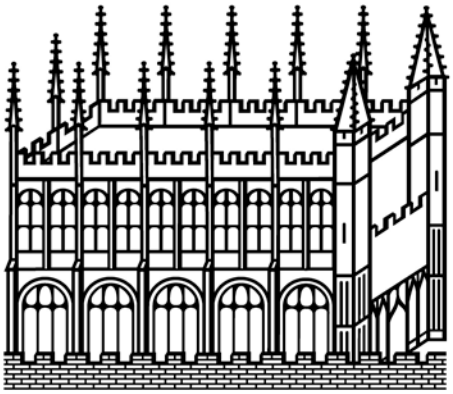

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A Collection of
articles about
Swift, and reviews
of books by and
about him, taken
mainly from 19th
century periodicals.

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the Greenlanders; it is ſome conſolation to a benevolent reader, that

"What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
"The hard inhabitant contends is right."

POPE.

Letters written by the late Jonathan Swift, D. D. *Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and ſeveral of his friends, from the year* 1703, *to* 1740; *publiſhed from the originals, with notes explanatory and hiſtorical, by* John Hawkeſworth, L. L. D.

WE cannot give a better general account of this work, or its uſe, than in the words of the editor.

The letters here offered to the public, ſays he, were a preſent from the late Dr. Swift to Dr. Lyon, a clergyman of Ireland, for whom he had a great regard; they were obtained of Dr. Lyon, by Mr. Thomas Wilkes of Dublin, and of Mr. Wilkes by the booksellers for whom they are publiſhed.

They are indiſputably genuine: the originals, in the hand-writing of the parties, or copies indorſed by the Dean, being depoſited in the *Britiſh Muſeum*; except of thoſe in the appendix mentioned to have come to the proprietors hands after the reſt were printed, the originals of which are in the hands of a gentleman of great eminence in the law in Ireland.

They are all written by perſons eminent for their abilities, many of whom were alſo eminent for their rank; the greater part are the genuine effuſions of the heart, in the full confidence of the moſt intimate friendſhip, without reſerve, and without diſguiſe. Such in particular are the letters between the Dean and Mrs. Johnſon, and Mrs. Dingley, Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Gay.

They relate many particulars, that would not otherwiſe have been known, relative to ſome of the moſt intereſting events that have happened in this century: they abound alſo with ſtrains of humour, turns of wit, and refined ſentiment: they are all ſtrongly characteriſtic, and enable the reader "to catch the manners living as they riſe." Thoſe from the Dean to Mrs. Johnſon and Mrs. Dingley, are part of the journal mentioned in his life*, and from them alone a better notion may be formed of his manner and character than from all that has been written about him.

But this collection muſt not be conſidered as affording only entertainment to the idle, or ſpecu-

* Swift, while he was courted and careſſed by thoſe whom others were making intereſt to approach, ſeems to have enjoyed his diſtinction only in proportion as it was participated with Stella; for amidſt all the buſineſs and all the honours that crowded upon him, he wrote every day an account of whatever occurred, and ſent a journal regularly, dated every fortnight, during the whole time of his connection with Queen Anne's miniſtry.

Hawkeſworth's Life of Swift.

lative knowledge to the curious; it moſt forcibly impreſſes a ſenſe of the vanity and the brevity of life, which the moraliſt and the divine have always thought an important purpoſe, but which mere declamation can ſeldom attain.

In a ſeries of familiar letters between the ſame friends for thirty years, their whole life, as it were, paſſes in review before us; we live with them, we hear them talk, we mark the vigour of life, the ardour of expectation, the hurry of buſineſs, the jollity of their ſocial meetings, and the ſport of their fancy in the ſweet intervals of leiſure and retirement; we ſee the ſcene gradually change; hope and expectation are at an end; they regret pleaſures that are paſt, and friends that are dead; they complain of diſappointment and infirmity; they are conſcious that the ſands of life which remain are few; and while we hear them regret the approach of the laſt, it falls, and we loſe them in the grave. Such as they were, we feel ourſelves to be; we are conſcious to ſentiments, connections, and ſituations like theirs; we find ourſelves in the ſame path, urged forward by the ſame neceſſity, and the parallel in what has been, is carried on with ſuch force to what ſhall be, that the future almoſt becomes preſent, and we wonder at the new power of thoſe truths, of which we never doubted the reality and importance.

Theſe letters will, therefore, contribute to whatever good may be hoped from a juſt eſtimate of life; and for that reaſon, if for no other, are by no means unworthy the attention of the public.

Among theſe letters are ſome between Dr. Swift and Miſs Vanhomrigh, the lady whom he has celebrated by the name of Vaneſſa. Theſe, it muſt be confeſſed, ſhould have been buried in oblivion, yet for theſe the editor is not anſwerable. "The publication "of them," ſays he, "is not my "own act, nor at my own option, "but the act of thoſe to whom they "had been ſold for that purpoſe, "before I knew they had a be-"ing."

Of the collection conſidered as an whole, there can be no epitome, and it is difficult to ſelect an extract: a ſingle letter can no more be conſidered as a ſpecimen, than a ſingle brick can be conſidered as the ſample of an houſe: there is however an event, the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's poſthumous works, that ſuch an extract, as it comes within the bounds of this miſcellany, will perfectly include. It is an event of ſome importance, as by ſhewing that the enemies of Chriſtianity are not honeſt, *upon their own principles*, it will proportionably leſſen their authority and render their profeſſions ſuſpected. On this conſideration, we have ſelected the following letters and note.

Lord Bolingbroke to D. Swift.

Sept. 12, 1724.

IT is neither ſickneſs, nor journey, nor ill humours, nor age, nor vexation, nor ſtupidity, which has hindered me from anſwering ſooner your letter of the month of June; but a very prudent conſideration, and one of the greateſt ſtrains of policy I ever exerciſed in my

my life. Should I anſwer you in a month, you might think yourſelf obliged to anſwer me in ſix; and, ſcared at the ſore fatigue of writing twice a year to an abſent friend, you might (for ought either you or I can tell) ſtop ſhort, and not write at all. Now, this would diſappoint all my projects; for, to confeſs the truth, I have been drawing you in theſe ſeveral years, and by my paſt ſucceſs, I begin to hope, that in about ten more, I may eſtabliſh a right of hearing from you once a quarter. The gout neither clears my head, nor warms my imagination, and I am aſhamed to own to you, how near the truth I kept in the deſcription of what paſſed by my bedſide in the reading of your letter. The ſcene was really ſuch as I painted it; and the company was much better than you ſeem to think it. When I, who paſs a great part, very much the greateſt, of my life alone, ſally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myſelf by the converſation I find there; and ſtill farther from caring one jot of what paſſes there. In ſhort, I am no longer the bubble you knew me; and therefore, when I mingle in ſociety, it is purely for my amuſement. If mankind divert me (and I defy them to give me your diſtemper, the ſpleen), it is all I expect or aſk of them. By this ſincere confeſſion you may perceive, that your great maſters of reaſon are not for my turn; their thorough baſs benumbs my faculties. I ſeek the fiddle or the flute, ſomething to raiſe, or ſomething to calm my ſpirits agreeably; gay flights, or ſoothing images. I do not diſlike a fellow, whoſe imagination runs away with him, and who has wit enough to be half mad; nor him, who atones for a ſcanty imagination by an ample fund of oddneſſes and ſingularity. If good ſenſe and great knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I deſire there may be at leaſt ſome latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occaſion, and render the perſon a tolerable companion. By this ſketch you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends, with whom I paſs my time, you know. The living ones are of the ſame ſort, and therefore few.

I paſs over that part of your letter, which is a kind of an elegy on a departed miniſter *; and I promiſe you ſolemnly neither to mention him, nor think of him more, till I come to do him juſtice in an hiſtory of the firſt twenty years of this century, which I believe I ſhall write, if I live three or four years longer. But I muſt take a little more notice of the paragraph which follows. The verſes I ſend you are very bad, becauſe they are not very good: *Mediocribus eſſe poetis non dii, non homines, &c.* I did not ſend them to be admired; and you would do them too much honour, if you criticized them. Pope took the beſt party; for he ſaid not one word to me about them. All I deſire of

* The Earl of Oxford, who died June, 1724.

you is to conſider them as a proof, that you have never been out of my thoughts, though you have been ſo long out of my ſight; and, if I remember you upon paper for the future, it ſhall be in proſe.

I muſt, on this occaſion, ſet you right, as to an opinion, which I ſhould be very ſorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *eſprit fort*, in Engliſh free-thinker, is, according to my obſervation, uſually applied to them, whom I look upon to be the peſts of ſociety; becauſe their endeavours are directed to looſen the bands of it; and to take at leaſt one curb out of the mouth of that wild beaſt man, when it would be well if he was checked by half a ſcore others. Nay, they go farther. Revealed religion is a lofty and pompous ſtructure, erected cloſe to the humble and plain building of natural religion. Some have objected to you, who are the architects *et les concierges* (we want that word in Engliſh) of the former, to you who build, or at leaſt repair the houſe, and who ſhew the rooms, that, to ſtrengthen ſome parts of your own building, you ſhake and even ſap the foundation of the other. And between you and I, Mr. Dean, this charge may be juſtified in ſeveral inſtances; but ſtill your intention is not to demoliſh: whereas the *eſprit fort*, or the free-thinker, is ſo ſet upon pulling down your houſe about your ears, that if he was let alone, he would deſtroy the other for being ſo near it, and mingle both in one common ruin. I therefore not only diſown, but deteſt this character. If indeed by *eſprit fort*, or free-thinker, you only mean a man, who makes a free uſe of his reaſon, who ſearches after truth without paſſion or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it, you mean a wiſe and honeſt man, and ſuch an one as I labour to be. The faculty of diſtinguiſhing between right and wrong, true and falſe, which we call reaſon, or common ſenſe, which is given to every man by our bountiful Creator, and which moſt men loſe by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to guide all operations of it. To abandon this rule, and to guide our thoughts by any other, is full as abſurd, as it would be, if you ſhould put out your eyes, and borrow even the beſt ſtaff, that ever was in the family of the ſtaffs, when you ſet out upon one of your dirty journies. Such free-thinkers as theſe I am ſure you cannot, even in your apoſtolical capacity, diſapprove: for ſince the truth of the divine revelation of Chriſtianity is as evident, as matters of fact, on the belief of which ſo much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of juſtice, theſe free-thinkers muſt needs be Chriſtians on the beſt foundation; on that which St. Paul himſelf eſtabliſhed, I think it was St. Paul; *Omnia probate; quod bonum eſt, tenete.*

But you have a further ſecurity from theſe free-thinkers, I do not ſay a better, and it is this: the perſons I am deſcribing think for themſelves, and to themſelves. Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty not to diſturb the peace of the

the world by oppoſing you *. The peace and happineſs of mankind is the great aim of theſe free-thinkers; and, therefore, as thoſe among them, who remain incredulous, will not oppoſe you, ſo thoſe, whom reaſon, enlightened by grace, has made believers, may be ſorry, and may expreſs their ſorrow, as I have done, to ſee religion perverted to purpoſes ſo contrary to her true intention, and firſt deſign. Can a good Chriſtian behold the miniſters of the meek and humble Jeſus exerciſing an inſolent and cruel uſurpation over their brethren? or the meſſengers of peace and good news ſetting all mankind together by the ears? or that religion, which breathes charity and univerſal benevolence, ſpilling more blood, upon reflection and by ſyſtem, than the moſt barbarous heathen ever did in the heat of action, and fury of conqueſt? can he behold all this without an holy indignation, and not be criminal? nay, when he turns his eyes from thoſe tragical ſcenes, and conſiders the ordinary tenour of things, do you not think he will be ſhocked to obſerve metaphyſics ſubſtituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality?

I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the ſame breath with *Spinoſa*, whoſe ſyſtem of one infinite ſubſtance I deſpiſe and abhor, as I have a right to do, becauſe I am able to ſhew why I deſpiſe and abhor it.

You deſire me to return home, and you promiſe me in that caſe, to come to London, loaded with your travels. I am ſorry to tell you, that London is, in my apprehenſion, as little likely as Dublin to be our place of rendezvous. The reaſons for this apprehenſion I paſs over; but I cannot agree to what you advance with the air of

* Notwithſtanding the declarations made by Lord Bolingbroke in this letter, he left his writings againſt religion to Mr. Mallet, with a view to their being publiſhed, as appears by his will; and with a poſitive and direct injunction to publiſh them, as appears by a letter from Mr. Mallet to Lord Hyde, Viſcount Cornbury, now in the Britiſh Muſeum. We have therefore his Lordſhip's own authority to ſay, that he was one of the peſts of ſociety, *even if the opinions, which he has advanced againſt religion, are true*; for his endeavour is certainly directed to looſen the band of it, and to take at leaſt one curb out of the mouth of that wild beaſt man. Expreſsly to direct the publication of writings, which, he believed, would ſubvert the morals and the happineſs of ſociety, at a time when he could derive no private advantage from the miſchief, was perhaps an act of wickedneſs more purely diabolical, than any hitherto upon record in the hiſtory of any age or nation. Mallet had a pecuniary temptation to aſſaſſinate the morals and happineſs of his country at Bolingbroke's inſtigation: his crime therefore is not equally a proof of natural depravity, though it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe he had leſs conviction of the miſchief he was doing; and it is alſo impoſſible to ſuppoſe, that he could ſeriouſly think any obligation to print Bolingbroke's infidelity, in conſequence of his injunction, equivalent to the obligation he was under to ſuppreſs it, ariſing from the duty, which, as a man, he owed to human nature.

a maxim, That exile is the greateſt puniſhment to men of virtue, becauſe virtue conſiſts in loving our country. Examine the nature of this love, from whence it ariſes, how it is nouriſhed, what the bounds and meaſures of it are; and after that, you will diſcover, how far it is virtue, and where it becomes ſimplicity, prejudice, folly, and even enthuſiaſm. A virtuous man in exile may properly enough be ſtyled unfortunate; but he cannot be called unhappy. You remember the reaſon, which Brutus gave, becauſe, where-ever he goes, he carries his virtue with him. There is a certain bulky volume which grows daily, and the title of which muſt, I think, be *Noctes Gallicæ*. There you may perhaps one day or other ſee a diſſertation upon this ſubject: and to return you threatening for threatening, you ſhall be forced to read it out, though you yawn from the firſt to the laſt page.

The word Ireland was ſtruck out of the paper you mention; that is, to ſatisfy your curioſity, and to kindle it anew, I will tell you, that this anecdote, which I know not how you came by, is neither the only one, nor the moſt conſiderable one of the ſame kind. The perſon you are ſo inquiſitive about returns into England the latter end of October. She has ſo great a mind to ſee you, that I am not ſure ſhe will not undertake a journey to Dublin. It is not ſo far from London to Dublin, as from Spain to Padua; and you are as well worth ſeeing as Livy. But I had much rather you would leave the humid climate, and the dull company, in which, according to your account, a man might grow old between twenty and thirty. Set your foot on the continent; I dare promiſe, that you will, in a fortnight, have gone back the ten years you lament ſo much, and be returned to that age, at which I left you. With what pleaſure ſhould I hear you *inter vina fugam Stellæ mærere protervæ?* Adieu.

Extract from Lord Bolingbroke's will, in which his writings are bequeathed to Mr. Mallet.

AND whereas I am the author of the ſeveral books or tracts following, viz.

Remarks on the hiſtory of England, from the minutes of Humphrey Oldcaſtle. In twenty-four letters.

A diſſertation upon parties. In nineteen letters to Caleb D'Anvers, Eſq;

The occaſional writer. Number 1, 2, 3.

The viſion of Camilik.

An anſwer to the London Journal of December 21. 1728, by John Trot.

An Anſwer to the defence of the enquiry into the reaſons of the conduct of Great Britain.

A final Anſwer to the remarks on the Craftſman's Vindication.

All which books or tracts have been printed and publiſhed; and I am alſo the author of

Four letters on hiſtory, &c.

Which have been privately printed, and not publiſhed; but I have not aſſigned to any perſon or perſons whatſoever the copy, or the liberty of printing or reprinting any of the ſaid books, or tracts, or letters. Now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and aſſign to David

due rewards of his labours; and that all bickering and animoſity about his great and good Hero, though neither the one nor the other pretend to perfection and the being all-accompliſhed, may ceaſe, is the ſincere wiſh of

Yours, &c. PROTOPLASTIDES.

Mr. URBAN, *July* 16.

THE two following letters, which, it is believed, are not to be found in any collection of Swift's Works, bear undoubted marks of his peculiar turn of thought, and ſtyle of writing. Although the matter of both be familiar and trivial, they may ſerve to throw ſome new light on the two periods of his life to which they relate.—Swift was 31 when the firſt was written. The ſecond was addreſſed to the ſame gentleman, after an interval of 33 years. He was then in his 64th year. The lady he alludes to under the name of Eliza was probably Miſs Jane Waring, of Belfaſt, to whom an excellent letter from Swift appears in his Works. The Mr. Windar to whom this letter is addreſſed ſucceeded Swift in the prebend of Kilroot, and was grandfather of Lord Macartney, whoſe mother, Elizabeth, was the youngeſt daughter of Mr. Windar.

FOR THE REV. MR. WINDAR, PREBENDARY OF KILROOT.

[To be left at Belfaſt, in the county of Antrim, Ireland.]

Moor-Park, Jan. 13, 1698.

I AM not likely to be ſo pleaſed with any thing again this good while as I was with your letter of December 20th; and it has began to put me into a good opinion of my own merits, or at leaſt my ſkill at negociation, to find I have ſo quickly reſtored a correſpondence that I feared was decaying; as it requires more charms and addreſs for women to revive one fainting flame than to kindle a dozen new ones. But, I aſſure you, I was very far from imputing your ſilence to any bad cauſe (having never entertained one ſingle ill thought of you in my life), but to a cuſtom which breaks off commerce between abundance of people, after a long abſence. At firſt one can't writing for a little while,—and then one ſtays a while longer to conſider of excuſes,—and at laſt it grows deſperate, and one does not write at all. At this rate I have ſerved them, and have been ſerved myſelf.

I wiſh I had a Lexicon by me, to find whether your Greek word be ſpelt and accented right, and am very ſorry you have made an *acutum in ultimâ*, as if you laid the greateſt ſtreſs upon the worſt part of the word. However, I proteſt againſt your meaning, or any interpretation you ſhall ever make of that nature out of my letters; if I thought you deſerved any bitter words, I ſhould either deliver them plainly, or hold my tongue altogether; for, I eſteem the cuſtom of conveying one's reſentment by hints, or inuendos, to be a ſign of malice or fear, or too little ſincerity: but I have told you, *coram et abſens*, that you are in your nature more ſenſible than you need be; and I find it is with reputation as with all other poſſeſſions, that thoſe who have the greateſt portion are moſt covetous of it. It is hard you cannot be ſatisfied with the eſteem of the beſt among your neighbours, but loſe your time in regarding what may be thought of you by one of my privacy and diſtance. I wiſh you could as eaſily make my eſteem and friendſhip for you to be of any value, as you may be ſure to command them.

I ſhould be ſorry if you have been at any inconvenience in haſtening my accompts; and I dare refer you to my letters, that they will lay the fault upon yourſelf; for, I think I deſired, more than once, that you would not make more diſpatch than ſtood with your eaſe, becauſe I was in no haſte at all.

I deſired of you, two or three times, that when you had ſent me a catalogue of thoſe few books, you would not ſend them to Dublin till you had heard again from me. The reaſon was, that I did believe there were one or two of them that might have been uſeful to you, and one or two more that were not worth their carriage. Of the latter ſort were an old muſty Horace and Joley's book. Of the former were Reynold's Work; Collection of Sermons, in quarto; Stillingfleet's Grounds, &c.; and the folio paper book, very good for ſermons, or a receipt-book for your wife, to keep accounts of mutton, raiſins, &c. The Sceptis Scientifica is not mine, but old Mr. Dobbes's; and I wiſh it were reſtored. He has Temple's Miſcellanea inſtead of it, which is a good book, worth your reading. If Sceptis Scientifica comes to me, I'll burn it for a fuſtian piece of abominable curious virtuoſo ſtuff. The books miſſing are few and inconſiderable, not worth troubling any body about. I hope this will come to your hands before you have ſent your cargo, that you may keep thoſe books you mention; and deſire you will write my name and *ex dono* before them in large letters. I deſire my humble ſervice to Mrs. Windar, and that you will let her know I ſhall pay a viſit at Carmoney ſome day or other, how little ſoever any of you may think of it; but I will, as you deſire, excuſe you the delivery of my compliments to poor H. Clements, and hope you will have much better fortune than poor Mr. Davis, who has left a family that is like to find a cruel want of him.

Pray

Pray let me hear that you grow very rich, and begin to make purchaſe. I never heard that H. Clements was dead; I was at his mayoral feaſt. Has he been mayor ſince, or did he die then, and every body forgot to ſend me word of it?

Theſe ſermons you have thought fit to tranſcribe will utterly diſgrace you, unleſs you have ſo much credit that whatever comes from *you* will paſs. They were what I was firmly reſolved to burn, and eſpecially ſome of them; the idleſt, trifling ſtuff that ever was writ, calculated for a church without company, or a roof like our ..... at Oxford. They will be a perfect lampoon upon me, whenever you look on them and remember they are mine.

I remember thoſe letters to Eliza; they were writ in my youth. You might have ſealed them up, and nobody of my friends would have opened them. Pray burn them. There were parcels of other papers that I would not have loſt, and I hope you have packed them up, ſo that they may come to me. Some of them were abſtracts and collections from reading.

You mention a dangerous rival for an abſent lover. But I muſt take my fortune. If the report proceeds, pray inform me; and, when you have leiſure and humour, give me the pleaſure of a letter from you: and, though you are a man full of faſtenings to the world, yet endeavour to continue a friendſhip in abſence; for, who knows but Fate may jumble us together again; and I believe, had I been .....of your neighbourhood, I ſhould not have been ſo unſatisfied with the region I was planted in.

I am, and will be ever, entirely yours, &c.

J. Swift.

Pray let me know ſomething of my debt being paid to Tailer, the inn-keeper of ..... I have forgot the name of the town—between Dromore and Newry.

To the Rev. Mr. Windar, at Belfast.

Sir, *Dublin, Feb* 19, 1731-2.

I HAD the favour of yours of the 6th inſtant. I have been above a fortnight confined by an accidental ſtrain, and can neither ride nor walk, nor eaſily write, elſe you ſhould have heard from me ſooner. I am heartily ſorry for your diſorder, and am the more ſenſible by thoſe I have myſelf, though not of the ſame kind, but a conſtant diſpoſition to giddineſs, which I fear my preſent confinement, with the want of exerciſe, will increaſe. I am afraid you could not light upon a more unqualified man to ſerve *you* or my neareſt friends, in any manner, with people in power: for, I have the misfortune to be not only under the particular diſpleaſure both of the King and Queen, as every body knows, but likewiſe every perſon, both in England and Ireland, who is well with the Court, and can do me good or hurt. And although this and the two laſt Lieutenants were of my old acquaintance, yet I never could prevail with any of them to give a living to a ſober grave clergyman, who married my near relation, and has been long in the church, ſo that he ſtill is my curate; and I reckon this preſent governor will do like the reſt. I believe there is not any perſon you ſee from this town who does not know that my ſituation is as I deſcribe. If you, or your ſon, were in favour with any biſhop or parſon, perhaps it might be contrived to have them put in mind, or ſolicited; but I am no way proper to be the firſt mover, becauſe there is not one ſpiritual or temporal lord in Ireland whom I viſit, or by whom I am viſited, but am as mere a monk as any in Spain; and there is not a clergyman on the top of a mountain who ſo little converſes with mankind, or is ſo little regarded by them, on any other account except ſhewing malice. All this I bear as well as I can; eat my morſel alone, *like a king*; and conſtantly at home, when I am not riding, or walking, which I do often, and *always alone*.

I give you this picture of myſelf, out of old friendſhip; whence you may judge what ſhare of ſpirits and mirth are now left me; yet I cannot read at night, and am therefore forced to ſcribble ſomething, whereof nine things in ten are burned next morning. Forgive this tedioufneſs in the pen, which I acquire by the want of ſpending it in talk. And believe me to be, with true eſteem and friendſhip, your moſt obedient, humble ſervant, &c.

[No ſignature].

Mr. Urban, *Stockport, June* 30.

MY admiration is never excited in more lively manner than when contemplate the natural affection of th irrational creation. It is, I think, t be placed among the firſt of the incom prehenſible works of the Lord of th Univerſe. Few parents, I am afraid bear ſuch an ardent love to their chil dren as birds and beaſts do to their of ſpring. The moſt timid become bol and courageous in defence of the young. I myſelf, for touching a youn rabbit, have received a moſt ſavag bite from the old female. And no on can be ignorant of the reſolute and d ring behaviour of the domeſtic he when any thing approaches her litt chirping brood. Though naturally t morous, and knowing nothing b flight before ſhe becomes a parent; ye when that period arrives, ſhe deſpi every danger, and, with the moſt i trepid boldneſs, attacks the ſturdieſt d in defence of her helpleſs family. B neither theſe, nor any other inſtan

whi

buſtling Duke of Richmond, appear to have wiſhed an alteration in our Repreſentation, but could not agree in what manner they would have it effected.

LOUIS XVI.

