books being perpetually read in churches, have proved a kind of standard for language, especially to the common people. And I doubt, whether the alterations since introduced have added much to the beauty or strength of the English tongue, though they have taken off a great deal from that simplicity, which is one of the greatest perfections in any language. You, my lord, who are so conversant in the sacred writings, and so great a judge of them in their originals, will agree, that no translation our country ever yet produced, has come up to that of the Old and New Testament: and by the many beautiful passages, which I have often had the honour to hear your lordship cite from thence, I am persuaded, that the translators of the Bible were masters of an English style much fitter for that work, than any we see in our present writings; which I take to be owing to the simplicity that runs through the whole. Then, as to the greatest part of our liturgy, compiled long before the translation of the Bible

now in use, and little altered since, there seem to be in it as great strains of true sublime eloquence, as are anywhere to be found in our language, which every man of good taste will observe in the communion service, that of burial, and other parts.

But when I say, that I would have our language, after it is duly correct, always to last, I do not mean that it should never be enlarged. Provided that no word, which a society shall give a sanction to, be afterward antiquated and exploded, they may have liberty to receive whatever new ones they shall find occasion for; because then the old books will yet be always valuable according to their intrinsic worth, and not thrown aside on account of unintelligible words and phrases, which appear harsh and uncouth, only because they are out of fashion. Had the Roman tongue continued vulgar in that city till this time, it would have been absolutely necessary, from the mighty changes that have been made in law and religion, from the many terms of art required in trade and in war, from the new inventions that have happened in the world, from the vast spreading of navigation and commerce, with many other obvious circumstances, to have made great additions to that language; yet the ancients would still have been read and understood with pleasure and ease. The Greek tongue received many enlargements between the time of Homer and that of Plutarch, yet the former author was probably as well understood in Trajan's time, as the latter. What Horace says of words going off and perishing like leaves, and new ones coming in their place, is a misfortune he laments, rather than a thing he approves; but I cannot see why this should be absolutely necessary, or if it were, what would have become of his *monumentum aere perennius*?

Writing by memory only, as I do at present, I would gladly keep within my depth; and therefore shall not enter into farther particulars. Neither do I pretend more than to shew the usefulness of this design, and to make some general observations, leaving the rest to that society, which I hope will owe its institution and patronage to your lordship. Besides, I would willingly avoid repetition, having, about a year ago, communicated to the public much of what I had to offer upon this subject, by the hands of an ingenious gentle-



man, who, for a long time, did thrice a-week divert or instruct the kingdom by his papers ; and is supposed to pursue the same design at present, under the title of Spectator. This author, who has tried the force and compass of our language with so much success, agrees entirely with me in most of my sentiments relating to it ; so do the greatest part of the men of wit and learning whom I have had the happiness to converse with ; and therefore I imagine that such a society would be pretty unanimous in the main points.

Your lordship must allow, that such a work as this, brought to perfection, would very much contribute to the glory of her Majesty's reign ; which ought to be recorded in words more durable than brass, and such as our posterity may read a thousand years hence, with pleasure as well as admiration. I always disapproved that false compliment to princes, that the most lasting monument they can have is the hearts of their subjects. It is indeed their greatest present felicity to reign in their subjects' hearts ; but these are too perishable to preserve their memories, which can only be done by the pens of able and faithful historians. And I take it to be your lordship's duty, as prime minister, to give order for inspecting our language, and rendering it fit to record the history of so great and good a princess.<sup>1</sup> Besides, my lord, as disinterested as you appear to the world, I am convinced that no man is more in the power of a prevailing favourite passion than yourself ; I mean, that desire of true and lasting honour, which you have borne along with you through every stage of your life. To this you have often sacrificed your interest, your ease, and your health ; for preserving and increasing this, you have exposed your person to secret treachery, and open violence.<sup>2</sup> There is not, perhaps, an example in history of any minister, who, in so short a time, has performed so many great things, and overcome so many difficulties. Now, though I am fully convinced that you fear God, honour your Queen, and love your country as much as any of your fellow-subjects, yet I must believe that the desire of fame has been no inconsiderable motive

<sup>1</sup> Swift made some strenuous efforts to obtain the post of historiographer. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Harley was stabbed by Guiscard. See previous volume on Historical Tracts. [T. S.]

to quicken you in the pursuit of those actions which will best deserve it. But, at the same time, I must be so plain as to tell your lordship, that if you will not take some care to settle our language, and put it into a state of continuance, I cannot promise that your memory shall be preserved above a hundred years, farther than by imperfect tradition.<sup>1</sup>

As barbarous and ignorant as we were in former centuries, there was more effectual care taken by our ancestors to preserve the memory of times and persons, than we find in this age of learning and politeness, as we are pleased to call it. The rude Latin of the monks is still very intelligible, whereas, had their records been delivered down only in the vulgar tongue, so barren and so barbarous, so subject to continual succeeding changes, they could not now be understood, unless by antiquaries who make it their study to expound them. And we must, at this day, have been content with such poor abstracts of our English story, as laborious men of low genius would think fit to give us; and even these, in the next age, would be likewise swallowed up in succeeding collections. If things go on at this rate, all I can promise your lordship is, that, about two hundred years hence, some painful compiler, who will be at the trouble of studying old language, may inform the world, that in the reign of Queen Anne, Robert, Earl of Oxford, a very wise and excellent man, was made high treasurer, and saved his country, which in those days was almost ruined by a foreign war, and a domestic faction.<sup>2</sup> Thus much he may be able to pick out, and willing to transfer into his new history; but the rest of your character, which I, or any other writer, may now value ourselves by drawing, and the particular account of the great things done under your ministry, for which you are already so celebrated in most parts of Europe, will probably be dropped, on account of the antiquated style and manner they are delivered in.

How then shall any man, who has a genius for history equal to the best of the ancients, be able to undertake such

<sup>1</sup> Swift himself has preserved for us the memory of his patron better perhaps than could have been done had Harley carried out this somewhat absurd scheme. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> What would Swift have said to Macaulay's language or Froude's English? [T. S.]

a work with spirit and cheerfulness, when he considers that he will be read with pleasure but a very few years, and, in an age or two, shall hardly be understood without an interpreter? This is like employing an excellent statuary to work upon mouldering stone. Those who apply their studies to preserve the memory of others, will always have some concern for their own; and I believe it is for this reason that so few writers among us, of any distinction, have turned their thoughts to such a discouraging employment; for the best English historian must lie under this mortification, that when his style grows antiquated, he will be only considered as a tedious relater of facts, and perhaps consulted in his turn, among other neglected authors, to furnish materials for some future collector.

I doubt your lordship is but ill entertained with a few scattered thoughts upon a subject, that deserves to be treated with ability and care. However, I must beg leave to add a few words more, perhaps not altogether foreign to the same matter. I know not whether that which I am going to say may pass for caution, advice, or reproach, any of which will be justly thought very improper from one in my station to one in yours. However, I must venture to affirm, that if genius and learning be not encouraged under your lordship's administration, you are the most inexcusable person alive. All your other virtues, my lord, will be defective without this; your affability, candour, and good-nature; that perpetual agreeableness of conversation, so disengaged in the midst of such a weight of business and opposition; even your justice, prudence, and magnanimity, will shine less bright without it. Your lordship is universally allowed to possess a very large portion in most parts of literature; and to this you owe the cultivating of those many virtues, which otherwise would have been less adorned, or in lower perfection. Neither can you acquit yourself of these obligations, without letting the arts, in their turn, share your influence and protection. Besides, who knows but some true genius may happen to arise under your ministry, *exhortus ut aethereus sol*. Every age might perhaps produce one or two of these to adorn it, if they were not sunk under the censure and obloquy of plodding, servile, imitating pedants. I do not mean, by a true genius, any bold writer, who breaks through

the rules of decency to distinguish himself by the singularity of his opinions ; but one who, upon a deserving subject, is able to open new scenes, and discover a vein of true and noble thinking, which never entered into any imagination before ; every stroke of whose pen is worth all the paper blotted by hundreds of others in the compass of their lives. I know, my lord, your friends will offer in your defence, that, in your private capacity, you never refused your purse and credit to the service and support of learned or ingenious men ; and that, ever since you have been in public employment, you have constantly bestowed your favours to the most deserving persons. But I desire your lordship not to be deceived ; we never will admit of these excuses, nor will allow your private liberality, as great as it is, to atone for your excessive public thrift. But here again I am afraid most good subjects will interpose in your defence, by alleging the desperate condition you found the nation in, and the necessity there was for so able and faithful a steward to retrieve it, if possible, by the utmost frugality. We grant all this, my lord ; but then it ought likewise to be considered, that you have already saved several millions to the public, and that what we ask is too inconsiderable to break into any rules of the strictest good husbandry. The French King bestows about half a dozen pensions to learned men in several parts of Europe, and perhaps a dozen in his own kingdom ; which, in the whole, do probably not amount to half the income of many a private commoner in England, yet have more contributed to the glory of that prince than any million he has otherwise employed. For learning, like all true merit, is easily satisfied ; while the false and counterfeit is perpetually craving, and never thinks it has enough. The smallest favour given by a great prince, as a mark of esteem, to reward the endowments of the mind, never fails to be returned with praise and gratitude, and loudly celebrated to the world.

I have known, some years ago, several pensions given to particular persons, (how deservedly I shall not inquire,) any one of which, if divided into several parcels, and distributed by the crown to those who might, upon occasion, distinguish themselves by some extraordinary production of wit or learning, would be amply sufficient to answer the end. Or, if any

such persons were above money, (as every great genius certainly is, with very moderate conveniences of life,) a medal, or some mark of distinction, would do full as well.

But I forget my province, and find myself turning projector before I am aware; although it be one of the last characters under which I should desire to appear before your lordship, especially when I have the ambition of aspiring to that of being, with the greatest respect and truth,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,  
most obliged,

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.



THE  
RIGHT OF PRECEDENCE  
BETWEEN  
PHYSICIANS AND CIVILIANS  
ENQUIRED INTO.

### NOTE.

I CANNOT ascertain the exact date of the writing of this amusing satirical piece. It was first published in 1720, in Dublin, and the title-page states "written by Dr. Swift." Opposite the title-page, and on the back of the half title, is the following: "Dublin-Castle, Feb. 3, 1720. Sir, I here enclose to you a Pamphlet, written by Dr. Swift, in which you will find the Humour peculiar to that Gentleman. I am, Sir, yours, &c."

The humour of the pamphlet is very evident, as is also the peculiar style of "that gentleman," but some of the points are lost owing to our inability to fix the personal satire.

The text of the present edition is based on the first London edition of 1720, which has been compared with those of the second London edition of the same date, the Miscellanies of 1722 and the texts of Faulkner and Scott.

[T. S.]



THE  
RIGHT  
OF  
PRECEDENCE  
BETWEEN

*Physicians and Civilians*  
Enquir'd into.

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*Tu major, tibi me est æquum parere Menalca, Virg.  
Fidis offender Medicis? irascar amicis? Hor.*

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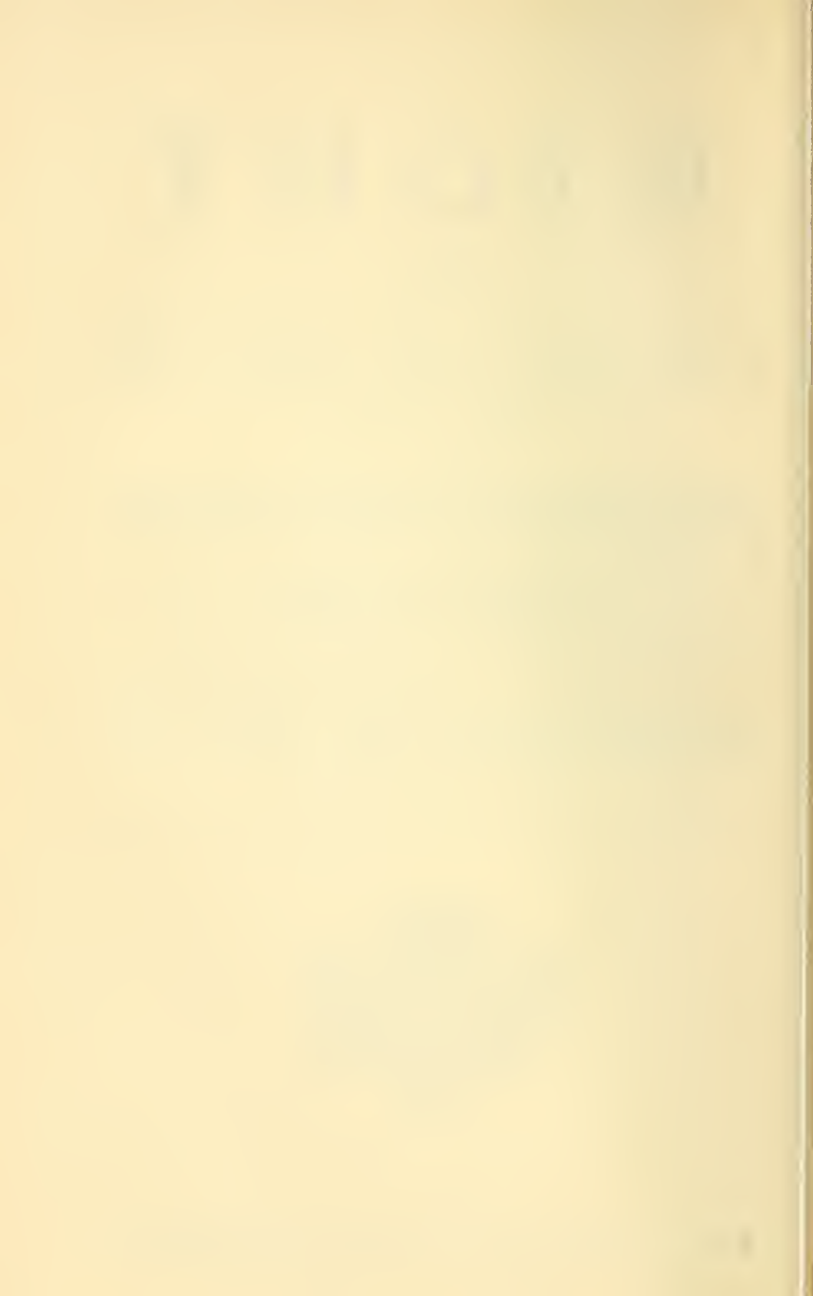
Written by Dr. Swift.

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Printed at *Dublin* in the Year 1720; and Reprinted at  
*London* for *J. Roberts*, near the *Oxford Arms*, in *War-*  
*wick Lane*.



## THE RIGHT OF PRECEDENCE BETWEEN PHYSICIANS AND CIVILIANS ENQUIRED INTO.

Tu major, tibi me est æquum parere Menalca.—VIRG.

Fidis offender medicis? irascar amicis?—HOR.

I HAVE waited hitherto, with no little impatience, to see some good effect of that debate which I thought was happily started at a late meeting of our University<sup>1</sup> upon the subject of our precedence, between professors of law and physic. And, though I can't join in opinion with the worthy gentleman who first moved in it, I must needs say the motion was seasonable, and well became him: For, besides that he intended an honour to a faculty he was promoted above, and was so self-denying as to waive all debates of that nature, as long as he was a party concerned in the motion, he did what in him lay, to put an end by authority, to a point in controversy, which had long divided the gentlemen of those two faculties; and I am very much mistaken if the same person does not hereafter prove as much a friend to piety and learning in his other designs, as he has been already in this, to the peace and agreement of learned men.

But to my great disappointment, little more has been said upon the subject, since the first debate, than what has been argued in private, more for the entertainment of single gentlemen, than the use and information of mankind. I have heard that the matter is brought to a compromise, and professors in both faculties have agreed to yield precedence to one another, according to their standing, and the date of their commencement.

<sup>1</sup> Trinity College, Dublin.

But this to me appears no satisfactory way of deciding a point of such importance. And to speak freely, it is but drawing a skin over a wound, and giving it a face of soundness, when there lies filth and purulence within, which will another time break out with more pain, and greater danger.

The time is approaching, when it will be proper once more to bring this affair upon the carpet; and I am humbly of opinion, that the point is of such consequence, that it ought not to subside, as it has done of late; it should neither rest upon that slight baffle it received at its first appearance in public, nor be hushed up in silence under the pretence of any private accommodation, which the parties concerned have since come to, for the sake of civility and good manners in company.

I am one of those, who love peace upon a good foundation, and do, for that reason, no less admire truth, upon which alone a lasting peace can be founded. And as I am qualified to introduce this matter at the next meeting of our University, and fully determined to do so, I thought it reasonable to give this friendly notice to all parties, that they study the point, and make themselves masters of it, and give it so thorough a canvassing in what manner they think fit, as to leave no room for exception and wrangling when the question comes to be solemnly debated in that assembly.

But before I come to the merits of the cause itself, you must give me leave to make one observation in the way, concerning the importance of precedence in general, which may prove of singular use to mankind who are for the most part unapprised of it.

As I remember, there fell a very rash expression from a certain gentleman (with whom it is not usual to be so unguarded) who appeared an advocate for physicians, when the motion was first made, to thrust them from their place. He was pleased to call it a womanish debate, if I took him right; but, as much a friend as I am to his person and cause, I will not follow him in that opinion; and will further say, the expression was mean, and beneath the dignity of his character. There is an unkind reflection couched in it upon a sex by which much of the decencies of life and "little morals" are supported. And it does not agree with that taste of gallantry which he is thought to have, and is very con-

sistent with his profession; and is even ungrateful in a man of that faculty, which is more in favour with the ladies, than any other, except divinity.

But not to insist upon this, I can't think, as that expression implies, that the matter is at all beneath the consideration of the greatest and most learned of men; on the contrary, I think the question was well moved; and since it has been moved, every one should endeavour to find on which side of the argument the advantage lies; and I wonder that in this interval of Parliament and business (the usual vacation of this kingdom) something has not been offered before this time, for the quieting men's minds. It is a difference amongst His Majesty's subjects, which it becomes every healing spirit to compose, and is a duty both of religion and loyalty.

I would ask: Is precedence or distinction of place of no moment amongst men? Are women only concerned in it? Does society owe nothing of conveniency to it? Is it indifferent, whether a man sits at a lady's elbow, or her pert chaplain's? near a soup at the head of the table, or beef at the bottom? Is there no advantage in the first plate, or the earliest compliment of the glass; or the respect of waiters; or in ruling the books at a quarter sessions, and being honoured with the cushion in the face of one's country? Is it of no consequence to be in the eye of the government; and does not precedence contribute to that at a Tholsel<sup>1</sup> entertainment? What are academical degrees so dearly purchased for, but place; and can a professor answer it to his trust or interest to disparage precedence? For what other reason in nature but precedence, did a great man of my acquaintance, lately become a double grand compounder for his degree; and another undeceive mankind, or rather deceive women, and suffered himself to be pronounced a venerable man in spite of his youthful looks? Shall not the solemn Doctor — in his chariot take place of plain Mr. — in his, and have the heels of him in preferment, according to the start he has in precedence?

Give me leave to say, that the notion of the insignificancy of place has been of infinite prejudice to many worthy men,

<sup>1</sup> The Tholsel of Dublin is the place where Corporations meet. The same word is applied to the Guild-Hall in Bristol, and elsewhere. [S.]

and of as great advantage to others, who have juster thoughts of it. While dignity sinks with its own weight, the scum of mankind will naturally rise above it.

I have a pious concern upon me for all the important mistakes of mankind, and this among the rest; as to which I have observed a strong prejudice runs counter to the nature of things, and the principles of truth and reason. Sure I am nature directs every person and thing to maintain its situation, or rather not so much to keep its own place, as to aspire, and displace others. And the reason is plain, because that is a tendency to the uppermost point, and an approach to perfection; and therefore, contrary to common opinions, I have ever thought there is piety in pride and ambition, and that it is a virtue to be emulous and aspiring; and when I hear, as in my time I have many, conceited declamations against pride, I suspect it is with the design of a monopoly, and to engross it, as I have known an ingenious schoolboy spit in his mess of porridge, not to abuse the good creature, but to secure it all to himself. What is that dominion so early given to mankind, but superiority of power and place? And then to act up to it is not womanish but manly. And if that was a precept, I will take upon me to say, there is not one point of duty so universally and exactly observed.

And society has so great a consideration of place, that we find wise provisions made for the regulating of it, and for settling the due pre-eminence of all degrees of men, and an office of heraldry for that purpose, which may be found in almost every house of quality. I could go further than this, but for this reason, that it is out of my way, and none of my business, to determine the force of great examples, and make conclusions upon Scripture; and perhaps my friend's best apology is, that the Bible is out of the road of his profession and study;<sup>1</sup> but I will say thus much, that as I have observed divines to be so far scriptural in their carriage, as to take

<sup>1</sup> Even Father Chaucer alludes to this scandal upon the medical faculty; when finishing his portrait of the Doctor of Physic, he adds,

“His study was but little on the Bible.”

Ben Jonson also describes a physician,

“That, letting God alone, ascribes to Nature  
More than her share.”—— [S.]

“the right hand of fellowship” on all occasions, and carry their dispute about place as high as any other sort of men; so their practice (such is my deference) is to me the best gloss upon duty, and my conviction, and should be his. And this plainly determines the point against him, and shews the importance of precedence<sup>1</sup>; and then it will follow in logic, that if taking place be matter of moment, to dispute about place is not womanish nor trivial.

And this allowed, I am inclined to believe, that upon this religious principle all our late promotions of nobility have proceeded, and that so many gentlemen have procured themselves titles, not as some have injuriously thought, that they might take place of their betters, but out of a sense of duty. And while some (alas! too many) ignorantly despise them for their worthless ambition, I regard them with another eye, and honour them for their piety, and courage, and conscience, and even condescension, in being made great; and do from my heart pity such as cannot be greater, without being less. Indeed the roll of our nobility is at present very voluminous; but no matter for that. If there were more of them, such is the ductility of my respect, I could, with a smaller quantity of esteem, do honour to them all. I make the same account of nobility of all dates, as I do of books. I value the old, as usually more exact, and genuine, and useful, though commonly unlettered, and often loose in the binding; and I value the new, because—but the notion is obvious, and I leave my reader to pursue it. I was led into this comparison from the *curiosa felicitas* of those whose way it is to paste their arms and titles of honour on the reverse of title pages, which shews the affinity of the two. My love to the nobility has made me sometimes seriously lament the great damp which must have fallen on honour and laudable ambition, had the peerage bill succeeded in England; but I had this consolation, that had the sluice been shut there, the flood of honour had risen the higher here, and overflowed this my native kingdom.<sup>1</sup>

I could here, according to custom, produce in favour of this uncommon position, many bright authorities, and have

<sup>1</sup> From the probable increase of Irish creations. [“In Ireland.” Note, 1722 edit.]



now before me above a score of quotations, gathered with infinite labour from St. Chrysostom, by his index; but, to the discouragement of my learning, the Greek types are not ready, and will not be set till the twentieth of next month, when the following editions of this work shall be enriched with learned languages, in great variety. The author of a late state sermon should have waited, as I do, rather than suffer his learning to look askint as it does, and make so frightful a figure from the press. I am master of the stochastic art, and by virtue of that, I divine, that those Greek words in that discourse have crept from the margin into the text, otherwise than the author intended; and indeed some of those Greek maggots are so uneasy in and ashamed of their place, that they seem to be upon the crawl backward.

I hope what has been offered will clear this case of conscience, and is sufficient to shew any man of candour, and who loves and searches after truth as I do, the importance of place and precedency amongst men, that the peace, and order, and honour of society is owing to it: And as women have been remarkably strenuous in asserting these rights, I do hereby take upon me to return them the thanks of mankind (asking pardon for the Professor's misbehaviour) and do wish them perseverance and success in all their laudable attempts of that nature. Let them enjoy the wall and the right hand of us from this day forward, not in consideration of their weakness, or out of our courtesy, but in their own right, as patriots, and stout defenders of the privileges of their own and our sex.

But to proceed. It were perhaps a proper method in this, as in other debates concerning precedency, to appeal to the Herald's Office, and be determined by usual and stated rules there, how place in this case is to be given or taken; but a certain lord has assured me upon his honour, that nothing concerning the present question is there taken notice of; and whatever orders may be delivered in heraldry about personal precedence, there is nothing said as to faculties, except only this, that doctors in divinity, and those not specialists, as we use to call them, *i.e.* such as have received that degree by the special indulgence and undeserved favour and grace of the University, shall have a place immediately above esquires that are not of noble families.



Upon which observation, if it be true, as I fear it is, I have reason to apprehend some disturbance in the country amongst the ladies there; therefore I do present my most humble service to Madam — wife to a very reverend divine, D.D. *speciali gratiâ*, who has of many years past, to my knowledge, in mistake of her husband's right, taken place at table of a certain justice o'th'peace's lady; and do advise her, that in order to maintain her precedence, she would once more send her spouse up to a commencement, and engage him to perform his acts, and be re-admitted, and take up his large cautionary bonds for her own and her children's advantage.

And I would further observe, for the use of men who love place without a title to it either by law or heraldry; as some have a strange oiliness of spirit which carries them upwards, and mounts them to the top of all company, (company being often like bottled liquors, where the light and windy parts hurry to the head, and fix in froth) I would observe, I say, that there is a secret way of taking place without sensible precedence, and consequently without offence. This is a useful secret, and I will publish it here from my own practice, for the benefit of my countrymen, and the universal improvement of mankind.

It is this: I generally fix a sort of first meridian in my thoughts before I sit down; and instead of observing privately, as the way is, whom in company I may sit above in point of birth, age, fortune, or station, I consider only the situation of the table by the points in the compass, and the nearer I can get to the east (which is a point of honour for many reasons; for "*porrecta majestas ad ortum solis*") I am so much the higher; and my good fortune is to sit sometimes, or for the most part, due east, sometimes, N. by E. seldom with greater variation; and then I do myself honour, and am blessed with invisible precedence, mystical to others; and the joke is, that by this means I take place (for place is but fancy) of many that sit above me; and while most people in company look upon me as a modest man, I know myself to be a very assuming fellow, and do often look down with contempt on some at the upper end of the table. By this craft I at once gratify my humour, (which is pride) and preserve my character; and this I take to be the art of

life. And sticking to this rule, I generally possess a middle place in company, even in the vulgar account, and am at meat as wise men would be in the world,

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.<sup>1</sup>  
HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 204.

And to this purpose, my way is to carry a little pocket compass in my left fob, and from that I take my measures imperceptibly, as from a watch, in the usual way of comparing time before dinner; or if I chance to forget that, I consider the situation of the parish church, and this is my never-failing regulator.

I know some people take another way for this, and place themselves nearest the dish they like best, and their ambition is gratified where their appetite is so. Eating well is commonly, and with justice, called good living; and their rule is that of Horace,

Ut quocunque loco fueris vixisse libenter  
Te dicas.<sup>2</sup>—1 Ep. xi. 24.

And it must be allowed as a standard, their honour lies in their stomach; as indeed I have always thought that contrary to vulgar notions, the seat not of honour only, but of most great qualities of the mind, as well as of the disorders of the body.

Give me leave to explain myself. I think I can reduce to this one principle, all the properties of the mind: And by the way, as I take our grand devourer of fire to have the best stomach of any man living,<sup>3</sup> I conclude him the greatest person our age, or any other has produced, not excepting Cato's daughter;<sup>4</sup> nor shall Time, although *edax rerum*, ever digest the memory of one, who has a better appetite

1 "Behind the first, yet still before the last."  
DUNCOMBE.

2 "Seize on the present joy, and thus possess,  
Where'er you live, an inward happiness."  
FRANCIS.

<sup>3</sup> A man called the fire-eater, who exhibited himself as a show about this period, suffering slips of meat to be broiled on live charcoal laid on his tongue, and displaying other feats of a like nature. [S.]

<sup>4</sup> Who is said to have killed herself by swallowing live coals. [S.]

than even Time itself. But to go on, does not the stomach make men ambitious, covetous, amorous, obsequious, and time-serving? What made a certain judge keep his place on the bench when his brethren left it, but his sense of honour, *i.e.* his keen appetite? Does not the stomach alone carry all debates in both Houses, and support parties, and make court parasites lose their dinners *sometimes*, that they and theirs may dine the better all their lives after? Don't we use to say a man of honour stomachs an indignity? Is not English feeding the foundation of English bravery; and good claret, of *fiercé* and French sprightliness?

In short, courage, honour, wit, and sense, and all arts and sciences, take their rise here; and this an ancient has observed, "*magister artis ingeniique largitor venter*"; which if it be true, I will take upon me to declare our vulgar saying, "that men have guts in their brains" is a vulgar error, and should be rectified, and that rather their brains are in their guts; and when we see some men less courageous, witty, or learned than others, we should pity their bad stomachs or indigestion, rather than their incapacity or indisposition of brain. I am so sensible of this, that I have of many years disused, as an absurdity, that saying to a simple fellow—"God help your head;" but I wish him with more propriety, a good stomach, or a better dinner.

I could here chemico-mechanically resolve men's parts into their feeding, and shew what sort of humours and genius must necessarily proceed from particular sorts of meats, and explain a great deal of the heathen mythology by it; but this I reserve for a treatise by itself:<sup>1</sup> Yet this I will say, that a

<sup>1</sup> Swift probably recollected the Alma of his friend Prior.

"I say, whatever you maintain  
Of Alma in the heart of brain;  
The plainest man alive may tell you  
Her seat of empire is the belly:  
From hence she sends out those supplies  
Which make us either stout or wise;  
The strength of every other member  
Is founded on your belly-timber;  
The qualms or raptures of your blood,  
Rise in proportion to your food;  
And if you would improve your thought,  
You must be fed as well as taught,

writer's stomach, appetite, and victuals, may be judged from his method, style, and subject, as certainly as if you were his mess-fellow, and sat at table with him. Hence we call a subject dry, a writer insipid, notions crude and indigested, a pamphlet empty and hungry, a style *jejune*; and many such-like expressions, plainly alluding to the diet of an author; and I make no manner of doubt, but Tully grounded that saying of "*helluo librorum*" upon the same observation.

Now, I say, it is evident, if this be true, that every man at meat is most honoured when he is most humoured, or when he sits nearest to that which pleases his palate best; and consequently that is the first place to him upon that principle, and such men must be allowed to have the truest taste of honour of all others. I have observed these sort of people have generally a great propensity to roast beef; and it will be granted, that to sit even at the foot of the table

Your stomach makes your fabric roll,  
Just as the bias rules the bowl.  
That great Achilles might employ  
His strength, design'd to ruin Troy;  
He dined on Lion's marrow, spread  
On toasts of ammunition-bread;  
But by his mother sent away,  
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,  
Effeminate he sate and quiet,  
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Observe these various operations  
Of food and drink in several nations.  
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel  
Upon the strength of water-gruel?  
But who shall stand his rage and force,  
If first he rides then eats his horse?  
Sallads and eggs and lighter fare  
Tune the Italian spark's guitar.  
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,  
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.  
Tokay and coffee cause the work  
Between the German and the Turk;  
And both as they provisions want,  
Chicane, avoid, retreat, and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,  
Give the same death in different words.  
To push this argument no further,  
To starve a man in law is murther."

PRIOR'S *Alma*, ap. *Poems*, 1718, fol., p. 366. [S.]

next a sir-loin, which is a dish of dignity, and of old hereditary knighthood, is in strictness of heraldry, more honourable than a place next the biggest plain country squire at the upper end; and I have often chosen it.

But to return from this useful digression. The noble personage aforementioned, who honoured me with his sentiments upon this abstruse point, must be allowed to have as good a local memory as any lord in the kingdom, and has never been known once to mistake, or forget, or recede from that place of distinction, which is due to him. He could settle the forms of a royal interment, and adjust the ceremonies of a coronation, if occasion were; and I must add, but that he has more honour than to be officious, he could have determined that late controverted point of an English bishop's place amongst ours, and had saved the house, had he been called upon, the trouble and delays of referring to English precedents.<sup>1</sup>

I say, his lordship (who is expert in heraldry, and as communicative of that useful knowledge, as becomes noble spirits) has assured me, there is no notice taken in that science, of any distinction of place for learned faculties, and for mechanical ones, such as appear on collar-days, or riding the franchises;<sup>2</sup> they are below the thoughts of a man of quality. He pretends not to know what by-laws, or private compacts of precedence there may be between goldsmiths and grocers, vintners and shoemakers.

I have now before me a table of precedence given me by the same noble hand, reaching down from a prince of the blood to a country squire, and regarding every branch of their families in the minutest manner—which I reserve for my own use, and am envious enough to deny it to the world; and the rather, that it is to be found in "Mackenzie and Guillim,"<sup>3</sup> and may be had for half-a-crown in the office.

The case being so, there can be no other way, as I conceive, of deciding a question of precedence between the two faculties of law and physic, but by enquiring into their antiquity and dignity; and whichever of them shall appear

<sup>1</sup> The question of precedence between the English and Irish Prelacy has been revived since the Union. [S.]

<sup>2</sup> Processions of the incorporations of Dublin. [S.]

<sup>3</sup> Two well-known writers on heraldry. [T. S.]

to be most ancient and most useful to the world, I presume the world will in justice think fit to have the greater honour for, and give the precedence to.

I take it for granted, that priority of time, *caeteris paribus*, gives a preference of place, and this naturally, or by common consent, for that I take to be the meaning of "nature" in most cases, *viz.* what is found reasonable in itself, and has been always agreed to by mankind, and is confirmed by constant and uninterrupted practice; and this I desire some young preachers to take good notice of, and get by rote. I likewise, by the way, take upon me, now I think of it, to advise a certain deacon of my acquaintance, to read Doctor Cumberland<sup>1</sup> all through, and twice, before he presumes to plead "the law of nature" in the pulpit; to learn mathematics before he pretends to demonstrate there; to peruse Aristotle, Tacitus, and the State Tracts, before he meddles with politics; and be able to act Eteocles, before he attempts Greek quotations in his sermons. What if Jocasta or Antigone should hear a mispronunciation from the pulpit, or any other of those young Greeks, who so lately did an honour to Euripides, transported their audience into Thebes, and inspired the old bachelors on the foremost bench, with that *ῥαιδοποίην ἡδονήν*, which they so handsomely represented!

I say, time gives a natural right of precedence by common consent, and hence age is honoured above youth, and by it. The very heathens thought it indecency, and a trespass in point of manners, "*si juvenis seni non assurrexerit*," if a young man did not rise up and give way to an older; and the canonists I hope will be ingenuous enough to own, though in this argument against their brethren the civilians, that it was a rule of the primitive church, that a deacon should not sit in the presence of a presbyter. In a word, wisdom and experience, which are divine qualities, are the properties of age, and make it honourable, and youth, in the want of them, contemptible.

<sup>1</sup> The Reverend Richard Cumberland, who died Bishop of Peterborough in 1718, was the author of a very learned work, entitled, "*De Legibus Naturae Disquisitio Philosophica, in qua earum forma, summa capita, ordo, promulgatio et obligatio e rerum natura investigantur: Quinetiam Argumenta Philosophiae Hobbeianae tum moralis tum civilis, considerantur et refutantur.*" Lond. 1672, 4to. [S.]



But I don't say this to mortify or discourage young men. I would not by any means have them despise themselves, for that is the ready way to be despised by others; and the consequences of contempt are fatal. For my part, I take self-conceit and opinionativeness to be, of all others, the most useful and profitable quality of the mind. It has, to my knowledge, made bishops, and judges, and smart writers, and pretty fellows, and pleasant companions, and good preachers. It is a sure way of being agreeable to the ladies, who ever judge of men, as they observe men do of themselves. If all men were to have the same opinion of themselves that others have of them, there would not be, out of mere shame, above two sermons next Sunday in this large city, nor five lawyers to go through with the business of next term. Self-conceit supports the dignity of church and state, and I pronounce him an enemy to the public, who is so to that.

Much less do I intend any trouble to young clergymen of the court or city by the foregoing remark; as if because deacons of old used to stand before presbyters, that now it were fit to rise when they come in, or give the civility of the hat or wall to any rusty "rum"<sup>1</sup> in the street. I know the inconvenience of that mistaken piece of old breeding to both parties, and think it prudently laid aside. It is respect to an old parson not to oblige him to uncover in the cold, and unsocket his head with both hands, and so daggle his gown out of ceremony; it is the same respect to a spruce bob, to let it lie quiet and undisturbed in its hat-case. I know no reason, why powder and oil should submit to grease and greyness, that a white wig should lower to hoary hair, or a brushed beaver strike to a Carolina hat with stays.

I cannot forbear here to applaud the present refinement of ecclesiastics in their habits, and say they are more primitive and regular in their dress than those of any age before them. A clergyman ought to be *κοσμιος*, *i.e.* not as we read it, of good behaviour, but well dressed; as indeed nothing contributes more to polite behaviour than good clothes. This is a various reading; and here I observe, for the use of young stagers in divinity, that nothing will bring them

<sup>1</sup> Cant expression for a clergyman. [S.]

into greater repute for deep learning, than to enterprise in criticism, and adventure betimes to change the common reading of any text in the Bible. This single word is, in my opinion, enough to vindicate their silks and velvets against all the fanatics in Christendom, and our own canons to back them.

It is an old observation, that piety is mostly supported by the female sex; so that whatever is agreeable to them is for the advantage of religion, and consequently the clergy should dress in respect to the ladies, *i.e.* for the good of the church. And indeed I have known some of the younger sort, that could not preach with a ruffled band, or a wig out of curl; and a certain lady of my acquaintance, very religious, and who had a good taste of men, always made a judgment from the air and dress of the preacher, and never relished any doctrine that came not recommended with a scarf and a diamond ring. I am not one that, "*ambitiosa recidet ornamenta*," would strip the *young* clergy, and retrench their decencies of dress. So far from it, that I wish them with all my heart greater elegance, and finer apparel. Well fare the heart of that sprightly youth, a deacon of this church, who I foresee shall first adventure to hoop<sup>1</sup> his canonical coat, and border his band or shirt with Mechlin lace, or a modest fringe.

But to return from this incident to my subject again (from which a vast impetuous force of wit, and learning, and love of my country have led me devious). The nicest logicians will allow it a fair way of arguing in all cases, to refer to things what is true as to persons; and therefore I conclude, if physic be a faculty more ancient than that of civil law, then it literally *goes before* it, *i.e.* takes place of it; and I hope it will not be denied, that physic is as old as the occasion of it; as old indeed within a few days, as mankind; which can by no means be said of the other, in comparison, upstart profession, unless any one will be so hardy to affirm, there was a Doctors' Commons or Bishops' Court in Paradise. And if any man should insist to know the year and day of the rise of physic, I take him to be ignorant of religion and

<sup>1</sup> In the reign of George I. men's coats were stiffened in the skirts with buckram, so as to bear no small resemblance to hoops. [S.]



history, and will disdain an answer; though I could tell him not only what the first distemper was, and that epidemical, *viz.* a falling sickness, but also who it was that cured it; but I don't think fit to gratify dulness and ignorance so far.

I have ever blamed St. Jerome in my heart for indiscretion, that when some pragmatistical deacons set up for equality with presbyters, he to humble them, made presbyters equal in effect to bishops; and I could do something of the same kind in the present dispute, and shew those assuming civilians, that they can with so little reason arrogate a place above physicians, or an equality with them, that, in my humble opinion, some faculties which they have in contempt, are superior to them in point of time, which I have already proved to be the natural ground of precedency; and it is enough here but to name the excellent faculties of music and poetry, whose antiquity, I think, no man of sense or modesty will call in question.

But having mentioned poetry, I must go aside a little to salute my worthy friend<sup>1</sup> the professor<sup>2</sup> of, or to speak more properly, the reader in, that faculty in Oxford, who has befriended the world so much by his incomparable performances of that kind,<sup>3</sup> especially his latest. I will own he has taught me, and I believe some other gentlemen who had lost their Latin, the true grammatical construction of Virgil,<sup>4</sup> and deserves not our acknowledgments only, but those of Eton and Westminster. I am sensible, construction is as necessary to the relish and use of an author, as chewing is to taste and digestion. However, I must take upon me to admonish him of one great mistake, and I know that the modesty of the man, and the good nature familiar to him,

<sup>1</sup> The Reverend Mr. Trap, [Joseph Trapp, M.A., afterwards D.D.] (who has lately resigned that post, and is succeeded therein by the Reverend Mr. Warton [Thomas Warton, M.A., afterwards B.D.] of Magd. College.) [Note in 1722 edit.]

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Joseph Trapp was elected Poetry Professor in 1708, and published his lectures under the title of "*Praelectiones Poeticae*." Although a Tory, the son of a Tory, he had somehow given offence to Swift, who mentions him with disrespect in his *Journal to Stella*. The praise bestowed in the text is plainly ironical. [S.]

<sup>3</sup> His "*Praelectiones Poeticae*." [Note in 1722 edit.]

<sup>4</sup> His translation of Virgil's *Aeneid* into blank verse. [Note in 1722 edit.]

and which shines as much in his conversation, as wit and true poetry does in his works,<sup>1</sup> will bear it from a friend. He has more than once, as I remember, put jessamine for sweet-marjoram, the true version; but as this, and a few more, are his only variations from the letter of the original, it may well be excused; my fear is, that school-boys may come to suffer by his mistake. I dare venture to affirm, in favour of that good pot-herb, that sweet-marjoram is not improper either in broth or heroics.

Though I think what has been urged is sufficient to weigh in favour of the faculty I have here espoused; yet, upon occasion, I could allow all this to go for nothing, and place the controversy upon another footing, and argue from the natural dignity of medicine itself, and the universal use and benefit of it to mankind: For it is well known, that physic has been always necessary to the world, and what mankind cannot be without. It has been requisite in all ages and places, which is more than can be asserted in behalf of law, either civil or canon. I don't believe they know anything of these in China or the Mogul's country, but we know they do of physic, which prevails in the East, which supplies us with great part of our *materia medica*; and no Englishman ought in gratitude to forget, that the great genius and honour of England was cured of a fit of the gout by a salutary moss from the east.<sup>2</sup>

But this is not all. The force of physic goes further than the body, and is of use in relieving the mind under most of its disorders: And this I dare venture to affirm, having frequently made the experiment upon my own person with never-failing success; and this I did by the direction of my worthy parish minister, who is indeed an excellent divine, and withal an able physician; and a good physician only to be the better divine. That good man has often quieted my conscience with an emetic, has dissipated troublesome

<sup>1</sup> In the Journal, Swift says, "Trapp is a coxcomb, and the other not very deep, and their judgment in things of wit and sense is miraculous." [S.]

<sup>2</sup> See Sir William Temple's essay "On the Cure of Gout by Moxa," an Indian moss so called. As the treatment consisted in making up the moss into a pastile, which was set on fire and suffered to consume itself upon the part affected, it is probable, that, notwithstanding Sir William Temple's high authority, few patients cared to encounter so rude a mode of cure.—See Temple's Works, vol. iii. p. 246. [S.]

thoughts with a cordial, or exhilarating drops, has cured me of a love-fit by breathing a vein, and removed anger and revenge by the prescription of a draught, thence called bitter; and in these and other instances, has convinced me, that physic is of use to the very soul, as far as that depends on the crasis of the body.

—Mentem sanari, corpus ut aegrum,  
Cernimus et flecti Medicinâ posse videmus.

LUCRET. iii. 510.

And I am so fully persuaded of this, that I never see a wretch go to execution, but I lament that he had not been in the hands of a good physician, who would have corrected those peccant humours of his body, which brought him to that untimely death.

Now can anything like this be pleaded in behalf of one or other of the two laws we are dealing with, or of both together? By the way, I must observe here, that these two laws, civil and canon, are put in couples for their unluckiness, and I think they ought to be muzzled too. And here lies the disadvantage of the present dispute; physic we know is a plain simple thing; now that this single faculty, without one friend on earth to take its part and be a second, should dispute with a pair at once, is as if one poor blood-hound should engage with a couple of mastiffs; or that a man should fight a gentleman and his lackey, or with a single rapier against sword and pistol; 'tis very foul play, and standers-by should interpose; so hard are the terms of this debate; but there is no help for it: these two fast friends can scarce be parted, and are seldom found asunder; they must rise and fall together. My Lord Bacon used to say, very familiarly, "When I rise, my a— rises with me." I ask pardon for the rudeness of the allusion; but it is certain that the canon law is but the tail, the fag-end, or footman of the civil, and like vermin in rotten wood, rose in the church in the age of its corruption, and when it wanted physic to purge it.

But I am wearing of proving so plain a point: To me it is clear beyond contradiction, that the antiquity and dignity of physic do give it the precedence of civil law and its friend. I could here very easily stop the mouths of ecclesiastical

civilians, by an example or two of great authority; but I hope they will take the hint, and save me the trouble: And for lay-professors, I will only say, he that is not convinced, has little sense not only of religion (perhaps that is their least consideration) but of good manners, and loyalty, and good fellowship. The blood of the *de Medicis*<sup>1</sup> flows in the best veins in Europe; and I know not how far any slight offered to the faculty may exasperate the present King of France, or the Grand Duke, to a resentment prejudicial to our wines, and the public peace and the present posture of affairs. All that love their country, and right good Florence, will perceive by this, on which side of the argument they ought to appear.

And now for the universal peace of mankind, I make the following rule, to be observed by all professors in each faculty, and their understrappers: I decree, that a doctor of physic shall take place of a doctor of laws; a surgeon of an advocate; an apothecary of a proctor of office, and a tooth-drawer of a register in the court. I intended this for a parallel; but here it fails me, and the lines meet.<sup>2</sup>

I shall now only observe further, that as the case seems desperate on the side of civilians, in point of reason, so I hear they have another game to play, and are for appealing to authority; as I have known a school-boy fairly beaten at cuffs, run with a bloody nose to complain to his master. I am credibly informed, there is a design on foot to bring in heads of a bill in favour of civilians next sessions of parliament; but how generous that sort of proceeding is, I leave the world to judge. I am but one, and will certainly oppose any such motion in my place, though from the number of civilians in the house, I have reason to apprehend it will be to little purpose. The college, a true *alma mater*, has dubbed most of us doctors, and has been more wise than Christian

<sup>1</sup> That this celebrated family actually took their name from the medical profession, is certain, notwithstanding the very flattering genealogies with which they were supplied by poets and heralds after they had attained to eminence. It is supposed the golden balls borne in their arms, were neither more nor less than gilded pills. [S.]

<sup>2</sup> A sneer at Sacheverell, who was so ignorant as to talk, in a sermon preached before the University, of parallel lines meeting in a centre. [S.]

in her favours of that kind; for she has not “given, hoping for nothing again.”

But here I enter my protest against all designs that may any way prejudice so great and illustrious a body of men, as our College of Physicians are; and I shall take care to draw out the substance of this argument, and present it in short heads to each member at a proper time, and am not without some hopes that reason may weigh with them.

In the meantime, I hope a worthy gentleman, a member of our house, will stand up on that occasion, and assert the rights of a faculty, which he has entered into, and does an honour to. It must be remembered to his credit, that being equally skilled in physic, and civil law, and perhaps in divinity as well as either, he chose to commence in medicine, having chiefly qualified himself for that noble faculty by repeated travels, and enriched his mind with many curious observations, which the world may, in time, expect incredible benefit from.

If any man thinks fit to reply to this argument, and rectify any mistakes in it, I desire him to preserve his temper, and debate the matter with the same coolness that I have done, that no blood may be drawn in the controversy, nor any reason given me to complain of “*civilis vulnera dextrae.*” As conviction chiefly engaged me on the side of physicians, so in some measure, a sense of gratitude for a faculty to which I owe the comforts of life, and perhaps life itself, having received from it unspeakable ease in the two inveterate distempers the spleen and the gout.



AN ESSAY  
ON  
MODERN EDUCATION.

## NOTE.

FOR an account of "The Intelligencer" the reader is referred to the note on page 311 of volume ix of the present edition of Swift's works. On its first publication in that journal this essay was entitled, "The foolish Methods of Education among the Nobility." The present title was given by the editor of the quarto edition of 1764, where it was printed in the seventh volume. The excellent sense and reasonableness of Swift's criticism is nowhere more evident than in this piece. It is placed here out of its chronological order as being somewhat germane to the two pieces that follow.

The text is based on that given in "The Intelligencer," but it has been carefully collated with that printed in volume vii of the quarto edition of 1764.

[T. S.]



## AN ESSAY ON MODERN EDUCATION.<sup>1</sup>

FROM frequently reflecting upon the course and method of educating youth in this and a neighbouring kingdom, with the general success and consequence thereof, I am come to this determination, that education is always the worse in proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the parents; nor do I doubt in the least, that if the whole world were now under the dominion of one monarch (provided I might be allowed to choose where he should fix the seat of his empire) the only son and heir of that monarch would be the worst educated mortal that ever was born since the creation; and I doubt the same proportion will hold through all degrees and titles, from an emperor downward to the common gentry.

I do not say that this has been always the case; for, in better times, it was directly otherwise, and a scholar may fill half his Greek and Roman shelves with authors of the noblest birth, as well as highest virtue: nor do I tax all nations at present with this defect, for I know there are some to be excepted, and particularly Scotland, under all the disadvantages of its climate and soil, if that happiness be not rather owing even to those very disadvantages. What is then to be done, if this reflection must fix on two countries, which will be most ready to take offence, and which, of all others, it will be least prudent or safe to offend?

But there is one circumstance yet more dangerous and lamentable: for if, according to the *postulatum* already laid down, the higher quality any youth is of, he is in greater

<sup>1</sup> This is No. IX of "The Intelligencer," of which the title in 1729 was "The foolish Methods of Education among the Nobility." [T. S.]

likelihood to be worse educated, it behoves me to dread and keep far from the verge of *scandalum magnatum*.

Retracting, therefore, that hazardous *postulatum*, I shall venture no farther at present than to say, that perhaps some additional care in educating the sons of nobility, and principal gentry, might not be ill employed. If this be not delivered with softness enough, I must for the future be silent.

In the meantime, let me ask only two questions, which relate to England.<sup>1</sup> I ask, first, how it comes about that, for above sixty years past, the chief conduct of affairs has been generally placed in the hands of new men, with very few exceptions? The noblest blood of England having been shed in the grand rebellion, many great families became extinct, or were supported only by minors. When the King was restored, very few of those lords remained who began, or at least had improved, their education under the reigns of King James or King Charles I., of which lords the two principal were the Marquis of Ormond, and the Earl of Southampton. The minors had, during the rebellion and usurpation, either received too much tincture of bad principles from those fanatic times, or, coming to age at the Restoration, fell into the vices of that dissolute reign.

I date from this era the corrupt method of education among us, and, in consequence thereof, the necessity the Crown lay under of introducing new men into the chief conduct of public affairs, or to the office of what we now call prime ministers; men of art, knowledge, application and insinuation, merely for want of a supply among the nobility. They were generally (though not always) of good birth; sometimes younger brothers, at other times such, who, although inheriting good estates, yet happened to be well educated, and provided with learning. Such, under that king, were Hyde, Bridgeman, Clifford, Osborn, Godolphin, Ashley Cooper: few or none under the short reign of King James II.: under King William, Somers, Montague, Churchill, Vernon, Boyle, and many others: under the Queen, Harley, St John, Harcourt, Trevor: who, indeed, were persons of the best private families, but unadorned

<sup>1</sup> "Which relate to England" in "Miscellanies," vol. iii., 1732. In this volume the rest of the sentence is omitted. [T. S.]

with titles. So in the following reign, Mr Robert Walpole was for many years prime minister, in which post he still happily continues: his brother Horace is ambassador extraordinary to France. Mr Addison and Mr Craggs, without the least alliance to support them, have been secretaries of state.<sup>1</sup>

If the facts have been thus for above sixty years past, (whereof I could, with a little farther recollection, produce many more instances,) I would ask again, how it has happened, that in a nation plentifully abounding with nobility, so great share in the most competent parts of public management has been for so long a period chiefly entrusted to commoners; unless some omissions or defects of the highest import may be charged upon those, to whom the care of educating our noble youth had been committed? For, if there be any difference between human creatures in the point of natural parts, as we usually call them, it should seem, that the advantage lies on the side of children born from noble and wealthy parents; the same traditional sloth and luxury, which render their body weak and effeminate, perhaps refining and giving a freer motion to the spirits, beyond what can be expected from the gross, robust issue of meaner mortals. Add to this the peculiar advantages, which all young noblemen possess by the privileges of their birth; such as a free access to courts, and a universal deference paid to their persons.

But, as my Lord Bacon charges it for a fault on princes, that they are impatient to compass ends, without giving

<sup>1</sup> Hyde is, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon; Bridgeman = Sir Orlando Bridgeman (1606-1674), who succeeded Clarendon as Keeper of the Great Seal; Clifford = Thomas Clifford, first Lord Clifford of Chudleigh (1630-1673), a member of the Cabal Ministry; Osborn = Thomas Osborne, Duke of Leeds (1631-1712), who succeeded Clifford as Lord High Treasurer. He was impeached by the Earl of Shaftesbury, his enemy; Godolphin = Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, Queen Anne's great treasurer; Ashley Cooper = Earl of Shaftesbury (1621-1683) the famous Chancellor of the Exchequer; Somers = John Lord Somers; Montague = Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax (1661-1715); Churchill = John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; St. John = Henry St. John, Earl Bolingbroke; Vernon = James Vernon (1646-1727), Secretary of State; Boyle = Charles Boyle, fourth Earl of Orrery (1676-1731); Harcourt = Simon Harcourt, first Viscount Harcourt (1661-1727); Trevor = Sir John Trevor (1637-1717) Speaker of the House of Commons. [T. S.]

themselves the trouble of consulting or executing the means; so, perhaps, it may be the disposition of young nobles, either from the indulgence of parents, tutors, and governors, or their own inactivity, that they expect the accomplishments of a good education, without the least expense of time or study to acquire them.

What I said last, I am ready to retract, for the case is infinitely worse; and the very maxims set up to direct modern education are enough to destroy all the seeds of knowledge, honour, wisdom, and virtue among us. The current opinion prevails, that the study of Greek and Latin is loss of time; that public schools, by mingling the sons of noblemen with those of the vulgar, engage the former in bad company; that whipping breaks the spirits of lads well born; that universities make young men pedants; that to dance, fence, speak French, and know how to behave yourself among great persons of both sexes, comprehends the whole duty of a gentleman.

I cannot but think, this wise system of education has been much cultivated among us, by those worthies of the army, who during the last war returned from Flanders at the close of each campaign, became the dictators of behaviour, dress, and politeness, to all those youngsters, who frequent chocolate-coffee-gaminghouses, drawing-rooms, operas, levees, and assemblies: where a colonel, by his pay, perquisites and plunder, was qualified to outshine many peers of the realm; and by the influence of an exotic habit and demeanour, added to other foreign accomplishments, gave the law to the whole town, and was copied as the standard pattern of whatever was refined in dress, equipage, conversation, or diversions.

I remember, in those times, an admired original of that vocation sitting in a coffeehouse near two gentlemen, whereof one was of the clergy, who were engaged in some discourse, that savoured of learning. This officer thought fit to interpose, and professing to deliver the sentiments of his fraternity, as well as his own, (and probably he did so of too many among them,) turned to the clergyman, and spoke in the following manner: "D—n me, doctor, say what you will, the army is the only school for gentlemen. Do you think my Lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and

Latin? D—n me, a scholar when he comes into good company, what is he but an ass? D—n me, I would be glad by G—d to see any of your scholars with his nouns and his verbs, and his philosophy, and trigonometry, what a figure he would make at a siege, or blockade, or rencountering—D—n me,” &c.<sup>1</sup> After which he proceeded with a volley of military terms, less significant, sounding worse, and harder to be understood, than any that were ever coined by the commentators upon Aristotle. I would not here be thought to charge the soldiery with ignorance and contempt of learning, without allowing exceptions, of which I have known many; but, however, the worst example, especially in a great majority, will certainly prevail.

I have heard, that the late Earl of Oxford, in the time of his ministry, never passed by White’s chocolatehouse (the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies) without bestowing a curse upon that famous academy, as the bane of half the English nobility. I have likewise been told another passage concerning that great minister, which, because it gives a humorous idea of one principal ingredient in modern education, take as follows. Le Sack, the famous French dancing master, in great admiration, asked a friend, whether it were true, that Mr Harley was made an earl and lord treasurer? and finding it confirmed said, “Well; I wonder what the devil the Queen could see in him; for I attended him two years, and he was the greatest dunce that ever I taught.”<sup>2</sup>

Another hindrance to good education, and I think the the greatest of any, is that pernicious custom in rich and noble families, of entertaining French tutors in their houses. These wretched pedagogues are enjoined by the father, to take special care that the boy shall be perfect in his French; by the mother, that master must not walk till he is hot, nor be suffered to play with other boys, nor be wet in his feet, nor daub his clothes, and to see the dancing master attends constantly, and does his duty; she farther insists, that he be

<sup>1</sup> Swift has versified very near the whole of this passage in his poem on Hamilton’s Bawn, where it is put in the mouth of the Captain of Dragoons. [S.]

<sup>2</sup> The story of Le Sack many of the Dean’s friends have heard him tell, as he had it from the Earl himself. See “Tatler,” No. xx. [S.]

not kept too long poring on his book, because he is subject to sore eyes, and of a weakly constitution.

By these methods, the young gentleman is, in every article, as fully accomplished at eight years old, as at eight and twenty, age adding only to the growth of his person and his vice;<sup>1</sup> so that if you should look at him in his boyhood through the magnifying end of a perspective, and in his manhood through the other, it would be impossible to spy any difference; the same airs, the same strut, the same cock of his hat, and posture of his sword, (as far as the change of fashions will allow,) the same understanding, the same compass of knowledge, with the very same absurdity, impudence, and impertinence of tongue.<sup>2</sup>

He is taught from the nursery, that he must inherit a great estate, and has no need to mind his book, which is a lesson he never forgets to the end of his life. His chief solace is to steal down and play at spanfarthing with the page or young blackamoor, or little favourite footboy, one of which is his principal confident and bosom friend.

There is one young lord<sup>3</sup> in this town, who, by an unexampled piece of good fortune, was miraculously snatched out of the gulph of ignorance, confined to a public school for a due term of years, well whipped when he deserved it, clad no better than his comrades, and always their play-fellow on the same foot, had no precedence in the school, but what was given him by his merit, and lost it whenever he was negligent. It is well known, how many mutinies were

<sup>1</sup> The "Miscellanies" of 1732 has it: "Age adding only to the growth of this person and his vice." [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> The late Sir David Dalrymple gives this account of the state of the gay world in the reign of Queen Anne:

"General Bland told me that every gay man about the town did not pretend to be a beau in the days of Queen Anne; it was a peculiar character, and distinguished by bold strokes, as having horses of a particular colour, or the like. In process of time this distinction was lost, and the word was applied to all *fine men*, as the lower female vulgar term them. As soon as beau became a *nomen multitudinis*, there was a necessity of ranging the fine men under different classes; and it is but justice to this age to say, that it has invented a name for almost every character that distinguishes itself by dress or behaviour, from the plain men who choose to pass unobserved in the crowd."—*Letter, dated Edin. May 4, 1776.* [S.]

<sup>3</sup> Lord Mountcashel, bred at Dr. Sheridan's school. [S.]



bred at this unprecedented treatment, what complaints among his relations, and other great ones of both sexes; that his stockings with silver clocks were ravished from him; that he wore his own hair; that his dress was undistinguished; that he was not fit to appear at a ball or assembly, nor suffered to go to either: and it was with the utmost difficulty, he became qualified for his present removal, where he may probably be farther persecuted, and possibly with success, if the firmness of a very worthy governor and his own good dispositions will not preserve him. I confess, I cannot but wish, he may go on in the way he began; because I have a curiosity to know by so singular an experiment, whether truth, honour, justice, temperance, courage, and good sense, acquired by a school and college education, may not produce a very tolerable lad, although he should happen to fail in one or two of those accomplishments, which, in the general vogue, are held so important to the finishing of a gentleman.

It is true, I have known an academical education to have been exploded in public assemblies; and have heard more than one or two persons of high rank declare, they could learn nothing more at Oxford and Cambridge, than to drink ale and smoke tobacco; wherein I firmly believed them, and could have added some hundred examples from my own observation in one of those universities; but they all were of young heirs sent thither only for form; either from schools, where they were not suffered by their careful parents to stay above three months in the year; or from under the management of French family tutors, who yet often attended them to their college, to prevent all possibility of their improvement; but I never yet knew any one person of quality, who followed his studies at the university, and carried away his just proportion of learning, that was not ready upon all occasions to celebrate and defend that course of education, and to prove a patron of learned men.

There is one circumstance in a learned education, which ought to have much weight, even with those who have no learning at all. The books read at school and college are full of incitements to virtue, and discouragements from vice, drawn from the wisest reasons, the strongest motives, and the most influencing examples. Thus young minds are filled

early with an inclination to good, and an abhorrence of evil, both which increase in them, according to the advances they make in literature; and although they may be, and too often are, drawn by the temptations of youth, and the opportunities of a large fortune, into some irregularities, when they come forward into the great world, yet it is ever with reluctance and compunction of mind; because their bias to virtue still continues. They may stray sometimes, out of infirmity or compliance; but they will soon return to the right road, and keep it always in view. I speak only of those excesses, which are too much the attendants of youth and warmer blood; for as to the points of honour, truth, justice, and other noble gifts of the mind, wherein the temperature of the body has no concern, they are seldom or ever known to be wild.

I have engaged myself very unwarily in too copious a subject for so short a paper. The present scope I would aim at, is, to prove that some proportion of human knowledge appears requisite to those, who by their birth or fortune are called to the making of laws, and, in a subordinate way, to the execution of them; and that such knowledge is not to be obtained, without a miracle, under the frequent, corrupt, and sottish methods of educating those, who are born to wealth or titles. For I would have it remembered, that I do by no means confine these remarks to young persons of noble birth; the same errors running through all families, where there is wealth enough to afford, that their sons (at least the eldest) may be good for nothing. Why should my son be a scholar, when it is not intended that he should live by his learning? By this rule, if what is commonly said be true, that "money answers all things," why should my son be honest, temperate, just, or charitable, since he has no intention to depend upon any of these qualities for a maintenance?

When all is done, perhaps, upon the whole, the matter is not so bad as I would make it; and God, who works good out of evil, acting only by the ordinary course and rule of nature, permits this continual circulation of human things, for his own unsearchable ends. The father grows rich by avarice, injustice, oppression; he is a tyrant in the neighbourhood over slaves and beggars, whom he calls his tenants.



Why should he desire to have qualities infused into his son, which himself never possessed, or knew, or found the want of, in the acquisition of his wealth? The son, bred in sloth and idleness, becomes a spendthrift, a cully, a profligate, and goes out of the world a beggar, as his father came in: thus the former is punished for his own sins, as well as for those of the latter. The dunghill, having raised a huge mushroom of short duration, is now spread to enrich other men's lands. It is indeed of worse consequence, where noble families are gone to decay; because their titles and privileges outlive their estates: and politicians tell us, that nothing is more dangerous to the public, than a numerous nobility without merit or fortune. But even here God has likewise prescribed some remedy in the order of nature; so many great families coming to an end, by the sloth, luxury, and abandoned lusts, which enervated their breed through every succession, producing gradually a more effeminate race wholly unfit for propagation.



OF THE EDUCATION OF LADIES

#### NOTE.

THIS essay, evidently intended for a lengthy dissertation on a subject which Swift had much at heart, remains but a fragment. It appeared first in vol. viii (part i, pp. 265-8) of the edition of Swift's works published in 1765, from which the present text is taken.

[T. S.]

## OF THE EDUCATION OF LADIES.

THERE is a subject of controversy which I have frequently met with, in mixed and select companies of both sexes, and sometimes only of men:—"Whether it be prudent to choose a wife who hath good natural sense, some taste of wit and humour, sufficiently versed in her own natural language, able to read and to relish history, books of travels, moral or entertaining discourses, and be a tolerable judge of the beauties in poetry?"

This question is generally determined in the negative by the women themselves, but almost universally by the men.

We must observe, that, in this debate, those whom we call men and women of fashion are only to be understood, not merchants, tradesmen, or others of such occupations, who are not supposed to have shared in a liberal education. I except, likewise, all ministers of state during their power, lawyers and physicians in great practice, persons in such employments as take up the greater part of the day, and perhaps some other conditions of life which I cannot call to mind. Neither must I forget to except all gentlemen of the army, from the general to the ensign; because those qualifications above-mentioned, in a wife, are wholly out of their element and comprehension; together with all mathematicians, and gentlemen lovers of music, metaphysicians, virtuosi, and great talkers, who have all amusements enough of their own. All these put together will amount to a great number of adversaries, whom I shall have no occasion to encounter, because I am already of their sentiments. Those persons whom I mean to include, are the bulk of lords, knights, and squires, throughout England, whether they reside between the town and country, or generally in either. I do also include those of the clergy, who have tolerably

good preferments in London or any other parts of the kingdom.

The most material arguments that I have met with, on the negative side of this great question, are what I shall now impartially report, in as strong a light as I think they can bear.

It is argued, "That the great end of marriage is propagation: that, consequently, the principal business of a wife is to breed children, and to take care of them in their infancy; that the wife is to look to her family, watch over the servants, see that they do their work; that she be absent from her house as little as possible; that she is answerable for everything amiss in her family; that she is to obey all the lawful commands of her husband, and visit or be visited by no persons whom he disapproves; that her whole business, if well performed, will take up most hours of the day; that the greater she is, and the more servants she keeps, her inspection must increase accordingly. For, as a family represents a kingdom, so the wife, who is her husband's first minister, must, under him, direct all the officers of state, even to the lowest; and report their behaviour to her husband, as the first minister does to his prince. That such a station requires much time, and thought, and order; and, if well executed, leaves but little time for visits or diversions.

"That a humour of reading books, except those of devotion or housewifery, is apt to turn a woman's brain; that plays, romances, novels, and love-poems, are only proper to instruct them how to carry on an intrigue; that all affectation of knowledge, beyond what is merely domestic, renders them vain, conceited, and pretending; that the natural levity of woman wants ballast; and, when she once begins to think she knows more than others of her sex, she will begin to despise her husband, and grow fond of every coxcomb who pretends to any knowledge in books; that she will learn scholastic words; make herself ridiculous by pronouncing them wrong, and applying them absurdly in all companies; that, in the meantime, her household affairs, and the care of her children, will be wholly laid aside; her toilet will be crowded with all the under-wits where the conversation will pass in criticizing on the last play or poem that comes out, and she will be careful to remember all the

remarks that were made, in order to retail them in the next visit, especially in company who know nothing of the matter; that she will have all the impertinence of a pedant, without the knowledge; and for every new acquirement, will become so much the worse."

To say the truth, that shameful and almost universal neglect of good education among our nobility, gentry, and indeed among all others who are born to good estates, will make this essay of little use to the present age; for, considering the modern way of training up both sexes in ignorance, idleness, and vice, it is of little consequence how they are coupled together. And therefore my speculations on this subject can be only of use to a small number; for, in the present situation of the world, none but wise and good men can fail of missing their match, whenever they are disposed to marry; and consequently there is no reason for complaint on either side. The forms by which a husband and wife are to live, with regard to each other and to the world, are sufficiently known and fixed, in direct contradiction to every precept of morality, religion, or civil institution; it would be therefore an idle attempt to aim at breaking so firm an establishment.

But as it sometimes happens, that an elder brother dies late enough to leave the younger at the university, after he hath made some progress in learning; if we suppose him to have a tolerable genius, and a desire to improve it, he may consequently learn to value and esteem wisdom and knowledge wherever he finds them, even after his father's death, when his title and estate come into his own possession. Of this kind, I reckon, by a favourable computation, there may possibly be found, by a strict search among the nobility and gentry throughout England, about five hundred. Among those of all other callings or trades, who are able to maintain a son at the university, about treble that number. The sons of clergymen bred to learning with any success, must, by reason of their parents' poverty, be very inconsiderable, many of them being only admitted servitors in colleges, (and consequently proving good for nothing). I shall therefore count them to be not above fourscore. But, to avoid fractions, I shall suppose there may possibly be a round number of two thousand male human creatures in England (including

Wales), who have a tolerable share of reading and good sense. I include in this list all persons of superior abilities, or great genius, or true judgment and taste, or of profound literature, who, I am confident, we may reckon to be at least five-and-twenty.

I am very glad to have this opportunity of doing an honour to my country, by a computation which I am afraid foreigners may conceive to be partial; when, out of only fifteen thousand families of lords and estated gentlemen, which may probably be their number, I suppose one in thirty to be tolerably educated, with a sufficient share of good sense. Perhaps the censure may be just. And therefore, upon cooler thoughts, to avoid all cavils, I shall reduce them to one thousand, which, at least, will be a number sufficient to fill both Houses of Parliament.

The daughters of great and rich families, computed after the same manner, will hardly amount to above half the number of the male; because the care of their education is either left entirely to their mothers, or they are sent to boarding-schools, or put into the hands of English or French governesses, and generally the worst that can be gotten for money. So that, after the reduction I was compelled to, from two thousand to one, half the number of well-educated nobility and gentry must either continue in a single life, or be forced to couple themselves with women for whom they can possibly have no esteem; I mean fools, prudes, coquettes, gamesters, saunterers, endless talkers of nonsense, splenetic idlers, intriguers, given to scandal and censure,

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HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY  
ON CONVERSATION.

## NOTE.

THE following piece may be compared with Swift's more important and inimitable treatise on the Art of Polite Conversation. It was written probably about 1709 or 1710, and may have been the original plan of the longer work, which was taken up later in life. In the Introduction to the "Polite Conversation," Swift states that he always kept a note-book in his pocket in which he entered the choicest expressions heard by him in any company. These, on "returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged; and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method." It may, therefore, be as Mr. Saintsbury suggests that the following "Hints" constitute the undigested notes brought to the proper "degree of perfection," sixteen years later.

[T. S.]

## HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

I HAVE observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or, at least, so slightly handled as this; and, indeed, I know few so difficult to be treated as it ought, nor yet upon which there seemeth so much to be said.

Most things, pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined, that they seldom subsist but in idea; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some others, require so many ingredients, so good in their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, that for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection. But, in conversation, it is, or might be otherwise; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every man's power, for want of which it remaineth as mere an idea as the other. Therefore it seemeth to me, that the truest way to understand conversation, is to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and from thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated, because it requireth few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire without any great genius or study. For nature hath left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are an hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this subject by mere indignation, to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life,

and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.

And in this discourse it will be necessary to note those errors that are obvious, as well as others which are seldomer observed, since there are few so obvious, or acknowledged, into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance: Nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together, where some one among them hath not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceedeth with much thought and caution, maketh his preface, brancheth out into several digressions, findeth a hint that putteth him in mind of another story, which he promiseth to tell you when this is done; cometh back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holding his head, complaineth of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense; at length says, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proveth at last a story the company hath heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is, that of those who affect to talk of themselves: Some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise: They will call a witness to remember, they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences, just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but, if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity

and constraint; with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others; without once making this easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men, than theirs have with him; and how little that is, he is sensible enough.

Where company hath met, I often have observed two persons discover, by some accident, that they were bred together at the same school or university, after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades.

I know a great officer of the army, who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking; at length of a sudden demand audience, decide the matter in a short dogmatical way; then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation, which none are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths, without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it is so many words lost: It is a torment to the hearers, as much as to themselves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint, with so little success. They must do something extraordinary, in order to acquit themselves, and answer their character, else the standers-by may be disappointed and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together, in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit, who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside: he neither expecteth to be informed or entertained, but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation; and, therefore, he chooseth to frequent those who are content to listen, and profess themselves his admirers. And, indeed, the worst conversation I ever remember to

have heard in my life, was that at Will's coffeehouse, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men, who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling composures, in so important an air, as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were usually attended with an humble audience of young students from the inns of court, or the universities, who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy, their heads filled with trash, under the name of politeness, criticism and *belles lettres*.<sup>1</sup>

By these means the poets, for many years past, were all overrun with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used; because pedantry is the too frequent or unseasonable obtruding our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it; by which definition, men of the court or the army may be as guilty of pedantry as a philosopher or a divine; and, it is the same vice in women, when they are over copious upon the subject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take; because, beside the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

The great town is usually provided with some player, mimic or buffoon, who hath a general reception at the good tables; familiar and domestic with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company; against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppetshow; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while this<sup>2</sup> merry companion is acting his part. It is a business he hath undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I only quarrel, when in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening,

<sup>1</sup> Probably Addison's perpetual presidency increased Swift's dislike to these coffeehouse meetings. [S.]

<sup>2</sup> "his" in both 4to and 8vo of 1764. [T. S.]

this jester should be admitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation, besides the indignity of confounding men's talents at so shameful a rate.

Raillery is the finest part of conversation; but, as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart; just as when an expensive fashion cometh up, those who are not able to reach it, content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passeth for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make him ridiculous, sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding; on all which occasions he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whence we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection; but, by some turn of wit unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation, which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blameable; I mean, an impatience to interrupt others, and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves; which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of those two errors; because when any man speaketh in company, it is to be supposed he doth it for his hearers' sake, and not his own; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention, if they are not willing to lend it; nor on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession,



because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people, whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you; but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts which they long to be delivered of. Meantime, they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people, by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour, which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the raillery of slaves, of which we have many instances in Plautus. It seemeth to have been introduced among us by Cromwell,<sup>1</sup> who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars; and, considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious: Although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; and, considering how low conversation runs now among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent; however, it is subject to two unavoidable defects; frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that whoever valueth this gift in himself, hath need of a

<sup>1</sup> Cromwell's taste for buffoonery is well known. Captain Hodgson describes him as greatly diverted with the predicament of a soldier, whose head stuck fast in a butter-churn, as he attempted to drink the cream; and adds, "Oliver loved an innocent jest."—*Hodgson's Memoirs*, p. 131. [S.]



good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund; for those who are thus endowed, have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public, are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice, and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually springeth from a barrenness of invention and of words, by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, they swim upon the superficies, and offer themselves on every occasion; therefore, men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice hath inured and emboldened them, because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions, and of words, which they cannot readily choose, but are perplexed and entangled by too great a choice; which is no disadvantage in private conversation; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing is, of all others, most insupportable.

Nothing hath spoiled men more for conversation, than the character of being wits, to support which, they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who list themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts on both sides, by pleasing their mutual vanity. This hath given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, that they are never present in mind at what passeth in discourse; for whoever labours under any of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation as a madman in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation, that have fallen under my notice or memory, except some that are merely personal, and others too gross to need exploding; such as lewd or profane talk; but I pretend only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the several subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased, by the abuse of that faculty, which is held the great distinction between men

and brutes; and how little advantage we make of that which might be the greatest, the most lasting, and the most innocent, as well as useful pleasure of life. In default of which, we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious amours, whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are entirely corrupted both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friendship, generosity; which, under the name of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, hath been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, further than in parties at play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles the First's reign; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation, were altogether different from ours. Several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime platonic notions they had, or personated in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And, therefore, it is observable in those sprightly gentlemen about the town, who are so very dexterous at entertaining a vizard mask in the park or the playhouse, that, in the company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves and entertain their company with relating of facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place;<sup>1</sup> which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture, peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for, if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects, provided he doth not dwell upon them, but leaveth room for answers and replies.

<sup>1</sup> Persons of this country are at present prone to entertain company rather by the display of their argumentative, than of their narrative powers. [S.]



A TREATISE ON GOOD MANNERS  
AND GOOD BREEDING.

#### NOTE.

THE following piece first appeared in print at the end of Lord Orrery's "Observations" on Swift's life, which was published in 1754.

The present text is that given by Orrery, corrected by the text in volume vii, of the quarto edition of 1764.

[T. S.]

## A TREATISE ON GOOD MANNERS AND GOOD BREEDING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Therefore I insist that good sense is the principal foundation of good manners; but because the former is a gift which very few among mankind are possessed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing some rules for common behaviour, best suited to their general customs, or fancies, as a kind of artificial good sense, to supply the defects of reason. Without which the gentle-

manly part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they seldom fail when they happen to be drunk, or engaged in squabbles about women or play. And, God be thanked, there hardly happens a duel in a year, which may not be imputed to one of those three motives. Upon which account, I should be exceedingly sorry to find the legislature make any new laws against the practice of duelling; because the methods are easy and many for a wise man to avoid a quarrel with honour, or engage in it with innocence. And I can discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers, and rakes, to rid the world of each other by a method of their own; where the law hath not been able to find an expedient.

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

The impertinencies of this ceremonial behaviour are nowhere better seen than at those tables where ladies preside, who value themselves upon account of their good breeding; where a man must reckon upon passing an hour without doing any one thing he has a mind to; unless he will be so hardy to break through all the settled decorum of the family. She determines what he loves best, and how much he shall eat; and if the master of the house happens to be of the same disposition, he proceeds in the same tyrannical manner to prescribe in the drinking part: at the same time, you are under the necessity of answering a thousand apologies for your entertainment. And although a good deal of this humour is pretty well worn off among many people of the best fashion, yet too much of it still remains, especially in the country; where an honest gentleman assured me, that having been kept four days, against his will, at a friend's house, with all the circumstances of hiding his boots, locking up the stable, and other contrivances of the like nature,



he could not remember, from the moment he came into the house to the moment he left it, any one thing, wherein his inclination was not directly contradicted; as if the whole family had entered into a combination to torment him.

But, besides all this, it would be endless to recount the many foolish and ridiculous accidents I have observed among these unfortunate proselytes to ceremony. I have seen a duchess fairly knocked down, by the precipitancy of an officious coxcomb running to save her the trouble of opening a door. I remember, upon a birthday at court, a great lady was utterly desperate<sup>1</sup> by a dish of sauce let fall by a page directly upon her head-dress and brocade, while she gave a sudden turn to her elbow upon some point of ceremony with the person who sat next her. Monsieur Buys,<sup>2</sup> the Dutch envoy, whose politics and manners were much of a size, brought a son with him, about thirteen years old, to a great table at court. The boy and his father, whatever they put on their plates, they first offered round in order, to every person in the company; so that we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At last their two plates happened to encounter, and with so much violence, that, being china, they broke in twenty pieces, and stained half the company with wet sweetmeats and cream.

There is a pedantry in manners, as in all arts and sciences; and sometimes in trades. Pedantry is properly the overrating any kind of knowledge we pretend to. And if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itself, the pedantry is the greater. For which reason I look upon fiddlers, dancing-masters, heralds, masters of the ceremony, &c. to be greater pedants than Lipsius, or the elder Scaliger.<sup>3</sup> With these kind of pedants, the court, while I knew it, was always plentifully stocked; I mean from the gentleman usher (at least) inclusive, downward to the gentleman porter; who are, generally speaking the most insignificant race of people that this island can afford, and with the smallest tincture of good manners, which is the only trade they profess. For being

<sup>1</sup> "Disconsolate" in edition of 1764. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> See note on page 466 of vol. v of present edition. [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> Justus Lipsius the famous scholar of the sixteenth century. The Scaliger referred to is Joseph Justus Scaliger the French scholar, contemporary with Lipsius. [T. S.]

wholly illiterate, and conversing chiefly with each other, they reduce the whole system of breeding within the forms and circles of their several offices; and as they are below the notice of ministers, they live and die in court under all revolutions, with great obsequiousness to those who are in any degree of favour or credit, and with rudeness or insolence to everybody else. Whence I have long concluded, that good manners are not a plant of the court growth: for if they were, those people who have understandings directly of a level for such acquirements, and who have served such long apprenticeships to nothing else, would certainly have picked them up. For as to the great officers, who attend the prince's person or councils, or preside in his family, they are a transient body, who have no better a title to good manners than their neighbours, nor will probably have recourse to gentlemen ushers for instruction. So that I know little to be learnt at court upon this head, except in the material circumstance of dress; wherein the authority of the maids of honour must indeed be allowed to be almost equal to that of a favourite actress.

I remember a passage my Lord Bolingbroke told me, that going to receive Prince Eugene of Savoy at his landing, in order to conduct him immediately to the Queen, the prince said, he was much concerned that he could not see her Majesty that night; for Monsieur Hoffman (who was then by) had assured his Highness that he could not be admitted into her presence with a tied-up periwig;<sup>1</sup> that his equipage was not

<sup>1</sup> In his "Journal to Stella" (January 6th, 1711-12, p. 313, of this edition) Swift writes of this incident as follows: "I went at six to see the Prince [Eugene] 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." [T. S.] Swift's patron, Harley, would, however, have done wisely to have attended to this insignificant etiquette. Queen Anne, upon whom, in

arrived ; and that he had endeavoured in vain to borrow a long one among all his valets and pages. My lord turned the matter into a jest, and brought the Prince to her Majesty ; for which he was highly censured by the whole tribe of gentlemen ushers ; among whom Monsieur Hoffman, an old dull resident of the Emperor's, had picked up this material point of ceremony ; and which, I believe, was the best lesson he had learned in five-and-twenty years' residence.

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

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

First, a necessary part of good manners, is a punctual observance of time at our own dwellings, or those of others, or at third places ; whether upon matter of civility, business, or diversion ; which rule, though it be a plain dictate of common reason, yet the greatest minister<sup>1</sup> I ever knew was the greatest trespasser against it ; by which all his business

some case of emergency, he had waited in a tie-wig, said very resentfully, she supposed his lordship would next appear before her in his night-cap. [S.]

<sup>1</sup> Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. [T. S.]

doubled upon him, and placed him in a continual arrear. Upon which I often used to rally him, as deficient in point of good manners. I have known more than one ambassador, and secretary of state with a very moderate portion of intellectuals, execute their offices with good success and applause, by the mere force of exactness and regularity. If you duly observe time for the service of another, it doubles the obligation; if upon your own account, it would be manifest folly, as well as ingratitude, to neglect it. If both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior attend on you, to his own disadvantage, is pride and injustice.

Ignorance of forms cannot properly be styled ill manners; because forms are subject to frequent changes; and consequently, being not founded upon reason, are beneath a wise man's regard. Besides, they vary in every country; and after a short period of time, very frequently in the same; so that a man who travels, must needs be at first a stranger to them in every court through which he passes; and perhaps at his return, as much a stranger in his own; and after all, they are easier to be remembered or forgotten than faces or names.

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

HINTS ON GOOD MANNERS.

#### NOTE.

THESE are but notes to a more elaborate essay Swift, no doubt, intended to write. The part dealing with "Conversation" is somewhat more fully dealt with in a previous piece.

The text here given is that of the "Works," vol. viii (part i, pp. 278-9), 1765.

T. S.]

## HINTS ON GOOD MANNERS.

GOOD Manners is the art of making every reasonable person in the company easy, and to be easy ourselves.

What passeth for good manners in the world, generally produceth quite contrary effects.

Many persons of both sexes, whom I have known, and who passed for well-bred in their own and the world's opinion, are the most troublesome in company to others and themselves.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none: if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

Flattery is the worst, and falsest way of shewing our esteem.

Where company meets, I am confident the few reasonable persons are every minute tempted to curse the man or woman among them, who endeavours to be most distinguished for their good manners.

A man of sense would rather fast till night, than dine at some tables, where the lady of the house is possessed with good manners; uneasiness, pressing to eat, teasing with civility; less practised in England than here.

Courts are the worst of all schools to teach good manners.

A courtly bow, or gait, or dress, are no part of good manners; and therefore every man of good understanding is capable of being well-bred upon any occasion.

To speak in such a manner as may possibly offend any reasonable person in company, is the highest instance of ill manners.

Good manners chiefly consist in action, not in words. Modesty and humility the chief ingredients.

I have known the Court of England under four reigns,

the two last but for a short time; and whatever good manners or politeness I observed in any of them, was not of the Court growth, but imported. For a courtier by trade, as gentlemen ushers, bed-chamber-women, maids of honour, \* \*

*Of Good Manners as to Conversation.*

Men of wit and good understanding, as well as breeding, are sometimes deceived, and give offence, by conceiving a better opinion of those with whom they converse than they ought to do. Thus I have often known the most innocent raillery, and even of that kind which was meant for praise, to be mistaken for abuse and reflection.

Of gibing, and how gibbers ought to suffer.

Of arguers, perpetual contradictors, long talkers, who are absent in company, interrupters, not listeners, loud laughers.

Of those men and women whose face is ever in a smile, talk ever with a smile, condole with a smile, &c.

Argument, as usually managed, is the worst sort of conversation; as it is generally in books the worst sort of reading.

Good conversation is not to be expected in much company, because few listen, and there is continual interruption. But good or ill manners are discovered, let the company be ever so large.

Perpetual aiming at wit, a very bad part of conversation. It is done to support a character: it generally fails: it is a sort of insult on the company, and a constraint upon the speaker.

For a man to talk in his own trade, or business, or faculty, is a great breach of good manners. Divines, physicians, lawyers, soldiers, particularly poets, are frequently guilty of this weakness. A poet conceives that the whole kingdom \* \* \* \* \*



A LETTER OF ADVICE  
TO  
A YOUNG POET.

### NOTE.

THIS delightful and exceedingly amusing satirical piece was first published in Dublin in 1721 and reprinted in London in the same year. It appeared also in the Somers' Tracts in 1748 and 1815. In an edition issued in 1722 it is dated December 1st, 1720, and this date is given to it in the 1815 edition of Somers' Tracts. In the original Dublin edition the letter was signed with the initials "E. F."

The present text is based on the Dublin edition of 1721, collated with the London edition of the same date, the fourth edition of 1722, and the 1815 edition of Somers' Tracts.

[T. S.]

A  
LETTER  
OF  
ADVICE  
TO A  
Young Poet;  
TOGETHER  
With a PROPOSAL for the  
Encouragement of POETRY in  
this Kingdom.

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*Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atq;  
Carminibus venit ———*

Hor.



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D U B L I N :

Printed for J. HYDE, in *Dames-street*, 1721



## A LETTER OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

SIR,

AS I have always professed a friendship for you, and have therefore been more inquisitive into your conduct and studies than is usually agreeable to young men, so I must own I am not a little pleased to find, by your last account, that you have entirely bent your thoughts to English poetry, with design to make it your profession and business. Two reasons incline me to encourage you in this study ; one, the narrowness of your present circumstances ; the other, the the great use of poetry to mankind and society, and in every employment of life. Upon these views, I cannot but commend your wise resolution to withdraw so early from other unprofitable and severe studies, and betake yourself to that, which, if you have good luck, will advance your fortune, and make you an ornament to your friends, and your country. It may be your justification, and farther encouragement, to consider, that history, ancient or modern, cannot furnish you an instance of one person, eminent in any station, who was not in some measure versed in poetry, or at least a well-wisher to the professors of it. Neither would I despair to prove, if legally called thereto, that it is impossible to be a good soldier, divine, or lawyer, or even so much as an eminent bellman, or ballad-singer, without some taste of poetry, and a competent skill in versification. But I say the less of this, because the renowned Sir Philip Sidney has exhausted the subject before me, in his "Defence of Poesie,"<sup>1</sup> on which I

<sup>1</sup> It was first issued with the title "Apologie for Poetrie," as a volume from the press of Henry Constable for Henry Olney in 1595. In the 1598 edition of the "Arcadia" it was appended with the title "The Defence of Poesie." [T. S.]

shall make no other remark but this, that he argues there as if he really believed himself.

For my own part, having never made one verse since I was at school, where I suffered too much for my blunders in poetry, to have any love to it ever since, I am not able from any experience of my own, to give you those instructions you desire ; neither will I declare (for I love to conceal my passions) how much I lament my neglect of poetry in those periods of my life, which were properest for improvements in that ornamental part of learning ; besides, my age and infirmities might well excuse me to you, as being unqualified to be your writing-master, with spectacles on, and a shaking hand. However, that I may not be altogether wanting to you in an affair of so much importance to your credit and happiness, I shall here give you some scattered thoughts upon the subject, such as I have gathered by reading and observation.

There is a certain little instrument, the first of those in use with scholars, and the meanest, considering the materials of it, whether it be a joint of wheaten straw, (the old Arcadian pipe) or just three inches of slender wire, or a stripped feather, or a corking-pin. Furthermore, this same diminutive tool, for the posture of it, usually reclines its head on the thumb of the right hand, sustains the foremost finger upon its breast, and is itself supported by the second. This is commonly known by the name of a *FESCUE* ; I shall here therefore condescend to be this little elementary guide, and point out some particulars which may be of use to you in your horn-book of poetry.

In the first place, I am not yet convinced, that it is at all necessary for a modern poet to *believe in God*, or have any serious sense of religion ; and in this article you must give me leave to suspect your capacity ; because religion being what your mother taught you, you will hardly find it possible, at least not easy, all at once to get over those early prejudices, so far as to think it better to be a *great wit* than a *good Christian*, though herein the general practice is against you ; so that if, upon enquiry, you find in yourself any such softnesses, owing to the nature of your education, my advice is, that you forthwith lay down your pen, as having no further business with it in the way of poetry ; unless you will be

content to pass for an insipid, or will submit to be hooted at by your fraternity, or can disguise your religion, as well-bred men do their learning, in complaisance to company.

For poetry, as it has been managed for some years past, by such as make a business of it, (and of such only I speak here ; for I do not call him a poet that writes for his diversion, any more than that gentleman a fiddler, who amuses himself with a violin) I say our poetry of late has been altogether disengaged from the narrow notions of virtue and piety, because it has been found by experience of our professors, that the smallest quantity of religion, like a single drop of malt liquor in claret, will muddy and discompose the brightest poetical genius.

Religion supposes heaven and hell, the word of God, and sacraments, and twenty other circumstances, which, taken seriously, are a wonderful check to wit and humour, and such as a true poet cannot possibly give in to, with a saving to his poetical licence ; but yet it is necessary for him, that others should believe those things seriously, that his wit may be exercised on their wisdom, for so doing : For though a wit need not have religion, religion is necessary to a wit, as an instrument is to the hand that plays upon it : And for this the moderns plead the example of their great idol Lucretius, who had not been by half so eminent a poet (as he truly was), but that he stood tiptoe on religion, *Religio pedibus subjecta*, and by that rising ground had the advantage of all the poets of his own or following times, who were not mounted on the same pedestal.

Besides, it is further to be observed, that Petronius,<sup>1</sup> another of their favourites, speaking of the qualifications of a good poet, insists chiefly on the *liber spiritus* ; by which I have been ignorant enough heretofore to suppose he meant, a good invention, or great compass of thought, or a sprightly imagination : But I have learned a better construction, from the opinion and practice of the moderns ; and taking it literally for a free spirit, *i.e.* a spirit, or mind, free or disengaged from all prejudices concerning God, religion, and another world, it is to me a plain account why our present set of poets are, and hold themselves obliged to be, freethinkers.

<sup>1</sup> Petronius Arbiter the favourite of Nero. His writing is a mirror of the licentious life of his age. [T. S.]

But although I cannot recommend religion upon the practice of some of our most eminent English poets, yet I can justly advise you, from their example, to be conversant in the Scriptures, and, if possible, to make yourself entirely master of them: In which, however, I intend nothing less than imposing upon you a task of piety. Far be it from me to desire you to believe them, or lay any great stress upon their authority, (in that you may do as you think fit) but to read them as a piece of necessary furniture for a wit and a poet; which is a very different view from that of a Christian. For I have made it my observation, that the greatest wits have been the best textuaries. Our modern poets are, all to a man, almost as well read in the Scriptures as some of our divines, and often abound more with the phrase. They have read them historically, critically, musically, comically, poetically, and every other way except religiously, and have found their account in doing so. For the Scriptures are undoubtedly a fund of wit, and a subject for wit. You may, according to the modern practice, be witty upon them or out of them. And to speak the truth, but for them I know not what our playwrights would do for images, allusions, similitudes, examples, or even language itself. Shut up the sacred books, and I would be bound our wit would run down like an alarm, or fall as the stocks did, and ruin half the poets in these kingdoms. And if that were the case, how would most of that tribe, (all, I think, but the immortal Addison, who made a better use of his Bible, and a few more) who dealt so freely in that fund, rejoice that they had drawn out in time, and left the present generation of poets to be the bubbles!

But here I must enter one caution, and desire you to take notice, that in this advice of reading the Scriptures, I had not the least thought concerning your qualification that way for poetical orders; which I mention, because I find a notion of that kind advanced by one of our English poets, and is, I suppose, maintained by the rest. He says to Spenser, in a pretended vision,

—With hands laid on, ordain me fit  
For the great cure and ministry of wit.

Which passage is, in my opinion, a notable allusion to the Scriptures; and, making (but reasonable) allowances for the



small circumstance of profaneness, bordering close upon blasphemy, is inimitably fine; besides some useful discoveries made in it, as, that there are bishops in poetry, that these bishops must ordain young poets, and with laying on hands; and that poetry is a cure of souls; and, consequently speaking, those who have such cures ought to be poets, and too often are so. And indeed, as of old, poets and priests were one and the same function, the alliance of those ministerial offices is to this day happily maintained in the same persons; and this I take to be the only justifiable reason for that appellation which they so much affect, I mean the modest title of divine poets. However, having never been present at the ceremony of ordaining to the priesthood of poetry, I own I have no notion of the thing, and shall say the less of it here.

The Scriptures then being generally both the fountain and subject of modern wit, I could do no less than give them the preference in your reading. After a thorough acquaintance with them, I would advise you to turn your thoughts to human literature, which yet I say more in compliance with vulgar opinions, than according to my own sentiments.

For, indeed, nothing has surprised me more, than to see the prejudices of mankind as to this matter of human learning, who have generally thought it necessary to be a good scholar, in order to be a good poet; than which nothing is falser in fact, or more contrary to practice and experience. Neither will I dispute the matter, if any man will undertake to shew me one professed poet now in being, who is anything of what may be justly called a scholar; or is the worse poet for that, but perhaps the better, for being so little encumbered with the pedantry of learning. 'Tis true, the contrary was the opinion of our forefathers, which we of this age have devotion enough to receive from them on their own terms, and unexamined, but not sense enough to perceive 'twas a gross mistake in them. So Horace has told us:

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons,  
Rem tibi Socraticae poterunt ostendere chartae.<sup>1</sup>

HOR. *de Art. Poet.* 309.

<sup>1</sup> Good sense, that fountain of the Muse's art,  
Let the strong page of Socrates impart.

But to see the different casts of men's heads, some not inferior to that poet in understanding (if you will take their own word for it), do see no consequence in this rule, and are not ashamed to declare themselves of a contrary opinion. Do not many men write well in common account, who have nothing of that principle? Many are too wise to be poets, and others too much poets to be wise. Must a man, forsooth, be no less than a philosopher, to be a poet, when it is plain, that some of the greatest idiots of the age, are our prettiest performers that way? And for this, I appeal to the judgment and observation of mankind. Sir Philip Sidney's notable remark upon this nation, may not be improper to mention here. He says, "In our neighbour country, Ireland, where true learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in devout reverence;" which shews, that learning is no way necessary either to the making a poet, or judging of him. And further to see the fate of things, notwithstanding our learning here is as bare as ever, yet are our poets not held, as formerly, in devout reverence, but are perhaps, the most contemptible race of mortals now in this kingdom, which is no less to be wondered at, than lamented.

Some of the old philosophers were poets (as according to the forementioned author, Socrates and Plato were; which, however, is what I did not know before) but that does not say, that all poets are, or that any need be philosophers, otherwise than as those are so called who are a little out at the elbows. In which sense the great Shakespeare might have been a philosopher; but was no scholar, yet was an excellent poet. Neither do I think a late most judicious critic so much mistaken, as others do, in advancing this opinion, that "Shakespeare had been a worse poet, had he been a better scholar:" And Sir William Davenant<sup>1</sup> is another instance in the same kind. Nor must it be forgotten, that Plato was an avowed enemy to poets;<sup>2</sup> which is perhaps the reason why poets have been always at enmity with his profession; and have rejected all learning and philosophy for the sake of that one philosopher. As I take the matter, neither philosophy, nor any part of learning, is more neces-

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Davenant (1606-1668), the well-known poet and dramatist who succeeded Ben Jonson as poet laureate. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> See Plato's "Republic." [T. S.]

sary to poetry, (which, if you will believe the same author, is "the sum of all learning") than to know the theory of light, and the several proportions and diversifications of it in particular colours, is to a good painter.

Whereas therefore, a certain author, called Petronius Arbiter, going upon the same mistake, has confidently declared, that one ingredient of a good poet, is, "*mens ingenti literarum flumine inundata*;" I do, on the contrary, declare, that this his assertion (to speak of it in the softest terms) is no better than an invidious and unhandsome reflection on all the gentlemen-poets of these times; for, with his good leave, much less than a flood, or inundation, will serve the turn; and, to my certain knowledge, some of our greatest wits in your poetical way, have not as much real learning as would cover a sixpence in the bottom of a basin; nor do I think the worse of them.

For, to speak my private opinion, I am for every man's working upon his own materials, and producing only what he can find within himself, which is commonly a better stock than the owner knows it to be. I think flowers of wit ought to spring, as those in a garden do, from their own root and stem, without foreign assistance. I would have a man's wit rather like a fountain, that feeds itself invisibly, than a river, that is supplied by several streams from abroad.

Or if it be necessary, as the case is with some barren wits, to take in the thoughts of others, in order to draw forth their own, as dry pumps will not play till water is thrown into them; in that necessity, I would recommend some of the approved standard authors of antiquity for your perusal, as a poet and a wit; because maggots being what you look for, as monkeys do for vermin in their keepers' heads, you will find they abound in good old authors, as in rich old cheese, not in the new; and for that reason you must have the classics, especially the most worm-eaten of them, often in your hands.

But with this caution, that you are not to use those ancients as unlucky lads do their old fathers, and make no conscience of picking their pockets and pillaging them. Your business is not to steal from them, but to improve upon them, and make their sentiments your own; which is an effect of great judgment; and though difficult, yet

very possible, without the scurvy imputation of filching. For I humbly conceive, though I light my candle at my neighbour's fire, that does not alter the property, or make the wick, the wax, or the flame, or the whole candle, less my own.

Possibly you may think it a very severe task, to arrive at a competent knowledge of so many of the ancients, as excel in their way; and indeed it would be really so, but for the short and easy method lately found out of abstracts, abridgments, summaries, &c. which are admirable expedients for being very learned with little or no reading; and have the same use with burning-glasses, to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the reader's imagination. And to this is nearly related that other modern device of consulting indexes, which is to read books hebraically,<sup>1</sup> and begin where others usually end; and this is a compendious way of coming to an acquaintance with authors. For authors are to be used like lobsters, you must look for the best meat in the tails, and lay the bodies back again in the dish. Your cunningest thieves (and what else are readers, who only read to borrow, *i.e.* to steal) use to cut off the portmanteau from behind, without staying to dive into the pockets of the owner. Lastly, you are taught thus much in the very elements of philosophy, for one of the first rules in logic is, *Finis est primus in intentione*.

The learned world is therefore most highly indebted to a late painful and judicious editor of the classics,<sup>2</sup> who has laboured in that new way with exceeding felicity. Every author by his management, sweats under himself, being overloaded with his own index, and carries, like a north-country pedlar, all his substance and furniture upon his back, and with as great variety of trifles. To him let all young students make their compliments for so much time and pains saved in the pursuit of useful knowledge; for whoever shortens a road, is a benefactor to the public, and

<sup>1</sup> That is, from the right to the left, or from the end to the beginning. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Maittaire [ed. 1722]. Michael Maittaire (1668-1747) the editor of many editions of classical authors and compiler of the valuable "Annales Typographici." [T. S.]

to every particular person who has occasion to travel that way.

But to proceed. I have lamented nothing more in my time, than the disuse of some ingenious little plays, in fashion with young folks, when I was a boy, and to which the great facility of that age, above ours, in composing was certainly owing; and if anything has brought a damp upon the versification of these times, we have no further than this to go for the cause of it. Now could these sports be happily revived, I am of opinion your wisest course would be to apply your thoughts to them, and never fail to make a party when you can, in those profitable diversions. For example, "Crambo" is of extraordinary use to good rhyming, and rhyming is what I have ever accounted the very essential of a good poet: And in that notion I am not singular; for the aforesaid Sir Philip Sidney has declared, "That the chief life of modern versifying, consisteth in the like sounding of words, which we call rhyme," which is an authority, either without exception, or above any reply. Wherefore, you are ever to try a good poem as you would a sound pipkin, and if it rings well upon the knuckle, be sure there is no flaw in it. Verse without rhyme, is a body without a soul, (for the "chief life consisteth in the rhyme") or a bell without a clapper; which, in strictness, is no bell, as being neither of use nor delight. And the same ever honoured knight, with so musical an ear, had that veneration for the tunableness and chiming of verse, that he speaks of a poet as one that has "the reverend title of a rhymers." Our celebrated Milton has done these nations great prejudice in this particular, having spoiled as many reverend rhymers, by his example, as he has made real poets.

For which reason, I am overjoyed to hear, that a very ingenious youth of this town [Dublin], is now upon the useful design (for which he is never enough to be commended) of bestowing rhyme upon Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which will make your poem, in that only defective, more heroic and sonorous than it has hitherto been. I wish the gentleman success in the performance; and, as it is a work in which a young man could not be more happily employed, or appear in with greater advantage to his character, so I am concerned that it did not fall out to be your province.

With much the same view, I would recommend to you the witty play of "Pictures and Mottoes," which will furnish your imagination with great store of images and suitable devices. We of these kingdoms have found our account in this diversion, as little as we consider or acknowledge it. For to this we owe our eminent felicity in posies of rings, mottoes of snuff-boxes, the humours of sign-posts with their elegant inscriptions, &c. in which kind of productions not any nation in the world, no, not the Dutch themselves, will presume to rival us.

For much the same reason, it may be proper for you to have some insight into the play called, "What is it like?" as of great use in common practice, to quicken slow capacities, and improve the quickest. But the chief end of it is, to supply the fancy with variety of similes for all subjects. It will teach you to bring things to a likeness, which have not the least imaginable conformity in nature, which is properly creation, and the very business of a poet, as his name implies; and let me tell you, a good poet can no more be without a stock of similes by him, than a shoemaker without his lasts. He should have them sized, and ranged, and hung up in order in his shop, ready for all customers, and shaped to the feet of all sorts of verse. And here I could more fully (and I long to do it) insist upon the wonderful harmony and resemblance between a poet and a shoemaker, in many circumstances common to both; such as the binding of their temples, the stuff they work upon, and the paring-knife they use, &c. but that I would not digress, nor seem to trifle in so serious a matter.

Now I say, if you apply yourself to these diminutive sports (not to mention others of equal ingenuity, such as Draw-gloves, Cross purposes, Questions and commands, and the rest) it is not to be conceived what benefit (of nature) you will find by them, and how they will open the body of your invention. To these devote your spare hours, or rather spare all your hours to them, and then you will act as becomes a wise man, and make even diversion an improvement; like the inimitable management of the bee, which does the whole business of life at once, and at the same time both feeds, and works, and diverts itself.

Your own prudence will, I doubt not, direct you to take



a place every evening amongst the ingenious, in the corner of a certain coffeehouse in this town, where you will receive a turn equally right as to wit, religion, and politics: As likewise to be as frequent at the playhouse as you can afford, without selling your books. For in our chaste theatre, even Cato himself might sit to the falling of the curtain: Besides, you will sometimes meet with tolerable conversation amongst the players; they are such a kind of men, as may pass upon the same sort of capacities, for wits off the stage, as they do for fine gentlemen upon it. Besides that, I have known a factor deal in as good ware, and sell as cheap as the merchant himself that employs him.

Add to this the expediency of furnishing out your shelves with a choice collection of modern miscellanies, in the gayest edition; and of reading all sorts of plays, especially the new, and above all, those of our own growth, printed by subscription;<sup>1</sup> in which article of Irish manufacture, I readily agree to the late proposal,<sup>2</sup> and am altogether for "rejecting and renouncing everything that comes from England:" To what purpose should we go thither either for coals or poetry, when we have a vein within ourselves equally good and more convenient? Lastly,

A common-place book is what a provident poet cannot subsist without, for this proverbial reason, that "great wits have short memories;" and whereas, on the other hand, poets being liars by profession, ought to have good memories. To reconcile these, a book of this sort is in the nature of a supplemental memory; or a record of what occurs remarkable in every day's reading or conversation. There you enter not only your own original thoughts, (which, a hundred to one, are few and insignificant) but such of other men as you think fit to make your own by entering them there. For take this for a rule, when an author is in your books, you have the same demand upon him for his wit, as a merchant has for your money, when you are in his.

By these few and easy prescriptions (with the help of a good genius) 'tis possible you may in a short time arrive at

<sup>1</sup> Written by Mr. Shadwell, son of the Poet Laureat. [Note in 1722.] This was Charles Shadwell, whose plays were issued in Dublin in 1720, and sold by subscription. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> See, "The Defence of English Commodities." [Note in 1722.]

the accomplishments of a poet, and shine in that character. As for your manner of composing, and choice of subjects, I cannot take upon me to be your director; but I will venture to give you some short hints, which you may enlarge upon at your leisure. Let me entreat you then, by no means to lay aside that notion peculiar to our modern refiners in poetry, which is, that a poet must never write or discourse as the ordinary part of mankind do, but in number and verse, as an oracle; which I mention the rather, because upon this principle, I have known heroics brought into the pulpit, and a whole sermon composed and delivered in blank verse, to the vast credit of the preacher, no less than the real entertainment and great edification of the audience.

The secret of which I take to be this. When the matter of such discourses is but mere clay, or, as we usually call it, sad stuff, the preacher, who can afford no better, wisely moulds, and polishes, and dries, and washes this piece of earthen-ware, and then bakes it with poetic fire, after which it will ring like any pancrock, and is a good dish to set before common guests, as every congregation is, that comes so often for entertainment to one place.

There was a good old custom in use, which our ancestors had, of invoking the Muses at the entrance of their poems; I suppose, by way of craving a blessing. This the graceless moderns have in a great measure laid aside, but are not to be followed in that poetical impiety; for although to nice ears, such invocations may sound harsh and disagreeable (as tuning instruments is before a concert) they are equally necessary. Again, you must not fail to dress your muse in a forehead cloth of Greek or Latin; I mean, you are always to make use of a quaint motto to all your compositions; for besides that this artifice bespeaks the reader's opinion of the writer's learning, it is otherwise useful and commendable. A bright passage in the front of a poem, is a good mark, like a star in a horse's face, and the piece will certainly go off the better for it. The *os magna sonaturum*, which, if I remember right, Horace makes one qualification of a good poet, may teach you not to gag your muse, or stint yourself in words and epithets (which cost you nothing) contrary to the practice of some few out-of-the-way writers, who use a natural and concise expression, and affect a style like unto a Shrewsbury



cake, short and sweet upon the palate; they will not afford you a word more than is necessary to make them intelligible, which is as poor and niggardly, as it would be to set down no more meat than your company will be sure to eat up. Words are but lackeys to sense, and will dance attendance, without wages or compulsion; *Verba non invita sequentur*.

Farthermore, when you set about composing, it may be necessary, for your ease and better distillation of wit, to put on your worst clothes, and the worse the better; for an author, like a limbick, will yield the better for having a rag about him. Besides that, I have observed a gardener cut the outward rind of a tree, (which is the *surtout* of it,) to make it bear well: And this is a natural account of the usual poverty of poets, and is an argument why wits, of all men living, ought to be ill clad. I have always a secret veneration for any one I observe to be a little out of repair in his person, as supposing him either a poet or a philosopher; because the richest minerals are ever found under the most ragged and withered surface of earth.

As for your choice of subjects, I have only to give you this caution: That as a handsome way of praising is certainly the most difficult point in writing or speaking, I would by no means advise any young man to make his first essay in panegyric, besides the danger of it: for a particular encomium is ever attended with more ill-will, than any general invective, for which I need give no reasons; wherefore, my counsel is, that you use the point of your pen, not the feather; let your first attempt be a *coup d'éclat* in the way of libel, lampoon, or satire. Knock down half a score reputations, and you will infallibly raise your own; and so it be with wit, no matter with how little justice; for fiction is your trade.

Every great genius seems to ride upon mankind, like Pyrrhus on his elephant; and the way to have the absolute ascendant of your resty nag, and to keep your seat, is, at your first mounting, to afford him the whip and spurs plentifully; after which, you may travel the rest of the day with great alacrity. Once kick the world, and the world and you will live together at a reasonable good understanding. You cannot but know, that these of your profession have been called *genus irritabile vatum*; and you will find it necessary to qualify yourself for that waspish society, by exerting your

talent of satire upon the first occasion, and to abandon good-nature, only to prove yourself a true poet, which you will allow to be a valuable consideration : In a word, a young robber is usually entered by a murder : A young hound is blooded when he comes first into the field : A young bully begins with killing his man : And a young poet must shew his wit, as the other his courage, by cutting and slashing, and laying about him, and banging mankind. Lastly,

It will be your wisdom to look out betimes for a good service for your muse, according to her skill and qualifications, whether in the nature of a dairymaid, a cook, or char-woman. I mean, to hire out your pen to a party, which will afford you both pay and protection ; and when you have to do with the press, (as you will long to be there) take care to bespeak an importunate friend, to extort your productions with an agreeable violence ; and which, according to the cue between you, you must surrender *digito male pertinaci*. There is a decency in this ; for it no more becomes an author, in modesty, to have a hand in publishing his own works, than a woman in labour to lay herself.

I would be very loth to give the least umbrage of offence by what I have here said, as I may do, if I should be thought to insinuate that these circumstances of good writing have been unknown to, or not observed by, the poets of this kingdom. I will do my countrymen the justice to say, they have written by the foregoing rules with great exactness, and so far, as hardly to come behind those of their profession in England, in perfection of low writing. The sublime, indeed, is not so common with us ; but ample amends is made for that want, in great abundance of the admirable and amazing, which appears in all our compositions. Our very good friend (the knight aforesaid) speaking of the force of poetry, mentions “ rhyming to death, which ” (adds he) “ is said to be done in Ireland ; ” and truly, to our honour be it spoken, that power, in a great measure, continues with us to this day.

I would now offer some poor thoughts of mine for the encouragement of poetry in this kingdom, if I could hope they would be agreeable. I have had many an aching heart for the ill plight of that noble profession here, and it has been my late and early study how to bring it into better circumstances. And surely, considering what monstrous wits in

the poetic way, do almost daily start up and surprise us in this town ; what prodigious geniuses we have here (of which I could give instances without number,) and withal of what great benefit it might be to our trade to encourage that science here, (for it is plain our linen manufacture is advanced by the great waste of paper made by our present set of poets, not to mention other necessary uses of the same to shop-keepers, especially grocers, apothecaries, and pastry-cooks ; and I might add, but for our writers, the nation would in a little time be utterly destitute of bumfodder, and must of necessity import the same from England and Holland,<sup>1</sup> where they have it in great abundance, by the indefatigable labour of their own wits) I say, these things considered, I am humbly of opinion, it would be worth the care of our governors to cherish gentlemen of the quill, and give them all proper encouragements here. And since I am upon the subject, I shall speak my mind very freely, and if I added, saucily, it is no more than my birthright as a Briton.

Seriously then, I have many years lamented the want of a Grub Street in this our large and polite city, unless the whole may be called one. And this I have accounted an unpardonable defect in our constitution, ever since I had any opinions I could call my own. Every one knows Grub Street is a market for small ware in wit, and as necessary, considering the usual purgings of the human brain, as the nose is upon a man's face. And for the same reason we have here a court, a college, a play-house, and beautiful ladies, and fine gentlemen, and good claret, and abundance of pens, ink, and paper, (clear of taxes) and every other circumstance to provoke wit ; and yet those whose province it is, have not yet thought fit to appoint a place for evacuation of it, which is a very hard case, as may be judged by comparisons.

And truly this defect has been attended with unspeakable inconveniences ; for not to mention the prejudice done to the commonwealth of letters, I am of opinion we suffer in our health by it. I believe our corrupted air, and frequent thick fogs, are in a great measure owing to the common exposure of our wit ; and that with good management, our poetical

<sup>1</sup> Arub into England's treatment of Irish manufacturers. See vol. vii of present edition. [T. S.]

vapours might be carried off in a common drain, and fall into one quarter of the town, without infecting the whole, as the case is at present, to the great offence of our nobility, and gentry, and others of nice noses. When writers of all sizes, like freemen of the city, are at liberty to throw out their filth and excrementitious productions, in every street as they please, what can the consequence be, but that the town must be poisoned, and become such another jakes, as by report of great travellers, Edinburgh is at night, a thing well to be considered in these pestilential times.

I am not of the society for reformation of manners, but, without that pragmatistical title, I would be glad to see some amendment in the matter before us. Wherefore I humbly bespeak the favour of the Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, and Common Council, together with the whole circle of arts in this town, and do recommend this affair to their most political consideration ; and I persuade myself they will not be wanting in their best endeavours, when they can serve two such good ends at once, as both to keep the town sweet, and encourage poetry in it. Neither do I make any exceptions as to satirical poets and lampoon writers, in consideration of their office. For though, indeed, their business is to rake into kennels, and gather up the filth of streets and families, (in which respect they may be, for aught I know, as necessary to the town as scavengers, or chimney-sweeps) yet I have observed they too have themselves, at the same time, very foul clothes, and, like dirty persons, leave more filth and nastiness than they sweep away.

In a word: What I would be at (for I love to be plain in matters of importance to my country) is, that some private street, or blind alley of this town, may be fitted up at the charge of the public, as an apartment for the Muses, (like those at Rome and Amsterdam, for their female relations) and be wholly consigned to the uses of our wits, furnished completely with all appurtenances, such as authors, supervisors, presses, printers, hawkers, shops, and warehouses, and abundance of garrets, and every other implement and circumstance of wit ; the benefit of which would obviously be this, *viz.*, That we should then have a safe repository for our best productions, which at present are handed about in single sheets or manuscripts, and may be altogether lost,

(which were a pity) or at best are subject, in that loose dress, like handsome women, to great abuses.

Another point, that has cost me some melancholy reflections, is the present state of the playhouse; the encouragement of which hath an immediate influence upon the poetry of the kingdom; as a good market improves the tillage of the neighbouring country, and enriches the ploughman. Neither do we of this town seem enough to know or consider the vast benefit of a playhouse to our city and nation: That single house is the fountain of all our love, wit, dress, and gallantry. It is the school of wisdom; for there we learn to know what's what; which, however, I cannot say is always in that place sound knowledge. There our young folks drop their childish mistakes, and come first to perceive their mother's cheat of the parsley-bed; there too they get rid of natural prejudices, especially those of religion and modesty, which are great restraints to a free people. The same is a remedy for the spleen, and blushing, and several distempers occasioned by the stagnation of the blood. It is likewise a school of common swearing; my young master, who at first but minced an oath, is taught there to mouth it gracefully, and to swear, as he reads French, *ore rotundo*. Profaneness was before to him in the nature of his best suit, or holiday-clothes; but upon frequenting the playhouse, swearing, cursing, and lying, become like his every-day coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Now I say, common swearing, a produce of this country, as plentiful as our corn, thus cultivated by the playhouse, might, with management, be of wonderful advantage to the nation, as a projector of the swearer's bank has proved at large.<sup>1</sup> Lastly, the stage in great measure supports the pulpit; for I know not what our divines could have to say there against the corruptions of the age, but for the playhouse, which is the seminary of them. From which it is plain, the public is a gainer by the playhouse, and consequently ought to countenance it; and were I worthy to put in my word, or prescribe to my betters, I could say in what manner. I have heard that a certain gentleman has great designs to serve the public, in the way of their diversions, with due encouragement; that is, if he can obtain

<sup>1</sup> See vol. vii of present edition. [T. S.]

some concordatum-money, or yearly salary, and handsome contributions. And well he deserves the favours of the nation ; for, to do him justice, he has an uncommon skill in pastimes, having altogether applied his studies that way, and travelled full many a league, by sea and land, for this his profound knowledge. With that view alone he has visited all the courts and cities in Europe, and has been at more pains than I shall speak of, to take an exact draught of the playhouse at the Hague, as a model for a new one here. But what can a private man do by himself in so public an undertaking? It is not to be doubted, but by his care and industry vast improvements may be made, not only in our playhouse, (which is his immediate province) but in our gaming ordinaries, groom-porters, lotteries, bowling-greens, ninepin-alleys, bear-gardens, cockpits, prizes, puppet and raree shows, and whatever else concerns the elegant divertisements of this town. He is truly an original genius, and I felicitate this our capital city on his residence here, where I wish him long to live and flourish, for the good of the commonwealth.

Once more : If any further applications shall be made on t'other side, to obtain a charter for a bank here, I presume to make a request, that *poetry* may be a sharer in that privilege, being a fund as real, and to the full as well grounded as our stocks ; but I fear our neighbours,<sup>1</sup> who envy our wit, as much as they do our wealth or trade, will give no encouragement to either. I believe also, it might be proper to erect a corporation of poets in this city. I have been idle enough in my time, to make a computation of wits here, and do find we have three hundred performing poets and upwards, in and about this town, reckoning six score to the hundred, and allowing for demies, like pint bottles ; including also the several denominations of imitators, translators, and familiar-letter-writers, &c. One of these last has lately entertained the town with an original piece, and such a one as, I dare say, the late British "Spectator," in his decline, would have called, "an excellent specimen of the true sublime ;" or, "a noble poem ;" or, "a fine copy of verses, on a subject perfectly new," (the author himself) and had given it a place amongst his latest "Lucubrations."

<sup>1</sup> The English, of course. [T. S.]



But, as I was saying, so many poets, I am confident, are sufficient to furnish out a corporation in point of number. Then for the several degrees of subordinate members requisite to such a body, there can be no want ; for although we have not one masterly poet, yet we abound with wardens and beadles, having a multitude of poetasters, poetitoes, parcel-poets, poet-apes, and philo-poets, and many of inferior attainments in wit, but strong inclinations to it, which are by odds more than all the rest. Nor shall I ever be at ease, till this project of mine (for which I am heartily thankful to myself) shall be reduced to practice. I long to see the day, when our poets will be a regular and distinct body, and wait upon our Lord Mayor on public days, like other good citizens, in gowns turned up with green instead of laurels ; and when I myself, who make this proposal, shall be free of their company.

To conclude: What if our government had a poet-laureat here, as in England ? What if our university had a professor of poetry here, as in England ? What if our Lord Mayor had a city bard here, as in England ? And, to refine upon England, what if every corporation, parish, and ward in this town, had a poet in fee, as they have *not* in England ? Lastly ; What if every one so qualified were obliged to add one more than usual to the number of his domestics, and besides a fool and a chaplain, (which are often united in one person) would retain a poet in his family ? For, perhaps, a rhymer is as necessary amongst servants of a house, as a Dobbin with his bells, at the head of a team. But these things I leave to the wisdom of my superiors.

While I have been directing your pen, I should not forget to govern my own, which has already exceeded the bounds of a letter. I must therefore take my leave abruptly, and desire you, without farther ceremony, to believe that I am, Sir,

*Your most humble servant.*





A LETTER  
TO  
A VERY YOUNG LADY  
ON  
HER MARRIAGE.

## NOTE.

NICHOLS repeats what Mrs. Pilkington asserted ("Memoirs," vol. i, p. 64) that this letter was addressed to Lady Betty Moore, the youngest daughter of Henry, Earl of Drogheda, on her marriage with Mr. George Rochfort. The "Miscellanies" of 1727 states that the lady was Mrs. Rochfort simply, who, according to Faulkner, the printer of Dublin, was Mrs. John Rochfort, a daughter of Dr. Staunton, a Master in Chancery. Mrs. Pilkington says further that the letter was not taken by the Lady Betty as a compliment either on herself or her sex, and Scott expresses the same feeling in his note here appended. Monck Mason is quite indignant with Scott (p. 381 *note*, "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral") for his criticism of Swift, and replies at length in some sensible if somewhat pedantic arguments. Whatever Lady Betty Moore may have thought of the "Letter," there could not then have been and cannot now be any question as to Swift's excellent sincerity. The advice, indeed, still holds good, even in our more enlightened age; and were Swift living now, with an acquaintance among the "polite ladies" of England and the United States, it might be that his fairly gentle opinions would find an even more emphatic expression.

The text here given is based on that in the second volume of the "Miscellanies" of 1727, in which I believe this piece was first printed.  
[T. S.]

## A LETTER TO A VERY YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.<sup>1</sup>

MADAM,

THE hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage, being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life, where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies to which your sex is subject. I have always borne an entire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband, hath been for some years past my particular favourite. I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped, that from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might in time make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not produce you much into the world, whereby you avoided many wrong steps which others have taken; and have fewer ill impressions to be removed. But they failed,

<sup>1</sup> "This letter ought to be read by all new-married women, and will be read with pleasure and advantage by the most distinguished and accomplished ladies." Thus saith my Lord Orrery; but he ought to have added, that much of their pleasure may consist in the reflection, that the piece was composed for the instruction of another. There is so little reverence for the individual who is addressed, and such a serious apprehension expressed lest she may fall into the worst of the errors pointed out, that one can hardly wonder the precepts of so stern a Mentor were received by the lady to whom they were addressed with more pique than complacence. Much regard is expressed for her parents and husband; but as to herself, there is only a distant prospect held forth, that in time, and with good counsel, she might become worthy of the man of her choice. Mrs. Pilkington pretends that this letter was written on Lady Betty Moore's marriage with Mr. George Rochfort. But Mr. Faulkner, who is the more sound authority, supposes it addressed to Mrs. John Rochford, daughter of Dr. Staunton. [S.]

as it is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind ; without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion, and a true friend through every stage of his life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices, wherein I will not fail to be your director as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions, whereon will depend, not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must therefore desire you in the first place to be very slow in changing the modest behaviour of a virgin. It is usual in young wives before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold, forward look and manner of talking ; as if they intended to signify in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and consequently that their whole demeanour, before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature. Whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who after they were entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of fondness to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgusting to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it ; the one is gross hypocrisy, and the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company, either at home or abroad, and every gentleman present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours, which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a French romance.

Upon this head, I should likewise advise you to differ in practice from those ladies who affect abundance of uneasiness while their husbands are abroad, start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let in their master ; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper if the husband happens to stay out, and receive him at his return with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechizing him where he has been, that a shrew from Billingsgate would be a more easy and eligible companion.

Of the same leaven are those wives, who when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter every post, upon pain of fits and hysterics, and a day must be fixed for their return home without the least allowance for business, or sickness, or accidents, or weather. Upon which, I can only say that in my observation, those ladies who were apt to make the greatest clutter upon such occasions, would liberally have paid a messenger for bringing them news that their husbands had broken their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended when I advise you to abate a little of that violent passion for fine clothes, so predominant in your sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your council ; I may venture to assure you that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a yard in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a suitable addition of care in the cleanliness and sweetness of their persons.<sup>1</sup> For, the satirical part of mankind will needs believe, that it is not impossible, to be very fine and very filthy ; and that the capacities of a lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating cleanliness and finery together. I shall only add, upon so tender a subject, what a pleasant gentleman said concerning a silly woman of quality ; that nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her head, for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his nose by her hair and teeth.

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the choice of company, which, however, is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among the ladies who are your equals or superiors, provided they

<sup>1</sup> See Swift's poem on a "Lady's Dressing-Room" on the matter of cleanliness of some women. [T. S.]

have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are safe; and this in the style of the world will pass for good company. Whereas I am afraid it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town, from whom you will not be in manifest danger of contracting some foppery, affectation, vanity, folly, or vice. Your only safe way of conversing with them, is by a firm resolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do. And this I take to be a good general rule, with very few exceptions. For instance, in the doctrines they usually deliver to young married women for managing their husbands; their several accounts of their own conduct in that particular to recommend it to your imitation; the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently; their directions how to come off with victory upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband; the arts by which you may discover and practise upon his weak side; when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage him with a high hand. In these, and a thousand other cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I hope your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of visiting. Half a dozen fools are in all conscience as many as you should require; and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a year. For I think the fashion does not exact, that visits should be paid to friends.

I advise that your company at home should consist of men, rather than women. To say the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their best qualities forward, there may be an intercourse of civility and goodwill; which, with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or any amusement agreeable. But a knot of ladies, got together by themselves, is a very school of impertinence and detraction, and it is well if those be the worst.

Let your men-acquaintance be of your husband's choice, and not recommended to you by any she-companions; because they will certainly fix a coxcomb upon you, and it

will cost you some time and pains before you can arrive at the knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a man of sense.

Never take a favourite waiting-maid into your cabinet council, to entertain you with histories of those ladies whom she hath formerly served, of their diversions and their dresses; to insinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander; to appeal to her from your husband, and to be determined by her judgment, because you are sure it will be always for you; to receive and discard servants by her approbation or dislike; to engage you by her insinuations into misunderstandings with your best friends; to represent all things in false colours, and to be the common emissary of scandal.

But the grand affair of your life will be to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your husband. You are married to a man of good education and learning, of an excellent understanding, and an exact taste. It is true, and it is happy for you, that these qualities in him are adorned with great modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue. But neither good nature nor virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his judgment; and although he is not capable of using you ill, yet you will in time grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps, contemptible; unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world; and as few months to be so in the eyes of a husband, who is not a fool; for I hope you do not still dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did, and ever will, put a sudden end to. Besides yours was a match of prudence and common good liking, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion which has no being but in play-books and romances.

You must therefore use all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments which your husband most values in other people, and for which he is most valued himself. You must improve your mind, by closely pursuing such a method of study as I shall direct or approve of. You must get a collection of history and travels which I will recommend to you, and spend some hours every day in reading



them, and making extracts from them if your memory be weak. You must invite persons of knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversation you may learn to correct your taste and judgment; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and to become a reasonable and agreeable companion. This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish. He will have a regard for your judgment and opinion in matters of the greatest weight; you will be able to entertain each other without a third person to relieve you by finding discourse. The endowments of your mind will even make your person more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands for want of some trifling amusement.

As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it hath sometimes moved me with pity, to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner, and this in families where there is not much drinking; as if it were an established maxim, that women are incapable of all conversation. In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passes, but in a separate club entertain each other, with the price and choice of lace and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or the playhouse. And when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first compliments, do you apply your hands to each other's lappets and ruffles and mantuas, as if the whole business of your lives, and the public concern of the world, depended upon the cut or colour of your dresses. As divines say, that some people take more pains to be damned, than it would cost them to be saved; so your sex employs more thought, memory, and application to be fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey; who has more diverting tricks than any of you; is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and for aught I know would equally become them.



I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly, as all great ladies did whom I have ever known.<sup>1</sup> I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford; and in your own heart I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better natured, more virtuous, or wise, than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gather more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex; but, if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your part. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of their own country, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers, either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice, it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour by reading and information, to have her share in those entertainments; rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next her, about a new cargo of fans.

It is a little hard that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or be judge of the easiest books that are written in it. As any one may find, who can have the patience to hear them, when they are disposed to mangle a play or novel, where the least word out of the common road is sure to disconcert them; and it is no wonder, when they are not

<sup>1</sup> Swift was the correspondent and friend of Lady Betty Germaine, Mrs. Barton, the Countess of Winchelsea, the Duchess of Ormond, Lady Masham, Mrs. Howard, and others. He was well acquainted also with the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, the Duchess of Queensborough and the Countess of Suffolk. He was also an intimate friend of the unfortunate Mrs. Long. His knowledge of women was as profound as it was varied. He could be terribly disparaging of the sex while having high admiration for individual women. [T. S.]

so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives. I advise you therefore to read aloud, more or less, every day to your husband, if he will permit you, or to any other friend, (but not a female one) who is able to set you right; and as for spelling, you may compass it in time by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves; but there is an easy remedy for this, if you once consider, that after all the pains you may be at, you never can arrive in point of learning to the perfection of a schoolboy. But the reading I would advise you to, is only for improvement of your own good sense, which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong method, and ill choice of books, that makes those learned ladies just so much the worse for what they have read. And therefore it shall be my care to direct you better, a task for which I take myself to be not ill-qualified; because I have spent more time, and have had more opportunities than many others, to observe and discover from what sources the various follies of women are derived.

Pray observe how insignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have passed their youth and beauty; how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex; and have no relief but in passing their afternoons in visits, where they are never acceptable; and their evenings at cards among each other; while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair by art and dress the ruins of time. Whereas I have known ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid their addresses, without any further view than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman. I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly which is not equally detestable in both. There is indeed one infirmity which seems to be generally allowed you, I mean that of cowardice. Yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when women profess their

admiration for a colonel or a captain on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful and becoming quality in themselves to be afraid of their own shadows; to scream in a barge when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at the ring; to run from a cow at a hundred yards' distance; to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a frog. At least, if cowardice be a sign of cruelty, (as it is generally granted) I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the same virtues equally become both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men, for which they are not just so much the worse; except that only of reservedness; which however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy. For as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex, who presume to take unbecoming liberty before you; so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

There is never wanting in this town, a tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling ladies, whose talents pass among coxcombs for wit and humour; their excellency lies in rude, shocking<sup>1</sup> expressions, and what they call "running a man down." If a gentleman in their company happens to have any blemish in his birth or person, if any misfortune hath befallen his family or himself, for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common prostitute, rather than to that of such termagants as these. I have often thought that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women; but to treat them like insolent rascals disguised in female habits, who ought to be stripped and kicked down stairs.

I will add one thing although it be a little out of place, which is to desire that you will learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities which he really possesseth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not. For although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation

<sup>1</sup> Printed "choquing" in early editions. [T. S.]

or ill judgment. It is true, he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are in no great danger of erring on this side. But my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of expense, only I think you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer as to keep within it, in that part of the management which falls to your share; and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies, who think they gain a great point when they have teased their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what long scores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it. And so God bless you, and make you a fair example to your sex, and a perpetual comfort to your husband and your parents.

I am, with great truth and affection,

MADAM,

Your most faithful friend

and humble servant.

ON THE DEATH  
OF  
MRS. JOHNSON [STELLA].

## NOTE.

ESTHER JOHNSON died at six o'clock on the evening of Sunday, January 28th, 1728. She had been ailing for many months before. When Swift was in England in 1726 and 1727 on a visit to his old friends, he received news of her dangerous condition from the Rev. John Worrall, the Vicar of St. Patrick's, and the news, though expected, filled him with "great oppression and heaviness of heart." Writing from Twickenham to Worrall (July 15, 1726) he says: "We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years . . . and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them [Mrs. Dingley and Miss Johnson] is gone, whom I most esteemed, upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human creature." He was afraid that something would happen when he left Ireland. "Ever since I left you, my heart has been so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again; but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away." Her death, however, came after he had returned, but when he received news of it he was entertaining some friends at dinner, and it was only later in the evening, after his company had gone, that he was able to commune with himself about his grief. The following piece was then begun and regularly continued for several evenings. "Sorrow and despair," writes Mr. Churton Collins, "have many voices, but seldom have they found expression so affecting as in those calm and simple words."

It might be fit here to consider the nature of the relationship which existed between Swift and Esther Johnson. So much vexed a subject must still remain of absorbing interest to all who seek in "representative men" the common qualities which link them, in spite of their greatness, to common humanity. I have summed up the matter in an Appendix in the twelfth volume, and though I am of opinion that Swift and Miss Johnson were never married, I must confess the evidence in favour of that opinion is by no means conclusive.

The text here given is reprinted from that to be found in the "Works," vol. viii, pt. i, pp. 255-264, ed. 1765. I know no earlier publication of it.

[T. S.]

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JOHNSON [STELLA].

THIS day, being Sunday, January 28, 1727-8, about eight o'clock at night, a servant brought me a note,<sup>1</sup> with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend, that I, or perhaps any other person, ever was blessed with. She expired about six in the evening of this day; and as soon as I am left alone, which is about eleven at night, I resolve, for my own satisfaction, to say something of her life and character.

She was born at Richmond, in Surrey, on the thirteenth day of March, in the year 1681. 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 of her birth.<sup>2</sup> I knew her from six years old, and had some share in her education, by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue; from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life. She was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen; but then grew into perfect health, and was 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. She lived generally in the

<sup>1</sup> Swift was entertaining some friends at his house on the evening of Esther Johnson's death. Sundays seem to have been the regular evenings for the dinners at the Deanery at which Dr. Delany would almost always be present. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Lord Orrery says that she was the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward (p. 22). Her mother, Mrs. Bridget Johnson, was often visited by Swift, and became later Mrs. Bridget Mose. Mose managed the Giffard property after Sir William Temple's death, which occurred in January, 1699. [T. S.]



country, with a family, where she contracted an intimate friendship with another lady of more advanced years. I was then (to my mortification) settled in Ireland; and about a year after, going to visit my friends in England,<sup>1</sup> I found she was a little uneasy upon the death of a person on whom she had some dependance. Her fortune, at that time, was in all not above fifteen hundred pounds,<sup>2</sup> the interest of which was but a scanty maintenance, in so dear a country, for one of her spirit. Upon this consideration, and indeed very much for my own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintance in Ireland, I prevailed with her and her dear friend and companion, the other lady,<sup>3</sup> to draw what money they had into Ireland, a great part of their fortune being in annuities upon funds. Money was then ten *per cent.* in Ireland, besides the advantage of turning it, and all necessities of life at half the price. They complied with my advice, and soon after came over; but, I happening to continue some time longer in England, they were much discouraged to live in Dublin, where they were wholly strangers. She was at that time about nineteen years old, and her person was soon distinguished. But the adventure looked so like a frolic, 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. She came over with her friend on the ——— in the year 170-;<sup>4</sup> and they both lived together until this day, when death removed her from us.<sup>5</sup> For some

<sup>1</sup> This was in 1701, from May to September, visiting Leicester. Swift visited Stella at Farnham and found her "a little uneasy" because of Sir William Temple's death. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Temple left her a legacy of a lease of some property in co. Wicklow. [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> Rebecca Dingley, a kinswoman of the Temple family. [T. S.]

<sup>4</sup> Probably 1700. [S.] Scott is in error here; they came over early in 1701. [T. S.]

<sup>5</sup> "The 'censure' to which Swift refers, and the character of much of the gossip that doubtless long held its ground, may be inferred from a passage in a letter of the 'little parson-cousin' as late as 1706. Thomas there asks 'whether Jonathan be married? or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both those gentlewomen that marched quite from Moor Park to Dublin, as they would have marched to the North or anywhere else, with full resolution to engage him.' Mr. Deane Swift who first published this letter, has the boldness and bad taste to infer from it, in direct contradiction to the statement of his great



years past, she had been visited with continual ill health; and several times, within these two years, her life was despaired of. But, for this twelvemonth past, she never had a day's health; and, properly speaking, she hath been dying six months, but kept alive, almost against nature, by the generous kindness of two physicians, and the care of her friends. Thus far I writ the same night between eleven and twelve.

Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind,<sup>1</sup> or more improved them by reading and conversation. Yet her memory was not of the best, and was impaired in the latter years of her life. But I cannot call to mind that I ever once heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books, or affairs. Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom, mixed with the greatest decency. 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. There seemed to be a combination among all that knew her, to treat her with a dignity much beyond her rank; yet people of all sorts were never more easy than in her company. Mr. Addison, when he was in Ireland, being introduced to her, immediately found her out; and, if he had not soon after left the kingdom, assured me he would have used all endeavours to cultivate her friendship. A rude or conceited coxcomb passed his time very ill, upon the least breach of respect; for in such a case she had no mercy, but was sure to expose him to the contempt of the standers-by; yet in such a manner as he was ashamed to complain, and durst not resent. All of us who had the happiness of her friendship, agreed unan-

kinsman, that it was Esther Johnson who proposed to go over to Ireland, and that her 'prime intention was to captivate the affections of Dr. Swift.' This is the way that lies come to pass themselves off for truth."—*Life of Swift*, John Forster, p. 126 *note*. [T. S.]

<sup>1</sup> Delany in his "Letters on Orrery's Remarks" writes of Esther Johnson (p. 53): "A woman who would have done honour to the choice of the greatest prince upon earth. Nay, a woman, who, I have good reason to believe, he [Swift] was well satisfied, did honour to his own choice, and excelled even in his own way." Orrery says: "She exactly answered the description of Penelope in Homer:

'A woman loveliest of the lovely kind,  
In body perfect and complete in mind.'" [T. S.]

imously, that, in an afternoon or evening's conversation, she never failed, before we parted, of delivering the best thing that was said in the company.<sup>1</sup> Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled almost beyond belief. She never mistook the understanding of others; nor ever said a severe word, but where a much severer was deserved.

Her servants loved, and almost adored her at the same time. She would, upon occasions, treat them with freedom; yet her demeanour was so awful, that they durst not fail in the least point of respect. She chid them seldom, but it was with severity, which had an effect upon them for a long time after.

*January 29.* My head aches, and I can write no more.

*January 30.* Tuesday.

This is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bed-chamber.

With all the softness of temper that became a lady, she had the personal courage of a hero. She and her friend having removed their lodgings to a new house, which stood solitary, a parcel of rogues, armed, attempted the house, where there was only one boy. She was then about four-and-twenty; and having been warned to apprehend some such attempt, she learned the management of a pistol; and the other women and servants being half dead with fear, she stole softly to her dining-room window, put on a black hood to prevent being seen, primed the pistol fresh, gently lifted up the sash, and taking her aim with the utmost presence of mind, discharged the pistol, loaden with the bullets, into the body of one villain, who stood the fairest mark. The fellow, mortally wounded, was carried off by the rest, and died the next morning; but his companions could not be found. The Duke of Ormonde hath often drank her health to me upon that account, and had always an high

<sup>1</sup> "I have often heard," writes Delany (p. 66), "a man of credit, and a competent judge declare, that he never passed one day in Stella's society, wherein he did not hear her say something, which he would wish to remember, to the last day of his life." [T. S.]

esteem of her. She was indeed under some apprehensions of going in a boat, after some danger she had narrowly escaped by water, but she was reasoned thoroughly out of it. She was never known to cry out, or discover any fear, in a coach or on horseback; or any uneasiness by those sudden accidents with which most of her sex, either by weakness or affectation, appear so much disordered.

She never had the least absence of mind in conversation, nor given to interruption, or appeared eager to put in her word, by waiting impatiently until another had done. She spoke in a most agreeable voice, in the plainest words, never hesitating, except out of modesty before new faces, where she was somewhat reserved: nor, among her nearest friends, ever spoke much at a time. She was but little versed in the common topics of female chat; scandal, censure, and detraction, never came out of her mouth; yet, among a few friends, in private conversation, she made little ceremony in discovering her contempt of a coxcomb, and describing all his follies to the life; but the follies of her own sex she was rather inclined to extenuate or to pity.

When she was once convinced, by open facts, of any breach of truth or honour in a person of high station, especially in the Church, she could not conceal her indignation, nor hear them named without shewing her displeasure in her countenance; particularly one or two of the latter sort, whom she had known and esteemed, but detested above all mankind, when it was manifest that they had sacrificed those two precious virtues to their ambition, and would much sooner have forgiven them the common immoralities of the laity.

Her frequent fits of sickness, in most parts of her life, had prevented her from making that progress in reading which she would otherwise have done. She was well versed in the Greek and Roman story, and was not unskilled in that of France and England. She spoke French perfectly, but forgot much of it by neglect and sickness. She had read carefully all the best books of travels, which serve to open and enlarge the mind. She understood the Platonic and Epicurean philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made very judicious abstracts of the best books she had read. She understood the nature of govern-

ment, and could point out all the errors of Hobbes, both in that and religion. She had a good insight into physic, and knew somewhat of anatomy; in both which she was instructed in her younger days by an eminent physician, who had her long under his care, and bore the highest esteem for her person and understanding. She had a true taste of wit and good sense, both in poetry and prose, and was a perfect good critic of style; neither was it easy to find a more proper or impartial judge, whose advice an author might better rely on, if he intended to send a thing into the world, provided it was on a subject that came within the compass of her knowledge. Yet, perhaps, she was sometimes too severe, which is a safe and pardonable error. She preserved her wit, judgment, and vivacity, to the last, but often used to complain of her memory.

