

your Grace have now assembled ourselves in a very small Room, for Privacy, and, according to the exclusive Custom of this Country, do it thus in Writing,—which we know will reach you, let the Wind be ever so unfavoural.

OUR Troubles, insupportable as they still are, and may be, we still bear with Ease, tho' we can bear them no longer, for the last ten Years past. And that we may not be stil'd Grumblers without Reason, we beg you will permit us by Way of Confusion, to mention them in Order as they ought to stand,—one Thing following the other all at once.

THE ruinous Condition of the College of the University of *Dublin*, tho' now entirely rebuilt, more immediately concerns your Grace, as C—— thereof. A College founded by Queen *Elizabeth*,—endowed by her,—and now repairing by her own sweet Hands, almost two hundred Years ago.

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