"Æſop at Court," a Comedy of M. de Boſſy's, was never repreſented upon the Theatre at Verſailles in the reign of Louis XV. that Monarch looking upon that piece as a ſatire upon the vices that are apt to prevail too much at the Courts of Sovereigns. It was acted, however, before Louis XVI. at his particular requeſt. This unfortunate Prince was aſked this queſtion, during his examination before the National Convention: "Pray, what did you do with a certain ſum of money?" the ſum was ſpecified, and was about two or three thouſand pounds. The tears came into the Monarch's eyes, and his ſpeech faltered; at laſt he ſaid, "J'aimois à faire des heureux,"—"I had a great pleaſure in making perſons happy." The queſtion and anſwer do not, I believe, occur in the Proces Verbal of that unprecedented tranſaction.

CURIOUS REMARKS ON "BISHOP BURNET's HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES."

BY DR. SWIFT, THE LATE LORD HARDWICKE, AND THE LATE SPEAKER ONSLOW. (NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

, Thoſe Paſſages marked *N. P.* are parts in the original Manuſcript of BP BURNET's Hiſtory not printed.

BURNET. "INDEED the peeviſhneſs, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many Clergymen has ſharpened my ſpirits, perhaps, too much againſt them—ſo I *warn* my readers to take all that I ſay on thoſe heads with ſome grains of allowance."

Preface to Fol. Ed. 1724. p. 3.

SWIFT. "I will take his *warning*."

BURNET. "Colonel Titus aſſured me that he had it from King Charles I.'s own mouth, that he was well aſſured his brother Prince Henry was poiſoned by the Earl of Somerſet's means *."

P. 11.

SWIFT. "Titus was the greateſt rogue in England."

BURNET. "The Gun-powder Plot was not an artifice of Cecil's to engage ſome deſperate men to their own deſtruction, but a conſpiracy of the Papiſts." P. 11.

ONSLOW. "See what Lord Stafford ſays of this plot in his trial, which is as follows:

Lord Stafford. "My Lords, 'tis not my part to make any queſtion nor do I, whether a plot, or no plot, for I am not concerned in it. If what I ſhall ſay now be impertinent, I humbly beg

* The reports of many Hiſtorians go to the ſame aſſertion, and the general character of Somerſet rather confirms it. Indeed the King himſelf is ſaid to have ſhared the ſame fate, through the intrigues of Buckingham, who, having gained a thorough aſcendancy over the mind of Prince Charles, wanted to have the King out of the way of his ambition. Howell, one of the Clerks of King Charles the Firſt's Privy Council, and who was an eye-witneſs of King James's death, thus ſtates that fact:

"It was my fortune to be on Sunday was fortnight at Theobald's, where his late Majeſty King James departed this life, and went to his laſt reſt upon the day of reſt, preſently after ſermon was done. A little before break of day he ſent for the Prince, who roſe out of his bed, and came in his night-gown. The King ſeemed to have ſome earneſt thing to ſay to him, and ſo endeavoured to raiſe himſelf upon his pillow, but his ſpirits were ſo ſpent that he had not ſtrength to make his words audible. He died of a fever, which began with an ague; and ſome "Scotch Doctors mutter very much at a plaiſter the Counteſs of Buckingham applied at the outſide of his ſtomach" Howell's Letters, Let. vii. ſect. 4

In the ſame Letter Howell tells of a curious circumſtance which happened at the proclaiming King Charles. "As ſoon as the King expired the Privy Council ſat, and in leſs than a quarter of an hour King Charles was proclaimed at Theobald's Court-Gate by Sir Edward Zouch, Knight-Marſhall, Mr. Secretary dictating to him, "That whereas it had pleaſed God to take to his mercy our moſt gracious Sovereign King James, of famous memory, we proclaim Prince Charles, his rightful and indubitable heir, to be King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland," &c. The Knight-Marſhall miſtook ſaying "his rightful and indubitable heir," but was rectified by the Secretary, and he went over the ceremony again."

your Lordſhips' pardon. My Lords, I have been, by moſt of my friends, at leaſt every one that came to me, particularly by my wife and daughter, that is near me, perſuaded to tell all that I know, and I do here, in the preſence of Almighty God, declare what I know to be true.

Lord High Steward. "What ſays my Lord? Speak out!

Lord Stafford. "My Lords, I do believe, ſince the Reformation from the Church of Rome to what is now eſtabliſhed by the Church of England, thoſe of that religion had ſeveral wicked and ill deſigns and plots. I do believe they had a deſign in Queen Elizabeth's time, Babbington's Plot (that is a long time ago): how far it was to take away the Queen's life I cannot tell, but a plot it was. And I do believe there was another in her time, called "The Earl of Weſtmoreland's Plot," wherein there was a rebellion in the North, for which ſome fled, and ſome were executed—that was a very ill deſign. As for thoſe poiſonings of her ſaddle, and the like, I take them to be but ſtories.

"In King James's time, in the firſt year of his reign, there was a wicked plot, compoſed by actors—ſome of our religion—ſome of another.—There was my Lord Grey, my Lord Cobham, my Lord Brooke, and other ſuch; they were condemned all of them.—Some fled, as Markham and Bairham. Thoſe Lords, and Sir Walter Raleigh, were reprieved and kept long in the Tower. But Sir Walter Raleigh was afterwards upon that ſame judgment beheaded, and the Lords died in the Tower *.

"My Lords, next to that was the execrable treaſon that I ſpoke of at firſt—the Gun-powder Treaſon †, and I proteſt before Almighty God, I did from my infancy deteſt and abhor thoſe men who were concerned in it; and I do think, and always did think, the wit of man nor the devil's malice cannot invent an excuſe for it. For the men concerned, they all acknowledged it, confeſſed it, and begged pardon of God and the King, and all good men for it."

State Trials, Vol. iii. p. 207.

BURNET. "When Frederic the Second, who firſt reformed the Palatinate, reſolved to ſhake off Popery and ſet up Lutheraniſm in his country, he was perſuaded by his private counſellors, it would be more for his private intereſt to turn Calviniſt; and the Elector of Branburgh, who privately adviſed him to this, added, "That he himſelf had turned Papiſt, becauſe his little principality lay ſo near Auſtria and Bavaria. P. 25.

ONSLOW. "The author might have added to theſe inſtances, "That it was ſaid Prince Maurice was in his opinion an Arminian, and Barnevelt a Calviniſt; but as theſe religious points became ſtate diviſions, the one and the other took a part different from their private ſentiments, to ſerve their political purpoſes."

* Lord Grey died in the Tower, though Lord Cobham regained his liberty,—but ſuch liberty as only afforded him a place to ſtarve in,—all his land being formally confiſcated and begged; ſo as myſelf heard William Earl of Pembroke relate with much regret towards him (though in his life an oppoſer, in exaſperating the old Queen (Elizabeth) againſt him, in relation to a juvenile lapſe, for which he was by her committed to the Fleet); that he died in a room aſcended by a ladder, at a poor woman's houſe in the Minories, formerly his laundreſs, rather of hunger than any more natural diſeaſe.

Oſborne's Traditional Memoirs on the Reign of King James, p. 426.

† The printed report of this plot was, "That a letter was ſent to the Lord Morley, and from him to his Majeſty, &c." But this Oſborne diſcredits on the following ground: "I never found any ſignal favour or reſpect given from the Court to the Lord Morley; which renders their conjecture the more probable who did report, as from the French Ambaſſador then reſident, that the firſt intimation of the Powder Treaſon came from his maſter, who received it from the Jeſuits of his faction, to the end he might ſhare in our ruin; the kingdom of England being, in the Pope's own judgment, too great an addition to that of Spain, where, though it was firſt coined (ſome ſay during the days of Queen Elizabeth), yet the Prieſts, who undertook the promoting it, ſought to render it the moſt beneficial they could to their reſpective patrons."

"And here I cannot omit, that after this happy diſcovery his Catholic Majeſty ſent an agent on purpoſe to congratulate King James on his happy preſervation. A flattery ſo palpable as the Pope could not refrain laughing in the face of Cardinal D'Oſſat, when he firſt told it him, nor he forbear to inform his King of it, as may be found in his printed Letters." Ibid. p. 428.

BURNET.

BURNET. "Gowry's conſpiracy againſt King James was confirmed to me by my father." P. 18.

SWIFT. "And yet Melville makes nothing of it."

BURNET. "King Charles the Firſt was much offended with his father's light and familiar way, which was the effect of hunting and drinking; on which occaſions he was very apt to forget his dignity, and to break out into great indecencies *. The gravity of the court of Spain was more ſuited to Charles's temper. This led him to a grave, reſerved deportment: nor did he in his outward deportment take any pains to oblige any perſons whatever.—So far from it, he had ſuch an ungracious way of ſhewing favours, that the manner of beſtowing was almoſt as mortifying as the favour was obliging." P. 20.

SWIFT. "Not worth knowing."

BURNET. Of a Scotch Gentleman of the name of Stewart, he ſays, "This perſon, who was only a private Gentleman, became ſo conſiderable, that he was raiſed by ſeveral degrees to be made Earl of Traquair, and Lord Treaſurer of Scotland; and was in great favour: but ſuffered afterwards ſuch a reverſe of fortune, that I ſaw him ſo low that he wanted bread, and it was generally believed he died of hunger." P. 23.

SWIFT. "A ſtrange death! perhaps it was want of meat!"

BURNET. Speaking of Lord Balmerinoch's trial, he obſerves, "how careful his father was to preſerve the petition and the papers relating to that trial, of which, ſays he, I never ſaw any copy beſide, and which I have now by me, and which indeed is a very noble piece, full of curious matter." P. 26.

SWIFT. "Puppy!"

BURNET "Spottiſwood, Archbiſhop of St. Andrews, then Lord Chancellor, was a prudent and mild man, but of no great decency in his courſe of life." P. 26.

N. P. "For he was a frequent player at cards, and uſed to eat often at taverns, beſides that his livings were ſcandalouſly expoſed to ſale by his ſervants."

BURNET. "Speaking of the Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton, P. 27.

N. P. "Of which I ſhall take the boldneſs to ſet down the character which Sir Robert Murray, who had as great a ſhare of the affairs of that time, and knew the *arcana* ſecret of them, gave, after he read it in the manuſcript, "That he did not think there was a truer hiſtory written ſince the Apoſtles' days."

BURNET. "The Earl of Argyle was a more ſolemn ſort of man, grave and ſober, and free of all ſcandalous vices. P. 28.

SWIFT. "As a man is free of a corporation, he means.

BURNET. Deſcribing Warriſtone, who was his own uncle, as a man of great parts, but too much addicted to Preſbytery, P. 28.

N. P. "But he was a deep diſſembler, and a great oppreſſor in his private dealings; and he was noted for a defect in his courage on all occaſions where danger met him. This had one of its uſual effects on him, for he was cruel in cold blood. But I will not be more tender in giving his character, although he was of my blood, for he was a deep Enthuſiaſt, and had an unrelenting ſeverity of temper againſt all that oppreſſed it."

BURNET. "The Lord Wharton and the Lord Howard of Eſcrick undertook to deliver ſome of theſe, which they did, and were *clapt up* upon it." P. 29.

SWIFT. "What dignity of expreſſion!"

BURNET. "King Charles I. was now in great ſtraits—his treaſure was exhauſted—his ſubjects highly irritated—his Miniſtry frightened, being expoſed to the anger and juſtice of Parliament. He loved high and rough methods, but had neither the ſkill to conduct them, nor the height of genius to manage them." P. 30

SWIFT. "Not one good quality named."

BURNET. "The Earl of Montroſe was a young man well learned, who had travelled, but had taken upon him the part of a Hero too much." P. 30

* "Lord Forteſcue, having given the King a huge entertainment at Cornbury, his Majeſty was ſo inſenſible of his Lordſhip's great endeavours to oblige him, that he laughed aloud at parting, and let a **** in the porch." Osborne's Traditional Memoirs of King James, p. 45.

N. P. "An

N. P. "And lived as in a Romance —for his whole manner was ſtately to affectation. Being likewiſe vain and forward, he was the firſt of fierceſt men."

BURNET. "The Queen of Charles the Firſt was a woman of great vivacity in converſation, and loved all her life long to be *in intrigues of all ſorts* *."

P. 31.

SWIFT. "Not of love, I hope."

BURNET. "I know it was a maxim infuſed into his ſons, which I have often heard from King James, "That he (Charles I.) was undone by his conceſſions." This is true in ſome reſpects, for his paſſing the Act that the Parliament ſhould ſit during pleaſure, was indeed his ruin, to which he was drawn by the Queen. But if he had not made great conceſſions, he had ſunk without being able to make a ſtruggle for it; ſince by the conceſſion that he had made, eſpecially that of the Triennial Parliament, the honeſt and quiet part of the nation was ſatisfied, and thought their religion and liberties were ſecured, ſo they broke off from thoſe violenter propoſitions that occaſioned the war."

SWIFT. "Dark nonſenſe!"

ONSLOW, *on the ſame paſſage*. "In a letter of the Earl of Northumberland's (printed amongſt the Sydney Papers, Vol. II. p. 663) to the Earl of Leiceſter, dated November 13, 1640, he ſays, "The King is in ſuch a ſtrait, I do not know how he will poſſibly avoid (without endangering the loſs of the whole kingdom) the giving way to the remove of diverſe perſons, as well as other things that will be demanded by the Parliament."

BURNET, ſpeaking of the popular preachers of that time in Scotland, ſays, "The perſon next to him (Henderſon) was Douglas, believed to be deſcended from the Royal Family, though the wrong way, and there appeared an air of greatneſs in him, that made all that ſaw him inclined enough to believe he was of no ordinary deſcent. P. 34

N. P. He was, as it was ſaid, a baſtard of a baſtard of Queen Mary of Scotland, by a child ſhe ſecretly bore to Douglas, who was half-brother to the Earl of Murray, the Regent, and had the keeping of her in the Caſtle of Lochlevin truſted to him, from whence he helped her to make her eſcape on that conſideration."

BURNET. "Dickiſon, Blair, Rutherford, Baily, Cant, and other popular preachers in Scotland, affected great ſublimities in devotion; they poured themſelves out in their prayers with a loud voice, and often with many tears. They had but an ordinary proportion of learning among them; ſomewhat of Hebrew, and very little Greek. Books of Controverſy with the Papiſts, but above all with the Arminians, was the height of their ſtudy." P. 34.

SWIFT. "Great nonſenſe! Rutherford was half fool, half mad.

* The prejudices entertained againſt Queen Henrietta merely becauſe ſhe was a *Papiſt*, may be ſuppoſed from the following extract publiſhed by Hearne from a Manuſcript Work of Sir Simon D'Ewes, who was rather a conſiderable man in the Parliament Party:

"On Thurſday the 30th and laſt day of this inſtant June 1625, I went to Whitehall, purpoſely to ſee the Queen, which I did fully all the time ſhe ſat at dinner. I perceived her to be a moſt abſolute delicate Lady, after I had ſurveyed all the features of her face, much enlivened by her radiant and ſparkling black eyes. Beſide, her deportment amongſt her women was ſo ſweet and humble, and her ſpeech and looks to her other ſervants ſo mild and gracious, as *I could not abſtain from divers deep-fetched ſighs to conſider that ſhe wanted the knowledge of the true Religion.*"—See Preface to the Chronicle of Dunſtable, p. 64.

Howell in his Familiar Letters thus ſpeaks of this beautiful but unfortunate Princeſs.—"I can now ſend you gallant news, for we have now a moſt noble new Queen of England, who in true beauty is beyond the long-woo'd *Infanta*, for ſhe was of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and ſomewhat heavy-eyed, but this daughter of France, this youngeſt branch of Bourbon (being but in her cradle when the Great Henry her father was put out of the world), is of a more lively and laſting complexion - a dark brown. She has eyes that ſparkle like ſtars, and for her phyſiognomy ſhe may be ſaid to be a mirror of perfection. She had a rough paſſage in her *tranſportation* to Dover Caſtle, and in Canterbury the King bedded firſt with her. There were a goodly train of choice Ladies attended her coming upon the Bowling-green on Barham Downs upon the way, who divided themſelves into two rows, and they appeared like ſo many conſtellations, but methought the Country Ladies outſhined the Courtiers."—Howell's Familiar Letters, Sect. IV. *Letter xxii.

N. P. on

N. P. on the ſame ſubject. "They were proud and paſſionate, inſolent and covetous."

BURNET, again ſpeaking of the Scotch Clergy. "True morality was little ſtudied or eſteemed by them. They took much pains amongſt their people to maintain their authority—they affected all the ways of familiarity that were like to gain on them." P. 35.

N. P. "Even in ſacred matters they got into a ſet of very indecent phraſes."

BURNET. "The Marquis of Montroſe, flushed with his victories, thought his name carried ſo much terror in it, that he writ to the King, that he had gone over the land from Dan to Beerſheba, therefore prayed him to come down in theſe words: "Come thou and take the city, leſt I take it, and it be called by my name." This letter was written but never ſent, for he was routed and his papers taken before he had diſpatched the courier." P. 39.

N. P. "In his defeat he took too much care of himſelf, for he was never willing to expoſe himſelf too much."

BURNET. "Upon the Marquis of Montroſe's defeat, many priſoners that had quarters given them were murdered in cold blood." P. 39.

N. P. "The Marquis of Argyle and the preachers ſhewed a very bloody temper."

BURNET, ſpeaking of the bad effects of the Marquis of Montroſe's expedition and defeat, ſays, "it alienated the Scots much from the King; it exalted all that were enemies to peace; and there ſeemed to be ſome colour for all thoſe aſperſions that they had caſt on the King, as if he had been in a correſpondence with the Iriſh Rebels, when the worſt tribe had been thus employed by him." P. 40.

SWIFT. "Lord Clarendon differs from all this."

BURNET. "I had in my hand ſeveral letters of the Earl of Antrim to the King in 1640, writ in a very confident ſtyle." P. 40.

N. P. "For he was a very arrogant as well as weak man."

BURNET. "The Earl of Eſſex told me, that he had taken all the pains he could to enquire into the origin of the Iriſh Maſſacre, but could never ſee any reaſon to believe that the King had any acceſſion to it." P. 41.

SWIFT. "And who but *a beaſt* ever believed it?"

(*To be continued occaſionally.*)

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A MEMOIR OF MAJOR CHARLES VALLOTTON.

AMONG the various means which have been recommended for the improvement of Human Nature, Biography juſtly appears to deſerve a moſt diſtinguiſhed place; as the effects of example muſt ever be allowed to be not only more impreſſive, but alſo more permanent than thoſe of mere precept. Hence thoſe books which contain ſtriking inſtances of Roman and Grecian virtue, are, with the greateſt propriety, made a part of early education. But this is not the only benefit to be derived from the hiſtory of men who have excelled in heroiſm, genius, or virtue:—we enjoy, moreover, in viewing of ſuch pictures, the full gratification of our beſt feelings. Theſe conſiderations have always proved ſufficient to induce the world to receive with avidity every circumſtance relative to the life of the hero, the patriot, the philanthropiſt, the poet, and the philoſopher. But ought we not alſo to feel it a duty incumbent on us not to permit ſuch characters to fall unnoticed, and be conſigned to oblivion, amidſt the indiſcriminate heap of the *negatively good*, or the *poſitively bad?* Such a feeling has actuated the author of the following Memoir to endeavour at reſcuing from neglect the memory of Major Charles Vallotton, who was mortally wounded at Wexford in Ireland, July 15th, 1793.

In that kingdom this excellent officer commenced his military career in the year 1764, where he was Page to the late Ducheſs of Northumberland (the Duke being at that time the Viceroy), and who gave him a pair of colours in the 56th regiment. From that time, until 1778, when he was appointed at Gibraltar, by the late General Elliott, his Aid-du-camp, there are no promi-

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nent features of his life that can be ſeparately marked. During that interval he had riſen to the rank of Captain, and had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by uncommon ſteadineſs and activity in his profeſſion, and by an uniform tenour of highly honourable and ſtrictly military conduct. There cannot be given a ſtronger evidence of his ſteady and meritorious behaviour than that of his being firſt Aid-du-camp to General Eliott during the late memorable blockade and ſiege of Gibraltar, as no recommendations or intereſt had any influence upon that brave Commander in the diſtribution of his favours (the manner of his conferring which was often as ſingular as flattering: he would ſometimes inſert ſuch a ſpecies of diſtinction in the orders of the day, without any previous information being given to the diſtinguiſhed perſon, in whom the firſt intelligence of ſuch notice would excite no ſmall degree of pride and ſurprize); and there cannot be produced a greater teſtimony of the continuance of the late Lord Heathfield's approbation of Major Vallotton, than the known circumſtance of his being ſent by that officer to England with the official diſpatches containing the news of the deſtruction of the Spaniſh floating batteries, in the wonderful attack made by France and Spain on that fortreſs on the glorious 13th of September 1782. This promiſed to Vallotton the *ne plus ultra* of gratification in his military career; but it often happens in this world, that we are diſappointed in our faireſt and warmeſt hopes, and this was fully experienced by Vallotton on the preſent occaſion, by which he almoſt conceived an entire diſguſt for the army. Let us ſuppoſe, for a moment, the feelings of ſuch an officer at the proſpect, not only of the uſual promotion and reward, which were at that time the leſſer conſiderations with him, but alſo of the enviable luxury of relating to the Miniſters and at Court, the particulars of that glorious day, which taſk he was ſo well qualified to execute. How greatly, then, muſt he have been mortified, when he found that the contents of the Diſpatches were anticipated by the duplicates having arrived before him, under charge of the Captain of the navy commanding at Gibraltar, who came home in a cutter, while Major Vallotton was by his prudent arrangement put on board the Victory with Lord Howe, by way of being ſafe, with the Governor's *original Diſpatches*; and that inſtead of any minute or intereſting enquiries being made relative to the ſteady defence of the important fortreſs of Gibraltar, one of the principal queſtions put to him was, "Does General Eliott yet live on vegetables and water?" His rewards were, in conſequence, ſcantily conferred, as he was only promoted to the *brevet rank* of Major, and received the uſual pecuniary donation.

It was a little after this period, that the writer of the preſent Memoir became acquainted with Major Vallotton, when the 56th regiment came from Gibraltar, and marched to Scotland. About this time the Major, diſguſted with his profeſſion, began to think of retiring from the army, and ſettling in the married ſtate; but he could not meet with what he wiſhed; he could not marry a woman without a fortune, and he would not marry a fortune without a woman: he was firſt to meet with a woman he could love; and, ſecondly, with a fortune ſufficient in his ideas. Such a concurrence of circumſtances he did not meet with, and he did not wander far in ſearch of it, but recovered again his former reliſh for the military life. We now come to the melancholy concluſion of it.

The 56th regiment from Scotland went over to Ireland, and the detachment which Major Vallotton commanded was, at the time of which we are now ſpeaking, quartered at Wexford, where a very ſerious riot took place by the people ſtiled *The Defenders*. To prevent them from breaking open the priſon, and releaſing ſome of their comrades, as well as to protect the town, which the rioters threatened to deſtroy by fire, the civil power was obliged to requeſt the aſſiſtance of the military. By accident the inſurgents got into their poſſeſſion, and retained as a priſoner and hoſtage, Lieutenant Buckby, of the 56th regiment, whom they menaced with death, if the ſoldiers ſhould be ordered by the magiſtrates to fire, and ſent them notice to that purpoſe. Major Vallotton, humanely wiſhing to prevent the effuſion of the blood of his fellow-ſubjects, and extremely deſirous alſo of ſaving Lieutenant Buckby's life, for whom he had a great friendſhip, left the Juſtices of peace with the troops, determining to try the effect of expoſtulation with the mob. One of them preſented a muſquet at the Major while

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'First, that revealed religion contains a series of facts of the highest importance necessary for man to know, and yet impossible for him by any exertion of his reason to discover.

'Secondly, that the miracles and prophecies recorded in this revelation possess an evidence calculated to induce a belief in their truth.

'Thirdly, that what is affirmed to be the revealed will of God is propounded to man in that awful and authoritative manner, which might reasonably be expected, if it proceeded from God.

'Fourthly, that the definition given by revelation of the attributes of the Deity is more to the glory of God's great and holy name, and infinitely more satisfactory to the human mind, than that which prevailed in the world previous to the promulgation of the Scriptures.

'Fifthly, that its doctrines have produced that strong and beneficial effect on the minds and manners of those to whom it has been revealed, and who believe in its truth, which it might be supposed a religion proceeding from God would produce.'

This essay displays a considerable degree of reading and ingenuity, and it is agreeably written. Mr. Hare has borrowed much from Dr. Warburton's *Divine Legation*, and acknowleges his obligations: but he differs from Warburton in referring the passage in Job, *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, &c. to Christ and the Resurrection.—We consider the work as a pleasing compilation, which, if insufficient to convince every infidel, will be perused with satisfaction by the Christian, and will induce him to prize the treasures of wisdom and knowlege which are contained in the books of the Old and New Testament. It is elegantly ptinted, at the Oxford University Press.

ART. XV. *The Works of the Rev. Jonathan Swift, D.D.* Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, arranged by Thomas Sheridan, A.M. with Notes Historical and Critical. A New Edition in Nineteen Volumes; corrected and revised by John Nichols, F. S. A. Edinburgh and Perth. 8vo. 7l. 12s. (Large Paper, 11l. 8s.) Boards. Johnson, &c. &c. 1801.

IT was observed in a volume published in the year 1789 *, and which was intended as a supplement to Mr. Sheridan's edition of Dean Swift's works †, that "whenever a COMPLETE EDITION shall be formed of Swift's writings, it must be by an accurate comparison of the seventeen volumes published by Mr. Sheridan, with the twenty-five volumes in the editions of Dr. Hawkesworth and Mr. Nichols. When that is done, the present volume will form an interesting part, and till then it may be considered either as an eighteenth volume of the one edition, or as a twenty-sixth of the other."—Much use of this volume has

* M. R. *N. S.* vol. i. p. 1. † M. R. vol. lxxii. p. 321.

been made by the present editor; as also of the two volumes printed by himself as a continuation of Dr. Hawkesworth's edition; and of Literary Relics, published by Mr. Berkeley *. In his advertisement to the reader, Mr. Nichols explains what is to be found in this impression:

'In presenting to the publick a new edition of the works of so well-known and popular a writer as Dr. Swift, it would be equally unjust and invidious to withhold the preliminary observations of men high in esteem for critical sagacity, who on former occasions have not disdained to undertake the office of ushering the dean's writings into the world. These, therefore, will be found collected into one point of view at the beginning of the second volume.