Her fortune, with some accession, could not, as I have heard say, amount to much more than two thousand pounds, whereof a great part fell with her life, having been placed upon annuities in England, and one in Ireland.

In a person so extraordinary, perhaps it may be pardonable to mention some particulars, although of little moment, further than to set forth her character. Some presents of gold pieces being often made to her while she was a girl, by her mother and other friends, on promise to keep them, she grew into such a spirit of thrift, that, in about three years, they amounted to above two hundred pounds. She used to shew them with boasting; but her mother, apprehending she would be cheated of them, prevailed, in some months, and with great importunities, to have them put out to interest: when the girl lost the pleasure of seeing and counting her gold, which she never failed of doing many times in a day, and despaired of heaping up such another treasure, her humour took the quite contrary turn; she grew careless and squandering of every new acquisition, and so continued till about two-and-twenty; when, by advice of some friends, and the fright of paying large bills of tradesmen, who enticed her into their debt, she began to reflect upon her own folly, and was never at rest until she had discharged all her shop-bills, and refunded herself a considerable sum she had run out. After which, by the addition of a few years, and a superior understanding, she became, and continued all her life, a

most prudent economist; yet still with a strong bent to the liberal side, wherein she gratified herself by avoiding all expense in clothes (which she ever despised) beyond what was merely decent. And, although her frequent returns of sickness were very chargeable, except fees to physicians, of which she met with several so generous that she could force nothing on them, (and indeed she must otherwise have been undone) yet she never was without a considerable sum of ready money. Insomuch that, upon her death, when her nearest friends thought her very bare, her executors found in her strong box about a hundred and fifty pounds in gold. She lamented the narrowness of her fortune in nothing so much, as that it did not enable her to entertain her friends so often, and in so hospitable a manner, as she desired. Yet they were always welcome; and, while she was in health to direct, were treated with neatness and elegance, so that the revenues of her and her companion passed for much more considerable than they really were. They lived always in lodgings, their domestics consisted of two maids and one man. She kept an account of all the family expenses, from her arrival in Ireland to some months before her death; and she would often repine, when looking back upon the annals of her household bills, that every thing necessary for life was double the price, while interest of money was sunk almost to one half; so that the addition made to her fortune was indeed grown absolutely necessary.

[I since writ as I found time.]

But her charity to the poor was a duty not to be diminished, and therefore became a tax upon those tradesmen who furnish the fopperies of other ladies. She bought clothes as seldom as possible, and those as plain and cheap as consisted with the situation she was in; and wore no lace for many years. Either her judgment or fortune was extraordinary, in the choice of those on whom she bestowed her charity; for it went further in doing good than double the sum from any other hand. And I have heard her say, she always met with gratitude from the poor; which must be owing to her skill in distinguishing proper objects, as well as her gracious manner in relieving them.

But she had another quality that much delighted her, although it may be thought a kind of check upon her bounty;



however, it was a pleasure she could not resist: I mean that of making agreeable presents; wherein I never knew her equal, although it be an affair of as delicate a nature as most in the course of life. She used to define a present, That it was a gift to a friend of something he wanted, or was fond of, and which could not be easily gotten for money. I am confident, during my acquaintance with her, she hath, in these and some other kinds of liberality, disposed of to the value of several hundred pounds. As to presents made to herself, she received them with great unwillingness, but especially from those to whom she had ever given any; being on all occasions the most disinterested mortal I ever knew or heard of.

From her own disposition, at least as much as from the frequent want of health, she seldom made any visits; but her own lodgings, from before twenty years old, were frequented by many persons of the graver sort, who all respected her highly, upon her good sense, good manners, and conversation. Among these were the late Primate Lindsay, Bishop Lloyd, Bishop Ashe, Bishop Brown, Bishop Stearne, Bishop Pulleyn,<sup>1</sup> with some others of later date; and indeed the greatest number of her acquaintance was among the clergy. Honour, truth, liberality, good nature, and modesty, were the virtues she chiefly possessed, and most valued in her acquaintance: and where she found them, would be ready to allow for some defects; nor valued them less, although they did not shine in learning or in wit: but would never give the least allowance for any failures in the former, even to those who made the greatest figure in either of the two latter. She had no use of any person's liberality, yet her detestation of covetous people made her uneasy if such a one was in her company; upon which occasion she would say many things very entertaining and humorous.

<sup>1</sup> Archbishop Lindsay, a strong Tory and a great friend of Swift. It was Swift who influenced Lindsay's appointment to the primacy in the last years of Queen Anne's reign. Lindsay was succeeded in the primacy by the famous Hugh Boulter. Lloyd was Bishop of Killala; Ashe was St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, who, according to Orrery, secretly married Swift and Stella; Dr. Brown, Bishop of Cork, the ex-provost of Dublin College, who had obtained the see Swift hoped to get himself from Somers and Halifax. Bishop Sterne who had preceded Swift as Dean of St. Patrick's. He was Bishop of Dromore and of Clogher. Tobias Pullen was Bishop of Cloyne and of Dromore. [T. S.]

She never interrupted any person who spoke; she laughed at no mistakes they made, but helped them out with modesty; and if a good thing were spoken, but neglected, she would not let it fall, but set it in the best light to those who were present. She listened to all that was said, and had never the least distraction or absence of thought.

It was not safe, nor prudent, in her absence, to offend in the least word against modesty; for she then gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which even stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion; and the guilty person, by her future avoiding him like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way to transgress a second time.

It happened one single coxcomb, of the pert kind, was in her company, among several other ladies; and in his flip-pant way, began to deliver some double meanings; the rest flapped their fans, and used the other common expedients practised in such cases, of appearing not to mind or comprehend what was said. Her behaviour was very different, and perhaps may be censured. She said thus to the man: "Sir, all these ladies and I understand your meaning very well, having, in spite of our care, too often met with those of your sex who wanted manners and good sense. But, believe me, neither virtuous nor even vicious women love such kind of conversation. However, I will leave you, and report your behaviour: and whatever visit I make, I shall first enquire at the door whether you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid you." I know not whether a majority of ladies would approve of such a proceeding; but I believe the practice of it would soon put an end to that corrupt conversation, the worst effect of dullness, ignorance, impudence, and vulgarity, and the highest affront to the modesty and understanding of the female sex.

By returning very few visits, she had not much company of her own sex, except those whom she most loved for their easiness, or esteemed for their good sense: and those, not insisting on ceremony, came often to her. But she rather chose men for her companions, the usual topics of ladies' discourse being such as she had little knowledge of, and less relish. Yet no man was upon the rack to entertain her, for she easily descended to any thing that was innocent and

diverting. News, politics, censure, family management, or town-talk, she always diverted to something else; but these indeed seldom happened, for she chose her company better: and therefore many, who mistook her and themselves, having solicited her acquaintance, and finding themselves disappointed, after a few visits dropped off; and she was never known to enquire into the reason, or ask what was become of them.

She was never positive in arguing; and she usually treated those who were so, in a manner which well enough gratified that unhappy disposition; yet in such a sort as made it very contemptible, and at the same time did some hurt to the owners. Whether this proceeded from her easiness in general, or from her indifference to persons, or from her despair of mending them, or from the same practice which she much liked in Mr. Addison, I cannot determine; but when she saw any of the company very warm in a wrong opinion, she was more inclined to confirm them in it than oppose them. The excuse she commonly gave, when her friends asked the reason, was, that it prevented noise, and saved time. Yet I have known her very angry with some, whom she much esteemed, for sometimes falling into that infirmity.

She loved Ireland much better than the generality of those who owe both their birth and riches to it; and having brought over all the fortune she had in money, left the reversion of the best part of it, one thousand pounds, to Dr. Stephens's Hospital.<sup>1</sup> She detested the tyranny and injustice of England, in their treatment of this kingdom. She had indeed reason to love a country, where she had the esteem and friendship of all who knew her, and the universal good report of all who ever heard of her, without one exception, if I am told the truth by those who keep general conversation. Which character is the more extraordinary, in falling to a person of so much knowledge, wit, and vivacity, qualities that are used to create envy, and consequently censure; and must be rather imputed to her great

<sup>1</sup> In the letter to Worrall already quoted Swift writes: "I wish it could be brought about that she [Stella] might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister, during their lives, and afterwards to Dr. Stephens' hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there as she designs." [T. S.]



modesty, gentle behaviour, and inoffensiveness, than to her superior virtues.

Although her knowledge, from books and company, was much more extensive than usually falls to the share of her sex; yet she was so far from making a parade of it, that her female visitants, on their first acquaintance, who expected to discover it by what they call hard words and deep discourse, would be sometimes disappointed, and say, they found she was like other women. But wise men, through all her modesty, whatever they discoursed on, could easily observe that she understood them very well, by the judgment shewn in her observations as well as in her questions.



BONS MOTS DE STELLA.



## BONS MOTS DE STELLA.<sup>1</sup>

A LADY of my intimate acquaintance both in England and Ireland, in which last kingdom she lived from the eighteenth year of her age, twenty-six years, had the most and finest accomplishments of any person I ever knew of either sex. It was observed by all her acquaintance, that she never failed in company to say the best thing that was said, whoever was by; yet her companions were usually persons of the best understanding in the kingdom. Some of us, who were her nearest friends, lamented that we never wrote down her remarks, and what the French call *bons mots*. I will recollect as many as I can remember.

We were diverting ourselves at a play called "What is it like?" One person is to think, and the rest, without knowing the thing, to say what it is like. The thing thought on was the spleen; she had said it was like an oyster, and gave her reason immediately, because it is removed by taking steel inwardly.

<sup>1</sup> The wit in these *bons mots* is of the caustic kind—a kind that would appeal to Swift. Delany tells of an occasion when Stella gave a reply which seems to me readier and more pleasing than any here cited. At the time of Swift's trouble with Hester Vanhomrigh Stella retired to the home of one of Swift's friends. The publication of "Cadenus and Vanessa" had just taken place, and the poem was the talk of the town. Some gentlemen dropping in to dinner at the house in which Stella was staying discussed the poem, not knowing of any connection she might have with its writer. They remarked that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman to inspire the Dean to write so finely on her. Stella replied with a smile, that it was not a matter for wonder since it was well known that the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick.

Faulkner's edition (vol. viii, 1746) gives the first published form of these *bons mots*, except the last one, which is to be found in the fourteenth volume of the edition of Swift's works published in 1779. The text here given is based on Faulkner, and corrected by that given in the edition of 1755 ("Works," vol. vi, pt. ii.) [T. S.]

Dr. Sheridan,<sup>1</sup> who squandered more than he could afford, took out his purse as he sat by the fire, and found it was very hot; she said the reason was, that his money burnt in his pocket.

She called to her servants to know what ill smell was in the kitchen? They answered, they were making matches: Well, said she, I have heard matches were made in Heaven, but by the brimstone, one would think they were made in Hell.

After she had been eating some sweet thing, a little of it happened to stick on her lips: a gentleman told her of it, and offered to lick it off. She said, No, sir, I thank you, I have a tongue of my own.

In the late King's time, a gentleman asked Jervas the painter, where he lived in London? He answered, next door to the King (for his house was near St. James's). The other wondering how that could be; she said, You mistake Mr. Jervas, for he only means next door to the *sign* of a king.

A gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him that he should be easy, because the child was gone to Heaven. No, my lord, said she, that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child there.

Having seen some letters writ by a king in a very large hand, and some persons wondering at them, she said it confirmed the old saying, that kings had long hands.

Dr. Sheridan, famous for punning, and intending to sell a bargain, said, he had made a very good pun. Somebody asked, what it was? He answered, Mya—. The other taking offence, she insisted the doctor was in the right, for everybody knew that punning was his blind side.

When she was extremely ill, her physicians said, Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again. She answered, Doctor, I fear I shall be *out of breath* before I get up to the top.

A dull parson talking of a very smart thing said to another parson as he came out of the pulpit, he was hammering a

<sup>1</sup> Swift's intimate friend and companion in pun-making. See "The History of the Second Solomon," later. [T. S.]

long time, but could not remember the jest; she being impatient, said, I remember it very well, for I was there, and the words were these; Sir, you have been blundering at a story this half hour, and can neither make head nor tail of it.

A very dirty clergyman of her acquaintance, who affected smartness and repartee, was asked by some of the company how his nails came to be so dirty? He was at a loss; but she solved the difficulty, by saying, The doctor's nails grew dirty by scratching himself.

A Quaker apothecary sent her a vial corked; it had a broad brim, and a label of paper about its neck. "What is that?" said she; "my apothecary's son?" The ridiculous resemblance, and the suddenness of the question, set us all a-laughing.





CHARACTER OF MRS. H[OWAR]D.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1727.

## NOTE.

HENRIETTA HOWARD was certainly a remarkable woman. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Hobart and married when very young to Charles Howard, third son of Henry, Earl of Suffolk. The husband, according to Lord Hervey, was "drunken, extravagant, brutal." When he was appointed by George I. groom of the bed-chamber, Mrs. Howard became attendant on the Princess of Wales, and thus came under the notice of the Prince of Wales. The Prince's attentions ended in Mrs. Howard separating from her husband and becoming the Prince's mistress—a position she held even after his accession as George II. Under this favour she had great influence at court, and Swift's praise and adulation of her had in them somewhat of flattery, though for no benefits for himself. Tory writers courted her in the hope that she would advance them in the King's eyes, and Tory courtiers did likewise for a like reason. But her reign ceased when Walpole and Queen Caroline became reconciled and the latter's influence stood paramount with the King. In spite, however, of her fall from favour, Mrs. Howard continued to be visited by the wits of the town and the members of the opposition. Horace Walpole who was very fond of gossiping with her when she was Berkeley's wife, says that "her mental qualifications were by no means shining." He thought her "sensible, artful, agreeable, but had neither sense nor art to make him [George II.] think her so agreeable as his wife."

Lord Peterborough carried on an intimacy with her, the nature of which is uncertain, but the letters he wrote her were in an extravagant vein of romance. Pope and Swift solicited her in Gay's favour, but she either did not or could not do much for him. The best she did was to obtain for him the post of gentleman-usher to Princess Louisa. Her brother, with her influence, fared better. She got for him the earldom of Buckinghamshire.

Swift's "Character of the Lady" is, judging from what others have told us of her, remarkably acute, and not without a touch of satire, delicate in the extreme.

The "Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk," from which the present text is taken, was edited by John Wilson Croker, in two volumes, in 1824.

[T. S.]

## CHARACTER OF MRS. H[OWAR]D.

June 12, 1727.<sup>1</sup>

I SHALL say nothing of her wit or beauty, which are freely allowed by all persons of taste and eyes, who hear or see her:<sup>2</sup> for beauty, being transient, and a trifle, cannot justly make part of a character intended to last; and I leave others to celebrate her wit, because it will be of little use in the light I design to show her.<sup>3</sup>

As to her history, it will be sufficient to observe that<sup>4</sup> she went, in the prime of her youth, to the Court of Hanover and there became of the bedchamber to the present Princess of Wales, living with the rest in expectation of the great event of the Queen's death,<sup>5</sup> after which she came over with her mistress, and hath ever since continued in her royal highness's service; where from the attendance duly paid her by all the ministers, as well as others who expect advancement hath been reckoned for some years to be the great favourite of the court at Leicester Fields, which is a fact that of all others she most earnestly wishes might not be believed.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This date is given in "Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk" (1824) on which the present text of the "Character" is based. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Scott and other editors print here: "who can judge of either when they hear or see her." [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> Other editors print here: "Of little use in that part of her character which I intend to draw." [T. S.]

<sup>4</sup> Other editors print: "Neither shall I relate any part of her history farther than that." [T. S.]

<sup>5</sup> Queen Anne. [D. S.]

<sup>6</sup> Other editors print: "where, from the attendance daily paid her by the ministers and all expectants, she is reckoned much the greatest favourite of the court at Leicester-House; a situation which she has long affected to desire that it might not be believed." [T. S.]

There is no politician who more carefully watches the motives and disposition of things and persons at St. James's House, nor can form a language with more imperceptible dexterity to the present situation of the court, or more early foresee what style may be proper upon any approaching juncture of affairs, whereof she can gather timely intelligence without asking it, and often when those from whom she receives it do not know that they are giving it to her, but equally with others admire her sagacity. Sir Robert Walpole and she both think they understand each other, and are both of them mistaken.

With persons where she is to manage, she is very expert in what the French call *tâter le pavé*; <sup>1</sup> with others she is a great vindicator of all present proceedings, but in such a manner, as if she were under no concern further than her bare opinion, and wondering how any body can think otherwise; but the danger is, that she may come in time to believe herself, which, under a change of princes, and with a great addition of credit, might have terrible consequences.

She is a most unconscionable dealer; for, in return for a few good words, given to her lords and gentlemen daily waiters, during their attendance, she receives ten thousand from them behind her back.<sup>2</sup> The credit she hath is managed with the utmost parsimony, and whenever she employs it, which is as seldom as possible, it is only upon such occasions where she is sure to get more than she spends.<sup>3</sup> She would readily press Sir Robert Walpole to do some favour for Charles Churchill,<sup>4</sup> or Mr. Doddington; the Princess, for

<sup>1</sup> Other editors print: "She is very dexterous in that point of skill which the French call," etc. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Other editors print: "Few good words, which she gives to her lords and gentlemen daily waiters before their faces, she gets ten thousand from them behind her back, which are of real service to her character." [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> Swift had tried to get her to use her influence and credit for Gay, but apparently she had little power, since the best she could do for him was the offer of gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, a post which Gay declined. For her brother, however, she managed to obtain an earldom. [T. S.]

<sup>4</sup> Colonel Charles Churchill was a great friend of Sir Robert's, and afterwards married his daughter; and Mr. Doddington was one of his lords of the treasury ("Suffolk Correspondence," vol. i., p. xli.). [T. S.]

some mark of grace to Mrs. Clayton,<sup>1</sup> or his Royal Highness to remember Mr. Schutz.

She sometimes falls into the general mistakes of all courtiers, of not suiting her talents to the different abilities of others, but thinking those she deals with to have less wit than they really are masters of, whereby she may possibly be sometimes deceived when she thinks she deceives.

In all offices of life, except that of a courtier, she acts with justice, generosity, and truth; she is ready to do good as a private person, and I could almost think in charity that she will not do hurt as a courtier, unless it be to those who deserve it.

In religion she is at least a latitudinarian, neither an enemy nor a stranger to books which maintain the opinions of freethinkers; wherein she is the more to be blamed as having too much morality to need their assistance, and requiring only a due degree of faith for putting her in the road to salvation.<sup>2</sup> I speak this of her as a private lady, not as a court favourite; for, in this latter capacity, she can show neither faith nor works.

If she had never seen a court, it is possible she might have been a friend.

She abounds in good words and good wishes, and will concert a hundred schemes with those whom she favours, in order to their advancement; schemes<sup>3</sup> that sometimes arise from them, and sometimes from herself, although, at the same time, she very well knows that both are without the least probability to succeed. But to do her justice, she never feeds or deceives any person with promises, where she doth not then think that she intendeth some degree of sincerity.

She is, upon the whole, an excellent companion for men of the best accomplishments, who have nothing to ask.

What part she may act hereafter in a larger sphere, as

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lady Sundon, bedchamber woman and friend of the late Queen Caroline. [N.]

<sup>2</sup> Other editors print: "In religion she is at least a latitudinarian, being not an enemy to books written by the freethinkers; and herein she is the more blameable, because she has too much morality to stand in need of them regarding," etc. [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> Other editors print: "She abounds in good words, and expressions of good wishes, and will concert a hundred schemes for the service of those whom she would be thought to favour; schemes," etc. [T. S.]

lady of the bedchamber to a great Queen,<sup>1</sup> and in high esteem with a King, neither she nor I can foretell. My own opinion is natural and obvious; that her talents as a courtier will spread, enlarge, and multiply to such a degree, that her private virtues, for want of room and time to operate, must be folded and laid up clean, like clothes in a chest, never to be put on till satiety, or some reverse of fortune,<sup>2</sup> shall dispose her to retirement. In the mean time, it will be her prudence to take care that they may not be famished or moth-eaten, for want of opening and airing, and turning at least once a year.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Scott and Deane Swift add here: "(upon supposing the death of his present Majesty, and of the Earl of Suffolk, to whose title her husband succeeds,)." [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Other editors add here: "or increase of ill-health, (to which last she is subject,)." [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Howard lost the King's favour towards 1729, but her poor circumstances compelled her to retain her post in spite of the indignities to which she was subjected. When her husband succeeded to the earldom of Suffolk she obtained the post of groom of the stole to the queen. She married the Hon. George Berkeley two years after the death of her first husband, and a year after she had retired from court life, which was in 1735. She did not leave much wealth on her death in 1767. [T. S.]

THE HISTORY  
OF  
THE SECOND SOLOMON.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1729.

## NOTE.

WE have it on the authority of the editor of the 1765 edition of Swift's Works (Mr. Deane Swift), that the following piece was written in 1729. It certainly was not printed in that year, if only for the reason that Swift, in spite of his displeasure at Sheridan, would not have hurt his old friend's feelings by making public his foibles and follies in so unmerciful a way. It was no doubt written in a moment of extreme irritability and should never have been published. That Swift got over his temper is fully shown in the fact that Sheridan stayed with Swift at the Deanery in 1738, after he had sold his school at Cavan. As it is, I have no alternative but to reprint it. The piece bears all the marks of Swift's style, and shows an acquaintance with Sheridan's character which only Swift could know and only Swift could ridicule in the manner he has here done. The character of Sheridan which Swift wrote nine years later, on the death of his friend, gives due prominence to the many good qualities in the man who had written of himself: "I am famous for giving the best advice and following the worst."

Swift made Sheridan's acquaintance in 1713, when he had come to Dublin to be installed Dean of St. Patrick's. A great intimacy seems to have sprung up between them, and there was always a special room for Sheridan at the deanery. In after years they were associated in issuing and writing "*The Intelligencer*" (see vol. ix of present edition) and each helped the other in many ways. It was due to Swift's appeal to Carteret that Sheridan obtained a chaplaincy to his lordship, and a living in Cork. It was largely with Swift's assistance that he established a school in Dublin, where Swift would take Sheridan's place when the latter was ill. On the many occasions when Sheridan wanted help, he had but to turn to Swift to find a ready assistance. Swift considered him "the best scholar in these kingdoms." But he was an idler and thoughtless, and a bad director of his own affairs. He was a typical Irishman of the best kind, full of wit and ready at repartee. His translations of Persius and Juvenal ran through several editions. He died suddenly on October 10th, 1738.

[T. S.]



## THE HISTORY OF THE SECOND SOLOMON.<sup>1</sup>

HE became acquainted with a person distinguished for poetical and other writings, and in an eminent station, who treated him with great kindness on all occasions, and he became familiar in this person's house.<sup>2</sup> In three months' time Solomon, without the least provocation, writ a long poem, describing that person's muse to be dead, and making a funeral solemnity with asses, owls, &c. and gave the copy among all his acquaintance.<sup>3</sup>

Solomon became acquainted with a most deserving lady, an intimate friend of the above person,<sup>4</sup> who entertained him also as she would a brother; and, upon giving him a little good advice in the most decent manner, with relation to his wife, he told her, "She was like other women, as bad as she was; and that they were all alike:" although his wife be, in every regard except gallantry, (which no creature would attempt,) the most disagreeable beast in Europe.

He lets his wife (whom he pretends to hate as she deserves) govern, insult, and ruin him, as she pleases. Her character is this: Her person is detestably disagreeable; a most filthy slut; lazy, and slothful, and luxurious, ill-natured, envious, suspicious; a scold, expensive on herself, covetous to others: She takes thieves and whores, for cheapness, to be her servants, and turns them off every week: Positive, inso-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Sheridan. [D. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Swift himself. See note *ante*. [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> The poem seems to have missed the diligence of previous researchers. As Scott remarks, "the verses were probably considered at the time as mere food for laughter." [T. S.]

<sup>4</sup> Stella. [D. S.]

lent, an ignorant, prating, overweening fool; a lover of the dirtiest, meanest company; an abominable tattler, affecting to be jealous of her husband, with ladies of the best rank and merit, and merely out of affectation, for perfect vanity.

Solomon has no ill design upon any person but himself, and he is the greatest deceiver of himself on all occasions.

His thoughts are sudden, and the most unreasonable always comes uppermost; and he constantly resolves and acts upon his first thoughts, and then asks advice, but never once before.

The person above mentioned, whom he lampooned in three months after their acquaintance, procured him a good preferment from the Lord-lieutenant.<sup>1</sup> Upon going down to take possession, Solomon preached, at Cork, a sermon on King George's birth-day, on this text, "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." Solomon having been famous for a High Tory, and suspected as a Jacobite, it was a most difficult thing to get any thing for him: but that person, being an old friend of Lord Carteret, prevailed against all Solomon's enemies, and got him made likewise one of his excellency's chaplains. But, upon this sermon, he was struck out of the list, and forbid the Castle, until that same person brought him again to the Lieutenant, and made them friends.

A fancy sprung in Solomon's head, that a house near Dublin would be commodious for him and his boarders, to lodge in on Saturdays and Sundays; immediately, without consulting with any creature, he takes a lease of a rotten house at Rathfarnham, the worst air in Ireland, for 999 years, at twelve pounds a year; the land, which was only a strip of ground, not being worth twenty shillings a year. When the same person whom he lampooned heard the thing, he begged Solomon to get a clause of surrender, and at last prevailed to have it done after twenty-one years; because it was a madness to pay eleven pounds a year, for a thousand years, for a house that could not last twenty. But Solomon made an agreement with his landlady, that he should be at liberty to surrender his lease in seven years; and if he did not do it at that time, should be obliged to keep it for 999 years. In the

<sup>1</sup> Lord Carteret. [T. S.]

meantime, he expends about one hundred pounds on the house and garden-wall; and in less than three years, contracts such a hatred to the house, that he lets it run to ruin: so that, when the seven years were expired, he must either take it for the remainder of the 999 years, or be sued for waste, and lose all the money he laid out; and now he pays twelve pounds a year for a place he never sees.

Solomon has an estate of about thirty-five pounds *per annum*, in the county of Cavan; upon which, instead of ever receiving one penny rent, he hath expended above thirty pounds *per annum* in buildings and plantations, which are all gone to ruin.

Solomon is under-tenant to a bishop's lease:<sup>1</sup> he is bound by articles to his lordship to renew and pay a fine, whenever the bishop renews with his landlord, and to raise his rent as the landlord shall rise it to the bishop. Seven years expire: Solomon's landlord demands a fine, which he readily pays; then asks for a lease. The landlord says, he may have it at any time. He never gets it. Another seven years elapse: Solomon's landlord demands another fine, and an additional

<sup>1</sup> Sheridan the younger gives an account of how his father became possessed of the property: "But though, as Swift expresses it, the Doctor had thus, by mere chance-medley, shot his own fortune dead with a single text, yet it was the mean of his receiving a considerable addition to his fortune, of more intrinsic value than the largest benefice he might have reason to expect. As this proceeded from an act of uncommon generosity, it deserves well to be recorded. Archdeacon Russel, in whose pulpit the sermon was preached, considered himself as instrumental, however accidentally, to the ruin of the Doctor's expectations. He was for some time uneasy in his mind on this account, and at last determined to make him a noble compensation. He had a great friendship for the Doctor, whom he saw loaded with a numerous offspring, upon a precarious income, while he himself was possessed of a considerable property, and without any family. Urged on by those nice scruples in his mind before mentioned, he thought he could not make a better use of his fortune, than to apply the superfluity of it towards making the Doctor easy in his circumstances, and thus enabling him to make a provision for his children. With this view, he took a journey to Dublin, in order to make over to him, by an irrevocable deed of gift, the valuable manor of Drumlane, in the county of Cavan, a bishop's lease, which at that time produced a clear profit rent of two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*. An act of such liberality, and seldom to be paralleled in this degenerate and selfish age, deserves well to be rescued from oblivion; nor could the author of these memoirs, without ingratitude, pass it over." (Sheridan's "Life of Swift.") [T. S.]

rent: Solomon pays both, asks to have his lease renewed: the steward answers, he will speak to his master. Seventeen years are elapsed; the landlord sends Solomon word that his lease is forfeited, because he hath not renewed and paid his fines according to articles; and now they are at law, upon this admirable case.

It is Solomon's great happiness, that, when he acts in the common concerns of life against common sense and reason, he values himself thereupon, as if it were the mark of great genius, above little regards or arts, and that his thoughts are too exalted to descend into the knowledge of vulgar management; and you cannot make him a greater compliment than by telling instances to the company, before his face, how careless he was in any affair that related to his interest and fortune.

He is extremely proud and captious, apt to resent as an affront and indignity, what was never intended for either.<sup>1</sup>

He is allured as easily by every new acquaintance, especially among women, as a child is by a new plaything; and is led at will by them to suspect and quarrel with his best friends, of whom he hath lost the greatest part, for want of that indulgency which they ought to allow for his failings. He is a generous, honest, good-natured man; but his perpetual want of judgment and discretion, makes him act as if he were neither generous, honest, nor good-natured.

The person above-mentioned, whom he lampooned, and to whom he owes preferment, being in the country and out of order, Solomon had appointed to come for him with a chaise, and bring him to town. Solomon sent him word that he was to set out on Monday, and did accordingly, but to another part of the kingdom, thirty miles wide of the place appointed, in compliment to a lady who was going that way; there stayed, with her and her family, a month; then sent the chaise, in the midst of winter, to bring the said person where Solomon would meet him, declaring he could not venture himself for fear of the frost: and, upon the said person's refusing to go in the chaise alone, or to trust to Solomon's appointment, and being in ill health, Solomon fell

<sup>1</sup> Swift might well have taken these words to himself, in this instance especially. [T. S.]

into a formal quarrel with that person, and foully misrepresented the whole affair, to justify himself.

Solomon had published a humorous ballad, called "Ballyspellin," whither he had gone to drink the waters, with a new favourite lady. The ballad was in the manner of Mr. Gay's on Molly Mogg, pretending to contain all the rhymes of Ballyspellin. His friend, the person so often mentioned, being at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, and merry over Solomon's ballad, they agreed to make another, in dispraise of Ballyspellin Wells, which Solomon had celebrated, and with all new rhymes not made use of in Solomon's. The thing was done, and all in a mere jest and innocent merriment. Yet Solomon was prevailed upon, by the lady he went with, to resent this as an affront on her and himself; which he did accordingly, against all the rules of reason, taste, good nature, judgment, gratitude, or common manners.<sup>1</sup>

He will invite six or more people of condition to dine with him on a certain day, some of them living five or six miles from town. On the day appointed he will be absent, and know nothing of the matter, and they all go back disappointed. When he is told of this, he is pleased, because it shews him to be a genius and a man of learning.

Having lain many years under the obloquy of a High Tory and Jacobite, upon the present Queen's birth-day he writ a song, to be performed before the government and those who attended them, in praise of the Queen and King, on the common topics of her beauty, wit, family, love of England, and all other virtues, wherein the King and the royal children were sharers. It was very hard to avoid the common topics, which were mentioned in abundance. A young collegian, who had done the same job the year before, got some reputation on account of his wit. Solomon would needs vie with him, by which he lost all the esteem of his old friends the Tories, and got not the least interest with the Whigs; for they are now too strong to want advocates of

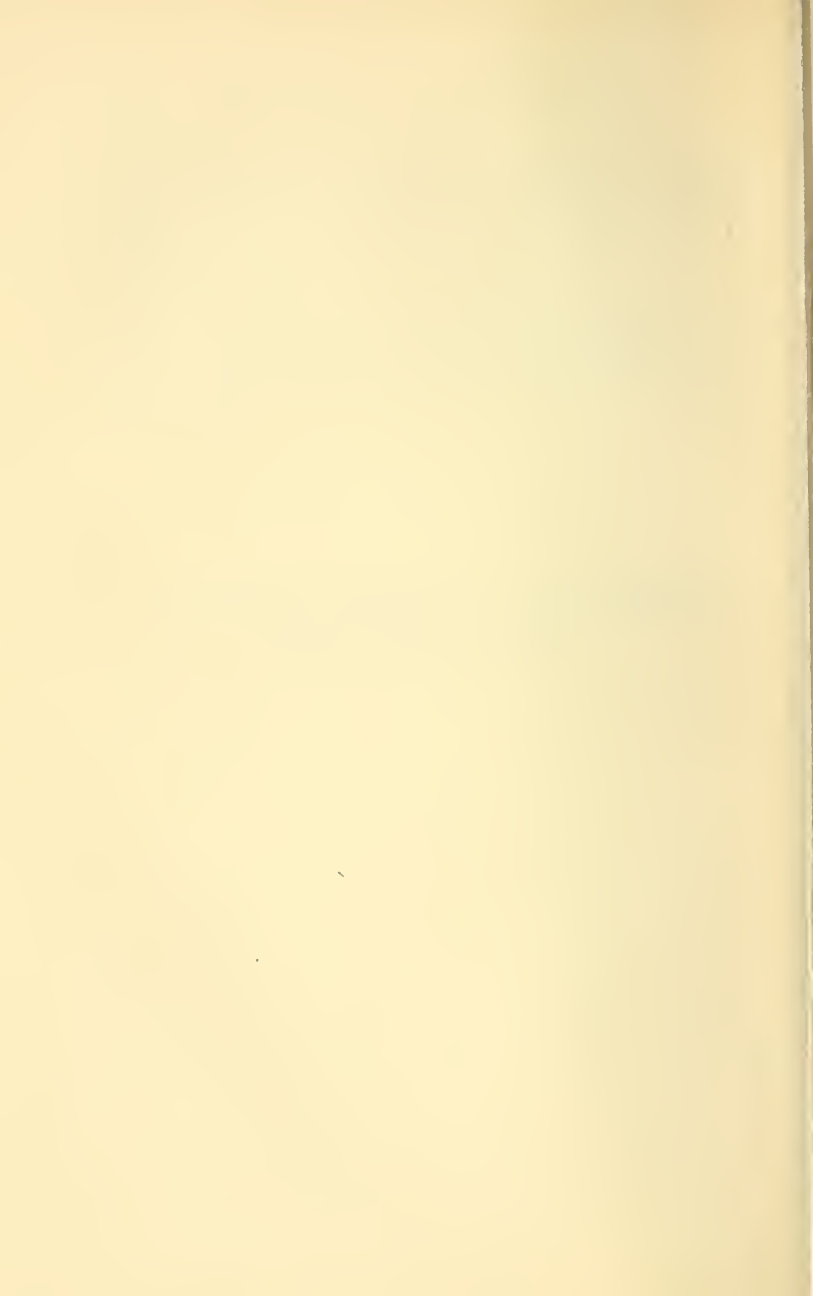
<sup>1</sup> Ballyspellin was a famous spa in Kilkenny county. The two poems are given by Scott (vol. xv, 1824, pp. 133-139). Sheridan praised the Spa and Swift derided the girls there. Swift's rhymes are pretty broad, to say the least of them, but as he says in the text above, they were written "all in a mere jest and innocent merriment." [T. S.]

that kind: and therefore one of the lords justices, reading the verses in some company, said, "Ah, Doctor! this shall not do." His name was at length in the title-page; and he did this without the knowledge or advice of one living soul, as he himself confesseth.

His full conviction of having acted wrong in a hundred instances, leaves him as positive in the next instance, as if he had never been mistaken in his life: and if you go to him the next day, and find him convinced in the last, he hath another instance ready, wherein he is as positive as he was the day before.

CHARACTER OF DOCTOR SHERIDAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1738.





## CHARACTER OF DOCTOR SHERIDAN.<sup>1</sup>

DOCTOR THOMAS SHERIDAN died at Rathfarnham, the tenth of October, 1738, at three of the clock in the afternoon: his diseases were a dropsy and asthma. He was doubtless the best instructor of youth in these kingdoms, or perhaps in Europe; and as great a master of the Greek and Roman languages. He had a very fruitful invention, and a talent for poetry. His English verses were full of wit and humour, but neither his prose nor verse sufficiently correct: however, he would readily submit to any friend who had a true taste in prose or verse. He hath left behind him a very great collection, in several volumes, of stories, humorous, witty, wise, or some way useful, gathered from a vast number of Greek, Roman, Italian, Spanish, French, and English writers. I believe I may have seen about thirty, large enough to make as many moderate books in octavo. But, among those extracts, there were many not worth regard; for five in six, at least, were of little use or entertainment. He was (as it is frequently the case in men of wit and learning) what

<sup>1</sup> Swift, while emphasizing the good qualities of his friend, writes in a somewhat perfunctory and indifferent manner. He was very advanced in years at the time of writing, and no doubt suffering. His irritability of temper was growing on him, and he had, just before Sheridan's death, when the latter had recovered from an illness he had while staying at the deanery, informed Sheridan that he was no longer welcome there. This was because Sheridan had kept a promise made to Swift that he should tell him when he showed evident signs of avarice. Sheridan had fulfilled the promise by noting down all the instances on a piece of paper and handing it to Swift. Swift's reply was to ask him a question: "Did you never read 'Gil Blas'?" No doubt Swift's ailing mind was still under the impression of this encounter when this "Character" was written, which may account for its lack of friendly feeling. The earliest printed form of this piece is that given by Deane Swift in his edition of his kinsman's works (1765). [T. S.]

the French call a *dupe*, and in a very high degree. The greatest dunce of a tradesman could impose upon him, for he was altogether ignorant in worldly management. His chief shining quality was that of a schoolmaster; here he shone in his proper element. He had so much skill and practice in the physiognomy of boys, that he rarely mistook at the first view. His scholars loved and feared him. He often rather chose to shame the stupid, but punished the idle, and exposed them to all the lads, which was more severe than lashing. Among the gentlemen in this kingdom who have any share of education, the scholars of Dr. Sheridan infinitely excel, in number and knowledge, all their brethren sent from other schools.

To look on the doctor in some other lights, he was in many things very indiscreet, to say no worse. He acted like too many clergymen, who are in haste to be married when very young; and from hence proceeded all the miseries of his life. The portion he got proved to be just the reverse of £500, for he was poorer by a thousand: so many incumbrances of a mother-in-law, and poor relations, whom he was forced to support for many years. Instead of breeding up his daughters to housewifery and plain clothes, he got them at a great expense, to be clad like ladies who had plentiful fortunes; made them only learn to sing and dance, to draw and design, to give them rich silks and other fopperies; and his two eldest were married, without his consent, to young lads who had nothing to settle on them. However, he had one son, whom the doctor sent to Westminster school, although he could ill afford it.<sup>1</sup> The boy was there immediately taken notice of, upon examination: although a mere stranger, he was, by pure merit, elected a king's scholar. It is true their maintenance falls something short: the doctor was then so poor, that he could not add fourteen pounds to enable the boy to finish the year; which,

<sup>1</sup> This was Thomas Sheridan, an actor of considerable celebrity, and who afterwards distinguished himself by Lectures on Elocution, and an excellent Life of Swift. He was, however, still more remarkable, as the father of the celebrated and highly-gifted Richard Brinsley Sheridan, M.P., one of the most gifted men of a period when talents were the profuse attribute of those who dedicated themselves to the public service. [S.]

if he had done, he would have been removed to a higher class, and, in another year, would have been *sped off* (that is the phrase) to a fellowship in Oxford or Cambridge: but the doctor was forced to recall him to Dublin, and had friends in our university to send him there, where he hath been chosen of the foundation; and, I think, hath gotten an exhibition, and designs to stand for a fellowship.

The doctor had a good church living, in the south parts of Ireland, given him by Lord Carteret; who, being very learned himself, encourageth it in others. A friend of the doctor's prevailed on his excellency to grant it. The living was well worth £150 per annum. He changed it very soon for that of Dunboyne; which, by the knavery of the farmers and power of the gentlemen, fell so very low, that he could never get £80. He then changed that living for the free school of Cavan, where he might have lived well, in so cheap a country, on £80 salary per annum, besides his scholars: but the air, he said, was too moist and unwholesome, and he could not bear the company of some persons in that neighbourhood. Upon this he sold the school for about £400, spent the money, grew into diseases, and died.

It would be very honourable, as well as just, in those many persons of quality and fortune, who had the advantage of being educated under Dr. Sheridan, if they would please to erect some decent monument over his body in the church where it is deposited.



ADVERTISEMENT  
TO THE READER.

[PREFIXED TO THE "MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN JOHN CREIGHTON."]

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1731.

## NOTE.

WHEN Dr. Swift was at Sir Arthur Acheson's, at Markethill, in the county of Armagh, an old gentleman was recommended to him, as being a remarkable cavalier in the reigns of Charles II, James II, and William III; who had behaved with great loyalty and bravery in Scotland during the troubles of those reigns, but was neglected by the government, although he deserved great rewards from it. As he was reduced in his circumstances, Dr. Swift made him a handsome present; but said at the same time, "Sir, this trifle cannot support you long, and your friends may grow tired of you; therefore, I would have you contrive some honest means of getting a sum of money, sufficient to put you into a way of life of supporting yourself with independency in your old age." To which Captain Creighton (for that was the gentleman's name) answered, "I have tired all my friends, and cannot expect any such extraordinary favours." Then Dr. Swift replied, "Sir, I have heard much of your adventures; that they are fresh in your memory; that you can tell them with great humour; and that you have taken memorandums of them in writing." To which the Captain said, "I have; but no one can understand them but myself." Then Dr. Swift rejoined, "Sir, get your manuscripts, read them to me, and tell me none but genuine stories; and then I will place them in order for you, prepare them for the press, and endeavour to get you a subscription among my friends, as you may do among your own." The Captain soon after waited on the Dean with his papers, and related many adventures to him; which the Dean was so kind as to put in order of time, to correct the style, and make a small book of, entitled, *THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN JOHN CREIGHTON*. A subscription was immediately set on foot, by the Dean's interest and recommendation, which raised for the Captain above two hundred pounds, and made the remaining part of his life very happy and easy. [The Printer's Advertisement to the "*Memoirs of Captain John Creighton*."]

There is no doubt that Swift did more than merely edit Captain Creighton's MS., for the story flows in Swift's easy narrative style from beginning to end. The "*Memoirs*," however, may not truly be called a "*work*" of Swift, and on that account I omit them from the present edition. With the "*Preface*" or "*Advertisement to the Reader*" it is different. That is wholly by Swift.

The text here given is that of the original edition in which it was signed "*Jonat. Swift*." Scott has followed Faulkner's edition of Swift's Works (vol. x, 1772).

[T. S.]

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THE author of these Memoirs, Capt. John Creichton, is still alive, and resides in the northern part of this kingdom. He is a very honest and worthy man, but of the old stamp, and it is probable, that some of his principles will not relish very well, in the present disposition of the world. His memoirs are therefore to be received like a posthumous work, and as containing facts, which very few alive, except himself, can remember. Upon which account, none of his generous subscribers are, in the least, answerable for many opinions, relating to the public, both in church and state, which he seems to justify, and in the vindication of which, to the hazard of his life and the loss of his fortune, he spent the most useful part of his days. Principles, as the world goes, are little more than fashion; and the apostle tells us, that "the fashion of this world passeth away." We read with pleasure the memoirs of several authors, whose party we disapprove, if they be written with nature and truth. Curious men are desirous to see what can be said of both sides; and even the virulent flat relation of Ludlow, though written in the spirit of rage, prejudice and vanity, doth not want its advocates.<sup>1</sup> This inclines me to think, that the Memoirs of Capt. Creichton may not be unacceptable to the curious of every party; because, from my knowledge of the man, and the testimony of several considerable persons, of different political denominations, I am confident, that he hath not inserted one passage or circumstance which he did not know, or, from the best intelligence he could get, believe to be true.

These Memoirs are therefore offered to the world in their

<sup>1</sup> These are Ludlow's "Memoirs" printed first at Vevay in Switzerland in 1698-9. [T. S.]

native simplicity. And it was not with little difficulty that the author was persuaded by his friends to recollect and put them in order; chiefly for his own justification, and partly by the importunity of several eminent gentlemen, who had a mind that they should turn to some profit to the author.

The Captain, having made over all his little estate to a beloved daughter, upon her marriage, on the condition of being entertained in her house for the small remainder of his life, hath put it out of his own power, either to supply his incidental wants, to pay some long contracted debts, or to gratify his generous nature in being further useful to his family: On which accounts he desires to return his most humble thanks to his worthy subscribers; and hopes they will consider him no further than as an honest, well-meaning man, who by his own personal courage and conduct, was able to distinguish himself, under many disadvantages, to a degree, that few private lives have been attended with so many singular and extraordinary events.

Besides the great simplicity in the style and manner of the author, it is a very valuable circumstance, that his plain relation corrects many mistaken passages in other historians, which have too long passed for truths, and whoever impartially compares both, will probably decide in the Captain's favour. For the memory of old men is seldom deceived, in what passed in their youth and vigour of age: And if he hath, at any time, happened to be mistaken in circumstances of time or place (with neither of which I can charge him) it was certainly against his will. Some of his own personal distresses and actions, which he hath related, might be almost the subject of a tragedy.

Upon the whole, comparing great things to small, I know not any memoirs that more resemble those of Philip de Commines (which have received so universal approbation) than these of Captain Creichton; which are told in a manner equally natural, and with equal appearance of truth, though I confess, upon affairs in a more obscure scene, and of less importance.<sup>1</sup>

JONAT. SWIFT.

<sup>1</sup> It may be in general observed, upon Creichton's memoirs, that he is borne out by corresponding authorities on most occasions, in which he gives his own personal evidence. In some instances, he assumes



greater personal importance than we can trace him to have possessed, as when he pretends to have commanded at the skirmish of Airs-moss, which certainly was not the case. In his estimate of numbers in the field he is guilty of gross exaggeration; a fault common in military men of subordinate rank, who have not, and cannot have, any certain means of estimating a force opposed to them, unless it falls within the compass of their eye. He seems to have possessed an ample portion of courage and fidelity to his cause, unqualified by any spark of humanity towards those who were opposed to him. [S.]



OF MEAN AND GREAT FIGURES,  
MADE BY SEVERAL PERSONS.

#### NOTE.

THE text here given is that of an autograph manuscript in the Foster Collection at South Kensington Museum. In its first published form the piece appears in Deane Swift's edition of Swift's Works (1772).  
T. S.]

## OF MEAN AND GREAT FIGURES, MADE BY SEVERAL PERSONS.

*Of those who have made great Figures in some Particular  
Action or Circumstance of their Lives.*

ALEXANDER the Great, after his victory at [Issus] when he entered the tent, where the Queen and Princesses of Persia fell at his feet.<sup>1</sup>

Socrates, the whole last day of his life, and particularly from the time he took the poison to the moment he expired.<sup>2</sup>

Cicero, when he was recalled from his banishment.<sup>3</sup> The people, through every place he passed, meeting him with shouts of joy and congratulation, and all Rome coming out to receive him.

Regulus, when he went out of Rome attended by his friends to the gates, and returned to Carthage according to his word of honour, though he knew he must be put to a cruel death for advising the Romans to pursue their war with that commonwealth.

Scipio the elder, when he dismissed a beautiful captive lady presented to him after a great victory, turning his head aside to preserve his own virtue.

The same Scipio, when he and Hannibal met before the battle, if the fact be true.

Cincinnatus, when the messengers sent by the Senate to make him Dictator, found him at the plough.

<sup>1</sup> These were the mother, wife, and two daughters of Darius, King of Persia.

<sup>2</sup> See Plato's "Apology."

<sup>3</sup> He had been compelled to go into exile by the proposition of Clodius, that any citizen who had put a Roman to death without trial should be outlawed. [T. S.]

Epaminondas, when the Persian ambassador came to his house, and found him in the midst of poverty.<sup>1</sup>

The Earl of Strafford, the day that he made his own defence at his trial.<sup>2</sup>

King Charles the Martyr, during his whole trial, and at his death.

The Black Prince, when he waited at supper on the King of France, whom he had conquered and taken prisoner the same day.

Virgil, when at Rome the whole audience rose up, out of veneration, as he entered the theatre.

Mahomet the Great, when he cut off his beloved mistress's head, on a stage erected for that purpose; to convince his soldiers, who taxed him for preferring his love to his glory.

Cromwell, when he quelled a mutiny in Hyde Park.

Harry the Great of France, when he entered Paris, and sat at cards the same night with some great ladies, who were his mortal enemies.

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, at his trial.

Cato of Utica, when he provided for the safety of his friends, and had determined to die.

Sir Thomas More, during his imprisonment, and at his execution.

The Earl of Oxford, when he was stabbed by Guiscard.

Marius, when the soldier sent to kill him in the dungeon, was struck with so much awe and veneration, that his sword fell from his hand.

Douglas, when the ship he commanded was on fire, and he lay down to die in it, because it should not be said that one of his family ever quitted their post.<sup>3</sup>

Sir Jerome Bowes . . . .

<sup>1</sup> See his *Life* by Cornelius Nepos. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Whitlocke, no friend to the Earl, has left us, in his "Memorials," the following testimony to this statement: "Certainly never any man acted such a part on such a theatre with more wisdom, constancy and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and gestures, than this great and excellent person did; and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity" (Whitlocke's "Memorials," p. 43, quoted by Scott). [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> This instance of stubborn desperation, rather than courage, happened when the Dutch burned some ships at Chatham in the reign of Charles II. Marvel celebrates the circumstance in his "Advice to a Painter." [S.]

*Of those who have made a mean contemptible Figure, in some Action or Circumstance of their Lives.*

Antony, at Actium, when he fled after Cleopatra.

Pompey, when he was killed on the sea-shore, in Egypt.

Nero and Vitellius, when they were put to death.

Lepidus, when he was compelled to lay down his share in the triumvirate.

Cromwell, the day he refused the kingship out of fear.

Perseus, King of Macedon, when he was led in triumph.

Richard the II, of England, after he was deposed.

The present King of Poland, when the King of Sweden forced him to give up his kingdom; and when he took it again, upon the King of Sweden's defeat by the Muscovites.

King James II, of England, when the Prince of Orange sent to him at midnight to leave London.

King William III, of England, when he sent to beg the House of Commons to continue his Dutch Guards, and was refused.

The late Queen Anne of England, when she sent Whitworth to Muscovy on an embassy of humiliation, for an insult committed here on that Prince's ambassador.<sup>1</sup>

The Lord Chancellor Bacon, when he was convicted of bribery.

The late Duke of Marlborough, when he was forced, after his own disgrace, to carry his Duchess's gold key to the Queen.

The old Earl of Pembroke, when a Scotch lord<sup>2</sup> gave him a lash with a whip at Newmarket, in presence of all the nobility, and he bore it with patience.

King Charles II of England, when he entered into the second Dutch war; and in many other actions during his whole reign.

Philip II of Spain, after the defeat of the Armada.

<sup>1</sup> He was arrested by a creditor, and carried, after some resistance and ill-usage, to a common sponging-house, The Czar Peter demanded that the offenders should be capitally punished; and as it was difficult to make him comprehend, that the English law did not permit such summary vengeance, he threatened to make our trade feel the effect of his resentment, and was appeased with great difficulty. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> The Scotch lord was Ramsay, Earl of Holderness.

The Emperor Charles the fifth, when he resigned his crown, and nobody would believe his reasons.

King Charles I of England, when, in a gallantry to his Queen, he thought to surprise her with a present of a diamond buckle, which he pushed down her back,<sup>1</sup> and tore her flesh with the tongue; upon which she drew it out, and flung it on the ground.

Fairfax, the Parliament general, at the time of King Charles's trial.

Julius Caesar, when Antony offered to put a diadem on his head, and the people shouted for joy to see him decline it; which he never offered to do, till he saw their dislike in their countenances.

Coriolanus, when he withdrew his army from Rome at the entreaty of his mother.

Hannibal, at Antiochus's court.

Beau Fielding, at fifty years old, when, in a quarrel upon the stage, he was run into his breast, which he opened and shewed to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a laughing.<sup>2</sup>

The Count de Bussy Rabutin, when he was recalled to court after twenty years' banishment into the country, and affected to make the same figure he did in his youth.

The Earl of Sunderland, when he turned Papist, in the time of King James II, and underwent all the forms of a heretic converted.

Pope [Clement VII.] when he was taken prisoner, at Rome, by the Emperor Charles the Fifth's forces.

Queen Mary of Scotland, when she suffered Bothwell to ravish her, and pleaded that as her excuse for marrying him.

King John of England, when he gave up his kingdom to the Pope, to be held as a fief from the see of Rome.

<sup>1</sup> "Back" in MS., but "breast" in printed editions. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> This was the Fielding who married Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, known as Beau Fielding. The incident referred to occurred at Mrs. Oldfield's benefit, when Fielding, anxious to show himself, pressed forward and trod upon Mr. Fulwood's foot. [T. S.]



OF PUBLIC ABSURDITIES IN  
ENGLAND.

5

#### NOTE.

THE present text follows the autograph manuscript in the Forster Collection at the South Kensington Museum. The first printed form of the piece is in Swift's Works (1772).

[T. S.]

## OF PUBLIC ABSURDITIES IN ENGLAND.

IT is a common topic of satire, which you will hear not only from the mouths of ministers of state, but of every whiffler in office, that half a dozen obscure fellows, over a bottle of wine or a dish of coffee, shall presume to censure the actions of Parliaments and Councils, to form schemes of government, and new-model the commonwealth; and this is usually ridiculed as a pragmatistical disposition to politics, in the very nature and genius of the people. It may possibly be true: and yet I am grossly deceived if any sober man, of very moderate talents, when he reflects upon the many ridiculous hurtful maxims, customs, and general rules of life, which prevail in this kingdom, would not with great reason be tempted, according to the present turn of his humour, either to laugh, lament, or be angry; or, if he were sanguine enough, perhaps to dream of a remedy. It is the mistake of wise and good men, that they expect more reason and virtue from human nature, than, taking it in the bulk, it is in any sort capable of. Whoever hath been present at councils or assemblies of any sort, if he be a man of common prudence, cannot but have observed such results and opinions to have frequently passed a majority, as he would be ashamed to advance in private conversation. I say nothing of cruelty, oppression, injustice, and the like, because these are fairly to be accounted for in all assemblies, as best gratifying the passions and interests of leaders; which is a point of such high consideration, that all others must give place to it. But I would be understood here to speak only of opinions ridiculous, foolish, and absurd; with conclusions and actions suitable to them, at the same time when the most reasonable propositions are often unanimously rejected.

And as all assemblies of men are liable to this accusation, so likewise there are natural absurdities from which the wisest states are not exempt, which proceed less from the nature of their climate, than that of their government; the Gauls, the Britons, the Spaniards, and Italians, having retained very little of the characters given them in ancient writings.

By these and the like reflections, I have been often led to consider some public absurdities in our own country, most of which are, in my opinion, directly against the rules of right reason, and are attended with great inconveniences to the state. I shall mention such of them as come into memory, without observing any method; and I shall give my reason why I take them to be absurd in their nature, and pernicious in their consequences.

It is absurd that any person, who professeth a different form of worship from that which is national, should be trusted with a vote for electing members in the House of Commons. Because every man is full of zeal for his own religion, although he regards not morality; and, therefore, will endeavour, to his utmost, to bring in a representative of his own principles, which, if they be popular, may endanger the religion established; which, as it hath formerly happened, may alter the whole frame of government.<sup>1</sup>

A standing army in England, whether in time of peace or war, is a direct absurdity: for it is no part of our business to be a warlike nation, otherwise than by our fleets.<sup>2</sup> In foreign wars we have no concern, further than in conjunction with allies, whom we may either assist by sea, or by foreign troops paid with our money. But mercenary troops in England can be of no use, except to awe senates, and thereby promote arbitrary power in a monarchy or oligarchy.

That the election of senators should be of any charge to the candidates, is an absurdity: but that it should be so to a ministry, is a manifest acknowledgment of the worst designs. If a ministry intended the service of their Prince and

<sup>1</sup> This absurdity still holds good, and is still considered as such. In these days, however, there are not a small number of the English people who would endeavour to do away with it by a means the opposite to that which Swift advocated. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Swift is very modern here. [T. S.]

country, or well understood wherein their own security best consisted,<sup>1</sup> they would use the strongest methods to leave the people to their own free choice; the members would then consist of persons who had best estates in the neighbourhood or the county, or at least never of strangers. And surely this is at least as proper, and full as requisite a circumstance to a legislator, as to a juryman, who ought to be, if possible, *ex vicino*; since such persons must be supposed the best judges of the wants and desires of their several boroughs and counties. To choose a representative for Berwick, whose estate is at the Land's End, would have been thought in former times a very great solecism;<sup>2</sup> how much more as it is at present, where so many persons are returned for boroughs, who do not possess a foot of land in the kingdom.

By the old constitution, whoever possessed a freehold in land, by which he was a gainer of forty shillings a year, had the privilege to vote for a knight of the shire. The good effects of this law are wholly eluded, partly by the course of time, and partly by corruption. It is impossible that a Parliament freely elected according to the original institution can do any hurt to a tolerable Prince or a tolerable ministry.<sup>3</sup> Forty shillings, in those ages, were equal to twenty pounds in ours; and, therefore, it was then a want of sagacity to fix that privilege to a determinate sum, rather than to a certain quantity of land, arable or pasture, able to produce a certain quantity of corn or hay. And therefore it is highly absurd, and against the intent of the law, that this defect is not regulated.

But the matter is still worse; for any gentleman can, upon occasion, make as many freeholders as his estate or settlement will allow, by making leases for life of land at a rack-rent of forty shillings; where a tenant, who is not worth one farthing a year when his rent is paid, shall be held a legal

<sup>1</sup> In printed editions, editors have here added in brackets the following: "(as it is impossible that a parliament freely elected, according to the original institution, can do any hurt to a tolerable Prince or a tolerable ministry)." The words are inserted in the autograph MS. in a later paragraph. See *infra*. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> The solecism is as "absurd" now as it was in Swift's day. [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> Here are the omitted words from the previous paragraph. See note 1 *supra*. [T. S.]

voter for a person to represent his county. Neither do I enter into half the frauds that are practised upon this occasion.

It is likewise absurd, that boroughs decayed are not absolutely extinguished, because the returned members do in reality represent nobody at all; and that several large towns are not represented, though full of industrious townsmen, who much advance the trade of the kingdom.<sup>1</sup>

The claim of senators, to have themselves and servants exempted from lawsuits and arrests, is manifestly absurd. The proceedings at law are already so scandalous a grievance, upon account of the delays, that they little need any addition. Whoever is either not able, or not willing, to pay his just debts, or to keep other men out of their lands, would evade the decision of the law, is surely but ill qualified to be a legislator. A criminal, with as good reason, might sit on the bench, with a power of condemning men to be hanged for their honesty. By the annual sitting of Parliaments, and the days of privilege preceding and subsequent, a senator is one half of the year beyond the reach of common justice.<sup>2</sup>

That the sacred person of a senator's footman should be free from arrest, although he undoes the poor ale-wife by running on score, is a circumstance of equal wisdom and justice, to avoid the great evil of his master's lady wanting her complement of liveries behind the coach.

<sup>1</sup> Swift would have made a fine advocate for a Reform Bill. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Still "absurd" in England, though the "half year" is lengthened somewhat. [T. S.]

A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER  
OF ARISTOTLE.

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CHARACTER OF HERODOTUS.





## A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF ARISTOTLE.<sup>1</sup>

ARISTOTLE, the disciple of Plato, and tutor to Alexander the Great. His followers were called peripatetics, from a Greek word which signifies to walk; because he taught his disciples walking. We have not all his works; and some of those which are imputed to him are supposed not genuine. He writ upon logic, or the art of reasoning; upon moral and natural philosophy; upon oratory, poetry, &c. and seems to be a person of the most comprehensive genius that ever lived.

<sup>1</sup> Deane Swift writes: "I have lately found by accident in a little book of instructions, which Dr. Swift was pleased to draw up for the use of a lady (enjoining her to get it all by heart) what his real opinion was of Aristotle. Without any variation, I shall transcribe his own words."—*Essay upon the Life, etc. of Swift*, 1755, p. 283. This is the first printed form of this so-called "Character." [T.S.]

## CHARACTER OF HERODOTUS.<sup>1</sup>

THE underwritten is copied from Dr. Swift's hand-writing, in an edition of Herodotus, by Paul Stephens,<sup>2</sup> the gift of the Earl of Clanricarde to the library of Winchester College.

“Judicium de Herodoto post longum tempus relecto.

“Ctesias mendacissimus Herodotum mendaciorum arguit, exceptis paucissimis, (ut mea fert sententia,) omnimodo excusandum. Cæterum, divarticulis abundans, hic pater historicorum filium narrationis ad tædium abruptit: unde oritur (ut par est) legentibus confusio, et exindè oblivio. Quin et forsàn ipsæ narrationes circumstantiis nimium pro re scatent. Quod ad cætera, hunc scriptorem inter apprimè laudandos censeo, neque Græcis neque Barbaris plus æquo faventem aut iniquum: in orationibus ferè brevem, simplicem, nec nimis frequentem. Neque absunt dogmata e quibus eruditus lector prudentiam tam moralem quam civilem haurire poterit.

“J. SWIFT.

“*Julii 6, 1720.*”

<sup>1</sup> Attestation of Dean Swift's printer:

“I do hereby certify, that the above is the hand-writing of the late Dr. Jonathan Swift, D.S.P.D., from whom I have had many letters, and printed several pieces from his original MSS.

“GEORGE FAULKNER.

“*Dublin, August 21, 1762.*”

[T.S.]

<sup>2</sup> A copy of Stephen's edition of “Herodotus,” printed at Geneva 1618, was sold among Swift's books at the time of the sale in 1745. [T. S.]

A CHARACTER OF P[RIMA]TE M[ARS]H.

## NOTE.

NARCISSUS MARSH, though an Irish ecclesiastic and a distinguished enthusiast in the cause of Irish literature, was an Englishman. He was born (1638) in Wiltshire and educated at Oxford, where he was a fellow of Exeter. He was a profound scholar and an orientalist and mathematician of no mean order. Through the favour of the Duke of Ormonde he was appointed Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. It was during his Provostship that he encouraged the study of Erse, and co-operated with Robert Boyle in the translation of the Old Testament into the Irish language. With Sir William Petty and William Molyneux he founded the Royal Dublin Society, and it was at his house that the members first met. In 1683 he was created Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin, but was driven from his see during the Revolution of 1688. He went to England where he was hospitably received by his clerical friends, and by Bishop Burnet in particular. On the accession of William III he was promoted to the Archbishopric of Cashel, and later to the Archbishopric of Dublin. In 1703 he became Primate and died in 1713, while Swift was in England assisting the moribund Harley Administration.

Swift never liked Marsh, and yet it was Marsh who presented him to the prebend of Dunlavin. It has been suggested that the dislike was due to Marsh's disagreements with Swift's friend Archbishop King, of Dublin; but it is more likely it was owing to Marsh's refusal to grant him ordination without a certificate of good conduct from Temple. It was this which compelled Swift to apply for a favour to one with whom he had quarrelled, and his gorge must have risen as he wrote what Temple's sister, the Lady Giffard, sneeringly termed the "penitential" letter.

In spite, however, of the dislike, Swift could not help paying tribute to Marsh's learning and the fine qualities in certain traits of his character.

The present text is that of the "Works," vol. vi, pt. ii (pp. 176-7), of the edition of 1755, published by Faulkner. That, apparently, is the first printed form of this piece.

[T. S.]

## A CHARACTER OF P[RIMA]TE M[ARS]H.

M[ARSH] has the reputation of most profound and universal learning; this is the general opinion, neither can it be easily disproved. An old rusty iron chest in a banker's shop, strongly locked, and wonderful heavy, is full of gold; this is the general opinion, neither can it be disproved, provided the key be lost, and what is in it be wedged so close that it will not by any motion discover the metal by the chinking. Doing good is his pleasure; and as no man consults another in his pleasures, neither does he in this; by his awkwardness and unadvisedness disappointing his own good designs. His high station hath placed him in the way of great employments, which, without the least polishing his native rusticity, have given him a tincture of pride and ambition. But these vices would have passed concealed under his natural simplicity, if he had not endeavoured to hide them by art. His disposition to study is the very same with that of an usurer to hoard up money, or of a vicious young fellow to a wench; nothing but avarice and evil concupiscence, to which his constitution has fortunately given a more innocent turn. He is sordid and suspicious in his domestics, without love or hatred; which is but reasonable, since he has neither friend nor enemy; without joy or grief; in short, without all passions but fear, to which of all others he hath least temptation, having nothing to get or to lose; no posterity, relation, or friend, to be solicitous about; and placed by his station above the reach of fortune or envy. He hath found out the secret of preferring men without deserving their thanks; and where he dispenses his favours to persons of merit, they are less obliged

to him than to fortune. He is the first of human race, that with great advantages of learning, piety, and station, ever escaped being a great man. That which relishes best with him, is mixed liquor and mixed company; and he is seldom unprovided with very bad of both. He is so wise to value his own health more than other men's noses, so that the most honourable place at his table is much the worst, especially in summer. It has been affirmed that originally he was not altogether devoid of wit, till it was extruded from his head to make room for other men's thoughts. He will admit a governor, provided it be one who is very officious and diligent, outwardly pious, and one that knows how to manage and make the most of his fear. No man will be either glad or sorry at his death, except his successor.

CHARACTER OF AN IRISH SQUIRE.

## NOTE.

IN the third volume of Hawkesworth's edition (1767) of Swift's Letters, the following piece is given as Letter CCCCX, and noted thus: "By Dr. Swift; but when or to whom written is uncertain." Hawkesworth does not state why he includes it as a letter, nor does he print the usual opening with which letters are begun. Nichols, in his notes on the piece, gives no explanation either, and follows Hawkesworth in spelling "Wellesley" as Wesley. Scott makes no comment whatever, but gives it the title: "Character of an Irish Squire."

[T. S.]



## CHARACTER OF AN IRISH SQUIRE.

EVERY Squire, almost to a man, is an oppressor of the clergy, a racker of his tenants, a jobber of all public works, very proud, and generally illiterate. Two neighbouring squires, although they be intimate friends, relations, or allies, if one of them want two hundred foot of the other's land contiguous to his own, which would make any building square, or his garden uniform, (without the least inconvenience to the other,) he shall be absolutely refused; or (as the utmost mark of friendship) shall be forced to pay for it twenty times more than the value. This they call paying for your conveniency; which is directly contrary to the very letter of an ancient heathen maxim in morality—That whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourselves, we are bound to do it to a perfect stranger. The Esquires take the titles of great men, with as little ceremony as Alexander or Cæsar. For instance, the great Conolly,<sup>1</sup> the great Wellesley,<sup>2</sup> the great Damer.<sup>3</sup>

A fellow, whose father was a butcher, desiring a lawyer to be a referee in some little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excused himself in the following manner:

“Sir, I am your most humble servant, but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of you great men.” Which I take to be just a piece with Harlequin's swearing upon his honour. Jealousies, quarrels, and other ruptures, are as

<sup>1</sup> Speaker of the House of Commons of Ireland. See vol. vi., p. 18, note. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Garret Wellesley, Esq., who left a very large estate to his first cousin, Richard Colley, Esq., upon his taking the name of Wellesley, and bearing his arms. [N.]

<sup>3</sup> J. Damer, Esq., of Tipperary County. [N.]

frequent between neighbouring squires, and from the same motives; the former wrangling about their meres and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The detestable tyranny and oppression of landlords are visible in every part of the kingdom.

A COMPLETE COLLECTION  
OF GENTEEL AND INGENIOUS  
CONVERSATION.



## NOTE.

As the reprints of the title-pages of the first editions here show, these dialogues were first published in 1738, both in London and in Dublin. The composition dates back to a much earlier date, though I do not agree with Mr. Saintsbury in placing it co-temporaneous with the "Essay on Conversation." That was written about 1708 or 1709, and though it has in it the groundwork of the later and ampler treatise, the plan of this latter is of a much more ambitious character. There is no doubt Swift had conceived the idea of the "Polite Conversation" during his three years' sojourn in the English capital, but he did not attempt to give it the form in which we now have it, until many years later. In 1731 (28th August) he writes to Gay as follows:

"I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a city living, such as an English chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works on hand: one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour. The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy."

There is no question here but that Swift was engaged on the "Polite Conversation" and the "Directions to Servants." It may be he was amplifying the former from an earlier version, and to this extent Mr. Saintsbury is justified in his surmise. But this earlier version could not have gone so far back as 1708-10, or we should certainly have heard something of it in his letters to his friends. He wrote more than once about it after he had finished it, when his mind was weakening and his powers failing.

The occasion of its publication arose as follows: Swift had for many years taken a deep and friendly interest in Mrs. Barber, the wife of an unsuccessful Dublin tailor. He admired her for her poetical gifts and for the noble efforts she made to assist her husband, and further the education of her children. She first came under his notice in 1724, when an anonymous poem she had written on behalf of a penniless officer's widow and sent to Tickell succeeded in its mission and obtained for her the notice of Lady Carteret. She published her "Poems on Several Occasions" in 1734. It was ill received by her subscribers and brought her and Motte the publisher into the hands of the law, though this came to nothing. Her troubles, however, fell fast upon her owing to her frequent attacks of illness, and having her family to support she got into great straits. In her distress she wrote to Swift for aid and he presented her with the manuscript of the "Polite Conversation," to make what use she could of it. Lord Orrery conveyed the manuscript to her in 1737, and it was published in 1738. So great

was the favour with which it was received that it was acted at a theatre in Aungier Street, Dublin. The profits of the sale and the play were ample to relieve the poor and deserving woman. The *nom de guerre* "Simon Wagstaff" is reminiscent of the "Isaac Bickerstaff" of his earlier days, a name he made famous in London town.

It will be seen that the title-pages of the Dublin and London editions differ in that the latter specifies the exact number of "Dialogues" and also gives the name of "Simon Wagstaff" as the author; in the Dublin edition these statements are not made.

Thackeray, in his "English Humourists," has given ample praise (in his lecture on "Steele") to this remarkable work. It is to-day as entertaining and as amusing, as it was in its own time. As a picture of the social intercourse of those days it is unsurpassed. Indeed, in many respects it is as true of to-day, if we allow for our reticence in the use of words and allusions permissible in the earlier age.

The text for the present reprint has been founded on the first edition, from which it differs only in the correction of several palpable printer's errors. The texts of Hawkesworth and Scott have also been consulted for comparison.

[T. S.]

A COMPLETE  
COLLECTION  
Of GENTEEL and INGENIOUS  
CONVERSATION,

According to the Most  
Polite Mode and Method  
Now USED  
At COURT, and in the BEST  
COMPANIES of ENGLAND.

---

IN THREE DIALOGUES.

---

By SIMON WAGSTAFF, Esq;

---

L O N D O N :

Printed by B. MOTTE, and C. BATHURST, at  
the *Middle Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-street*.

---

M.DCC.XXXVIII.

A COMPLEAT  
COLLECTION

Of genteel and  
Ingenious Conversation,

ACCORDING  
To the most polite Mode and Method,  
now used at Court, and in the  
best Companies of *England*.

---

In several Dialogues.

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D U B L I N:

Printed by and for GEORGE FAULKNER.

M,DCC,XXXVIII.



## AN INTRODUCTION TO THE FOLLOWING TREATISE.

AS my life hath been chiefly spent in consulting the honour and welfare of my country for more than forty years past, not without answerable success, if the world and my friends have not flattered me; so, there is no point wherein I have so much laboured, as that of improving and polishing all parts of conversation between persons of quality, whether they meet by accident or invitation, at meals, tea, or visits, mornings, noons, or evenings.

I have passed perhaps more time than any other man of my age and country in visits and assemblies, where the polite persons of both sexes distinguish themselves; and could not without much grief observe how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loss for questions, answers, replies and rejoinders: However, my concern was much abated, when I found that these defects were not occasioned by any want of materials, but because those materials were not in every hand: For instance, one lady can give an answer better than ask a question: One gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder: One can revive a languishing conversation by a sudden surprising sentence; another is more dexterous in seconding; a third can fill the gap with laughing, or commending what hath been said: Thus fresh hints may be started, and the ball of discourse kept up.

But, alas! this is too seldom the case, even in the most select companies: How often do we see at court, at public visiting-days, at great men's levees, and other places of general meeting, that the conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without supply of fuel; this is what we ought to lament; and against this dangerous evil I take upon

me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy.

It was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late majesty King William the Third, of ever-glorious and immortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from popery and slavery;<sup>1</sup> when, being about the age of six-and-thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the best families in town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons, and six evenings every week, in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty; only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or sunk in their fortunes, (which to me was of the highest moment) or became<sup>2</sup> disaffected to the government; which practice I have followed ever since to this very day; except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather; and except when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large table-book in my pocket; and as soon as I left the company, I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during the visit; which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged; and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method; for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the nicest judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.<sup>3</sup>

Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman poet, (which I have read in Mr. Creech's admirable trans-

<sup>1</sup> There seems to be a sneer intended. Swift had been so long a Tory, that he now perhaps approached in principle to a Jacobite. [S.]

<sup>2</sup> The word is "because" in the original edition, but "became" fits the sense better. [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> Saintsbury suggests that Swift may have begun the plan of this treatise about 1707, when he was first initiated into London society proper. See note at beginning of this treatise. Saintsbury takes this statement seriously, and calculating from 1707, he arrives at 1733 as the date "which may or may not mark the date of a version of the 'Conversation.'" "The first 'Twelve' would almost coincide exactly with the 'Essay on Conversation,'" printed earlier in this volume. [T. S.]

lation) that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet, before he ventured to publish them; and finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very small number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust, if possible, the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world: For, I am convinced by long experience, that the critics will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them: I foretell, they will object, that I have inserted many answers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others, that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining: But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection; from whence I conclude, that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my defects, by communicating to me their discoveries; and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagstaff, Esq.; at his lodgings next door to the Gloucester-Head in St. James's Street, (they paying the postage). In return of which favour, I shall make honourable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some pride, and much pleasure congratulate with my dear country, which hath outdone all the nations of Europe in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching; and therefore being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the public is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeness and eloquence of England are summed up in it: Nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of English ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can possibly want, especially when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface

and circumlocution, in proper terms; and attended with praise, laughter, or admiration.

There is a natural, involuntary distortion of the muscles, which is the anatomical cause of laughter: But there is another cause of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taste, as well as of a polite obliging behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much observation, long practice, and a sound judgment: I did therefore once intend, for the ease of the learner, to set down in all parts of the following dialogues certain marks, asterisks, or *nota-bene's* (in English, mark-well's) after most questions, and every reply or answer; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company are to laugh: But having duly considered, that the expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and consequently the price; and likewise that something ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out, I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own discretion.

The readers must learn by all means to distinguish between proverbs and those polite speeches which beautify conversation: For, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious discourse.<sup>1</sup> I acknowledge indeed, that there may possibly be found in this treatise a few sayings, among so great a number of smart turns of wit and humour, as I have produced, which have a proverbial air: However, I hope, it will be considered, that even these were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of superior wits, to embellish and support conversation; from whence, with great impropriety, as well as plagiarism (if you will forgive a hard word) they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial maxims; and therefore in justice ought to be resumed out of vulgar hands, to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes, both male and female, the levees of great ministers, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

I can faithfully assure the reader, that there is not one single witty phrase in this whole collection, which hath not received the stamp and approbation of at least one hundred

<sup>1</sup> This is ironical, for almost all the repartees in the dialogue turn upon proverbial expressions. [S.]

years, and how much longer, it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentic.

But, before this elaborate treatise can become of universal use and ornament to my native country, two points, that will require time and much application, are absolutely necessary.

For, First, whatever person would aspire to be completely witty, smart, humorous, and polite, must by hard labour be able to retain in his memory every single sentence contained in this work, so as never to be once at a loss in applying the right answers, questions, repartees, and the like, immediately, and without study or hesitation.

And, Secondly, after a lady or gentleman hath so well overcome this difficulty, as to be never at a loss upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almost of every limb, is equally necessary; without which an infinite number of absurdities will inevitably ensue: For instance, there is hardly a polite sentence in the following dialogues which doth not absolutely require some peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or nose, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or suitable toss of the head, with certain offices assigned to each hand; and in ladies, the whole exercise of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver; by no means omitting the various turns and cadence of the voice, the twistings, and movements, and different postures of the body, the several kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies must daily practise by the looking-glass, and consult upon them with their waiting-maids.

My readers will soon observe what a great compass of real and useful knowledge this science includes; wherein, although nature, assisted by a genius, may be very instrumental, yet a strong memory and constant application, together with example and precept, will be highly necessary: For these reasons I have often wished, that certain male and female instructors, perfectly versed in this science, would set up schools for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember about thirty years ago, there was a Bohemian woman, of that species commonly known by the name of gipsies, who came over hither from France, and generally

attended ISAAC the dancing-master<sup>1</sup> when he was teaching his art to misses of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the Bohemian, standing at some distance, but full in their sight, acted before them all proper airs, and turnings of the head, and motions of the hands, and twistings of the body; whereof you may still observe the good effects in several of our elder ladies.

After the same manner, it were much to be desired, that some expert gentlewomen gone to decay would set up public schools, wherein young girls of quality, or great fortunes, might first be taught to repeat this following system of conversation, which I have been at so much pains to compile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every screwing of their bodies, every exercise of their fans, to the humour of the sentences they hear or deliver in conversation. But above all to instruct them in every species and degree of laughing in the proper seasons at their own wit, or that of the company. And, if the sons of the nobility and gentry, instead of being sent to common schools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were consigned to able instructors in the same art, I cannot find what use there could be of books, except in the hands of those who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of persons born to titles or estates.

It would be another infinite advantage, that, by cultivating this science, we should wholly avoid the vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be understood; and whenever a polite person offers accidentally to use any of their jargon terms, have the presumption to laugh at us for pronouncing those words in a genteeler manner. Whereas, I do here affirm, that, whenever any fine gentleman or lady condescends to let a hard word pass out of their mouths, every syllable is smoothed and polished in the passage; and it is a true mark of politeness, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well

<sup>1</sup> In the 34th number of the "Tatler," Steele refers to him as "my namesake Isaac." He was a Frenchman, and highly considered in the town for his art. Soame Jenyns said of him:

"Isaac's rigadoon shall live as long  
As Raphael's painting or as Virgil's song." [T. S.]



as the sound ; because we are infinitely better judges of what will please a distinguishing ear than those, who call themselves scholars, can possibly be ; who, consequently, ought to correct their books, and manner of pronouncing, by the authority of our example, from whose lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and significancy.

But, in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a design can be put in execution, (which, considering the good disposition of our country at present, I shall not despair of living to see) let me recommend the following treatise to be carried about as a pocket companion, by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink tea ; or where they happen to pass the evening without cards, (as I have sometimes known it to be the case upon disappointments or accidents unforeseen) desiring they would read their several parts in their chairs or coaches, to prepare themselves for every kind of conversation that can possibly happen.

Although I have, in justice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controlled, I mean, by producing so great a number of witty sentences in the ensuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production ; yet, I must confess at the same time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our ancestors ; at least, for as long as my memory reacheth, I do not recollect one new phrase of importance to have been added ; which defect in us moderns I take to have been occasioned by the introduction of cant-words in the reign of King Charles the Second. And those have so often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a year's standing, is now intelligible ; nor anywhere to be found, excepting a small number strewed here and there in the comedies and other fantastic writings of that age.

The Honourable Colonel James Graham, my old friend and companion, did likewise, towards the end of the same reign, invent a set of words and phrases, which continued almost to the time of his death. But, as those terms of art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little further than among his particular acquaintance (of

whom I had the honour to be one) they are now almost forgotten.

Nor did the late D. of R—— and E. of E—— succeed much better, although they proceeded no further than single words; whereof, except bite, bamboozle, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

The same fate hath already attended those other town-wits, who furnish us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and those of the last season sunk in oblivion. Of these I was once favoured with a complete list by the Right Honourable the Lord and Lady H——, with which I made a considerable figure one summer in the country; but returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.<sup>1</sup>

The only invention of late years, which hath any way contributed towards politeness in discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This refinement,<sup>2</sup> having begun about the time of the Revolution, I had some share in the honour of promoting it, and I observe, to my great satisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raise our language to the utmost perfection; although, I must confess, to avoid obscurity, I have been very sparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

But, as for phrases, invented to cultivate conversation, I defy all the clubs of coffeehouses in this town to invent a new one equal in wit, humour, smartness, or politeness, to the very worst of my set; which clearly shews, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole stock of materials hath been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; because, having myself, for several months, racked my invention (if possible) to enrich this treasury with some additions of my own (which, however, should have been printed in a different character,

<sup>1</sup> The names referred to here are, in all probability, fictitious. Swift may have put them in for the sake of effect in the play of his humorous satire. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Swift had a strong objection to slang terms and the habit of his time for abbreviating words. He himself, however, often fell into the habit for contractions in his letters to Stella. [T. S.]



that I might not be charged with imposing upon the public) and having shewn them to some judicious friends, they dealt very sincerely with me; all unanimously agreeing, that mine were infinitely below the true old helps to discourse, drawn up in my present collection, and confirmed their opinion with reasons, by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as ashamed, of my great presumption.

But, I lately met a much stronger argument to confirm me in the same sentiments: For, as the great Bishop Burnet, of Salisbury, informs us in the preface to his admirable *History of his Own Times*, that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every day of his life,<sup>1</sup> (and indeed in its kind it is almost equally polished with this work of mine :) So, it hath been my constant business, for some years past, to examine, with the utmost strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest lapse in style or propriety through my whole collection, that, in emulation with the bishop, I might send it abroad as the most finished piece of the age.

It happened one day as I was dining in good company of both sexes, and watching, according to my custom, for new materials wherewith to fill my pocket-book, I succeeded well enough till after dinner, when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more materials, that were worth the pains of transcribing: For, the discourse of the company was all degenerated into smart sayings of their own invention, and not of the true old standard; so that, in absolute despair, I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their tea. From whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that wine doth not inspire politeness, or that our sex is not able to support it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much increaseth the value of these apophthegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language, for at

<sup>1</sup> The passage hardly justifies this sarcasm. It runs thus:—"I look on the perfecting of this work, and the carrying it on through the remaining part of my life, as the greatest service I can do to God, and to the world; and therefore I set about it with great care and caution." Swift would not, if he could, omit a dig at his old butt, the Bishop of Salisbury. [T.S.]

least an hundred years ; neither is this to be wondered at ; because indeed, besides the smartness of the wit, and fineness of the raillery, such is the propriety and energy of expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to disadvantage, except in the circumstance of using abbreviations ; which, however, I do not despair, in due time, to see introduced, having already met them at some of the choice companies in town.

Although this work be calculated for all persons of quality and fortune of both sexes ; yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the officers of the army, the gentlemen of the inns of court, and of both the universities ; to all courtiers, male and female, but principally to the maids of honour, of whom I have been personally acquainted with two-and-twenty sets, all excelling in this noble endowment ; till for some years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into selling of bargains,<sup>1</sup> and free-thinking ; not that I am against either of these entertainments at proper seasons, in compliance with company, who may want a taste for more exalted discourse, whose memories may be short, who are too young to be perfect in their lessons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my instructions. And besides, there is a strong temptation for court-ladies to fall into the two amusements above mentioned, that they may avoid the censure of affecting singularity, against the general current and fashion of all about them. But, however, no man will pretend to affirm, that either bargains or blasphemy, which are the principal ornaments of free-thinking, are so good a fund of polite discourse, as what is to be met with in my collection. For, as to bargains, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, because they all terminate in one single point ;<sup>2</sup> and, to multiply them, would require more invention than people have to spare. And, as to blasphemy or free-thinking, I have known some scrupulous persons, of both sexes, who, by a prejudiced education, are afraid of sprights. I must, however, except the maids of honour, who

<sup>1</sup> This ingenious piece of wit consisted in leading the purchaser of the bargain to ask some question, to which the answer given was the popular name of the most sedentary part of the seller's body. [S.]

<sup>2</sup> See note above. [T. S.]

have been fully convinced, by an infamous court-chaplain, that there is no such place as hell.<sup>1</sup>

I cannot, indeed, controvert the lawfulness of freethinking, because it hath been universally allowed, that thought is free. But, however, although it may afford a large field of matter; yet in my poor opinion, it seems to contain very little of wit or humour; because it hath not been ancient enough among us to furnish established authentic expressions, I mean, such as must receive a sanction from the polite world, before their authority can be allowed; neither was the art of blasphemy or freethinking invented by the court, or by persons of great quality, who, properly speaking, were patrons, rather than inventors of it; but first brought in by the fanatic faction, towards the end of their power, and, after the Restoration, carried to Whitehall by the converted rumpers, with very good reasons; because they knew, that King Charles the Second, from a wrong education, occasioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to observe, that fanatic enthusiasm directly led to atheism, which agreed with the dissolute inclinations of his youth; and, perhaps, these principles were farther cultivated in him by the French Huguenots, who have been often charged with spreading them among us: However, I cannot see where the necessity lies, of introducing new and foreign topics for conversation, while we have so plentiful a stock of our own growth.

I have likewise, for some reasons of equal weight, been very sparing in *doubles entendres*; because they often put ladies upon affected constraints, and affected ignorance. In short, they break, or very much entangle, the thread of discourse; neither am I master of any rules, to settle the disconcerted countenances of the females in such a juncture; I can, therefore, only allow innuendoes of this kind to be delivered in whispers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who, being in honour obliged to blush, it may produce a new subject for discourse.

Perhaps the critics may accuse me of a defect in my fol-

<sup>1</sup> Though this reverend gentleman seems to have gone a step farther than Pope's dean,

“Who never mentions hell to ears polite,”  
it seems probable that the same original was intended. [S.]

lowing system of Polite Conversation; that there is one great ornament of discourse, whereof I have not produced a single example; which, indeed, I purposely omitted for some reasons that I shall immediately offer; and, if those reasons will not satisfy the male part of my gentle readers, the defect may be applied in some manner by an appendix to the second edition; which appendix shall be printed by itself, and sold for sixpence, stitched, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occasion to complain of being defrauded.

The defect I mean is, my not having inserted, into the body of my book, all the oaths now most in fashion for embellishing discourse; especially since it could give no offence to the clergy, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite assemblies. And it must be allowed, that oaths, well chosen, are not only very useful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of style.

What I shall here offer in my own defence upon this important article, will, I hope, be some extenuation of my fault.

First, I reasoned with myself, that a just collection of oaths, repeated as often as the fashion requires, must have enlarged this volume, at least, to double the bulk; whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewise make the volume less commodious for pocket carriage.

Secondly, I have been assured by some judicious friends, that themselves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether seriously or no) at too great a profusion of cursing and swearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confess, did startle me not a little; having never observed the like in the compass of my own several acquaintance, at least for twenty years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser judgments than my own.

Thirdly, as this most useful treatise is calculated for all future times, I considered, in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard since I began to study the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true what I have read in an ancient poet.<sup>1</sup>

For, now-a-days, men change their oaths,  
As often as they change their clothes.

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<sup>1</sup> Probably Swift himself. [T. S.]

In short, oaths are the children of fashion, they are in some sense almost annuals, like what I observed before of cant-words; and I myself can remember about forty different sets. The old stock oaths I am confident, do not mount to above forty-five, or fifty at most; but the way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the alphabet.

Sir JOHN PERROT was the first man of quality whom I find upon record to have sworn by *God's wounds*.<sup>1</sup> He lived in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, and was supposed to have been a natural son of Henry the Eighth, who might also have probably been his instructor.<sup>2</sup> This oath indeed still con-

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Perrot was lord-deputy of Ireland, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. On his return from that charge, he fell under the displeasure of the Queen, chiefly by the predominating influence of his enemy, Sir Christopher Hatton. Being a man of a violent and passionate temper, he had made use of some irreverent expressions towards the Queen, for which, an unconscientious jury found him guilty of high treason. The following are some of these explosions, garnished, as usual, by his favourite oath:

“Upon receiving her Majesty’s letter to prefer Mr. Errington to the office of clerk of the Exchequer, Sir John Perrot used these undutiful speeches: ‘This fiddling woman troubles me out of measure. God’s wounds, he shall not have the office; I will give it to Sir Thomas Williams.’ Further, he was accused, that, when his secretary was writing to the Queen, and used the dutiful expression, ‘he would be sacrificed for her,’ Sir John scratched it out, saying, ‘he had little cause to be sacrificed for her.’ Moreover, when, on the Spanish threat of invasion, his secretary said, ‘he hoped God would bless them for her Majesty’s sake,’ he answered, ‘God’s wounds, and why for her sake?—never the more for her sake.’ But the highest and most unpardonable of these irreverent expressions was used to one Garland, who brought to Perrot a letter from the Queen, at the terms of which this putative son of Henry VIII. conceived such displeasure as to exclaim, ‘God’s wounds, this it is to serve a base bastard, piss-kitchen woman; if I had served any prince in Christendom, I had not been so dealt withal.’”—SOMERS’S *Tracts*, ed. 1809, vol. i. p. 269, note 1. [S.]

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Perrot’s hasty and choleric temper confirms this tradition, which is mentioned by Naunton. “The Queen, on the news of his condemnation, swore by her wonted oath, that the jury were all knaves; and they delivered it with assurance, that, on his returne to the towne after his trial, he said, with oathes and with fury to the lieutenant, Sir Owen Hopton, ‘What, will the Queene suffer her brother to be offered up a sacrifice to my skipping adversaries?’ Which being made knowne to the Queene, and somewhat enforced, she refused to sign it, and swore he should not die, for he was an honest and faithfull man; and surely, though not altogether to set our rest and faith upon tradition and old



tinues, and is a stock oath to this day; so do several others that have kept their natural simplicity: But, infinitely the greater number hath been so frequently changed and dislocated, that if the inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

Upon these considerations I began to apprehend, that if I should insert all the oaths as are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the first change of fashion, and grow as useless as an old dictionary: Whereas, the case is quite otherways with my collection of polite discourse; which, as I before observed, hath descended by tradition for at least an hundred years, without any change in the phraseology. I, therefore, determined with myself to leave out the whole system of swearing; because, both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished; new ones are easily learnt, and with a moderate share of discretion may be properly applied on every fit occasion. However, I must here, upon this article of swearing, most earnestly recommend to my male readers, that they would please a little to study variety. For, it is the opinion of our most refined swearers, that the same oath or curse, cannot, consistent with true politeness, be repeated above nine times in the same company, by the same person, and at one sitting.

I am far from desiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious speeches, contained in this work, should, in the general conversation between ladies and gentlemen, come in so quick and so close as I have here delivered them. By no means: On the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor, do I make the least question, but that, by a discreet thrifty management, they may serve for the entertainment of a whole year, to any person, who does not make too long or too frequent visits in the same family. The flowers of wit, fancy, wisdom, humour, and politeness, scattered in this volume, amount to one thousand,

reports, as that Sir Thomas Perrot, his father, was a gentleman of the privy chamber, and in the court married to a lady of great honour, which are presumptions in some implications; but, if we goe a little farther, and compare his pictures, his qualities, gesture and voyce, with that of the King, which memory retains yet amongst us, they will plead strongly that he was a surreptitious child of the blood royal."—NAUNTON'S *Fragmenta Regalia*, apud SOMERS'S *Tracts*, ed. 1809, vol. i. p. 269. [S.]

seventy and four. Allowing then to every gentlemen and lady thirty visiting families, (not insisting upon fractions) there will want but a little of an hundred polite questions, answers, replies, rejoinders, repartees, and remarks, to be daily delivered fresh, in every company, for twelve solar months; and even this is a higher pitch of delicacy than the world insists on, or hath reason to expect. But, I am altogether for exalting this science to its utmost perfection.

It may be objected, that the publication of my book may, in a long course of time, prostitute this noble art to mean and vulgar people: But, I answer, that it is not so easy an acquirement as a few ignorant pretenders may imagine. A footman may swear; but he cannot swear like a lord. He can swear as often: But, can he swear with equal delicacy, propriety, and judgment? No, certainly; unless he be a lad of superior parts, of good memory, a diligent observer; one who hath a skilful ear, some knowledge in music, and an exact taste, which hardly fall to the share of one in a thousand among that fraternity, in as high favour as they now stand with their ladies; neither hath one footman in six so fine a genius as to relish and apply those exalted sentences comprised in this volume, which I offer to the world. It is true, I cannot see that the same ill consequences would follow from the waiting-woman, who, if she hath been bred to read romances, may have some small subaltern, or second-hand politeness; and if she constantly attends the tea, and be a good listener, may, in some years, make a tolerable figure, which will serve, perhaps, to draw in the young chaplain or the old steward. But, alas! after all, how can she acquire those hundreds of graces and motions, and airs, the whole military management of the fan, the contortions of every muscular motion in the face, the risings and fallings, the quickness and slowness of the voice, with the several turns and cadences; the proper juncture of smiling and frowning, how often and how loud to laugh, when to gibe and when to flout, with all the other branches of doctrine and discipline above recited?

I am, therefore, not under the least apprehension that this art will ever be in danger of falling into common hands, which requires so much time, study, practice, and genius, before it arrives to perfection; and, therefore, I must repeat

my proposal for erecting public schools, provided with the best and ablest masters and mistresses, at the charge of the nation.

I have drawn this work into the form of a dialogue, after the patterns of other famous writers in history, law, politics, and most other arts and sciences, and I hope it will have the same success: For, who can contest it to be of greater consequence to the happiness of these kingdoms, than all human knowledge put together. Dialogue is held the best method of inculcating any part of knowledge; and, as I am confident, that public schools will soon be founded for teaching wit and politeness, after my scheme, to young people of quality and fortune, I have determined next sessions to deliver a petition to the House of Lords for an Act of Parliament, to establish my book, as the standard grammar in all the principal cities of the kingdom where this art is to be taught, by able masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than Lilly<sup>1</sup> obtained only for teaching words in a language wholly useless: Neither shall I be so far wanting to myself, as not to desire a patent granted of course to all useful projectors; I mean, that I may have the sole profit of giving a licence to every school to read my grammar for fourteen years.

The reader cannot but observe what pains I have been at in polishing the style of my book to the greatest exactness; nor, have I been less diligent in refining the orthography, by spelling the words in the very same manner that they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeness, at court, at levees, at assemblies, at playhouses, at the prime visiting-places, by young templars, and by gentlemen-commoners of both universities, who have lived at least a twelvemonth in town, and kept the best company. Of these spellings the public will meet with many examples in the following book. For instance, *can't*, *han't*, *sha'nt*, *didn't*, *coodn't*, *woodn't*, *isn't*, *e'n't*,<sup>2</sup> with many more; besides several words which scholars pretend are derived from Greek and Latin, but not pared into a polite sound by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers and

<sup>1</sup> William Lily, the grammarian, whose Latin Grammar was used as the text-book in Edward VI's reign. It was attempted later to pass an act of parliament compelling the use of Lily's "Grammar." [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Probably = *ain't*. [T. S.]



templars, such as *jommetry* for *geometry*, *verdi* for *verdict*, *lierd* for *lord*, *larnen* for *learning*; together with some abbreviations exquisitely refined; *as*, *pozz* for *positive*; *mobb* for *mobile*; *phizz* for *physiognomy*; *rep* for *reputation*; *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary*; *incog* for *incognito*; *hypps*, or *hippo*, for *hypochondriacs*; *bam* for *bamboozle*; and *bamboozle* for *God knows what*; whereby much time is saved, and the high road to conversation cut short by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and, I hope, with felicity enough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itself, to a degree, that, whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud, for the entertainment and instruction of a select company, he need not so much as name the particular speakers; because all the persons, throughout the several subjects of conversation, strictly observe a different manner, peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds: But this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's discernment.<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps the very manner of introducing the several points of wit and humour may not be less entertaining and instructing than the matter itself. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; because it entirely depends upon memory and the happiness of having kept polite company. But, the art of contriving, that those speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper sentiments to be delivered upon so great variety of subjects, I take to be a talent somewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope to succeed in, unless they had a genius, particularly turned that way, added to a sincere disinterested love of the public.

Although every curious question, smart answer, and witty reply be little known to many people; yet, there is not one

<sup>1</sup> It is remarkable that this is the compliment paid by Pope to the characters of Shakespeare:

"Every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual as those in life itself: it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as, from their relation or affinity in any respect, appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety we must add the wonderful preservation of it, which is such throughout his plays, that, had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker."—POPE's *Preface to Shakespeare*. [S.]

single sentence in the whole collection, for which I cannot bring most authentic vouchers, whenever I shall be called ; and, even for some expressions, which to a few nice ears may perhaps appear somewhat gross, I can produce the stamp of authority from courts, chocolate-houses, theatres, assemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls, and masquerades, from persons of both sexes, and of the highest titles next to royal. However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my quotations of such sentiments that seem to be over free ; because, when I began my collection, such kind of converse was almost in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patronesses at court, by whose countenance and sanction it hath become a choice flower in the nose-gay of wit and politeness.

Some will perhaps object, that when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of dishes, not always consistent with the art of cookery, or proper for the season of the year, and part of the first course mingled with the second, besides a failure in politeness, by introducing a black pudden to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment : But, if I had omitted the black pudden, I desire to know what would have become of that exquisite reason given by Miss Notable for not eating it ; the world perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such hypercritical readers will please to consider, my business was to make so full and complete a body of refined sayings, as compact as I could ; only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very substance and marrow of this most admirable and necessary art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed to find, that so universal and polite an entertainment as cards, hath hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have sat by many hundred times with the utmost vigilance, and my table-book ready, without being able in eight hours to gather matter for one single phrase in my book. But this, I think, may be easily accounted for by the turbulence and justling of passions upon the various and surprising turns, incidents, revolutions, and events of good and evil fortune, that arrive in the course of a long evening at

play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the consequence of non-attention so fatal.

Play is supported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, prescribed by law and custom; no time allowed for digressions or trials of wit. Quadrille in particular bears some resemblance to a state of nature, which, we are told, is a state of war, wherein every woman is against every woman: The unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the league made this minute without knowing the ally; and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the game of quadrille, female brains are always employed in stratagem, or their hands in action. Neither can I find that our art hath gained much by the happy revival of masquerading among us; the whole dialogue in those meetings being summed up in one (sprightly I confess, but) single question, and as sprightly an answer. "Do you know me?" "Yes, I do." And, "Do you know me?" "Yes, I do." For this reason I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a masquerade, merely for the sake of a single question, and a single answer. Especially, when to perform this in a proper manner, I must have brought in a hundred persons together, of both sexes, dressed in fantastic habits for one minute, and dismiss them the next.

Neither is it reasonable to conceive, that our science can be much improved by masquerades; where the wit of both sexes is altogether taken up in continuing singular and humorous disguises; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and assignations of gallantry to a happy conclusion.

The judicious reader will readily discover, that I make Miss Notable my heroine, and Mr. Thomas Neverout my hero. I have laboured both their characters with my utmost ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the liveliest questions, answers, repartees, and rejoinders; because my design was to propose them both as patterns for all young bachelors and single ladies to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite conversation flourish between both sexes in a more consummate degree of perfection, than these kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn some lines of Sir John Linger's character, the Derbyshire knight, on purpose to place it in counterview

or contrast with that of the other company; wherein I can assure the reader, that I intended not the least reflection upon Derbyshire, the place of my nativity. But, my intention was only to shew the misfortune of those persons, who have the disadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeness; whereof I take the present limits to extend no further than London, and ten miles round; although others are pleased to compute it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the discourses of my gentlemen and ladies with those of Sir John, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same climate, or under the same laws, language, religion, or government: And, accordingly, I have introduced him speaking in his own rude dialect, for no other reason than to teach my scholars how to avoid it.

The curious reader will observe, that when conversation appears in danger to flag, which, in some places, I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent some sudden question, or turn of wit, to revive it; such as these that follow. "What! I think here's a silent meeting!" "Come, madam, a penny for your thought;" with several others of the like sort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, because I am acquainted with a very few; but, indeed, chiefly because I found them so much inferior to those at court, especially among the gentlemen-ushers, the ladies of the bedchamber, and the maids of honour; I must also add, the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious story-tellers, nor brangling disputers: For, a right scholar, of either sex, in our science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprising piece of wit, that shall engage all the company in a loud laugh; and, if after a pause, the grave companion resumes his thread in the following manner; "Well, but to go on with my story;" new interruptions come from the left to the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have made some few essays toward *selling of bargains*, as well for instructing those, who delight in that accomplishment, as in compliance with my female friends at court. However, I have transgressed a little in this point, by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than as it is now

practised at St. James's. At the same time, I can hardly allow this accomplishment to pass properly for a branch of that perfect polite conversation, which makes the constituent subject of my treatise ; and for which I have already given my reasons. I have likewise, for further caution, left a blank in the critical point of each bargain, which the sagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myself, I am proud to own, that except some smattering in the French, I am what the pedants and scholars call, a man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But, as to my own language, I shall not readily yield to many persons: I have read most of the plays, and all the miscellany poems that have been published for twenty years past. I have read Mr. Thomas Brown's<sup>1</sup> works entire, and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest genius of his age.

Upon what foot I stand with the present chief reigning wits, their verses recommendatory, which they have commended me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thousand witnesses. I am, and have been, likewise, particularly acquainted with Mr. Charles Gildon, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dennis,<sup>2</sup> that admirable critic and poet, and several others.

<sup>1</sup> It was Tom Brown who translated Martial's epigram into the well-known, "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell," etc. The story is told that the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, had threatened to expel Brown for his loose mode of life, but forgave him for this ready rendering. Brown wrote many pieces and plays of, what the booksellers call, a "facetious" nature. He led a very dissolute life and died in 1704. He was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, near the grave of Mrs. Aphra Behn. His works, collected by James Drake, were issued in a collected form in 1707-8, in three volumes. The fourth edition, in 1719, was in four volumes, to which was added, in 1721, a supplementary volume of "Remains." [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Charles Gildon (1665-1724), although educated a Catholic at Douay, became a deistical writer; but later, wrote the "Deist's Manual" against deism. He is better remembered, however, for Pope's satirical treatment of him in the "Dunciad." Gildon, reduced to poverty by his spendthrift ways, became a Grub Street scribbler. He wrote a review of Rowe's plays, to which he added some remarks on Pope's "Rape of the Lock," and in which he referred to Pope as "Sawney Dapper." Swift always refers to Gildon depreciatingly, no doubt because of his deism. See vol. iii, pp. 87, 180, 185, of present edition.

Edward Ward (1667-1731), a humorist of what might be called the low journalistic type. He wrote an immense amount of doggerel verse by way of review of the doings of the town and the world of his day.



Each of these eminent persons (I mean, those who are still alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over with the strictest eye of friendly severity, and proposed some, although very few, amendments, which I gratefully accepted, and do here publicly return my acknowledgment for so singular a favour.

And here, I cannot conceal, without ingratitude, the great assistance I have received from those two illustrious writers, Mr. Ozell, and Captain Stevens.<sup>1</sup> These, and some others, of distinguished eminence, in whose company I have passed

There is very little literary value in what he wrote, but there is much to interest the student of the language, manners, and doings of the time. He wrote, among almost a hundred other volumes, "The London Spy," a work originally issued in monthly folio parts. On his tombstone in Westminster Abbey, Tom Brown is wrongly ascribed as the author of this work. Scott calls the book, "a blackguard work," but admits it to contain "some good pictures of low life, and of London manners in the eighteenth century."

John Dennis is always severely treated by Swift. In truth, however, Dennis had great parts, but his unfortunate temperament was against him in his career as a man of letters in that witty and flippant age. Evidently, he took himself too seriously and his disappointments became, in his view, injustices. Pope abused him unmercifully, and in a great measure, unjustly. Dennis behaved badly by his "True Character of Mr. Pope," and was so quick at taking offence and retorting with unmeasured scurrility, that we cannot be surprised that he was taken up and repaid in the kind he gave. It was an age of personalities. He died poor and unfriended in a soured old age, during the latter part of which he was beholden for small pensions to the Earl of Pembroke and Walpole. [T. S.]

<sup>1</sup> The reference to Ozell was occasioned, no doubt, by his "Art of Pleasing in Conversation," published in 1736. He is better known as the translator of Boileau (1712), and reviser of Motteux's "Don Quixote" (1719), Urquhart's "Rabelais" (1737), and other works. In 1712 he published a translation of Homer's "Iliad" (from the French of Madame Dacier), which probably brought him into the "Dunciad." Ozell replied to Pope's remarks in an advertisement which appeared in the "Weekly Medley" for 5th September, 1729—a piece of bombast and abuse of Pope that is really amazing when we remember who Ozell was and who the man was with whom he was comparing himself. See Cibber's "Lives of the Poets," vol. iv, p. 355.

John Stevens, a fairly accomplished Spanish scholar, attempted a revised edition of Shelton's translation of "Don Quixote." It was published in 1706. His translation of Herrera's "General History of America" (1725-6) is much sought after by bibliomaniacs. As an antiquary he did a valuable piece of work by his abridgement and translation of Dugdale's "Monasticon." He died in 1726. [T. S.]

so many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language; so, it hath been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs, and the rest of that snarling brood burst with envy at the praises we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digression.

The reader will find that the following collection of polite expressions will easily incorporate with all subjects of genteel and fashionable life. Those, which are proper for morning-tea, will be equally useful at the same entertainment in the afternoon, even in the same company, only by shifting the several questions, answers, and replies, into different hands; and such as are adapted to meals will indifferently serve for dinners or suppers, only distinguishing between day-light and candle-light. By this method no diligent person, of a tolerable memory, can ever be at a loss.

It hath been my constant opinion, that every man, who is intrusted by nature with any useful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honour, and that justice which we all owe our country, to propose to himself some one illustrious action, to be performed in his life for the public emolument. And, I freely confess, that so grand, so important an enterprise as I have undertaken, and executed to the best of my power, well deserved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit myself, as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly entreated several of my above-named friends, universally allowed to be of the first rank in wit and politeness, that they would undertake a work, so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the kingdom; but so great was their modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the task on me; yet in so obliging a manner, and attended with such compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And, at last, their entreaties, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the least violation of modesty, that there is no man, now alive, who hath, by many degrees, so just pretensions as myself, to the highest encouragement from the crown, the parliament, and the ministry,

towards bringing this work to its due perfection. I have been assured, that several great heroes of antiquity were worshipped as gods, upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifest, I could have no other intentions; and, I dare appeal to my very enemies, if such a treatise as mine had been published some years ago, and with as much success as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the study and practice of polite conversation; whether such mean stupid writers, as the Craftsman and his abettors, could have been able to corrupt the principles of so many hundred thousand subjects, as, to the shame and grief of every whiggish, loyal, and true protestant heart, it is too manifest, they have done. For, I desire the honest judicious reader to make one remark, that after having exhausted the whole *in sickly pay-day*<sup>1</sup> (if I may so call it) of politeness and refinement, and faithfully digested it in the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expression relating to politics; that the ministry is never mentioned, nor the word king, above twice or thrice, and then only to the honour of Majesty; so very cautious were our wiser ancestors in forming rules for conversation, as never to give offence to crowned heads, nor interfere with party disputes in the state. And indeed, although there seem to be a close resemblance between the two words politeness and politics, yet no ideas are more inconsistent in their natures. However, to avoid all appearance of disaffection, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble science, in the following short terms, that ought to be writ in gold, "MUST is for the King;" which uncontrollable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the first page of my book; thereby to instil early the best Protestant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither is it merely my own private opinion, that politeness is the firmest foundation upon which loyalty can be supported:<sup>2</sup> For, thus happily sings

<sup>1</sup> This word is spelt by Latinists, *Encyclopædia*; but the judicious author wisely prefers the polite reading before the pedantic. [Original edit.]

<sup>2</sup> Faulkner's Dublin edition of 1741 has this additional passage, levelled at Lord Hervey, the antagonist of Pope,—called by him "Lord



the divine Mr. Tibbalds,<sup>1</sup> or Theobalds, in one of his birthday poems.

I am no schollard; but I am polite:  
Therefore be sure I am no Jacobite.

Hear likewise, to the same purpose, that great master of the whole poetic choir, our most illustrious laureat Mr. Colley Cibber.<sup>2</sup>

Who in his talk can't speak a polite thing,  
Will never loyal be to George our King.

I could produce many more shining passages out of our principal poets, of both sexes, to confirm this momentous truth. From whence, I think, it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can most contribute towards propagating the science contained in the following sheets, through the kingdoms of Great-Britain and Ireland, may justly demand all the favour, that the wisest court, and most judicious senate, are able to confer on the most deserving subject. I leave the application to my readers.

This is the work, which I have been so hardy to attempt, and without the least mercenary view. Neither do I doubt

Fanny"—“For thus happily sings the never-to-be-too-much-admired Lord II——, in his truly sublime poem, called *Loyalty Defined*:

‘Who’s not polite, for the Pretender is;  
A Jacobite, I know him by his phiz.’”

And continues: “In like manner, the divine Mr. Tibbalds,” etc. [T. S.]

<sup>1</sup> The well-known quarrel between Pope and Theobald, which began in their undertaking rival editions of Shakespeare, and ended in the latter being for a time exalted to the throne of the Dunciad. [S.]

<sup>2</sup> Colley Cibber (1671-1757), an actor of ability, was a dramatist and a poet of some small power. He beat Theobald in the race for the laureateship:

“In merry Old England it once was the rule  
The King had his poet and also his fool;  
But now we’re so frugal, I’d have you know it,  
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.”

Cibber, in his “Apology” (the best piece of writing from his pen), ascribes the authorship of these lines to Pope. Cibber was a ridiculously vain man. Swift often praises him, and indeed he had a remarkable ability in adapting plays and giving the public what it wanted. [T. S.]

of succeeding to my full wish, except among the Tories and their abettors; who being all Jacobites, and, consequently Papists in their hearts, from a want of true taste, or by strong affectation, may perhaps resolve not to read my book; choosing rather to deny themselves the pleasure and honour of shining in polite company among the principal geniuses of both sexes throughout the kingdom, than adorn their minds with this noble art; and probably apprehending (as, I confess nothing is more likely to happen) that a true spirit of loyalty to the Protestant succession should steal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle readers could possibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberless toils, the frequent risings in the night, to set down several ingenious sentences, that I suddenly or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmost vigilance, had been irrecoverably lost for ever: If they would consider with what incredible diligence I daily and nightly attended at those houses, where persons of both sexes, and of the most distinguished merit, used to meet and display their talents; with what attention I listened to all their discourses, the better to retain them in my memory; and then, at proper seasons, withdrew unobserved, to enter them in my table-book, while the company little suspected what a noble work I had then in embryo: I say, if all these were known to the world, I think, it would be no great presumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the public thanks of both Houses of Parliament, for the service and honour I have done to the whole nation by my single pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the least tincture of vanity, the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an easy question: What is become of all the King of Sweden's victories? Where are the fruits of them at this day? or, of what benefit will they be to posterity? were not many of his greatest actions owing, at least in part, to fortune? were not all of them owing to the valour of his troops, as much as to his own conduct? could he have conquered the Polish King, or the Czar of Muscovy, with his single arm? Far be it from me to envy or lessen the fame he hath acquired; but, at the same time, I will venture to say, without breach of modesty, that I, who have alone with this

right hand subdued barbarism, rudeness, and rusticity, who have established and fixed for ever the whole system of all true politeness and refinement in conversation, should think myself most inhumanly treated by my countrymen, and would accordingly resent it as the highest indignity, to be put upon the level, in point of fame, in after ages, with Charles the Twelfth, late King of Sweden.

And yet, so incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable reader will easily believe, that I have been assured by more than one credible person, how some of my enemies have industriously whispered about, that one Isaac Newton, an instrument-maker, formerly living near Leicester-Fields, and afterwards a workman at the mint in the Tower, might possibly pretend to vie with me for fame in future times. The man it seems was knighted for making sun-dials better than others of his trade, and was thought to be a conjurer, because he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a slate, which nobody could understand. But, adieu to all noble attempts for endless renown, if the ghost of an obscure mechanic shall be raised up to enter into competition with me, only for his skill in making pothooks and hangers with a pencil, which many thousand accomplished gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with a pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and, in a manner, as little intelligible as those of Sir Isaac.<sup>1</sup>

My most ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr. Colley Cibber, who does too much honour to the laurel crown he deservedly wears (as he hath often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head) was pleased to tell me, that, if my treatise were formed into a comedy,<sup>2</sup> the representation, performed to advantage on our theatre, might very much contribute to the spreading of polite conversation among all persons of distinction through the whole kingdom.

I own, the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good. But, I cannot agree to his proposal: For, Mr.

<sup>1</sup> We must take this grammatical error as intentional. Swift is evidently writing in the character of the persons he is satirizing. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> The proposal here stated in jest actually took place; for Faulkner informs us, that the Treatise on Polite Conversation being universally admired at Dublin, was exhibited at the theatre in Aungier Street as a dramatic performance, and received great applause. [S.]

Cibber himself allowed, that the subjects handled in my work, being so numerous and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six comedies to contain them. From whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential rules for polite conversation must be omitted.

And here let me do justice to my friend Mr. Tibbalds, who plainly confessed before Mr. Cibber himself, that such a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, so it would intolerably mangle my scheme, and thereby destroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or system of this most useful science in all its parts. And therefore Mr. Tibbalds, whose judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my proposal mentioned before, of erecting public schools and seminaries all over the kingdom, to instruct the young people of both sexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I shall conclude this long, but necessary introduction, with a request, or indeed rather, a just and reasonable demand from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have with infinite labour, and close application, during the space of thirty-six years, been collecting for their service and improvement, they shall, as an instance of gratitude, on every proper occasion, quote my name, after this or the like manner. "Madam, as our Master Wagstaff says." "My lord, as our friend Wagstaff has it." I do likewise expect, that all my pupils shall drink my health every day at dinner and supper during my life; and that they, or their posterity, shall continue the same ceremony to my not inglorious memory, after my decease, for ever.

POLITE CONVERSATION.  
IN THREE DIALOGUES.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### THE MEN.

LORD SPARKISH,  
LORD SMART,  
SIR JOHN LINGER,  
MR. NEVEROUT,  
COLONEL ATWIT.

### THE LADIES.

LADY SMART,  
MISS NOTABLE,  
LADY ANSWERALL.

## ARGUMENT.<sup>1</sup>

LORD SPARKISH and COLONEL ATWIT meet in the morning upon the Mall: MR. NEVEROUT joins them: they all go to breakfast at LADY SMART'S. Their conversation over their tea: after which they part; but my lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner:—SIR JOHN LINGER invited likewise, and comes a little too late. The whole conversation at dinner: after which, the ladies retire to their tea. The conversation of the ladies without the men, who are supposed to stay and drink a bottle, but, in some time, go to the ladies, and drink tea with them. The conversation there. After which, a party at quadrille until three in the morning; but no conversation set down. They all take leave, and go home.

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<sup>1</sup> This Argument is not in the original edition, but was supplied by a later editor of Swift's Works. [T. S.]

## POLITE CONVERSATION, &c.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

LORD SPARKISH *meeting* COL. ATWIT.

*Colonel.*

WELL met, my lord.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Thank ye, colonel. A parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in heaven. When did you see Tom Neverout?

*Col.* He's just coming towards us. Talk of the devil—

NEVEROUT *comes up.*

*Col.* How do you do, Tom?

*Neverout.* Never the better for you.

*Col.* I hope, you're never the worse. But where's your manners? Don't you see my Lord Sparkish?

*Neverout.* My lord, I beg your lordship's pardon.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Tom, how is it, that you can't see the wood for trees? What wind blew you hither?

*Neverout.* Why, my lord, it is an ill wind blows nobody good; for it gives me the honour of seeing your lordship.

*Col.* Tom, you must go with us to Lady Smart's to breakfast.

*Neverout.* Must? Why, colonel, must's for the King.

[COL. *offering in jest to draw his sword.*

*Col.* Have you spoke with all your friends?

*Neverout.* Colonel, as you're stout, be merciful.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Come, agree, agree; the law's costly.

[COL. *taking his hand from the hilt.*

*Col.* Well, Tom, you are never the worse man to be afraid of me. Come along.

*Neverout.* What, do you think, I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

I'll wait on you. I hope Miss Notable will be there; 'egad she's very handsome, and has wit at will.<sup>1</sup>

*Col.* Why every one as they like; as the good woman said, when she kiss'd her cow.

LORD SMART'S *House*; *they knock at the door*; the Porter comes out.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Pray, are you the porter?

*Porter.* Yes, for want of a better.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Is your lady at home?

*Porter.* She was at home just now; but she's not gone out yet.

*Neverout.* I warrant, this rogue's tongue is well hung.

LADY SMART'S *Antechamber.*

LADY SMART and LADY ANSWERALL at the *Tea-table.*

*Lady Smart.* My lord, your lordship's most humble servant.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Madam, you spoke too late; I was your ladyship's before.

*Lady Smart.* Oh! colonel, are you here!

*Col.* As sure as you're there, madam.

*Lady Smart.* Oh, Mr. Neverout! what, such a man alive!

*Neverout.* Ay, madam; alive, and alive like to be, at your ladyship's service.

*Lady Smart.* Well: I'll get a knife, and nick it down, that Mr. Neverout came to our house. And pray, what news Mr. Neverout?

*Neverout.* Why, madam, Queen Elizabeth's dead.

*Lady Smart.* Well, Mr. Neverout, I see you are no changeling.

MISS NOTABLE comes in.

*Neverout.* Miss, your slave: I hope your early rising will

<sup>1</sup> A phrase much in vogue in the early part of the eighteenth century. [T. S.]



do you no harm. I hear you are but just come out of the cloth-market.

*Miss.* I always rise at eleven, whether it be day or no.

*Col.* Miss, I hope you are up for all day?

*Miss.* Yes, If I don't get a fall before night.

*Col.* Miss, I heard you were out of order ; pray, how are you now?

*Miss.* Pretty well, colonel, I thank you.

*Col.* Pretty and well, miss ! that 's two very good things.

*Miss.* I mean, I am better than I was.

*Neverout.* Why, then, 'tis well you were sick.

*Miss.* What, Mr. Neverout ; you take me up, before I'm down.

*Lady Smart.* Come, let us leave off children's play, and come to push-pin.

*Miss.* [*To LADY SMART.*] Pray, madam, give me some more sugar to my tea.

*Col.* Oh ! miss, you must needs be very good humour'd, you love sweet things so well.

*Neverout.* Stir it up with the spoon, miss ; for the deeper the sweeter.

*Lady Smart.* I assure you, miss, the colonel has made you a great compliment.

*Miss.* I am sorry for it ; for I have heard say, that complimenting is lying.

*Lady Smart.* [*To LD. SPARKISH.*] My lord, methinks the sight of you is good for sore eyes ; if we had known of your coming, we would have strewn rushes for you. How has your lordship done this long time?

*Col.* Faith, madam, he's better in health, than in good conditions.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Well ; I see there's no worse friend than one brings from home with one ; and I am not the first man has carried a rod to whip himself.

*Neverout.* Here's miss, has not a word to throw at a dog. Come ; a penny for your thoughts.

*Miss.* It is not worth a farthing ; for I was thinking of you.

[*COL. rising up.*]

*Lady Smart.* Colonel, where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

*Col.* Madam, I must needs go home for half an hour.

*Miss.* Why, colonel, they say, the devil's at home.

*Lady Answ.* Well, but sit while you stay; 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

*Col.* No, madam; while I'm standing I'm going.

*Miss.* Nay, let him go; I promise him, we won't tear his clothes to hold him.

*Lady Smart.* I suppose, colonel, we keep you from better company; I mean only as to myself.

*Col.* Madam, I am all obedience. [COL. sits down.

*Lady Smart.* Lord, miss, how can you drink your tea so hot? Sure your mouth's pav'd.

How do you like this tea, colonel?

*Col.* Well enough, madam; but methinks it is a little more-ish.

*Lady Smart.* Oh! colonel, I understand you. Betty, bring the canister: I have but very little of this tea left; but I don't love to make two wants of one; want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he. [Laughs.

*Lady Answ.* [To the maid.] Why, sure, Betty, you are bewitched; the cream is burnt too.

*Betty.* Why, madam, the bishop has set his foot in it.

*Lady Smart.* Go, you girl, and warm some fresh cream.

*Betty.* Indeed, madam, there's none left; for the cat has eaten it all.

*Lady Smart.* I doubt, it was a cat with two legs.

*Miss.* Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

*Col.* Yes, in a morning, miss; for they say, butter is gold in a morning, silver at noon, but it is lead at night.

*Neverout.* Miss, the weather is so hot, that my butter melts on my bread.

*Lady Answ.* Why, butter, I've heard 'em say, is mad twice a year.

*Ld. Sparkish.* [To the maid.] Mrs. Betty, how does your body politic?

*Col.* Fie, my lord; you'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

*Lady Smart.* Blush! ay, blush like a blue dog.

*Neverout.* Pray, Mrs. Betty, are not you Tom Johnson's daughter?

*Betty.* So my mother tells me, sir.

*Ld. Sparkish.* But, Mrs. Betty, I hear you are in love.

*Betty.* My lord, I thank God, I hate nobody ; I am in charity with all the world.

*Lady Smart.* Why, wench, I think, thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning: How came you by that scratch on your nose? Have you been fighting with the cats?

*Col.* [*To Miss.*] Miss, when will you be married?

*Miss.* One of these odd-come-shortly's, colonel.

*Neverout.* Yes; they say, the match is half made, the spark is willing, but miss is not.

*Miss.* I suppose, the gentleman has got his own consent for it.

*Lady Answ.* Pray, my lord, did you walk through the Park in this rain?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Yes, madam; we were neither sugar nor salt; we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he. [*Laugh.*]

*Col.* It rained, and the sun shone at the same time.

*Neverout.* Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door, with a shoulder of mutton. [*Laugh.*]

*Col.* A blind man would be glad to see that.

*Lady Smart.* Mr. Neverout, methinks you stand in your own light.

*Neverout.* Ah! madam, I have done so all my life.

*Ld. Sparkish.* I'm sure he sits in mine: Pr'ythee, Tom, sit a little farther: I believe your father was no glazier.

*Lady Smart.* Miss, dear girl, fill me out a dish of tea, for I'm very lazy.

[*Miss fills a dish of tea, sweetens it, and then tastes it.*]

*Lady Smart.* What, miss, will you be my taster?

*Miss.* No, madam; but, they say, 'tis an ill cook, that can't lick her own fingers.

*Neverout.* Pray, miss, fill me another.

*Miss.* Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

*Lady Answ.* But, colonel, they say, you went to court last night very drunk: Nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among Philistines: No wonder the cat wink'd, when both her eyes were out.

*Col.* Indeed, madam, that's a lie.

*Lady Answ.* 'Tis better I should lie, than you should lose your good manners: Besides, I don't lie; I sit.

*Neverout.* O faith, colonel, you must own you had a drop in your eye : When I left you, you were half seas over.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Well, I fear, Lady Answerall can't live long, she has so much wit.

*Neverout.* No ; she can't live, that's certain ; but she may linger thirty or forty years.

*Miss.* Live long ; ay, longer than a cat, or a dog, or a better thing.

*Lady Answ.* Oh ! miss, you must give your vardi<sup>1</sup> too !

*Ld. Sparkish.* Miss, shall I fill you another dish of tea ?

*Miss.* Indeed, my lord, I have drank enough.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Come, it will do you more good than a month's fasting ; here, take it.

*Miss.* No, I thank your lordship ; enough's as good as a feast.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Well ; but if you always say No, you'll never be married.

*Lady Answ.* Do, my lord, give her a dish ; for, they say, maids will say No, and take it.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Well ; and I dare say, miss is a maid in thought, word, and deed.

*Neverout.* I would not take my oath of that.

*Miss.* Pray, sir, speak for yourself.

*Lady Smart.* Fie, miss ; they say, maids should be seen, and not heard.

*Lady Answ.* Good miss, stir the fire, that the tea-kettle may boil.—You have done it very well ; now it burns purely. Well, miss, you'll have a cheerful husband.

*Miss.* Indeed, your ladyship could have stirred it much better.

*Lady Answ.* I know that very well, hussy ; but I won't keep a dog, and bark myself.

*Neverout.* What ! you are sick, miss.<sup>2</sup>

*Miss.* Not at all ; for her ladyship meant you.

*Neverout.* Oh ! faith, miss, you are in Lob's pound ; get out as you can.

*Miss.* I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that : I know when I'm well.

<sup>1</sup> Verdict. See Introduction. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Thus in original edition. Scott has "stuck." [T. S.]

*Lady Answ.* Well ; but miss——

*Neverout.* Ah ! dear madam, let the matter fall ; take pity on poor miss ; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

*Miss.* Indeed, Mr. Neverout, you should be cut for the simples this morning : Say a word more, and you had as good eat your nails.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Pray, miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a song ?

*Miss.* Indeed, my lord, I can't ; for I have a great cold.

*Col.* Oh ! miss, they say, all good singers have colds.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Pray, madam, does not miss sing very well ?

*Lady Answ.* She sings, as one may say, my lord.

*Miss.* I hear, Mr. Neverout has a very good voice.

*Col.* Yes ; Tom sings well ; but his luck 's nought.

*Neverout.* Faith, colonel, you hit yourself a devilish box on the ear.

*Col.* Miss, will you take a pinch of snuff ?

*Miss.* No, colonel ; you must know, I never take snuff, but when I'm angry.

*Lady Answ.* Yes, yes, she can take snuff ; but she has never a box to put it in.

*Miss.* Pray, colonel, let me see that box.

*Col.* Madam, there's never a C upon it.

*Miss.* Maybe there is, colonel.

*Col.* Ay ; but May bees don't fly now, miss.

*Neverout.* Colonel, why so hard upon poor miss ? Don't set your wit against a child : Miss, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

*Miss.* So she prayed me to tell you.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Pray, my Lady Smart, what kin are you to Lord Pozz ?

*Lady Smart.* Why, his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

*Lady Answ.* Well, methinks here is a silent meeting. Come, miss, hold up your head, girl ; there's money bid for you.

[*Miss starts.*]

*Miss.* Lord, madam, you frighten me out of my seven senses !

*Ld. Sparkish.* Well, I must be going.

*Lady Answ.* I have seen hastier people than you stay all night.

*Col.* [*To LADY SMART.*] Tom Neverout and I are to leap to-morrow for a guinea.

*Miss.* I believe, Colonel, Mr. Neverout can leap at a crust better than you.

*Neverout.* Miss, your tongue runs before your wit ; nothing can tame you but a husband.

*Miss.* Peace ! I think I hear the church-clock.

*Neverout.* Why you know, as the fool thinks——

*Lady Smart.* Mr. Neverout, your handkerchief's fallen.

*Miss.* Let him set his foot on it, that it mayn't fly in his face.

*Neverout.* Well, miss——

*Miss.* Ay, ay ; many a one says well, that thinks ill.

*Neverout.* Well, miss ; I'll think of this.

*Miss.* That's rhyme, if you take it in time.

*Neverout.* What ! I see you are a poet.

*Miss.* Yes ; if I had but the wit to show it.

*Neverout.* Miss, will you be so kind as to fill me a dish of tea ?

*Miss.* Pray, let your betters be served before you ; I am just going to fill one for myself ; and, you know, the parson always christens his own child first.

*Neverout.* But I saw you fill one just now for the colonel : Well, I find kissing goes by favour.

*Miss.* But pray, Mr. Neverout, what lady was that you were talking with in the side-box last Tuesday ?

*Neverout.* Miss, can you keep a secret ?

*Miss.* Yes, I can.

*Neverout.* Well, miss ; and so can I.

*Col.* Odds-so ! I have cut my thumb with this cursed knife !

*Lady Answ.* Ay ; that was your mother's fault, because she only warned you not to cut your fingers.

*Lady Smart.* No, no ; 'tis only fools cut their fingers ; but wise folks cut their thumbs.—

*Miss.* I'm sorry for it, but I can't cry.

*Col.* Don't you think miss is grown ?

*Lady Answ.* Ay ; ill weeds grow apace.

[*A puff of smoke comes down the chimney.*]

*Lady Answ.* Lord, madam, does your ladyship's chimney smoke ?

*Col.* No, madam ; but they say, smoke always pursues the fair, and your ladyship sat nearest.<sup>1</sup>

*Lady Smart.* Madam, do you love bohea tea ?

*Lady Answ.* Why, madam, I must confess I do love it ; but it does not love me.

*Miss.* [To LADY SMART.] Indeed, madam, your ladyship is very sparing of your tea : I protest, the last I took, was no more than water bewitch'd.

*Col.* Pray, miss, if I may be so bold, What lover gave you that fine etuy ?

*Miss.* Don't you know?—then keep counsel.

*Lady Answ.* I'll tell you, colonel, who gave it her ; it was the best lover she will ever have while she lives ; her own dear papa.

*Neverout.* Methinks, miss, I don't much like the colour of that ribbon.

*Miss.* Why then, Mr. Neverout, do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off of it.

*Ld. Sparkish.* I don't doubt, madam, but your ladyship has heard, that Sir John Brisk has got an employment at court.

*Lady Smart.* Yes, yes ; and I warrant, he thinks himself no small fool now.

*Neverout.* Yes, madam, I have heard some people take him for a wise man.

*Lady Smart.* Ay, ay ; some are wise, and some are otherwise.

*Lady Answ.* Do you know him, Mr. Neverout ?

*Neverout.* Know him ! ay, as well as the beggar knows his dish.

<sup>1</sup> “ That smoke doth follow the fairest, is an usual saying with us, and in many parts of Europe, whereof, although there seem no natural ground, yet is it the continuation of a very ancient opinion, as Petras Victorius and Casaubon have observed, from a passage in Athenæus, wherein a parasite thus describeth himself:—

‘ To every table first I come,  
Whence Porridge I am call'd by some :  
A Capaneus at stares I am,  
To enter any roome a ramme ;  
Like whips and thongs, to all I ply ;  
Like smoke, unto the fair I fly.’ ”

BROWNE'S *Vulgar Errours*. Lond. p. 226. [S.]



*Col.* Well ; I can only say, that he has better luck than honest folk : But pray, how came he to get this employment ?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, by chance, as the man killed the devil.

*Neverout.* Why, miss, you are in a brown study ; What's the matter ? Methinks you look like Mumchance, that was hanged for saying nothing.

*Miss.* I'd have you to know, I scorn your words.

*Neverout.* Well ; but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

*Miss.* Well ; my comfort is, your tongue is no slander. What ! you would not have one be always on the high grin.

*Neverout.* Cry, mapsticks, madam ; no offence, I hope.

[*LADY SMART breaks a tea-cup.*]

*Lady Answ.* Lord, madam, how came you to break your cup ?

*Lady Smart.* I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

*Miss.* Why, sell it, madam, and buy a new one with some of the money.

*Col.* 'Tis a folly to cry for spilt milk.

*Lady Smart.* Why, if things did not break or wear out, how would tradesmen live ?

*Miss.* Well ; I am very sick, if anybody cared for it.<sup>1</sup>

*Neverout.* Come, then, miss, e'en make a die of it, and then we shall have a burying of our own.

*Miss.* The devil take you, Neverout, besides all small curses.

*Lady Answ.* Marry come up, What, plain Neverout ! methinks you might have an M under your girdle, miss.

*Lady Smart.* Well, well, naught's never in danger ; I warrant, miss will spit in her hand, and hold fast. Colonel, do you like this biscuit ?

*Col.* I'm like all fools ; I love everything that's good.

*Lady Smart.* Well, and isn't it pure good ?

*Col.* 'Tis better than a worse.

[*Footman brings the COLONEL a letter.*]

*Lady Answ.* I suppose, colonel, that's a billet-doux from your mistress.

<sup>1</sup> Later editors add here: "[*She spits.*] I believe I shall die, for I can't spit from me." [T. S.]



*Col.* 'Egad, I don't know whence it comes ; but whoe'er writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

*Miss.* Well, you may make a secret of it, but we can spell, and put together.

*Neverout.* Miss, what spells B double uzzard ?

*Miss.* Buzzard in your teeth, Mr. Neverout.

*Lady Smart.* Now you are up, Mr. Neverout, will you do me the favour, to do me the kindness, to take off the tea-kettle ?

*Ld. Sparkish.* I wonder what makes these bells ring.

*Lady Answ.* Why, my lord, I suppose, because they pull the ropes.

[*Here all laugh.* NEVEROUT *plays with a tea-cup.*

*Miss.* Now a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out such a pretty play-thing.

*Lady Smart.* Well said, miss: I vow, Mr. Neverout, the girl is too hard for you.

*Neverout.* Ay, miss will say anything but her prayers, and those she whistles.

*Miss.* Pray, colonel, make me a present of that pretty pen-knife ?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Ay, miss, catch him at that, and hang him.

*Col.* Not for the world, dear miss ; it will cut love.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Colonel, you shall be married first, I was going to say that.

*Lady Smart.* Well, but for all that, I can tell who is a great admirer of miss: Pray, miss, how do you like Mr. Spruce ? I swear I have often seen him cast a sheep's eye out of a calf's head at you : Deny it if you can.

*Miss.* Oh ! madam ; all the world knows, that Mr. Spruce is a general lover.

*Col.* Come, miss, 'tis too true to make a jest on.

[*Miss blushes.*

*Lady Answ.* Well, however, blushing is some sign of grace.

*Neverout.* Miss says nothing ; but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

*Miss.* Well, ladies and gentlemen, you are pleased to divert yourselves ; but, as I hope to be saved, there's nothing in it.

*Lady Smart.* Touch a gall'd horse, and he'll wince: I love

will creep where it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred pound Mr. Neverout was the inventor of that story; and, colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pie.

*Lady Answ.* But, colonel, you forgot to salute miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time.

*Miss.* Fie, madam! I vow, colonel, I said no such thing; I wonder at your ladyship!

*Col.* Miss, I beg your pardon——

[*Goes to salute her, she struggles a little.*]

*Miss.* Well, I had rather give a knave a kiss, for once, than be troubled with him; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

*Lady Smart.* Fie, fie, miss! for shame of the world, and speech of good people.

[*NEVEROUT to MISS, who is cooking her tea and bread and butter.*]

*Neverout.* Come, come, miss, make much of naught; good folks are scarce.

*Miss.* What! and you must come in with your two eggs a penny, and three of them rotten.<sup>1</sup>

*Col.* [*To LD. SPARKISH.*] But, my lord, I forgot to ask you, how you like my new clothes?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, very well, colonel; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst piece is in the middle.

[*Here a loud laugh, often repeated.*]

*Col.* My lord, you are too severe on your friends.

*Miss.* Mr. Neverout, I'm hot; are you a sot?

*Neverout.* Miss, I'm cold; are you a scold? Take you that.

*Lady Smart.* I confess, that was home. I find, Mr. Neverout, you won't give your head for the washing, as they say.

*Miss.* Oh! he's a sore man, where the skin's off. I see, Mr. Neverout has a mind to sharpen the edge of his wit, on the whetstone of my ignorance.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Faith, Tom, you are struck! I never heard a better thing.

*Neverout.* Pray, Miss, give me leave to scratch you for that fine speech.

<sup>1</sup> This is a favourite proverb of Swift's, and occurs often in the Juornal. [S.]

*Miss.* Pox on your picture; it cost me a groat the drawing.

*Neverout.* [*To LADY SMART.*] 'Sbuds, madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy tea-kettle.

*Lady Smart.* Why, then, Mr. Neverout, you must say, God save the King.

*Neverout.* Did you ever see the like?

*Miss.* Never, but once, at a wedding.

*Col.* Pray, Miss, how old are you?

*Miss.* Why, I'm as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

*Ld. Sparkish.* [*To LADY ANSW.*] Pray, madam, is Miss Buxom married? I hear, 'tis all over the town.

*Lady Answ.* My lord, she's either married, or worse.

*Col.* If she ben't married, at least she's lustily promised. But, is it certain, that Sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Yes; or else he's sadly wronged, for they have buried him.

*Miss.* Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more bread.

*Col.* But, is he really dead?

*Lady Answ.* Yes, colonel; as sure as you're alive——

*Col.* They say, he was an honest man.

*Lady Answ.* Yes, with good looking too.

[*Miss feels a pimple on her face.*]

*Miss.* Lord! I think my goodness is coming out. Madam, will your ladyship please to send<sup>1</sup> me a patch?

*Neverout.* Miss, if you are a maid, put your hand upon your spot.

*Miss.* —There— [*Covering her face with both her hands.*]

*Lady Smart.* Well, thou art a mad girl. [*Gives her a tap.*]

*Miss.* Lord, madam; is that a blow to give a child?

[*LADY SMART lets fall her handkerchief, and the COLONEL stoops for it.*]

*Lady Smart.* Colonel, you shall have a better office.

*Col.* Oh! madam, I can't have a better, than to serve your ladyship. [*To LADY SPARKISH.*] Madam, has your ladyship read the new play, written by a lord? It is called, *Love in a Hollow Tree*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Lend" in later editions. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> William Luckyn Grimston, created a peer of Ireland in 1719, with the titles, Baron Dunboyne and Viscount Grimstone, published his play, "*The Lawyer's Fortune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree,*" in 1705.

*Lady Sparkish.* No, colonel.

*Col.* Why, then your ladyship has one pleasure to come.

[*Miss sighs.*]

*Neverout.* Pray, miss, why do you sigh?

*Miss.* To make a fool ask, and you are the first.

*Neverout.* Why, miss, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

*Lady Answ.* Why, you must know, miss is in love.

*Miss.* I wish, my head may never ache till that day.

*Id. Sparkish.* Come, miss, never sigh, but send for him.

LADY SMART and LADY ANSWERALL *speaking together.*

If he be hanged, he'll come hopping; and if he be drowned, he'll come dropping.<sup>1</sup>

*Miss.* Well, I swear, you'd make one die with laughing.

[*Miss plays with a tea-cup, and NEVEROUT plays with another.*]

*Neverout.* Well; I see, one fool makes many.

*Miss.* And you're the greatest fool of any.

*Neverout.* Pray, miss, will you be so kind to tie this string for me with your fair hands? it will go all in your day's work.

*Miss.* Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourself, you have as many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly: Come, pray, stand out of my spitting-place.

*Neverout.* Well; but, miss, don't be angry.

Pope calls him the "booby Lord." In later years, Grimston, aware of the poor qualities of his play, endeavoured to suppress it. Johnson told Chesterfield a story that the Duchess of Marlborough, with whom Grimston had quarrelled on a matter relating to the representation of St. Albans, reprinted the play out of spite. The reprint had a dedication to "The Right Sensible, the Lord Flame," with a vignette on the title-page displaying a donkey wearing a coronet, and a head-piece of an elephant dancing on a rope. The story went on to say that Grimston bought up this reprint, but another edition, printed in Holland, was distributed among the electors of St. Albans. This malicious second reprint was also attributed to the Duchess. The truth of the story, however, is more than doubtful, though there is no doubt about the distribution of the reprint. [T. S.]

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to the popular spell by which country girls attempted to conjure up the figure of their sweetheart, by sowing hemp-seed. The phantom appeared with the badges of his trade and often with circumstances which indicated what death he should die. [S.]

*Miss.* No; I was never angry in my life but once, and then nobody cared for it; so I resolved never to be angry again.

*Neverout.* Well; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

*Miss.* So I suppose, truly.

*Neverout.* Well; but I'll make you a fine present one of these days.

*Miss.* Ay; when the devil's blind; and his eyes are not sore yet.

*Neverout.* No, miss; I'll send it you to-morrow.

*Miss.* Well, well: To-morrow's a new day; but I suppose, you mean, to-morrow-come-never.