'From a large accumulation of useful materials (to which the present editor had contributed no inconsiderable share, and to which in 1779 he annexed a copious index to the dean's works, and a chronological list of the epistolary correspondence) a regular edition in seventeen volumes was in 1784 compiled by the late Mr. Sheridan; who prefixed an excellent life of the dean, which no man was better qualified than himself to undertake, and which renders it unnecessary to enter farther on that subject, than merely to observe, in the words of a late worthy friend †, that, "if we deduct somewhat from report, which is apt to add to the oddities of men of note, the greatest part of his conduct may be accounted for by the common operations of human nature.—'*Choler*,' lord Bacon observes, 'puts men on action; when it grows adust, it turns to melancholy.' In Swift, that humour seems to have been predominant; governed, however, even in his younger days, by a fund of good-sense, and an early experience of the world. He was thrown, luckily, in the prime of life, into the family of a great personage, where he had the happiness of an interview with a monarch; from whence he had reasonable hopes of satisfying his towering ambition. But he found them followed by nothing but disappointment. In a course of years, honours seemed a second time to make their court to him. He came into favour with a prime minister under another reign, even when different principles prevailed from those which guided his former patron; a rare felicity! which, however, in the event, served only to convince him, that he was banished to Ireland for life, and that all hopes were cut off of his rising, even there, any higher than the deanery. What would one of his parts and wit do in such a situation, but drop mankind as much as possible, especially the higher class of it, which to a man of humour is naturally a restraint; where, at best, as he observes, the only difference is, to have two candles on the table instead of one? What, I say, would such a one do, but cultivate an acquaintance with those who were disappointed like himself? what but write compliments on ladies, lampoons on men in power, sarcasms on human nature, trifle away life between whim and resentment, just as the bile arose or subsided? He had sense, and I believe religion

* M. R. *N. S.* vol. iii. p. 241.

'† Mr. Bowyer, the justly celebrated printer.'

enough

enough to keep him from vice; and, from a consciousness of his integrity, was less solicitous about the appearances of virtue, or even decency, which is often the counterfeit of it. The patriot principle, which he had imbibed in queen Anne's reign, lurked at the bottom of his heart; which, as it was more active in those days than since, sometimes roused him to defend the church, and Ireland his asylum, against any encroachments.—View him now in his decline. Passions decay, and the lamp of life and reason grows dim. It is the fate of many, I may say most geniuses, who have secluded themselves from the world, to lose their senses in their old age; especially those who have worn them out in thought and application. Providence, perhaps, has therefore ordained, that the eyes, the inlets of knowledge, should be impaired, before the understanding, the repository of it, is decayed; that the defects of the former may protract the latter. Few of us are enough sensible how much the conjugal tie, and the several connexions which follow from it, how much even domestick troubles, when surmountable, are the physick of the soul; which, at the same time that they quicken the senses, preserve them too."

'Not wishing to trouble the publick with any more *last words* of Dr. Swift; the editor contented himself with writing in the margin of his own books such particulars as occurred relative either to the dean, or to his writings; a circumstance which now enables him to supply several matters which had escaped Mr. Sheridan's observation, and to elucidate some passages which were left unexplained *. Careful, however, not to interfere with the general arrangement of the last edition; what has been done to the seventeen volumes, though attended with no small labour, it is useless to the general reader to point out. To the critical collator, it would be superfluous.

'For the principal part of the contents of the eighteenth and nineteenth volumes, the Editor is alone responsible. The authority on which the miscellaneous tracts are adopted is in general given; and the articles in the Epistolary Correspondence sufficiently speak for themselves, and need no apology. Some of these are now first printed from the originals; and "Letters written by wise men," says an experienced writer, "are of all the works of men, in my judgment, the best †."

'One advantage at least this edition possesses: a complete general Index, compiled by a Gentleman to whom the revision of the whole work at the press has been consigned by the proprietors, and whose kind attention has much facilitated the labours of the editor.

'For the critical notes the reader is almost wholly indebted to the late Mr. Sheridan. Those which are historical are selected from the former publications of lord Orrery, Dr. Delany, Dr. Hawkesworth, Deane Swift, esq., Mr. Bowyer, Dr. Birch, Mr. Faulkner, and the present editor. J. NICHOLS.'

'* Neither Mr. Sheridan, nor any other of the dean's biographers, has noticed, that he once possessed the prebend of Dunlavin; see vol. xi. pp. 76, 259.'

'† Bacon, de Augment. Scientiarum.'

In the two volumes, for the contents of which Mr. Nichols represents himself as particularly responsible, we find several pieces which are avowedly not the Dean's productions; and many of which proceeded from the pen of Mrs. Manley, the celebrated author of the Atalantis. They find a place with some propriety, however, in the present work, because they were written in consequence of suggestions from Swift, or had been revised and corrected by him.—We have also an additional Drapier's letter, which bears strong internal marks of having been written by Lord Chesterfield, and was considered as his production by Dr. Maty.

In reviewing a new edition of an author whose works have been so frequently published and are so well known as those of Dr. Swift, who may justly be considered as a classic in our language, we can do little more than state the contents of each volume; afterward presenting to our readers some of the new matter, to enable them to form an opinion of the value of the additions. As Mr. Nichols has very properly mentioned the different sources from which he has derived his new materials, we are enabled to determine the degree of authority belonging to each contribution.

The first volume contains the life of Dr. Swift by Mr. Sheridan, with memoirs and anecdotes of the Dean, extracted from the former publications by Dr. Delany and others:—some particulars concerning him, taken from Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs:—Conclusion:—Anecdotes of the Family of Swift:—a fragment written by Dr. Swift:—His Will:—Pedigree of the younger Branch of the Swifts of Yorkshire.—Vol. II. includes a general Preface, giving a History of those Editions which preceded the present:—a Tale of a Tub:—The Battle of the Books:—a Discourse concerning the mechanical Operation of the Spirit, a fragment:—The History of Martin:—A Project for the universal benefit of Mankind:—A Discourse of the Contents and Dissensions between the Commons and Nobles in Athens and Rome:—The Sentiments of a Church of England Man, &c.:—An Argument to prove that the Abolition of Christianity in England may be attended with some Inconveniences;—and a Project for the Advancement of Religion, &c.—Vol. III. contains—The Examiner:—Some Advice to the Members of the October Club:—The public Spirit of the Whigs:—The Conduct of the Allies, and of the late Ministry, &c.—and some Remarks on the Barrier Treaty. In the IVth Vol. we are presented with the History of the four last Years, &c.—Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs:—Memoirs relating to the Queen's Ministry in 1710.—An Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry:—Some Considerations on the Conse-

quences hoped and feared from the Queen's Death :—A Preface to Burnet's Introduction ;—and a Letter on the Sacramental Test.—The Vth Vol. comprehends—A Tritical Essay :—Predictions for the Year 1708, by J. Bickerstaff :—An Answer to ditto :—An Account of the Death of Partridge :—Squire Bickerstaff detected :—A Vindication of Bickerstaff :—Merlin's Prophecy :—A Meditation on a Broomstick :—A Proposal for correcting, &c. the English Tongue :—A Letter to a young Clergyman :—An Essay on the Fates of Clergymen :—Essay on modern Education :—A Letter to a very young Lady on her Marriage :—The wonderful Wonder of Wonders :—The Wonder of all the Wonders :—Tatlers :—Spectator, No. 50 :—Intelligencers :—Hints towards an Essay on Conversation :—Advice to a young Poet :—Some Arguments against enlarging the Power of Bishops :—The Presbyterian's Plea of Merit :—The Advantages proposed by repealing the Sacramental Test :—Queries relating to the Test :—Reasons offered to Parliament for repealing it :—Character of Lord Wharton * :—Remarks on a Letter to the Lords of the Committee appointed to examine Gregg :—A new Journey to Paris :—The Importance of the Guardian considered, &c. :—Thoughts on various Subjects ;—and an Essay on National Rewards.—VIth Vol. :—Gulliver's Travels.—VIIth Vol. Poems.—VIIIth Vol. Poems :—Polite Conversation :—Decree for concluding the Treaty between Dr. Swift and Mrs. Long :—Proposals for the Regulation of Quadrille :—Advertisement for the Honour of Ireland :—Blunders of Quilca :—*Ars punica* :—The original of Punning :—From my much-honoured Friend at Heldelville (Dr. Delany) :—The History of Poetry ;—and an Essay on English Bubbles.—The IXth Vol. contains the Drapier's Letters, and the Pamphlets relative to them :—A Vindication of Lord Carteret :—Considerations on two Bills relating to the Clergy :—A Proposal for paying the National Debt :—An Examination of Abuses in Dublin :—A Proposal for preventing the Children of the Poor in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents :—The last Speech of Ebenezer Elliston :—The Story of an injured Lady :—The Answer to ditto :—An Answer to the Craftsman :—Proposal that the Ladies should wear Irish Manufactures :—A Letter to the Archbishop of Dublin concerning the Weavers :—Answer to several Letters from unknown Persons :—The Dean's Speech to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen :—The Swearer's Bank :—Maxims controlled in Ireland :—Advice to the Freemen in

* It would be no unprofitable employment to compare this character of the Earl, with the deservedly celebrated delineation of Pope.

Dublin:—Considerations on the Choice of a Recorder:—The humble Petition of the Footmen in Dublin;—and a Proposal for giving Badges to the Beggars.

The Xth Vol. comprehends 12 Sermons:—Prayers for Mrs. Johnson:—Thoughts on Religion:—On Collins's Discourse on Free-thinking:—A Letter, &c. on choosing a Speaker:—Thoughts on the Repeal of the Test:—Treatise on Good Manners:—On the Death of Mrs. Johnson:—Character of Mrs. Howard:—Ditto of Primate Marsh:—Thoughts on various Subjects:—*Bons Mots* de Stella:—Reasons against the Bill for settling the Tithe of Hemp, &c.:—An Account of the Court of Japan:—A Letter on Maculla's Project.—A Letter to the Writer of the Occasional Paper:—Of public Absurdities in England:—Remarks on Burnet's History;—and Memoirs of Captain J. Creighton.—Vols. XI, XII, XIII, and XIV. contain Letters to and from the Dean.—Vol. XV. is occupied by the Journal to Stella.—Vol. XVI. Fragment of the History of England:—Directions to Servants:—The Duty of ditto:—Remarks on a Book entitled *the Rights of the Christian Church*:—On the Universal Hatred against the Clergy:—An Account of a pestilent Neighbour:—A punning Letter to Lord Pembroke:—Ditto:—A Letter to the King at Arms:—Ditto to Mrs. S. Neville:—On barbarous Denominations in Ireland:—On giving Badges to the Poor:—Considerations about maintaining the Poor:—The humble Representation of the Clergy of Dublin:—Of the Education of Ladies:—Of the Antiquity of the English Tongue:—Answer of Pulteney to Walpole:—An Appendix to the Conduct of the Allies:—A Vindication of E. Lewis:—Thoughts on Free-thinking:—Hints on Good Manners:—Resolutions for Old Age:—Laws for the Dean's Servants:—Of mean and great Figures made by several Persons:—Preamble to Harley's Patent:—Remarks on Bishop Fleetwood's Preface:—Observations on Heylin's History:—Prefaces and Dedications to Sir W. Temple's Works;—and Remarks on Gibbs's Psalms.—In the XVIIth Vol. are contained—Martinus Scriblerus:—A Key to the Lock:—Memoirs of P. P. Parish Clerk:—History of John Bull:—On the Art of political Lying:—Reasons offered against examining Drugs:—Humble Petition of the Colliers:—It cannot rain but it pours:—Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis:—An Account of the Poisoning of E. Curl:—Farther Account of the Condition of E. Curl:—Of the Circumcision of E. Curl:—God's Revenge against Punning:—A wonderful Prophecy:—The Country Post:—A faithful Narrative of what passed in London, &c.—Thoughts on various Subjects;—and several different Pieces of Poetry.—Vol. XVIIIth includes a true Narrative of what passed at Guiscard's

Guiscard's Examination :—The present State of Wit:—A learned Comment on Hare's Sermon :—A new Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough :—A true Relation of the Facts of the intended Riot on Queen Elizabeth's Birth-day :—The new way of selling Places at Court :—Some Reasons to prove that no one is obliged, by his Principles as a Whig, to oppose the Queen :—A supposed Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord :—A pretended Letter of Thanks from Lord Wharton to the Bishop of St. Asaph :—A modest Inquiry into the Reasons of the Joy expressed on the spreading of a Report of her Majesty's Death :—The Right of Precedence between Physicians and Civilians :—Tatlers, from Vol. V.—The Examiner, No. 46 :—Spectator, No. 475 : Passage in it by Swift :—Character of Herodotus :—Sketch of the Character of Aristotle :—Remarks on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne :—Various Letters, and additional Poems.—The XIXth Vol. is composed of Letters to and from various Persons :—Observations on the Case of the Woollen Manufacturers of Dublin :—On the Bill for the Clergy residing on their Livings :—A Narrative of the Attempts made by the Dissenters of Ireland for a Repeal of the Test :—The Drapier's Letter, 1745 :—Character of Swift after his Death :—Johnson's Character of Swift's Writings *:—Extracts from Berkeley's Life of Swift:—Swift's Memorial to the Queen:—Letter to the Bishop of Meath:—Ditto to Mr. Jackson :—Swift's Character of Dr. Sheridan ;—and a general Index.

We have been thus minute in enumerating the contents of these volumes, both because they display the variety and extent of the Dean's productions, and because the statement will

* The prejudice which Dr. Johnson entertained against Swift is well known ; and, in the character here preserved, it betrayed him into an obvious inconsistency. The Doctor observes :

"In his economy he practised a peculiar and offensive parsimony, without disguise or apology. The practice of saving being once necessary, became habitual, and grew first ridiculous, and at last detestable. But his avarice, though it might exclude pleasure, was never suffered to encroach upon his virtue. He was frugal by inclination, but liberal by principle ; and if the purpose to which he destined his little accumulations be remembered, with his distribution of occasional charity, it will perhaps appear, that he only liked one mode of expense better than another, and saved merely that he might have something to give. He did not grow rich by injuring his successors, but left both Laracor and the Deanery more valuable than he found them.—With all this talk of his covetousness and generosity, it should be remembered, that he was never rich. The revenue of his deanery was not much more than seven hundred a year."

How could that œconomy, practised too by a person *who was never rich*, become detestable, which was never suffered to encroach on virtue ; and which suggested the idea that the party preferred one mode of expence to another, *and saved merely that he might have something to give?*

enable our readers to compare this edition with any which they may possess, and to discover what advantages it can boast, either in point of new matter or in the arrangement of old materials.

We shall now transcribe the Dean's Ode to King William on his Successes in Ireland; and two Letters, the one addressed to the Bishop of Meath, and the other to the Rev. Mr. Jackson; as specimens of the additions to be found in this edition;

'ODE* TO KING WILLIAM, ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

'To purchase kingdoms, and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance.

'Your matchless courage with your prudence joins
The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

'Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown
(Cowards are monarchs by that title made),
Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

'But now your worth its just reward shall have:
What trophies and what triumphs are your due!
Who could so well a dying nation save,
At once deserve a crown, and gain it too!

'You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
Which we could neither obviate nor shun.

'Britannia stripp'd of her sole guard, the laws,
Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice;
You straight stepp'd in, and from the monster's jaws
Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.

'Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
To preserve conquests, as at first to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double share,
Which, what it bravely won, does well maintain.

'* This Ode, which had been long sought after without success, was first ascertained to be Swift's in the Select Collection of Poems, published by J. Nichols, 1778, vol. iv, page 303. That it is the dean's, there is not the least doubt. He refers to it in the second stanza of his "Ode to the Athenian Society," and expressly marks it by a marginal note, under the title of "The Ode I writ to the king in Ireland." See "The Gentleman's Journal, July, 1692," page 13.

'Your

'Your arm has now your rightful title show'd,
An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to some guardian God,
That must their doubtful liberty defend.

'Amaz'd, thy action at the Boyne we see!
When Schomberg started at the vast design.
The boundless glory all redounds to thee,
Th' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.

'The brave attempt does all our foes disarm;
You need but now give orders and command,
Your name shall the remaining work perform,
And spare the labour of your conquering hand.

'France does in vain her feeble arts apply,
To interrupt the fortune of your course:
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
Of secret malice, or of open force.

'Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
Of glorious deeds, that must all tongues employ;
William's the pledge and earnest given by fate
Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.'—

*** The two following unprinted Letters of the Dean were communicated to the Editor, by the Rev.* JOHN WILLIAMS *of* Llanrwst, *while the present Sheet was actually in the Press.*

'TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH *.

May 22, 1719.

'I had an express sent to me yesterday by some friends, to let me know that you refused to accept my proxy, which I think was in a legal form, and with all the circumstances it ought to have. I was likewise informed of some other particulars, relating to your displeasure for my not appearing. You may remember if you please, that I promised last year never to appear again at your visitations; and I will most certainly keep my word, if the law will permit me: not from any contempt of your lordship's jurisdictions, but that I would not put you under the temptation of giving me injurious treatment, which no wise man, if he can avoid it, will receive above once from the same person.

'I had the less apprehension of any hard dealing from your lordship, because I had been more than ordinary officious in my respects to you from your first coming over. I waited on you as soon I knew of your landing. I attended on you in your first journey to Trim. I lent you a useful book relating to your diocese; and repeated my visits, till I saw you never intended to return them. And I could have no design to serve myself, having nothing to hope or fear from you. I cannot help it, if I am called of a different

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" * Successit Joannes Evans [Episcopus Bangorensis], consecrationis ritibus initiatus, quarto Januarii 1701: anno 1715 ad Episcopatum Meidensem in Hibernia translatus." Godwin, de Præsulibus Angliæ, Cantab. 1742, fol.

party

party from your lordship: but that circumstance is of no consequence with me, who respect good men of all parties alike.

'I have already nominated a person to be my curate, and did humbly recommend him to your lordship to be ordained, which must be done by some other bishop, since you were pleased (as I am told) to refuse it: and I am apt to think you will be of opinion, that when I have a lawful curate, I shall not be under the necessity of a personal appearance, from which I hold myself excused by another station. If I shall prove to be mistaken, I declare my appearance will be extremely against my inclinations. However I hope that in such a case, your lordship will please to remember in the midst of your resentments that you are to speak to a clergyman, and not to a footman.—I am

'Your lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.'

'TO THE REV. MR. JACKSON AT GALLSTOWN *.

Dublin, Oct. 6, 1721.

'I had no mind to load you with the secret of my going, because you should bear none of the blame. I talk upon a supposition, that Mr. Rochfort had a mind to keep me longer, which I will allow in him and you, but not one of the family besides, who I confess had reason enough to be weary of a man, who entered into none of their tastes, nor pleasures, nor fancies, nor opinions, nor talk. I baited at Clencurry, and got to Leslip between three and four, saw the curiosities there, and the next morning came to Dublin by eight o'clock, and was at prayers in my cathedral. There's a traveller. I forgot a long treatise copied by my Irish secretary, which I lent Clem. Barry—Pray get it from him, and seal it up, and keep it, till you get a convenience of sending it. Desire lady Betty to give you the old silver box that I carried the comfits in; it belongs to poor Mrs. Brent, and she asked me for it with a sigh. You may trust it with Arthur. You are now happy, and have nobody to tease you to the oar or the saddle. You can sit in your nightgown till noon without any reproaches.

'I left a note for you with James Doyl, with commissions which I hope you will fulfil, though you borrow the money; I will certainly be out of your debt in all articles between us, when you come to town, or before, if you draw a bill upon me, for now I have money, and value no man. I am told your tribe here is all well, though I have seen none but Jack Jackson.

'Farewell, go to cards, and lose your money with great gravity.

'My service to all your girls.

'I gave James Doyl two crowns, and a strict order to take care of [my / our] gray colt, which I desire you will second.

'I had a perfect summer journey, and if I had staid much longer, I should have certainly had a winter one, which, with weak horses and bad roads, would have been a very unpleasant thing.'

' * Copied from the original in the possession of two Irish ladies of the name of Shenton (daughters of a late precentor of Christ Church, Dublin.)'

By

By such persons as are unprovided with a collection of Swift's Works, this edition will doubtless be preferred to all that have preceded it: but the additions here introduced appear too inconsiderable to induce those who possess Hawkesworth, or Sheridan, to exchange them for the present. The work is handsomely and correctly printed, and is ornamented by a portrait of the Dean; which, however, is not so well executed as the publication seemed to demand.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,
For FEBRUARY, 1802.

BLAGDON CONTROVERSY.

Art. 16. *An Address to Mrs. Hannah More,* on the Conclusion of the Blagdon Controversy. With Observations on an anonymous Tract entitled 'A Statement of Facts.' By Thomas Bere, M. A. Curate of Blagdon. 8vo. 2s. Robinsons. 1801.

NOTWITHSTANDING the conviction which had passed in the mind of Mr. B.'s Diocesan, that the Curate of Blagdon had been hardly used, in consequence of which he had been reinstated in his former situation, yet it seems to have occurred to Mr. Bere that justice to his *injured Character* required something farther to be said on the subject. Accordingly, he here enters on a retrospective view of the whole business, lately the subject of so much controversy; and in the course of his ample statement, he earnestly expostulates with Mrs. H. More, whom he considers as the main spring and grand mover of what he deems his unjust persecution.—On the whole, it seems to us impossible for an impartial *Byestander* to read this very circumstantial account, without being convinced that Mr. B. has had but too much reason for the complaints which he has laid before the Public.

Art. 17. *The Force of Contrast;* or, Quotations, accompanied with Remarks submitted to the Consideration of all who have interested themselves in what has been called the Blagdon Controversy. 8vo. 6d. Cadell jun. and Davies.

The anonymous author of this Reply to Mr. B.'s "*Address,*" &c. appears to have resolved that he shall not have the last word in the Blagdon Controversy. Accordingly, he also enters on a critical review of what Mr. Bere has published in support of his own side of the question; in order to convict him of a number of material inaccuracies, misrepresentations, and self-contradictions, &c. &c.—It may be very true that Mr. B. (under the agitations, the feelings, and the critical circumstances which he must have experienced in so provoking a contest,) may have somewhat "*committed*" himself, in his statements, and in his defensive observations on the conduct of his adversaries: but, still, with regard to the substantial merits of this Holy War, we are persuaded that the candid and impartial Public will rest satisfied that the Curate of Blagdon has *acted* uprightly and conscientiously in regard

regard to his proceedings respecting the management of the Sunday-school at that place; and that he was by no means well requited for his vigilance by the loss of his curacy and the attack on his character.

Art. 18. *Truths, respecting Mrs. Hannah More's Meeting-Houses,* and the Conduct of her Followers; addressed to the Curate of Blagdon. By Edward Spencer *. 8vo. 2s. Robinsons.

This bold, unhesitating Controversialist warmly (very *warmly*, indeed!) espouses the cause of Mr. Bere; with which he most zealously and ardently connects the interests and even the *safety* of our established Church. From the abilities of the writer, and the great extent of the ground which he has taken, his publication will, perhaps, be considered as deserving to rank with the most important of those to which the Blagdon Controversy has given existence.—Mrs. More is here attacked, by this "discourteous Knight," (as CERVANTES would express it) with a degree of severity, of which no adequate idea could be communicated to our readers but by laying before them the whole contents of the pamphlet: for which we have neither room nor inclination. That ingenious Lady will doubtless regard Mr. Spencer as the most formidable of her antagonists; and the *Non-descripts*, as the Methodists of the present day are now styled, may possibly find it difficult to repel the force and vigour of his manifold keen and cutting animadversions.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

Art. 19. *Communications concerning the Agriculture and Commerce of the United States of America:* being an Auxiliary to a Report made by William Strickland, Esq. of York, to the Board of Agriculture, on the Queries wherewith he was charged on his Tour to that Continent. By William Tatham. 8vo. pp. 153. 4s. sewed. Ridgway. 1800.

Our account of the 2d volume of Communications to the Board of Agriculture (see M. R. vol. xxxiv. p. 166. N. S.) contained some notice of Mr. Strickland's paper, to which this pamphlet is offered as an essential supplement. Mr. S.'s answers to the Queries with which he was charged seemed to us fair and satisfactory: but Mr. Tatham, having resided twenty-five years in America, deems himself fully qualified to oppose some of the positions advanced by that Gentleman, whose residence there was only for the short space of two years; and though his language be diffuse and incorrect, his observations merit a comparison with those alleged facts to which they professedly apply. He has certainly thrown some additional light on the agriculture, commerce, domestic trade, and private life of the inland inhabitants of the United States.

In Mr. Tatham's opinion, Mr. Strickland did not give a satisfactory answer to the following questions: *The husbandry of every country depending mostly on the market for cattle, sheep and wool; how far is the bad culture of America owing to the want of them? Is there a demand for beef, mutton, and wool, in any quantity for exportation, or otherwise?*

* The pamphlet is dated, in the conclusion, 'Wells, Jan. 21.'

And

The "*Epistola Familiaris*," in which the story of the "Election Ball" is admirably latinized, and as admirably illustrated by some engravings from drawings by the author's friend Mr. Bamfylde, is a composition which may be preferred, we think, to the *Muscipula* of Holdsworth. The difficulty of describing the characters and occurrences of this poem in correct Latin verse is wonderfully surmounted; and, on the whole, it places the author's scholarship and wit in a high point of view.

The translation of Gray's Elegy, though discountenanced by Gray himself as a vain attempt, on account of the peculiar phrases (such as *Curfew*, *Anthem*, &c.) which occur in the original, is an exquisite performance. It is a joint composition of Mr. Anstey and Dr. Roberts, late Provost of Eton. We regret, however, that the translation was not made in elegiac verse: but it is certainly better than any of the numerous versions of this celebrated poem, which have been exhibited by those scholars whom the *Pursuits of Literature* so irreverently called "the seventh-form-boys of Eton."

We must cursorily observe that Mr. Anstey sometimes, but not frequently, violates a law of quantity which has been holden, we believe, of late years in the greatest veneration at the last-mentioned noble college; namely, the lengthening of a vowel before two consonants, even in succeeding words. Contrary to this canon, the violation of which is admissible only in proper names, we have, in an early poem by Mr. Anstey,

"*Æquorei Regina Britannia Sceptri*;"

and a few other instances of the same inaccuracy may be found. These are, however, trifling indeed; and we deem ourselves fully justified in ranking Mr. Anstey with those Latinists whom we have already mentioned;—a band which may vie with all the scholars of modern Europe in their imitations of the illustrious poets of antient Rome.

We are now to take our leave of Mr. Anstey: but we cannot do this without expressing, once more, our thanks to his son and editor for the work which he has presented to the public, and which is equally creditable to his piety, his taste, and his judgment. In the selection of assistants, too, he has been highly fortunate: the book is elegantly printed by Bulmer, and the engravings are from good designs, and well executed. Among them are two portraits of the author, so that the volume may be said to exhibit "*famam ac formam animi et corpus*;" and we trust that Mr. Anstey, like Agricola, "*posteritati narratus et traditus superstes erit.*" We may be allowed, however, at parting, to remind the present editor that the

mantle of his father is left in his hands; and to express a hope that we shall soon meet him again as an original competitor for literary fame.

ART. III. *An Essay on the earlier Part of the Life of Swift.* By John Barrett, D.D. and Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. To which are subjoined several Pieces ascribed to Swift; two of his original Letters; and Extracts from his Remarks on Bishop Burnet's History. 8vo. pp. 232. 5s. Boards. Johnson, &c.

THOUGH none of our classical writers has contributed so largely as Dean Swift to gratify the desire of anecdote, and the curiosity which loves to haunt the careless privacy of men of genius, it is truly observed by Dr. Barrett that we have hitherto been admitted to his secrets, principally, if not entirely, after the period at which he became well known to his contemporaries as a poet and a wit, a political champion, and the confidential friend of men in power. Of his early life, the particulars which have been preserved are so few and unsatisfactory, that persons the best instructed in such inquiries will find novelty, as well as amusement, in the facts which are for the first time collected in this volume.

The Vice-Provost of Trinity College,—of that society which is honoured by having had Swift as a member, though his connection with it, while it lasted, appears to have been equally unpleasant and unprofitable to both,—possesses great advantages in discovering the various occurrences of the Dean's academical life. He has examined and collated the Admission-book, the Registry-book, the Buttery-books, the Senior and the Junior-books, with laudable industry and perseverance, and has commented on several of their contents with no small share of ingenuity and critical acumen. He has also sifted the external and internal evidence of other doubtful points, with judicious care, and has resorted for useful information to various collateral sources. Those who are fond of similar investigations will not fail to be much entertained by his researches; though they are not of a nature sufficiently interesting to the generality of readers, to authorize our tracing them with minuteness: but if we do not in all instances perfectly acquiesce in the justice of the Doctor's arguments, we see no ground for questioning any of his conclusions, and shall therefore proceed to detail the facts which he appears to have succeeded in establishing.

We know not any reason for supposing that the Dean, while an under-graduate, was so negligent of his studies as many persons have supposed; on the contrary, if some of the pieces here ascribed to him were really his compositions, he must have

read

read a considerable variety of authors at an early age. His degree was indeed conferred *speciali gratiâ:* but this was no uncommon practice in those days, and argues no culpability. He entered bachelor of arts when he had nearly completed his eighteenth year; and in a little more than a month after this time, the first censures of *alma mater* were levelled against him, "for notorious neglect of duties, and frequenting the town;"—he having, according to his own account of himself, "previous to taking his degree, lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes." Subsequently to this, he was very often fined for neglecting to attend divine service, and for *town haunting;* for various unrecorded offences, he was often *out of commons;* and on the 12th of July 1688, on account of some crime of which no evidence remains, he was suspended from his degree and all his privileges,—*suspensus a discipulatu et ab omni jure quod habuit in collegio:* but a pen has been drawn through the words, *et ab omni, &c.* as for the purpose of expunging them. Lastly, he is convicted, by a sentence passed on the 30th of November 1688, with many of his contempararies, of "exciting domestic dissensions, contemning the junior Dean and his admonitions, and assailing him with menacing, contemptuous, and contumelious language;" and by the same act it is ordered that, "inasmuch as *Sir* Swift and another had conducted themselves in a still more intolerable manner, they should on their knees ask public pardon of the said Dean in the hall, at nine in the morning." The junior Dean at this period was Dr. Owen Lloyd; who, many years afterward, was attacked by Swift, in his account of Lord Wharton's vice-royalty, with abuse the most extravagant, and unaccountable till this disclosure was made.

From the same authentic documents, Dr. Barrett informs us that a Mr. John Jones was, on the 13th of July, 1688, "deprived of his degree for false and scandalous reflections in his Tripos;" and as it appears that a person of this name was in the same year at college with Swift, with whom he continued well acquainted afterward, it is inferred with some probability that the latter might contribute largely to a production so described. This opinion derives strength from observing that Jones, in the remaining part of his life, never gave any indication of sarcastic humour; and that the Tripos ascribed to him (which is printed in this volume) bears a strong resemblance to many of Swift's coarser satires. This hypothesis indeed is not very creditable to Swift's sense of honour and integrity; since, according to it, he permitted another to be punished for his composition: but we may observe that the most serious part of

Jones's

Jones's sentence was remitted, (July 19, 1688.) six days after it had been pronounced.

Quitting Dr. Barrett's brief essay, with the single observation that it does not become a vice-provost to talk of being *hurted*, (see p. 39.) in order to speak of the Tripos itself, we must agree that this singular medley certainly carries on the face of it remarkable examples of some of the excellencies and all the grosser faults of the Dean of St. Patrick's: but the satire, above a century old, has in course evaporated; and the broad humour, though often amusing, is such as we cannot admit into our pages.

Several other pieces are subjoined, which have been attributed, with great probability, to Swift. Some of them have before appeared in Mr. Nichols's edition of his works in 1779, others are now first drawn from the "Whimsical Medley," and a third class are entirely original. From among the last we shall extract some stanzas, adapted from the story of Phäeton to the times of King William, and not very inapplicable to our own:

'Not asking or expecting ought,
One day I went to view the Court,
Unbent and free from care or thought,
Tho' thither fears and hopes resort.

'A piece of tapestry took my eye.
The faded colours spoke it old;
But wrought with curious imagery,
The figures lively seem'd and bold.

'Here you might see the youth prevail,
(In vain are eloquence and wit,)
The boy persists, Apollo's frail;
Wisdom to Nature does submit.

'There mounts the eager charioteer,
Soon from his seat he's downward hurl'd;
Here Jove in anger doth appear,
There all, beneath, the flaming world.

'What does this idle fiction mean?
Is Truth at Court in such disgrace,
It may not on the walls be seen,
Nor e'en in picture show its face?

'No, no, 'tis not a senseless tale,
By sweet-tongue'd Ovid dress'd so fine;
It does important truths conceal,
And here was plac'd by wise design.

'A les-

'A lesson deep with learning fraught,
Worthy the cabinet of Kings;
Fit subject of their constant thought,
In matchless verse the Poet sings.

'Well should he weigh, who does aspire
To empire, whether truly great,
His head, his heart, his hand conspire,
To make him equal to that seat.

'If only fond desire of sway,
By avarice or ambition fed,
Make him affect to guide the day,
Alas, what strange confusion's bred.

'If, either void of princely care,
Remiss he holds the slacken'd rein:
If rising heats or mad career,
Unskill'd, he knows not to restrain;

'Or if, perhaps, he gives a loose,
In wanton pride to show his skill,
How easily he can reduce
And curb the people's rage at will;

'In wild uproar they hurry on;—
The great, the good, the just, the wise,
(Law and Religion overthrown,)
Are first mark'd out for sacrifice.

'When, to a height their fury grown,
Finding too late he can't retire,
He proves the real Phaeton,
And truly sets the world on fire.'

Swift was very fond of such adaptations, and sometimes particularly happy in them. They are called in this volume, whether by himself or by the editor we know not, *Ovidiana*.

Two whimsical and splenetic letters, never before published, next appear. The latter of them may amuse the reader:

'To the Rev. JOHN BRANDRETH, Dean of Emly.

'Sir,

'If you are not an excellent philosopher, I allow you personate one perfectly well; and if you believe yourself, I heartily envy you; for I never yet saw in Ireland a spot of earth two feet wide, that had not in it something to displease. I think I once was in your county, Tipperary, which is like the rest of the whole kingdom,—a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations:—filthy cabins, miserable, tattered, half-starved creatures, scarce in human shape;—one insolent, ignorant, oppressive 'squire to be found in twenty miles riding;—a parish church to be found only in a summer-day's journey, in comparison

parison of which an English farmer's barn is a cathedral;—a bog of fifteen miles round;—every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath, and marsh;—and every male and female, from the farmer inclusive to the day-labourer, infallibly a thief, and consequently a beggar, which in this island are terms convertible. The Shannon is rather a lake than a river, and has not the sixth part of the stream that runs under London Bridge. There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage; yet it is better improved than the people: and all these evils are effects of English tyranny;—so your sons and grandchildren will find to their sorrow. Cork indeed was a place of trade; but for some years past is gone to decay; and the wretched merchants, instead of being dealers, are dwindled into pedlars and cheats. I desire you will not write such accounts to your friends in England. Did you ever see one cheerful countenance among our country vulgar? unless once a year at a fair or on a holiday, when some poor rogue happened to get drunk, and starved the whole week after.—You will give a very different account of your winter campaign, when you can't walk five yards from your door without being mired to your knees, nor ride half a mile without being in slough to your saddle-skirts; when your landlord must send twenty miles for yeast, before he can brew or bake; and the neighbours for six miles round must club to kill a mutton.—Pray, take care of damps, and when you leave your bedchamber, let a fire be made, to last till night; and after all, if a stocking happens to fall off a chair, you may wring it next morning.—*I nunc, et tecum versus meditare canoros.*

'I have not said all this out of any malicious intention, to put you out of conceit with the scene where you are, but merely for your credit; because it is better to know you are miserable, than to betray an ill taste: I consult your honour, which is dearer than life; therefore I demand that you shall not relish one bit of victuals, or drop of drink, or the company of any human creature, within thirty miles of Knoctoher, during your residence in those parts; and then I shall begin to have a tolerable opinion of your understanding.

'My lameness is very slowly recovering; and if it be well when that the year is out, I shall gladly compound; yet I make a shift to ride about ten miles a day by virtue of certain implements called gambadoes, where my feet stand firm as on a floor; and I generally dine alone, like a king or an hermit, and continue alone until I go to bed; for even my wine will not purchase company, and I begin to think the lame are forsaken as much as the poor and the blind. Mr. Jebb never calls at the Deanry of late: perhaps he hath found out that I like him as a modest man, and of very good understanding.—This town is neither large nor full enough to furnish events for entertaining a country correspondent. Murder now and then is all we have to trust to. Our fruit is all destroyed with the long spring and eastern winds; and I shall not have the tenth part of my last year's fruit. Miss Hoadley hath been nine days in the small-pox, which I never heard of till this minute; but they say, she is past danger. She would have been a terrible loss to the Archbishop (of Armagh). Dr. Felton, of Oxford, hath writ an octavo about Revelation;

Revelation; I know not his character. He sent over four copies to me, one of which was for Mr. Tickell, two for the Bishops of Cork and Waterford, and one to myself, by way of payment for sending the rest, I suppose, for he sent me no letter. I know him not.—Whenever you are in this town, I hope you will mend your usage of me, by coming often to a philosophical dinner at the Deanry: this I pretend to expect for the sake of our common princess, Lady E. Germaine, to whom I've [q. I owe] the happiness of your acquaintance; and on her account I expect your justice to believe me to be, with truest esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. S.'

[Dublin], 30th June, 1732.'

At the close of the volume, we are surprized into politics, by Swift's animadversions made in his copy of Burnet's History of his own Times: but we shall enter no farther into controversy than by remarking that, with many opportunities of ascertaining facts, and the strongest disposition to question the Bishop's veracity, the Dean does not correct him in a single fact of importance, but often confirms him in the statement of incidents that are not universally known. His silence speaks too strongly in favour of Burnet's general accuracy, to allow of its being shaken, at this day, by any arguments, original or reported, of Mr. Rose. We extract a few of these marginal criticisms:

'Preface, p. 3. *Burnet.* "Indeed the peevishness, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many Clergymen, has sharpened my spirits, perhaps, too much against them—so I *warn* my readers to take all that I say on those heads with some grains of allowance." — *Swift.* "I will take his *warning*."'

'P. 11. *Burnet.* "Colonel Titus assured me that he had it from King Charles the First's own mouth, that he was well assured his brother, Prince Henry, was poisoned by the Earl of Somerset's means." — *Swift.* "Titus was the greatest rogue in England."—

'P. 87 *Burnet*, speaking of the Restoration—"Of all this, Monk had both the praise and the reward; for I have been told a very small share of it belonged to him." — *Swift* "Malice."

'P. 126. *Burnet* speaking of the execution of the Marquis of Argyle; — *Swift.* "He was the greatest villain of his age."

'P. 127. *Burnet.* "The proceeding against Warriston was soon dispatched." — *Swift.* "Warriston was an abominable dog."

'P. 134. *Burnet*, of Bishop Leightoun's character, "The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard him without a very sensible emotion—his style, however, was rather too fine." — *Swift.* "A fault that Burnet is not guilty of."

'P. 163. *Burnet.* "Milton was not excepted out of the Act of Indemnity; and afterwards he came out of his concealment, and lived many years, much visited by all strangers, and much admired by all at home for the poems he writ, though he was then blind; chiefly that

that of "Paradise Lost," in which there is a nobleness both of contrivance and execution, that though he affected to write in blank verse without rhyme, and made many new and rough words, yet it was esteemed the beautifulest and perfectest poem that ever was writ, at least in *our* language." — *Swift.* "A mistake!—for it is *in English.*"

'P. 164. *Burnet.* "The great share that Sir Henry Vane had in the attainder of the Earl of Strafford, and in the whole turn of affairs to the total change of government, but above all, the great opinion that was had of his parts and capacity to embroil matters again, made the court think it necessary to put him out of the way." — *Swift.* "A malicious turn!—Vane was a dangerous enthusiastic beast."

'Ibid. *Burnet.* "When Sir Henry Vane saw his death was designed, he composed himself to it with a resolution that surprised all who knew how little of that was natural to him. Some instances of this were very extraordinary, though they cannot be mentioned with *decency.*" — *Swift.* "His lady *conceived* by him the night before his execution."

'P. 190. *Burnet.* "Archbishop Tenison was a very learned man, endowed schools, set up a public library," &c. &c. — *Swift.* "The dullest good-for-nothing man I ever knew."

'P. 191. *Burnet*, condemning the bad style of preaching before Tillotson, Lloyd, and Stillingfleet, says, "Their discourses were long and heavy; all was *pye-bald*, full of many sayings of different languages" — *Swift.* "A noble epithet! How came Burnet not to learn this style? He surely neglected his own talents."

'P. 327. *Burnet.* "It seems, the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns." — *Swift*, "What! ten shillings a piece! By much too dear for a Dutchman."

'P. 337. *Burnet.* "This year (1672) the king declared a new mistress, and made her Duchess of Portsmouth. She had been maid of honour to Madame, the king's sister; and had come over with her to Dover, where the king had expressed such a regard for her, that the Duke of Buckingham, who hated the Duchess of Cleveland, intended to *put her on the king.*" — *Swift.* "Surely, he means the contrary."

'P. 762. *Burnet.* "The Earl of Shrewsbury seemed to be a man of great probity, and to have a high sense of honour." — *Swift.* "Quite the contrary."

'P. 763. *Burnet.* "Russel told me, that, on his return to England from Holland, he communicated his design (relative to the Revolution) to Lord Lumley, who was a late convert from Popery, and had stood out very firmly all this reign. He was a man who had his interest much to heart, and he resolved to embark deep in this design." — *Swift.* "He was a knave and a coward."

'Ibid. *Burnet.* "But the man in whose hands the conduct of the whole design was chiefly deposited, by the Prince's own order, was Mr. Sydney, brother to the Earl of Leicester and Mr. Algernon Sydney. He was a graceful man, and had lived long in the Court, where he had some adventures that became very public. He was a man of

sweet

sweet and caressing temper."—*Swift.* "An idle, drunken, ignorant rake, without sense, truth, or honour."

'P. 764. *Burnet.* "But because Mr. Sydney was lazy, and the business required an active man who could run about, and write over full and long accounts, I recommended a kinsman of my own, Johnson, whom *I* had formed, and knew to be both faithful and diligent."—*Swift.* "An arrant Scotch rogue."

When Serjeant Maynard's name is mentioned, Swift calls him first "an old rogue," and afterward "a knave and a *fool*;" and he stigmatizes in the most violent terms all who were concerned in the revolution. His strong exclamations against Burnet himself appear to us rather more than can be explained by the mere difference of political party; and we suspect that the recollection that the critic rose no higher than the Deanry of St. Patrick's, while the historian, so inferior in understanding and acquirements, had been Bishop of Salisbury, was seldom absent from the mind of the former while he was giving vent to these annotations. They are taken from the original copy, in the library of the first Marquis of Lansdowne.

ART. IV. *Dr.* Middleton *on the Doctrine of the Greek Article.*

[*Continued from p.* 83.]

HAVING in our preceding Number exhibited Dr. Middleton's theory of the Greek article, our business in the sequel of our critique is to appreciate its merit, or to examine how far it does or does not rest on a stable foundation. We shall here begin with observing that in many of his canons and rules he has been anticipated by *Adrian Kluit*, in a treatise published in the Dutch language, but with the Latin title of *Vindiciæ articuli ὁ, ἡ, τὸ, in Novo Testamento*, 8vo. Traj. ad Rhen. 1768—1771 *. As Dr. M., at the time of publishing his own book, had not seen Kluit's work, but only knew of its existence, their agreement, if any subsists, he says, will be independent evidence of the truth of their observations. (Preface, p. xiv. and p. 306.) We also have not seen Kluit's work: but the accordance is manifest from the account given of the first section, or portion (*tomus primus*) of the first part of Kluit's tract, in the *Nova Acta Eruditorum* for July 1769. 4to. Lipsiæ. pp. 323—331. and of the third section of the same part, in the same journal for January 1771, pp. 44—48. This agreement, how-

* See Saxius's Onomasticon, vol. i. p. 230. and vol. viii. p. 320—324, and the end of Wesseling's Pref. to his edit. of Herodotus.

ever, affords no farther 'evidence of the truth of their observations,' than such as arises from the same things being *approved* and *adopted* by two different persons: since, though these observations have been, as Dr. M. says, 'deduced independently' of each other by Kluit and himself, yet they have both derived them from a common source; either from Apollonius, in whom most of them are originally found, or from those who first took them from that antient grammarian.

Considered as descriptions of so many circumstances in which the article is *very frequently* omitted and inserted, we believe that Dr. Middleton's twenty canons, or rules, are faithful and true descriptions: but allowing them to be so, we do not think that they contribute much towards explaining the nature, office, and uses of the article. The Doctor himself, indeed, seems to look on them as something more than mere descriptions; and to give them as so many principles, or reasons, or causes, which, either in themselves, or in virtue of some secret and (to our dull faculties) unintelligible connection, some 'obscure relation,' which subsists between his canons and what he calls (note, p. 80.) 'the basis of the whole,' *i. e.* assumption, anticipation, and subintellection, will 'solve the principal *phænomena*' of the article, 'account for the most remarkable peculiarities in its usage,' and 'explain why' it is inserted or omitted. (see pp. 45, 46. 49. 51, 52. 54. 56. 59, 60, 61. 63. 65, 66, 67, &c. 70, 71, 72, &c.) To us it does not appear that the particular circumstance described is, in any one instance, the *cause* of the insertion or the omission of the article; or that it is inserted or omitted for the purpose of *shewing* that the noun is so circumstanced.

If, for example, renewed mention, or notoriety of any sort, were a *cause* of insertion, it would operate uniformly and constantly; and as well, and in the same way, with regard to one noun, or one sort of noun, when repeated, or expressive of notoriety, as with regard to another: but this is not the case. Thus, in three of the Evangelists, no article is inserted where we have renewed mention of the cock that crew on Peter's denial of his Master; and in the fourth, Griesbach has expunged it on the authority of the manuscripts, though it appears in the common text. (Luke xxii. 60.) In Mark ix. 50. ἁλας, on its first mention, takes the article; it is then repeated with and afterward without the article. In Acts xi. 9. φωνη is repeated from verse 7. without the article. In the 13th chapter of the first of Corinthians, αγαπη is frequently repeated without the article; and so is νηπιος, in the 11th verse of the same chapter. By the learned Doctor, the omission before

αγαπη,

Church Times
1900. 22. 89.

DEAN SWIFT'S FIRST BENEFICE.

ON the shores of Belfast Lough, within a few miles of the ancient town of Carrickfergus, is situated the parish of Killroot, or if written in accordance with its Celtic meaning, *Cill-ruadh*, that is, the red church. The remaining ruins of this church are uninteresting, overlook the sea, and are in a lonely situation, which must have been much worse in Swift's days. It is about 250 years since any service was held in the building. The nearest village is a couple of miles off. The ruins of the old church at Templecorran, now called Bally Carry, are more extensive and are cruciform in shape. A new church within the last fifty years has been erected in this parish.

At the present time Killroot parish is joined to that of Templecorran, which adjoins it. Before the disestablishment of the Irish Church this union formed the corp of the Prebend of Killroot, in the cathedral of Connor, and was in the patronage of the Bishop, the rectory being impropriated to the Donegal family. The parish is also interesting from the fact that at Kilroot Point the last French invasion occurred in 1760, when General Thurot, with three ships and 600 men, attacked Carrickfergus, the garrison being obliged to capitulate. He also threatened Belfast. To give the reader some idea of the parish of Killroot, at which place the celebrated Jonathan Swift commenced his ministerial duties, we cannot do better than quote the words of Mr. Richard Dobbs, who, writing on the County Antrim in 1683, remarks that the "parish of Killroot is but small, the whole tithes not worth £40, and the great tithes belong to the Earl of Donegal, the small tithes to the Prebendary, one Milne, a Scotchman. The inhabitants, except my family and some half dozen that live under me, are Presbyterians, and Scotch, not one natural Irish in the parish, nor Papist. Next to the parish, adjacent to the sea, is Broad Island, known by the name of Templecorran; the small tithes belong to the Prebendary aforesaid, the great to the Bishop, and may be worth £50 per annum."

Jonathan Swift, the celebrated writer and divine, also author of "Gulliver's Travels," "Tale of a Tub," &c., to say nothing of his poetical and political works, was ordained for the parish of Killroot, by Bishop Moreton of Kildare, on October 24th, 1694, and to the

office of priest, January 13th, 1695, eventually dying as Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, in 1713. An eminent critic has observed, "No one is ignorant of his merits, and his faults are equally notorious." Before his ordination the living of Killroot and its Prebendal stall were vacant. The previous occupant, Mr. Wm. Milne, was originally a Scotch Presbyterian minister living in Ireland, who, in 1662, had conformed to the Irish Church. However, according to a recent writer, Rev. Classon Porter, Mr. Milne was a most unworthy occupier, "for at a Royal visitation, held at Lisburn early in 1694, to inquire into the state of the diocese of Down and Connor, which was then in a deplorable condition, Mr. Milne was for intemperance, incontinency of life, and neglect of his cures, deprived of his living, however being allowed a pension of £20 a year for life."

The Crown had the gift of the Prebend of Killroot, and on January 28th, 1695, it was conferred by the then Lord-Lieutenant on Swift, the joint livings being of the value of £100 a year. In addition there was a glebe, which Swift let to a farmer. He was inducted into the living March 5th, 1695, and preached his first sermon in the parish church of Connor April 28th, 1695. Connor was the seat of the old cathedral of the diocese. His parochial duties, both at Killroot and Templecorran, seem to have been fairly well performed. However as his biographer, Mr. Porter remarks, "The people were almost exclusively Presbyterians, who would have thought it a heinous sin to darken a church door, and perhaps the well-known story that is told of Swift's once beginning service by addressing 'dearly beloved Roger,' his clerk, who was the only hearer present, was as applicable at this time to his vicarages of Killroot and Templecorran as it was afterwards to his vicarage of Laracor."

From March, 1695, to May, 1696, was the duration of Swift's residence in Killroot, in fact little over one year. He was on friendly terms with the neighbouring clergy of the Irish Church, especially with the Vicar of Carremoney, a Mr. Windler, whom he had known at Oxford. To quote again from Mr. Porter:— "It is not likely that Swift had more than a casual acquaintance with his neighbours the Presbyterian ministers, for he hated Presby-

terians with a thorough heart-hatred. 'A pox' he once said, 'upon Dissenters and Independents. I would as soon trouble my head by writing against a louse or a flea.'"