*Neverout.* Oh! 'tis the prettiest thing: I assure you, there came but two of them over in three ships.

*Miss.* Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh. But why did you not bring me a present of snuff this morning?

*Neverout.* Because, miss, you never asked me; and 'tis an ill dog that's not worth whistling for.

*Ld. Sparkish.* [To LADY ANSW.] Pray, madam, how came your ladyship last Thursday to go to that odious puppet-show?

*Col.* Why, to be sure, her ladyship went to see, and to be seen.

*Lady Answ.* You have made a fine speech, colonel: Pray, what will you take for your mouth-piece?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Take that, colonel: But, pray, madam, was my Lady Snuff there? They say, she is extremely handsome.

*Lady Smart.* They must not see with my eyes, that think so.

*Neverout.* She may pass muster well enough.

*Lady Answ.* Pray, how old do you take her to be?

*Col.* Why, about five or six-and-twenty.

*Miss.* I swear, she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day.

*Lady Answ.* Depend upon it, she'll never see five-and-thirty, and a bit to spare.

*Col.* Why, they say, she's one of the chief toasts in town.

*Lady Smart.* Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

*Miss.* Well; I wou'dn't be as sick as she's proud, for all the world.

*Lady Answ.* She looks, as if butter wou'dn't melt in her mouth; but I warrant, cheese won't choke her.

*Neverout.* I hear, my Lord What-d'ye-call-him is courting her.

*Ld. Sparkish.* What Lord d'ye mean, Tom?

*Miss.* Why, my lord, I suppose, Mr. Neverout means the Lord of the Lord knows what.

*Col.* They say, she dances very fine.

*Lady Answ.* She did; but, I doubt, her dancing days are over.

*Col.* I can't pardon her, for her rudeness to me.

*Lady Smart.* Well; but you must forget and forgive.

Footman *comes in.*

*Lady Smart.* Did you call Betty?

*Footman.* She's coming, madam.

*Lady Smart.* Coming! ay, so is Christmas.

BETTY *comes in.*

*Lady Smart.* Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been these three hours?

*Betty.* Madam, I can't go faster than my legs will carry me.

*Lady Smart.* Ay, thou hast a head, and so has a pin. But, my lord, all the town has it, that Miss Caper is to be married to Sir Peter Gibeall; one thing is certain, that she hath promised to have him.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, madam, you know, promises are either broken or kept.

*Lady Answ.* I beg your pardon, my lord; promises and pie-crust are made to be broken.

*Lady Smart.* Nay, I had it from my Lady Carry-lie's own mouth. I tell you my tale, and my tale's author; if it be a lie, you had it as cheap as I.

*Lady Answ.* She and I had some words last Sunday at church; but, I think, I gave her her own.

*Lady Smart.* Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill; she talks enough for herself and all the company.

*Neverout.* And yet she simpers like a firmity kettle.

[Miss *looking in a glass.*

*Miss.* Lord, how my head is drest to-day!

*Col.* Oh, madam! a good face needs no band.

*Miss.* No; and a bad one deserves none.

*Col.* Pray, miss, where is your old acquaintance, Mrs. Wayward?

*Miss.* Why, where should she be? You must needs know; she's in her skin.

*Col.* I can answer that: What if you were as far out as she's in?—

*Miss.* Well, I promised to go this evening to Hyde Park on the water; but, I protest, I'm half afraid.

*Neverout.* Never fear, miss; you have the old proverb on your side, Naught's ne'er in danger.

*Col.* Why, miss, let Tom Neverout wait on you; and then, I warrant, you'll be as safe as a thief in a mill; for you know, He that's born to be hang'd, will never be drowned.

*Neverout.* Thank you, colonel, for your good word; but, faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair lady's neck.

*Lady Smart.* Who's there? Bid the children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

*Lady Answ.* Oh, madam! let 'em laugh; they'll ne'er laugh younger.

*Neverout.* Miss, I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise never to tell it again.

*Miss.* No, to be sure; I'll tell it to nobody but friends and strangers.

*Neverout.* Why, then, there's some dirt in my tea-cup.

*Miss.* Come, come; the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

*Lady Answ.* Poh! you must eat a peck of dirt before you die.

*Col.* Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

*Neverout.* Pray, miss, what's a clock?

*Miss.* Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a bell; and you are a fool that can't tell.

*Neverout.* [To LADY ANSW.] Pray, madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down.

*Lady Answ.* Why, 'tis half an hour past hanging-time.

*Col.* Well; I am like the butcher that was looking for his knife, and had it in his mouth: I have been searching my pockets for my snuff-box, and, egad, here 'tis in my hand.



*Miss.* If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, colonel: Well, I wish, I had such a snuff-box.

*Neverout.* You'll be long enough before you wish your skin full of eyelet holes.

*Col.* Wish in one hand,——

*Miss.* Out upon you: Lord, what can the man mean?

*Ld. Sparkish.* This tea's very hot.

*Lady Answ.* Why, it came from a hot place, my lord.

[*COLONEL spills his tea.*]

*Lady Smart.* That's as well done as if I had done it myself.

*Col.* Madam, I find, you live by ill neighbours; when you are forced to praise yourself.

*Lady Smart.* So they pray'd me to tell you.

*Neverout.* Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do, 'twill go down like chopt hay.

*Miss.* Pray, don't say no, till you are asked.

*Neverout.* Well, what you please, and the rest again.

[*Miss stooping for a pin.*]

*Miss.* I have heard 'em say, that a pin a day is a groat a year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing; I vow, 'tis a needle.

*Col.* Oh! the wonderful works of nature: That a black hen should have a white egg!

*Neverout.* What! you have found a mare's nest; and laugh at the eggs.

*Miss.* Pray, keep your breath to cool your porridge.

*Neverout.* Miss, there was a very pleasant accident last night in St. James's Park.

*Miss.* [*To LADY SMART.*] What was it your ladyship was going to say just now?

*Neverout.* Well, miss; tell a mare a tale——

*Miss.* I find, you love to hear yourself talk.

*Neverout.* Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiss my, &c.

*Miss.* Out upon you, for a filthy creeter!

*Neverout.* What, miss! must I tell you a story, and find you ears?

*Ld. Sparkish.* [*To LADY SMART.*] Pray, madam, don't you think Mrs. Spendal very genteel?

*Lady Smart.* Why, my lord, I think she was cut out for a gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the making: She wears



her clothes, as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork; and, for the fashion, I believe they were made in the reign of Queen Bess.

*Neverout.* Well, that's neither here nor there; for you know, the more careless, the more modish.

*Col.* Well, I'd hold a wager, there will be a match between her and Dick Dolt; and I believe, I can see as far into a millstone as another man.

*Miss.* Colonel, I must beg your pardon a thousand times; but they say, An old ape has an old eye.

*Neverout.* Miss, what do you mean! you'll spoil the colonel's marriage, if you call him old.

*Col.* Not so old, nor yet so cold. You know the rest, miss.

*Miss.* Manners is a fine thing, truly.

*Col.* Faith, miss, depend upon it, I'll give you as good as you bring: What! if you give a jest, you must take a jest.

*Lady Smart.* Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

*Miss.* Why, madam, fools will be meddling; I wish, he may cut his fingers; I hope, you can see your own blood without fainting.

*Neverout.* Why, miss, you shine this morning like a sh—n barn-door; you'll never hold out at this rate; pray, save a little wit for to-morrow.

*Miss.* Well, you have said your say; if people will be rude, I have done; my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand year hence.

*Neverout.* Miss, you have shot your bolt: I find, you must have the last word.—Well, I'll go to the opera to-night.—No, I can't neither, for I have some business—and yet I think I must, for I promised to squire the countess to her box.

*Miss.* The Countess of Puddledock, I suppose.

*Neverout.* Peace, or war, miss?

*Lady Smart.* Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll never be mad, you are of so many minds.

[*As Miss rises, the chair falls behind her.*]

*Miss.* Well; I shan't be lady mayoress this year.

*Neverout.* No, miss; 'tis worse than that; you won't be married this year.

*Miss.* Lord! you make me laugh, though I a'n't well.

[NEVEROUT, as MISS is standing, pulls her suddenly on his lap.

*Neverout.* Now, colonel, come, sit down on my lap; more sacks upon the mill.

*Miss.* Let me go; ar'n't you sorry for my heaviness?

*Neverout.* No, miss; you are very light; but I don't say, you are a light hussy. Pray, take up the chair for your pains.

*Miss.* 'Tis but one body's labour, you may do it yourself: I wish, you would be quiet, you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

[NEVEROUT rises to take up the chair, and MISS sits in his.

*Neverout.* You wou'dn't be so soon in my grave, madam.

*Miss.* Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping; my rents are coming in; I'm afraid, I shall fall into the ragman's hands.

*Neverout.* I'll mend it, miss.

*Miss.* You mend it! go, teach your grannam to suck eggs.

*Neverout.* Why, miss, you are so cross, I could find in my heart to hate you.

*Miss.* With all my heart; there will be no love lost between us.

*Neverout.* But, pray, my Lady Smart, does not Miss look as if she could eat me without salt?

*Miss.* I'll make you one day sup sorrow for this.

*Neverout.* Well, follow your own way, you'll live the longer.

*Miss.* See, madam, how well I have mended it.

*Lady Smart.* 'Tis indifferent, as Doll danced.

*Neverout.* 'Twill last as many nights as days.

*Miss.* Well, I knew, I should never have your good word.

*Lady Smart.* My Lord, my Lady Answerall and I was walking in the Park last night till near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

*Neverout.* Egad so was I; and I'll tell you a comical accident; egad, I lost my understanding.

*Miss.* I'm glad you had any to lose.

*Lady Smart.* Well, but what do you mean?

*Neverout.* Egad, I kick'd my foot against a stone, and tore off the heel of my shoe, and was forced to limp to a cobbler in the Pall-mall, to have it put on. He, he, he.

[*All laugh.*]

*Col.* Oh! 'twas a delicate night to run away with another man's wife.

[*NEVEROUT sneezes.*]

*Miss.* God bless you, if you ha'n't taken snuff.

*Neverout.* Why, what if I have, miss?

*Miss.* Why, then, the deuce take you!

*Neverout.* Miss, I want that diamond ring of yours.

*Miss.* Why, then, want's like to be your master.

[*NEVEROUT looking at the ring.*]

*Neverout.* Ay, marry, this is not only but also; where did you get it?

*Miss.* Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

*Neverout.* Well; if I had such a fine diamond ring, I wou'dn't stay a day in England: But you know, far-fetch'd and dear-bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this cost your father two-pence half-penny.

[*MISS sitting between NEVEROUT and the COLONEL.*]

*Miss.* Well; here's a rose between two nettles.

*Neverout.* No, madam; with submission, here's a nettle between two roses.

[*COLONEL stretching himself.*]

*Lady Smart.* Why, colonel, you break the king's laws; you stretch without a halter.

*Lady Answ.* Colonel, some ladies of your acquaintance have promised to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

*Col.* Why, faith, madam, bachelors' fare; bread and cheese, and kisses.

*Lady Answ.* Poh! what have you bachelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies? you have nothing to keep but your own four quarters.

*Lady Smart.* My lord, has Captain Brag the honour to be related to your lordship?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Very nearly, madam; he's my cousin-german quite removed.

*Lady Answ.* Pray, is he not rich?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Ay, a rich rogue, two shirts and a rag

*Col.* Well, however, they say, he has a great estate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

*Lady Smart.* What religion is he of?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, he is an Anythingarian.

*Lady Answ.* I believe, he has his religion to choose, my lord. [NEVEROUT scratches his neck.

*Miss.* Fie, Mr. Neverout, ar'n't you ashamed ! I beg pardon for the expression, but I'm afraid, your bosom friends are become your backbiters.

*Neverout.* Well, miss, I saw a flea once on your pinner, and a louse is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion ;<sup>1</sup> However, I wish, you would scratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

*Miss.* And who would be fool then ? I wou'dn't touch a man's flesh for the universe : You have the wrong sow by the ear, I assure you ! that 's meat for your master.

*Neverout.* Miss Notable, all quarrels laid aside, pray, step hither for a moment.

*Miss.* I'll wash my hands, and wait on you, sir ; but, pray, come hither, and try to open this lock.

*Neverout.* We'll try what we can do.

*Miss.* We :—What, have you pigs in your belly?

*Neverout.* Miss, I assure you, I am very handy at all things.

*Miss.* Marry, hang them that can't give themselves a good word : I believe, you may have an even hand to throw a louse in the fire.

*Col.* Well, I must be plain ; here 's a very bad smell.

*Miss.* Perhaps, colonel, the fox is the finder.

*Neverout.* No, colonel ; 'tis only your teeth against-rain : But——

*Miss.* Colonel, I find, you would make a very bad poor man's sow. [COLONEL coughing.

*Col.* I have got a sad cold.

<sup>1</sup> This was a speech of Louis XI. An attendant had detected, on the royal robe, one of the "beasts familiar to man," and the King ordered him a reward. A courtier, in hopes to be a like gainer, affected the next day to find a flea in the same place. The King, aware of his roguery, made the distinction in the text, and ordered him a drubbing for his officiousness. Erasmus tells the anecdote in his *Convivium Fabulosum*. [S.]

*Lady Answ.* Ay; 'tis well if one can get anything these hard times.

*Miss.* [*To COL.*] Choke, chicken; there's more a-hatching.

*Lady Smart.* Pray, colonel, how did you get that cold?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, madam, I suppose, the colonel got it, by lying abed barefoot.

*Lady Answ.* Why, then, colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a man takes his wife.

*Col.* Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a constable.

*Miss.* Mr. Neverout! Mr. Neverout! come hither this moment!

*Lady Smart.* [*Imitating her.*] Mr. Neverout, Mr. Neverout! I wish, he were tied to your girdle.

*Neverout.* What's the matter? whose mare's dead now?

*Miss.* Take your labour for your pains; you may go back again, like a fool, as you came.

*Neverout.* Well, miss; if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my fault.

*Lady Smart.* Colonel, methinks your coat is too short.

*Col.* It will be long enough before I get another, madam.

*Miss.* Come, come; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

*Neverout.* Ladies, you are mistaken in the stuff; 'tis half silk.

*Col.* Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

[*A great noise below.*]

*Lady Smart.* Hey! what a clattering is here; one would think, hell was broke loose.

*Miss.* Indeed, madam, I must take my leave, for I a'n't well.

*Lady Smart.* What! you are sick of the mulligrubs, with eating chopt hay.

*Miss.* No, indeed, madam; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

*Lady Answ.* Poor miss, she's sick as a cushion, she wants nothing but stuffing.

*Col.* If you are sick, you shall have a caudle of calf's eggs.

*Neverout.* I can't find my gloves.

*Miss.* I saw the dog running away with some dirty thing a while ago.

*Col.* Miss, you have got my handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

*Lady Smart.* No, keep it, miss; for they say, possession is eleven points of the law.

*Miss.* Madam, he shall ne'er have it again; 'tis in hucksters' hands.

*Lady Answ.* What! I see 'tis raining again.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, then, madam, we must do, as they do in Spain.

*Miss.* Pray, my lord, how is that?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, madam, we must let it rain.

[*MISS whispers* LADY SMART.

*Neverout.* There's no whispering, but there's lying.

*Miss.* Lord! Mr. Neverout, you are as pert as a pear-monger this morning.

*Neverout.* Indeed, miss, you are very handsome.

*Miss.* Poh! I know that already; tell me news.

[*Somebody knocks at the door.*

*Footman comes in.*

*Footman.* [To COL.] An please your honour, there's a man below wants to speak to you.

*Col.* Ladies, your pardon for a minute. [*COL. goes out.*

*Lady Smart.* Miss, I sent yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

*Miss.* Why, indeed, madam, I was hunch'd up in a hackney-coach with three country acquaintance, who called upon me to take the air as far as Highgate.

*Lady Smart.* And had you a pleasant airing?

*Miss.* No, madam; it rained all the time; I was jolted to death, and the road was so bad, that I scream'd every moment, and called to the coachman, Pray, friend, don't spill us.

*Neverout.* So, miss, you were afraid, that pride wou'd have a fall.

*Miss.* Mr. Neverout, when I want a fool, I'll send for you.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Miss, didn't your left ear burn last night?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "When our cheek burneth, or ear tingleth, we usually say that somebody is talking of us; which is an ancient conceit, and ranked among superstitious opinions by Pliny. *Absentes tinnitu aurium praesentire*

*Miss.* Pray, why, my lord?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Because I was then in some company where you were extoll'd to the skies, I assure you.

*Miss.* My lord, that was more their goodness, than my desert.

*Ld. Sparkish.* They said, that you were a complete beauty.

*Miss.* My lord, I am as God made me.

*Lady Smart.* The girl's well enough, if she had but another nose.

*Miss.* Oh! madam, I know I shall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the stile.

[*One knocks.*]

*Lady Smart.* Who's there? you're on the wrong side of the door; come in, if you be fat.

COLONEL *comes in again.*

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, colonel, you are a man of great business.

*Col.* Ay, ay, my lord, I'm like my lord mayor's fool; full of business, and nothing to do.

*Lady Smart.* My lord, don't you think the colonel mightily fall'n away of late?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Ay, fall'n from a horseload to a cartload.

*Col.* Why, my lord, egad I am like a rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty hours.

*Lady Smart.* I assure you, the colonel walks as straight as a pin.

*Miss.* Yes; he's a handsome-bodied man in the face.

*Neverout* A handsome foot and leg: god-a-mercy shoe and stocking!

*Col.* What! Three upon one! that's foul play: This would make a parson swear.

*sermones de se, receptum est*, according to that distich noted by Dalecampius:

*'Garrula quid totis resonas mihi noctibus auris?  
Nescio quem dicis nunc meminisse mei.'*

Which is a conceit hardly to be made out without the concession of a signifying genius or universal Mercury; conducting sounds unto their distant subjects, and teaching us to hear by touch."—BROWNE'S *Vulgar Errours*, p. 225. [S.]



*Neverout.* Why, miss, what's the matter? You look as if you had neither won nor lost.

*Col.* Why, you must know, miss lives upon love.

*Miss.* Yes; upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

*Lady Answ.* Ay; they say, love and pease-porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

*Miss.* [*Imitating LADY ANSWERALL'S tone.*] Very pretty! One breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

*Lady Answ.* Have a care; they say, mocking is catching.

*Miss.* I never heard that.

*Neverout.* Why, then, miss, you have a wrinkle——more than ever you had before.

*Miss.* Well; live and learn.

*Neverout.* Ay; and be hang'd, and forget all.

*Miss.* Well, Mr. Neverout, take it as you please; but, I swear, you are a saucy Jack, to use such expressions.

*Neverout.* Why, then, miss, if you go to that, I must tell you, there's ne'er a Jack but there's a Jill.

*Miss.* Oh! Mr. Neverout; everybody knows, that you are the pink of courtesy.

*Neverout.* And, miss, all the world allows, that you are the flower of civility.

*Lady Smart.* Miss, I hear there was a great deal of company where you visited last night: Pray, who were they?

*Miss.* Why, there was old Lady Forward, Miss To-and-again, Sir John Ogle, my Lady Clapper, and I, quoth the dog.

*Col.* Was your visit long, miss?

*Miss.* Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and so poor pilgarlic came home alone.

*Neverout.* Alackaday, poor miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

*Miss.* What, you think, you said a fine thing now; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Miss, if it be manners, may I ask, which is oldest, you or Lady Scuttle?

*Miss.* Why, my lord, when I die for age, she may quake for fear.

*Lady Smart.* She's a very great gadder abroad.



*Lady Answ.* Lord! she made me follow her last week through all the shops like a Tantiny pig.<sup>1</sup>

*Lady Smart.* I remember, you told me, you had been with her from Dan to Beersheba. [COLONEL *spits*.

*Col.* Lord! I shall die; I cannot spit from me.

*Miss.* Oh! Mr. Neverout, my little Countess has just litter'd; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a puppy.

*Neverout.* Why, miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell truth.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Ay, but Tom, smoke that, she calls you puppy by craft.

*Neverout.* Well, miss, you ride the fore-horse to-day.

*Miss.* Ay, many a one says well, that thinks ill.

*Neverout.* Fie, miss! you said that once before; and, you know, Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

*Miss.* Why, sure, we can't say a good thing too often.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Well, so much for that, and butter for fish; let us call another cause. Pray, madam, does your ladyship know Mrs. Nice?

*Lady Smart.* Perfectly well, my lord; she's nice by name, and nice by nature.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Is it possible, she could take that booby Tom Blunder for love?

*Miss.* She had good skill in horse-flesh, that could choose a goose to ride on.

*Lady Answ.* Why, my lord, 'twas her fate; they say, Marriage and hanging go by destiny.

*Col.* I believe she'll never be burnt for a witch.

*Ld. Sparkish.* They say, Marriages are made in Heaven; but I doubt, when she was married, she had no friend there.

*Neverout.* Well, she's got out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

*Col.* The fellow's well enough, if he had any guts in his brains.

*Lady Smart.* They say, thereby hangs a tale.

<sup>1</sup> St. Anthony, having been originally a swineherd, was always painted with a pig following him. Hence, as St. Anthony was never seen without his pig, "To follow like a Tantiny pig," became a common saying, to express a person constantly attending at the heels of another. [H.]

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, he's a mere hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy.

*Miss.* Well, if I were to choose a husband, I would never be married to a little man.

*Neverout.* Pray, why so, miss? for they say, of all evils we ought to choose the least.

*Miss.* Because folks would say, when they saw us together, There goes the woman and her husband.

*Col.* [*To* LADY SMART.] Will your ladyship be on the Mall to-morrow night?

*Lady Smart.* No, that won't be proper; you know, To-morrow's Sunday?

*Ld. Sparkish.* What then, madam! they say, the better day, the better deed.

*Lady Answ.* Pray, Mr. Neverout, how do you like Lady Fruzz?

*Neverout.* Pox on her! She's as old as Poles.<sup>1</sup>

*Miss.* So will you be, if you ben't hanged when you're young.

*Neverout.* Come, miss, let us be friends: Will you go to the Park this evening?

*Miss.* With all my heart, and a piece of my liver; but not with you.

*Lady Smart.* I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two; I'm afraid I shall get a fit of the headache to-day.

*Col.* Oh! madam, don't be afraid, it comes with a fright.

*Miss.* [*To* LADY ANSW.] Madam, one of your ladyship's lappets is longer than t'other.

*Lady Answ.* Well, no matter; they that ride on a trotting horse, will ne'er perceive it.

*Neverout.* Indeed, miss, your lappets hang worse.

*Miss.* Well, I love a liar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

[*Miss rises up.*]

*Neverout.* Deuce take you, miss! you trod on my foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my bed-side.

*Miss.* In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Well said, girl! [*Giving her a chuck.*]

<sup>1</sup> For St. Paul's church. [H.]

Take that; they say, a chuck under the chin is worth two kisses.

*Lady Answ.* But, Mr. Neverout, I wonder why such a handsome, straight, young gentleman as you, do not get some rich widow.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Straight! Ay, straight as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

*Neverout.* Faith, madam, if it rained rich widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a three-penny planet, never to be worth a groat.

*Lady Answ.* No, Mr. Neverout; I believe you were born with a caul on your head; you are such a favourite among the ladies: But what think you of widow Prim? she's immensely rich.

*Neverout.* Hang her! they say, her father was a baker.

*Lady Smart.* Ay; but it is not What is she? but What has she? now-a-days.

*Col.* Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll speak a good word for you to her.

*Lady Answ.* Ay; I warrant, you'll speak one word for him, and two for yourself.

*Miss.* Well; I had that at my tongue's end.

*Lady Answ.* Why, miss, they say, good wits jump.

*Neverout.* Faith, madam, I had rather marry a woman I loved, in her smock, than widow Prim, if she had her weight in gold.

*Lady Smart.* Come, come, Mr. Neverout; marriage is honourable, but housekeeping is a shrew.

*Lady Answ.* Consider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother.

*Col.* Well, madam; the younger brother is the better gentleman: However, Tom, I would advise you to look before you leap.

*Ld. Sparkish.* The colonel says true: Besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same year.

*Miss.* [*Shuddering.*] Lord! there's somebody walking over my grave.

*Col.* Pray, Lady Answerall, where was you last Wednesday, when I did myself the honour to wait on you? I think, your ladyship is one of the tribe of Gad.

*Lady Answ.* Why, colonel, I was at church.

*Col.* Nay, then, will I be hang'd, and my horse too.

*Neverout.* I believe her ladyship was at a church with a chimney in it.

*Miss.* Lord, my petticoat! how it hangs by jommetry.

*Neverout.* Perhaps the fault may be in your shape.

*Miss.* [*Looking gravely.*] Come, Mr. Neverout, there's no jest like the true jest; but, I suppose, you think my back's broad enough to bear everything.

*Neverout.* Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

*Miss.* Well, sir, your pardon's granted.

*Neverout.* Well, all things have an end, and a pudden has two, up-up-on my-my-my word. [*Stutters.*]

*Miss.* What! Mr. Neverout, can't you speak without a spoon?

*Ld. Sparkish.* [*To LADY SMART.*] Has your ladyship seen the duchess since your falling out?

*Lady Smart.* Never, my lord, but once at a visit; and she looked at me, as the devil looked over Lincoln.<sup>1</sup>

*Neverout.* Pray, miss, take a pinch of my snuff.

*Miss.* What! you break my head, and give me a plaster; well, with all my heart; once, and not use it.

*Neverout.* Well, miss; if you wanted me and your victuals, you'd want your two best friends.

*Col.* [*To NEVEROUT.*] Tom, miss and you must kiss, and be friends. [*NEVEROUT salutes MISS.*]

*Miss.* Anything for a quiet life: my nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink wine, or kiss a fool.

*Col.* Well, Tom, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

*Neverout.* I never said a rude thing to a lady in my life.

*Miss.* Here's a pin for that lie; I'm sure liars had need of good memories. Pray, colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

*Lady Answ.* Mr. Neverout, if miss will be angry for no-

<sup>1</sup> "Some refer this to Lincoln-minster, over which, when first finished, the devil is supposed to have looked with a fierce and terrific countenance, as incensed and alarmed at this costly instance of devotion. Ray thinks it more probable that it took its rise from a small image of the devil, placed on the top of Lincoln College, Oxford, over which he looks, seemingly with much fury."—GROSE'S *Provincial Glossary, with a Collection of Local Proverbs.* Lond. 1787-8. [S.]

thing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

*Neverout.* Come, Lady Answerall, I know better things; miss and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

*Col.* Tom, not a word of the pudden, I beg you.

*Lady Smart.* Ah, colonel! you'll never be good, nor thin neither.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Which of the goods d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing?

*Miss.* I have a blister on my tongue; yet, I don't remember, I told a lie.

*Lady Answ.* I thought you did just now.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Pray, madam, what did thought do?

*Lady Answ.* Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your lordship means.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Indeed, madam, I meant no harm.

*Lady Smart.* No, to be sure, my lord! you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

*Neverout.* Madam, they say, ill-doers are ill-deemers: but I don't apply it to your ladyship.

[*Miss mending a hole in her lace.*]

*Miss.* Well, you see, I'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time; look, Lady Answerall, is not it well mended?

*Lady Answ.* Ay, this is something like a tansy.

*Neverout.* Faith, miss, you have mended it, as a tinker mends a kettle; stop one hole, and make two.

*Lady Smart.* Pray, colonel, are not you very much tann'd?

*Col.* Yes, madam; but a cup of Christmas ale will soon wash it off.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Lady Smart, does not your ladyship think, Mrs. Fade is mightily altered since her marriage?

*Lady Answ.* Why, my lord, she was handsome in her time; but she cannot eat her cake, and have her cake: I hear she's grown a mere otomy.

*Lady Smart.* Poor creature! the black [ox] has set his foot upon her already.

*Miss.* Ay; she has quite lost the blue on the plum.

*Lady Smart.* And yet, they say, her husband is very fond of her still.

*Lady Answ.* Oh! madam; if she would eat gold, he would give it her.

*Neverout.* [To LADY SMART.] Madam, have you heard, that Lady Queasy was lately at the play-house *incog.*?<sup>1</sup>

*Lady Smart.* What! Lady Queasy of all women in the world! do you say it upon rep.?

*Neverout.* Poz, I saw her with my own eyes; she sat among the mob in the gallery; her own ugly phiz: And she saw me look at her.

*Col.* Her ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant, it put her into the hippes.

*Neverout.* I smoked her huge nose, and egad she put me in mind of the woodcock, that strives to hide his long bill, and then thinks nobody sees him.

*Col.* Tom, I advise you hold your tongue; for you'll never say so good a thing again.

*Lady Smart.* Miss, what are you looking for?

*Miss.* Oh! madam; I have lost the finest needle——

*Lady Answ.* Why, seek till you find it, and then you won't lose your labour.

*Neverout.* The loop of my hat is broke; how shall I mend it? [*He fastens it with a pin.*] Well, hang them, say I, that has no shift.

*Miss.* Ay, and hang him, that has one too many.

*Neverout.* Oh! miss; I have heard a sad story of you.

*Miss.* I defy you, Mr. Neverout; nobody can say, black's my eye.

*Neverout.* I believe, you wish they could.

*Miss.* Well; but who was your author? Come, tell truth, and shame the devil.

*Neverout.* Come then, miss; guess who it was that told me; come, put on your considering-cap.

*Miss.* Well, who was it?

*Neverout.* Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

*Miss.* Well, go hang yourself in your own garters; for I'm sure, the gallows groans for you.

*Neverout.* Pretty miss! I was but in jest.

*Miss.* Well, but don't let that stick in your gizzard.

*Col.* My lord, does your lordship know Mrs. Talkall?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Only by sight; but I hear she has a great

<sup>1</sup> Swift here uses the abbreviations he has objected to in his Introduction. [T. S.]

deal of wit; and egad, as the saying is, mettle to the back.

*Lady Smart.* So I hear.

*Col.* Why Dick Lubber said to her t'other day, Madam, you can't cry bo to a goose: Yes, but I can, said she; and, egad, cry'd bo full in his face: We all thought we should break our hearts with laughing.

*Ld. Sparkish.* That was cutting with a vengeance: and pr'ythee how did the fool look?

*Col.* Look? Egad he look'd for all the world like an owl in an ivy-bush.

*A Child comes in screaming.*

*Miss.* Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came; Peace, you little vixen! if I were near you, I would not be far from you.

*Lady Smart.* Ay, ay; bachelors' wives and maids' children are finely tutor'd.

*Lady Answ.* Come to me, master; and I'll give you a sugar-plum. Why, miss, you forgot that ever you was a child yourself. [*She gives the child a lump of sugar.*] I have heard 'em say, boys will long.

*Col.* My lord, I suppose you know, that Mr. Buzzard has married again?

*Lady Smart.* This is his fourth wife; then he has been shod round.

*Col.* Why, you must know, she had a month's mind to Dick Frontless, and thought to run away with him; but her parents forced her to take the old fellow for a good settlement.

*Ld. Sparkish.* So the man got his mare again.

*Lady Smart.* I'm told he said a very good thing to Dick; said he, You *think* us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows *know* young fellows are fools.

*Col.* I know nothing of that; but I know, he's devilish old, and she's very young.

*Lady Answ.* Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

*Miss.* What if he had been young, and she old?

*Neverout.* Why, miss, that would have been a match of the



devil's making; but when both are young, that's a match of God's making.<sup>1</sup>

[Miss searching her pockets for her thimble, brings out a nutmeg.

*Neverout.* Oh! miss, have a care; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

*Miss.* Well, and if ever I be married, it shall be to an old man; they always make the best husbands; and it is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's warling.

*Neverout.* Faith, miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid. [LADY SMART rings the bell.

Footman comes in.

*Lady Smart.* Harkee, you fellow; run to my Lady Match, and desire she will remember to be here at six, to play at quadrille: D'ye hear, if you fall by the way, don't stay to get up again.

*Footman.* Madam, I don't know the house.

*Lady Smart.* Well, that's not for want of ignorance; follow your nose; go, enquire among the servants.

[Footman goes out, and leaves the door open.

*Lady Smart.* Here, come back, you fellow; why did you leave the door open? Remember, that a good servant must always come when he's called, do what he's bid, and shut the door after him.

[The Footman goes out again, and falls down stairs.

*Lady Answ.* Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: Well, but I hope, the poor fellow has not saved the hangman a labour.

*Neverout.* Pray, madam, smoke miss yonder biting her lips, and playing with her fan.

<sup>1</sup> Such was the distinction of Elizabeth's courtiers, when they were passing criticism upon the marriage of Dr. Goodwin, Bishop of Bath and Wells. All united in censuring the poor bishop for various reasons, and one "told of three sorts of marriage; of God's making, of man's making, and of the devil's making: of God's making, as when Adam and Eve, two younge folke, were coupled; of man's making, when one is old and the other younge, as Joseph's marriage; and of the devil's making, when two old folks marry, not for comfort but for covetousness."—*Nugæ Antiquæ. Lond. 1804, 8. ii. 152. [S.]*



*Miss.* Who's that takes my name in vain?

[*She runs up to them, and falls down.*]

*Lady Smart.* What, more falling! do you intend the frolic should go round?

*Lady Answ.* Why, miss, I wish you may not have broke her ladyship's floor.

*Neverout.* Miss, come to me, and I'll take you up.

*Lady Smart.*<sup>1</sup> Well, but without a jest, I hope, miss, you are not hurt.

*Col.* Nay, she must be hurt for certain; for you see, her head is all of a lump.

*Miss.* Well, remember this colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

*Lady Smart.* But, colonel, when do you design to get a house, and a wife, and a fire to put her in?

*Miss.* Lord! who would be married to a soldier, and carry his knapsack?

*Neverout.* Oh madam: Mars and Venus, you know.

*Col.* Egad, madam, I'd marry to-morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife just when the honeymoon is over; but they say, A woman has as many lives as a cat.

*Lady Answ.* I find, the colonel thinks, a dead wife under the table is the best goods in a man's house.

*Lady Smart.* O but, colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

*Col.* Yes, madam; for they say, he that has lost his wife and sixpence, has lost a tester.

*Lady Smart.* But, colonel, they say, that every married man should believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

*Col.* For all that, I doubt, a good wife must be bespoke, for there is none ready made.

*Miss.* I suppose, the gentleman's a woman-hater; but, sir, I think, you ought to remember, that you had a mother: And pray, if it had not been for a woman, where would you have been, colonel?

*Col.* Nay, miss, you cried whore first, when you talked of the knapsack.

<sup>1</sup> Original edition and later editors print this as "Lady Sparkish." Evidently Lady Smart is meant. [T. S.]

*Lady Answ.* But I hope you won't blame the whole sex, because some are bad.

*Neverout.* And they say, he that hates woman, sucked a sow.

*Col.* Oh! madam; there's no general rule without an exception.

*Lady Smart.* Then, why don't you marry, and settle?

*Col.* Egad, madam, there's nothing will settle me but a bullet.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Well, colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

*Col.* Why so, my lord?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Because they say, he was cursed in his mother's belly, that was kill'd by a cannon-bullet.

*Miss.* I suppose, the colonel was crossed in his first love, which makes him so severe on all the sex.

*Lady Answ.* Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the colonel has been over head and ears in love with some lady, that has made his heart ache.

*Col.* Oh! madam, we soldiers are admirers of all the fair sex.

*Miss.* I wish, I could see the colonel in love, till he was ready to die.

*Lady Smart.* Ay; but, I doubt, few people die for love in these days.

*Neverout.* Well, I confess, I differ from the colonel; for I hope to have a rich and a handsome wife yet before I die.

*Col.* Ay, Tom; live horse, and thou shalt have grass.

*Miss.* Well, colonel; but, whatever you say against women, they are better creatures than men; for men were made of clay, but woman was made of man.

*Col.* Miss, you may say what you please; but, faith, you'll never lead apes in hell.

*Neverout.* No, no; I'll be sworn miss has not an inch of nun's flesh about her.

*Miss.* I understumble you, gentlemen.

*Neverout.* Madam, your humblecumdumble.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Pray, miss, when did you see your old acquaintance Mrs. Cloudy? You and she are two, I hear.

*Miss.* See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever see her again; God bless my eye-sight.

*Lady Answ.* Lord! why she and you were as great as two inkle-weavers. I've seen her hug you, as the devil hugged the witch.

*Miss.* That's true; but I'm told for certain, she's no better than she should be.

*Lady Smart.* Well, God mend us all; but you must allow, the world is very censorious: I never heard that she was a naughty pack.

*Col.* [*To NEVEROUT.*] Come, Sir Thomas, when the king pleases; when do you intend to march?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Have patience. Tom, is your friend Ned Rattle married?

*Neverout.* Yes, faith, my lord; he has tied a knot with his tongue, that he can never untie with his teeth.

*Lady Smart.* Ay; marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

*Lady Answ.* Has he got a good fortune with his lady? for they say, Something has some savour, but nothing has no flavour.

*Neverout.* Faith, madam, all he gets by her, he may put into his eye, and see never the worse.

*Miss.* Then, I believe, he heartily wishes her in Abraham's bosom.

*Col.* Pray, my lord, how does Charles Limber and his fine wife agree?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, they say, he's the greatest cuckold in town.

*Neverout.* Oh! but my lord, you should always except my lord mayor.

*Miss.* Mr. Neverout!

*Neverout.* Hay, madam, did you call me?

*Miss.* Hay; why, hay is for horses.

*Neverout.* Why, miss, then you may kiss——

*Col.* Pray, my lord, what's o'clock by your oracle?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Faith, I can't tell, I think my watch runs upon wheels.

*Neverout.* Miss, pray be so kind to call a servant to bring me a glass of small beer: I know you are at home here.

*Miss.* Every fool can do as they're bid: Make a page of your own age, and do it yourself.

*Neverout.* Choose, proud fool; I did but ask you.

[*Miss puts her hand to her knee.*]

*Neverout.* What! miss, are you thinking of your sweet-heart? is your garter slipping down?

*Miss.* Pray, Mr. Neverout, keep your breath to cool your porridge; you measure my corn by your bushel.

*Neverout.* Indeed, miss, you lie.—

*Miss.* Did you ever hear anything so rude?

*Neverout.* I mean, you lie—under a mistake.

*Miss.* If a thousand lies could choke you, you would have been choked many a day ago.

[*Miss tries to snatch NEVEROUT'S snuff-box.*

*Neverout.* Madam, you missed that, as you missed your mother's blessing.

[*She tries again, and misses.*

*Neverout.* Snap short makes you look so lean, miss.

*Miss.* Poh! you are so robustious, you had like to put out my eye: I assure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

*Lady Smart.* Dear miss, be quiet; and bring me a pin-cushion out of that closet.

[*Miss opens the closet-door, and squalls.*

*Lady Smart.* Lord bless the girl! what's the matter now?

*Miss.* I vow, madam, I saw something in black, I thought it was a spirit.

*Col.* Why, miss, did you ever see a spirit?

*Miss.* No, sir; I thank God, I never saw anything worse than myself.

*Neverout.* Well, I did a very foolish thing yesterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

*Miss.* Very likely; for, they say, many a true word's spoke in jest.

Footman returns.

*Lady Smart.* Well, did you deliver your message? You are fit to be sent for sorrow, you stay so long by the way.

*Footman.* Madam, my lady was not at home, so I did not leave the message.

*Lady Smart.* This it is to send a fool of an errand.

*Ld. Sparkish.* [*Looking at his watch.*] 'Tis past twelve o'clock.

*Lady Smart.* Well, what is that among all us?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Madam, I must take my leave: Come, gentlemen, are you for a march?

*Lady Smart.* Well, but your lordship and the colonel will dine with us to-day; and, Mr. Neverout, I hope, we shall have your good company: There will be no soul else, besides my own lord and these ladies; for everybody knows, I hate a crowd; I would rather want vittles than elbow-room: We dine punctually at three.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Madam, we'll be sure to attend your ladyship.

*Col.* Madam, my stomach serves me instead of a clock.

*Another footman comes back.*

*Lady Smart.* Oh! you are the t'other fellow I sent: Well, have you been with my Lady Club? You are good to send of a dead man's errand.

*Footman.* Madam, my Lady Club begs your ladyship's pardon; but she is engaged to-night.

*Miss.* Well, Mr. Neverout, here 's the back of my hand to you.

*Neverout.* Miss, I find, you will have the last word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

## DIALOGUE II.

LORD SMART *and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine.*

[*After salutations.*]

*Lord Smart.* I'm sorry I was not at home this morning when you all did us the honour to call here: But I went to the levee to-day.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Oh! my lord; I'm sure the loss was ours.

*Lady Smart.* Gentlemen and ladies, you are come to a sad dirty house; I am sorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Oh! madam; your ladyship is pleased to say so, but I never saw anything so clean and so fine; I profess, it is a perfect paradise.

*Lady Smart.* My lord, your lordship is always very obliging.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Pray, madam, whose picture is that?

*Lady Smart.* Why, my lord, it was drawn for me.

*Ld. Sparkish.* I'll swear, the painter did not flatter your ladyship.

*Col.* My lord, the day is finely cleared up.

*Ld. Smart.* Ay, Colonel; 'tis a pity that fair weather should ever do any harm. [*To NEVEROUT.*] Why, Tom, you are high in the mode.

*Neverout.* My lord, it is better to be out of the world, than out of the fashion.

*Ld. Smart.* But, Tom, I hear, you and miss are always quarrelling; I fear, it is your fault; for I can assure you, she is very good humour'd.

*Neverout.* Ay, my lord; so is the devil when he's pleased.

*Ld. Smart.* Miss, what do you think of my friend Tom?

*Miss.* My lord, I think, he's not the wisest man in the world; and truly, he's sometimes very rude.

*Ld. Sparkish.* That may be true; but, yet, he that hangs Tom for a fool, may find a knave in the halter.

*Miss.* Well, however, I wish he were hanged, if it were only to try.

*Neverout.* Well, miss, if I must be hanged, I won't go far to choose my gallows; it shall be about your fair neck.

*Miss.* I'll see your nose cheese first, and the dogs eating it: But, my lord, Mr. Neverout's wit begins to run low, for I vow, he said this before: Pray, Colonel, give him a pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

*Ld. Sparkish.* My Lady Smart, your ladyship has a very fine scarf.

*Lady Smart.* Yes, my lord; it will make a flaming figure in a country church.

*Footman comes in.*

*Footman.* Madam, dinner's upon the table.

*Col.* Faith, I'm glad of it; my belly began to cry cupboard.

*Neverout.* I wish I may never hear worse news.

*Miss.* What! Mr. Neverout, you are in great haste; I believe, your belly thinks your throat's cut.

*Neverout.* No, faith, miss; three meals a day, and a good supper at night, will serve my turn.

*Miss.* To say the truth, I'm hungry.

*Neverout.* And I'm angry, so let us both go fight.

[*They go in to dinner, and after the usual compliments, take their seats.*]

*Lady Smart.* Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any oysters before dinner?

*Col.* With all my heart. [*Takes an oyster.*] He was a bold man, that first eat an oyster.

*Lady Smart.* They say, oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive: Then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace.

*Neverout.* Faith, that's as well said, as if I had said it myself.

*Lady Smart.* Well, we are well set, if we be but as well served: Come, Colonel, handle your arms; shall I help you to some beef?

*Col.* If your ladyship please; and, pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but send me a large slice; for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble sir-loin.

*Neverout.* Ay; here's cut, and come again.

*Miss.* But, pray, why is it call'd a sir-loin?

*Ld. Smart.* Why, you must know, that our King James the First, who loved good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and seeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his sword, and in a frolic knighted it. Few people know the secret of this.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Beef is man's meat, my lord.

*Ld. Smart.* But, my lord, I say, beef is the king of meat.

*Miss.* Pray, what have I done, that I must not have a plate?

*Lady Smart.* [*To LADY ANSW.*] What will your ladyship please to eat?

*Lady Answ.* Pray, madam, help yourself.

*Col.* They say, eating and scratching wants but a beginning: If you will give me leave, I'll help myself to a slice of this shoulder of veal.



*Lady Smart.* Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing: Well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

*Col.* They say, there are thirty and two good bits in a shoulder of veal.

*Lady Smart.* Ay, colonel; thirty bad bits, and two good ones; you see, I understand you; but I hope, you have got one of the two good ones.

*Neverout.* Colonel, I'll be of your mess.

*Col.* Then, pray, Tom, carve for yourself: They say, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse: Hah, said I well, Tom?

*Neverout.* Colonel, you spoke like an oracle.

*Miss.* [*To LADY ANSW.*] Madam, will your ladyship help me to some fish?

*Ld. Smart.* [*To NEVEROUT.*] Tom, they say, fish should swim thrice.

*Neverout.* How is that, my lord?

*Ld. Smart.* Why, Tom, first it should swim in the sea, (do you mind me?) then it should swim in butter; and at last, sirrah, it should swim in good claret. I think, I have made it out.

*Footman.* [*To LD. SMART.*] My lord, Sir John Linger is coming up.

*Ld. Smart.* God so! I invited him to dine with me to-day, and forgot it! Well, desire him to walk in.

SIR JOHN LINGER *comes in.*

*Sir John.* What! are you at it? Why, then, I'll be gone.

*Lady Smart.* Sir John, I beg you will sit down: Come, the more the merrier.

*Sir John.* Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

*Lady Smart.* Well, I am the worst in the world at making apologies; it was my lord's fault: I doubt you must kiss the hare's foot.

*Sir John.* I see you are fast by the teeth.

*Col.* Faith, Sir John, we are killing that, that would kill us.

*Ld. Sparkish.* You see, Sir John, we are upon a business of life and death: Come, will you do as we do? You are come in pudden-time.



*Sir John.* Ay; this would you be doing if I were dead. What! you keep court-hours I see: I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

*Lady Smart.* Why, we won't eat you, Sir John.

*Sir John.* It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow who bought some Derbyshire oxen from me.

*Neverout.* You see, Sir John, we stayed for you, as one horse does for another.

*Lady Smart.* My lord, will you help Sir John to some beef? Lady Answerall, pray, eat, you see your dinner: I am sure, if we had known we should have such good company, we should have been better provided; but you must take the will for the deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your loss.

*Col.* And, pray, Sir John, how do you like the town? You have been absent a long time.

*Sir John.* Why, I find, little London stands just where it did when I left it last.

*Neverout.* What do you think of Hanover-square? Why, Sir John, London is gone out of town since you saw it.

*Lady Smart.* Sir John, I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

*Col.* Here's no salt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

*Ld. Smart.* Pray, edge a little, to make more room for Sir John: Sir John, fall to, you know half an hour is soon lost at dinner.

*Sir John.* I protest I can't eat a bit, for I took share of a beefsteak and two mugs of ale with my chapman, besides a tankard of March beer, as soon as I got out of bed.

*Lady Answ.* Not fresh and fasting, I hope?

*Sir John.* Yes, faith, madam; I always wash my kettle before I put the meat in it.

*Lady Smart.* Poh! Sir John; you have seen nine houses since you eat last: Come, you have kept a corner of your stomach for a piece of venison-pasty.

*Sir John.* Well, I'll try what I can do, when it comes up.

*Lady Answ.* Come, Sir John, you may go further, and fare worse.

*Miss.* [To NEVEROUT.] Pray, Mr. Neverout, will you please to send me a piece of tongue?

*Neverout.* By no means, madam; one tongue's enough for a woman.

*Col.* Miss, here's a tongue that never told a lie.

*Miss.* That was, because it could not speak. Why, colonel, I never told a lie in my life.

*Neverout.* I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greatest lie that ever was told.

*Col.* [*To NEVEROUT.*] Pr'ythee, Tom, send me the two legs and rump and liver of that pigeon; for, you must know, I love what nobody else loves.

*Neverout.* But what if any of the ladies should long? Well, here take it, and the d—l do you good with it.

*Lady Answ.* Well; this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach.

*Neverout.* I am sure I have lost mine.

*Miss.* What! the bottom of it, I suppose?

*Neverout.* No, really, miss; I have quite lost it.

*Miss.* I should be very sorry a poor body had found it.

*Lady Smart.* But, Sir John, we hear you are married since we saw you last: What! you have stolen a wedding it seems.

*Sir John.* Well; one can't do a foolish thing once in one's life, but one must hear of it a hundred times.

*Col.* And pray, Sir John, how does your lady unknown?

*Sir John.* My wife's well, Colonel; and at your service in a civil way. Ha, ha. [*He laughs.*]

*Miss.* Pray, Sir John, is your lady tall or short?

*Sir John.* Why, miss, I thank God, she is a little evil.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Come, give me a glass of claret.

*Footman fills him a bumper.*

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why do you fill so much?

*Neverout.* My lord, he fills as he loves you.

*Lady Smart.* Miss, shall I send you some cowcomber?

*Miss.* Madam, I dare not touch it; for they say, cowcombers are cold in the third degree.

*Lady Smart.* Mr. Neverout, do you love pudden?

*Neverout.* Madam, I'm like all fools, I love every thing that is good; but the proof of the pudden is in the eating.

*Col.* Sir John, I hear you are a great walker when you are at home.

*Sir John.* No, faith, colonel; I always love to walk with a horse in my hand: But I have had devilish bad luck in horse-flesh of late.

*Ld. Smart.* Why then, Sir John, you must kiss a parson's wife.

*Lady Smart.* They say, Sir John, that your lady has a great deal of wit.

*Sir John.* Madam, she can make a pudden; and has just wit enough to know her husband's breeches from another man's.

*Ld. Smart.* My Lord Sparkish, I have some excellent cider, will you please to taste it?

*Ld. Sparkish.* My lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not so treacherous.

*Ld. Smart.* Pray, my lord, how is it treacherous?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Because it smiles in my face, and cuts my throat. [Here a loud laugh.]

*Miss.* Odd-so! madam; your knives are very sharp, for I have cut my finger.

*Lady Smart.* I am sorry for it; pray, which finger? (God bless the mark!)

*Miss.* Why, this finger: No, 'tis this: I vow I can't find which it is.

*Neverout.* Ay; the fox had a wound, and he could not tell where, &c. Bring some water to throw in her face.

*Miss.* Pray, Mr. Neverout, did you ever draw a sword in anger? I warrant you would faint at the sight of your own blood.

*Lady Smart.* Mr. Neverout, shall I send you some veal?

*Neverout.* No, madam; I don't love it.

*Miss.* Then pray for them that do. I desire your ladyship will send me a bit.

*Ld. Smart.* Tom, my service to you.

*Neverout.* My lord, this moment I did myself the honour to drink to your lordship.

*Ld. Smart.* Why then that's Hertfordshire kindness.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "That is, any one drinking back to his right-hand man; *i.e.* the person who immediately before drank to him; perhaps a method practised by some persons of this county. Fuller says, this adage is meant

*Neverout.* Faith, my lord, I pledged myself, for I drank twice together without thinking.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why then, Colonel, my humble service to you.

*Neverout.* Pray, my lord, don't make a bridge of my nose.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Well, a glass of this wine is as comfortable as matrimony to an old woman.

*Col.* Sir John, I design one of these days to come and beat up your quarters in Derbyshire.

*Sir John.* Faith, colonel, come and welcome; and stay away, and heartily welcome: But you were born within the sound of Bow bell, and don't care to stir so far from London.

*Miss.* Pray, colonel, send me some fritters.

[*COLONEL takes them out with his hand.*]

*Col.* Here, miss; they say, fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

*Lady Smart.* Methinks this pudden is too much boil'd.

*Lady Answ.* Oh! madam, they say, a pudden is poison when it's too much boil'd.

*Neverout.* Miss, shall I help you to a pigeon? Here's a pigeon so finely roasted, it cries, Come eat me.

*Miss.* No, sir; I thank you.

*Neverout.* Why, then you may choose.

*Miss.* I have chosen already.

*Neverout.* Well, you may be worse offer'd, before you are twice married. [*The COLONEL fills a large plate of soup.*]

*Ld. Smart.* Why, Colonel, you don't mean to eat all that soup?

*Col.* O my lord, this is my sick dish; when I am well, I'll have a bigger.

*Miss.* [*To COL.*] Sup, Simon; very good broth.

*Neverout.* This seems to be a good pullet.

*Miss.* I warrant, Mr. Neverout knows what's good for himself.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Tom, I shan't take your word for it; help me to a wing. [*NEVEROUT tries to cut off a wing.*]

to express a return for a favour or benefit conferred. It rather seems to mean returning a favour at the expense of others, as, by this inversion in the circulation of the glass, some of the company are deprived of their turn."—GROSE *ut supra*, p. 260. [S.]

*Neverout.* Egad I can't hit the joint.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, then, think of a cuckold.

*Neverout.* Oh! now I have nick'd it.

[*Gives it* LD. SPARKISH.]

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, a man may eat this, though his wife lay a-dying.

*Col.* Pray, friend, give me a glass of small beer, if it be good.

*Ld. Smart.* Why, colonel, they say, there is no such thing as good small beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

*Lady Smart.* [*To* LADY ANSW.] Madam, I beg your ladyship's pardon; I did not see you when I was cutting that bit.

*Lady Answ.* Oh! madam; after you is good manners.

*Lady Smart.* Lord! here's a hair in the sauce.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Then set the hounds after it.

*Neverout.* Pray, colonel, help me however to some of that same sauce.

*Col.* Come; I think you are more sauce than pig.

*Ld. Smart.* Sir John, cheer up: My service to you: Well, what do you think of the world to come?

*Sir John.* Truly, my lord, I think of it as little as I can.

*Lady Smart.* [*Putting a skewer on a plate.*] Here, take this skewer, and carry it down to the cook, to dress it for her own dinner.

*Neverout.* I beg your ladyship's pardon; but this small beer is dead.

*Lady Smart.* Why, then, let it be buried.

*Col.* This is admirable black-pudden: Miss, shall I carve you some? I can just carve pudden, and that's all; I am the worst carver in the world; I should never make a good chaplain.

*Miss.* No, thank ye, colonel; for they say, those that eat black-pudden will dream of the devil.

*Ld. Smart.* O, here comes the venison pasty: Here, take the soup away.

*Ld. Smart.* [*He cuts it up, and tastes the venison.*] 'Sbuds! this venison is musty.

[NEVEROUT eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.]

*Ld. Smart.* What's the matter, Tom? You have tears in your eyes, I think: What dost cry for, man?

*Neverout.* My lord, I was just thinking of my poor grandmother; she died just this very day seven years.

[*Miss takes a bit, and burns her mouth.*]

*Neverout.* And, pray, miss, why do you cry too?

*Miss.* Because you were not hang'd the day your grandmother died.

*Ld. Smart.* I'd have given forty pounds, miss, to have said that.

*Col.* Egad, I think, the more I eat, the hungrier I am.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, colonel, they say, one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

*Neverout.* Egad, if I were to fast for my life, I would take a good breakfast in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good supper at night.

*Ld. Sparkish.* My lord, this venison is plaguily pepper'd; your cook has a heavy hand.

*Ld. Smart.* My lord, I hope, you are pepper-proof: Come, here's a health to the founders.

*Lady Smart.* Ay; and to the confounders too.

*Ld. Smart.* Lady Answerall, does not your ladyship love venison?

*Lady Answ.* No, my lord, I can't endure it in my sight, therefore please to send me a good piece of meat and crust.

*Ld. Sparkish.* [*Drinks to NEVEROUT.*] Come, Tom; not always to my friends, but once to you.

*Neverout.* [*Drinks to LADY SMART.*] Come, madam; here's a health to our friends, and hang the rest of our kin.

*Lady Smart.* [*To LADY ANSW.*] Madam, will your ladyship have any of this hare?

*Lady Answ.* No, madam; they say, 'tis melancholy meat.

*Lady Smart.* Then, madam, shall I send you the brains? I beg your ladyship's pardon; for they say, 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

*Lady Answ.* No, madam; for perhaps it will make me harebrain'd.

*Neverout.* Miss, I must tell you one thing.

*Miss.* [*With a glass in her hand.*] Hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout; don't speak in my tip.

*Col.* Well, he was an ingenious man, that first found out eating and drinking.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Of all vittles drink digests the quickest: Give me a glass of wine.

*Neverout.* My lord, your wine is too strong.

*Ld. Smart.* Ay, Tom; as much as you are too good.

*Miss.* This almond-pudden was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

*Neverout.* So much the better, miss; cold pudden will settle your love.

*Miss.* Pray, Mr. Neverout, are you going to take a voyage?

*Neverout.* Why do you ask, miss?

*Miss.* Because you have laid in so much beef.

*Sir John.* You two have eat up the whole pudden betwixt you.

*Miss.* Sir John, here's a little bit left; will you please to have it.

*Sir John.* No, thankee; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

*Col.* [*Calling to the butler.*] John, is your small beer good?

*Butler.* An please your honour, my lord and lady like it; I think it is good.

*Col.* Why then John, d'ye see? if you are sure your small beer is good, d'ye mark? Then, give me a glass of wine.

[*All laugh.* COLONEL *tasting the wine.*]

*Ld. Smart.* Sir John, how does your neighbour Gatherall of the Peak? I hear, he has lately made a purchase.

*Sir John.* Oh, Dick Gatherall knows how to butter his bread, as well as any man in Derbyshire.

*Ld. Smart.* Why, he used to go very fine, when he was here in town.

*Sir John.* Ay; and it became him, as a saddle becomes a sow.

*Col.* I know his lady, and I think she is a very good woman.

*Sir John.* Faith, she has more goodness in her little finger, than he has in his whole body.

*Ld. Smart.* Well, colonel, how do you like that wine?

*Col.* This wine should be eaten; it is too good to be drunk.



*Ld. Smart.* I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't spare it.

*Col.* No, my lord; I'll never starve in a cook's shop.

*Ld. Smart.* And pray, Sir John, what do you say to my wine?

*Sir John.* I'll take another glass first; second thoughts are best.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Pray, Lady Smart, you sit near that ham; will you please to send me a bit?

*Lady Smart.* With all my heart. [*She sends him a piece.*] Pray, my lord, how do you like it?

*Ld. Sparkish.* I think it is a limb of Lot's wife. [*He eats it with mustard.*] Egad, my lord, your mustard is very uncivil.

*Ld. Smart.* Why uncivil, my lord?

*Ld. Sparkish.* Because it takes me by the nose, egad.

*Lady Smart.* Mr. Neverout, I find you are a very good carver.

*Col.* O madam, that is no wonder; for you must know, Tom Neverout carves o' Sundays.

[*NEVEROUT overturns the saltcellar.*]

*Lady Smart.* Mr. Neverout, you have overturned the salt, and that's a sign of anger: I'm afraid, miss and you will fall out.

*Lady Answ.* No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

*Neverout.* O madam, the falling out of lovers, you know.

*Miss.* Lovers! very fine! fall out with him! I wonder when we were in.

*Sir John.* For my part, I believe, the young gentlewoman is his sweetheart; there's so much fooling and fiddling betwixt them: I'm sure, they say in our country, that shiddle-come-sh—'s the beginning of love.

*Miss.* I own, I love Mr. Neverout, as the devil loves holy water; I love him like pie, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

*Neverout.* Miss, I'll tell you one thing.

*Miss.* Come, here's t'ye, to stop your mouth.

*Neverout.* I'd rather you would stop it with a kiss.

*Miss.* A kiss! marry come up, my dirty cousin; are you no sicker? Lord, I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing!



*Neverout.* Well, I'm very dry.

*Miss.* Then you're the better to burn, and the worse to fry.

*Lady Answ.* God bless you, Colonel; you have a good stroke with you.

*Col.* O madam; formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one meal a-day.

*Miss.* What! I suppose, Colonel, that's from morning till night.

*Neverout.* Faith, miss; and well was his wont.

*Ld. Smart.* Pray, Lady Answerall, taste this bit of venison.

*Lady Answ.* I hope, your lordship will set me a good example.

*Ld. Smart.* Here's a glass of cider fill'd: Miss, you must drink it.

*Miss.* Indeed, my lord, I can't.

*Neverout.* Come, miss; better belly burst, than good liquor be lost.

*Miss.* Pish! well in life there was never anything so teasing; I had rather shed it in my shoes: I wish it were in your guts, for my share.

*Ld. Smart.* Mr. Neverout, you han't tasted my cider yet.

*Neverout.* No, my lord: I have been just eating soup; and they say, if one drinks with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

*Ld. Smart.* Come, take miss's glass, she wish'd it was in your guts; let her have her wish for once: Ladies can't abide to have their inclinations cross'd.

*Lady Smart.* [To SIR JOHN.] I think, Sir John, you have not tasted the venison yet.

*Sir John.* I seldom eat it, madam: However, please to send me a little of the crust.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, Sir John, you had as good eat the devil as the broth he's boil'd in.

*Col.* Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach, as Lady Answerall says.

*Neverout.* I have dined as well as my lord mayor.

*Miss.* I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

*Ld. Smart.* Indeed, Lady Answerall, you have eaten nothing.

*Lady Answ.* Pray, my lord, see all the bones on my plate: They say, a carpenter's known by his chips.

*Neverout.* Miss, will you reach me that glass of jelly?

*Miss.* [*Giving it to him.*] You see, 'tis but ask and have.

*Neverout.* Miss, I would have a bigger glass.

*Miss.* What! you don't know your own mind; you are neither well, full nor fasting; I think that is enough.

*Neverout.* Ay, one of the enoughts; I am sure it is little enough.

*Miss.* Yes; but you know, sweet things are bad for the teeth.

*Neverout.* [*To LADY ANSW.*] Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you sent me.

*Lady Answ.* Well, Mr. Neverout, I find you are a true Englishman; you never know when you are well.

*Col.* Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.

*Lady Answ.* Why, Colonel, a bellyful's a bellyful, if it be but of wheat-straw.

*Col.* Well, after all, kitchen physic is the best physic.

*Ld. Smart.* And the best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.

*Ld. Sparkish.* What do you think of a little house well fill'd?

*Sir John.* And a little land well till'd?

*Col.* Ay; and a little wife well will'd?

*Neverout.* My Lady Smart, pray help me to some of the breast of that goose.

*Ld. Smart.* Tom, I have heard, that goose upon goose is false heraldry.

*Miss.* What! will you never have done stuffing?

*Ld. Smart.* This goose is quite raw: Well, God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.

*Neverout.* Miss, can you tell which is the gander, the white goose or the grey goose?<sup>1</sup>

*Miss.* They say, a fool will ask more questions than the wisest body can answer.

*Col.* Indeed, miss, Tom Neverout has posed you.

*Miss.* Why, Colonel, every dog has his day; but, I believe

<sup>1</sup> In original edition: "Miss, can you tell which is the white Goose, or the gray Goose the Gander?" [T. S.]

I shall never see a goose again without thinking on Mr. Neverout.

*Ld. Smart.* Well said, miss; faith, girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. Tom, what say you to that?

*Col.* Faith, Tom is nonpluss'd; he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

*Miss.* Why, my lord, you see he is the provokingest creature in life; I believe there is not such another in the varsal world.

*Lady Answ.* Oh, miss! the world's a wide place.

*Neverout.* Well, miss, I'll give you leave to call me anything, if you don't call me spade.

*Ld. Smart.* Well, but, after all, Tom, can you tell me what's Latin for a goose?

*Neverout.* O my lord, I know that; why brandy is Latin for a goose, and *tace* is Latin for a candle.

*Miss.* Is that manners, to shew your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

*Sir John.* The devil take your wit, if this be wit; for it spoils company: Pray, Mr. Butler, bring me a dram after my goose; 'tis very good for the wholesomes.

*Ld. Smart.* Come, bring me the loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own bread.

*Miss.* I suppose, my lord, you lay longest abed to-day?

*Ld. Smart.* Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a fib; I warrant you lay abed till the cows came home: But, miss, shall I cut you a little crust now my hand is in?

*Miss.* If you please, my lord, a bit of undercrust.

*Neverout.* [*Whispering Miss.*] I find, you love to lie under.

*Miss.* [*Aloud, pushing him from her.*] What does the man mean! Sir, I don't understand you at all.

*Neverout.* Come, all quarrels laid aside: Here, miss, may you live a thousand years. [*He drinks to her.*]

*Miss.* Pray, sir, don't stint me.

*Ld. Smart.* Sir John, will you taste my October? I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to yours in Derbyshire.

*Sir John.* My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, the devil made askers.

*Ld. Smart.* [*To the Butler.*] Here, bring up the great tankard full of October for Sir John.

*Col.* [*Drinking to Miss.*] Miss, your health; may you live all the days of your life.

*Lady Answ.* Well, miss, you'll certainly be soon married; here's two bachelors drinking to you at once.

*Lady Smart.* Indeed, miss, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's smock, you are so well beloved.

*Miss.* Where's my knife? Sure I ha'n't eaten it. Oh! here it is.

*Sir John.* No, miss; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

*Miss.* Pray, Sir John, is that a Derbyshire compliment? Here, Mr. Neverout, will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

*Neverout.* I don't know.

*Miss.* Why, take it, or let it alone.

*Neverout.* I will.

*Miss.* What will you?

*Neverout.* Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

*Miss.* You are a provoking creature.

*Sir John.* [*Talking with a glass of wine in his hand.*] I remember a farmer in our country——

*Ld. Smart.* [*Interrupting him.*] Pray, Sir John, did you ever hear of parson Palmer?

*Sir John.* No, my lord; what of him?

*Ld. Smart.* Why, he used to preach over his liquor.

*Sir John.* I beg your lordship's pardon; here's your lordship's health: I'd drink it up, if it were a mile to the bottom.

*Lady Smart.* Mr. Neverout, have you been at the new play?

*Neverout.* Yes, madam; I went the first night.

*Lady Smart.* Well; and how did it take?

*Neverout.* Why, madam, the poet is damn'd.

*Sir John.* God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge so rashly of any Christian.

*Neverout.* [*Whispers* LADY SMART.] Was ever such a dunce? How well he knows the town! See, how he stares like a stuck pig! Well, but, Sir John, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet? Any of our famous toasts?

*Sir John.* No; damn your fire-ships, I have a wife of my own.

*Lady Smart.* Pray, my Lady Answerall, how do you like these preserved oranges?

*Lady Answ.* Indeed, madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

*Lady Smart.* O madam; I have heard 'em say, that too good is stark naught. [*Miss drinking part of a glass of wine.*

*Neverout.* Pray, let me drink your snuff.

*Miss.* No, indeed; you shan't drink after me, for you'll know my thoughts.

*Neverout.* I know them already; you are thinking of a good husband: Besides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

*Lady Smart.* Pray, my lord, did not you order the butler to bring up a tankard of our October to Sir John? I believe, they stay to brew it.

*The Butler brings up the tankard to SIR JOHN.*

*Sir John.* Won't your ladyship please to drink first?

*Lady Smart.* No, Sir John; 'tis in a very good hand; I'll pledge you.

*Col.* [*To LD. SMART.*] My lord, I love October as well as Sir John; and I hope, you won't make fish of one, and flesh of another.

*Ld. Smart.* Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, Sir John, take it by word of mouth, and then give it the Colonel.  
[*SIR JOHN drinks.*]

*Ld. Smart.* Well, Sir John, how do you like it?

*Sir John.* Not as well as my own in Derbyshire; 'tis plaguy small.

*Lady Smart.* I never taste malt liquor; but they say, 'tis well hopp'd.

*Sir John.* Hopp'd! why, if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the river. O my lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb.

*Lady Smart.* I was told, ours was very strong.

*Sir John.* Ay, madam, strong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him: Faith,

it is mere whip-belly-vengeance; he that drinks most has the worst share.

*Col.* I believe, Sir John, ale is as plenty as water at your house.

*Sir John.* Why, faith, at Christmas we have many comers and goers; and they must not be sent away without a cup of Christmas ale, for fear they should p—s behind the door.

*Lady Smart.* I hear, Sir John has the nicest garden in England; they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a place where to spit.

*Sir John.* O madam; you are pleased to say so.

*Lady Smart.* But, Sir John, your ale is terrible strong and heady in Derbyshire, and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

*Sir John.* Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hair of the same dog next morning.—I take a new-laid egg for breakfast; and, faith, one should drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

*Ld. Smart.* Tom Neverout, will you taste a glass of the October?

*Neverout.* No, faith, my lord; I like your wine, and I won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your honour's claret is good enough for me.

*Lady Smart.* What! is this pigeon left for manners? Colonel, shall I send you the legs and rump?

*Col.* Madam, I could not eat a bit more, if the house was full.

*Ld. Smart.* [*Carving a partridge.*] Well; one may ride to Rumford upon this knife, it is so blunt.

*Lady Answ.* My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, an ill workman never had good tools.

*Ld. Smart.* Will your lordship have a wing of it?

*Ld. Sparkish.* No, my lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

*Ld. Smart.* I'm always cold after eating.

*Col.* My lord, they say, that's a sign of long life.

*Ld. Smart.* Ay; I believe I shall live till all my friends are weary of me.

*Col.* Pray, does anybody here hate cheese? I would be glad of a bit.

*Ld. Smart.* An odd kind of fellow dined with me t' other

day; and when the cheese came upon the table, he pretended to faint; so somebody said, Pray, take away the cheese; No, said I; pray, take away the fool: Said I well?

[*Here a large and loud laugh.*]

*Col. Faith*, my lord, you served the coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wish we had a bit of your lordship's Oxfordshire cheese.

*Ld. Smart*. Come, hang saving; bring us a half-p'orth of cheese.

*Lady Answ.* They say, cheese digests everything but itself.

*A Footman brings a great whole cheese.*

*Ld. Sparkish*. Ay; this would look handsome, if anybody should come in.

*Sir John*. Well; I'm weily brosten,<sup>1</sup> as they say in Lancashire.

*Lady Smart*. Oh! Sir John; I wou'd I had something to brost you withal.

*Ld. Smart*. Come; they say, 'tis merry in hall, when beards wag all.

*Lady Smart*. Miss, shall I help you to some cheese? or will you carve for yourself?

*Neverout*. I'll hold fifty pounds, miss won't cut the cheese.

*Miss*. Pray, why so, Mr. Neverout?

*Neverout*. Oh there is a reason, and you know it well enough.

*Miss*. I can't for my life understand what the gentleman means.