During the year that Jonathan Swift spent at Killroot, his occupations appear to have been reading, writing, and visiting in Belfast and Carrickfergus. Whilst residing here he finished his "Tale of a Tub," as mentioned in the Preface to that work, where he states that it "was finished about thirteen years since, 1696," the year he left Killroot. Moreover, Swift was a good pedestrian, making long excursions into the surrounding country, whilst local tradition states that he sometimes amused himself by skimming stones into the sea at Killroot Point, which procured for him the name of "Mad Parson." He was intimate with the Donegal family, then resident at Belfast, and wrote an epitaph for the Lady Donegal of that day. His chief attraction to Belfast however seems to have been for the purpose of seeing Miss Jane Waring, after whose father, a merchant, one of the principal streets is called. This attachment of Swift's to Miss Waring was finally broken off. He called her by the familiar name of "Varina," and his conduct to her does not seem to have been either courteous or that of a gentleman. In May, 1696, Swift left Killroot. He obtained leave from his Bishop for a definite period, his friend Winder undertaking the duties; finally, after being absent eighteen months, he resigned the living. No doubt the loneliness of the place had a good deal to do with his resignation of the prebend. Belfast was a "sink," as he called it in one of his letters to "Varina," and the Killroot of those days had not even a dozen houses to give it the name of village. In a letter to his friend the Rev. Mr. Winder, he remarks—"Had I been assured of your neighbourhood I should not have been so unsatisfied with the region I was planted in," and his biographer, Mr. Porter, remarks, "the rusticated Prebendary became the most distinguished political writer of the day."

Having quite recently visited Killroot, I noticed the graveyard to be fairly well kept, especially as Irish cemeteries are anything but in a creditable condition. No ruins of Swift's church at present exist. Near the centre of the churchyard, resting on the remains of a wall, is an old rudely fashioned eight-sided stone font; from this eastward, to part of a wall a few

inches above ground, and which must have been part of the foundation of eastern gable, is 50 ft. The oldest date on a tombstone is 1766. Two pieces of carved red sandstone, part evidently of the original building, were observed. Immediately adjoining the churchyard is a roofless ruin of the ancient mansion of Castle Dobbs, even yet lofty and imposing looking; whilst close to the railway station, tradition points out an old circular-built house as that in which Swift resided. It may be interesting to add that after Swift's appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, he restored morning and evening prayers, with a weekly Celebration in his Cathedral.

H. S. P.

system, that the birth of our continents was owing to a great subsidence of the part of the globe now occupied by the sea, I have given on the coast of England the same proof of the formation of that bed as of that of valleys and plains; for it has been produced by the same cause, namely, the subsidence of the strata, on the border of which have remained masses of strata inclining towards a new vacant space, which proofs I shall briefly describe.

Beginning by the coast of Somersetshire; in my description of the vast extent, both in length and breadth, of the low meadow lands which border the sea between the Quantock-hills and the Mendip-hills, I have first shown that at the birth of our continents this vast space was a bay, which by degrees has been filled up by the sediments of the tides, and of the land-waters. Now Mr. Farey may see, from p. 441 of the second volume of my Travels, what a confusion of different kinds of strata forms the side of the Quantock-hills on the side of the bay, a disorder evidently produced by the subsidence of the rest of these strata towards the low space now forming that bay.

In p. 426 of the first volume, and the following, he will find a description of the foot of the Mendip-hills, at the opposite extremity of the same bay, where are seen ridges of the strata of which consists the next hill, which are evidently fallen forward at the time of the subsidence by which the bay was produced; for these ridges present at their tops the section of their strata, which are much inclined toward the bay, and descend under the level of the meadows.

In the same volume, beginning at p. 41, Mr. Farey will also find a description of the Isle of Portland, and of the coast next to it, proving, first, that this island is a mass of strata which, at the formation of the bed of the present sea, remained near the coast, but has been much broken and dislocated by its own subsidence. I have particularly described, toward the open sea, ridges of strata fallen on the border of its new bed, strongly inclined on that side, while their sections are seen at the top of the ridges.

Again, if Mr. Farey will read in the same volume, from p. 114, the description of the Isle of Wight, he will find in the whole surface of that island the most striking proofs of the dislocation of all the strata of different kinds; and, from p. 251, he will see the same phenomenon as in the Isle of Portland, namely, masses of the same strata seen in the cliffs of the coast, which have fallen forward in the formation of the actual bed of the sea. I confine myself to these examples; but if Mr. Farey will read my Travels all along the coast of Cornwall, there will remain no doubt in his mind that the actual bed of the sea was produced by subsidence.

In general it appears to me that he has not had the opportunity of observing the surface of the earth much beyond the neighbourhood of Derbyshire; and in that small extent he does not seem to have taken notice (at least he does not mention it) of two remarkable signs of immense catastrophes of all the strata: one consists in small hills formed of the strata called primary, (as being under those of lime-stone and sand-stone,) rising however on the surface, among hills of the secondary strata: the other in an immense quantity of fragments of the primary strata, spread over the grounds in many parts of England (as is the case over all the continent), and in particular over the surface of the countries which he has described. I therefore shall give some details of these phenomena, taken from the notes I made in my travels through those countries.

Windsor. J. A. De Luc.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

WE speak of the *frivolity* said to be characteristic of the French people, yet what can equal the frivolity displayed by the English during the past month, in regard to the questions which have long disturbed the concord of the Royal Family? Forgetting all the momentous interests they have at stake in the issue of a FATAL WAR, and even their grievous weight of Taxes, they have been animated by this new topic to a degree indicative of national insanity, or of the prevalence of feelings such as those of children when they receive any new toy. Another public folly, equally contemptible, but discreditable also in a moral sense, has been the puerile rage of the great and small vulgar, to greet the accidental arrival of one of those barbarian Cossacks, who, by an infatuated perversion of language and sentiment deserving of being transmitted to posterity as a feature of *the times*, are denominated in our fashionable newspapers, "THE LIBERATORS OF EUROPE."—Who knows but ere long we may be regaled by the presence of some of our can-

nibal allies from North America, and that Generals Splitlog, Norton, Scalpemall, and Roundhead, may be cheered with "Hurrahs" in our Royal Exchange as *liberators of America?* I blush for my country and for the character of the age! CENSOR.

Liverpool, April 2, 1813

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IT has been remarked, with equal sagacity and truth, that it is impossible for a man to talk much of himself without discovering his real character, whether he intends it or not. The Journal of Swift, written during the eventful period of the Earl of Oxford's administration, and addressed to the lady doomed to hapless celebrity, under the name of Stella, may be considered as the talk of a man whose thoughts were employed incessantly upon himself, and the concerns in which he was actively engaged. In most persons this would be disgusting, but Swift was a genius of a very high order, in relation to whom every thing appears interesting; and the part which he acted on the great stage of the world for some years, at this crisis, was so important as to stamp a peculiar value on the information which is thus imparted to us, though the general impression made by it is unfortunately by no means favourable to his memory. Some brief extracts from this diary, with a few concomitant remarks, may be useful in elucidating the character of this extraordinary man, and the conclusion will be found perfectly to accord with that which appears deducible from his other writings; but let us not forget the generous maxim, that to the faults of a great man, to whom the world must acknowledge lasting obligation in various respects, an almost unlimited indulgence is due.

For a considerable time previous to the memorable change of ministry in the autumn of 1710, Dr. Swift had been employed by the bishops and clergy of Ireland to solicit from the crown the remission of the first fruits and tenths already granted in England, and which is usually known by the name of Queen Anne's Bounty. The minister, Lord Godolphin, received the application with much coolness, and conducted himself with a very distant civility to Swift, the agent in this business, who had also been disappointed in his expectation of preferment from the Earl of Wharton, recently returned from the government of Ireland. Upon the whole he thought himself neglected, if not contemned, by the Whigs, with whom his connections had hitherto been, and to whose patronage he looked up; not at all however expecting promotion out of his native country, where he possessed the living of Laracor, in the county of Meath, long since given him by the Earl of Berkley. His professional merits thus overlooked, and personally slighted by this party, Swift's hopes were not only completely damped but his resentment was proportionably kindled. His reception from Lord Godolphin on his late arrival, just on the eve of that minister's resignation, was such as to enrage him beyond measure. To use his own language, he left him "almost vowing revenge;" and his chief topic of conversation at the coffee house was "the baseness and ingratitude of the Whigs." A short time after this he informs us that "he has almost finished a lampoon on Lord Godolphin, and will print it for revenge."

"Every thing (he tells us, Sept. 9,) is turning upside down. Every Whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out, and we shall have such a winter as has not been seen in England." Not aware that these changes augured any good to himself, he adds, "I protest I shall return to Dublin and the canal at Laracor with more satisfaction than I ever did in my life."—Sept. 10, "Every day we expect changes, and the parliament to be dissolved—I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred."—Sept. 20, "My Lord President Somers, the Duke of Devonshire, lord steward, and Mr. Boyle, secretary of state, are all turned out to-day—I never remember such bold steps taken by a court.—We shall have a strange winter here, between the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of one in power, of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have done my part in the affair I am entrusted with, whether it succeeds or not." Sept. 29, "I do not think of any thing farther than the business I am upon."—30th, "It is good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make me of my ill usage, but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough—I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions."

Though he speaks with contempt of some declining courtiers who now made advances

advances to him, he dined with Lord Halifax, Oct. 2, at Hampton Court. That nobleman giving as a toast the resurrection of the Whigs, Swift refused to drink it unless their reformation was added, telling Lord Halifax that "he was the only Whig in England he loved, or had a good opinion of."

At length, the new administration being completed, Swift was formally introduced to Mr. Harley, now Chancellor of the Exchequer, and efficient head of the ministry, who received him "with all the respect and kindness imaginable," and at a second interview, a few days afterwards, "gave him all the encouragement he could possibly wish"—told Swift, he must bring Mr. St. John, secretary of state, and him acquainted; charged him to come often; and when Swift desired permission to attend at his levee, Harley replied, that was not a place for friends to come to; and in short Swift confesses himself half inclined to believe what had previously been told him, "that Harley would do every thing to bring him over." This required no extraordinary powers of persuasion.

Mr. Harley himself undertaking to present the memorial brought from Ireland by Swift to the queen, the prayer of the Irish clergy was graciously acceded to; and though the Duke of Ormond was designated to the government of Ireland, the forms of the warrant were expedited, in order, as the minister was pleased to say, "that the queen might have the sole merit of it." This, to some persons so situated as the Duke of Ormond, might have appeared invidious; but Ormond possessed with his noble title a noble mind, untainted with political jealousy.

October 13,—Swift complains "that Lord Halifax is always teasing him to go down to his country-house, which he says 'will cost me a guinea to his servants and twelve shillings coach-hire,' and he shall be hanged first.—As for the Whigs I have done with them, and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time." The parliament was now dissolved, and the new elections ran every where in favour of the Tories.

In reply to Stella, who had expressed some apprehensions that the late revolutions at court had been an hindrance in his business, he exclaims, "a hindrance! If it were not for the revolutions I could be nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing.—I suppose I have said enough that I stand with the new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed.—My lampoon is cried up to the skies." This was the satirical copy of verses before alluded to, on the late Lord Treasurer Godolphin, under the appellation of Sid Hamet, printed in Swift's Works. He was by this time admitted to the most unreserved intimacy with Harley, and became his frequent guest.—"Do they know any thing, he asks, in Ireland (Oct. 20,) of my greatness among the Tories? Every body reproaches me of it here, but I value them not."

In the same letter, speaking of the grant of the first fruits, he says, "I believe never any thing was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better.—When this thing is known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit of it to me or no, for I am sure I have so much that I will never take it upon me." Such is the proud humility of Swift, who after all does take more upon him than he is justly entitled to; for as Harley affected great zeal for the church, and paid diligent court to the clergy, the majority of whom were decidedly in his interest, it is highly probable that the grant in question would have been obtained whoever was employed as the agent.

October 22. Swift declares that Steele will lose his place of commissioner of the stamps, as he had already done that of gazetteer, unless *he* saves him. An intimation of this nature to Addison, the friend of Steele, was received with much coldness, for Addison well knew that the place was not to be preserved but by compliances which the high and independent spirit of Steele would disdain; and, in a letter written on this occasion by Steele to Swift, he expresses very little gratitude; and, displeased apparently at the self-importance displayed by Swift, he unceremoniously tells him "that ministers laugh at him when they say such things are done out of regard to his intercession." This sarcasm Swift never forgave, and from this time the two friends became avowed enemies.

Swift also assumes the merit of mediating with Mr. Harley, in favour of others of the *Whig Literati*, who, he supposes, were continued in office by the force of his influence. But Harley was a generous patron of literature, and by no

no means disposed to harshness on such occasions; and when Halifax particularly recommended Congreve to his protection, he with classical elegance replied: "Non obtusa adeò gestamus pectora Pœni, Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe."

At the meeting of parliament, Swift talks in language rather desponding, and fears that Mr. Harley may not be able to surmount the difficulties he has to contend with. "I should be terribly vexed, (says he, October 28) to see things come round again; it will ruin the church and clergy for ever." But if he had been received as favourably by Lord Godolphin, as subsequently by Mr. Harley, the church and clergy would have been perfectly safe; doubtless, in the estimate of Swift, under the Whig administration.

Swift now frequently appeared at the court levees; but though he is eager to relate all the civilities and compliments he received from the great, affecting at the same time to despise them, he does not mention any of the circumstances attending his presentation to the queen; nor does it appear throughout the whole of this journal, that her majesty honoured him with her notice on any occasion, except on the thanksgiving day, November 7, this year; when, as he rather exultingly relates, she made him a curtsey in passing, and asked, in a sort of familiar way, "how does M. D?" by which letters, Swift whimsically chose to designate his admired and accomplished Stella. Swift was the reputed, and no doubt the real author of the famous "Tale of a Tub," the levity, not to say profaneness of which, offended the piety of the queen; and upon this, and other accounts, she entertained an unconquerable dislike and prejudice against him. Of this he was perhaps even now sensible, for it is evident, that notwithstanding the high degree of favour in which he apparently stood with the minister, his expectations were far from elevated. November 8, he says, "Mr. Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world, and I believe would serve me if I were to stay here; but I reckon, in time, the Duke of Ormond may give me some addition to Laracor." In the same letter he positively denies, that in coming to England at this crisis, his intention was to leave the Whigs, as they professed to think. But, he adds, "Who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations to any of them all? Rot them for ungrateful dogs! I will make them repent their usage before I leave this place." Conscious of his great powers, he contemplated some mighty effort by which the measures and persons of the late ministers were to be exposed to the popular odium. He was eager, not merely to lay them prostrate upon the ground, but to trample them under his feet. Such was the rancour of his mind, though he never received or pretended any greater injury than coldness and neglect.

In the ensuing letter, dated Nov. 11, he speaks of his dining with Mr. Secretary St. John, "who used him" (as he says) "with all the kindness, in the world." In truth, St. John flattered him grossly—told Prior, who was one of the company, "that the best thing he ever read was not his, but Swift's verses on Vanbrugh, &c." "Prior, (adds Swift) was damped, until I stuffed him with two or three compliments." Among other things Mr. St. John mentioned, "that Harley complained he could keep nothing from Swift, he had the way so much of getting into him." This incense was the more grateful, as Harley was known to be the most reserved of politicians. Swift, however, was not the dupe of this flattery; but that such men as Harley and St. John thought it worth while to flatter, was a sufficient cause of elation. "It is hard to see" (says he) "these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me." At this very moment, indeed, a sensible mortification awaited him; but the relation might occupy too disproportionate a space, and it is necessary to circumscribe the present communication within reasonable limits.

For the Monthly Magazine.

MORNING'S WALK *from* LONDON *to* KEW *continued.*

I SOON turned the corner of a stree which took me out of sight of th space on which once stood the gay Ra nelagh; but it will be long, ere I can re move from my heart the poignant ser sations to which its total destructio gave rise.

Before me appeared the shops famed for *Chelsea buns*, which, for abo thirty years, I have never passed witho filling my pockets. Here are preserv mementos of domestic events, in the fi half of the past century. The bott conjuror is exhibited in a toy of his-o age; portraits are also displayed of Du

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two pieces of linen, and tied over the breast with strings, I have found fully sufficient to support me in the water. It occupies little room, can be put on in a *minute*, and the expence is next to nothing. When I go to sea, I put this in my trunk; and had ship-wreck occurred *on a lee-shore*, should certainly have availed myself of the jacket. I might indeed be dashed or drowned, but still *the* chance of escape would be greater, than if I had neglected this simple contrivance. J. S.

Dundee, April 14, 1813.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

MR. HARLEY, in his accustomed *spirit* of procrastination, had delayed the sealing of the patent, granting the first fruits, till the actual appointment *of the* Duke of Ormond. And though the thing itself had been very readily conceded, the minister had, in that fondness for petty secresy which also characterized him, strictly prohibited Swift from communicating this agreeable intelligence to the Irish prelates, who, unsuspicious of the newly acquired political importance *of their* agent, thought it right to apply by letter to the present viceroy to use his influence in behalf of their petition; joining, at the same time, two bishops then in London in the commission respecting it. This gave the highest offence to Swift, who wrote immediately, what he calls, "a very warm letter to the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. King), showing his resentment *as he ought* against the bishops;" obliquely also reflecting upon the archbishop himself, to whom he had in confidence imparted the secret. But the archbishop, in reply, vindicated himself very satisfactorily, alledging that it was impossible to prevent this step without divulging what had been thus confidentially communicated.* But the wrath of Swift was not to be so easily appeased. "As I hope to live," says he, Journal, Nov. 24, "I despise the credit of it out of an excess of pride, and desire they will not give me the least merit when they talk of it—but I would *vex the* bishops, and have it spread that Mr. Harley had done it: pray do so." And, returning to this matter at the conclusion of his letter, he declares, "that he is not vexed at this *puppy business* of the bishops, although he was a little at first." It is remarkable, however, that after the lapse of many years he was never able to touch upon this matter with temper, uniformly arrogating to himself the whole merit of this liberal grant of the queen, and reproaching the prelates in bitter language for a mode of conduct which no dispassionate person can deem improper.

Hitherto Swift had certainly not ventured to cherish any sanguine hope of advancement, at least in England, for he says, Nov. 27, "that as soon as this business is settled he shall think of returning;" although he adds, "the baseness of those bishops makes me love Ireland less than I did." He haughtily declares, however, in answer to a conjecture of the Bishop of Clogher, that Swift had a share in writing the Tatlers, "I have other things to mind, and of much greater importance, else I have little to do to be acquainted with a new ministry, who consider me a little more than Irish bishops do."

After a few days interval he says, "Faith I will come as soon as it is any way proper for me to come, but I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things.—As soon as ever I can clear my hands I will stay no longer; but to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others, but according to the best judgment I have they are pursuing the true interest of the public, and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power.—For God's sake not a word of this to any alive." It is gratifying to hear anything like a serious declaration that in serving the present ministry he was acting agreeably to the dictates of his judgment and conscience; and could we forget that the abandonment of his former party and principles avowedly originated in hatred and revenge, he would be entitled to more credit.

About the middle of December he makes a sort of boast that Harley and St. John were resolved he should preach before the queen; and pretends that he wished to be excused, but St. John told him he should not be excused. This honour however was never conferred upon him, probably from the fixed dislike of the queen.

Swift appears at the close of this year, after an intercourse of three months only, to be on terms of perfect familiarity with Harley, St. John, and Harcourt, the lord keeper, as well as many other persons of high distinction, and to have relinquished almost

* These letters appear in the correspondence of Swift.

almost all acquaintance with the Whig party, excepting Addison and Congreve; the former of whom he seems to have regarded with something like real affection, and the latter was too little of a politician, and too dependent upon court favour, to incur the hazard of offending.

Swift displays his hatred against the Whigs with studious malignity, saying of the Duke of Marlborough, "he is as covetous as hell, and as ambitious as the prince of it. He would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace to keep his greatness and to get money.—He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs." But when, or where, previous to the fall of the late ministry from power, did Swift stigmatize their measures as abominable? Amid all his virulence, however, his strong natural discernment occasionally breaks out; and he even appears somewhat ashamed of the factious proceedings in the House of Commons in relation to the Duke of M. "I think," says he, "our friends press a little too hard on the duke." And on the report of the dismission of that great commander, he remarks, (January 7, 1711,) "I question whether ever any wise state laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dread, and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard and much kindness, but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. I wish I were at Laracor with my dear charming M. D."

A few days afterwards he speaks of the ministry as "labouring under mighty difficulties. I wish to Heaven (he repeats) I were this minute at Dublin, for I am weary of politics, that give me such melancholy prospects." His habitual temper of mind was, however, vituperative and passionate. "As for my old friends," (says he) if you mean the Whigs, I never see them, except Lord Halifax, and him very seldom: Lord Somers, never since the first visit, for he has been a false, deceitful rascal! My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them; and besides, my pretensions are very young to them." Lord Somers was perhaps never stiled a *rascal*, but by Swift. At the visit to which he alludes, Lord Somers assured him, that he had written twice to Lord Wharton, (late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) respecting him, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. And Swift does not appear to have had any grounds for doubting that great man's sincerity.

About this period, another cause of chagrin occurred to the proud spirit of Swift. As an equivalent for some recent service, Mr. Harley presented him with a bank-note of fifty pounds, which Swift, justly indignant at a mode of treatment, degrading him to a level with the common hirelings of the treasury, returned in a letter no doubt sufficiently expressive of his resentment. But Mr. Harley, sensible of his error, made all possible concessions; and in a short time, they were not merely reconciled, but Swift grew into greater consequence than ever, being constantly admitted to the Saturday parties of the minister, when St. John, Harcourt, and a few other persons in the intimate confidence of Harley, if indeed any of his associates could be said to be admitted to his confidence, were accustomed to dine at his house. "They call me" (says he) nothing but Jonathan, and I said, I believed they would leave me Jonathan, as they found me; and that I never knew a ministry do any thing for those, whom they make companions of their pleasures. And I believe you will find it so, but I care not." This levity of expression does not prevent us from clearly discerning the aspiring thoughts which began now to enter into the mind of Swift, though blended with much doubt and apprehension. The queen was personally averse to him, and she was far from being of a persuadable temper, when she had once formed her opinion, either in small matters or in great. Absolute, as Harley appeared at this period, he in reality found it difficult to influence the queen, on many occasions, so far as was essentially necessary for conducting public business with facility. "I will tell you (says Swift) one great state secret. The queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into the other extreme, and is jealous in that point even of those who got her out of the other's hands." Her opposition or more properly her unmanageableness arose not from her possessing any clear or consistent ideas of her own, but from the caprice, pride, and jealousy of a feeble and vacillating mind, lost and confounded in the conflict of adverse principles and systems. Harley, unwilling to declare the truth, and himself of

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disposition artful, close, and suspicious, sunk by degrees in the esteem and affection of his colleagues, of whom the chief were St. John and Harcourt. The former of these was endowed with genius and talents, far superior to the first minister; and disdaining all artifice and mystery, he was zealous for the adoption of decisive measures, though sincerely desirous of moderating and restraining the *democratic* violence which, notwithstanding their speculative monarchical paradoxes and Toryfied language, in reality actuated the present House of Commons.

Early in March Swift writes in a querulous tone, and expresses his impatience to be in Ireland, though he says the ministry beg him to stay. "This kingdom (says he) is certainly ruined as much as any bankrupt merchant. We must have a peace, let it be a bad or a good one.—The nearer I look upon things the worse I like them.—The ministry is upon a very *narrow bottom*, and stand like an isthmus, between the Whigs on one side, and the violent Tories on the other.—Lord Somers hath been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and the Duchess of Somerset, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them. They (that is, the ministers) have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much." It may be remarked that Swift was upon all occasions a desponding politician. His ideas of the ruined state of the national finances, and of the immediate necessity of a peace at any rate, were false and vulgar. Unfortunately, Harley himself, influenced probably in part by the tragic declamations of Swift, seems to have imbibed the same notions; and in the negociations for peace, now about to commence, the French derived incalculable advantage from the impolitic eagerness displayed by the English ministry for its accomplishment. This excessive impatience, emanating from, and circumscribed in its operation by, the narrow genius of Harley, appears, as might with certainty be expected, completely to have counteracted its own purpose.

On the 8th of March, the anniversary of the queen's accession, a remarkable incident happened in relation to Mr. Harley, who was stabbed at the council table by Guiscard, a French spy, while under examination. The wound was dangerous, and the minister was confined to his house for many weeks, during which interval, St. John, acting as principal minister, was thought to advance much in the good graces of the queen. At all events, very soon after Harley's recovery, the spirit of rivalship and animosity displayed itself openly between them; and at the close of April, Swift expresses his apprehension "that the secretary will not stand long." Perhaps it was even now out of the power of Harley to remove him. But the queen was a great dissembler, and though Harley was really declining from the summit of favour, he was in the course of the next month created Earl of Oxford and lord high treasurer. Swift's hopes and haughtiness seem to have arisen in proportion. Mr. Secretary St. John mentioning "that the Duke of Buckingham had been talking to him much about him, and desired his acquaintance," Swift answered it *could not be*, for the duke had not made sufficient advances. The Duke of Shrewsbury, being present, observed, that Buckingham was not used to make advances. Swift replied, "he could not help that; for he always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than other men." Surely this was assuming a very disgusting degree of self-importance; and a personage less lofty than Buckingham might justly be offended at this insolence, and Swift subsequently states, "that he and the duke are terribly fallen out."

May 23d, Swift writes to Stella, "I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through if I could do it with decency and honour. To return without some mark of distinction would look extremely little, and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till fortune take her course, and to believe that M. D.'s felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I.—Every thing here is tasteless to me for want of being where I would be; and so a short sigh, and no more of this." Certainly, if at this season he had been made Dean of St. Patrick's, a dignity he afterwards so much contemned, he would have thought himself most happy. In the following

letter (May 29) he says, "I hear your Bishop Hickman (Bishop of Derry) is dead. But nobody here will do anything for me in Ireland, so they may die as fast or slow as they please." This certainly appeared to Swift the crisis of his fate. Early in June he mentions visiting the Duke of Ormond and Mr. Secretary; and passing by the Treasury, "I saw," says he, "vast crowds waiting to give the lord treasurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favour." Whatever might be the reason, Swift had as yet no assurance, or even intimation, that aught was in contemplation of his all-powerful friend and patron for his advantage.

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

ACCOUNT *of the* LIFE *and* LABOURS *of the* REV. NEVIL MASKELYNE, D.D. *Astronomer Royal. By* M. LE CHEVALIER DELAMBRE, *Secretary of the French Institute, and* Dr. KELLY, *of London.*

[In the Monthly Magazine which followed the decease of Dr. Maskelyne, we promised our readers a full account of his long life and valuable labours; a promise which we were unable to fulfil, owing to the characteristic lukewarmness which usually marks the survivors of eminent persons in England. In this instance, as in numerous others, we have been compelled to wait, before we could do justice to the memory of an illustrious Englishman, for the French journals; in which, the Chevalier Delambre has undertaken that duty, which no surviving friend of Dr. Maskelyne in England had performed. It is true, that on receiving the Memoir of the Chevalier Delambre, we traced a well-written article to our erudite countryman Dr. Kelly; but, as current information, lost to the public in the voluminous, though valuable repository of Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia. From the two articles we have arranged the following account.]

NEVIL MASKELYNE, D.D. F.R.S. &c. one of the eight Foreign Associates of the Academy of Sciences, and of the Imperial Institute, and Astronomer Royal of England, an important office which he filled for the long period of forty-six years, was born in London on the 6th of October, 1732, of an ancient family which had been long established in the west of England.

At the age of nine he was placed at Westminster school, where he speedily distinguished himself. He showed an early taste for optics and astronomy; but what decided his vocation was the eclipse of the sun of 1748, which was of ten digits in London. It is remarkable that this eclipse produced the same effect upon Lalande, who was only three months older than Maskelyne. We may say with truth that never was celestial phenomenon more useful to the science than the eclipse which furnished it with two astronomers so singularly distinguished, though in different ways: one of whom wrote a great deal, was long a professor, and formed a great number of pupils, but observed very little; while the other wrote less, but has left us, in the collection of his observations, the greatest and most valuable monument of the kind which exists.

Maskelyne perceived how necessary the mathematics were in the career which he proposed to run; he set himself accordingly to study them, and acquired in a few months the elements of geometry and algebra. This first success was the earnest of what he could not avoid obtaining by reading the principal treatises on astronomy and the higher analysis, with which he employed himself habitually. At this time he went to Cambridge, and entered first into Catherine Hall, and afterwards into Trinity College, where he received with applause, the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

In 1755 he accepted of a curacy in the neighbourhood of London, where he resided for some years, employing the whole of his leisure time in his favourite study. About this period he connected himself with the great astronomer Bradley, for whom it appears he made different calculations of importance. In 1758 he became Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the next year he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

But it was in the year 1761 that his real astronomical career begun, when he was chosen to go to the island of St. Helena, to observe the transit of Ve-

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respecting trades and professions, if not repealed, would have remained a dead letter on our statute book; but I find, from the parliamentary reports, that attempts are making to more rigidly enforce the Acts of the 5th Queen Elizabeth; at any rate, a motion has been made to that effect, and a committee of the House of Commons has been appointed to inquire into the same. I therefore would have all those who live in small towns, and do not find the trade they were brought up to sufficient to keep their family, to be on the alert; for without going through the regular routine of an apprenticeship, it appears, they will be allowed the privilege of twirling their thumbs, and thinking, that if they only might use their talents and industry, they might honourably extend their means of promoting the comforts of their families.

The motion met with much opposition from several liberal and enlightened members, which I trust will be renewed at every stage; and I seriously hope that the remarks I am now going to make, will stimulate all that are not narrow-minded and selfish, to request their representatives to repeal, if they alter at all, the old-fashioned Act alluded to; which will not allow any one to exercise his abilities, ingenuity, and industry, or employ any one else in his behalf, in any trade, without he has been lawfully bound an apprentice for seven years; which compels all tradespeople to employ, to every three apprentices, one journeyman; and which also gives to every person the right of compelling any one, under certain conditions, to be his apprentice, with power to justices to imprison on refusal. Our courts of justice have very properly, in all cases, given as favourable decisions as they well could to the liberty of the subject; which has been the means of many an honest individual continuing to enjoy the fruits of his talents and industry; which the law, if rigidly enforced, would have prevented.

In the infancy of professions and trades, it might be policy in our ancestors to secure, by such laws, the exclusive use of their respective professions; but at this time, when the arts and sciences have been rendered subservient to most trades and professions; when knowledge and experience have been more extended through every gradation of society; and time itself has rendered familiar those hidden mysteries, which form the basis of all trades, such laws cannot possibly be longer of any use to the security of that fame, by which this nation stands so peculiarly unrivalled.

I consider that seven years' servitude does not necessarily qualify a person, and always render him capable of pursuing a profession, with credit to himself, and advantage to the public; it depending more on the capacity and assiduity of the individual, than the time he has employed. I consider that, at the age when apprentices are bound, they cannot always form a proper opinion whether their capacity, health, &c. are congenial to such employments. How often does the developement of other faculties, change of health, accidental change of circumstances, render absolutely necessary for the better support of a family, a change of business?

A slight perusal of our Biographical Dictionaries, would convince every reflecting mind, I should think, of the injurious effect of such laws; but from the advocates of such measures, I expect but little information, and less liberality. How many individuals, without the routine of apprenticeship, have made great improvements in many branches; and I flatter myself it is more owing to the liberty of freely exerting their talents, that we are so eminently superior to other nations, than to any other cause whatever. From the many instances that might be brought forward, I beg leave to mention a few particulars. The present practice of surgery owes its origin to Mr. J. Hunter, who was originally a carpenter. Sir R. Arkwright, originally a penny-barber, invented the machines for spinning cotton. The celebrated Mr. J. Baskerville, a name so dear to science and to learning, was not brought up to any trade, kept a school some time at Birmingham, then commenced japanner, which he brought to great perfection; and as his active mind was free and unshackled, he made great improvement in the casting of types, which are much admired for their elegance and beauty. William Caslon served his time to the engraving of gun-barrels; but from his ingenuity was made letter-founder to the king. If injudicious laws, the offspring of groveling, stupid ideas, had prevented these and many other worthy characters from exercising their talents, because they had not been bound to a seven years apprenticeship to their respective trades, or from employing any one else, how many comforts and advantages we now enjoy, would have sunk silently with them to the tomb!

The greatest stimulant to useful and noble

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noble employments, is the free exercise of the talents and industry mankind possess; it is this ever-animating principle which produces new ideas and new inventions; it is the free exercise of them to individual profit, that brings all to perfection; but if our hands are to be shackled, by what I conceive injudicious laws, what motive will induce mankind to benefit society by his discoveries?

Warwick, May 24. W. G.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

NO one can pass along the streets of this vast metropolis without being assailed by the plaintive cries of the children of the numerous mendicants who infest them; and that heart must be callous to every impression of christian charity, which does not experience a pang at the spectacle of so many helpless infants destitute of cloathing to shield them from the battering storm, without a morsel to alleviate the pressing calls of hunger, and fostered in the arms of wretchedness and vice.

It is to the condition of these innocents that I am induced to crave the attention, and solicit the assistance, of those noble and generous minds, whose hands are ever ready to dispense to the poor a portion of those blessings which heaven has showered down upon them, and who advocate the cause of Christianity by the practice of its chiefest virtue, CHARITY.

Amongst the numerous institutions for the relief of various classes of the poor, there is not one which fully embraces the object now before us. It is therefore very desirable that a new structure should be reared, designed to receive, at a very early age, the children of beggars; and, by proper nurture and suitable education, fit them to become, in riper years, useful and industrious members of society.

Although the benefits of such an establishment should be diffused as extensively as possible, yet some discrimination would be needful to guard against imposition, and the admission of improper subjects. For it is a lamentable fact, that a great proportion of the parents of such children are hardened in depravity, and destitute of the common feelings of nature. Ignorant, or violators of the obligations of religion and morality; they instruct the infant lips to utter lies and blasphemy, and stretch forth their little hands to cruelty and plunder. The offspring of such should, if possible, be rescued from destruction; whilst those parents, whose poverty has arisen from misfortune rather than from vice, would find a refuge for their helpless and half-famished babes.

The funds requisite for an institution of this nature would be considerable. Not only must a spacious building be erected, but a large number of nurses and tutors would also be necessary. To accomplish the first, I am willing to flatter myself liberal donations would be afforded; and for the support of the latter, and the general expences, adequate annual contributions might reasonably be hoped for. The nurses should be selected from the deserving and industrious poor; and tutors competent to impart sufficient instruction, would readily be obtained from the schools of Dr. Bell or Lancaster.

The management of the undertaking would be entrusted to a board of governors; and no doubt can be entertained but zealous assistance would be rendered by the truly charitable, whose leisure would admit of their becoming active patrons. B. D.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine

SIR,

IN the course of the present summer (1711) Swift's thoughts were engaged on the project stated by him in the well known letter subsequently published and addressed to the Earl of Oxford. "I am proposing," says he, (June 22) "to my lord, to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it." It is probable, however, that Lord Oxford deemed it, as it really was, a visionary scheme; though, in compliance with Swift's humour, he might seem to give it some encouragement; for during the whole term of his administration, no step was taken towards it. The writings of Addison, Bolingbroke, and Swift himself, which are now just as intelligible as they were a century ago, sufficiently prove that the English language had, in the reign of Queen Anne, arrived at that stage, and had attained to that standard of refinement, which precludes the hazard of change; and the undoubted improvements which have since been made in point of correctness, are such as could derive no additional weight from the decisions of an academy; which, if right would be superfluous; if wrong, injurious. But to return from this digression.

In his letter of June 30, Swift professes to sigh at the recollection of Larac

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"All the days I have passed here have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the score, and friends by the couples, which is against the rules of wisdom, because they say one enemy can do more hurt than ten friends can do good; but I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else, and so let fate govern." This is the language, not of reason but of passion, embittered by rancour. "Remember," he adds, "if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, it is what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet I am *now envied* and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teazing me to solicit for *them; and the* ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon *nothing.*" When we hear Swift charging in these harsh terms the late ministers with ingratitude, one would wish to be informed what were the nature and extent of the obligations he had conferred upon them.

On conversing with Lord Oxford upon the subject of the first-fruits, Swift took *occasion to declare* that he would not, for a thousand pounds, any body but his lordship had got them to Ireland, who had got them for England too. Oxford, who was accounted negligent in money concerns, bid him consider what a thousand pounds was. Swift said, he would have him to know he valued a thousand *pounds as little* as his lordship valued a million. This ostentation of disinterestedness, was a bravado that had better been spared. It might, unfortunately for him, obtain some credit. He appears to have been long kept in an awkward and anxious state of suspense. "Lord Keeper told me," says he, (July 17) "some months ago, he would give me a living when I pleased, but I told him I would not take any from him; I know *nothing of getting* any thing here, and if they would give me leave, I would come over just now." The best crown livings are not in the gift of the chancellor, and this is the language of a man too proud to accept of small favours. On this very day he had dined with the Earl of Oxford, and had taken an opportunity, as he mentions, "to speak to him of the affair." But the minister cut him short with the French proverb, "*Laissez faire à Don Antoine.*" This, however, was a tacit acknowledgment of difficulty. The queen usually resided, during the summer months, at Windsor, where Swift often repaired with the ministers, Oxford and St. John. But it does not appear that the slightest notice was taken of him by her majesty. (July 29) He writes, "I was at court to-day; I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and am so proud I make all the lords come up to me. (August 6) "Lord Treasurer and the Secretary thought to mortify me, for they told me they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and she said she had never heard of me;" upon which, Swift smartly replied, "that was their fault and not hers." The design of mortifying Swift's vanity is much easier of credence, than the pretended declaration of the queen.

(August 9) "Lord Treasurer stole here last night: I just drank a dish of chocolate with him. I fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon; but what care I? I believe I shall die with ministries in my debt." The jealousies which had arisen by this time, between Oxford and St. John, could no longer be concealed from those who had access to both. "Do you know," says Swift, (August 15) that I have ventured all my credit with these great ministers, to clear some misunderstanding between them; and if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it. It is a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards losing both sides." Here is another amusing proof of the excessive value Swift put upon his own services. Others, no doubt, exerted their efforts; but his are all the merits yet. The motives which prevented these ministers from coming to an open rupture, would no doubt have had much the same weight, whether Swift were in England or in Ireland. But they indulged him in his freedoms, availed themselves of his talents, and condescended, even when they disapproved, to hear him patiently.

On the 17th of August he dined, for the first time, at the Lord Treasurer's, with Mrs. Masham, who had supplanted the Duchess of Marlborough in the queen's good graces, and had been the chief instrument in effecting the late changes. "She was used," says he, "with mighty kindness and respect, like a favourite." But he concludes his letter with repeating, "that he had enough of courts, and wished he were at Laracor; and if he could come away with honour this moment, he would." At the close of this month, his apprehensions were anew excited. "The Whigs whisper, that

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that our new ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr. Secretary. They have some reasons for their whispers, although I thought it was a great secret. I do not much like the posture of things—burn all politics!" The unexpected and singular appointment of the Bishop of Bristol, (Robinson) to be Lord Privy Seal, an office which had not, from time immemorial, been filled by a churchman, took place at this period; and amid all his fears and forebodings, Swift seems to have been not a little pleased with it. A gleam of grandeur opened perhaps upon his mind. "All the friends of the ministry," says he, "are extreme glad, and the clergy above the rest. The Whigs will fret to death to see a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my Lord Treasurer, and will bind the church to him for ever."

Swift however would, in this stage of his political progress, have willingly accepted Irish preferment. Having received, a short time since, a letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, in which his Grace mentioned, that he would shortly write to him something about himself; "it looked," says Swift, "as if he intended something for me. At last, out it comes, and consists of two parts. First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment, now I have friends; and secondly, he advises me, since I have parts and learning, and a happy pen, to think of some new subject in divinity not handled by others, which I should manage better than any body.—A rare spark this with a p—, but I shall answer him as rarely." It must be owned, that Swift was under slender obligation for such friendship as this, and beyond this it was now clear that he had nothing to expect from the archbishop. The truth is, that this ambitious old man was looking eagerly up to the primacy; Dr. Marsh, who filled the see of Armagh, being in a state of great decay. But the ministers lately appointed, were not considered as firm in office, and in case of a change at court, the promotion of Swift, by the archbishop, would not have been easily forgotten or forgiven.

Sept 15, Swift expresses his wish that Mrs. Masham would return to Windsor, for the Duchess of Somerset was thought to gain ground daily. Like all weak persons, the queen, from her excessive jealousy of being governed, only became the more easy dupe: and she refused to repose, in ministers of her own choosing, that confidence which was essential to their stability, and placed it where it could only be acquired and maintained by artifice, insinuation, and flattery; and in listening to the alternate adulation of her intriguing favorites, she fancied she was balancing parties and displaying her impartiality.

The negotiation with France, though still clandestinely conducted, was by this time far advanced. Sept. 28, Swift says, "We have already settled all things with France, and very much to the honour and advantage of England—all this news is a mighty secret.—The Earl of Strafford is to go soon to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing, and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them swallow it with a p—". Such were the politics adopted by the Earl of Oxford, and approved by Swift. Can it be wondered at that the memory of this nobleman's administration, both at home and abroad, is still held in execration?

The odious malignity of Swift shews itself in nothing more than in the meanness of his revenge on the most obscure and defenceless enemies. Oct. 10, he expresses himself as follows: "A rogue that writes a newspaper, called, 'The Protestant Post Boy,' has reflected on *me* in one of his papers; but the secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says, 'that an ambitious Tantivy, missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry,' &c. —I'll *tantivy* him with a vengeance." Perhaps his vengeance would not have been so strongly excited if the fact had not been so truly stated; and if we advert to the boundless licence which the political polemics of Swift exhibit, it will be difficult to suppress our emotions of astonishment and indignation.

In a confidential conversation with Mr. Secretary St. John, about this time, Swift boasted that he had gone between him and Lord Treasurer often, and told each of them what he had said to the other.—Adding, "that he knew all along that this proceeding of his was the surest way to send him back to his willows in Ireland but that he regarded it not, provided he could do the kingdom service in keeping them well together;" and reminding him "how often he had told Lord Treasurer Lord Keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union." St John was in a rage, and swore "he will be upon a better foot or none at all;

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"and I do not see," says Swift, "how *they can well* want him, (that is, do without him) at this juncture. I hope to find a way of settling this matter. I act an *honest* part that will bring me neither profit nor praise." It may seem invidious to call in question upon this occasion his title to that dignified elevation of mind which he thus challenges. But supposing him really reluctant to return to his willows, and secretly cherishing high and aspiring hopes, what other part could *he act than this?* If all things depended upon the union of the ministers, what praise was due to Swift for his earnest *and frequent* exhortations to concord individually or collectively?

In a few days after this he thus speaks of the Lord Treasurer: "The man is bewitched. He desires to see me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a rush. I am half weary of them all. I often burst out into these thoughts, and will certainly *steal away as soon* as I decently can. I have many friends and many enemies, and the last are more constant in their *nature.* I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances if you can be easy, but I will always live *in Ireland* as I did the last time. I will not hunt for dinners there, nor converse with more than a very few." In this desponding humour, apprehending the ministry to be on the eve of dissolution, and his enemies to be once more coming into power, he felt perhaps even anxious to return to the remote and obscure shades of *Laracor.* But his prospects soon brightened up. Towards the close of this year he was assiduously employed in compiling his famous pamphlet, styled, "The Conduct of the Allies." "The ministry," says he, (Oct. 30,) "reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half-bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction." He complains however of their delays in furnishing him with the necessary materials, and styles the Lord Treasurer "the greatest procrastinator in the world." Though he looked up to Oxford as his patron, his admiration of St. John soon breaks out. "I think Mr. St. John," says he, (Nov. 3,) "the greatest genius man I ever knew; wit, capacity, learning, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the House of Commons, admirable conversation, good nature, good manners, generous, and a despiser of money." This was the man whom Oxford, in little more than a twelvemonth, had the art to convert from a zealous friend to an inveterate adversary. The strong tie of interest nevertheless compelled them to act together, and outward appearances were tolerably preserved.

Swift's fits of elation and despondency followed each other in rapid succession. In a paroxysm of the former, (November 6) he says, concerning his friend, Dr. Sterne, Dean of St. Patrick, at whose hospitable mansion Stella and her companion passed much of their time, "I design to write to the dean one of these days, but I can never find time nor what to say. I will think of something, but if * * * were not in Ireland I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am." On the 10th of the same month he says "If you must have it, something is to be published of great moment, and three or four great people are to see there are no mistakes in point of fact." (Nov. 24) "The pamphlet which has cost me so much time and trouble will be published in three or four days." (27th.) "The pamphlet is published; Lord Treasurer had one by him on the table." (28th.) "The pamphlet begins to make a noise: I was asked by several, whether I had seen it; and they spoke of it as something very extraordinary." This tract is indeed by far the most valuable of all Swift's political productions; it contains a clear and able statement of facts, and possesses the incalculable advantage of being written on the side of truth, justice, and humanity. The Whigs had undoubtedly prolonged the war long after the necessity, and even the policy of it had ceased, and they were still engaged in very unjustifiable machinations against the peace; which, with ill directed efforts, Oxford was too eagerly and anxiously courting. Very observable it is, that this wonder-working pamphlet did not extend to an hundred pages; a memorable proof how much sense and information may be contained in a narrow compass. In a few weeks, eleven thousand copies were sold, a thing at that time unprecedented in literary history, and rarely, if ever, equalled since. Swift was now at the summit of his fame.

For the Monthly Magazine.

THE extensive plantations and preparations made, or making, on the Crown Land, to the north of the New Road, Mary-le-bone, called MARY-LE-BONE PARK, and the passing of an Act of Parliament for the GRAND NEW STREET from the proposed Park to Charing Cross, having attracted the general attention of the public, we submit to our readers so much of the accepted Plan of Mr. JOHN NASH, Architect, as will convey a clear idea of the intended improvements.

APPROVED REPORT *of* MR. JOHN NASH *relative to* IMPROVEMENTS *in* MARY-LE-BONE PARK, *and to the* GRAND NEW STREET *from thence to* CHARING CROSS.

MARY-LE-BONE PARK lies on the north-west boundary of the town, abutting south on the New Road from Paddington to Islington, and part of it advances southward of the New Road to the ends of Portland-place, Harley-street, and Portland Road, all which parts of the town have long since been built upon to the southern boundary of Mary-le-bone Park. The northern boundary lies open to Hampstead and Highgate; and, great as the speculations in building are, the period must be very remote when Mary-le-bone Park shall be enclosed on its northern side. The houses forming the streets abutting on the southern boundary of Mary-le-bone Park, such as Baker-street, Nottingham-street, Nottingham-place, High-street, Devonshire-place, Harley-street, and Portland-place, are of the general class of houses occupied by the gentry of the metropolis. Portland-place is the most magnificent street in London; and, in point of breadth, Devonshire-place and Baker-street are next in rank.

The artificial causes of the extension of London are the speculations of builders, encouraged and promoted by merchants dealing in the materials of building, and attornies with monied clients facilitating, and indeed putting in motion, the whole system, by disposing of their clients money in premature mortgages, the sale of improved ground-rents, and by numerous other devices, by which their clients make an advantageous use of their money, and the attornies create to themselves a lucrative business from the agreements, assignments, leases, mortgages, bonds, and other instruments of law, which become necessary throughout such complicated and intricate transactions. It is not necessary for the present purpose to enumerate the bad consequenc and pernicious effects which arise fr such an unnatural and forced enlargeme of the town, further than to observ that it is the interest of those concern in such buildings that they should be of little cost as possible, preserving an tractive exterior, which Parker's stuc coloured bricks, and balconies, acco plish; and a fashionable arrangement rooms on the principal floors, embellish by the paper-hanger, and a few flin marble chimney-pieces, are the attr tions of the interior. These are sufficie allurements to the public, and ens the sale of the houses, which is the u mate object of the builders, and to t finery every thing out of sight is sacrific or is no further an object of attenti than that no defects in the construct and substantial parts shall make th appearance while the houses are on sa

The principles on which this Rep and the designs accompanying it, formed, and the objects proposed to obtained, are, that MARY-LE-BONE PA shall be made to contribute to the heal fulness, beauty, and advantage, of t quarter of the metropolis; that the hou and buildings to be erected shall be that useful description, and permanent c struction, and possess such local adv tages, as shall be likely to assure a gr augmentation of revenue to the Crow the expiration of the leases; that the traction of open space, free air, and scenery of nature, with the means invitation of exercise on horseback, foot, and in carriages, shall be preser or created in Mary-le-bone Park, allurements and motives for the weal part of the public to establish themsel there; and that the advantages wh the circumstances of the situation it present shall be improved and advanc and that markets, and conveniences sential to the comforts of life, shall placed in situations, and under such cumstances, as may induce tradesme settle there.

It is proposed that the two princ entrances into Mary-le-bone Park s be Portland-place and Baker-street; Portland-place shall be continued in present direction, and of the same wi for the length of fifty yards northw into Mary-le-bone Park; that Ba street (widened to the same breadth Portland-place) shall also be contin northward to the same distance, that the extreme ends of those str shall be united by a cross street.

wh

second it is decreased two-thirds. It may here be observed too, that each year exceeds the last by so much only as remains of the first year's increment, and that half of that remainder will always be the deficiency from $\frac{2}{3}$ of the original amount. Now, as only $\frac{1}{3}$ of that remainder ever goes to the subsequent year, it follows plainly that the amount never can be full $\frac{2}{3}$ of the original.

The difference then between the two series lies in this, that one has an increment of a certain given ratio of the standing stock or contribution continually increasing, according to such given ratio, and would therefore continue to increase to infinity, if not obstructed; the other has an increment of the same ratio of the standing contribution, but always counteracted by a corresponding decrement in the former increase. As for instance: the increment on the 5th year is 10l. which is counteracted by a decrement of $6\frac{2}{3}$ from the 4th, $2\frac{2}{9}$ from the 3rd, $\frac{20}{27}$ from the 2nd, and $\frac{20}{81}$ from the 1st years increments.

Now $6\frac{2}{3} + 2\frac{2}{9} + \frac{20}{27} + \frac{20}{81} = 9\frac{71}{81}$, which, deducted from 10, leaves $\frac{10}{81}$ as the sole increment for the 6th year, which corresponds with the foregoing table. This fraction of increase continually becoming less and less, and never equalling the fractional remains of the first year's increment, prevents the original amount from ever reaching a certain ratio of itself, according to its ratio of increment.

The error of Philo-Common-Sense lies in his not having considered that the increment of population is itself productive in the same ratio as the original mass.

PLAIN TRUTH.

July 12, 1813.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

OBSERVING in your number for January an enquiry respecting "Christian Morality," I was forcibly struck with the observations of your correspondent Philanthropos, and beg leave to point out to him a tract, which I believe to be very scarce, entitled, "Morality of the New Testament, digested under various heads, &c. &c. with an Introduction, addressed to Deists; by a Rational Christian." Printed by J. Johnson, London, 1765; 404 pages in 4to.