*Ld. Smart*. Pray, Tom, change the discourse; in troth you are too bad.

*Col.* [*Whispers NEVEROUT.*] Smoke miss; faith you have made her fret like gum-taffety.

*Lady Smart*. Well, but miss; (hold your tongue Mr. Neverout) shall I cut you a piece of cheese?

*Miss*. No, really, madam; I have dined this half hour.

*Lady Smart*. What! quick at meat, quick at work, they say.

[*SIR JOHN nods.*]

<sup>1</sup> "weily rosten" in orig. ed.



*Ld. Smart.* What! are you sleepy, Sir John? do you sleep after dinner?

*Sir John.* Yes, faith; I sometimes take a nap after my pipe; for when the belly is full, the bones will be at rest.

*Lady Smart.* Come, Colonel; help yourself, and your friends will love you the better. [*To LADY ANSW.*] Madam, your ladyship eats nothing.

*Lady Answ.* Lord, madam, I have fed like a farmer; I shall grow as fat as a porpoise; I swear my jaws are weary of chawing.

*Col.* I have a mind to eat a piece of that sturgeon; but fear it will make me sick.

*Neverout.* A rare soldier indeed! Let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

*Col.* Well; but it would vex a dog to see a pudden creep. [*SIR JOHN rises.*]

*Ld. Smart.* Sir John, what are you doing?

*Sir John.* Swolks, I must be going, by'r Lady; I have earnest business; I must do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

*Ld. Smart.* Well, but stay till this bottle's out; you know, the man was hang'd that left his liquor behind him: And besides, a cup in the pate is a mile in the gate; and a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

*Sir John.* Come then; one brimmer to all your healths. [*The footman gives him a glass half full.*] Pray, friend, what was the rest of this glass made for? An inch at the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer, and drinks it off.*] Well, there's no deceit in a brimmer, and there's no false Latin in this; your wine is excellent good, so I thank you for the next, for I am sure of this: Madam, has your ladyship any commands in Derbyshire? I must go fifteen miles to-night.

*Lady Smart.* None, Sir John, but to take care of yourself; and my most humble service to your lady unknown.

*Sir John.* Well, madam, I can but love and thank you.

*Lady Smart.* Here, bring water to wash; though, really, you have all eaten so little, that you have no need to wash your mouths —

*Ld. Smart.* But, prythee, Sir John, stay a while longer.



*Sir John.* No, my lord; I am to smoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

*Col.* Why, Sir John, had not you better set out to-morrow?

*Sir John.* Colonel, you forget to-morrow is Sunday.

*Col.* Now I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the church, to preserve all that travel by land, or by water.

*Sir John.* Well, Colonel; thou art a mad fellow to make a priest of.

*Neverout.* Fie, Sir John, do you take tobacco? How can you make a chimney of your mouth?

*Sir John.* [*To NEVEROUT.*] What! you don't smoke, I warrant you, but you smock. (Ladies, I beg your pardon.) Colonel, do you never smoke?

*Col.* No, Sir John; but I take a pipe sometimes.

*Sir John.* I'faith, one of your finical London blades dined with me last year in Derbyshire; so, after dinner, I took a pipe; so my gentleman turn'd away his head: So, said I, What, sir, do you never smoke? So, he answered as you do, Colonel; No, but I sometimes take a pipe: So, he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: So, said I, Pray, sir, can you make a pipe? So, he said No; so, said I, Why, then, sir, if you can't make a pipe, you should not break a pipe; so, we all laugh'd.

*Ld. Smart.* Well; but, Sir John, they say, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of stoppers.<sup>1</sup>

*Sir John.* Colonel, I hear, you go sometimes to Derbyshire; I wish you would come and foul a plate with me.

*Col.* I hope, you'll give me a soldier's bottle.

*Sir John.* Come, and try. Mr. Neverout, you are a town-wit, can you tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

*Neverout.* Why, an Indian herb, Sir John.

*Sir John.* No, 'tis a pot herb; and so here 's t'ye in a pot of my lord's October.

*Lady Smart.* I hear, Sir John, since you are married, you have forsworn the town.

*Sir John.* No, madam; I never forswore anything but building of churches.

<sup>1</sup> A play upon an expression of Dryden's, that the corruption or a poet was the generation of a critic. The parody seems to have been proverbial. [S.]

*Lady Smart.* Well; but, Sir John, when may we hope to see you again in London?

*Sir John.* Why, madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt; as the children say.

*Neverout.* Come, Sir John; I foresee it will rain terribly.

*Ld. Smart.* Come, Sir John, do nothing rashly; let us drink first.

*Ld. Sparkish.* I know Sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs: But pray, stay, Sir John; you'll be time enough to go to bed by candle-light.

*Ld. Smart.* Why, Sir John, if you must needs go; while you stay, make good use of your time: Here's my service to you, a health to our friends in Derbyshire: Come, sit down; let us put off the evil hour as long as we can.

*Sir John.* Faith, I could not drink a drop more, if the house was full.

*Col.* Why, Sir John you used to love a glass of good wine in former times.

*Sir John.* Why, so I do still, colonel; but a man may love his house very well, without riding on the ridge: Besides, I must be with my wife on Tuesday, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

*Col.* Well, if you go to-day, I wish you may be wet to the skin.

*Sir John.* Ay; but they say, the prayers of the wicked won't prevail. [SIR JOHN takes leave, and goes away.]

*Ld. Smart.* Well, miss, how do you like Sir John?

*Miss.* Why, I think, he's a little upon the silly, or so: I believe, he has not all the wit in the world; but I don't pretend to be a judge.

*Neverout.* Faith, I believe, he was bred at Hog's Norton, where the pigs play upon the organs.<sup>1</sup>

*Ld. Sparkish.* Why, Tom, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

*Neverout.* Faith, he shall have a clean threshold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town nor country; but he's a queer old duke by my conscience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more knave than fool.

<sup>1</sup> The true name of this Leicestershire village is said to be Hock-Norton, vulgarly pronounced Hoggs-Norton. The organist there happened at one time to be named Piggs, which gave rise to the proverb. [S.]

*Lady Smart.* Well, come; a man's a man, if he has but a nose on his head.

*Col.* I was once with him and some other company over a bottle; and, egad, he fell asleep, and snored so hard, that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

*Neverout.* Why, what! you can have no more of a cat than her skin; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Well, since he's gone, the devil go with him and sixpence; and there's money and company too.

*Neverout.* Faith, he's a true country put. Pray, miss, let me ask you a question?

*Miss.* Well; but don't ask questions with a dirty face: I warrant, what you have to say will keep cold.

*Col.* Come, my lord, against you are disposed; Here's to all that love and honour you.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Ay, that was always Dick Nimble's health. I'm sure you know he's dead.

*Col.* Dead! Well, my lord, you love to be a messenger of ill news: I'm heartily sorry; but, my lord, we must all die.

*Neverout.* I knew him very well: But, pray, how came he to die?

*Miss.* There's a question! you talk like a poticary: Why, because he could live no longer.

*Neverout.* Well; rest his soul: We must live by the living, and not by the dead.

*Ld. Sparkish.* You know, his house was burnt down to the ground.

*Col.* Yes; it was in the news: Why fire and water are good servants, but they are very bad masters.

*Ld. Smart.* Here, take away, and set down a bottle of Burgundy: Ladies, you'll stay, and drink a glass of wine before you go to your tea.

[*All taken away, and the wine set down, &c.* Miss gives NEVEROUT a smart pinch.]

*Neverout.* Lord, miss, what d'ye mean! D'ye think I have no feeling?

*Miss.* I'm forced to pinch, for the times are hard.

*Neverout.* [*Giving Miss a pinch.*] Take that, miss; what's sauce for a goose is for a gander.

*Miss.* [*Screaming.*] Well, Mr. Neverout, if I live, that shall neither go to heaven nor hell with you.

*Neverout.* [*Takes Miss's hand.*] Come, miss; let us lay all quarrels aside, and be friends.

*Miss.* Don't be so teasing! You plague a body so!—Can't you keep your filthy hands to yourself?

*Neverout.* Pray, miss, where did you get that pick-tooth case?

*Miss.* I came honestly by it.

*Neverout.* I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one; nay, I don't tell you a lie.

*Miss.* No; if you lie, it is much.

*Neverout.* Well; I'm sure 'tis mine.

*Miss.* What! you think everything is yours, but a little the king has.

*Neverout.* Colonel, you have seen my fine pick-tooth case; don't you think this is the very same?

*Col.* Indeed, miss, it is very like it.

*Miss.* Ay; what he says, you'll swear.

*Neverout.* Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

*Miss.* Ay; do if you can.

*Neverout.* Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

*Miss.* Well, run on till you're weary, nobody holds you.

[NEVEROUT gapes.]

*Col.* What, Mr. Neverout, do you gape for preferment?

*Neverout.* Faith, I may gape long enough, before it falls into my mouth.

*Lady Smart.* Mr. Neverout, my lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of these days: I hear, you live high.

*Neverout.* Yes, faith, madam; live high, and lodge in a garret.

*Col.* But, miss, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Neverout got the devilishest fall in the Park to-day.

*Miss.* I hope he did not hurt the ground: But how was it, Mr. Neverout? I wish I had been there, to laugh.

*Neverout.* Why, madam, it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it; that was all.

*Lady Smart.* Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themselves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

*Lady Answ. & Miss.* My lords and gentlemen, your most humble servant.

*Ld. Smart.* Well, ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.  
[*The Gentlemen alone.*]

*Ld. Smart.* Come, John, bring us a fresh bottle.

*Col.* Ay, my lord; and, pray, let him carry off the dead men (as we say in the army). [*Meaning the empty bottles.*]

*Ld. Sparkish.* Mr. Neverout, pray, is not that bottle full?

*Neverout.* Yes, my lord; full of emptiness.

*Ld. Smart.* And, d'ye hear, John? bring clean glasses.

*Col.* I'll keep mine; for I think, the wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in.

### DIALOGUE III.

#### *The Ladies at their tea.*

*Lady Smart.* Well, ladies; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

*Lady Answ.* What do you think of your friend, Sir John Spendall?

*Lady Smart.* Why, madam, 'tis happy for him, that his father was born before him.

*Miss.* They say, he makes a very ill husband to my lady.

*Lady Answ.* But he must be allowed to be the fondest father in the world.

*Lady Smart.* Ay, madam, that's true; for they say, the devil is kind to his own.

*Miss.* I am told, my lady manages him to admiration.

*Lady Smart.* That I believe; for she's as cunning as a dead pig; but not half so honest.

*Lady Answ.* They say, she's quite a stranger to all his gallantries.

*Lady Smart.* Not at all; but, you know, there's none so blind as they that won't see.

*Miss.* O madam, I am told, she watches him, as a cat would watch a mouse.

*Lady Answ.* Well, if she ben't foully belied, she pays him in his own coin.

*Lady Smart.* Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts, as well as if I were within you.

*Lady Answ.* Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs. Clatter; I find she gives herself airs of being acquainted with your ladyship.

*Miss.* Oh, the hideous creature! did you observe her nails? they were long enough to scratch her grannam out of her grave.

*Lady Smart.* Well, she and Tom Gosling were banging compliments backwards and forwards; it looked like two asses scrubbing one another.

*Miss.* Ay, claw me, and I'll claw thou: But, pray, madam, who were the company?

*Lady Smart.* Why, there was all the world, and his wife; there was Mrs. Clatter, Lady Singular, the Countess of Talkham, (I should have named her first;) Tom Gosling, and some others, whom I have forgot.

*Lady Answ.* I think the countess is very sickly.

*Lady Smart.* Yes, madam; she'll never scratch a grey head, I promise her.

*Miss.* And, pray, what was your conversation?

*Lady Smart.* Why, Mrs. Clatter had all the talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

*Lady Answ.* She brought her husband ten thousand pounds; she has a town-house and country-house: Would the woman have her a— hung with points?

*Lady Smart.* She would fain be at the top of the house before the stairs are built.

*Miss.* Well, comparisons are odious; but she's as like her husband, as if she were spit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another: Pray, how was she drest?

*Lady Smart.* Why, she was as fine as fi'pence; but, truly, I thought, there was more cost than worship.

*Lady Answ.* I don't know her husband: Pray, what is he?

*Lady Smart.* Why, he's a concealer of the law; you must know, he came to us as drunk as David's sow.

*Miss.* What kind of creature is he?

*Lady Smart.* You must know, the man and his wife are coupled like rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a

porpus, and she's one of Pharaoh's lean kine: The ladies and Tom Gosling were proposing a party at quadrille, but he refused to make one: Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books.

*Lady Answ.* A dull unmannerly brute! Well, God send him more wit, and me more money.

*Miss.* Lord! madam, I would not keep such company for the world.

*Lady Smart.* O miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it: Besides, you know, for want of company, welcome trumpery.

*Miss.* Did your ladyship play?

*Lady Smart.* Yes, and won; so I came off with fiddler's fare, meat, drink, and money.

*Lady Answ.* Ay; what says Pluck?

*Miss.* Well, my elbow itches; I shall change bedfellows.

*Lady Smart.* And my right hand itches; I shall receive money.

*Lady Answ.* And my right eye itches; I shall cry.

*Lady Smart.* Miss, I hear your friend Mistress Giddy has discarded Dick Shuttle: Pray, has she got another lover?

*Miss.* I hear of none.

*Lady Smart.* Why, the fellow's rich; and I think she was a fool to throw out her dirty water before she got clean.

*Lady Answ.* Miss, that's a very handsome gown of yours, and finely made; very genteel.

*Miss.* I'm glad your ladyship likes it.

*Lady Answ.* Your lover will be in raptures; it becomes you admirably.

*Miss.* Ay; I assure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him, say I.

*Lady Smart.* [*To LADY ANSW.*] Pray, madam, when did you see Sir Peter Muckworm?

*Lady Answ.* Not this fortnight; I hear, he's laid up with the gout.

*Lady Smart.* What does he do for it?

*Lady Answ.* Why I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes use of nothing but patience and flannel.

*Miss.* Pray, how does he and my lady agree?

*Lady Answ.* You know, he loves her as the devil loves holy water.



*Miss.* They say, she plays deep with sharpers, that cheat her of her money.

*Lady Answ.* Upon my word, they must rise early that would cheat her of her money; sharp's the word with her; diamonds cut diamonds.

*Miss.* Well, but I was assured from a good hand, that she lost at one sitting to the tune of a hundred guineas; make money of that.

*Lady Smart.* Well, but do you hear, that Mrs. Plump is brought to bed at last?

*Miss.* And, pray, what has God sent her?

*Lady Smart.* Why, guess if you can.

*Miss.* A boy, I suppose.

*Lady Smart.* No, you are out; guess again.

*Miss.* A girl then.

*Lady Smart.* You have hit it; I believe you are a witch.

*Miss.* O madam; the gentlemen say, all fine ladies are witches; but I pretend to no such thing.

*Lady Answ.* Well, she had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock; she ris' with her a— upwards.

*Miss.* Fie, madam! what do you mean?

*Lady Smart.* O miss; 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

*Miss.* Ay, madam; but they say, hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

*Lady Answ.* Well, miss, I can't help it; you know, I am old Telltruth; I love to call a spade a spade.

*Lady Smart.* [*Mistakes the teatongs for the spoon.*] What! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to-day.

*Miss.* Why, madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

*Lady Smart.* Miss, I hear, that you and Lady Coupler are as great as cup and can.

*Lady Answ.* Ay, miss; as great as the devil and the Earl of Kent.<sup>1</sup>

*Lady Smart.* Nay, I am told, you meet together with as much love, as there is between the old cow and the haystack.

*Miss.* I own, I love her very well; but there's difference betwixt staring and stark mad.

<sup>1</sup> The villainous character, given by history to the celebrated Goodwin Earl of Kent, in the time of Edward the Confessor, occasioned this proverb. [S.]



*Lady Smart.* They say, she begins to grow fat.

*Miss.* Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

*Lady Smart.* Indeed, Lady Answerall, (pray, forgive me) I think, your ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

*Miss.* Indeed, madam, I think not; but your ladyship is one of Job's comforters.

*Lady Answ.* Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and sold: but really, miss, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young lord for your sake.

*Miss.* O madam, your love's a million.

*Lady Smart.* [To LADY ANSW.] Madam, will your ladyship let me wait on you to the play to-morrow?

*Lady Answ.* Madam, it becomes me to wait on your ladyship.

*Miss.* What, then, I'm turned out for a wrangler?

*The Gentlemen come in to the Ladies to drink tea.*

*Miss.* Mr. Neverout, we wanted you sadly; you are always out of the way when you should be hang'd.

*Neverout.* You wanted me! Pray, miss, how do you look when you lie?

*Miss.* Better than you when you cry. Manners indeed! I find, you mend like sour ale in summer.

*Neverout.* I beg your pardon, miss; I only meant, when you lie alone.

*Miss.* That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down stairs.

*Neverout.* Come, miss; be kind for once, and order me a dish of coffee.

*Miss.* Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest first: Besides, I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

*Col.* They say, a woman need but look on her apron-string to find an excuse.

*Neverout.* Why, miss, you are grown so peevish, a dog would not live with you.

*Miss.* Mr. Neverout, I beg your diversion; no offence, I hope: But truly in a little time you intend to make the Colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as bad can be.

*Neverout.* My lord, don't you think miss improves wonderfully of late? Why, miss, if I spoil the Colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me; for, you know, love me, love my dog.

*Col.* How's that, Tom? Say that again: Why, if I am a dog, shake hands, brother. [*Here a great, loud, long laugh.*]

*Ld. Smart.* But, pray, gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor miss? On my conscience, Colonel and Tom Neverout, one of you two are both knaves.

*Col.* My Lady Answerall, I intend to do myself the honour of dining with your ladyship to-morrow.

*Lady Answ.* Ay, Colonel; do if you can.

*Miss.* I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

*Col.* Miss, I thank you; and, to reward you, I'll come and drink tea with you in the morning.

*Miss.* Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

*Col.* [*To LADY SMART.*] Your ladyship has a very fine watch; well may you wear it.

*Lady Smart.* It is none of mine, Colonel.

*Col.* Pray, whose is it, then?

*Lady Smart.* Why, 'tis my lord's; for they say, a married woman has nothing of her own, but her wedding-ring and her hair-lace: But if women had been the law-makers, it would have been better.

*Col.* This watch seems to be quite new.

*Lady Smart.* No, sir; it has been twenty years in my lord's family; but *Quare* put a new case and dial-plate to it.

*Neverout.* Why, that's for all the world like the man who swore he kept the same knife forty years, only he sometimes changed the haft, and sometimes the blade.

*Ld. Smart.* Well, Tom, to give the devil his due, thou art a right woman's man.

*Col.* Odd so! I have broke the hinge of my snuff-box; I'm undone beside the loss.

*Miss.* Alack-a-day, colonel! I vow I had rather have found forty shillings.

*Neverout.* Why, colonel; all that I can say to comfort you, is, that you must mend it with a new one.

[*Miss laughs.*]

*Col.* What, miss! you can't laugh, but you must shew your teeth.

*Miss.* I'm sure you shew your teeth when you can't bite: Well, thus it must be, if we sell ale.

*Neverout.* Miss, you smell very sweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes.

*Miss.* Perfumes! No, sir; I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the grain of my skin.

*Col.* Tom, you have a good nose to make a poor man's sow.

*Ld. Sparkish.* So, ladies and gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: Come, box it about; 'twill come to my father at last.

*Col.* Why, my lord, you see miss has no mercy; I wish she were married; but I doubt, the grey mare would prove the better horse.

*Miss.* Well, God forgive you for that wish.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Never fear him, miss.

*Miss.* What, my lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

*Ld. Smart.* What have you to say to that, Colonel?

*Neverout.* O my lord, my friend the Colonel scorns to set his wit against a child.

*Miss.* Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddens.

*Col.* Well, miss; they say, a woman's tongue is the last thing about her that dies; therefore let's kiss and be friends.

*Miss.* Hands off! that's meat for your master.

*Ld. Sparkish.* Faith, colonel, you are for ale and cakes: But after all, miss, you are too severe; you would not meddle with your match.

*Miss.* All they can say goes in at one ear, and out at t'other for me, I can assure you: Only I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

*Neverout.* What! I warrant you think all is lost, that goes beside your own mouth.

*Miss.* Pray, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue for once, if it be possible; one would think, you were a woman in man's clothes, by your prating.

*Neverout.* No, miss; it is not handsome to see one hold one's tongue: Besides, I should slobber my fingers.

*Col.* Miss, did you never hear, that three women and a goose are enough to make a market?

*Miss.* I'm sure, if Mr. Neverout or you were among them, it would make a fair.

*Footman comes in.*

*Lady Smart.* Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

*Lady Answ.* O madam, no candles yet, I beseech you; don't let us burn day-light.

*Neverout.* I dare swear, miss, for her part, will never burn day-light, if she can help it.

*Miss.* Lord, Mr. Neverout, one can't hear one's own ears for you.

*Lady Smart.* Indeed, madam, it is blindman's holiday; we shall soon be all of a colour.

*Neverout.* Why, then, miss, we may kiss where we like best.

*Miss.* Fogh! these men talk of nothing but kissing.

*[She spits.]*

*Neverout.* What, miss, does it make your mouth water?

*Lady Smart.* It is as good be in the dark as without light; therefore pray bring in candles: They say, women and linen shew best by candlelight: Come, gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

*Col.* I'll make one with you three ladies.

*Lady Answ.* I'll sit down, and be a stander-by.

*Lady Smart.* *[To LADY ANSW.]* Madam, does your ladyship never play?

*Col.* Yes; I suppose her ladyship plays sometimes for an egg at Easter.

*Neverout.* Ay; and a kiss at Christmas.

*Lady Answ.* Come, Mr. Neverout; hold your tongue, and mind your knitting.

*Neverout.* With all my heart; kiss my wife, and welcome.

*[The COLONEL, MR. NEVEROUT, LADY SMART and MISS go to quadrille, and sit till three in the morning. They rise from cards.]*

*Lady Smart.* Well, miss, you'll have a sad husband, you have such good luck at cards.

*Neverout.* Indeed, miss, you dealt me sad cards; if you deal so ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies?

*Lady Answ.* I'm sure 'tis time for honest folks to be a-bed.

*Miss.* Indeed my eyes draw straws.<sup>1</sup> [*She's almost asleep.*]

*Neverout.* Why, miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a pair of gloves.

*Col.* I'm going to the land of Nod.

*Neverout.* Faith, I'm for Bedfordshire.

*Lady Smart.* I'm sure I shall sleep without rocking.

*Neverout.* Miss, I hope you'll dream of your sweetheart.

*Miss.* Oh, no doubt of it: I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

*Col.* [*To Miss.*] Madam, shall I have the honour to escort you?

*Miss.* No, colonel, I thank you; my mamma has sent her chair and footmen. Well, my Lady Smart, I'll give you revenge whenever you please.

Footman comes in.

*Footman.* Madam, the chairs are waiting.

[*They all take their chairs, and go off.*]

<sup>1</sup> "draws straw" in orig. ed.



DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

## NOTE.

THIS pamphlet was begun by Swift at an early period of his career, and never completed. He told Gay, in August, 1731, in a letter quoted on p. 197 of this volume, that he had the work in hand. By June 12th of the following year—not June, 1731, as dated in Scott's edition—he had made considerable progress, and was intending to have it printed: the letter to Pope giving this information is quoted on the title-page of the first London edition, here reproduced. The whole work is written in a vein of bitter irony, and professes to recommend all the most objectionable practices that he knew or conjectured to be in use among servants. It is one of the coarsest of his writings. Eight of the chapters are fairly complete, but the others are merely memoranda to suggest points on which he intended to enlarge.

A few manuscript copies were in the hands of some of his friends; one was in the possession of George Faulkner, the Dublin publisher. The Dean refers to this in two letters to him: "I believe you know that I had a treatise called 'Advice to Servants,' in two volumes" (31st August, 1738, Scott's edition, xix, 163); and "I cannot find a manuscript I wrote, called 'Directions for Servants,' which I thought was very useful, as well as humorous. I believe you have both seen and read it" (4th December, 1739, *ibid.*, p. 219). Arrangements were being made by Faulkner for its publication at the time of Swift's death—19th October, 1745—as he had written on the first of that month to William Bowyer to secure its simultaneous issue in London and Dublin. His preface is dated 8th November, 1745, and says: "The following treatise of 'Directions to Servants' was began some years ago by the author, who had not leisure to finish and put it into proper order, being engaged in many other works of greater use to his country, as may be seen by most of his writings. But, as the author's design was to expose the villanies and frauds of servants to their masters and mistresses, we shall make no apology for its publication; but give it our readers in the same manner as we find it in the original, which may be seen in the printer's custody."

One manuscript copy—incomplete and incorrect, but with a few corrections in the handwriting of the author—is in the Forster collection at South Kensington. The present text is based upon a collation of the London and Dublin editions of 1745, with the autograph corrections introduced from the Forster manuscript. The "Duty at Inns" is taken from Dodsley's edition of Swift's "Miscellanies" (1745), and Faulkner's edition of Swift's "Works" (1746); and the "Laws for the Dean's Servants" from Volume VIII of Swift's "Works" (1765), edited by Deane Swift, where it first appeared. [W. S. J.]



# DIRECTIONS

TO

# SERVANTS

IN GENERAL;

And in particular to

The BUTLER,  
COOK,  
FOOTMAN,  
COACHMAN,  
GROOM,  
HOUSE-STEWARD,  
and  
LAND-STEWARD,

PORTER,  
DAIRY-MAID,  
CHAMBER-MAID,  
NURSE,  
LAUNDRESS,  
HOUSE-KEEPER,  
TUTORESS, or  
GOVERNESS.

---

By the Reverend Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

---

*I have a Thing in the Press, begun above twenty-eight Years ago, and almost finish'd: It will make a Four Shilling Volume; and is such a PERFECTION OF FOLLY, that you shall never hear of it, till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guesses. Nay, I have ANOTHER OF THE SAME AGE, which will require a long Time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same Way. Letters to and from Dr. Swift, &c. Lett. LXI. alluding to POLITE CONVERSATION and DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.*

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L O N D O N:

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M DCC XLV.

[Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.]



## DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

### RULES THAT CONCERN ALL SERVANTS IN GENERAL.

WHEN your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no end of your drudgery: and masters themselves allow, that if a servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person; this will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

If you see your master wronged by any of your fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale: however, there is one exception, in case of a favourite servant, who is justly hated by the whole family; who therefore are bound, in prudence, to lay all the faults you can upon the favourite.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other servant who is concerned in the expenses of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be a thousand pounds a year, he reasonably concludes that a thousand pounds a year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the butler makes the same judgment, so may the groom and the coachman, and thus every branch of expense will be filled to your master's honour.

When you are chid before company, (which, with submission to our masters and ladies is an unmannerly practice,) it often happens that some stranger will have the good

nature to drop a word in your excuse; in such a case you will have a good title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterwards on other occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which opinion you will be the more confirmed by stating the case to your fellow-servants in your own way, who will certainly decide in your favour: therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happens, that servants sent on messages are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the message requires, perhaps two, four, six, or eight hours, or some such trifle, for the temptation to be sure was great, and flesh and blood cannot always resist: When you return, the master storms, the lady scolds; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off is the word: But here you ought be provided with a set of excuses, enough to serve on all occasions: For instance, your uncle came fourscore miles to town this morning, on purpose to see you, and goes back by break of day to-morrow; a brother-servant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away to Ireland; you were taking leave of an old fellow-servant, who was shipping for Barbados: your father sent a cow for you to sell, and you could not find a chapman till nine at night; you were taking leave of a dear cousin who is to be hanged next Saturday; you wrenched your foot against a stone, and were forced to stay three hours in a shop before you could stir a step; some nastiness was thrown on you out of a garret-window, and you were ashamed to come home before you were cleaned, and the smell went off; you were pressed for the sea-service, and carried before a justice of peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much a-do; a bailiff, by mistake, seized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a sponging-house; you were told your master had gone to a tavern, and came to some mischance, and your grief was so great, that you inquired for his honour in a hundred taverns between Pall Mall and Temple Bar.

Take all trademen's parts against your master, and when you are sent to buy any thing, never offer to cheapen it, but generously pay the full demand. This is highly to your master's honour; and may be some shillings in your pocket;

and you are to consider, if your master hath paid too much, he can better afford the loss than a poor tradesman.

Never submit to stir a finger in any business, but that for which you were particularly hired. For example, if the groom be drunk or absent, and the butler be ordered to shut the stable door, the answer is ready, "An please your honour, I don't understand horses." If a corner of the hanging wants a single nail to fasten it, and the footman be directed to tack it up, he may say he doth not understand that sort of work, but his honour may send for the upholsterer.

Masters and ladies are usually quarrelling with the servants for not shutting the doors after them; but neither masters nor ladies consider that those doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the labour is double to open and shut the doors; therefore the best, and shortest, and easiest way is to do neither. But if you are so often teased to shut the door, that you cannot easily forget it, then give the door such a clap as you go out, as will shake the whole room, and make every thing rattle in it, to put your master and lady in mind that you observe their directions.

If you find yourself to grow into favour with your master or lady, take some opportunity in a very mild way to *give them warning*; and when they ask the reason, and seem loth to part with you, answer, that you would rather live with them than any body else, but a poor servant is not to be blamed if he strives to better himself; that service is no inheritance; that your work is great, and your wages very small. Upon which, if your master hath any generosity, he will add five or ten shillings a quarter rather than let you go: But if you are baulked, and have no mind to go off, get some fellow-servant to tell your master that he had prevailed upon you to stay.

Whatever good bits you can pilfer in the day, save them to junket with your fellow-servants at night, and take in the butler, provided he will give you drink.

Write your own name and your sweetheart's, with the smoke of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen or the servants' hall, to show your learning.

If you are a young, sightly fellow, whenever you whisper your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek, or if your breath be good, breathe full in her face; this I

have known to have had very good consequences in some families.

Never come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the first whistle; and when the master calls "Who's there?" no servant is bound to come; for *Who's there* is no body's name.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking-vessels below stairs, (which is usually done in a week,) the copper pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small beer, or, in case of necessity, serve for a jordan; therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the servants' hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use only of your master's.

Let it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table, in the servants' hall or the kitchen, shall have above three legs, which hath been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and is said to be founded upon two reasons; first, to show that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the servants' chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there hath been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who, by old custom, was allowed an easy chair to sleep in after dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three legs. Now this epidemical lameness of servants' chairs is, by philosophers, imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires; I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table is the first weapon taken up in a general romping or skirmish; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being usually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to see maid-servants so ungenteel as to walk the streets with their petticoats pinned up; it is a foolish excuse to allege their petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a remedy as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony servant in the same street, leave your own street-door open, that you may

get in without knocking when you come back; otherwise your mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to unanimity and concord. But mistake me not: you may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind that you have a common enemy, which is your master and lady, and you have a common cause to defend. Believe an old practitioner; whoever, out of malice to a fellow-servant, carries a tale to his master, should be ruined by a general confederacy against him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the servants, both in winter and summer, is the kitchen; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be consulted, whether they concern the stable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, the cellar, the nursery, the dining-room, or my lady's chamber: there, as in your own proper element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full security.

When any servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your master that he is gone to bed very sick; upon which your lady will be so good-natured as to order some comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your master and lady go abroad together, to dinner, or on a visit for the evening, you need leave only one servant in the house, unless you have a black-guard boy to answer at the door, and attend the children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long cuts, and the stayer at home may be comforted by a visit from a sweetheart, without danger of being caught together. These opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes; and you are always safe enough while there is a servant in the house.

When your master or lady comes home, and wants a servant who happens to be abroad, your answer must be, that he but just that minute stepped out, being sent for by a cousin who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, and you happen to answer at the fourth call, you need not hurry yourself; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner, because you did not know what you were called for.



When you are chidden for a fault, as you go out of the room, and down stairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your master or lady when they are abroad, never burthen your memory with the person's name, for indeed you have too many other things to remember. Besides, it is a porter's business, and your master's fault he doth not keep one; and who can remember names? and you will certainly mistake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a lie to your master or lady, unless you have some hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an hour.

When a servant is turned off, all his faults must be told, although most of them were never known by his master or lady; and all mischiefs done by others charge to him. [Instance them.] And when they ask any of you why you never acquainted them before? the answer is, "Sir, or Madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry; and besides, perhaps you might think it was malice in me." Where there are little masters and misses in a house, they are usually great impediments to the diversions of the servants; the only remedy is to bribe them with *goody goodies*, that they may not tell tales to papa and mamma.

I advise you of the servants, whose master lives in the country, and who expect vales, always to stand rank and file when a stranger is taking his leave; so that he must of necessity pass between you; and he must have more confidence, or less money than usual, if any of you let him escape; and according as he behaves himself, remember to treat him the next time he comes.

If you are sent with ready money to buy any thing at a shop, and happen at that time to be out of pocket, sink the money and take up the goods on your master's account. This is for the honour of your master and yourself; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

When your lady sends for you up to her chamber, to give you any orders, be sure to stand at the door, and keep it open, fiddling with the lock all the while she is talking to you, and keep the button in your hand, for fear you should forget to shut the door after you.



If your master or lady happen once in their lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy servant; for you have nothing more to do, than for every fault you commit while you are in their service, to put them in mind of that false accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present case.

When you have a mind to leave your master, and are too bashful to break the matter, for fear of offending him, the best way is to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual behaviour, till he finds it necessary to turn you off; and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his lady such a character to all your brother servants who are out of place, that none will venture to offer their service.

Some nice ladies who are afraid of catching cold, having observed that the maids and fellows below stairs often forget to shut the door after them, as they come in or go out into the back yards, have contrived that a pulley and a rope with a large piece of lead at the end, should be so fixed, as to make the door shut of itself, and require a strong hand to open it; which is an immense toil to servants whose business may force them to go in and out fifty times in a morning: But ingenuity can do much, for prudent servants have found out an effectual remedy against this insupportable grievance, by tying up the pulley in such a manner that the weight of the lead shall have no effect; however, as to my own part, I would rather choose to keep the door always open, by laying a heavy stone at the bottom of it.

The servants' candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for ever. But you may find out many expedients; you may conveniently stick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter against the wainscot, in a powder-horn, or in an old shoe, or in a cleft stick, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its own grease on a table, in a coffeecup, or a drinking-glass, a horn can, a teapot, a twisted napkin, a mustard-pot, an ink-horn, a marrowbone, a piece of dough, or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring servants to junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the kitchen-window, which you may hear, but not your master or lady, whom you must take

care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

Lay all faults on a lap-dog, a favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a child, or on the servant who was last turned off; by this rule you will excuse yourself, do no hurt to any body else, and save your master or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

When you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir up the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire-brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to singe a fowl, tear the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery lace for garters. If the butler wants a jordan, he may use the great silver cup.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all: You may run the candle end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately; you may lay it on the floor, and tread the snuff out with your foot; you may hold it upside down, until it is choked with its own grease; or cram it into the socket of the candlestick; you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out: when you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle end into the chamber-pot: you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff until it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal-tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter; the housemaid may put out her candle by running it against a looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as candle-snuff; but the quickest and best of all methods is to blow it out with your breath, which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a family as a tell-tale, against whom it must be the principal business of you all to unite: whatever office he serves in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross him in every thing. For instance, if the butler be the tell-tale, break his

glasses whenever he leaves the pantry door open; or lock the cat or the mastiff in it, who will do as well: mislay a fork or a spoon so as he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of soot, or a handful of salt in the pot, or smoking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roast meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery; or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him softly with a ladleful, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining-room, and then let the housemaid make such a noise that her lady may hear it. The waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault, in hopes to ingratiate herself: in this case the laundress must be sure to tear her smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and when she complains, tell all the house that she sweats so much, and her flesh is so nasty, that she fouls a smock more in one hour, than the kitchen-maid does in a week.

## DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### DIRECTIONS TO THE BUTLER.

IN my directions to servants, I find from my long observation, that you, butler, are the principal person concerned.

Your business being of the greatest variety, and requiring the greatest exactness, I shall, as well as I can recollect, run through the several branches of your office, and order my instructions accordingly.

In waiting at the sideboard, take all possible care to save your own trouble, and your master's drinking-glasses: therefore, first, since those who dine at the same table are supposed to be friends, let them all drink out of the same glass without washing, which will save you much pains, as well as the hazard of breaking them; give no person any liquor until he hath called for it thrice at least; by which means,

some out of modesty, and others out of forgetfulness, will call the seldomer, and thus your master's liquor will be saved.

If any one desires a glass of bottled ale, first shake the bottle, to see whether any thing be in it; then taste it, to see what liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken; and lastly, wipe the mouth of the bottle with the palm of your hand, to show your cleanliness.

Be more careful to have the cork in the belly of the bottle than in the mouth; and if the cork be musty, or white friars in your liquor, your master will save the more.

If an humble companion, a chaplain, a tutor, or a dependent cousin happen to be at table, whom you find to be little regarded by the master and the company, (which nobody is readier to discover and observe than we servants,) it must be the business of you and the footman to follow the example of your betters, by treating him many degrees worse than any of the rest; and you cannot please your master better, or at least your lady.

If any one calls for small-beer towards the end of dinner, do not give yourself the pains of going down to the cellar, but gather the droppings and leavings out of the several cups and glasses, and salvers, into one; but turn your back to the company, for fear of being observed. On the contrary, when any one calls for ale towards the end of dinner, fill the largest tankard-cup top-full, by which you will have the greatest part left to oblige your fellow-servants, without the sin of stealing from your master.

There is likewise a perquisite full as honest, by which you have a chance of getting every day the best part of a bottle of wine for yourself; for you are to suppose that gentlefolks will not care for the remainder of a bottle; therefore always set a fresh one before them after dinner, although there hath not been above a glass drank of the other.

Take special care that your bottles be not musty before you fill them; in order to which, blow strongly into the mouth of every bottle, and then if you smell nothing but your own breath, immediately fill it.

If you are sent down in haste to draw any drink, and find it will not run, do not be at the trouble of opening a vent, but blow strongly into the faucet, and you will find it immediately pour into your mouth; or take out the vent, but do

not stay to put it in again, for fear your master should want you.

If you are curious to taste some of your master's choicest ale, empty as many of the bottles just below the neck as will make the quantity you want; but then take care to fill them up again with clean water, that you may not lessen your master's liquor.

There is an excellent invention found out of late years in the management of ale and small-beer at the sideboard: For instance, a gentleman calls for a glass of ale and drinks but half; another calls for small-beer; you immediately teem out the remainder of the ale into the tankard, and fill the glass with small-beer; and so backwards and forwards as long as dinner lasts, by which you answer three great ends; first, you save yourself the trouble of washing, and consequently the danger of breaking your glasses; secondly, you are sure not to be mistaken in giving gentlemen the liquor they call for; and lastly, by this method, you are certain that nothing is lost.

Because butlers are apt to forget to bring up their ale and beer time enough, be sure you remember to have up yours two hours before dinner; and place them in the sunny part of the room, to let people see that you have not been negligent.

Some butlers have a way of decanting (as they call it) bottled ale, by which they lose a good part of the bottom; let your method be to turn the bottle directly upside down, which will make the liquor appear double the quantity; by this means, you will be sure not to lose one drop, and the froth will conceal the muddiness.

Clean your plate, wipe your knives, and rub the dirty tables with the napkins and table-cloths used that day; for it is but one washing, and besides, it will save you wearing out the coarse rubbers; and in reward of such good husbandry, my judgment is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest damask napkins for night-caps for yourself.

When you clean your plate, leave the whiting plainly to be seen in all the chinks, for fear your lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

There is nothing wherein the skill of a butler more appears than in the management of candles, whereof, although some

part may fall to the share of the other servants, yet you being the principal person concerned, I shall direct my instructions upon this article to you only, leaving to your fellow-servants to apply them upon occasion.

First, to avoid burning daylight, and to save your master's candles, never bring them up till half an hour after it be dark, although they are called for never so often.

Let your sockets be full of grease to the brim, with the old snuff at the top, and then stick on your fresh candles. It is true, this may endanger their falling, but the candles will appear so much the longer and handsomer before company. At other times, for variety, put your candles loose in the sockets, to show they are clean to the bottom.

When your candle is too big for the socket, melt it to a right size in the fire; and to hide the smoke, wrap it in paper half way up.

You cannot but observe of late years the great extravagancy among the gentry upon the article of candles, which a good butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own pains and his master's money; this may be contrived several ways: as when you are ordered to put candles into the sconces.

Sconces are great wasters of candles; and you, who are always to consider the advantage of your master, should do your utmost to discourage them: therefore, your business must be to press the candle with both your hands into the socket, so as to make it lean, in such a manner, that the grease may drop all upon the floor, if some lady's head-dress or gentleman's periwig be not ready to intercept it: You may likewise stick the candle so loose, that it will fall upon the glass of the sconce, and break it into shatters; this will save your master many a fair penny in the year, both in candles and to the glass-man, and yourself much labour; for the sconces spoiled cannot be used.

Never let the candles burn too low, but give them, as a lawful perquisite, to your friend the cook, to increase her kitchen stuff; or, if this be not allowed in your house, give them in charity to the poor neighbours, who often run on your errands.

When you cut bread for a toast, do not stand idly watching it, but lay it on the coals, and mind your other business;



then come back, and if you find it toasted quite through, scrape off the burned side, and serve it up.

When you dress up your sideboard, set the best glasses as near the edge of the table as you can; by which means they will cast a double lustre, and make a much finer figure; and the consequence can be at most but the breaking half a dozen; which is a trifle in your master's pocket.

Wash the glasses with your own water, to save your master's salt.

When any salt is spilt on the table, do not let it be lost, but when dinner is done, fold up the table-cloth with the salt in it, then shake the salt out into the salt-cellar to serve next day: But the shortest and surest way is, when you remove the cloth, to wrap the knives, forks, spoons, salt-cellars, broken bread, and scraps of meat all together in the table-cloth; by which you will be sure to lose nothing, unless you think it better to shake them out of the window amongst the beggars, that they may with more convenience eat the scraps.

Leave the dregs of wine, ale, and other liquors, in the bottles; to rinse them is but loss of time, since all will be done at once in a general washing; and you will have a better excuse for breaking them.

If your master hath many musty, or very foul and crusted bottles, I advise you, in point of conscience, that those may be the first you truck at the next ale-house for ale or brandy.

When a message is sent to your master, be kind to your brother-servant who brings it; give him the best liquor in your keeping, for your master's honour; and with the first opportunity, he will do the same to you.

After supper, if it be dark, carry your plate and china together in the same basket, to save candle-light, for you know your pantry well enough to put them up in the dark.

When company is expected at dinner, or in the evenings, be sure to be abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your key; by which your master will save his liquor, and not wear out his plate.

I come now to a most important part of your economy, the bottling of a hogshead of wine, wherein I recommend three virtues, cleanliness, frugality, and brotherly love. Let your corks be of the longest kind you can get; which will

save some wine in the neck of every bottle: As to your bottles, choose the smallest you can find, which will increase the number of dozens, and please your master; for a bottle of wine is always a bottle of wine, whether it hold more or less; and if your master hath his proper number of dozens, he cannot complain.

Every bottle must be first rinsed with wine, for fear of any moisture left in the washing: Some, out of mistaken thrift, will rinse a dozen bottles with the same wine; but I would advise you, for more caution, to change the wine at every second bottle; a gill may be enough. Have bottles ready by to save it; and it will be a good perquisite, either to sell or drink with the cook.

Never draw your hogshead too low; nor tilt it, for fear of disturbing your liquor. When it begins to run slow, and before the wine grows cloudy, shake the hogshead, and carry a glass of it to your master; who will praise you for your discretion, and give you all the rest as a perquisite of your place: you may tilt the hogshead the next day, and in a fortnight get a dozen or two of good clear wine to dispose of as you please.

In bottling wine, fill your mouth full of corks, together with a large plug of tobacco, which will give to the wine the true taste of the weed, so delightful to all good judges in drinking.

When you are ordered to decant a suspicious bottle, if a pint be out, give your hand a dexterous shake, and show it in a glass, that it begins to be muddy.

When a hogshead of wine or any other liquor is to be bottled off, wash your bottles immediately before you begin; but be sure not to drain them, by which good management your master will save some gallons in every hogshead.

This is the time that, in honour to your master, you ought to show your kindness to your fellow-servants, and especially to the cook; for what signifies a few flagons out of a whole hogshead? But make them drunk in your presence, for fear they should be given to other folks, and so your master be wronged; but advise them, if they get drunk, to go to bed and leave word they are sick; which last caution I would have all the servants observe, both male and female.



If your master finds the hogshead to fall short of his expectation, what is plainer than that the vessel leaked; that the wine-cooper had not filled it in proper time; that the merchant cheated him with a hogshead below the common measure?

When you are to get water on for tea after dinner, (which in many families is part of your office,) to save firing, and to make more haste, pour it into the tea-kettle from the pot where cabbage or fish have been boiling, which will make it much wholesomer, by curing the acid and corroding quality of the tea.

Be saving of your candles, and let those in the sconces of the hall, the stairs, and in the lantern, burn down into the sockets, until they go out of themselves; for which your master and lady will commend your thriftiness, as soon as they shall smell the snuff.

If a gentleman leaves a snuff-box or pick-tooth-case on the table after dinner, and goeth away, look upon it as part of your vails; for so it is allowed by all servants, and you do no wrong to your master or lady.

If you serve a country squire, when gentlemen and ladies come to dine at your house, never fail to make their servants drunk, and especially the coachman, for the honour of your master; to which, in all your actions, you must have a special regard, as being the best judge: for the honour of every family is deposited in the hands of the cook, the butler, and the groom, as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

Snuff the candles at supper as they stand on the table, which is much the securest way; because, if the burning snuff happens to get out of the snuffers, you have a chance that it may fall into a dish of soup, sack-posset, rice-milk, or the like, where it will be immediately extinguished with very little stink.

When you have snuffed the candle, always leave the snuffers open, for the snuff will of itself burn away to ashes, and cannot fall out and dirty the table when you snuff the candles again.

That the salt may lie smooth in the salt-cellar, press it down with your moist palm.

When a gentleman is going away after dining with your master, be sure to stand full in view, and follow him to the

door, and, as you have opportunity, look full in his face; perhaps it may bring you a shilling; but if the gentleman hath lain there a night, get the cook, the house-maid, the stable-men, the scullion, and the gardener, to accompany you, and to stand in his way to the hall in a line on each side him: If the gentleman performs handsomely, it will do him honour and cost your master nothing.

You need not wipe your knife to cut bread for the table, because in cutting a slice or two it will wipe itself.

Put your finger into every bottle to feel whether it be full, which is the surest way, for feeling hath no fellow.

When you go down to the cellar to draw ale or small-beer, take care to observe directly the following method: Hold the vessel between the finger and thumb of your right hand, with the palm upwards; then hold the candle between your fingers, but a little leaning towards the mouth of the vessel; then take out the spigot with your left hand, and clap the point of it in your mouth, and keep your left hand to watch accidents; when the vessel is full, withdraw the spigot from your mouth, well wetted with spittle, which, being of a slimy consistence, will make it stick faster in the faucet: If any tallow drops into the vessel, you may easily (if you think of it) remove it with a spoon, or rather with your finger.

Always lock up a cat in the closet where you keep your china plates, for fear the mice may steal in and break them.

A good butler always breaks off the point of his bottle-screw in two days, by trying which is hardest, the point of the screw, or the neck of the bottle: In this case, to supply the want of a screw, after the stump hath torn the cork in pieces, make use of a silver fork, and when the scraps of the cork are almost drawn out, flirt the mouth of the bottle into the cistern until you quite clear it.

If a gentleman dines often with your master, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may use several methods to show him some marks of your displeasure, and quicken his memory: If he calls for bread or drink, you may pretend not to hear, or send it to another who called after him; if he asks for wine, let him stay awhile, and then send him small-beer; give him always foul glasses; send him a

spoon when he wants a knife; wink at the footman to leave him without a plate: By these and the like expedients, you may probably be a better man by half-a-crown before he leaves the house, provided you watch an opportunity of standing by when he is going.

If your lady loves play, your fortune is fixed for ever; moderate gaming will be a perquisite of ten shillings a week; and in such a family I would rather choose to be butler than chaplain, or even rather than be steward. It is all ready money, and got without labour, unless your lady happens to be one of those who either obligeth you to find wax candles, or forceth you to divide it with some favourite servants; but, at worst, the old cards are your own; and if the gamesters play deep or grow peevish, they will change the cards so often, that the old ones will be a considerable advantage by selling to coffee-houses, or families who love play, but cannot afford better than cards at second-hand. When you attend at this service, be sure to leave new packs within the reach of the gamesters, which those who have ill-luck will readily take to change their fortune; and now and then an old pack mingled with the rest will easily pass. Be sure to be very officious on play nights, and ready with your candles to light out your company, and have salvers of wine at hand to give them when they call; but manage so with the cook that there be no supper, because it will be so much saved in your master's family, and because a supper will considerably lessen your gains.

Next to cards there is nothing so profitable to you as bottles; in which perquisite you have no competitors except the footmen, who are apt to steal and vend them for pots of beer; but you are bound to prevent any such abuses in your master's family: The footmen are not to answer for what are broken at a general bottling; and those may be as many as your discretion will make them.

The profit of glasses is so very inconsiderable that it is hardly worth mentioning: it consists only in a small present made by the glass-man, and about four shillings in the pound added to the prices, for your trouble and skill in choosing them. If your master hath a large stock of glasses, and you or your fellow-servants happen to break any of them without your master's knowledge, keep it a secret till there are not

enough left to serve the table, then tell your master that the glasses are gone; this will be but one vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a week; and it is the office of a good servant to discompose his master and his lady as seldom as he can; and here the cat and the dog will be of great use to take the blame from you.

*Note.*—That bottles missing are supposed to be half stolen by stragglers and other servants, and the other half broken by accident and at a general washing.

Whet the backs of your knives until they are as sharp as the edge, which will have this advantage, that when gentlemen find them blunt on one side they may try the other; and to show you spare no pains in sharpening the knives, whet them so long, till you wear out a good part of the iron, and even the bottom of the silver handle. This doth credit to your master, for it shows good house-keeping, and the goldsmith may one day make you a present.

Your lady, when she finds the small-beer or ale dead, will blame you for not remembering to put the peg into the vent-hole. This is a great mistake, nothing being plainer than that the peg keeps the air in the vessel, which spoils the drink, and therefore ought to be let out; but if she insists upon it, to prevent the trouble of pulling out the vent, and putting it in a dozen times a day, which is not to be borne by a good servant, leave the spigot half out at night, and you will find, with only the loss of two or three quarts of liquor, the vessel will run freely.

When you prepare your candles, wrap them up in a piece of brown paper, and so stick them into the socket; let the paper come half way up the candle, which looks handsome if any body should come in.

Do all in the dark to save your master's candles.

## CHAPTER II.

### DIRECTIONS TO THE COOK.

ALTHOUGH I am not ignorant that it hath been a long time since the custom began among people of quality to keep men cooks, and generally of the French nation; yet because

my treatise is chiefly calculated for the general run of knights, squires, and gentlemen, both in town and country, I shall therefore apply myself to you, Mrs. Cook, as a woman: However, a great part of what I intend may serve for either sex; and your part naturally follows the former, because the butler and you are joined in interest; your vails are generally equal, and paid when others are disappointed; you can junket together at nights upon your own prog, when the rest of the house are abed; and have it in your power to make every fellow-servant your friend; you can give a good bit or a good sup to the little masters and misses, and gain their affections; a quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal case, perhaps, it will not be so easy in some time to cotton with another. And now, Mrs. Cook, I proceed to give you my instructions, which I desire you will get some fellow-servant in the family to read to you constantly one night in every week when you are going to bed, whether you serve in town or country; for my lessons shall be fitted for both.

If your lady forgets at supper that there is any cold meat in the house, do not you be so officious as to put her in mind of it; it is plain she did not want it; and if she recollects it the next day, say she gave you no orders, and it is spent; therefore, for fear of telling a lie, dispose of it with the butler, or any other crony, before you go to bed.

Never send up a leg of a fowl at supper, while there is a cat or a dog in the house that can be accused of running away with it; but if there happen to be neither, you must lay it upon the rats, or a strange greyhound.

It is ill housewifery to foul your kitchen rubbers with wiping the bottoms of the dishes you send up, since the table-cloth will do as well, and is changed every meal.

Never clean your spits after they have been used; for the grease left upon them by meat is the best thing to preserve them from rust; and when you make use of them again, the same grease will keep the inside of the meat moist.

If you live in a rich family, roasting and boiling are below the dignity of your office, and which it becomes you to be ignorant of; therefore leave that work wholly to the kitchen-wench, for fear of disgracing the family you live in.

If you are employed in marketing, buy your meat as cheap as you can; but when you bring in your accounts, be tender of your master's honour, and set down the highest rate; which, besides, is but justice; for no body can afford to sell at the same rate that he buys, and I am confident that you may charge safely. Swear that you gave no more than what the butcher and poulterer asked.

If your lady orders you to set up a piece of meat for supper, you are not to understand that you must set it up all, therefore you may give half to yourself and the butler.

Good cooks cannot abide what they justly call fiddling work, where abundance of time is spent and little done: Such, for instance, is the dressing small birds, requiring a world of cookery and clutter, and a second or third spit, which, by the way, is absolutely needless; for it will be a very ridiculous thing, indeed, if a spit, which is strong enough to turn a sirloin of beef, should not be able to turn a lark. However, if your lady be nice, and is afraid that a large spit will tear them, place them handsomely in the dripping-pan, where the fat of roasted mutton or beef falling on the birds will serve to baste them, and so save both time and butter: For what cook of any spirit would lose her time in picking larks, wheatears, and other small birds? Therefore, if you cannot get the maids or the young misses to assist you, e'en make short work, and either singe or flay them; there is no great loss in the skins, and the flesh is just the same.

If you are employed in marketing, do not accept a treat of a beef-steak and a pot of ale from the butcher, which I think in conscience is no better than wronging your master; but do you always take that perquisite in money, if you do not go in trust; or in poundage, when you pay the bills.

The kitchen bellows being usually out of order with stirring the fire with the muzzle, to save the tongs and poker, borrow the bellows out of your lady's bed-chamber, which, being least used, are commonly the best in the house: And if you happen to damage or grease them, you have a chance to have them left entirely for your own use.

Let a blackguard boy be always about the house to send on your errands, and go to market for you in rainy days,



which will save your clothes, and make you appear more creditable to your mistress.

If your mistress allows you the kitchen-stuff, in return of her generosity take care to boil and roast your meat sufficient. If she keeps it for her own profit, do her justice; and rather than let a good fire be wanting, enliven it now and then with the dripping and the butter that happens to turn to oil.

Send up your meat well stuck with skewers, to make it look round and plump; and an iron skewer rightly employed now and then will make it look handsomer.

When you roast a long joint of meat, be careful only about the middle, and leave the two extreme parts raw, which may serve another time, and will also save firing.

When you scour your plates and dishes, bend the brim inward, so as to make them hold the more.

Always keep a large fire in the kitchen when there is a small dinner, or the family dines abroad, that the neighbours, seeing the smoke, may commend your master's housekeeping: But when much company is invited, then be as sparing as possible of your coals, because a great deal of the meat being half raw will be saved, and serve next day.

Boil your meat constantly in pump water, because you must sometimes want river or pipe water; and then your mistress, observing your meat of a different colour, will chide you when you are not in fault.

When you have plenty of fowl in the larder, leave the door open, in pity to the poor cat, if she be a good mouser.

If you find it necessary to market in a wet day, take out your mistress's riding-hood and cloak, to save your clothes.

Get three or four charwomen to attend you constantly in the kitchen, whom you pay at small charges, only with the broken meat, a few coals, and all the cinders.

To keep troublesome servants out of the kitchen, always leave the winder sticking on the jack, to fall on their heads.

If a lump of soot falls into the soup, and you cannot conveniently get it out, stir it well, and it will give the soup a high French taste.

If you melt your butter to oil, be under no concern, but send it up; for oil is a genteeler sauce than butter.

Scrape the bottoms of your pots and kettles with a silver spoon, for fear of giving them a taste of copper.

When you send up butter for sauce, be so thrifty as to let it be half water; which is also much wholesomer.

If your butter, when it is melted, tastes of brass, it is your master's fault, who will not allow you a silver saucepan; besides, the less of it will go further, and new tinning is very chargeable: if you have a silver saucepan, and the butter smells of smoke, lay the fault upon the coals.

Never make use of a spoon in any thing that you can do with your hands, for fear of wearing out your master's plate.

When you find that you cannot get dinner ready at the time appointed, put the clock back, and then it may be ready to a minute.

Let a red-hot coal now and then fall into the dripping-pan, that the smoke of the dripping may ascend, and give the roast meat a high taste.

You are to look upon your kitchen as your dressing-room; but you are not to wash your hands till you have gone to the necessary-house, and spitted your meat, trussed your fowl, picked your salad, nor indeed till after you have sent up your second course; for your hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced to handle; but when your work is over, one washing will serve for all.

There is but one part of your dressing that I would admit while the victuals are boiling, roasting, or stewing; I mean the combing your head, which loseth no time, because you can stand over your cookery, and watch it with one hand, while you are using your comb in the other.

If any of the combings happen to be sent up with the victuals, you may safely lay the fault upon any of the footmen that hath vexed you; as those gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuse them a sop in the pan, or a slice from the spit, much more when you discharge a ladleful of hot porridge on their legs, or send them up to their masters with a dish-clout pinned at their tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the kitchen-maid to bring none but the large coals, and save the small ones for the fires



above stairs; the first are properest for dressing meat, and when they are out, if you happen to miscarry in any dish, you may lay the fault upon want of coals: besides, the cinder-pickers will be sure to speak ill of your master's housekeeping, where they do not find plenty of large cinders mixed with fresh large coals: thus you may dress your meat with credit, do an act of charity, raise the honour of your master, and sometimes get a share of a pot of ale for your bounty to the cinder-woman.

As soon as you have sent up the second course, you have nothing to do in a great family until supper: therefore scour your hands and face, put on your hood and scarf, and take your pleasure among your cronies till nine or ten at night.—But dine first.

Let there be always a strict friendship between you and the butler, for it is both your interests to be united: the butler often wants a comfortable tit-bit, and you much oftener a cool cup of good liquor. However, be cautious of him, for he is sometimes an inconstant lover, because he hath great advantage to allure the maids with a glass of sack, or white wine and sugar.

When you roast a breast of veal, remember your sweetheart the butler loves a sweet-bread; therefore set it aside till evening: you can say, the cat or the dog has run away with it, or you found it tainted, or fly-blown; and besides, it looks as well at the table without it as with it.

When you make the company wait long for dinner, and the meat be overdone, which is generally the case, you may lawfully lay the fault upon your lady, who hurried you so to send up dinner, that you was forced to send it up too much boiled and roasted.

If your dinner miscarries in almost every dish, how could you help it? You were teased by the footmen coming into the kitchen; and, to prove it true, take occasion to be angry, and throw a ladleful of broth on one or two of their liveries; besides, Friday and Childermas-day are two cross days in the week, and it is impossible to have good luck on either of them; therefore on those two days you have a lawful excuse.

When you are in haste to take down your dishes, tip them in such a manner that a dozen will fall together upon the dresser, just ready for your hand.

To save time and trouble, cut your apples and onions with the same knife; and well-bred gentry love the taste of an onion in every thing they eat.

Lump three or four pounds of butter together with your hand, then dash it against the wall just over the dresser, so as to have it ready to pull by pieces as you have occasion for it.

If you have a silver saucepan for the kitchen use, let me advise you to batter it well, and keep it always black; this will be for your master's honour, for it shows there has been constant good housekeeping: and make room for the saucepan by wriggling it on the coals, &c.

In the same manner, if you are allowed a large silver spoon for the kitchen, let half the bowl of it be worn out with continual scraping and stirring, and often say merrily: This spoon owes my master no service.

When you send up a mess of broth, water-gruel, or the like, to your master in a morning, do not forget with your thumb and two fingers to put salt on the side of the plate; for if you make use of a spoon or the end of a knife, there may be danger that the salt would fall, and that would be a sign of ill luck: Only remember to lick your thumb and fingers clean before you offer to touch the salt.

### CHAPTER III.

#### DIRECTIONS TO THE FOOTMAN.

YOUR employment being of a mixed nature, extends to a great variety of business, and you stand in a fair way of being the favourite of your master or mistress, or of the young masters and misses: You are the fine gentleman of the family, with whom all the maids are in love. You are sometimes a pattern of dress to your master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at table in all companies, and consequently have the opportunity to see and know the world, and to understand men and manners. I confess your vails are but few, unless you are sent with a present, or

attend the tea in the country; but you are called Mr. in the neighbourhood, and sometimes pick up a fortune, perhaps your master's daughter; and I have known many of your tribe to have good commands in the army. In Town you have a seat reserved for you in the playhouse, where you have an opportunity of becoming wits and critics: You have no professed enemy except the rabble, and my lady's waiting-woman, who are sometimes apt to call you skip-kennel. I have a true veneration for your office, because I had once the honour to be one of your order, which I foolishly left by demeaning myself with accepting an employment in the custom-house. But that you, my brethren, may come to better fortunes, I shall here deliver my instructions, which have been the fruits of much thought and observation, as well as of seven years' experience.

In order to learn the secrets of other families, tell them those of your master's; thus you will grow a favourite both at home and abroad, and regarded as a person of importance.

Never be seen in the streets with a basket or bundle in your hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your calling: to prevent which, always retain a blackguard boy to carry your loads; and if you want farthings, pay him with a good slice of bread, or scrap of meat.

Let your shoe-boy clean your own shoes first, for fear of fouling the chamber, then let him clean your master's; keep him on purpose for that use, and to run of errands, and pay him with scraps.

When you are sent on an errand, be sure to hedge in some business of your own, either to see your sweetheart, or drink a pot of ale with some brother-servants, which is so much time clear gained.

There is a great controversy about the most convenient and genteel way of holding your plate at meals; some stick it between the frame and the back of the chair, which is an excellent expedient, where the make of the chair will allow it: others, for fear the plate should fall, grasp it so firmly that their thumb reacheth to the middle of the hollow; which, however, if your thumb be dry, is no secure method; and therefore, in that case, I advise your wetting the ball of it with your tongue: As to that absurd practice of letting

the back of the plate lie leaning on the hollow of your hand, which some ladies recommend, it is universally exploded, being liable to so many accidents. Others again are so refined that they hold their plate directly under the left armpit, which is the best situation for keeping it warm; but this may be dangerous in the article of taking away a dish, where your plate may happen to fall upon some of the company's heads. I confess myself to have objected against all these ways, which I have frequently tried; and therefore, I recommend a fourth, which is to stick your plate up to the rim inclusive, in the left side, between your waistcoat and your shirt; this will keep it at least as warm as under your armpit or oter, as the Scots call it; this will hide it so as strangers may take you for a better servant, too good to hold a plate; this will secure it from falling, and thus disposed, it lies ready for you to whip it out in a moment, ready warmed, to any guest within your reach who may want it. And lastly, there is another convenience in this method, that if, any time during your waiting, you find yourselves going to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out your plate, and hold the hollow part close to your nose or mouth, and thus prevent spirting any moisture from either, upon the dishes or the ladies' head-dress: you see gentlemen and ladies observe a like practice on such an occasion, with a hat or a handkerchief; yet a plate is less fouled, and sooner cleaned, than either of these; for, when your cough or sneeze is over, it is but returning your plate to the same position, and your shirt will clean it in the passage.

Take off the largest dishes, and set them on with one hand, to show the ladies your vigour and strength of back; but always do it between two ladies, that if the dish happens to slip, the soup or sauce may fall on their clothes, and not daub the floor: by this practice, two of our brethren, my worthy friends, got considerable fortunes.

Learn all the new-fashion words, and oaths, and songs, and scraps of plays, that your memory can hold. Thus you will become the delight of nine ladies in ten, and the envy of ninety-nine beaux in a hundred.

Take care that, at certain periods, during dinner especially, when persons of quality are there, you and your brethren be all out of the room together; by which you will give your-

selves some ease from the fatigue of waiting, and at the same time leave the company to converse more freely, without being constrained by your presence.

When you are sent on a message, deliver it in your own words, although it be to a duke or a duchess, and not in the words of your master or lady; for how can they understand what belongs to a message as well as you, who have been bred to the employment? But never deliver the answer till it is called for, and then adorn it with your own style.

When dinner is done, carry down a great heap of plates to the kitchen, and when you come to the head of the stairs, trundle them all before you: There is not a more agreeable sight or sound, especially if they be silver, besides the trouble they save you, and there they will lie ready near the kitchen-door for the scullion to wash them.

If you are bringing up a joint of meat in a dish, and it falls out of your hand before you get into the dining-room, with the meat on the ground, and the sauce spilled, take up the meat gently, wipe it with the lap of your coat, then put it again into the dish, and serve it up; and when your lady misses the sauce, tell her it is to be sent up in a plate by itself.

When you carry up a dish of meat, dip your fingers in the sauce, or lick it with your tongue, to try whether it be good and fit for your master's table.

You are the best judge of what acquaintance your lady ought to have, and therefore if she sends you on a message of compliment or business to a family you do not like, deliver the answer in such a manner as may breed a quarrel between them not to be reconciled; or if a footman comes from the same family on the like errand, turn the answer she orders you to deliver, in such a manner, as the other family may take it for an affront.

When you are in lodgings, and no shoe-boy to be got, clean your master's shoes with the bottom of the curtains, a clean napkin, or your landlady's apron.

Ever wear your hat in the house, but when your master calls; and as soon as you come into his presence, pull it off to show your manners.

Never clean your shoes on the scraper, but in the entry, or at the foot of the stairs, by which you will have the credit

of being at home almost a minute sooner, and the scraper will last the longer.

Never ask leave to go abroad, for then it will be always known that you are absent, and you will be thought an idle, rambling fellow; whereas if you go out and nobody observes, you have a chance of coming home without being missed; and you need not tell your fellow-servants where you are gone, for they will be sure to say you were in the house but two minutes ago, which is the duty of all servants.

Snuff the candles with your fingers, and throw the snuff on the floor, then tread it out to prevent stinking; this method will very much save the snuffers from wearing out. You ought also to snuff them close to the tallow, which will make them run, and so increase the perquisite of the cook's kitchen-stuff; for she is the person you ought in prudence to be well with.

While grace is saying after meat, do you and your brethren take the chairs from behind the company, so that when they go to sit again, they may fall backwards, which will make them all merry; but be you so discreet as to hold your laughter till you get to the kitchen, and then divert your fellow-servants.

When you know your master is most busy in company, come in and pretend to settle about the room, and if he chides, say, you thought he rung the bell. This will divert him from plodding on business too much, or spending himself in talk, or racking his thoughts, all which are hurtful to his constitution.

If you are ordered to break the claw of a crab or a lobster, clap it between the sides of the dining-room door between the hinges; thus you can do it gradually, without mashing the meat, which is often the fate of the street-door key, or the pestle.

When you take a foul plate from any of the guests, and observe the foul knife and fork lying on the plate, show your dexterity; take up the plate, and throw off the knife and fork on the table, without shaking off the bones or broken meat that are left: then the guest, who hath more time than you, will wipe the fork and knife already used.

When you carry a glass of liquor to any person who hath



called for it, do not bob him on the shoulder, or cry, Sir, or Madam, here's the glass; that would be unmannerly, as if you had a mind to force it down one's throat, but stand at the person's right shoulder, and wait his time; and if he strikes it down with his elbow by forgetfulness, that was his fault, and not yours.

When your mistress sends you for a hackney-coach in a wet day, come back in the coach, to save your clothes and the trouble of walking; it is better the bottom of her petticoats should be draggled with your dirty shoes, than your livery be spoiled, and yourself get a cold.

There is no indignity so great to one of your station, as that of lighting your master in the streets with a lantern; and therefore it is very honest policy to try all arts how to evade it; besides, it shows your master to be either poor or covetous, which are the two worst qualities you can meet with in any service. When I was under these circumstances, I made use of several wise expedients, which I here recommend to you: Sometimes I took a candle so long, that it reached to the very top of the lantern, and burnt it; but my master, after a good beating, ordered me to paste the top with paper. I then used a middling candle, but stuck it so loose in the socket, that it leaned towards one side, and burned a whole quarter of the horn. Then I used a bit of candle of half an inch, which sunk in the socket, and melted the solder, and forced my master to walk half the way in the dark. Then he made me stick two inches of candle in the place where the socket was, after which I pretended to stumble, put out the candle, and broke all the tin part to pieces; at last, he was forced to make use of a lantern-boy, out of perfect good husbandry.

It is much to be lamented that gentlemen of our employment have but two hands to carry plates, dishes, bottles, and the like, out of the room at meals; and the misfortune is still the greater, because one of those hands is required to open the door, while you are encumbered with your load: therefore I advise, that the door may be always left at jar, so as to open it with your foot, and then you may carry out plates and dishes from your belly up to your chin, besides a good quantity of things under your arms, which will save you many a weary step; but take care that none of the

burthen falls till you are out of the room, and, if possible, out of hearing.

If you are sent to the post-office with a letter in a cold rainy night, step to the ale-house and take a pot, until it is supposed you have done your errand; but take the next fair opportunity to put the letter in carefully, as becomes an honest servant.

If you are ordered to make coffee for the ladies after dinner, and the pot happens to boil over while you are running up for a spoon to stir it, or are thinking of something else, or struggling with the chamber-maid for a kiss, wipe the sides of the pot clean with a dish-clout, carry up your coffee boldly, and when your lady finds it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over, deny the fact absolutely; swear you put in more coffee than ordinary, that you never stirred an inch from it, that you strove to make it better than usual, because your mistress had ladies with her, that the servants in the kitchen will justify what you say. Upon this, you will find that the other ladies will pronounce your coffee to be very good, and your mistress will confess that her mouth is out of taste, and she will for the future suspect herself, and be more cautious in finding fault. This I would have you do from a principle of conscience, for coffee is very unwholesome; and, out of affection to your lady, you ought to give it her as weak as possible; and upon this argument, when you have a mind to treat any of the maids with a dish of fresh coffee, you may and ought to subtract a third part of the powder, on account of your lady's health, and getting her maid's good will.