Liverpool. E. S.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

FROM the æra of the publication of Swift's celebrated pamphlet, he appears to have assumed a more lofty and serious tone of political importance than ever. "The parliament," he says, "will certainly meet on Friday next, (that is, December 7, 1711.) The Whigs will have a great majority in the House of Lords; no care is taken to prevent it. They are warned of it, and that signifies nothing."

Dec. 2. "I dined with the Secretary; he tells me, the Dutch envoy (Buys) designs to complain of the pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it."

Notwithstanding the great accession of personal and political consequence which Swift derived from the unexampled success of this publication, which doubtless contributed very materially to change the sentiments of the public on the subject of the war, various causes of uneasiness remained to revive occasionally in their full force his former apprehensions.

1. The Whigs, independent of the popularity they had long enjoyed, but which had now deserted them, were extremely powerful from the number of great families included in that connection, and the decided attachment of the monied and commercial interests, the chief leaders of which were devoted to the war ministers and the war system, at this as at all other times, in consequence of the enormous gains accruing to themselves from this source.

2. The precarious health of the Queen, and the notions she had imbibed about balancing parties, in order to preserve her own authority and independence entire, were both perplexing and alarming. It was more and more evident, that she placed no confidence in, and possessed no real regard for any of her ministers.

3. The certain knowledge of the hostile disposition of the court of Hanover to the present administration, and the whole Tory system, excited perpetual dread of that eventual succession which, upon all other accounts, the ministers were unquestionably disposed to maintain. The Earl of Oxford in particular had distinguished himself as a zealot in the cause. He had been deeply and actively concerned in promoting the Act of Succession, and if any thing could endanger

danger that Act, it must be the Elector's putting himself at the head of a party.

The congress of Utrecht being now determined on, the electoral minister, Baron Bothmar, gave in (says Swift, Dec. 5,) "a violent memorial against the peace, and caused it to be printed. The Whig lords are doing their utmost for a majority, against Friday, and design, if they can, to address the Queen against the peace. Lord Nottingham, a famous Tory and speechmaker, is gone over to the Whig side. They toast him daily, and Lord Wharton says it is DISMAL, so they call him from his looks, will save England at last." As Swift and others foreboded from the neglect of the minister, the Whigs carried the question in the House of Lords; and that extravagant address was voted on the motion of the Earl of Nottingham, beseeching her majesty never to conclude a peace while Spain and the Indies remained with the house of Bourbon. It was on this nobleman, and on this occasion, that Swift, on a hint, as he tells us, from the Lord Treasurer, made the witty and well known ballad, of which the following couplets form the ludicrous termination:

"Since the Tories have thus disappointed
my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor
tropes,
I'll speech against peace, while DISMAL'S
my name,
And be a true Whig while I am NOT-IN-
GAME."

The result of the speech thus held up to ridicule, was however no joke to the parties concerned. "This," says Swift, Dec. 7, "is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to Lord Treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I am horribly down at present. It seems he had been so negligent; that he was with the Queen while the question was put in the house." The Queen was herself present at the debate, and did not seem displeased with the lords in opposition: and when the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Chamberlain, asked "whether he or the Great Chamberlain Lindsey ought to lead her out, she answered short, 'neither of you,' and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house for the clause against peace."

On the ensuing evening, Swift met the Lord Treasurer at Mr. Masham's. He seemed, contrary to his accustomed habit, to be somewhat cast down; but, on being questioned by Swift, told him, "not to fear, for all would be well yet." "The Whigs," says Swift, "are all in triumph. This is all your d—d Duchess of Somerset's doings." It appears indeed that Swift, whose fears increased with his opinion of his own importance, was now completely panic-struck. And on consulting his friend Lewis, who had sent to see him, he found this gentleman as much frightened as himself, and talking of nothing but retiring to his estate in Wales. Lewis thought the whole matter was settled between the Queen and the Whigs, and he heard that Lord Somers was to be treasurer. "Things are now," says Swift, "in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage Lord Treasurer, that as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as Queen's secretary, somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new ministers recall me; and then I will be sick for five or six months, till the storm had spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies, while their anger is fresh." It seems that the *mens conscia recti*, was not the refuge upon which he relied in this lowering aspect of his affairs. "I dined to-day," continues he, "with the Secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then desired the same thing of him to send me abroad before a change." Mr. St. John might well, even in more disagreeable circumstances, be excited to mirth by such wretched pusillanimity in this political Thraso. He however promised to take the same care of Swift as of himself, exhorted him to have courage, and intimated, that measures had been taken to convert what had happened to advantage; Swift replied, "God send it; but I do not believe a syllable, and as far as I can judge, the game is lost."

On the next day, Dec. 10, he had a message from Lord Oxford, by Lewis assuring him that all would be well, and that he should fear nothing; and on meeting that nobleman accidentally, at Mr. Masham's, his lordship rallied him with some pleasantry; and inviting Swift to dinner, said, "he had better keep company with him than with such a fellow as Lewis, who had not the soul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite;" and asked

asked, "whether he was not afraid to be seen with him?" Swift could not venture the same language to the Lord Treasurer, as to the Secretary, but intimated his fears, that he was not sure of the Queen; adding, "that those scoundrel starving lords (alluding to certain peers holding places and pensions) would never have dared to vote against the court, if Somerset had not assured them that it would please the Queen." Oxford acknowledged this to be true, but nevertheless seemed confident that all would turn to advantage.

Dec. 12. Swift says, "Ford is come to town; I saw him last night; he is in no fear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last, that I wonder they do not observe it." This short passage is remarkable, as it shews how much truer a judgment dispassionate persons, of common understanding, will not unfrequently form of the general state of things, from *data* known to all, than others of superior capacity, as well as information, whose hopes and fears, and prejudices and passions, are interested in the event.

Dec. 15. Swift called at Lewis's office to enquire how things went, and by chance met Prior there. These three friends concurred in opinion, that the ministry was utterly undone. Prior told Swift that he gave all for gone, and thought that the change would take place next week. But Lewis believed they might hold out till the end of the session. At night, Swift met the Lord Treasurer, at Mr. Masham's, and found him very cheerful; still he was not to be convinced. "I do resolve," says he, "if they give up or are turned out soon, to retire some months, and have hitched upon the place already: I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment, for they lay all things on me." What helped to increase his consternation, was the Lord Chief Justice Parker's sending about this time for Morphew, the publisher of Swift's pamphlet; threatening him, demanding the author, and binding over Morphew to appear at the next term. "He could not," says Swift, "have the impudence to do this, if he did not see what was coming at court."

On the 17th of December, he still believes that the Queen certainly designs to change the ministry, but perhaps may put it off till the session is over. "I think," says he, "they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly, and then they need not answer for the consequences of a peace when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken." This is surely very contemptible. Though he is of opinion that the present ministers may remain in office long enough to make a peace, and that peace alone can save the country, he is desirous from mere personal considerations of safety, that they should, without an effort, resign the government to others who would instantly break off the negociation! Whatever faults Lord Oxford might be chargeable with, he was incapable of political and personal cowardice so degrading. In circumstances infinitely more critical than the present, his courage rose even to magnanimity.

Dec. 23. He tells his correspondents, "that he had written a prophesy, which he designed to print, and that he liked it mightily." This was the "Windsor Prophesy," which, though actually printed, was, by the superior discretion of Mrs. Masham, suppressed, "from the fear of angering the Queen about the Duchess of Somerset," upon whom it personally and most imprudently reflected; and from whose knowledge, after all, it could scarcely be concealed, considering the multitude of copies privately circulated. Thus, in the midst of his apprehensions, was he wantonly adding to the number of his enemies by his propensity to satire. The feelings of others he never respected, if opposed to the interest, the caprice, or the malice of the moment. The Duchess of Somerset, heiress of the illustrious house of Percy, was a woman of great virtues and accomplishments; and, so far as appears, was chargeable with no fault but that of being red-haired, upon which unpardonable defect, Swift thus vents his spleen:

"And deere Englonde if aught I understonde,
Beware of carrotts from Northumberlonde,
Carrotts sown Thynne a deepe roote may gette,
If so bee they are in Somer Sette."

On the 27th of Dec. Swift again met the Lord Treasurer at Mr. Masham's; "he is endeavouring" says this desponding politician, "to get a majority against Wednesday, when the House of Lords is to meet, and the Whigs intend to make some violent addresses against a peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us." Saturday the 29th, however,

ever, after sealing his letter, he broke it open to inform his beloved confidante, "that all was safe. The Queen has made no less than twelve lords to have a majority, and has turned out the Duke of Somerset. She is awaked at last, and so is Lord Treasurer. I want nothing now but to see the duchess out, but we shall do without her. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together, but the Queen has drawn it upon herself by her confounded trimming and moderation." It is remarkable, that though in all his political publications he affects to speak of the queen as a paragon of excellence, in this private journal he never mentions her but with aversion or contempt. Sunday, December 30, he says, "I desired my Lord Radnor's brother, at court to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said I only talked for my love for him, I told a lie, for I did not care if he were hanged, but every one gained over is of consequence." Swift, it seems, by this time, had become a tolerable proficient in the language of courts; and if Lord Radnor could have seen this passage of Swift's confidential correspondence, he might perhaps have been tempted to retort the epithet.

January 1, 1712. "I dined with the Secretary, and it is true that the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. If the ministry be not sure of a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at the best. The Queen and Lord Treasurer mortally hate the Duke of M. and to that he owes his fall more than to his other faults. How far this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentments mix with public affairs." Here the superior sagacity, at last, if not generosity, of Swift discovers itself. The ministry were far from being at this time sure of a peace. The French court did highly presume on the removal of the Duke of Marlborough; and all the injurious consequences so obviously to be apprehended from this event, actually took place. Early in the new year, Swift announces the arrival of Prince Eugene in England, but too late, as he elsewhere expresses his hope, "to do much mischief," or, as others would say, much good. This renowned hero was treated with great outward respect, and inward jealousy by the ministers, who would fain have prevented his coming over; and the Emperor was previously assured that "his visit would answer no purpose." It might however have answered an invaluable purpose, even to the Earl of Oxford himself, had that minister possessed the wisdom and the candour to have opened his mind fairly and fully to the prince, on the general state of affairs, and the terms and conditions of the peace which he had in near and fixed contemplation. But the genius of Oxford was in no respect equal to the exalted and difficult station which he filled at this interesting crisis; and with his characteristic pertinacity, he continued to wrap himself up in the dark mantle of reserve and mystery.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

A CUTANEOUS disease is become almost universal in schools, and among families of children, called *the Ringworm*, which chiefly attacks the head, occasioning the hair to fall off, and if neglected becoming an extensive sore, but appearing also on other parts of the body, in a circle or ring: what are the specifics for curing or preventing this obstinate and very contagious disease?

A MOTHER.

Sept. 1, 1813.

For the Monthly Magazine.

ACCOUNT *of* ANOTHER PUBLIC EXPERIMENT, *made by* MESSRS. P. MOORE *and* CO. *on their* VERTICAL BOND.

A RESPECTABLE number of gentlemen, chiefly builders and surveyors, assembled on the 19th of August on the premises of Mr. Templar, builder, Union-street, Southwark, to witness another public experiment, to prove the encreased strength and security to be obtained by introducing into the insides of a wall columns of bricks *vertical*, instead of the usual practice of forming the work in horizontal courses with the joints level throughout.

There had been erected in the open air, between the 29th of March and the 6th of April last, two walls; one a vertical bond wall, six feet nine inches in length; seven feet three inches in height and thirteen inches and a half broad

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent "L." page 543 of No. 221, speaking on the prevalent mode of naming the first letter of our alphabet, says, "The general sounding of the Latin *A* appears to have no *other ground* than that of our excessive and notorious complacence for ourselves and our habits." I humbly submit to the reader's judgment, whether the pronunciation alluded to was not brought over by *William*, when he introduced his Norman French.

Mr. "L." further says, "There seem strong reasons to convince us that the ancient Romans sounded the *a* broad, and the *i* like our *e;* a habit which it would have been far preferable for us to retain," &c. Now that it was not sounded broad is evident, from the name *of the language*, Latin; but that *i* was sounded as he says, the same word proves.

To illustrate what he has suggested, I beg leave to say, all languages have *seven* vowels, and no more; nor less, I verily believe; and my faith in this is founded on the nature of the vocal organs. But these seven vowels (except the last) have a *long*, and also a *short* quantity, as in the following scheme:

	short.	long.		short.	long.
1 *a* heard in	Sol,	Saul,	or	hot,	hall.
2 *a* ———	hat,	hart,	—	can,	calm.
3 *e* ———	pen,	pane,	—	pet,	pate.
4 *i* ———	will,	wheel,	—	sin,	seen.
5 *o* ———	no,	known,	—	so,	sown.
6 *oo* ———	pull,	pool,	—	full,	fool.
7 *u* ———	cut, come, &c.				

And, sir, you will see the coincidence of the Hebrew vowel points with the above by the following scheme:

Long.

Kamets	*a*	in	all
Patha	*a*	in	palm.
Segol	*e*	in	they
Tseri	*i*	in	heel
Holem	*o*	in	known
Skurek	*oo*	in	choose.

Short or Common.

Kamets katuph	*o*	in	rock
Hateph patha	*a*	in	man
Hateph segol	*e*	in	men
Hirik	*i*	in	bid
———	*o*	in	no
Kibbuts	*oo*	in	run, and this often very short, equal to ours in *come, cover*, &c.

If I am in an error, I shall be happy to be corrected by any of your correspondents; but I must at the same time say, I do not wish this to be made a *mere* controversy; my desire is, to give and get information, and I reverence the means whatever it be. I have not before seen this noticed, or I would not have troubled you.

SIMEON SHAW.

Hanley.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

AMONG the various circumstances tending to throw light, though certainly not lustre, on the character of Swift, must be accounted the vengeance he cherished against those in whom he perceived, or thought he perceived, a disposition to offer him the slightest injury, however unavailing their efforts. What his conduct was towards the "Protestant Post-boy," has already been stated. This was far from being the only instance of his relentless temper in relation to this contemptible class of adversaries. A few weeks before Christmas, (1711) when in the height of reputation and favour, he was capable of expressing himself in the following terms to his female correspondents. "One Boyer, a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a messenger's hands. The secretary promises me to *swinge* him. Lord Treasurer told me last night, that he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example for a warning to others." The circumstance mentioned by Lord Oxford, was no doubt intended to soften his resentment, though in vain. This disagreeable subject cannot be dismissed without adding, that for a similar offence, after an interval of several months, Swift displayed the same adamantine hardness of heart, as the extract here annexed will vouch.

"These devils of Grub-street rogues that write the Flying Post and Medley in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog (that is, the Editor) under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to *swinge* him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath." It was fortunate for the press, that the rancour of Swift was restrained by the superior generosity or moderation of St. John, who probably did not think it quite fair that this political priest should be indulged in a monopoly of abuse.

If Swift was thus cruel in his revenge upon his enemies, he gratified his vanity, and perhaps soothed the misgivings of self-reproach, by incessant and teazing solicitations

solicitations in favour of those interested dependants, who called themselves his friends; and were at least his servile and obsequious flatterers. January 13, (1712) he writes, "I presented my printer and bookseller to Lord Rivers, to be stationers to the ordnance. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds per annum between them. This is the third employment I have got for them."

January 16. "My printer and bookseller want me to hook in another employment for them, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it be to serve the ordnance with oil, tallow, &c. and is worth four hundred pounds per annum more. I will try what I can do for them; they are resolved to ask several other employments of the same nature to other offices, and I will then *grease fat sows*, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer?" We must admit therefore, that with all Swift's pretensions to patriotism, he was not more scrupulous than other courtiers, in making himself a party to a series of despicable jobs, originating, if not in corruption, at least in low personal partiality.

January 19. "The Duke of Somerset is out. We hope that the Duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord Treasurer has now, I hope, saved his head. 20th. There was a world of people to day at court to see Prince Eugene, but all *bit*, for he did not come. I saw the Duchess of Somerset talking with the Duke of Buckingham. She looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. They say the duke is advised by his friends to let his wife stay with the queen; I am sorry for it." It seems that the ministers, or St. John at least, sometimes indulged in playing upon the great self-importance of Swift. Mr. Masham, who had married the favourite, was recently ennobled, and occupied apartments at St. James's. About eleven o'clock one night, (January 21) Swift having retired to rest, one of the secretary's servants came to let me know, says he, "that Lord Treasurer would immediately speak to me at Lord Masham's, upon earnest business; and that if I was abed, I should rise and come. I did so. Lord Treasurer was above with the queen, and when he came down he laughed and said, it was not he that sent for me. The business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper which might have been done tomorrow. I staid with them till past one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolics."

From an expression in this letter it appears, that his female correspondents possessed more fortitude than himself, and had rallied him for his fears. "No," he says, "I was not splenetic; you see what plunges the court has been at to set all right again. And that duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. Somerset shows, all about, a letter from the queen, desiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare?" He concludes his letter in no very good humour. "I will set out in March if there be a fit of fine weather, unless the ministry desire me to stay till the end of the session, which may be a month longer; but I believe they will not: for I suppose the peace will be made, and they will have no further service for me. I must make my canal fine this summer, as fine as I can. I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quicksets. I hope the cherry trees on the river walk are fine things now." This was still his way of talking; but ambition of the most corroding kind had by this time gained full possession of his heart, and happiness was no more.

February 4. Swift says, "The House of Commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies: those who spoke drew all their arguments from my book. The court had a majority of 150: all agree it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions." He even ventures subsequently to add, "Those resolutions would never have passed, if that book had not been written." This is very arrogant assumption: considering the temper displayed on all occasions by this House of Commons, whom it was much more difficult for ministers to restrain than to inflame it is not probable that Swift's book had any sensible influence on this majority and as to the arguments of the ministerial party being taken from it, what other arguments could be urged than those deduced from the materials placed by ministers themselves in the hands of the author? The real service done was this —that the resolutions now passed were much better received by the public, in consequence of the previous impression made by Swift's pamphlet, than they would otherwise have been.

On the 6th of February, being the queen's birth day, Prince Eugene appeared at court, and received from her majes

majesty a sword set with diamonds, valued at 4000*l.* and soon after this, to the great joy of the ministers, he returned to the continent. Swift's predilection for Laracor seemed daily to diminish. A young man of fashion from Ireland, Mr. Bligh, asking him one day at court, "when I had," says Swift, "just been talking with some lords who stood near me," the common-place question, "Doctor, when shall we see you again in the county of Meath?" Swift whispered him to take care what he said, for the people would think he was some barbarian. The young man, whom Swift chuses to call a coxcomb, justly disgusted at this impertinence, "would never," says Swift, "speak to me since, till we met to-day, February 11, at Lord Anglesey's," then secretary of state for Ireland.

Though Swift's chief expectations were from Oxford, St. John was the person he preferred, both as a man and a minister. "The secretary," says he, (February 23) "is much the greatest commoner in England, and turns the whole parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him sometimes, that if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour and trust my fortune with his." At the beginning of March he complains, "that the majority in the House of Lords was a very weak one, and that the minister had much ado to keep it up, and he is not able to make those removes he would, and oblige his friends." The truth is, that Oxford carefully concealed his want of credit with the queen, upon occasions of this nature; chusing rather to incur groundless censure, than to hazard so humiliating a disclosure. Nor would he admit the interference of any other individual upon those points, which he failed to carry by his own personal influence, though far from possessing, in his intercourse with the queen, the happy art of elucidation and persuasion. All was formal respect, obscure insuendoes, and mysterious reserve. He aimed, by lofty and general assurances, to exact that submissive and implicit confidence, from which the queen jealously and indignantly recoiled.

During the next two or three months, matters remained much in *statu quo*. Swift still pretends at times to wish himself in his garden at Laracor, and to be ready to set out if the ministry will let him go. In his letter of May 31, his impatience, however, breaks out in the following terms:—"I believe I have lost credit with you in relation to my coming over, but I protest it is impossible for one, who has any thing to do with this ministry, to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a business which, till it take some turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour; and I never wished so much as now, that I had staid in Ireland; but the die is cast, and is now a spinning, and till it settles I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a size. The moment I am used ill I will leave them, but know not how to do it while things are in suspense. The session will soon be over, I believe in a fortnight, and the peace, we hope, will be made in a short time, and there will be no farther occasion for me; nor have I any thing to trust to but court gratitude, so that I expect to see my willows a month after the parliament is up." He had now indeed a right to expect some liberal equivalent for the services he had performed, though not quite equal, it may be presumed, in the eyes of others, to his own partial estimate. But the queen was adverse, and Oxford, who no doubt meant sooner or later to evince his friendship, delighted to keep his partisans in suspense.

June 7. Swift speaks of the queen's health, which had been often disordered, as now confirmed: "you must know," says he, "she has done with *braces*, and nothing ill has happened to her since, so she has a new lease of her life." By *braces*, he doubtless means *cordials*, of which the queen had long been supposed to make too free a use, and there is reason to suspect the permanency of her present resolution. In July, Mr. Secretary St. John was created Viscount Bolingbroke. He aspired to the earldom which had formerly belonged to the elder branch of his family, but the Lord Treasurer was impolitic enough to interpose his influence against it; and the breach between the two lords became wider every day.

About this time the intelligence arrived that the Earl of Albemarle, at the head of a large detachment of the army, consisting chiefly of Dutch, was beaten, had lost the greater part of his men, and was himself made prisoner. "This," says Swift, "may perhaps cool their courage, and make them think of a peace." Such was the intricacy and perversity of Lord Oxford's politics, that the disaster of Denain, so fatal in its consequences, was regarded by the courtiers as a happy

event, though it restored to the French armies, now commanded by the famous Marshal Villars, all their former ascendancy. Lord Bolingbroke immediately set out for Paris, in order to terminate the negotiation before, as Swift expresses it, "the Dutch were too much mauled;" but new obstacles arose in proportion to the elation which recent success had inspired.

During the whole of this summer Swift appears much out of humour, and out of spirits. In a letter from Windsor, Sept. 15, he says, "I have expected from one week to another that something would be done in my own affairs, but nothing at all is, nor I don't know when any thing will, or whether any thing at all; so slow are people at doing favours. One is kept constantly out of humour by a thousand unaccountable things, in public proceedings. I am again endeavouring, as I was last year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon an hundred misunderstandings. I wait here but to see what they will do for me, and whenever preferments are given from me, I will come over." This language accords but ill with his former ostentatious professions of disinterestedness. "Party," agreeably to the well known and excellent definition of Swift, "is the madness of many, for the gain of a few." And among this happy few he was now every day more anxious to be numbered. He concludes his letter by saying, "If I had not *a spirit naturally cheerful*, I should be very much discontented at a thousand things."

Oct. 9. Swift says, "lord treasurer showed me the kindest letter in the world from the queen." Nevertheless it is certain he was at this time declining in favour. But the queen could write "the kindest letter in the world" to Lord Godolphin when she had actually determined upon his dismission. An anecdote related by Swift, about this time, serves farther to evince the malevolence of his disposition. Being present in the Court of Queen's Bench to hear a cause between the Lords Carteret and Lansdowne, the Chief Justice Parker happening to drop his pen, Swift reached it to him, and he received it with a low bow; on which Swift tells us, "he felt inclined to whisper to him, that he had done good for evil, for he would have taken *his* from him." This is a sportive sally, but he adds, "I owe the dog a spite, and will pay him in two months at farthest if I can." What was the nature of the revenge he meditated does not appear, but to pardon even the most distant intention of injury was a species of virtue to which he never aspired.

In his next communication, (November 15,) Swift details the particulars of the fatal duel, in which the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun both fell; the former, as there is reason to believe, by very unfair means. Swift had been on intimate terms with the duke, and on this occasion he discovered a degree of sensibility, of which he might be supposed constitutionally incapable. "I have been," says he, "with the duchess two hours, and am just come away: I never saw so melancholy a scene. She has moved my very soul." Afterwards he adds, "Lady Masham has promised me to get the queen to write to the duchess kindly, and to-morrow I will beg Lord Treasurer to visit and comfort her." His grief however did not last very long. The next letter is in a style of more than usual vanity and levity. In it he says coolly enough, "Colonel Hamilton, who was second to Duke H——, is tried to-day; I suppose he is come off, but have not heard." In this savage quarrel the seconds had fought as well as the principals. "I make," continues he, "no visits, nor go to levees: I have almost dropped the Duchesses of Shrewsbury and Hamilton, and several others. Lord Treasurer, the Duke of Ormond, and Lady Orkney, are all that I see very often. O yes, and Lady Masham and Lord Bolingbroke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance. I love to go there on Sundays to see the world, but to say the truth, I am growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of public affairs. It is impossible to save people against their own will, and I have been too much engaged in patchwork already." It is unpleasant to remark, that in the task of investigating this singular series of letters, for the purpose of ascertaining the genuine character of this extraordinary man, there occurs comparatively little to excite our esteem, much to provoke our indignation. And as to one feature of that character at least, respecting which this criticism has been hitherto silent, he appears in a dark point of view indeed. To this subject no words can do more justice, than those of a late celebrated female genius, Miss Seward, (vide Correspondence, vol. v page 410.) "These letters inspire also the worst possible opinion of Swift's mo-

ral rectitude, since we know that at the very period when they were addressed to his real, though unowned wife, he was seducing the affections and chastity of the young and lovely Esther Vanhomrigh, on whom he wrote the beautiful, though dishonourable poem, "Cadenus and Vanessa. Mark how he avoids exciting the jealousy of Stella, in these journals, by not once mentioning to her the young creature whom his desertion drove to despair and suicide. When he records his frequent visits to Vanessa's mother, he takes care to complain of them as stupid uninteresting lounges. The hypocrite!" As a palliation, if indeed it be a palliation of this most serious charge, it may be stated that Swift, by the most authentic accounts, was not actually married to Stella till the year 1716; Dr. Ashe, bishop of Clogher, performing the ceremony. And it was the communication of this event, that reduced Vanessa to the last dreadful refuge of misery and madness.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

WELL aware of the facility you afford to the promulgation of every circumstance which is at all likely to prove beneficial to literature and science; and as every measure which tends to promote the acquirement, or increase the circulation of knowledge, is praiseworthy, and of public importance, the warmest thanks are due to you who so ably encourage the prosecution of it.