If your master sends you with a small, trifling present to one of his friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a diamond-ring; therefore, if the present be only half-a-dozen pippins, send up the servant who received the message, to say that you were ordered to deliver them with your own hands. This will show your exactness and care to prevent accidents or mistakes; and the gentleman or lady cannot do less than give you a shilling: So when your master receives the like present, teach the messenger that brings it to do the same, and give your master hints that may stir up his generosity; for brother-servants should assist one another, since it is all for your master's honour, which is the chief



point to be consulted by every good servant, and of which he is the best judge.

When you step but a few doors off to tattle with a wench, or take a running pot of ale, or to see a brother footman going to be hanged, leave the street door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your master discover you are gone out; for a quarter of an hour's time can do his service no injury.

When you take away the remaining pieces of bread after dinner, put them on foul plates, and press them down with other plates over them, so as no body can touch them; and so they will be a good perquisite to the blackguard boy in ordinary.

When you are forced to clean your master's shoes with your own hand, use the edge of the sharpest case-knife, and dry them with the toes an inch from the fire, because wet shoes are dangerous, and besides by these arts you will get them the sooner for yourself.

In some families the master often sends to the tavern for a bottle of wine, and you are the messenger: I advise you therefore to take the smallest bottle you can find; but, however, make the drawer give you a full quart, then you will get a good sup for yourself, and your bottle will be filled. As for a cork to stop it, you need be at no trouble, for the thumb will do as well, or a bit of dirty chewed paper.

In all disputes with chairmen and coachmen, for demanding too much, when your master sends you down to chaffer with them, take pity of the poor fellows, and tell your master that they will not take a farthing less: It is more for your interest to get a share of a pot of ale, than to save a shilling for your master, to whom it is a trifle.

When you attend your lady in a dark night, if she useth her coach, do not walk by the coach-side, so as to tire and dirt yourself, but get up into your proper place behind it, and so hold the flambeau sloping forward over the coach roof; and when it wants snuffing, dash it against the corners.

When you leave your lady at church on Sundays, you have two hours safe to spend with your companions at the ale-house, or over a beef-steak and a pot of beer at home with the cook and the maids; and, indeed, poor servants

have so few opportunities to be happy that they ought not to lose any.

Never wear socks when you wait at meals, on the account of your own health, as well as of them who sit at table; because as most ladies like the smell of young men's toes, so it is a sovereign remedy against the vapours.

Choose a service, if you can, where your livery colours are least tawdry and distinguishing; green and yellow immediately betray your office, and so do all kinds of lace, except silver, which will hardly fall to your share, unless with a duke, or some prodigal just come to his estate. The colours you ought to wish for are blue, or filemot turned up with red; which, with a borrowed sword, a borrowed air, your master's linen, and an improved confidence added to a natural, will give you what title you please, where you are not known.

When you carry dishes or other things out of the room at meals, fill both your hands as full as possible; for although you may sometimes spill, and sometimes let fall, yet you will find at the year's end you have made great dispatch and saved abundance of time.

If your master or mistress happens to walk the streets, keep on one side and as much on the level with them as you can, which people observing, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their companions; but if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the necessity to take off your hat, use but your thumb and one finger, and scratch your head with the rest.

In winter time light the dining-room fire but two minutes before dinner is served up, that your master may see how saving you are of his coals.

When you are ordered to stir up the fire, clean away the ashes from between the bars with the fire-brush.

When you are ordered to call a coach, although it be midnight, go no further than the door, for fear of being out of the way when you are wanted; and there stand bawling, "Coach, coach," for half an hour.

Although you gentlemen in livery have the misfortune to be treated scurvily by all mankind, yet you make a shift to keep up your spirits, and sometimes arrive at considerable

fortunes. I was an intimate friend to one of our brethren who was footman to a court lady; she had an honourable employment, was sister to an earl, and the widow of a man of quality. She observed something so polite in my friend, the gracefulness with which he tripped before her chair, and put his hair under his hat, that she made him many advances; and one day taking the air in her coach, with her footman Tom behind it, the coachman purposely mistook the way, and stopped at a privileged chapel, where the couple were married, and Tom came home in the chariot by his lady's side: But he unfortunately taught her to drink brandy, of which she died, after having pawned all her plate to purchase it, and Tom is now a journeyman maltster.

Boucher, the famous gamester, was another of our fraternity, and when he was worth 50,000*l.* he dunned the duke of B[uckingha]m for an arrear of wages in his service: And I could instance many more, particularly another, whose son had one of the chief employments at court; and it is sufficient to give you the following advice, which is, to be pert and saucy to all mankind, especially to the chaplain, the waiting-woman, and the better sort of servants in a person of quality's family; and value not now and then a kicking, or a caning, for your insolence will at last turn to good account; and from wearing a livery, you may probably soon carry a pair of colours.

When you wait behind a chair at meals, keep constantly wriggling the back of the chair that the person behind whom you stand may know you are ready to attend him.

When you carry a parcel of china plates, if they chance to fall, as it is a frequent misfortune, your excuse must be, that a dog ran across you in the hall; that the chamber-maid accidentally pushed the door against you; that a mop stood across the entry, and tripped you up; that your sleeve stuck against the key, or button of the lock.

When your master and lady are talking together in their bed-chamber, and you have some suspicion that you or your fellow-servants are concerned in what they say, listen at the door, for the public good of all the servants, and join all to take proper measures for preventing any innovations that may hurt the community.

Be not proud in prosperity: You have heard that fortune

turns on a wheel; if you have a good place, you are at the top of the wheel. Remember how often you have been stripped, and kicked out of doors, your wages all taken up before-hand, and spent in translated red-heeled shoes, second-hand toupees, and repaired lace ruffles, besides a swinging debt to the ale-wife and the brandy-shop. The neighbouring tapster, who before would beckon you over to a savoury bit of ox-cheek in the morning, give it you gratis, and only score you up for the liquor, immediately after you were packed off in disgrace, carried a petition to your master, to be paid out of your wages, whereof not a farthing was due, and then pursued you with bailiffs into every blind cellar. Remember how soon you grew shabby, threadbare, and out at heels; was forced to borrow an old livery coat, to make your appearance while you were looking for a place; and sneak to every house where you have an old acquaintance, to steal you a scrap to keep life and soul together; and, upon the whole, were in the lowest station of human life, which, as the old ballad says, is that of a skip-kennel turned out of place: I say, remember all this now in your flourishing condition. Pay your contributions duly to your late brothers the cadets, who are left to the wide world; take one of them as your dependant, to send on your lady's messages, when you have a mind to go to the ale-house; slip him out privately, now and then, a slice of bread, and a bit of cold meat; your master can afford it; and if he be not yet put upon the establishment for a lodging, let him lie in the stable or the coach-house, or under the back-stairs, and recommend him to all the gentlemen who frequent your house as an excellent servant.

To grow old in the office of a footman is the highest of all indignities; therefore, when you find years coming on, without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue, (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing,) or running away with your master's niece or daughter, I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honour left you; there you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit, wherein I will give you some instructions.

The last advice I give you relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which, either for robbing your master, for house-breaking, or going upon the highway, or, in a drunken quarrel, by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot, and is owing to one of these three qualities; either a love of good fellowship, a generosity of mind, or too much vivacity of spirits. Your good behaviour on this article will concern your whole community. At your trial deny the fact with all solemnity of imprecations: A hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready, upon demand, to give you a good character before the court. Let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the promise of a pardon for discovering your comrades: But I suppose all this to be in vain; for if you escape now, your fate will be the same another day. Get a speech to be written by the best author of Newgate; some of your kind wenches will provide you with a Holland shirt and a white cap, crowned with a crimson or black ribbon: Take leave cheerfully of all your friends in Newgate; mount the cart with courage; fall on your knees; lift up your eyes; hold a book in your hands, although you cannot read a word; deny the fact at the gallows; kiss and forgive the hangman, and so farewell: You shall be buried in pomp, at the charge of the fraternity; the surgeon shall not touch a limb of you; and your fame shall continue until a successor of equal renown succeeds in your place.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### DIRECTIONS TO THE COACHMAN.

You are strictly bound to nothing but to step into the box, and carry your master or lady.

Let your horses be so well trained that when you attend your lady at a visit, they will wait until you slip into a neighbouring ale-house to take a pot with a friend.

When you are in no humour to drive, tell your master that the horses have got a cold, that they want shoeing, that

rain does them hurt, and roughens their coat, and rots the harness. This may likewise be applied to the groom.

If your master dines with a country friend, drink as much as you can get; because it is allowed that a good coachman never drives so well as when he is drunk; and then show your skill by driving to an inch by a precipice, and say you never drive so well as when drunk.

If you find any gentleman fond of one of your horses, and willing to give you a consideration beside the price, persuade your master to sell him, because he is so vicious that you cannot undertake to drive with him, and is foundered into the bargain.

Get a blackguard boy to watch your coach at the church-door on Sundays, that you and your brother-coachmen may be merry together at the ale-house, while your master and lady are at church.

Take care that your wheels be good, and get a new set bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old ones as your perquisite or not: In one case it will turn to your honest profit, and in the other it will be a just punishment on your master's covetousness; and probably the coach-maker will consider you too.

## CHAPTER V.

### DIRECTIONS TO THE GROOM.

YOU are the servant upon whom the care of your master's honour in all journeys entirely depends; your breast is the sole repository of it. If he travels the country, and lodgeth at inns, every dram of brandy, every pot of ale extraordinary that you drink raiseth his character; and therefore his reputation ought to be dear to you; and I hope you will not stint yourself in either. The smith, the saddler's journeyman, the cook at the inn, the ostler, and the boot-catcher, ought all, by your means, to partake of your master's generosity: Thus his fame will reach from one county to another; and what is a gallon of ale, or a pint of brandy in his worship's pocket? And although he should be in the number of those who



value their credit less than their purse, yet your care of the former ought to be so much the greater. His horse wanted two removes; your horse wanted nails; his allowance of oats and beans was greater than the journey required; a third part may be retrenched, and turned into ale or brandy; and thus his honour may be preserved by your discretion, and less expense to him; or, if he travels with no other servant, the matter is easily made up in the bill, between you and the tapster.

Therefore, as soon as you alight at the inn, deliver your horses to the stable-boy, and let him gallop them to the next pond; then call for a pot of ale, for it is very fit that a Christian should drink before a beast. Leave your master to the care of the servants in the inn, and your horses to those in the stable; thus both he and they are left in the properest hands; but you are to provide for yourself; therefore get your supper, drink freely, and go to bed without troubling your master, who is in better hands than yours. The ostler is an honest fellow, and loves horses in his heart, and would not wrong the dumb creatures for the world. Be tender of your master, and order the servants not to wake him too early. Get your breakfast before he is up, that he may not wait for you; make the ostler tell him the roads are very good, and the miles short; but advise him to stay a little longer, till the weather clears up, for he is afraid there will be rain, and he will be time enough after dinner.

Let your master mount before you, out of good manners. As he is leaving the inn, drop a good word in favour of the ostler, what care he took of the cattle; and add that you never saw civiller servants. Let your master ride on before, and do you stay until your landlord has given you a dram; then gallop after him through the town or village with full speed, for fear he should want you, and to show your horsemanship.

If you are a piece of a farrier, as every good groom ought to be, get sack, brandy, or strong beer, to rub your horses' heels every night, and be not sparing, for (if any be spent) what is left, you know how to dispose of it.

Consider your master's health, and rather than let him take long journeys, say the cattle are weak, and fallen in



their flesh with hard riding; tell him of a very good inn five miles nearer than he intended to go; or leave one of his horse's fore-shoes loose in the morning; or contrive that the saddle may pinch the beast in his withers; or keep him without corn all night and morning, so that he may tire on the road; or wedge a thin plate of iron between the hoof and the shoe, to make him halt; and all this in perfect tenderness to your master.

When you are going to be hired, and the gentleman asks you, whether you are apt to be drunk? own freely that you love a cup of good ale; but that it is your way, drunk or sober, never to neglect your horses.

When your master hath a mind to ride out for the air, or for pleasure, if any private business of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him, give him to understand that the horses want bleeding or purging; that his own pad hath got a surfeit; or that the saddle wants stuffing, and his bridle is gone to be mended: this you may honestly do, because it will be no injury to the horses or your master, and at the same time shows the great care you have of the poor dumb creatures.

If there be a particular inn in the town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the ostler or tapster, and the people of the house, find fault with the other inns, and recommend your master thither; it may probably be a pot and a dram or two more in your way, and to your master's honour.

If your master sends you to buy hay, deal with those who will be the most liberal to you; for service being no inheritance, you ought not to let slip any lawful and customary perquisite. If your master buys it himself, he wrongs you; and, to teach him his duty, be sure to find fault with the hay as long as it lasts; and, if the horses thrive with it, the fault is yours.

Hay and oats, in the management of a skilful groom, will make excellent ale, as well as brandy; but this I only hint.

When your master dines or lies at a gentleman's house in the country, although there be no groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the horses have been quite neglected, be sure employ some of the servants to hold the horse when

your master mounts. This I would have you do when your master only alights to call in for a few minutes; for brother-servants must always befriend one another, and that also concerns your master's honour; because he cannot do less than give a piece of money to him who holds his horse.

In long journeys, ask your master leave to give ale to the horses; carry two quartsful to the stable, pour half a pint into a bowl, and if they will not drink it, you and the ostler must do the best you can; perhaps they may be in a better humour at the next inn; for I would have you never fail to make the experiment.

When you go to air your horses in the park, or the fields, give them to a horse-boy, or one of the blackguards, who, being lighter than you, may be trusted to run races with less damage to the horses, and teach them to leap over hedges and ditches, while you are drinking a friendly pot with your brother grooms; but sometimes you and they may run races yourselves, for the honour of your horses, and of your masters.

Never stint your horses at home in hay and oats, but fill the rack to the top, and the manger to the brim, for you would take it ill to be stinted yourself; although, perhaps they may not have the stomach to eat, consider they have no tongues to ask. If the hay be thrown down, there is no loss, for it will make litter, and save straw.

When your master is leaving a gentleman's house in the country, where he hath lain a night, then consider his honour: let him know how many servants there are of both sexes, who expect vails; and give them their cue to attend in two lines, as he leaves the house; but desire him not to trust the money with the butler, for fear he should cheat the rest: this will force your master to be more generous; and then you may take occasion to tell your master, that Squire such a one, whom you lived with last, always gave so much a-piece to the common servants, and so much to the house-keeper, and the rest, naming at least double to what he intended to give; but be sure to tell the servants what a good office you did them: this will gain you love, and your master honour.

You may venture to be drunk much oftener than the coachman, whatever he pretends to allege in his own behalf, be-

cause you hazard no body's neck but your own; for the horse will probably take so much care of himself, as to come off with only a strain or a shoulder-slip.

When you carry your master's riding-coat in a journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up close with a strap, but turn your master's inside out, to preserve the outside from wet and dirt; thus, when it begins to rain, your master's coat will be first ready to be given him; and if it get more hurt than yours, he can afford it better, for your livery must always serve its year's apprenticeship.

When you come to your inn with the horses wet and dirty after hard riding, and are very hot, make the ostler immediately plunge them into water up to their bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they please; but be sure to gallop them full speed a mile at least, to dry their skins, and warm the water in their bellies. The ostler understands his business; leave all to his discretion, while you get a pot of ale and some brandy at the kitchen fire, to comfort your heart.

If your horse drop a fore-shoe, be so careful to alight and take it up: then ride with all the speed you can, (the shoe in your hand, that every traveller may observe your care,) to the next smith on the road, make him put it on immediately, that your master may not wait for you, and that the poor horse may be as short a time as possible without a shoe.

When your master lies at a gentleman's house, if you find the hay and oats are good, complain aloud of their badness; this will get you the name of a diligent servant; and be sure to cram the horses with as much oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them so much the less for some days at the inns, and turn the oats into ale. When you leave the gentleman's house, tell your master what a covetous hunk that gentleman was; that you got nothing but buttermilk or water to drink; this will make your master, out of pity, allow you a pot of ale the more at the next inn; but if you happen to get drunk in a gentleman's house, your master cannot be angry, because it cost him nothing; and so you ought to tell him as well as you can in your present condition, and let him know it is both for his and the gentleman's honour to make a friend's servant welcome.

A master ought always to love his groom, to put him into a handsome livery, and to allow him a silver-laced hat. When you are in this equipage, all the honours he receives on the road are owing to you alone: That he is not turned out of the way by every carrier, is caused by the civility he receives at second-hand from the respect paid to your livery.

You may now and then lend your master's pad to a brother-servant, or your favourite maid, for a short jaunt, or hire him for a day, because the horse is spoiled for want of exercise; and if your master happens to want his horse, or hath a mind to see the stable, curse that rogue the helper, who is gone out with the key.

When you want to spend an hour or two with your companions at the ale-house, and stand in need of a reasonable excuse for your stay, go out of the stable door, or the back way, with an old bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather in your pocket; and on your return, come home by the street door, with the same bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather dangling in your hand, as if you came from the saddler's, where you were getting the same mended: If you are not missed, all is well; but if you are met by your master, you will have the reputation of a careful servant. This I have known practised with good success.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSE STEWARD AND LAND STEWARD.

LORD PETERBOROUGH's steward that pulled down his house, sold the materials, and charged my lord with repairs.

Take money for forbearance from tenants.

Renew leases, and get by them, and sell woods.

Lend my lord his own money. (Gil Blas said much of this, to whom I refer.)

## CHAPTER VII.

## DIRECTIONS TO THE PORTER.

IF your master be a minister of state, let him be at home to none but his pimp, or chief flatterer, or one of his pensionary writers, or his hired spy and informer, or his printer in ordinary, or his city solicitor, or a land-jobber, or his inventor of new funds, or a stock-jobber.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## DIRECTIONS TO THE CHAMBERMAID.

THE nature of your employment differs according to the quality, the pride, or the wealth of the lady you serve; and this treatise is to be applied to all sorts of families; so that I find myself under great difficulty to adjust the business for which you are hired. In a family where there is a tolerable estate, you differ from the housemaid, and in that view I give my directions. Your particular province is your lady's chamber, where you make the bed, and put things in order; and if you live in the country, you take care of rooms where ladies lie who come into the house, which brings in all the vails that fall to your share. Your usual lover, as I take it, is the coachman; but, if you are under twenty, and tolerably handsome, perhaps a footman may cast his eyes on you.

Get your favourite footman to help you in making your lady's bed; and if you serve a young couple, the footman and you, as you are turning up the bed-clothes, will make the prettiest observations in the world; which, whispered about, will be very entertaining to the whole family, and get among the neighbourhood.

Do not carry down the necessary-vessels for the fellows to see, but empty them out of the window, for your lady's

credit. It is highly improper for men-servants to know that fine ladies have occasion for such utensils; and do not scour the chamber-pot, because the smell is wholesome.

If you happen to break any china with the top of the whisk, on the mantel-tree or the cabinet, gather up the fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the rest, so that when your lady comes to discover them, you may safely say they were broke long ago, before you came to the service. This will save your lady many an hour's vexation.

It sometimes happens that a looking-glass is broken by the same means; while you are looking another way as you sweep the chamber, the long end of the brush strikes against the glass, and breaks it to shivers. This is the extremest of all misfortunes, and all remedy desperate in appearance, because it is impossible to be concealed. Such a fatal accident once happened in a great family where I had the honour to be a footman; and I will relate the particulars, to show the ingenuity of the poor chambermaid on so sudden and dreadful an emergency, which perhaps may help to sharpen your invention, if your evil star should ever give you the like occasion. The poor girl had broken a large japan glass, of great value, with a stroke of her brush: She had not considered long, when, by a prodigious presence of mind, she locked the door, stole into the yard, brought a stone of three pound weight into the chamber, laid it on the hearth, just under the looking-glass, then broke a pane in the sash window that looked into the same yard, so shut the door, and went about her other affairs. Two hours after, the lady goes into the chamber, sees the glass broken, the stone lying under, and a whole pane in the window destroyed; from all which circumstances she concluded, just as the maid could have wished, that some idle straggler in the neighbourhood, or perhaps one of the out-servants, had, through malice, accident, or carelessness, flung in the stone, and done the mischief. Thus far all things went well, and the girl concluded herself out of danger; but it was her ill-fortune, that a few hours after in came the parson of the parish, and the lady (naturally) told him the accident, which you may believe had much discomposed her; but the minister, who happened to under-



stand mathematics, after examining the situation of the yard, the window, and the chimney, soon convinced the lady that the stone could never reach the looking-glass without taking three turns in its flight from the hand that threw it; and the maid, being proved to have swept the room the same morning, was strictly examined, but constantly denied that she was guilty, upon her salvation, offering to take her oath upon the Bible, before his reverence, that she was innocent as the child unborn; yet the poor wench was turned off, which I take to have been hard treatment, considering her ingenuity: However, this may be a direction to you in the like case, to contrive a story that will better hang together. For instance, you might say, that while you were at work with the mop, or brush, a flash of lightning came suddenly in at the window, which almost blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken glass on the earth; that as soon as you recovered your eyes, you saw the looking-glass all broken to pieces: Or you may allege, that, observing the glass a little covered with dust, and going very gently to wipe it, you suppose the moisture of the air had dissolved the glue or cement, which made it fall to the ground: or, as soon as the mischief is done, you may cut the cords that fastened the glass to the wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the ground; run out in a fright, tell your lady, curse the upholsterer, and declare how narrowly you escaped that it did not fall upon your head. I offer these expedients from a desire I have to defend the innocent; for innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the glass on purpose, which I would by no means excuse, except upon great provocations.

Oil the tongs, poker, and fire-shovel, up to the top, not only to keep them from rusting, but likewise to prevent meddling people from wasting your master's coals with stirring the fire.

When you are in haste, sweep the dust into a corner of the room, but leave your brush upon it, that it may not be seen, for that would disgrace you.

Never wash your hands, or put on a clean apron, till you have made your lady's bed, for fear of rumpling your apron, or fouling your hands again.

When you bar the window-shuts of your lady's bed-



chamber at nights, leave open the sashes, to let in the fresh air, and sweeten the room against morning.

In the time when you leave the windows open for air, leave books, or something else, on the window-seat, that they may get air too.

When you sweep your lady's room, never stay to pick up foul smocks, handkerchiefs, pinner, pin-cushions, teaspoons, ribbons, slippers, or whatever lies in your way; but sweep all into a corner, and then you may take them up in a lump, and save time.

Making beds in hot weather is a very laborious work, and you will be apt to sweat; therefore, when you find the drops running down from your forehead, wipe them off with a corner of the sheet, that they may not be seen on the bed.

When your lady sends you to wash a china cup, and it happen to fall, bring it up, and swear you did but just touch it with your hand, when it broke into *three halves*. And here I must inform you, as well as all your fellow-servants, that you ought never to be without an excuse; it doth no harm to your master, and it lessens your fault; as in this instance, I do not commend you for breaking the cup; it is certain you did not break it on purpose; and the thing is possible, that it might break in your hand.

You are sometimes desirous to see a funeral, a quarrel, a man going to be hanged, a wedding, a bawd carted, or the like. As they pass by in the street, you lift up the sash suddenly; there, by misfortune, it sticks: this was no fault of yours; young women are curious by nature; you have no remedy but to cut the cord, and lay the fault upon the carpenter, unless no body saw you, and then you are as innocent as any servant in the house.

Wear your lady's smock when she has thrown it off; it will do you credit, save your own linen, and be not a pin the worse.

When you put a clean pillow-case on your lady's pillow, be sure to fasten it well with three corking-pins, that it may not fall off in the night.

When you spread bread and butter for tea, be sure that all the holes in the loaf be left full of butter, to keep the bread moist against dinner; and let the mark of your thumb

be seen only upon one end of every slice, to show your cleanliness.

When you are ordered to open or lock any door, trunk, or cabinet, and miss the proper key, or cannot distinguish it in the bunch, try the first key that you can thrust in, and turn it with all your strength till you open the lock, or break the key; for your lady will reckon you a fool to come back and do nothing.

## CHAPTER IX.

### DIRECTIONS TO THE WAITING-MAID.

Two accidents have happened to lessen the comforts and profits of your employment; first, that execrable custom got among ladies of trucking their old clothes for china, or turning them to cover easy chairs, or making them into patch-work for screens, stools, cushions, and the like. The second is the invention of small chests and trunks with lock and key, wherein they keep the tea and sugar, without which it is impossible for a waiting-maid to live; for, by this means, you are forced to buy brown sugar, and pour water upon the leaves, when they have lost all their spirit and taste. I cannot contrive any perfect remedy against either of these two evils. As to the former, I think there should be a general confederacy of all the servants in every family, for the public good, to drive those china hucksters from the doors; and as to the latter, there is no other method to relieve your selves but by a false key, which is a point both difficult and dangerous to compass; but, as to the circumstance of honesty in procuring one, I am under no doubt, when your mistress gives you so just a provocation, by refusing you an ancient and legal perquisite. The mistress of the tea-shop may now and then give you half an ounce; but that will be only a drop in the bucket: Therefore I fear you must be forced, like the rest of your sisters, to run in trust, and pay for it out of your wages, as far as they will go, which you can easily make up other ways, if your lady be handsome, or her daughters have good fortunes.

If you are in a great family, and my lady's woman, my lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own lady. In this case, take care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the smallest liberty, not the squeezing of your hand, unless he puts a guinea into it; so, by degrees, make him pay accordingly for every new attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your lady, although you receive his money: Five guineas for handling your breast is a cheap pennyworth, although you seem to resist with all your might; but never allow him the last favour under a hundred guineas, or a settlement of twenty pounds a year for life.

In such a family, if you are handsome, you will have the choice of three lovers: the chaplain, the steward, and my lord's gentleman. I would first advise you to choose the steward; but if you happen to be young with child by my lord, you must take up with the chaplain. I like my lord's gentleman the least of the three; for he is usually vain and saucy from the time he throws off his livery; and if he misses a pair of colours, or a tide-waiter's place, he hath no remedy but the highway.

I must caution you particularly against my lord's eldest son. If you are dexterous enough, it is odds that you may draw him in to marry you, and make you a lady; if he be a common rake, (and he must be one or t'other,) avoid him like Satan; for he stands less in awe of a mother than my lord doth of a wife; and after ten thousand promises, you will get nothing from him but a big belly or a clap, and probably both together.

When your lady is ill, and, after a very bad night, is getting a little nap in the morning, if a footman comes with a message to inquire how she doth, do not let the compliment be lost, but shake her gently until she wakes; then deliver the message, receive her answer, and leave her to sleep.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young lady with a great fortune, you must be an ill-manager if you cannot get five or six hundred pounds for disposing of her. Put her often in mind that she is rich enough to make any man happy; that there is no real happiness but in love; that

she hath liberty to choose wherever she pleaseth, and not by the direction of parents, who never give allowances for an innocent passion; that there are a world of handsome, fine, sweet young gentlemen in Town, who would be glad to die at her feet; that the conversation of two lovers is a heaven upon earth; that love, like death, equals all conditions; that if she should cast her eyes upon a young fellow below her in birth and estate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman; that you saw yesterday on the Mall the prettiest ensign, and that if you had forty thousand pounds, it should be at his service. Take care that every body should know what lady you live with; how great a favourite you are; and that she always takes your advice. Go often to St. James's Park; the fine fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a letter into your sleeve or your bosom: Pull it out in a fury, and throw it on the ground, unless you find at least two guineas along with it; but in that case seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you. When you come home, drop the letter carelessly in your lady's chamber; she finds it, is angry; protest you knew nothing of it, only you remember that a gentleman in the Park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the letter in your sleeve or petticoat; and, indeed, he was as pretty a man as ever she saw: that she may burn the letter if she pleaseth. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before you, and read the letter when you are gone down. You must follow this practice as often as you safely can; but let him who pays you best with every letter be the handsomest man. If a footman presumes to bring a letter to the house to be delivered to you, for your lady, although it come from your best customer, throw it at his head, call him impudent rogue and villain, and shut the door in his face; run up to your lady, and, as a proof of your fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this subject, but I trust to your own discretion.

If you serve a lady who is a little disposed to gallantries, you will find it a difficult point of great prudence how to manage. Three things are necessary: First, how to please your lady; secondly, how to prevent suspicion in the husband, or among

the family; and lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own advantage. To give you full directions in this important affair would require a large volume. All assignments at home are dangerous, both to your lady and yourself; and therefore contrive, as much as possible, to have them in a third place; especially if your lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand husbands; and very unlucky rencounters may often happen under the best management. I need not warn you to employ your good offices chiefly in favour of those whom you find most liberal: Yet, if your lady should happen to cast an eye upon a handsome footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her humour, which is no singularity, but a very natural appetite; it is still the safest of all home intrigues, and was formerly the least suspected, until of late years it hath grown more common. The great danger is, lest this kind of gentry, dealing too often in bad ware, may happen not to be sound; and then your lady and you are in a very bad way, although not altogether desperate.

But, to say the truth, I confess it is a great presumption in me to offer you any instructions in the conduct of your lady's amours, wherein your whole sisterhood is already so expert and deeply learned; although it be much more difficult to compass than that assistance which my brother footmen give their masters on the like occasion; and therefore I leave this affair to be treated by some abler pen.

When you lock up a silk mantua, or laced head, in a trunk or chest, leave a piece out, that when you open the trunk again, you may know where to find it.

## CHAPTER X.

### DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSEMAID.

IF your master and lady go into the country for a week or more, never wash the bed-chamber or dining-room until just the hour before you expect them to return; thus the rooms will be perfectly clean to receive them, and you will not be at the trouble to wash them so soon again.

I am very much offended with those ladies who are so proud and lazy that they will not be at the pains of stepping into the garden to pluck a rose, but keep an odious implement, sometimes in the bed-chamber itself, or at least in a dark closet adjoining, which they make use of to ease their worst necessities; and you are the usual carriers away of the pan, which maketh not only the chamber, but even their clothes, offensive to all who come near. Now, to cure them of this odious practice, let me advise you, on whom this office lies to convey away this utensil, that you will do it openly down the great stairs, and in the presence of the footman; and if anybody knocks, to open the street-door while you have the vessel filled in your hands: this, if any thing can, will make your lady take the pains of evacuating her person in the proper place, rather than expose her filthiness to all the men-servants in the house.

Leave a pail of dirty water, with the mop in it, a coal-box, a bottle, a broom, a chamber-pot, and such other unsightly things, either in a blind entry, or upon the darkest part of the back-stairs, that they may not be seen; and if people break their shins by trampling on them, it is their own fault.

Never empty the chamber-pots until they are quite full; if that happen in the night, empty them into the street; if in the morning, into the garden; for it would be an endless work to go a dozen times from the garret and upper rooms down to the backsides; but never wash them in any other liquor except your own: What cleanly girl would be dabbling in other folk's urine? And, besides, the smell of stale, as I observed before, is admirable against the vapours; which, a hundred to one, may be your lady's case.

Brush down the cobwebs with a broom that is wet and dirty, which will make them stick the faster to it, and bring them down more effectually.

When you rid up the parlour hearth in a morning, throw the last night's ashes into a sieve; and what falls through, as you carry it down, will serve instead of sand for the room and the stairs.

When you have scoured the brasses and irons in the parlour chimney, lay the foul wet clout upon the next chair, that your lady may see you have not neglected your work:



Observe the same rule when you clean the brass locks, only with this addition, to leave the marks of your fingers on the doors, to show you have not forgot.

Leave your lady's chamber-pot in her bed-chamber window all day to air.

Bring up none but large coals to the dining-room and your lady's chamber; they make the best fires, and if you find them too big, it is easy to break them on the marble hearth.

When you go to bed, be sure take care of fire; and therefore blow the candle out with your breath, and then thrust it under your bed.

*Note.*—The smell of the snuff is very good against vapours.

Persuade the footman who got you with child to marry you before you are six months gone; and if your lady asks you why you would take a fellow who was not worth a groat, let your answer be: That service is no inheritance.

When your lady's bed is made, put the chamber-pot under it, but in such a manner as to thrust the valance along with it, that it may be full in sight, and ready for your lady when she hath occasion to use it.

Lock up a cat or a dog in some room or closet, so as to make such a noise all over the house as may affright away the thieves, if any should attempt to break or steal in.

When you wash any of the rooms towards the street over night, throw the foul water out of the street-door; but be sure not to look before you, for fear those on whom the water lights might think you uncivil, and that you did it on purpose. If he who suffers breaks the windows in revenge, and your lady chides you, and gives positive orders that you should carry the pail down, and empty it into the sink, you have an easy remedy: When you wash an upper room, carry down the pail so as to let the water dribble on the stairs all the way down to the kitchen, by which not only your load will be lighter, but you will convince your lady that it is better to throw the water out of the windows, or down the street-door steps; besides, this latter practice will be very diverting to you and the family in a frosty night, to see a hundred people falling on their noses or backsides before your door when the water is frozen.



Polish and brighten the marble hearths and chimney-pieces with a clout dipped in grease; nothing maketh them shine so well; and it is the business of the ladies to take care of their petticoats.

If your lady be so nice that she will have the room scoured with freestone, be sure to leave the marks of the freestone six inches deep round the bottom of the wainscot, that your lady may see your obedience to her orders.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DIRECTIONS TO THE DAIRYMAID.

FATIGUE of making butter: put scalding water in your churn, although in summer, and churn close to the kitchen fire, and with cream of a week old. Keep cream for your sweet-heart.

## CHAPTER XII.

### DIRECTIONS TO THE CHILDREN'S MAID.

IF a child be sick, give it whatever it wants to eat or drink, although particularly forbid by the doctor; for what we long for in sickness will do us good; and throw the physic out of the window; the child will love you the better; but bid it not tell. Do the same for your lady when she longs for any thing in sickness, and engage it will do her good.

If your mistress cometh to the nursery, and offers to whip a child, snatch it out of her hands in a rage, and tell her she is the cruellest mother you ever saw: she will chide, but love you the better. Tell the children stories of spirits when they offer to cry, &c.

Be sure to wean the children, &c.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## DIRECTIONS TO THE NURSE.

IF you happen to let the child fall, and lame it, be sure never confess it; and if it dies, all is safe.

Contrive to be with child as soon as you can, while you are giving suck, that you may be ready for another service when the child you nurse dies, or is weaned.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## DIRECTIONS TO THE LAUNDRESS.

IF you singe the linen with the iron, rub the place with flour, chalk, or white powder; and if nothing will do, wash it so long till it be either not to be seen, or torn to rags.

About tearing linen in washing:—

When your linen is pinned on the line, or on a hedge, and it rains, whip it off, although you tear it, &c. But the place for hanging them is on young fruit-trees, especially in blossom; the linen cannot be torn, and the trees give them a fine smell.

## CHAPTER XV.

## DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSEKEEPER.

YOU must always have a favourite footman whom you can depend upon; and order him to be very watchful when the second course is taken off, that it be brought safely to your office, that you and the steward may have a tit-bit together.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## DIRECTIONS TO THE TUTORESS, OR GOVERNESS.

SAY the children have sore eyes ; Miss Betty won't take to her book, &c.

Make the misses read French and English novels, and French romances, and all the comedies writ in King Charles II. and King William's reigns, to soften their nature, and make them tender-hearted, &c.

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*To the preceding Directions to Servants the following may be added, as they were both written with the same design, though in a very different manner. It will easily be perceived that these are to be understood literally, and the others ironically ; nor is it improbable, that the thought of giving them an ironical turn was conceived after the general design was formed, and in some part executed. If the literal instruction be more useful, it must be confessed that the irony is more entertaining ; and if both had been completed, the peculiar advantages of each would have been so evident, that the public would have had reason to complain, if either of them had been suppressed.<sup>1</sup>*

## THE DUTY OF SERVANTS AT INNS.

BE mounted before your master. When you see him mounted, ride out before him. When he baits at noon, enter the inn gate before him, and call the ostler to hold your master's horse while he alights. Leave your master to the servants of the inn ; go you with the horses into the stable ; choose a place farthest from the stable-door ; see the standing be dry ; send immediately for fresh straw ; see all the old hay

<sup>1</sup> The paragraph in italic was supplied by the editor of the 1755 edition of Swift's Works. [T. S.]

out of the rack, and get fresh put in; see your horses' girths be loosed and stuffed; take not off the bridles till they are cool, nor saddles in an hour; see their hoofs be well picked; try if the heads of the nails be fast, and whether they be well clinched; if not, send presently for a smith; always stand by while the smith is employed. Give the oats the last thing. Water your horses when you are within a mile or more of the inn. Never keep above forty yards before or behind your master, unless he commands you. Try the oats by smelling and weighing them; see you have good measure; stand by while your horses are eating their oats.

When you enter your evening inn, let your horses' feet be stuffed with cow-dung every night. Observe the same rules, only be sure if any thing be wanting for a smith, let it be done over night.

Know the time your master will set out in the morning; allow him a full hour to get himself ready. Contrive, both at morn and noon, to eat so that your master need not stay for you. Do not let the drawer carry the bill to your master, but examine it first carefully and honestly, and then bring it yourself, and be able to account for every article. If the servants have not been civil, tell your master, before their faces, when he is going to give them money.

#### DUTY OF THE OTHER SERVANT, WHERE THERE ARE TWO.

RIDE forty yards behind your master; but be mounted before him. Observe now and then whether his horse's shoes be right. When you come to an inn at noon, give your horse to the ostler; bestir yourself to get a convenient room for your master; bring all his things into his room, full in his sight; inquire what is in the house, see it yourself, and tell your master how you like it. Step yourself now and then into the kitchen to hasten dinner or supper, and observe whether they be cleanly. Taste the ale, and tell your master whether it be good or bad. If he wants wine, go you with the drawer and choose a bottle well filled and stopped. If the wine be in hogsheads, desire to taste and smell it; if it be sour, or not clear, or ill-tasted, let your master know it, that he may not be at the charge of wine not fit to be drunk. See the salt be dry and powdered, the bread new and clean,

the knives sharp. At night observe the same rules; but first choose him a warm room, with a lock and key in order; then call immediately for the sheets, see them well aired, and at a large fire; feel the blankets, bed, bolster, pillow, whether they be dry, and whether the floor under the bed be damp. Let the chamber be that which hath been last lain in; inquire about it. If the bed itself be damp, let it be brought before a large fire, and air it on both sides. That you may forget nothing in the inn, have a fair list of all that you want to take out; and when you put them up, compare them with your list.

You are to step now and then into the stable, to see whether the groom performs his duty.

For packing up your things, have a list of linen, &c. In packing, take care that no two hard things be together, and that they be wrapped up in paper, or towels. Have a large provision of large coarse paper, and other waste paper. Remember to put every thing in their proper places in the portmanteau. Stuff the shoes and slippers at the toes with a small lock of hay; fold up the clothes so that they may not be rumpled. When your master is in his room at night, put all his things in such a manner as he has them at home. Learn to have some skill in cookery, that at a pinch you may be able to make your master easy.

*The Groom.*—Carry with you a stirrup-leather, an awl, twelve horse-nails, and a horse's fore-shoes, pick, and a hammer, for fear of an accident; and some ends, and pack-thread, a bottle-screw, knife, and pen-knife, needles, pins, thread, silk, worsted, &c.; some plasters and scissors.

*Item.*—The servants to carry their own things. Have a pocket-book, keep all the bills, date the time and place, and endorse the numbers.

Inquire in every town if there be any thing worth seeing. Observe the country seats, and ask who they belong to; and enter them, and the counties where they are.

Search under your master's bed when he is gone up, lest a cat or something else may be under it.

When your master's bed is made, and his things ready, lock the chamber-door, and keep the key till he goes to bed; then keep it in your pocket till morn.

Let the servants of the inn be sure to wake you above an hour before your master is to go, that he may have an hour to prepare himself.

If the ostler hath been knavish or negligent, do not let him hold your master's horse. Observe the same rule at a gentleman's house; if the groom hath not taken care of your horses, do not let him hold your master's.

Inquire at every inn where you stay what is the best inn in the next town you are to come to; yet do not rely on that, but likewise, as you enter into any town to stay, ask the people which is the best inn, and go to that which most people commend.

See that your master's boots be dried and well liquored over night.

## LAWS FOR THE DEAN'S SERVANTS.

*December 7th, M DCC XXXIII.*

IF either of the two men-servants be drunk, he shall pay an English crown out of his wages for the said offence, by giving the Dean a receipt for so much wages received.

When the Dean is at home, no servant shall presume to be absent without giving notice to the Dean, and asking leave, upon the forfeiture of sixpence for every half-hour that he is absent, to be stopped out of his or her board-wages.

When the Dean is abroad, no servant except the woman shall presume to leave the house for above one half-hour; after which, for every half-hour's absence, he shall forfeit sixpence: and if the other servant goes out before the first returns, he shall pay five shillings out of his wages as above.

Whatever servant shall be taken in a manifest lie, shall forfeit one shilling out of his or her board-wages.

When the Dean goes about the house, or out-houses, or garden, or to Naboth's Vineyard, whatever things he finds out of order, by neglect of any servant under whose care it was, that servant shall forfeit sixpence, and see to get it

mended as soon as possible, or suffer more forfeitures at the Dean's discretion.

If two servants be abroad together when the Dean is from home, and the fact be concealed from the Dean, the concealer shall forfeit two crowns out of his or her wages as above.

If, in waiting at table, the two servants be out of the room together, without orders, the last who went out shall forfeit threepence out of his board-wages.

The woman may go out when the Dean is abroad for one hour, but no longer, under the same penalty with the men, but provided the two men-servants keep the house until she returns: otherwise, either of the servants, who goes out before her return, shall forfeit a crown out of his wages, as above.

Whatever other laws the Dean shall think fit to make, at any time to come, for the government of his servants, and forfeitures for neglect or disobedience, all the servants shall be bound to submit to.

Whatever other servant, except the woman, shall presume to be drunk, the other two servants shall inform the Dean thereof, under pain of forfeiting two crowns out of his or her wages, besides the forfeiture of a crown from the said servant who was drunk.



## APPENDIX



## FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(1667-1699)

### ANECDOTES OF THE FAMILY OF SWIFT<sup>1</sup>

THE family of the Swifts are ancient in Yorkshire. From them descended a noted person, who passed under the name of Cavaliero Swift, a man of wit and humour. He was created an Irish peer by King Charles the First, 26 March,

<sup>1</sup> When Deane Swift issued in 1755, his "Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character, of Dr. Jonathan Swift," he included in the volume a "Sketch of Dr. Swift's Life, written by the Doctor himself." This sketch Deane Swift possessed in the original manuscript which on July 23rd, 1753, he presented to the "University of Dublin." There is no question about the authenticity of this manuscript. It had been in the possession of Mrs. Whiteway whose daughter Deane Swift married and had been written "about six or eight and twenty years ago, as an Introduction to his [Swift's] Life, which he had reason to apprehend would some time or other become a topic of general conversation."

Scott reprinted this "fragment" as an appendix to his "Life of Swift" ("Works," vol. i, 1824). Mr. John Forster, in a note to his reprint of the same ("Life of Jonathan Swift," vol. i, p. 4) states that he is able to make several not unimportant additions to the Trinity College manuscript by means of a transcription of the same made, with Swift's permission, by the then Bishop of Kildare, Dr. Charles Cobbe, who afterwards became Archbishop of Dublin. This transcript, which was loaned him by Mr. Thomas Cobbe of Newbridge, Donabate, Malahide, Forster thought had been used by Dr. John Lyon "in or about the year 1738, for the insertion of corrections and additions manifestly derived from, and occasionally entered in the handwriting of, Swift himself, at whose request Dr. Lyon was then engaged in biographical researches connected with his family." In his reprint, Forster embodies the corrections and additions.

I have no means of verifying Forster's reprint by this transcript, nor of judging whether the alterations made were in Swift's own hand. Forster made an error in judging the handwriting of the corrections

1627, with the title of Viscount of Carlingford, but never was in that kingdom. Many traditional pleasant stories are related of him, which the family planted in Ireland hath received from their parents. This lord died without issue male; and his heiress, whether of the first or second descent, was married to Robert Fielding, Esquire, commonly called handsome Fielding.<sup>1</sup> She brought him a considerable estate in Yorkshire, which he squandered away, but had no children. The Earl of Eglinton married another co-heiress of the same family.

Another of the same family was Sir Edward Swift, well known in the time of the great Rebellion and Usurpation, but I am ignorant whether he left heirs or no.

Of the other branch, whereof the greater part settled in Ireland, the founder was William Swift, prebendary of Canterbury,<sup>2</sup> towards the last years of Queen Elizabeth, and during the reign of King James the First. He was a divine

in the large paper "Gulliver" to be Swift's, but it is not so likely that he was mistaken in this transcript. He evidently most carefully collated it and painstakingly records the minutest variations between it and Deane Swift's version. I have, therefore, followed Forster's text, a proceeding adopted by Sir Henry Craik in the Appendix to his "Life of Swift." [T. S.]

<sup>1</sup> A faithless spendthrift and heartless bully, notorious for his ill-treatment of the Duchess of Cleveland. His name should be spelt Feilding. His second wife was the widow of Lord Muskerry and daughter of the first Marquis Clanricarde. He was anxious, after this lady's death, to marry a Mrs. Deleau, who had a large fortune, but through a trick played upon him by Mrs. Villars, Mrs. Deleau's hairdresser, he married Mary Wadsworth, the woman who impersonated Mrs. Deleau. He was prosecuted for bigamy when he married the Duchess of Cleveland in 1705, but was admitted to bail, after conviction, on a queen's warrant suspending execution. Swift refers to him again in "Great and Mean Figures," and there is a notice of him in Lucas's "Memoirs of Gamesters" (1712). [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> In this particular it happens that Dr. Swift was mistaken. Had he read the dedication of William Swift's sermon, it would have set him right. In that dedication we find that Thomas Swift, the father of William, was presented in the year 1569, to the parish of St. Andrew in the city of Canterbury. And, moreover, that upon the decease of Thomas, William Swift, in the year 1591, succeeded his father in the same parish. I do not find the name of William Swift in the list of the prebendaries of Canterbury; I suppose the Doctor took it for granted that the parish of St. Andrew's was one of the prebends belonging to that cathedral. [D. S.]

of some distinction. There is a sermon of his extant, and the title is to be seen in the catalogue of the Bodleian Library, but I never could get a copy, and I suppose it would now be of little value.<sup>1</sup>

This William married the heiress of Philpot, I suppose a Yorkshire gentleman,<sup>2</sup> by whom he got a very considerable estate, which however she kept in her own power, I know not by what artifice. She was a capricious, ill-natured, and passionate woman, of which there have been told several instances. And it hath been a continual tradition in the family, that she absolutely disinherited her only son Thomas, for no greater crime than that of robbing an orchard when he was a boy. And thus much is certain, that Thomas never enjoyed more than one hundred pounds a year, which was all at Goodrich, in Herefordshire, whereof not above one half is now in the possession of a great-great-grandson,<sup>3</sup> except a church or chapter lease which was not renewed.

His original picture<sup>4</sup> was in the hands of Godwin Swift,<sup>5</sup> of Dublin, Esq., his great-grandson; as well as that of his wife, who seems to have a good deal of the shrew in her countenance; whose arms as an heiress are joined with his

<sup>1</sup> The text of the sermon was Rom. viii, v. 18. The sermon itself was preached at the funeral of Thomas Wilson, and printed in London in 1622. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Rather, a gentleman of Kent, or some of the neighbouring counties. This mistake of Dr. Swift proceeds from the same error that was cleared up in one of the preceding notes; the Doctor having thought William Swift, and not his father, was the first of our younger branch, which had removed from Yorkshire to Canterbury. [D. S.]

<sup>3</sup> This was Mr. Deane Swift. The "great grandson" as Scott prints it would refer to Mr. Godwin Swift, who was dead when Swift wrote. [T. S.]

<sup>4</sup> Deane Swift in a note to his text of 1755 says that this picture was in the hands of Mrs. Elizabeth Swift, Godwin Swift's widow. "His picture," says Deane Swift, "was drawn in the year 1623, ætatis suæ 57: His wife's picture was drawn the same year, ætatis suæ, 54." [T. S.]

<sup>5</sup> Godwin Swift was, of course, Swift's uncle, who had helped the young student at Dublin, but whom Swift disliked for his meanness in money matters. Swift's mother, who had but the small annuity of £20 a year, when her husband died, was almost entirely dependent on Godwin Swift for assistance, which was not forthcoming in any large measure. "He gave me," says Swift, referring to his uncle's bounty, "the education of a dog." [T. S.]

own; and by the last he seems to have been a person somewhat fantastic; for he altered the family coat-of-arms and gives as his own device, a Dolphin (in those days called a Swift) twisted about an anchor, with this motto, *Festina lente*.

There is likewise a seal with the same coat-of-arms (his, not joined with the wife's), which the said William commonly made use of; and this was also in the possession of Godwin Swift above mentioned.

His eldest son Thomas seems to have been a clergyman before his father's death.<sup>1</sup> He was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, within a mile or two of Ross: he had likewise another Church living, with about one hundred pounds a year in land (part whereof was by church leases),<sup>2</sup> as I have already mentioned. He built a house on his own land in the village of Goodrich,<sup>3</sup> which by the architecture denotes the builder to have been somewhat whimsical and singular, and very much towards a projector. The house is above an hundred years old, and still in good repair, inhabited by a tenant of the female line; but the landlord, a young gentleman, lives upon his own estate in Ireland.

<sup>1</sup> His only son Thomas was a clergyman before his father's death, as appears from the drapery in his picture, which was drawn at the same time with his father's, in the year 1623; ætatis suæ, 28. [D. S.]

<sup>2</sup> The words in parentheses are not printed by Deane Swift though they are given in the original MS. in Trin. Coll. Dublin. [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> The house was thus described by Deane Swift: "It is certainly a house of the oddest kind that ever was built. It has three floors, containing about twelve or fourteen rooms, besides vaults and garrets. The whole seems to be three single houses all joining in one central point. Undoubtedly there never was, nor ever will be, such another building to the end of the world. However, it is a very good house, and perhaps calculated to stand as long as any house in England. It was built, according to the date of one of the pillars, in the year 1636." Scott, in his reprint, adds a note: "This house, now the property of Mr. Theophilus Swift, is still standing. A vault is shown beneath the kitchen, accessible only by raising one of the flagstones. Here were concealed the provisions of bread and milk, which supported the lives of the family after they had been plundered by the Parliamentary soldiers. The vicar was in those days considered as a conjuror, especially when, his neighbours being discharged from assisting him, and all his provisions destroyed, he still continued to subsist his family. This vault is probably one of the peculiarities of architecture noticed by the Dean." The Theophilus Swift referred to was the son of Deane Swift who married a daughter of Mrs. Martha Whiteway. He assisted Scott by some information about his famous ancestor. [T. S.]

This Thomas was much distinguished by his courage, as well as his loyalty to King Charles the First, and the sufferings he underwent for that prince, more than any person of his condition in England. Some historians<sup>1</sup> of those times relate several particulars of what he acted, and what hardships he underwent for the person and cause of that martyred prince. He was plundered by the Roundheads six and thirty, some say above fifty, times.

The<sup>2</sup> author of *Mercurius Rusticus* dates the beginning of his sufferings so early as October, 1642. The Earl of Stamford, who had the command of the Parliament army in those parts, loaded him at first with very heavy exactions; and afterwards at different times robbed him of all his books and household furniture, and took away from the family even their wearing apparel; with some other circumstances of cruelty too tedious to relate at large in this place. The Earl being asked why he committed these barbarities, my author says, "he gave two reasons for it: first, because he (Mr. Swift) had bought arms and conveyed them into Monmouthshire, which, under his lordship's good favour, was not so; and secondly, because, not long before, he preached a sermon in Ross upon the text, 'Give unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's,' in which his lordship said he had spoken treason in endeavouring to give Caesar more than his due. These two crimes cost Mr. Swift no less than £300."

About that time he engaged his small estate, and having quilted all the money he could get in his waistcoat, got off to a town held for the King: where, being asked by the Governor, who knew him well, what he could do for his Majesty, Mr. Swift said he would give the King his coat, and stripping it off, presented it to the Governor; who observing it to be worth little, Mr. Swift said, "Then take my waistcoat," and bid the Governor weigh it in his hand; who, ordering

<sup>1</sup> "See a book called *Mercurius Rusticus*, and another in folio, called, 'The Lives of those who suffered persecution for K. Ch. I.'" (MS. note added by Swift himself to the original MS. in Trin. Coll. Dublin.) [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> From the beginning of this paragraph to the end, concluding with the words, "less than £300," Mr. John Forster found added in his copy of the MS. He says it was in the margin in Swift's hand. [T. S.]



it to be unripped, found it lined with three hundred broad pieces of gold, which as it proved a seasonable relief, must be allowed an extraordinary supply from a private clergyman of a small estate, so often plundered, and soon after turned out of his livings in the church.

At another time being informed that three hundred horse of the rebel party intended in a week to pass over a certain river, upon an attempt against the cavaliers, Mr. Swift having a head mechanically turned, he contrived certain pieces of iron with three spikes, whereof one must always be with the point upward; he placed them over night in the ford, where he received notice that the rebels would pass early the next morning, which they accordingly did, and lost two hundred of their men, who were drowned or trod to death by the falling of their horses, or torn by the spikes.

His sons,<sup>1</sup> whereof four<sup>2</sup> were settled in Ireland (driven thither by their sufferings, and by the death of their father), related many other passages, which they learned either from their father himself, or from what had been told them by the most credible persons of Herefordshire, and some neighbouring counties: and which some of those sons often told to their children; many of which are still remembered, but many more forgot.

In 1646 he was deprived of both his church livings sooner than most other loyal clergymen, upon account of his superior zeal for the King's cause, and his estate sequestered. His preferments, at least that of Goodrich, were given at first to one Giles Rawlins, and after to William Tringham, a fanatical saint, who scrupled not however to conform upon the Restoration, and lived many years, I think till after the Revolution.

<sup>1</sup> Forster adds the following note, subjoined to this passage in the MS. he used: "Tho. Swift married Elizabeth, daughter of Jonathan Dryden of Northamptonshire, gent., by whom he had six sons, viz., Godwin, Dryden, Thomas, William, Jonathan, and Adam. As also four daughters: Emily, Elizabeth, Sarah, and Katherine. *Herald's Office, Dublin.*" [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> He should have said five: I suppose he forgot Dryden Swift, who died very young and a bachelor, soon after he had come over to Ireland with his brother. He recollects his name however in one of the subsequent paragraphs. [D. S.]

The<sup>1</sup> Committees of Hereford had kept Thomas Swift a close prisoner for a long time in Ragland Castle before they ordered his ejection for scandal and delinquency (as they termed it), and for being in actual service against the Parliament. On the 5th July, 1646, they ordered the profits of Gotheridge (Goodrich) into the hands of Jonath: Dryden, minister, until about Christmas following; and on 24 March they inducted Giles Rawlins into this parish: who in 1654 was succeeded by Tringham. His other living of Bridstow underwent the same fate. For he was ejected from this on 25 Sept., 1646, and it was given to the curate, one Jonath: Smith, whom they liked better, and ordered to be inducted into his Rector's cure. What became of him afterwards I know not, but in 1654 one John Somers got this living.

The Lord-Treasurer Oxford told the Dean of St. Patrick's, the grandson of this eminent sufferer, that he had among his father's (Sir Edward Harley's) papers, several letters from Mr. Thomas Swift writ in those times, which he promised to give to the Dean; but never going to his house in Herefordshire while he was Treasurer, and Queen Anne's death happening in three days after his removal, the Dean went to Ireland, and the Earl being tried for his life, and dying while the Dean was in Ireland, he could never get them.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Thomas Swift died May 2nd, 1658, and in the sixty-third year of his age. His body lies under the altar at Goodrich, with a short inscription. He died before the return of King Charles the Second, who by the recommendations of some prelates had promised, if ever God should restore him, that he would promote Mr. Swift in the church, and other ways reward his family for his extraordinary services, zeal, and persecutions in the royal cause. But Mr. Swift's merit died with himself.

He left ten sons and three or four daughters, most of

<sup>1</sup> The whole of this paragraph is added by Forster from his MS. He says the last line and a half only were in the Dean's own hand, Dr. Lyon having supplied the other facts. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> This paragraph, as Forster points out, is in the Trin. Coll. Dublin MS. as a marginal in Swift's own hand. Deane Swift placed it as part of his text. [T. S.]

which lived to be men and women. His eldest son Godwin Swift, of Goodridge, Co. Hereford, Esq., one of the Society of Gray's Inn (so styled by Guillim in his *Heraldry*) was called to the bar before the Restoration. He married a relation of the old Marchioness of Ormond,<sup>1</sup> and upon that account, as well as his father's loyalty, the old Duke of Ormond<sup>2</sup> made him his Attorney General in the palatinate of Tipperary. He had four wives, one of which, to the great offence of his family, was co-heiress<sup>3</sup> to Admiral Deane,<sup>4</sup> who was one of the Regicides. She was Godwin's third wife. Her name was Hannah, daughter of Major Richard Deane, by whom he had issue Deane Swift,<sup>5</sup> and several other children.

This Godwin left several children, who have all estates. He was an ill pleader, but perhaps a little too dexterous in the subtle parts of the law.<sup>6</sup>

The second son of Mr. Thomas Swift was called by the same name, was bred at Oxford, and took orders. He married the daughter of Sir William D'Avenant,<sup>7</sup> but died young, and left only one son, who was also called Thomas, and is now rector of Puttenham in Surrey.<sup>8</sup> His widow

<sup>1</sup> The wife of the great Duke of Ormond. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> See vol. v, note on p. 14. [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> Sole heiress to Admiral Deane. [D. S.]

<sup>4</sup> Richard Deane, the twenty-first among the fifty-nine who signed Charles the First's death warrant. His daughter Hannah married Godwin Swift, and her eldest son was Deane Swift the writer of many of the notes here given. [T. S.]

<sup>5</sup> He was cousin to Swift, and edited the first edition of the "Journal to Stella," as well as three volumes in continuation of Hawkesworth's collected edition of Swift's works issued in 1765 and 1768. [T. S.]

<sup>6</sup> The second sentence of this paragraph, after having been inserted from the original into the MS. from which I quote, is struck through with a pen. Mr. Deane Swift remarks that the words "perhaps a little too" appear, from the different shade of the ink, to have been interlined in the Trinity College MS. some time after it was first written. [JOHN FORSTER.]

<sup>7</sup> Sir William D'Avenant, the poet and dramatist. It was at the tavern kept by his father John Davenant, that Shakespeare, it is said, was accustomed to stay on his journeys from London to Warwickshire. D'Avenant was born in 1606 and died in 1668. [T. S.]

<sup>8</sup> This Thomas Swift of Puttenham was the individual who claimed the authorship of the "Tale of a Tub," and about whom Swift wrote to his publisher, Tooke, suggesting that he ask the claimant to explain some things; if he did, then said Swift, "you will, if he pleases, set

lived long, was extremely poor, and in part supported by the famous Dr. South,<sup>1</sup> who had been her husband's intimate friend.

The rest of his sons, as far as I can call to mind, were Mr. Dryden Swift (called so after the name of his mother, who was a near relation to Mr. Dryden the poet), William, Jonathan, and Adam, who all lived and died in Ireland. But none of them left male issue, except Jonathan, who, besides a daughter, left one son, born seven months after his father's death; of whose life I intend to write a few memorials.

Jonathan Swift, Doctor of Divinity, and Dean of St. Patrick's, was the only son of Jonathan Swift, who was the seventh or eighth son of Mr. Thomas Swift above-mentioned, so eminent for his loyalty and his sufferings.

His father died young, about two years after his marriage: he had some employments and agencies; his death was much lamented on account of his reputation for integrity, with a tolerable good understanding. He married Mrs. Abigail Erick, of Leicestershire, descended from the most ancient family of the Ericks,<sup>2</sup> who derive their lineage from Erick the forester, a great commander, who raised an army to oppose the invasion of William the Conqueror, by whom he was vanquished, but afterward employed to command that prince's forces; and in his old age retired to his house in Leicestershire, where his family hath continued ever since, but declining every age, and are now in the condition of very private gentlemen.

This marriage was on both sides very indiscreet; for his wife brought her husband little or no fortune, and his death happening so suddenly<sup>3</sup> before he could make a sufficient establishment for his family, his son (not then born) hath

his name to the next edition. I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce could go," he concludes. [T. S.]

<sup>1</sup> The well-known divine, Dr. Robert South, rector of Islip, Oxfordshire. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> The family of Erick, which has produced many eminent men, is still represented by two respectable branches, the Heyricks of Leicester town, and the Herricks of Beaumanor. Of both these branches, distinct pedigrees and many curious historical anecdotes are given in the "Hist. of Leicestershire," vol. ii, pp. 615-20; vol. iii, p. 148. [S.]

<sup>3</sup> He died at the age of about five-and-twenty. [D. S.]

often been heard to say, that he felt the consequences of that marriage not only through the whole course of his education, but during the greatest part of his life.

He was born in Dublin, on St. Andrew's day, in the year 1667; and when he was a year old, an event happened to him that seems very unusual; for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who was then extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy, and being at the same time extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learnt to spell; and by the time that he was three<sup>1</sup> years old he could read any chapter in the Bible.

After his return to Ireland, he was sent at six years old to the school at Kilkenny, from whence at fourteen he was admitted into the university of Dublin, a pensioner, on the 24th April, 1682; where, by the ill-treatment of his nearest relations,<sup>2</sup> he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirits that he too much neglected his academic studies;<sup>3</sup> for some parts of which he had no great relish by nature, and turned himself to reading history and poetry: so that when the time came for taking his degree of bachelor of arts, although he had lived with great regularity, and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dullness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted in a manner, little

<sup>1</sup> "Three" is in both MSS., and so printed by Mr. Deane Swift; but Hawkesworth changed it to five, and Scott copied him. Swift first had written "two" years, for which he substituted "almost three," afterwards erasing "almost." [JOHN FORSTER.]

<sup>2</sup> Deane Swift has a note exculpating his father Godwin Swift from the aspersion here cast on him. He says that Godwin Swift's pecuniary condition had become straitened, and that he could not afford to assist his nephew at the university. [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> His neglect of these studies has also been made a reason for his indulgence in some unseemly ways in Dublin life. Dr. Barrett attempts to father on Swift the silly "Tripos" twaddle probably from the pen of a fellow-student named Jones. Forster says of the piece that it is "an outrage" on Swift's memory to call it his. [T. S.]

to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratiâ* on the 15th February, 1685, with four more on the same footing: and this discreditable mark, as I am told, stands upon record in their college registry.<sup>1</sup>

The troubles then breaking out, he went to his mother, who lived in Leicester; and after continuing there some months, he was received by Sir William Temple,<sup>2</sup> whose father had been a great friend to the family, and who was now retired to his house called Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey; where he continued for about two years. For he happened before twenty years old, by a surfeit of fruit, to contract a giddiness and coldness of stomach, that almost brought him to his grave; and this disorder pursued him with intermissions of two or three years to the end of his life. Upon this occasion he returned to Ireland, in 1690, by advice of physicians, who weakly imagined that his native air might be of some use to recover his health: but growing worse, he soon went back to Sir William Temple; with whom growing into some confidence, he was often trusted with matters of great importance.

King William had a high esteem for Sir William Temple, by a long acquaintance, while that gentleman was ambassador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen. The King, soon after his expedition to England, visited his old friend often at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of greatest consequence. But Sir William Temple, weary of living so

<sup>1</sup> The certificate of Swift's degree contains no reference to the manner of his obtaining it. It runs as follows in the testimonium sent to Oxford: "Omnibus quorum interest salutem. Nos præpositus sociique seniores Collegii Sacrosanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis juxta Dublin, testamur Jonathan Swift, die decimo quinto Februarii 1685, gradum baccalaureatûs in artibus suscepisse, præstito prius fidelitatis erga regiam majestatem juramento. Quod de predicto testimonium, subscriptis singulorum nominibus, et collegii sigillo quo in hisce utimur, confirmandum curavimus. Datum die tertio Maii 1692."

"ROBERT HUNTINGTON, PRÆPOS. L.S.

"ST. GEORGE ASHE.

"RICHARD READER.

"GEORGE BROWN.

"BENJAMIN SCROGGS."

The words "*speciali gratiâ*" are, however, used in the Dublin "Catalogue of Graduates." [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> See note, vol. i, pp. 212 *et seq.* [T. S.]



near London, and resolving to retire to a more private scene, bought an estate near Farnham in Surrey, of about £100 a year, where Mr. Swift accompanied him.

About that time a bill was brought into the House of Commons for triennial parliaments; against which the King, who was a stranger to our constitution, was very averse, by the advice of some weak people, who persuaded the Earl of Portland that King Charles the First lost his crown and life by consenting to pass such a bill. The Earl, who was a weak man, came down to Moor Park by his Majesty's orders to have Sir William Temple's advice, who said much to show him the mistake. But he continued still to advise the King against passing the bill. Whereupon Mr. Swift was sent to Kensington with the whole account of the matter in writing to convince the King and the Earl how ill they were informed. He told the Earl, to whom he was referred by his Majesty (and gave it in writing), that the ruin of King Charles the First was not owing to his passing the triennial bill, which did not hinder him from dissolving any parliament, but to the passing of another bill, which put it out of his power to dissolve the parliament then in being, without the consent of the house. Mr. Swift, who was well versed in English history, although he was under twenty-one years old,<sup>1</sup> gave the King a short account of the matter, but a more large one to the Earl of Portland; but all in vain. For the King by ill advisers was prevailed upon to refuse passing the bill. This was the first time that Mr. Swift had ever any converse with courts, and he told his friends it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity.

The consequence of this wrong step in his Majesty was very unhappy; for it put that prince under a necessity of introducing those people called Whigs into power and employments, in order to pacify them. For, although it be held a part of the King's prerogative to refuse passing a bill, yet the learned in the law think otherwise, from that expression used at the Coronation, wherein the prince obligeth himself to consent to all laws, *quas vulgus elegerit*.

Mr. Swift having lived with Sir William Temple some time, and resolving to settle himself in some way of living,

<sup>1</sup> Swift was in his twenty-sixth year at the time he speaks of. [T. S.]



was inclined to take orders. But first commenced M.A. in Oxford as a student of Hart Hall on 5th July, 1692. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the church merely for support, and Sir William, then being Master of the Rolls in Ireland, offered him an employ of about £120 a year in that office; whereupon Mr. Swift told him, that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland, and take holy orders.<sup>1</sup> In the year 1694 he was admitted into deacon's and priest's orders by Dr. William Moreton,<sup>2</sup> Bishop of Kildare, who ordained him priest at Christ Church the 13th January that year.<sup>3</sup> He was recommended to the Lord Capell, then Lord Deputy, who gave him a prebend in the north worth about £100 a-year, called the Prebend of Kilroot in the Cathedral of Connor, of which growing weary in a few months he returned to England, resigned his living in favour of a friend,<sup>4</sup> who was reckoned a man of sense and piety, and was besides encumbered with a large family.

<sup>1</sup> Up to the word "orders" Deane Swift prints the passage correctly. Scott makes nonsense of it by omitting everything from the word "maintenance" to "he was recommended." "Works," i, 511. [JOHN FORSTER.]

<sup>2</sup> Forster points out that his orders were undoubtedly conferred on Swift by King, then Bishop of Derry. The original parchments were in Forster's possession, who bought them at Monck Mason's sale. But Forster was mistaken. The signature "*Guil. Darenis*," affixed to the letters of ordination, means William of Kildare, not William of Derry. [T. S.]

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.*, 1694-5. These facts were inserted, according to Forster's MS., by Dr. Lyon, with Swift's knowledge. [T. S.]

<sup>4</sup> Deane Swift said that the resignation was given at the earnest solicitation of Sir William Temple. The living was that of Kilroot given him by Lord Capell, and it was there that he met his old college mate, Lucas Waring, with whose sister Swift had some love passages. According to two letters extant, it appears that Swift made her a proposal of marriage, which she declined; and later, when Swift was in England and Temple was dead, he declined a supposed desire on the lady's part to obtain what she had previously refused. A Mr. Winder obtained the living of Kilroot, and Swift's letters to that gentleman, as given by Forster for the first time, are most interesting in the matter of Miss Waring, and as an insight into Swift's character. (See Forster's "Life," vol. i, pp. 80-84.) Swift's resignation was clearly not due to either of the reasons that have been assigned or suggested by writers. Sir Henry Craik makes this most evident in his note on p. 77 of his "Life," vol. i. [T. S.]

After which he continued in Sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man, who besides a legacy left him the care, and trust, and advantage of publishing his posthumous writings.

Upon this event Mr. Swift removed to London, and applied by petition to King William upon the claim of a promise his Majesty had made to Sir William Temple, that he would give Mr. Swift a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. Col. Henry Sidney, lately created Earl of Romney,<sup>1</sup> who professed much friendship for him, and was now in some credit at Court, on account of his early services to the King in Holland before the Revolution, for which he was made Master-General of the Ordnance, Constable of Dover Castle, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and one of the Lords of the Council, promised to second Mr. Swift's petition, but <sup>2</sup> said not a word to the King. And Mr. Swift, having totally relied on this lord's honour, and having neglected to use any other instrument of reminding his Majesty of the promise made to Sir William Temple, after long attendance in vain, thought it better to comply with an invitation, given him by the Earl of Berkeley,<sup>3</sup> to attend him to Ireland, as his chaplain and private secretary; his lordship having been appointed one of the Lords Justices of that Kingdom, with the Duke of Bolton and the Earl of Galway on the 29th June, 1699. He attended his lordship, who landed near Waterford; and Mr. Swift acted as secretary the whole journey to Dublin. But another person <sup>4</sup> had so

<sup>1</sup> Henry Sidney (1641-1704) was the youngest son of the Earl of Leicester. He was created Earl of Romney in 1694. He was greatly in the favour of William III, and distinguished himself as a soldier and adviser to that monarch. Macky says he was "the great wheel on which the revolution rolled," but Swift comments on this that "he had not a wheel to turn a mouse," and, as for character, had none at all. This opinion no doubt was a prejudiced one, arising out of Sidney's neglect to do what he had promised Swift. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> "As he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honour," inserted by Swift, and erased. They are retained by Deane Swift. [JOHN FORSTER.]

<sup>3</sup> Swift's early patron, for whose wife he wrote the "Meditation on a Broomstick." His daughter, Lady Betty Germaine, was one of Swift's most intimate friends. [T. S.]

<sup>4</sup> This person prevented Swift being recommended for the Deanery of Derry, for a bribe of a thousand pounds. [T. S.]

far insinuated himself into the Earl's favour, by telling him that the post of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, nor would be of any advantage to one who aimed only at church preferments, that his lordship after a poor apology gave that office to the other.

In some months the Deanery of Derry fell vacant; and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it. Yet things were so ordered that the secretary having received a bribe, the Deanery was disposed of to another, and Mr. Swift was put off with some other church livings not worth above a third part of that rich Deanery; and at this present time, not a sixth: namely, the Rectory of Agher, and the Vicarage of Laracor and Rathbeggan in the Diocese of Meath; for which his letters patent bear date the 24th February following. The excuse pretended was his being too young, although he were then thirty years old.

The<sup>1</sup> next year, in 1700, his grace Narcissus, Lord Archbishop of Dublin,<sup>2</sup> was pleased to confer upon Mr. Swift the Prebend of Dunlavan in the Cathedral of St. Patrick's, by an instrument of institution and collation dated the 28th of September. And on the 22nd of October after, he took his seat in the Chapter.

From this time he continued in Ireland, and on the 16th of February, 1701, he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity in the University of Dublin. After which he went to England about the beginning of April, and spent near a year there.

He appeared at the Dean's visitation on the 11th of January, 1702; at a chapter held the 15th of April, and at the visitation on the 10th of January, 1703. He attended a chapter on the 9th of August, and the visitation of 8th of January, 1704. He was at two chapters held the 2nd of February and the 2nd of March following, and at the visitation the 7th of January, 1705. Also in April, August, and January, 1706, and in April, June, July, and August, 1707. Set sail for England 28th of November, 1707; landed at Darpool; next day rode to Parkgate; and so went to Leicester first.

<sup>1</sup> From here to the end is inserted in the manuscript used by John Forster. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Archbishop of Armagh. [T. S.]

He was excused at the visitation in 1707 and 1708; and on the 9th of January, 1709, expected at the visitation, but did not come. He spent 1708 in England, and set sail from Darpool for Ireland 29th of June, 1709, and landed at Ringsend next day, and went straight to Laracor. Was often giddy and had fits this year.

He attended a chapter held the 15th February, 1709; also at a chapter 29th July and 11th August, 1710. Excused at the visitation 8th of January, 1710. He was not in Ireland after this till his instalment as Dean on the 13th of June, 1713. On the 27th of August he nominated Dr. Edward Synge<sup>1</sup> to act in his absence as sub-dean; and came no more to Ireland until after the Queen's death. He set out to Ireland from Letcomb in Berkshire August the 16th, 1714; landed in Dublin the 24th of the same month; and held a chapter on the 15th of September, 1714.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Archbishop of Tuam. [T. S.]

A DECREE FOR CONCLUDING THE  
TREATY BETWEEN DR. SWIFT  
AND MRS. LONG. 1709.<sup>1</sup>

WHEREAS it hath been signified to us, that there is now a treaty of acquaintance on foot, between Dr. Swift of Leicester Fields, on the one part, and Mrs. Long

<sup>1</sup> Swift was very partial to the society of women, especially beautiful women. His intercourse with them seems to have been of mutual delight in each other's society. Mrs. Anne Long, whose acquaintance Swift made at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's house, was both beautiful and accomplished. She was sister to Sir James Long of Draycot, Wiltshire, and moved in the best circles in London. Partly in fun, Swift used to ask of those ladies who sought his acquaintance, certain advances which he humorously embodies in the present piece. Swift himself, in a letter to the clergyman at Lynn, Norfolk, written after Mrs. Long's death, tells how she came to suffer straitened circumstances and was compelled to retire from London. He was, evidently, very fond of her and held her in high esteem, as both this letter and the reference made to her in the "Journal to Stella," fully show. I quote the letter in full (Nichols's edition of Swift, vol. xix, pp. 17-18):

"London, Dec. 26, 1711.

"SIR,

"That you may not be surprised with a letter utterly unknown to you, I will tell you the occasion of it. The lady who lived two years in your neighbourhood, and whom you was so kind to visit under the name of Mrs. Smyth, was Mrs. Anne Long, sister to Sir James Long, and niece of Colonel Strangeways: she was of as good a private family as most in England, and had every valuable quality of body and mind that could make a lady loved and esteemed. Accordingly she was always valued here above most of her sex, and by most distinguished persons. But, by the unkindness of her friends, and the generosity of her own nature, and depending upon the death of a very old grandmother, which did not happen till it was too late, contracted some debts that made her uneasy here, and in order to clear them was content to retire unknown to your town, where I fear her death has been hastened by melancholy, and perhaps the want of such assistance as she might have found here. I thought fit to signify this to you, partly

of Albemarle Street, on the other part: And whereas the said Dr. Swift, upon the score of his merit and extraordinary

to let you know how valuable a person you have lost, but chiefly to desire that you will please to bury her in some part of your church near a wall where a plain marble stone may be fixed, as a poor monument for one who deserved so well, and which, if God sends me life, I hope one day to place there, if no other of her friends will think fit to do it. I had the honour of an intimate acquaintance with her, and was never so sensibly touched with any one's death as with hers. Neither did I ever know a person of either sex with more virtues, or fewer infirmities; the only one she had, which was the neglect of her own affairs, arising wholly from the goodness of her temper. I write not this to you at all as a secret, but am content your town should know what an excellent person they have had among them. If you visited her any short time before her death, or knew any particulars about it, or of the state of her mind, or the nature of her disease, I beg you will be so obliging to inform me; for the letter we have seen from her poor maid is so imperfect, by her grief for the death of so good a lady, that it only tells the time of her death; and your letter may, if you please, be directed to Dr. Swift, and put under a cover, which cover may be directed to Erasmus Lewis, Esq., at the Earl of Dartmouth's office, at Whitehall. I hope you will forgive this trouble for the occasion of it, and give some allowances to so great a loss, not only to me, but to all who have any regard for every perfection that human nature can possess; and if any way I can serve or oblige you, I shall be glad of an opportunity of obeying your commands. I am, &c.,

“JON. SWIFT.”

Swift received the news of her death on Christmas Day, 1711, and it affected him greatly, as may be seen by a reference to the “Journal to Stella,” under that date (see vol. ii of present edition), and also by the following Memorandum in Swift's private expenses book for 1711-12:

“Decb. 22. 1711.

“On Saturday at 4 in the morn. dyed Mrs. Ann Long at Lynn in Norfolk, where she had retired about 2 years before, and lived under the name of Smyth. The news of it came to Town on Monday night following, w<sup>ch</sup> was Xmas Eve, and I heard it on Xmas Day at noon, w<sup>ch</sup> was Tuesday. She was the most beautifull person of the age she lived in, of great hon<sup>r</sup> and virtue, infinite sweetness and generosity of temper, and true good sense.

“J. SWIFT.”

Mrs. Long's last letter to Swift is dated November 18th, 1711, and is given by Scott (vol. xv, p. 496). Deane Swift says this letter was written five weeks before she died.

The present text of this “Decree” is taken from “Letters, Poems, and Tales . . . Mrs. Anne Long,” (published by E. Curll in 1718,) where it first appeared.

[T. S.]



qualities, doth claim the sole and undoubted right, that all persons whatsoever shall make such advances to him as he pleases to<sup>1</sup> demand, any law, claim, custom, privilege of sex, beauty, fortune, or quality, to the contrary notwithstanding:

And whereas the said Mrs. Long, humbly acknowledging and allowing the right of the said doctor, doth yet insist upon certain privileges and exceptions, as a Lady of the Toast,<sup>2</sup> which privileges, she doth allege, are excepted out of the doctor's general claim, and which she cannot betray without injuring the whole body whereof she is a member; by which impediment, the said treaty is not yet brought

<sup>1</sup> Writing to Miss Hoadly (the daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin) under date "June 4, 1734," Swift says: "When I lived in England, 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. When (much against my will) I came to live in this kingdom [Ireland], I published the same edict; only, the harvest here being not altogether so plentiful, I confined myself to a smaller compass. This made me often wonder how you came so long to neglect your duty. . . ." [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> The Kit-cat Club, which combined the most distinguished members of the Whig party, had a regular list of toasts, comprehending the names of the most fashionable and beautiful women, who were supposed favourable to their political opinions. Halifax, Garth, and other wits of the convivial association, combined to give honour and distinction to the selected fair ones, by writing a few lines in praise of each, which were engraved upon the glass specially consecrated to her health. Those in favour of Mrs. Long were written by the Earl of Wharton:

"Fill the glass; let the hautboys sound,  
Whilst bright Longy's health goes round;  
With eternal beauty blest,  
Ever blooming, still the best;  
Drink your glass, and think the rest."

Hence Mrs. Long's claim to dignity, privilege, and exceptions, as a Lady of the Toast. [S.]

The Kit-Cat Club first held its meetings in Shire Lane, later called Lower Serle's Place. Addison, Steele, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Walpole, Pulteney, Mainwaring, were among the members. In later days its meetings were at Tonson's villa at Barn Elms, near Putney, which contained forty-three portraits painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in three-quarter size, to fit the walls of the house. Hence the name kit-cat pictures. The name of the club is said to have been derived from Christopher Cat, the pastrycook who served it with mutton-pies. [T. S.]



to a conclusion; to the great grievance and damage of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and her fair daughter Hussy:<sup>1</sup>

And whereas the decision of this weighty cause is referred to us, in our judicial capacity, We, out of our tender regard to truth and justice, having heard and duly considered the allegations of both parties, do declare, adjudge, decree, and determine, That the said Mrs. Long, notwithstanding any privileges she may claim as aforesaid, as a Lady of the Toast, shall, without essoin or demur, in two hours after the publishing of this our decree, make all advances to the said doctor, that he shall demand; and that the said advances shall not be made to the said doctor, as *un homme sans conséquence*, but purely upon account of his great merit.

And we do hereby strictly forbid the said Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and her fair daughter Hussy, to aid, abet, comfort, or encourage her, the said Mrs. Long, in her disobedience for the future. And, in consideration of the said Mrs. Long's being a Toast, we think it just and reasonable, that the said doctor should permit her, in all companies, to give herself the reputation of being one of his acquaintance;<sup>2</sup> which no other lady shall presume to do, upon any pretence whatsoever, without his especial leave and licence first had and obtained.

By especial command,  
G. VANHOMRIGH.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hester Vanhomrigh, the "Vanessa" of the pathetic story, and the heroine of Swift's poem, "Cadenus and Vanessa." [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> In the course of his "Journal," Swift expresses himself very wrathfully against those who took the freedom of claiming his acquaintance on slight grounds, particularly against the Countess of Bellamont, and an old crooked Scotch lady of quality. [S.]

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Vanhomrigh, Hester's mother. She was the widow of Bartholomew Vanhomrigh who was made a commissioner of the revenue, and became Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1697. He died in 1703. Mrs. Vanhomrigh died in London in 1714. [T. S.]

## SWIFT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS MOTHER'S DEATH.<sup>1</sup>

MEM. On Wednesday, between seven and eight in the evening, May 10, 1710, I received a letter in my chamber at Laracor, (Mr. Percival and John Beaumont being by,) from Mrs. Fenton, dated May 9th, with one enclosed, sent from Mrs. Worrall at Leicester to Mrs. Fenton, giving an account, that my dear mother, Mrs. Abigail Swift, died that morning, Monday, April 24, 1710, about ten o'clock, after a long sickness, being ill all winter, and lame, and extremely ill a month or six weeks before her death. I have now lost my barrier between me and death; God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it, as I confidently believe her to have been! If the way to Heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there. [J. S.]

<sup>1</sup> Nichols says that this Memorandum is copied from Swift's yearly account-book on the page which includes his expenses at Laracor for the month of May, 1710. ("Swift's Works," xix, 12-13, edition of 1801.) The leaf is missing from the account-book in the Forster collection. [T. S.]

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JONATHAN SWIFT,  
D.D., AND DEAN OF THE CATHEDRAL OF  
ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.<sup>1</sup>

"Most humbly sheweth,

THAT your petitioner is advised by his physicians, on account of his health, to go often on horseback; and there being no place, in winter, so convenient for riding, as the strand toward Howth, your petitioner takes all opportunities that his business or the weather will permit, to take that road: That in the last Session of Parliament, in the midst of winter, as your petitioner was returning from Howth with his two servants, one before, and the other behind him,

<sup>1</sup> The fall of the Harley Administration; the flight of Ormond and Bolingbroke; the imprisonment of Oxford, Wyndham, and others; and the reputation which all these obtained for Jacobitism, roused the Protestants of Ireland, in particular, against any one professing adhesion to the Stuart cause. They had had quite a dose of what that meant in James II's reign. Swift, as a Tory and well-known as the friend of the outlawed and imprisoned members of the late ministry, as well as their literary henchman, found himself involved in the general condemnation. The correspondence between Swift and Knightley Chetwode shows that the former had even more than fear for a possible government action. But if the government took no notice of him, the same may not be said of the citizens of Dublin. Many were the libels printed about him, and many the insults thrown at him in his walks abroad on the streets. The cause for the Petition here printed is to be found in this new condition in which he found himself on his return to Ireland in 1714. "I find nothing cold here," he wrote to Chetwode, "but the reception of my friends." His enemies treated him to warmer greetings, and produced the petition here printed.

Nichols says: "The title of it is, 'The Dean of St. Patrick's Petition to the House of Lords against Lord Blaney:' and on the inside, 'To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled.'" [T. S.]

he was pursued by two gentlemen in a chaise, drawn by two high-mettled horses, in so violent a manner, that his servant, who rode behind him, was forced to give way, with the utmost peril of his life; whereupon your petitioner made what speed he could, riding to the right and left above fifty yards to the full extent of the said road; but the two gentlemen driving a light chaise, drawn by fleet horses, and intent upon mischief, turned faster than your petitioner, endeavouring to overthrow him: That by great accident your petitioner got safe to the side of a ditch, where the chaise could not safely pursue; and the two gentlemen stopping their career, your petitioner mildly expostulated with them; whereupon one of the gentlemen said, 'Damn you, is not the road as free for us as for you?' and calling to his servant, who rode behind him, said, 'Tom (or some such name) is the pistol loaden with ball?' To which the servant answered, 'Yes, my lord,' and gave him the pistol. Your petitioner after said to the gentleman, 'Pray, Sir, do not shoot, for my horse is apt to start, by which my life may be endangered.' The chaise went forward, and your petitioner took the opportunity to stay behind. Your petitioner is informed, that the person who spoke the words above-mentioned, is of your lordships' house, under the style and title of Lord Blayney; whom your petitioner remembers to have introduced to Mr. Secretary Addison, in the Earl of Wharton's government, and to have done him other good offices at that time, because he was represented as a young man of some hopes, and a broken fortune: That the said Lord Blayney, as your petitioner is informed, is now in Dublin, and sometimes attends your lordships' house. And your petitioner's health still requiring that he should ride, and being confined in winter to go on the same strand, he is forced to inquire from every one he meets, whether the said lord be on the same strand; and to order his servants to carry arms to defend him against the like, or a worse insult, from the said lord, for the consequences of which your petitioner cannot answer.

"Your petitioner is informed by his learned counsel, that there is no law now in being, which can justify the said lord, under colour of his peerage, to assault any of his Majesty's subjects on the king's highway, and put them in fear of their lives, without provocation, which he humbly conceives,

that by only happening to ride before the said lord, he could not possibly give.

“Your petitioner, therefore, doth humbly implore your lordships, in your great prudence and justice, to provide that he may be permitted to ride with safety on the said strand, or any other of the King’s highways, for the recovery of his health, so long as he shall demean himself in a peaceable manner, without being put into continual fears of his life, by the force and arms of the said Lord Blayney.”

## THE HOLYHEAD JOURNAL, 1727.

TWELVE years passed since Swift's somewhat hurried flight from London to Letcombe and thence to Dublin, before he revisited the scenes of his fame and power as an "Examiner" and the upholder of the ministry of a Queen. In that time his name had become even more famous and powerful, though not in the land where his ambition had lain. The "Examiner" had become the "Drapier," and the humble petitioner for the clergy's rights had changed into the mighty Dean of St. Patrick's—Ireland's Liberator. The friends in London of the earlier years were some of them either dead or in exile. Oxford and Prior and Parnell were no more, and Atterbury was nursing his anger in a foreign land against his country which had "exchanged" him for an equally guilty Bolingbroke. There still remained the life-long friend, Pope, the wise and witty Arbuthnot, the bright and careless Gay, and the many less gifted acquaintances of the earlier decade. These had begged Swift to come and visit them, and share in the hospitality which their success could easily afford. He had, from time to time, either declined or put them off. He was still on the black list of the Court party, and dared not endanger his liberty. At least, that was in his mind. But in 1726 he had several good reasons for leaving Dublin and visiting London, chief among which was the arrangement for the publication of "Gulliver's Travels." Therefore, in the spring of that year, he was once more in the English capital. He left Dublin ill at ease at the condition of Esther Johnson, whose illness troubled him during the whole of the period of his absence, and though all his friends welcomed him heartily, yet his visit was not a happy one, mainly on account of this anxiety and his own sickness. During his stay an attempt was made to bring him and Walpole to an understanding, but it failed. He remained however long enough to be in London at the King's death, and to pay his respects to the new King and Queen. Then with a farewell visit to Pope at Twickenham he left in September for Ireland, filled, no doubt, with bitterness at the political party in power, and horribly anxious about the condition of Stella. He made the journey to Dublin by way of Holyhead; but on arriving there he found he was delayed by bad weather and compelled to remain for a week before he could set sail. During this enforced stay he kept a journal, more for the sake of passing the time away than for any other purpose. This journal is curiously interesting as affording an insight into Swift's temperament, his methods of living, and his affection for Esther Johnson. He is altogether wretched and hardly knows what to do with himself. He seems as if afraid to think seriously, and he jots

down the minutest trifles just for the sake of killing time. Nothing goes right, and his temper will not permit him to make the best of the people about him or the circumstances in which he finds himself. He'd rather spend an hour brushing his cassock than talking to the young man who evidently desires his companionship. He's not pleased that he's not made much of, although Wat has told who he is. The chicken is raw, the mutton is tough, the wine is sour, the captain of the boat is a liar, Wat is indifferent and forgetful, the vicar is to be avoided, the women are dirty, the weather is unbearable—indeed, everything is out of joint. And to crown all, his dear friend is ill, perhaps dying. The one thing he's in a mood to do is to rail at Ireland and the people who are governing her, as well as the fools there who are willing to sell themselves for nothing and be governed. This he does, and even his bad temper cannot affect either his irony or his facility for rhyming. We are really glad when he finally does set sail.

The note-book in which Swift wrote was first brought to public notice by Mr. John Forster in the preface to the only published volume of his "Life of Swift." It was procured for him, he there said, by his friend the Rev. Dr. Todd. How it came into Dr. Todd's possession, he does not state; but the volume is now in the Forster Collection at the South Kensington Museum. On the inside of the cover of the book is written the following characteristic note:

"This Book I Stole from the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> George Dodington, Esq<sup>r</sup>, one of the Lords of the Treasury, June, 1727. But the Scribblings are all my own."

A later addition says: "This Book was all wrote by Dean Swift, & was Mr Worral's."

The contents of the volume were first published in "The Gentleman's Magazine," in June, 1882, edited by Mr. J. Churton Collins. They were included later, by Sir Henry Craik, in an appendix to his "Life of Swift." The present text is that of the original manuscript.

[T. S.]

## THE HOLYHEAD JOURNAL, 1727.

"Holy head,  
"Sept. 25, 1727.

"Lo here I sit at holy head,  
With muddy ale and mouldy bread:  
I'm fasnd [qy.] both by wind and tide,  
I see the ship at anchor ride.  
All Christian vittals stink of fish,  
I'm where my enemies would wish.  
Convict of lyes is every Sign,  
The Inn has not one drop of wine.



The Captain swears the sea's too rough,  
 He has not passengers enough.  
 And thus the Dean is forc'd to stay  
 Till others come to help the pay.  
 In Dublin they'd be glad to see  
 A packet though it brings in me.  
 They cannot say the winds are cross:  
 Your Politicians at a loss  
 For want of matter swears and frets—  
 Are forced to read the old Gazettes.  
 I never was in hast before  
 To reach that slavish hatefull shore.  
 Before, I always found the wind  
 To me was most malicious kind,  
 But now the danger of a friend,  
 On whom my fears and hopes depend,  
 Absent from whom all Clymes are curst,  
 With whom I'm happy in the worst,  
 With rage impatient makes me wait  
 A passage to the land I hate.  
 Else, rather on this bleaky shore,  
 Where loudest winds incessant roar,  
 Where neither herb nor tree will thrive,  
 Where nature hardly seems alive,  
 I'd go in freedom to my grave  
 Than Rule yon Isle, and be a Slave.

## IRELAND.

Remove me from this land of slaves,  
 Where all are fools, and all are knaves;  
 Where every knave & fool is bought,  
 Yet kindly sells himself for nought;  
 Where Whig and Tory fiercely fight  
 Who's in the wrong, who in the right,  
 And, when their country lyse at stake,  
 They only fight for fighting sake,  
 While English sharpers take the pay,  
 And then stand by to see fair play.  
 Mean time the whig is always winner,  
 And for his courage gets—a dinner.  
 His Excellency, too, perhaps  
 Spits in his mouth and stroaks his Chaps.  
 The humble whelp gives ev'ry vote—  
 To put the question strains his throat.  
 His Excellency's condescension  
 Will serve instead of place or pension.  
 When to the window he's trepan'd—  
 When my L<sup>d</sup> shakes him by the hand,

Or, in the presence of beholders,  
 His arms upon the booby's shoulders—  
 You quickly see the gudgeon bite.  
 He tells his brother fools at night  
 How well the Governor's inclined—  
 So just, so gentle, and so kind.  
 He heard I kept a pack of hounds,  
 And long'd to hunt upon my grounds,  
 He s<sup>d</sup> our Ladyes were so fair,  
 The court had nothing to compair;  
 But that indeed which pleas'd me most,  
 He call'd my Dol a perfect toast.  
 He whisp'd publick things at last,  
 Askt me how our elections past.  
 Some augmentation, Sr, you know,  
 Would make at least a handsom show.  
 New Kings a compliment expect;  
 I shall not offer to direct.  
 There are some prating folks in town,  
 But, Sr, we must support the Crown.  
 Our Letters say a Jesuit boasts  
 Of some Invasion on your coasts.  
 The King is ready, when you will,  
 To pass another Pop-ry bill;  
 And for dissenters, he intends  
 To use them as his truest friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

I think they justly ought to share  
 In all employ<sup>ts</sup> we can spare.  
 Next, for encouragem<sup>t</sup> of spinning,  
 A duty might be layd on linnen.  
 An act for laying down the Plough—  
 England will send you corn enough;  
 Anoth<sup>r</sup> act that absentees  
 For licences shall pay no fees.  
 If England's friendship you would keep,  
 Feed nothing in your lands but Sheep;  
 But make an act, secure and full,  
 To hang up all who smuggle wool.  
 And then he kindly give me hints  
 That all our wives should go in chints.  
 To morrow I shall tell you more,  
 For I'm to dine with him at four.  
 This was the Speech, and here's the jest—  
 His arguments convinc't the rest.  
 Away he runs, with zealous hotness,  
 Exceeding all the fools of Totness,  
 To move that all the nation round  
 Should pay a guinea in the pound;

Yet should this Blockhead beg a Place,  
 Either from Excellence or grace,  
 'Tis pre-engged, and in his room  
 Townshend's cast Page or Walpole's groom.

ON L<sup>D</sup> CARTERET'S ARMS GIVEN, AS THE CUSTOM IS, AT EVERY  
 INN WHERE THE L<sup>D</sup> L<sup>T</sup> DINES OR LYES, WITH ALL THE BILLS  
 IN A LONG PARCHMENT.

'Tis fourty to one,  
 When Carteret is gone,  
 These praises we blot out;  
 The truth will be got out,  
 And then we'll be smart on  
 His L<sup>d</sup>ship as Wharton;  
 Or Shrewsbury's Duke,  
 With many rebuke;  
 Or Bolton the wise,  
 With his Spanish flies;  
 Or Grafton the deep,  
 Either drunk or asleep.  
 These Titles and Arms  
 Will then lose their charms,  
 If somebody's grace  
 Should come in his place.  
 And thus it goes round—  
 We praise and confound.  
 They can do no good,  
 Nor would if they could.  
 To injure the Nation  
 Is recommendation;  
 And why should they save her  
 By losing their favor?

Poor kingdom, thou wouldst be that Governour's debtor,  
 Who kindly would leave thee no worse nor no better."

I do here give notice to posterity, that having been the author of severall writings, both in prose and verse, which have passed with good Success, it hath drawn upon me the censure of innumerable attempters and imitaterers and censurers, many of whose names I know, but shall in this be wiser than Virgil and Horace, by not delivering their names down to future ages; and at the same time disappoint that tribe of writers whose chief end next to that of getting bread, was an ambition of having their names upon record, by answering or retorting their Scurrilities; and would sliely have made use of my resentment to let the future world

know that there were such Persons now in being. I do therefore charge my Successors in fame, by virtue of being an antient 200 years hence, to follow the same method. Dennis, Blackmore, Bentley, and severall others, will reap great advantage by those who have not observed my rule. And heaven forgive Mr. Pope, who hath so grievously transgressed it, by transmitting so many names of forgotten memory, full at length, to be known by Readers in Succeeding times, who perhaps may be seduced to Duck lane and Grubstreet, and there find some of the very Treatises he mentions in his Satyre. I heartily applaud my own innocency and prudence upon this occasion, who never named above 6 authors of remarkable worthlessness, let the Fame of the rest be upon Mr. Pope and his Children. Mr. Gay, although more sparingly, hath gone upon the same mistake.

### THE JOURNAL.

Friday, at 11 in the morning I left Chester. It was Sept. 22<sup>d</sup>, 1727.

I bated at a blind ale-house 7 miles from Chest<sup>r</sup>. I thence rode to Ridland, in all 22 miles. I lay there, had bad meat, and tolerable wine. I left Ridland a quarter after 4 morn. on Saturday, slept on Penmenmawr, examined about my sign verses: the Inn is to be on t'other side, therefore the verses to be changed. I baited at Conway, the Guide going to anoth<sup>r</sup> Inn, the Maid of the old Inn saw me in the Street, and said that was my House, she knew me; there I dined and send for Ned Holland, a squire famous for being mentioned in M<sup>r</sup> Lyndsay's verses to Davy Morice. I there again saw Hook's Tomb, who was the 4<sup>th</sup> Child of his Mother, and had himself 27 Children; he dyed about 1638. There is a nota bene that one of his posterity new furbishd up the Inscription. I had read in A.Bp Williams Life that he was buried in an obscure Church in North Wales. I enquired, and heard it was at — Church, within a mile of Bangor, whither I was going: I went to the Church, the Guide grumbling; I saw the Tomb with his Statue kneeling (in marble). It began thus: [Hospes lege

et relege quod in hoc obscuro sacello non expectares. Hic jacet omnium Præsulum celeberrimus]. I came to Bangor, and crossed the Ferry a mile from it, where there is an Inn, which, if it be well kept, will break Bangor. There I lay—it was 22 miles from Holyhead. I was on horseback at 4 in the morning, resolving to be at Church at Holyhead, but to shew Wat Owen Tudor's Tomb at Penmany. We past the place (being a little out of the way) by the Guide's knavery, who had no mind to stay. I was now so weary with riding, that I was forced to stop at Llangueveny, 7 miles from the Ferry, and rest 2 hours. Then I went on very weary, but in a few miles more Watt's Horse lost his two fore-shoes, so the Horse was forced to limp after us. The Guide was less concerned than I. In a few miles more, my Horse lost a fore-shoe, and could not go on the rocky ways. I walked above 2 miles to spare him. It was Sunday, and no Smith to be got. At last there was a Smith in the way; we left the Guide to shoe the horses, and walked to a hedge Inn 3 miles from Holyhead. There I stayd an hour, with no ale to be drunk. a Boat offered, and I went by Sea and Sayl in it to Holyhead. The guide came about the same time. I dined with an old Inkeeper, Mrs. Welch, about 3, on a Loyn of mutton, very good, but the worst ale in the world, and no wine, for the day before I came here, a vast number went to Irelld after having drank out all the wine. There was Stale beer, and I tryed a receit of Oyster shells, which I got powderd on purpose; but it was good for nothing. I walked on the rocks in the evening, and then went to bed, and dreamt I had got 20 falls from my Horse.

Monday, Sept<sup>r</sup>. 25. The Captain talks of sailing at 12. The talk goes off; the Wind is fair, but he says it is too fierce; I believe he wants more company. I had a raw chicken for dinner, and Brandy with water for my drink. I walkt morning and afternoon among the rocks. This evening Watt tells me that my Landlady whisperd him that the Grafton packet boat, just come in, had brought her 18 bottles of Irish Claret. I secured one, and supped on part of a neat's tongue, which a friend at London had given Watt to put up for me—and drank a pint of the wine, which was bad enough. Not a soul is yet come to Holyhead, except a young fellow who smiles when he meets me, and would fain

be my companion; but it is not come to that yet. I writ abundance of verses this day; and severall usefull hints (tho' I say it). I went to bed at 10, and dreamt abundance of nonsense.

Tuesd. 26th. I am forced to wear a shirt 3 days; for fear of being lowsy. I was sparing of them all the way. It was a mercy there were 6 clean when I left London; otherwise Watt (whose blunders would bear an history) would have put them all in the great Box of goods which goes by the Carrier to Chester. He brought but one cravat, and the reason he gave was because the rest were foul, and he thought he should not put foul linnen into the Portmanteau. For, he never dreamt it might be washed on the way. My shirts are all foul now, and by his reasoning, I fear he will leave them at Holyhead when we go. I got anothe<sup>r</sup> Loyn of mutton, but so tough I could not chew it, and drank my 2d pint of wine. I walked this morning a great way among the rocks, and to a hole in one of them from whence at certain periods the water spurted up severall foot high. It rained all night, and hath rained since dinner. But now the sun shines, and I will take my afternoons walk. It was fairer and milder weather than yesterday, yet the Captain never dreams of Sailing. To say the truth Michelmas is the worst season in the year. Is this strange stuff? Why, what would you have me do? I have writt verses, and put down hints till I am weary. I see no creature, I cannot read by candle-light. Sleeping will make me sick. I reckon my self fixed here: and have a mind like Marechall Tallard to take a house and garden. I wish you a merry Christmas, and expect to see you by Candlemas. I have walked this evening again about 3 miles on the rocks; my giddyness, God be thanked, is almost gone, & my hearing continues; I am now retired to my Chamber to scribble or sit hum-drum. The night is fair, and they pretend to have some hopes of going to-morrow.

Sept. 26th. Thoughts upon being confin'd at Holyhead. If this were to be my settlement, during life, I could courage my self a while by forming some conveniencies to be easy; and should not be frighted either by the solitude, or the meanness of lodging, eating or drinking. I shall say nothing upon the suspense I am in about my dearest friend; because that is a case extraordinary, and therefore by way of

amusem<sup>t</sup>, I will speak as if it were not in my thoughts, and only as a passenger who is in a scurvy unprovided comfortless place without one companion, and who therefore wants to be at home, where he hath all conveniences there proper for a Gentleman of quality. I cannot read at night, and I have no books to read in the day. I have no subject in my head at present to write on. I dare not send my Linnen to be washed, for fear of being called away at half an hour's warning, and then I must leav them behind me, which is a serious point; in the mean time I am in danger of being lowsy, which is a ticklish Point. I live at great expense, without one comfortable bit or sup. I am afraid of joyning with passengers for fear of getting acquaintance with Irish. The Days are short, and I have five hours at night to spend by my self before I go to bed. I should be glad to converse with Farmers or shopkeepers, but none of them speak English. A Dog is better company than the Vicar, for I rememb<sup>r</sup> him of old. What can I do but write every thing that comes into my head. Watt is a Booby of that Species which I dare not suffer to be familiar with me, for he would ramp on my shoulders in half an hour. But the worst part is my half hourly longing, and hopes and vain expectations of a wind; so that I live in suspense, which is the worst circumstance of human nature. I am a little vicious [qy.] from two scurvy disorders, and if I should relapse, there is no a welch house curr, that would not have more care taken of him than I, and whose loss would not be more lamented. I confine my self to my narrow chamber in all unwalkable hours. The Master of the packet-boat, one Jones, hath not treated me with the least civility, altho' Watt gave him my name. In short I come from being used like an Emperor to be used worse than a Dog at Holyhead. Yet my hat is worn to pieces by answering the civilties of the poor inhabitants as they pass by. The women might be safe enough, who all wear hats yet never pull them off, if the dirty streets did not foul their petticoats by courtysing so low. Look you; be not impatient, for I only wait till my watch marks 10, and then I will give you ease, and my self sleep, if I can. On my conscience you may know a Welch dog as well as a Welch man or woman by its peevish passionate way of barking. This paper shall serve to answer all your questions about my



Journey; and I will have it printed to satisfy the Kingdom. Forsan et haec olim is a damned lye, for I shall always fret at the remembrance of this imprisonment. Pray pity poor Wat, for he is called dunce, puppy, and Lyar 500 times an hour, and yet he means not ill, for he means nothing. Oh for a dozen bottles of deanry wine and a slice of bread and butter. The wine you sent us yesterday is a little upon the sour. I wish you had chosen better. I am going to bed at ten o'clock, because I am weary of being up.

Wednesday. Last night I dreamt that L<sup>d</sup> Bolingbroke and M<sup>r</sup>. Pope were at my Cathedrall in the Gallery, and that my L<sup>d</sup> was to preach. I could not find my Surplice; the Church Servants were all out of the way; the Door was shut. I sent to my L<sup>d</sup> to come into my Stall for more conveniency to get into the Pulpit. The Stall was all broken; the s<sup>d</sup> the Collegians had done it. I squeezed among the Rabble, saw my L<sup>d</sup> in the Pulpit. I thought his prayer was good, but I forget it. In his Sermon, I did not like his quoting Mr. Wycherlye by name, and his Play. This is all, and so I waked. To day we were certainly to sayl; the morning was calm. Wat and I walked up the monstrous mountain properly called Holy head or Sacrum promontorium by Ptolemy, 2 miles from this town. I took breath 59 times. I looked from the top to see the wicklow hills, but the day was too hazy, which I felt to my sorrow; for returning, we were overtaken with a furious shower. I got in to a welch cabin, almost as bad as an Irish one. There was only an old welch woman sifting flour who understood no English, and a boy who fell a roaring for fear of me. Wat (otherwise called unfortunate Jack) ran home for my coat, but stay<sup>d</sup> so long<sup>t</sup> that I came home in worse rain without him, and he was so lucky to miss me, but took care to carry the key of my room where a fire was ready for me. So I coold my heels in the Parlor till he came, but called for a glass of Brandy. I have been cooking my self dry, and am now in my night gown; and this moment comes a Letter to me from one Whelden who tells me he hears I am a lover of the Mathematicks, that he has found out the Longitude, shewn his discourse to D<sup>r</sup>. Dobbs of y<sup>r</sup> Colledge, and sent Letters to all the Mathematicians in London 3 months ago, but received no answer; and desires I would read his discourse. I sent back his Letter with my

answer under it, too long to tell you, only I said I had too much of the Longitude already, by 2 Projectors, whom I encouraged, one of which was a cheat and the other cut his own throat, and for himself I thought he had a mind to deceive others, or was deceived himself. And so I wait for dinner. I shall dine like a King all alone, as I have done these 6 days. As it happened, if I had gone strait from Chester to Parkgate, 8 miles, I should have been in Dublin on Sunday last. Now Mich'lmas approaches, the worst time in the year for the Sea, and this rain has made these parts unwalkable, so that I must either write or doze. Bite; when we was in the welch cabin, I ordered Wat to take a cloath and wipe my wet gown and cassock—it happened to be a meal bag, and as my Gown dry'd, it was all dawbed with flour well cemented with the rain. What do I, but see the Gown and cassock well dry'd in my room, and while Wat was at dinner, I was an hour rubbing the meal out of them, and did it excell<sup>r</sup>; He is just come up, and I have gravely bid him take them down to rub them, and I wait whether he will find out what I have been doing. The Rogue is come up in six minutes with my gown, and says there were but few spots (tho' he saw a thousand at first), but neither wonders at it, nor seems to suspect me who labored like a horse to rub them out. The 3 Pacquet boats are now all on this side; and the weather grows worse, and so much rain that there is an end of my walking. I wish you would send me word how I shall dispose of my time. If the Vicar could but play at backgammon I were an Emperor; but I know him not. I am as insignificant here as parson Brooke is in Dublin; by my conscience, I believe Cæsar would be the same without his army at his back. Well; the longer I stay here, the more you will murmur for want of packets. Whoever would wish to live long should live here, for a day is longer than a week, and if the weather be foul, as long as a fortnight. Yet here I could live with two or three friends, in a warm house, and good wine—much better than being a Slave in Ireld. But my misery is, that I am in the worst part of wales under the very worst circumstances; afraid of a relapse; in utmost solitude; impatient for the condition of our friend; not a soul to converse with, hindered from exercise by rain, cooped up in a room not half so large as one of the Deanry Closets.

My room smoaks into the bargain, and the w'ther is too cold and moist to be without a fire. There is or should be a Proverbe here, "When M<sup>rs</sup>. Welch's Chimney smoks, 'Tis a sign she'll keep her folks. But, when of smoak the room is clear, It is a sign we shan't stay here." All this is to divert thinking. Tell me, am not I in a comfortable way? The Yatcht is to be here for L<sup>d</sup> Carteret on the 14th of Octb<sup>r</sup>. I fancy he and I shall come over together. I have opened my door to let in the wind that it may drive out the smoak. I asked the wind why is so cross, he assures me 'tis not his fault, but his cursed master Æolus's. Here is a young Jackenapes in the same Inn waiting for a wind, who would fain be my companion; and if I stay here much longer, I am afraid all my pride and grandeur will truckle to comply with him, especially if I finish these leaves that remain; but I will write close, and do as the Devil did at mass—pull the paper with my teeth to make it hold out.

Thursday. 'Tis allowed that we learn patience by suffering. I have now not spirits enough left me to fret. I was so cunning these 3 last days, that whenever I began to rage and storm at the weather, I took special care to turn my face towards Ireland, in hopes by my breath to push the wind forward. But now I give up. However, when, upon asking how is the wind, the people answer, Full in y<sup>r</sup> teeth, I cannot help wishing a T—— were in theirs. Well, it is now 3 afternoon. I have dined and invited the Master, the wind and tide serve, and I am just taking boat to go the Ship: so adieu till I see you at the Deanry.

Friday, Mich<sup>l</sup>mas day. You will now know something of what it is to be at sea. We had not been half an hour in the ship till a fierce wind rose directly against us. We tried a good while, but the storm still continued. So we turned back, and it was 8 at night, dark and rainy, before the ship got back, and at anchor. The other passengers went back in a boat to Holyhead, but to prevent accidents and broken shins I lay all night on board and came back this morning at 8: am now in my Chamber, where I must stay, and get in a new stock of patience. You all know well enough where I am, for I wrote thrice after your Letters that desired my coming over; the last was from Coventry,

19th instant, but I brought it with me to Chester, and saw it put into the Post, on Thursday 21st, and the next day followed it my self, but the Pacquet boat was gone before I could get here, because I could not ride 70 miles a day.

## WILL OF JONATHAN SWIFT<sup>1</sup>

**I**N the name of God, Amen. I, Jonathan Swift, Doctor in Divinity, and Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, Dublin, being at this present of sound mind, although weak in body, do here make my last will and Testament, hereby revoking all my former wills.

*Imprimis*, I bequeath my soul to God, (in humble hopes of his mercy through Jesus Christ,) and my body to the earth. And I desire that my body may be buried in the great aisle of the said cathedral, on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of Primate Narcissus Marsh, three days after my decease, as privately as possible,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The "Copy of Dr. Swift's Will" was published as a sixpenny pamphlet by Oldcastle in November, 1745. It was included in two editions of Swift's works in the following year—"Miscellanies," vol. xi (printed for C. Hitch, C. Davis, R. Dodsley, and M. Cooper), and "Works," vol. viii (Faulkner), the latter with several errors and omissions. The present text is taken from the London edition of 1746, compared with Hawkesworth's edition of 1755. The codicil is copied from Scott's edition of 1814, where it first appeared. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Swift's burial was accomplished very privately. Indeed, the executors intended carrying out the injunctions of the will so literally that Mrs. Whiteway became indignant and wrote a letter of expostulation to one of them, which seems to have had some effect. The following is the letter as given by Scott (vol. i, p. 456):

"SIR,

"The indignation which the town have expressed at the manner of burying their Patriot, is a proof his memory is dear as his life was once so to them. I am told, and I wish my authority may not be true, that Dr. Swift is to be carried out of his back-door at one in the morning by four porters into the church, attended only by two clergymen, with the circumstance of the respect paid to them, of giving each a scarf. I know his desire was to be buried as privately as possible; but, were the same persons to be executors to a duke, and a man who had left but five pounds behind him, would the words be construed in the

and at twelve o'clock at night: And that a black marble of . . . feet square, and seven feet from the ground, fixed to the wall, may be erected, with the following inscription in large letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded.

HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS  
JONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P.  
HUIUS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS  
DECANI,  
UBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO  
ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT.  
ABI, VIATOR,  
ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,  
STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM.  
OBIIT ANNO (MDCCXLV):  
MENSIS (OCTOBRIS) DIE (19);  
ÆTATIS ANNO (LXXVIII).

*Item*, I give and bequeath to my executors, all my worldly substance, of what nature or kind soever, (excepting such part thereof as is herein after particularly devised,) for the

same literal sense? and I appeal to yourself, whether ever you knew a gentleman, whose corpse was not in danger of being arrested for debt, treated in such a manner—an executed criminal, to whom the law doth not allow Christian burial, could only be used thus, by some slight acquaintance. Surely to hang the room Dr. Swift lies in with black, to give him an hearse, and a few mourning coaches, would be judged a funeral sufficiently private for so great a man; and that he himself thought decency requisite at a funeral, may be known by what he did for his honest, trusty servant, Alexander Magee. If this expense be thought too much to be taken from the noble charity he hath bequeathed, I make the offer of doing it, and desire it may be taken out of my legacy, as the last respect I can pay to my great and worthy friend.

“If this favour be denied me, I shall let whoever mentions this affair in my hearing, know the offer I have made.

“I am, Sir,

“Your most obedient and most humble servant,

“MARTHA WHITEWAY.

“*October 22, 1745, ten in the morning.*”

In addition to the tablet as desired by the will, there was placed in 1776, a bust of Swift by Cunningham, presented to the Chapter by George Faulkner, the printer of Swift's Works. [T. S.]

following uses and purposes, that is to say, to the intent that they, or the survivors or survivor of them, his executors, or administrators, as soon as conveniently may be after my death, shall turn it all into ready money, and lay out the same in purchasing lands of inheritance in fee simple, situate in any province of Ireland, except Connaught, but as near to the city of Dublin as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or subject to, any leases for lives renewable, or any terms, for years longer than thirty-one; and I desire that a yearly annuity of twenty pounds sterling, out of the annual profits of such lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune, devised to my executors, as aforesaid, until such purchase shall be made, shall be paid to Rebecca Dingley,<sup>1</sup> of the city of Dublin, spinster, during her life, by two equal half-yearly payments, on the feasts of All Saints, and St. Philip and St. Jacob, the first payment to be made on such of the said feasts as shall happen next after my death. And that the residue of the yearly profits of the said lands, when purchased, and, until such purchase be made, the residue of the yearly income and interest of my said fortune devised as aforesaid, to my

<sup>1</sup> Rebecca Dingley was the life-long companion of Stella, to whom and to Stella, Swift addressed the letters of his "Journal." [T. S.]

It was known by an accident, after Dr. Swift's memory failed, that he allowed an annuity of fifty-two pounds to Mrs. Dingley; but, instead of doing this with the pride of a benefactor, or gratifying his pride by making her feel her dependence, he always pretended that he acted as her agent, and that the money he paid her was the produce of a certain sum which she had in the funds; and the better to save appearances he always took her receipt, and sometimes would pretend with great seeming vexation, that she drew upon him before he had received her money from London. However, he was punctual in paying it quarterly. He used to write the receipt himself, in the following form, every quarter-day, and sent it to be signed by the messenger who carried the money:

"July 25th, 1737.

"Then received from Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, the sum of thirteen pounds sterling, in full for one quarter's rent of payments out of funds in England, by advance of what will be due to me at Michaelmas next, in this year 1737; the said Dean always paying me one quarter by advance. I say received by me,

"RE. DINGLEY."

Mrs. Dingley died before her benefactor, in July, 1743. [N.]



executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a piece of land, situate near Dr. Steevens's hospital, or, if it cannot be there had, somewhere in or near the city of Dublin, large enough for the purposes herein after mentioned, and in building thereon an hospital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunatics as the annual income of the said lands and worldly substance shall be sufficient to maintain; and I desire that the said hospital may be called St. Patrick's Hospital,' and may be built in such a manner, that another

<sup>1</sup> Eight years before the date of this will, Swift had written to Sir William Fownes on the subject of the establishment of a lunatic asylum (Scott, vol. xviii, p. 44), and a little later carried on a correspondence with Mr. Samuel Gerrard of Gibstown, Co. Meath, on the matter of purchasing land which would bring in an income of £300 per annum, the amount of the endowment it was then his intention to found. (See Scott, vol. xix, pp. 147-152.) He was unsuccessful, apparently, in obtaining what he wanted, and in 1738 made a further attempt by advertising. On Thursday, 13th July of that year, he sends a note to Faulkner as follows (*ibid.*, pp. 145-7):

"SIR,

"I desire you will print the following paper, in what manner you think most proper. You see my design in it; I believe no man had ever more difficulty, or less encouragement, to bestow his whole fortune for a charitable use.

"I am your humble servant,

"JON. SWIFT."

The paper Swift enclosed was the advertisement, which ran as follows:

"It is known enough, that the above-named doctor has, by his last will and testament, bequeathed his whole fortune (except some legacies) to build and endow an hospital, in or near this city, for the support of lunatics, idiots, and those they call incurables: But the difficulty he lies under is, that his whole fortune consists in mortgages on lands, and other the like securities; for, as to purchasing a real estate in lands, for want of active friends, he finds it impossible; so that, much against his will, if he should call in all his money lent, he knows not where to find a convenient estate in a tolerable part of the Kingdom, which can be bought; and in the meantime, his whole fortune must lie dead in the hands of bankers. The great misfortune is, that there seems not so much public virtue left among us, as to have any regard for a charitable design; because none but the aforesaid unfortunate objects of charity will be the better for it: However, the said doctor, by calling in the several sums he has lent, can be able, with some difficulty, to purchase three hundred pounds *per annum* in lands for the endowment of the said hospital, if those lands could be now purchased; otherwise he must leave it, as he has done in his will, to the care of his executors,

building may be added unto it, in case the endowment thereof should be enlarged; so that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my further will and desire is, that when the said hospital shall be built, the whole yearly income of the said lands and estate shall, for ever after, be laid out in providing victuals, clothing, medicines, attendance, and all other necessities for such idiots and lunatics as shall be received into the same; and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time, as there may be occasion. And, if a sufficient number of idiots and lunatics cannot readily be found, I desire that incurables may be taken into the said hospital to supply such deficiency; but that no person shall be admitted into

who are very honest, wise, and considerable gentlemen, his friends; and yet he has known some of very fair and deserved credit, prove very negligent trustees. The doctor is now able to lend two thousand pounds, at five *per cent.* upon good security; of which the principal, after his decease, is to be disposed of, by his executors, in buying lands for the further endowment of the said hospital."

This advertisement evidently produced no result, for we know that the purchase of the lands for income was left with the executors.

But Swift was also much interested in the site for the said hospital. In the piratical Dublin reprint of the "London Magazine," entitled by George Faulkner, the printer, the "London and Dublin Magazine," appeared the following, under date 21st January, 1734-5:

"On Friday last the following memorial was presented at the quarterly assembly of the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Council.

"To the Right-Honourable the Lord-Mayor, &c., the memorial of the Dean of St. Patrick's,

"Sheweth,—That the said Dean having, by his last will and testament, settled his whole fortune to erect and endow an Hospital, in or near this city, for the support of idiots and lunatics, and being advised that a plot of ground in Oxmantown-green would be a convenient place whereon to erect the said Hospital, he therefore humbly desires, that your Lordship, and this honourable board will please to grant him such a plot of ground on the said green, and for the said use, upon such terms as your Lordship and Worship shall think fit.

"The Lord-Mayor, Alderman, and Common Council, were pleased to order a Committee to inspect the said green, for the most convenient plot of ground whereon to erect the said Hospital.

"March, 1735."

In 1737, there was some talk of passing a law forbidding the leaving of lands for church or public charities' endowments. The talk amounted to nothing; but it moved Swift to present a petition to the House of Lords to be excepted from the bill, should it become law. The bill did not become law. [T. S.]

it, that labours under any infectious disease; and that all such idiots, lunatics, and incurables, as shall be received into the said hospital, shall constantly live and reside therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the salaries of agents, receivers, officers, servants, and attendants, to be employed in the business of the said hospital, shall not in the whole exceed one-fifth part of the clear yearly income or revenue thereof. And I further desire, that my executors, the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such, shall not have power to demise any part of the said lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, but with consent of the Lord Primate, the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, the Dean of Christ-Church, the Dean of St. Patrick's, the Physician to the State, and the Surgeon-General, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and that no leases of any part of the said lands shall ever be made other than leases for years not exceeding thirty-one, in possession, and not in reversion or remainder, and not dispunishable of waste, whereon shall be reserved the best and most improved rents, that can reasonably and moderately, without racking the tenants, be gotten for the same, without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earnest desire, that no lease of any part of the said lands, so to be purchased as aforesaid, shall ever be made to, or in trust for, any person any way concerned in the execution of this trust, or to, or in trust for, any person any way related or allied, either by consanguinity or affinity, to any of the persons who shall at that time be concerned in the execution of this trust: and that, if any leases shall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void, and of no effect. And I further desire, until the charter herein after mentioned be obtained, my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, his heirs, executors, or administrators, shall not act in the execution of this trust, but with the consent and approbation of the said seven additional trustees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing, and shall, with such consent and approbation as aforesaid, have power, from time to time, to make rules, orders, and regulations, for the government and direction of the said hospital. And I make it my request to my said executors, that they may, in

convenient time, apply to his Majesty for a charter to incorporate them, or such of them as shall be then living, and the said additional trustees, for the better management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchase lands; and to supply, by election, such vacancies happening in the corporation, as shall not be supplied by succession, and such other powers as may be thought expedient for the due execution of this trust, according to my intention herein before expressed. And when such charter shall be obtained, I desire that my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor, may convey, to the use of such corporation, in fee simple, for the purposes aforesaid, all such lands and tenements as shall be purchased in manner above mentioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention, that my executors, until the said charter, and afterwards the Corporation, to be hereby incorporated, shall, out of the yearly profits of the said lands when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase be made, have power to reimburse themselves for all such sums of their own money, as they shall necessarily expend in the execution of this trust. And that, until the said charter be obtained, all acts which shall at any time be done in execution of this trust by the greater part of my executors then living, with the consent of the greater part of the said additional trustees, under their hands in writing, shall be as valid and effectual as if all my executors had concurred in the same.

*Item*, Whereas I purchased the inheritance of the tithes of the parish of Effernock, near Trim, in the county of Meath, for two hundred and sixty pounds sterling: I bequeath the said tithes to the vicars of Laracor, for the time being, that is to say, so long as the present Episcopal religion shall continue to be the national established faith and profession in this Kingdom: but, whenever any other form of Christian religion shall become the established faith in this Kingdom, I leave the said tithes of Effernock to be bestowed, as the profits come in, to the poor of the said parish of Laracor, by a weekly proportion, and by such officers as may then have the power of distributing charities to the poor of the said parish, while Christianity under any

shape shall be tolerated among us, still excepting professed Jews, atheists, and infidels.

*Item*, Whereas I have some leases of certain houses in Kevin's-Street, near the Deanery-house, built upon the Dean's ground, and one other house, now inhabited by Henry Land,<sup>1</sup> in Deanery-Lane, alias Mitre-Alley, some of which leases are let for forty-one years, or forty at least, and not yet half-expired, I bequeath to Mrs. Martha Whiteway, my lease or leases of the said houses; I also bequeath to the said Martha, my lease, of forty years, of Goodman's Holding, for which I receive ten pounds *per annum*; which are two houses or more lately built; I bequeath also to the said Martha, the sum of three hundred pounds sterling, to be paid her by my executors out of my ready money, or bank bills, immediately after my death, as soon as the executors meet. I leave, moreover, to the said Martha, my repeating gold watch, my yellow tortoise-shell snuff-box, and her choice of four gold rings, out of seven, which I now possess.

*Item*, I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Swift, alias Harrison, daughter of the said Martha, my plain gold watch made by Quare, to whom also I give my Japan writing-desk, bestowed to me by my Lady Worsley, my square tortoise-shell snuff-box, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the right honourable Henrietta, now Countess of Oxford, and the seal with a Pegasus, given to me by the Countess of Granville.

*Item*, I bequeath to Mr. Ffolliott Whiteway, eldest son of the aforesaid Martha, who is bred to be an attorney, the sum of sixty pounds, as also five pounds to be laid out in the purchase of such law-books as the honourable Mr. Justice Lindsay, Mr. Stannard, or Mr. M'Aulay, shall judge proper for him.

*Item*, I bequeath to Mr. John Whiteway, youngest son of the said Martha, who is to be brought up a surgeon, the sum of one hundred pounds, in order to qualify him for a surgeon, but under the direction of his mother: which said

<sup>1</sup> Sexton of St. Patrick's Cathedral.—*Note* in "Miscellanies."

sum of one hundred pounds is to be paid to Mrs. Whiteway, in behalf of her said son John, out of the arrears which shall be due to me from my church livings (except those of the Deanery tithes, which are now let to the Rev. Doctor Wilson), as soon as the said arrears can be paid to my executors. I also leave the said John five pounds to be laid out in buying such physical or chirurgical books as Doctor Grattan and Mr. Nichols<sup>1</sup> shall think fit for him.

*Item*, I bequeath to Mrs. Anne Ridgeway,<sup>2</sup> now in my family, the profits of the lease of two houses let to John Cownly, for forty years, of which only eight or nine are expired, for which the said Cownly payeth me nine pounds sterling for rent, yearly. I also bequeath to the said Anne, the sum of one hundred pounds sterling, to be paid her by my executors in six weeks after my decease, out of whatever money or bank-bills I may possess when I die; as also three gold rings, the remainder of the seven above-mentioned, after Mrs. Whiteway hath made her choice of four: and all my small pieces of plate, not exceeding in weight one ounce and one third part of an ounce.

*Item*, I bequeath to my dearest friend, Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, Esq., my picture in miniature, drawn by Zincke, of Robert, late Earl of Oxford.

*Item*, I leave to Edward, now Earl of Oxford, my seal of Julius Caesar, as also another seal, supposed to be a young Hercules, both very choice antiques, and set in gold; both which I choose to bestow to the said Earl, because they belonged to her late most excellent Majesty Queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nursing-mother of all her kingdoms.

*Item*, I leave to the reverend Mr. James Stopford,<sup>3</sup> Vicar

<sup>1</sup> John Nichols, Esq., surgeon-general.—*Note* in "Miscellanies."

<sup>2</sup> Daughter to Mrs. Brent, and who for many years had been his faithful domestic friend.—*Note* in "Miscellanies."

<sup>3</sup> Rev. James Stopford was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and became Vicar of Finglas in 1727, resigning his fellowship. He was made Bishop of Cloyne in 1753, and died six years later. [T. S.]



of Finglas, my picture of King Charles the First, drawn by Vandyck, which was given to me by the said James; as also my large picture of birds, which was given to me by Thomas, Earl of Pembroke.

*Item*, I bequeath to the reverend Mr. Robert Grattan,<sup>1</sup> Prebendary of St. Audoen's, my gold bottle-screw, which he gave me, and my strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of the said box to his brother Dr. James Grattan, during the life of the said Doctor, who hath more occasion for it, and the second best beaver hat I shall die possessed of.

*Item*, I bequeath to Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan, my silver box in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me; in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called pigtail.

*Item*, I bequeath all my horses and mares to the Reverend Mr. John Jackson, Vicar of Santry, together with all my horse furniture: lamenting that I had not credit enough with any chief governor (since the change of times) to get some additional church preferment for so virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I also leave him my third best beaver hat.

*Item*, I bequeath to the Reverend Doctor Francis Wilson,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Robin Grattan of the "Correspondence." He was one of seven sons of Dr. Patrick Grattan, a well-known clergyman. [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Nichols gives an account of Dr. Wilson, on the authority of Faulkner, which reflects most disgracefully on that gentleman. Wilson, it seems, farmed the tithes of Clondalkin from Swift on such reasonable terms that he did very well indeed out of them. At a time when Swift was in the worst stages of his illness, he invited Wilson to stay with him at the Deanery and occupy special apartments for himself and his wife. This invitation Wilson accepted and had the full benefit of the Deanery servants. During one of Swift's lapses of memory at this time, Wilson carried Swift to his house at Newland, four miles outside Dublin, and while there attempted to make him drunk for the purpose of obtaining Swift's consent to his appointment as sub-dean. Wilson failing in this, attacked Swift in a most outrageous manner, beat the poor old man, and would have throttled him had not Swift's footman and coachman rescued their master. The affair created a great sensation at the time, and Wilson tried to vindicate himself in an affidavit in which he said he had defended himself against an attack from Swift while the latter had



the works of Plato in three folio volumes, the Earl of Clarendon's History in three folio volumes, and my best Bible; together with thirteen small Persian pictures in the drawing-room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard.

*Item*, I bequeath to the Earl of Orrery, the enamelled silver plates to distinguish bottles of wine by, given to me by his excellent lady, and the half-length picture of the late Countess of Orkney in the drawing-room.

*Item*, I bequeath to Alexander M'Aulay,<sup>1</sup> Esq., the gold box in which the freedom of the city of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressors.

*Item*, I bequeath to Deane Swift, Esq., my large silver standish, consisting of a large silver plate, an ink-pot, a sand-box and bell of the same metal.

*Item*, I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Barber, the medal of Queen Anne and Prince George, which she formerly gave me.

*Item*, I leave to the Reverend Mr. John Worrall,<sup>2</sup> my best beaver hat.

been seized by one of his fits of frenzy. No faith can be placed in the affidavit, coming as it did from a man who was in the habit of stealing books from Swift's house on the occasions of his being a guest there. He would come to the house with an empty portmanteau and carry it away filled with books. Wilson died soon after the scandal. [T. S.]

<sup>1</sup> Alexander M'Aulay was a lawyer for whom Swift had a deep respect, and of whose abilities he thought very highly. He interested himself greatly in his election to parliament in Dublin, and wrote several letters on his behalf (see "Correspondence," vol xix, Scott). M'Aulay was the author of a "Treatise on Tillage," and a tract in favour of clerical tithes, entitled "Property Inviolable." [T. S.]

<sup>2</sup> Swift used to board himself at Worrall's house. It was cheaper, and he admired Mrs. Worrall's neatness and cleanliness in her household management. [T. S.]

*Item*, I bequeath to the Reverend Doctor Patrick Delany, my medal of Queen Anne in silver, and on the reverse, the Bishops of England kneeling before her most sacred Majesty.

*Item*, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. James King, Prebendary of Tipper, my large gilded medal of King Charles the First, and on the reverse, a crown of martyrdom, with other devices. My will, nevertheless, is, that if any of the above-named legatees should die before me, that then, and in that case, the respective legacies to them bequeathed, shall revert to myself, and become again subject to my disposal.

*Item*, Whereas I have the lease of a field in trust for me, commonly called the Vineyard,<sup>1</sup> let to the Reverend Doctor Francis Corbett,<sup>2</sup> and the trust declared by the said Doctor; the said field, with some land on this side of the road,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Pilkington's description of Naboth's Vineyard is probably correct, though the mode in which it is given may be apocryphal. "I'll send for your husband," said the Dean, "to dine with us, and in the meantime we'll go and take a walk in Naboth's vineyard."—"Where may that be, sir?" said she.—"Why, a garden," said the Dean, "I cheated one of my neighbours out of." When they entered the garden, or rather the field, which was square, and enclosed with a stone wall, the Dean asked her how she liked it? "Why, pray, sir," said she, "where is the garden?"—"Look behind you," said he. She did so; and observed the south wall was lined with brick, and a great number of fruit trees planted against it, which, being then in blossom, looked very beautiful. "What are you so intent on?" said the Dean.—"The opening bloom," replied she; which brought Waller's lines to her remembrance:

"I hope waits upon the flow'ry prime."

"Oh!" replied he, "you are in a poetical vein; I thought you had been taking notice of my wall. It is the best in Ireland. When the masons were building it, (as most tradesmen are rogues,) I watched them very close, and, as often as they could, they put in a rotten stone; of which, however, I took no notice, until they had built three or four perches beyond it. Now, as I am an absolute monarch in the liberties, and king of the rabble, my way with them was, to have the wall thrown down to the place where I observed the rotten stone; and by doing so five or six times, the workmen were at last convinced it was their interest to be honest." [S.]

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's. [T. S.]

making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's \* \* \* \*

Whereas I have built a strong wall round the said piece of ground, eight or nine feet high, faced to the south aspect with brick, which cost me above six hundred pounds sterling: and likewise, another piece of ground as aforesaid, of half an acre, adjoining to the burial-place, called the Cabbage-garden, now tenanted by William White, gardener; my will is, that the ground enclosed by the great wall may be sold for the remainder of the lease, at the highest price my executors can get for it, in belief and hopes, that the said price will exceed three hundred pounds at the lowest value: for which my successor in the Deanery shall have the first refusal: and it is my earnest desire, that the succeeding Deans and Chapters may preserve the said Vineyard, and piece of land adjoining, where the said White now liveth, so as to be always in the hands of the succeeding Deans during their office, by each Dean lessening one fourth of the purchase money to each succeeding Dean, and for no more than the present rent.

And I appoint the Honourable Robert Lindsay, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas; Henry Singleton, Esq., Prime Serjeant to his Majesty; the Reverend Dr. Patrick Delany, Chancellor of St. Patrick's; the Reverend Doctor Francis Wilson, Prebendary of Kilmactalway; Eaton Stannard, Esq., Recorder of the city of Dublin; the Reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St. Audoen's; the Reverend Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan; the Reverend Mr. James Stopford, Vicar of Finglas; the Reverend Mr. James King, Prebendary of Tipper; and Alexander M'Aulay, Esq.;<sup>1</sup> my executors.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and

<sup>1</sup> These gentlemen were all good friends of Swift, to whom reference has already been made. Eaton Stannard was an eminent barrister of Dublin who figures in Swift's "Correspondence." He was elected Recorder of Dublin in 1733, on which occasion Swift wrote his letter to the Mayor and Corporation on the choice of a recorder. (See vol. vii, pp. 317-20.) [T. S.]

seal, and published and declared this as my last will and testament, this third day of May, one thousand seven hundred and forty.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

*Signed, sealed, and published, by the above-named JONATHAN SWIFT, in presence of us, who have subscribed our names in his presence.*

JO. WYNNE.

JO. ROCHFORD.

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

## CODICIL TO THE WILL OF JONATHAN SWIFT.

\* \* Sir Walter Scott stated that this Codicil was never published in any edition of the Life or Works of Swift, before he printed it in an appendix to his Life of the Dean in 1814. The copy was furnished to Scott by Dr. Barrett, who had not met with it when he published his "Essay on the Early Part of the Life of Swift." [T. S.]

In the name of God, Amen. I, JONATHAN SWIFT, Doctor in Divinity, and Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick's, Dublin, being weak in body, but sound in mind, do make this codicil part of my last will and testament, and do appoint this writing to have the same force and effect thereof.

Whereas the Right Honourable Theophilus, Lord Newtown, deceased, did, by his last will and testament, bequeath unto Anne Brent a legacy of twenty pounds sterling a year during her life, in consideration of the long and faithful service of her the said Anne: And whereas the said Anne, since the death of the said Lord Newtown, did intermarry with Anthony Ridgeway, of the city of Dublin, cabinet-maker; and that the said Anthony Ridgeway, and Anne his wife, for valuable considerations, did grant and assign unto me, the said Dr. Swift, the said annuity or rent charge of twenty pounds sterling per annum, to hold to me, my executors, and administrators, during the life of the said Anne, and the said Anthony Ridgeway being since dead: Now I, the said Dr. Swift, do hereby devise and bequeath unto the Reverend Dr. John Wynne, Chanter of St. Patrick's, Dublin, the Reverend Mr. James King, Curate of St. Bridget's, Dublin, and the Reverend Dr. Francis Wilson, Prebendary of Kilmactalway, and the survivor or survivors of them, their heirs, executors, and administrators, the said annuity or yearly rent charge of twenty pounds sterling per annum, devised by the said Lord Newtown to the said Anne, to have, receive, and enjoy the same, during the life of the said Anne, to the uses, intents, and purposes herein after specified; that is to say, it is my

will, that my said trustees, and the survivor or survivors of them, his and their heirs, executors, and administrators, shall (so soon after they shall have received the annuity, or any part thereof, as conveniently they can) pay or cause to be paid unto the said Anne Ridgeway the said annuity of twenty pounds sterling per annum, during her life. In witness whereof, I, the said Dr. Jonathan Swift, have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published this codicil, as part of my last will and testament, this fifth day of May, 1740.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

*Signed, sealed, and published, in presence of us, who witnessed  
this codicil, in presence of the said testator.*

JOHN LYON.

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

ROGER KENDRICK.

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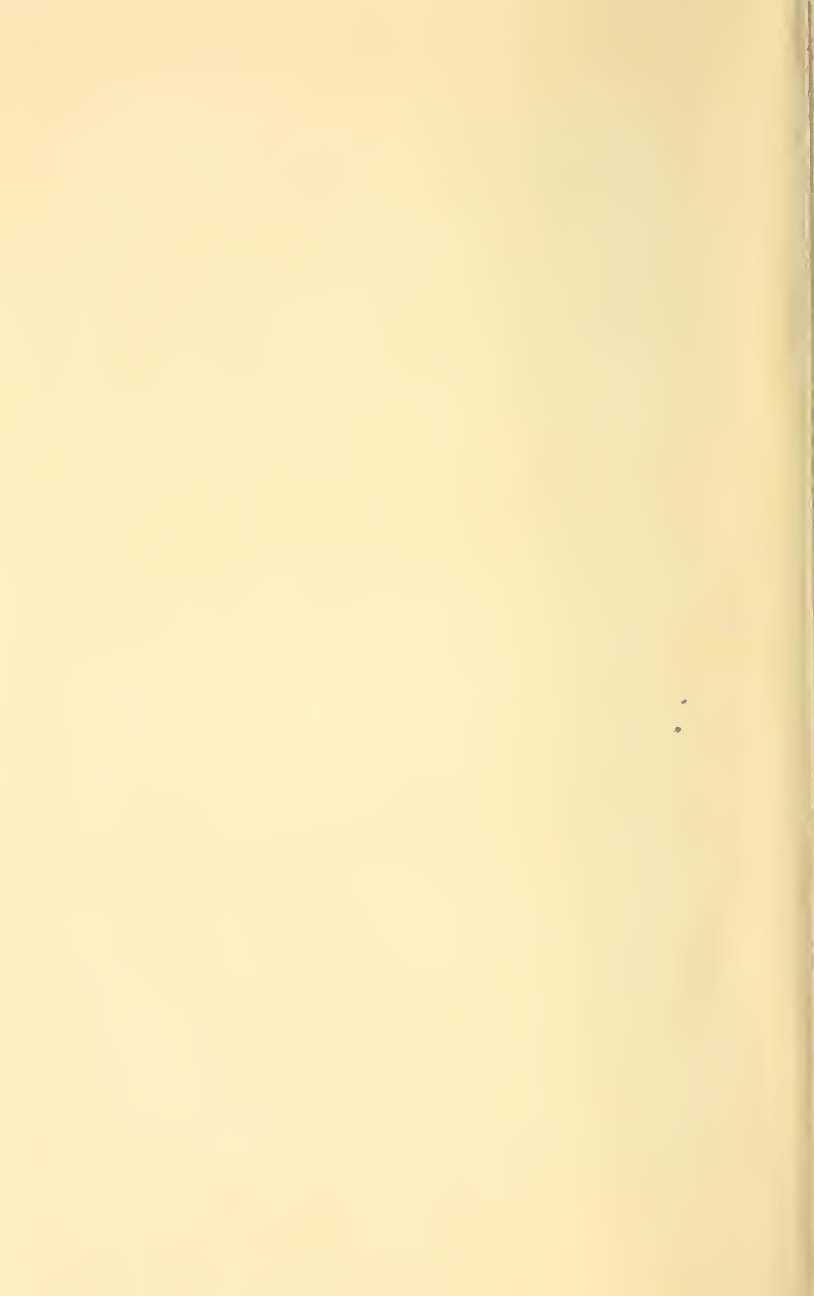
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