Considering that of all the means hitherto devised for disseminating knowledge, none perhaps is more extensively useful than the formation of reading or book societies, and perceiving moreover that, viewing it in the same light, you invite communications on the subject, I am induced to transmit the following account of the Troubridge Reading Society, Library, and News-room.

About four years ago, on my settling in this town, I found there were several small book societies, which appeared to afford each within its sphere considerable amusement to its members: the oldest of these had been established many years by an ingenious and respected gentleman of the town, Mr. Cooper, and another had just been formed on a small, but most respectable, scale, (consisting of about eight members at a guinea subscription) by a friend and inmate in the same house with myself, and to this I attached my name as a subscriber; but neither of them was governed by any code of printed regulations, but merely submitted to the *Lex non scripta* of convenience. I soon found that from my connection with such society I derived much pleasure as well as instruction, and became considerably interested in its success. Things however remained in this state till about fifteen months ago, when our secretary quitting the town, to prevent the annihilation of the society, I was requested by some of our most respectable inhabitants to accept the vacant office; and having by this time become tolerably well acquainted with the state of the town, it strongly occurred to me the practicability there was (if suitable regulations were drawn up) of very considerably enlarging the list of our subscribers, and, from the increased funds and books, of ultimately establishing a public library.

But things at this time did not promise either so speedy or successful an issue; for the society was at that time without either books or funds, and the nursling of my brain had to labour against public opinion.

Finding however that the list of subscribers to my society very rapidly increased, at our general meeting, the commencement of this year, from the great increase in the price of paper and print, and consequently on books of every description, I found it expedient to recommend our annual subscription should be in future one guinea and a half, a measure which was adopted; and I took the opportunity of pretty generally circulating the printed rules which I had laid down for the government of the society, and immediately advanced a considerable sum of money in aid of its funds; well aware that if I made the society desirable from its stock of good books, people's interest would powerfully operate in prevailing on them to encourage it. Soon after this I drew up a second series of rules, as more particularly suited to the establishment of a library and news-room, and which were, by a meeting I called for the purpose, unanimously adopted, and have been carried into effect; and so generally approved of is the establishment, that it is supported by about 70 subscribers, comprizing nearly all the most respectable inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood, and possesses a library of upwards of two hundred volumes, a catalogue of which is printed. I now consider the society to be established on a permanent basis; and when I review its origin and progress, the small

scale upon which it was commenced, the short space of time it has been established, and the easy rate of subscription by which it is supported and raised to its present reputable rank, I think I am warranted in entertaining the pleasing hope, that it will in a few years become an institution of considerable public importance and general utility, and be inferior to few in the west of England.

JOHN THRELLAYNE.

Troubridge, Aug. 20, 1813.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent W. G. in his enquiry relative to apprenticeships, has observed, "William Caslon served his time to the engraving of gun-barrels, but, from hisingenuity, wasmadeletter founder to the king." In this statement he confounds the grandfather with the grandson. The former, the most celebrated letter founder this country has produced, served his apprenticeship to an engraver of gun-barrels, but was never letter founder to the king. That distinction was first conferred upon his grandson, Mr. William Caslon, who is still living. I am induced to trouble you with this correction from the consideration that accuracy, even in minutiæ, is desirable. TYPE.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

PERMIT me in a brief manner to make a few observations on the Biblical criticism of Theophilus Bauzet, minister of the Church of Geneva, relating to a passage in the Book of Deuteronomy. He acknowledges that "the Bible Society wish of course that nothing should appear in their new versions contrary to the high veneration due to the Son of God." This is unquestionably correct. But he adduces a passage from their French stereotype Bible published in 1813, which it seems is at variance with a passage in the French Bible, printed under the direction of the Pastors and Professors of Geneva, six years earlier, and which he thinks must convey strange notions of the justice and mercy of God. I have recently examined a French Bible *(par les Pasteurs et Docteurs de l' Eglise de Geneve)* printed at Rochelle in the year 1616, and find the text in complete unison with our own authorized version, and with the version published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, to which he so pointedly objects. The passage stands thus,

"*Le corps mort d'icelui ne demeurera point la nuict sur le bois, ains tu ne faudras point de l'enseveclir le mesme jour:* car celui qui est pendu est malediction de Dieu; *parquoi tu ne souilleras point la terre, que l'Eternel ton Dieu te donne en heritage.*"—Deut. xxi. 23.

I have likewise examined Walton's Polyglot Bible (the republican copy, 1662) and to avoid the printing of characters which I do not profess to understand and which can be only of service to those who are skilled in Oriental learning, shall present at one view the Latin translation of the disputed passage as they stand in connection with the original text.

"*Pernoctabit non: ligno super eum suspenderis et, fuerit interficiend' et quia, ipsa die in eum sepelies sepeliendo quia, ligno super ei cadaver quam, tuam humum contaminabis non et:* suspensus Dei maledictio, *hæreditatem tibi dans tuus Deus Dominus.*"—Interlineary version of the original Hebrew, *ad hebraicam examinatâ per Ben Ariam Montanum et alios.*

Non permanebit cadaver ei in ligno; sed eadem die sepelietur: Quia maledictus a deo est qui pendet in ligno.—*Vulgate Version.*

Quia maledictio dei est suspensus.—*Hebrew Samaritan.*

Quia pro eo peccavit coram dn̄o, suspensus est.—Chaldee. Targum Onkelos.

Quoniam maledictus a deo omnis *qui pendet in ligno.*—Septuagint.

Nam qui blasphemaverit deum, suspendetur.—Syriac.

At ne pernoctet cadaver ejus super ipsam sed omnino sepeli eum in eadem die, cum crucifixus fuerit: eo quod blasphemaverit contra Deum.—Arabic Version.

It will be here observed that in four languages, the Hebrew, the Hebrew Samaritan, the Latin, and the Greek, the passage receives a sense exactly corresponding with the one objected to by Theoph. Bauzet, in the French version published by the Bible Society; and that in the remaining three, the Syriac, the Arabic, and Chaldee, the translation although different in terms and signification, is equally remote from the sense he contends for, "*parcequ'un cadavre pendu est un objet d'horreur.*"

I have neither ability nor inclination to pursue the subject in a manner learned or critical, or to examine with Jerome, or Drs. Kennicott and Gerard, how far the original Hebrew may have been corrupted by the Jews out of hatred to the Christians. I believe the passage to be correct and genuine, nor do I see any advantage to be gained by Christianity in

provin

litical liberty of the press. 15. To render real and effective the responsibility of the secretaries of state, and other persons in public employ, &c. &c.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

TO those acquainted with the just and philosophic views of society, and of the effects of the *principle of population*, in producing misery and vice, where reason and moral restraint do not *sufficiently* operate, on the mass of the individuals composing that society, it may seem an improper waste of your valuable pages, to reply to the anonymous objections to Mr. Malthus, which are made in page 208 of your last number: but I cannot pass over in silence, the attempt, in page 209, to invalidate Mr. M.'s second, and very undeniable proposition there stated, by reference to certain geological whims of the writer, which *appear to me* to be at variance with every fact and ascertained principle of that science. In the first place, neither revelation, history, or natural facts, give the least countenance to the author's assumption, that the retreat of the sea, or "birth of the continents," as M. De Luc expresses himself, was slow and progressive, and continued after the creation of mankind.

Secondly, Nothing can be more unphilosophical than the inference of the writer, that the great prevalence of fissures, or *faults*, prove the earth to be "a growing, an expanding lump;" or in other words, that the sea is still progressively retiring, and the dry land increasing in height and size; since the contrary of this is certainly true, though at a slow rate, as the submerged forests, peat bogs, &c. (containing the evident works of man upon many of them) in all the flat shores of Britain, and on the opposite shores of the Netherlands, sufficiently testify; as well as the frequent and increasing rise of the tides, above the floors of many of our large and important buildings, like Westminster hall, Boston church, &c.; the rise of the tide over the mouths of coal-pits, which have been wrought, &c. as Mr Farey has mentioned in the Philosophical Magazine, vol. xlii. page 58; the submersion of the Goodwin estate, off Ramsgate; the similar disappearance of a considerable tract of land on the coast of Merionethshire, in Wales, &c. &c.

Oct. 1, 1813. LONDINENSIS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent "*Buscador*" is desirous to know in what estimation the edition of Don Quixote, in Spanish, by Bowle, is held. If the sale of a book be a criterion of its merit, I believe the booksellers would say, that the book does not find purchasers even at a very trifling sum. But perhaps *Buscador*, like myself, may esteem the cheapest books, the best; and prefer the judgment of a Spaniard, upon this occasion, in preference to that of the British public. Here then is that of "*Don Juan Antonio Pellicer.*" "El tercer anotador pero no traductor, es Don Juan Bowle, pastor de la parroquia de Idmestone. Admira el improbo trabajo que emprendio este infatigable Ingles para honrar la memoria de Cervantes, illustrando su obra. Dedicose al estudio de la lingua Castellana, e hizo en ella tales progresos, que sin haber salido de su patria consiguo non solo hablarla, sino escribirla. Adquirio un copioso numero de libros Castellanos, asi de Caballerias como de poesia, y de entretenimiento ó invencion: con otra no menor cantidad de libros Italianos sobre las mismas materias. Con este aparato intentò una impresa que, *aunque superior a las fuerzas de un estrangero*, siempre es loable. Este fue reimprimir la Historia de Don Quixote en Castellano, exornandola con perpetuas Notas, apreciables á la verdad; pero como el anotador no escribia principalmente para los lectores espanoles, se hallan muchismas mas utiles y necessarias para los estrangeros, que para aquellos. No negaré sin embargo que me ha servido de algunas. Ademas de las Notas compuso un Indice copiosisimo de las palabras de la Historia al modo del *Index Verborum* de los autores clasicos latinos, con un catalogo de los variantes que resultan del cotejo de las primeros ediciones, y de otras." Bowle, as a preliminary measure previous to the publication of his edition, addressed "*A Letter to Dr. Percy, concerning a new and classical edition of Don Quixote.*" *London*, 1777, 4to. in which he exemplifies his plan of illustration, and attacks *Pineda*, (the editor of the edition printed by Tonson in 1738, under the patronage of Lord Carteret,) and I think with injustice, as the following instance will shew: he says, page 27, "It must be observed, that in his editorial capacity, he acted in some degree with the punctuality of a Hearne, but not with his openness

openness, who, when he iaserted any thing notoriously wrong, took care to apprize the reader of it. Let the following suffice: T. 1. C. 6. 42. Con la batalla que el valiente Detriante hizo con el alano. The title of the 59th chapter of Tirante is—Como Tirante se combatio con un alano! This brings the fact home to him. As to the rest, it is to be observed, that there is nothing more than a transposition of the letters. The particular diction of Valiente de Tirante, is a Spanish idiom. The *De* is redundant.* Thus much for *Pineda*, in his office as *reviser*."

Would it be believed that this triumphant exposure of an error, existing in all the early editions of Don Quixote, and which *Pineda's* scrupulous adherence to the reading of the first edition led him into, was *not* the discovery of his exulting rival editor! but so it is. In the preface to the French translation of Tirante, it is said "Toutes les Editions ont *Detriante;* c'est une faute qui a passé aussi dans toutes les traductions. Cervantes parle du Combat de Tirant contre le Dogue." That Bowle was well acquainted with this passage is evident, the motto to his pamphlet being taken from a succeeding passage in the same preface! He should therefore have acted with more candour, and have been less assuming; for it is more than probable, had it not been pointed out to him, it would have also escaped his critical sagacity.

Bowle, however, on the publication of his book, met with a reprisal, in a most merciless and unrelenting antagonist, *Philip Barretti*, with whom he had contrived to quarrel; this "*Aristarco Scannabue*," as he has been called, published an octavo volume, under the title of "*Tolondron, or Speeches to John Bowle, about his Edition of Don Quixote, Lond.* 1786;" in which he has treated him with all the severity of an exasperated rival. Scurrilous and vulgar as the book is, yet it cannot be read without a smile, and even much information on many points connected with Spanish literature may be derived from it: as it now ranks with other *scarce* books of similar importance, when the hands of the cheesemonger or trunkmaker have done their duty, it is probable it would not now be readily met with. The most serious objections Barretti adduces against Bowle's book, are the defects in accentuation and punctuation, and the wanton alteration of passages which he did not comprehend; and he laughs at him with reason, for writing his preface and commentary in a language which he seems, according to Barretti, to have very imperfectly understood, as his book was probably meant for the English student, and not for the Spaniard. Notwithstanding these objections, the book has it's advantages, and the indexes which are attached, must be considered a very useful appendage. It seems, however, that Bowle had never seen the most important edition of the first part, that printed at Madrid in 1608, which amends many corrupt passages of the first edition of that part printed in 1605. Barretti's book probably had some influence in depressing the estimation of Bowle's edition; but I rather think it owes its unpopularity to the inelegance of its execution, and perhaps to the prejudice which exists against editions of foreign classics printed in England, which is often well founded: for the sharpest eye of the most experienced editor, will sometimes derive assistance from the more practised one of an intelligent corrector of the press, or compositor, in his native language.

The extraordinary blunder of Bowle's edition, about which *Buscador's* query is directed, probably arose from the circumstance of the double recurrence of the phrase, *a buscar*, at the commencement or end of a line, which might lead to the repetition of the succeeding part, *algo mohino, &c.* How the passage may stand in the first edition of the first part, printed at Madrid, por Juan de la Cuesta 1605, sm. 4to. I have no means of ascertaining. In these times it requires the princely fortunes of some modern Bibliomaniacs, to afford upwards of fifty guineas for the luxury of reading Don Quixote, in the edition corrected by the hand of Cervantes himself. But in the edition now before me, of that part printed in 1608, by the same printer at Madrid, and which was also corrected by Cervantes, the passage stands thus:— "Pero al fin le desató, y le dio licencia que fuesse a buscar à su juez, para que executasse la pronunciada sentencia. Andres se partio algo mohino, jurando de yr â buscar al valeroso Don Quixote de la Mancha, &c"

Prim. parte. cart. 12, *verso.*

* Pellicer gives Bowle the credit of this emendation, among the few adopted from him.

It is also thus, with some trifling variations in orthography, in the *Don Quixote Illustrado* of *Pellicer*, Madrid 1798, 9 v. 12°. p. 1. cap. iv. page 45.

I have also compared it with another rare and curious edition of the first part printed at Brussels, by Roger or Rutger Velpius, 1607, 8vo. in which the passage also stands as above; we may therefore presume the error was not derived from the edition of 1605.

This edition was entirely unknown to Bowle, and has been imperfectly collated, if at all, by the Spanish editors. It is much better executed than the Madrid editions of 1605 and 1608; and some of the errors of the first edition are here corrected, particularly a passage deemed of considerable importance by the Spanish academy. Cap. xxii. fol. 107, prim. edic. we read "*con que la hizo pedazos:*" the same passage is thus corrected in the edition of 1608, "*con que la hizo casi pedazos.*" In the Brussels edition of 1607, the passage had been thus previously corrected, "*con que casi le hizo pedazos:*" it is possible that a corrected copy may have been supplied by Cervantes, from which this impression was made; at any rate it seems to evince a careful printer, and on a future occasion would be worth a more attentive examination than it has yet received.—In thus replying to the questions of your correspondent, "*Buscador,*" I have been insensibly led to a greater length than was necessary for the mere resolving his question; yet should he, or any of your readers attached to Spanish literature, be pleased with these trifling illustrations of the history of a favourite book, another occasion may present them something on the subject of more importance.

Volucrum Domum,
Oct. 11, 1813. BIBLIOPHILUS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

SWIFT was now (1713) engaged in a work which he valued much more highly than either his contemporaries or posterity appear to have done. This was *his History* of the latter years of Queen Anne. Lord Bolingbroke stigmatized it in plain terms as a party pamphlet, the publication of which would disgrace and injure both him and them. Fortunately Swift was deterred from sending it into the world by the superior judgment of his friends during his life-time, and when it emerged into literary existence, many years after his death, no one controverted the justice of their censure.

January 24, 1713. "I dined with Lord Treasurer and his Saturday club, and sat with him two hours after the rest were gone, and spoke freer to him of affairs than I am afraid others do, who might do more good. All his friends repine and shrug their shoulders, but will not deal with him so freely as they ought. It is a most ticklish juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch. I am weary of it." It seems that it was Swift who talked to Lord Oxford, rather than Lord Oxford to Swift, upon affairs, and that the latter was never admitted into the inmost recesses of the minister's counsels. Indeed we are told that Lord Oxford boasted, "no man could deceive him, for he placed confidence in none."

That Swift was susceptible of strong feeling, though the instances of it are very rare, appears in the extreme concern he shewed at this time for a friend, of the name of Harrison, a young man who, on his leaving college, had been recommended to his notice by Addison, and for whom Swift had obtained the office of secretary to the embassy at Utrecht. Harrison had recently arrived in London with the Barrier Treaty, and finding himself indisposed, expressed a wish to see his benefactor. Swift says, (Feb. 12) "I found him mighty ill, and have got him removed to Knightsbridge for the air." On receiving intelligence of his continued illness, he declares himself "very much afflicted for him, as he is," says he, "my own creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it." "I took (Feb. 14) Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door, my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me, his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! Lord Treasurer was much concerned when I told him; no loss ever grieved me so much." On the mind of a courtier, a politician, and a man of the world, and such was Swift now become, these impressions could not be very durable. Feb. 25, he says, "Lord Treasurer met me last night at Lord Masham's, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, because I had not dined with him in three days. He chides me if I stay away but two days together; what will this come to? Nothing. My grandmother used

used to say, More of your lining, and less of your dining."

March 2. "I went to sit with Lady Clarges; I found four of them at whist; Lady Godolphin was one. I sat by her and talked of her cards, &c. but she would not give one look, nor say a word to me; she refused some time ago to be acquainted with me. You know she is Lord Marlborough's eldest daughter; she is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down." Surely the attempt to obtrude himself upon the notice of Lady G. was mean, and the impotent resentment which he expresses at her just and natural disdain, yet meaner. Swift still remained anxious and uncertain as to his own fate. "Tisdall," says he, March 4, "is a pretty fellow; and when I come back to Ireland with nothing, he will condole with me with abundance of secret pleasure." No doubt there are very many such friends in the world, men of outward plausibility and inward malevolence, whom it does not require the sagacity of a Swift to detect.

March 10. "I sat an hour in the evening with Lord Treasurer, who was in very good humour, but reproached me for not dining with him yesterday and to-day. What will all this come to?"

March 23. "I have great designs, if I can compass them; but delay is rooted in Lord Treasurer's heart, yet the fault is not altogether there that things are no better." What these great designs were does not appear, but certainly they had no sort of relation to the willows and quicksets of Laracor.

The fate of Swift, however, seemed now approaching to a crisis. The bishopric of Raphoe had lately become vacant, and he had recommended Dr. Sterne, dean of St. Patrick, to fill the vacancy, with a view to obtain the deanery for himself. This scheme was not without its difficulties, these preferments being in the patronage of the Duke of Ormond, as Lord Lieutenant, who disliked Sterne, and Swift was still the object of the queen's inveterate aversion. *April* 13, Swift writes, "This morning my friend Mr. Lewis came to me, and shewed me an order for three deaneries, but none of them for me. This was what I always foresaw. I bid Mr. Lewis tell my lord treasurer that I take nothing ill of him but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me. I am less out of humour than you would imagine, and if it were no that impertinent people will condol with me as they used to wish me joy, would value it less.—I design to walk i all the way to Chester." *April* 15, "Lor Bolingbroke made me dine with him to day, and told me the queen would deter mine something for me to-night; the dis pute is Windsor or St. Patrick's. I tol him I would not stay for their disputes. Lord B. who was sufficiently inclined t foment a quarrel between Swift and Ox ford, told him he thought he was in th right.

April 16. "I was this noon at Lad Masham's—she said much to me of wh she had talked to the queen and lor treasurer. The poor lady fell a sheddi tears openly. She could not bear t think of my having St. Patrick's, &c. was never more moved than to see s much friendship." That promotion which two years before would hav been accepted with joy and gratitud was now regarded as a sort of degrad tion, and the very apprehension of produced this moving scene, in whic Lady M. may be suspected of a litt over-acting her part; though the agitatic of Swift was no doubt very visible at th alternative of utter disappointment, or th prospect of preferment so far short of h lofty hopes and pretensions, and he ha still some anxious days to pass.

On the 19th Mr. Lewis sent him wor that the queen staid till she knew wh ther the Duke of Ormond approved Sterne for a bishop; and this noblema with unexpected warmth, renewed h objections, desiring Swift to name a other deanery, for that he did not lik Sterne, &c. Wearied with delays an difficulties, Swift at length desired th the duke would put him out of the cas and do as he pleased. This instant operated on the generous temper of O mond, "who then," says Swift, "wi great kindness said he would conser but would do it for no man alive b me."

On the 23d of April, the warrants b ing signed, Swift was secured in t deanery, which he was allowed to ho with Laracor. During the short int val which elapsed on the acquiescence the Duke of O. he declares himself "n sure of the queen, his enemies bei busy, and that he hates the suspens Yet the moment he felt himself safe, discontent breaks out more vehemen th

than *ever*. His views had, in his sanguine moments at least, been directed to a splendid establishment in England, and he now experienced all the bitterness of disappointment. "I confess," says he, "I thought the ministry would not let me go." Yet what right could he have to complain? He had been advanced from a private parish priest to a valuable deanery, and he still looked for future favours. But the death of the queen, which took place in little more than a year, blasted all his expectations, and he became a prey to the blackest chagrin. If on the success of his original mission to England he had obtained some small addition to Laracor, he would have accounted himself fortunate, and his future days might have been happy. But from the moment that the prospect of high promotion opened upon him, the demon of ambition took possession of his soul. What would once have gratified his utmost wishes, became the subject of his contempt. His life was spent in lamentation, loud and incessant, but which afforded no relief, and excited no commiseration: and gradually sinking into the wretchedness of habitual misanthropy, his mental and corporeal ills terminated in helpless and hopeless imbecility: and Swift, the admiration of the age for wit, genius, and talents, expired at last, "a driveller and a show," leaving to posterity a memorable lesson, of how little value are all those splendid qualities unaccompanied by the humble virtues of equanimity and moderation.

For the Monthly Magazine.

CONTRIBUTIONS *to* ENGLISH SYNONYMY.

Inexorable—Inflexible.

HE is inexorable, whom intreaty, he is inflexible, whom interest, or fear, cannot bend.

Evident—Notorious.

That is evident which is seen, that is notorious which is known. Many a thing is evident, which is not notorious, because the witnesses of it are charitable. Notorious infamy does not always repose on satisfactory evidence; it may be the proclamation of interested calumniators.

Ready—Prompt.

He is ready who is prepared at the hour, he is prompt who is prepared before the time. The ready man provides his own repartee; the prompter suggests that of others. Promptness is officious readiness. The ready man should not be made to wait; the prompt man should be made to wait.

Rebus—Charade—Riddle—Enigma—Logogriph.

The rebus, is an acrostic; the charade, a syllabic; and the riddle, a verbal puzzle. Each letter is designated enigmatically in the rebus, each syllable in the charade, and the entire word in the riddle. All these are enigmas, and so is a logogriph, which describes not a word only, but all the included words, which any portion of its letters can spell.

Opponent—Antagonist—Adversary—Enemy—Foe.

Those who are pitted against each other, (*ob* and *pono*) on any occasion are opponents, those who struggle against each other (αντι and αγωνιστης) are antagonists. Habitual opposition, or antagonism, forms the adversary (*adversarius*.) Unfriendly sentiments characterize the enemy (*in* and *amicus*) and active hostility the foe, (*fah*, avenger.)

Such tame opponents do not deserve the name of antagonists. Though antagonists in this debate, they are not adversaries. Adversaries throughout life, they esteem each other too much to be enemies. The French, says an antigallican, are our enemies even in peace, and our foes in every war.

Metropolitan—Archbishop—Primate.

The bishop of the capital city is the metropolitan. The bishop, who has other bishops under his jurisdiction, is an archbishop. The bishop, who ranks first among all the bishops, is the primate. In England, the bishop of London is the metropolitan; the bishop of York, an archbishop; and the bishop of Canterbury, our primate.

Should—Ought.

Originally the mœso-gothic *skalan*, and the low-dutch *schölen*, signified *to owe*; so that both *should* and *ought* are past tenses of synonymous infinitives: but *to shall* being obsolete, its other tenses have a somewhat vague and indistinct meaning, arising from the oblivion of the original idea.

The first of these verbs, (says Dr. Trusler,) implies an obligation of custom; and the second an obligation of duty. We should follow the fashion. We ought to serve those who have served us.

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ORIGINAL LETTERS *between* D EDWARD YOUNG, *Author of Night Thoughts, and* MR. SAMUI RICHARDSON, *Author of Clarissa, Grandison, &c.*

[Of the private life of Dr. EDWARD YOUNG, Author of Night Thoughts, and other Poems, little is known. Pilgrim's Progress and the Bible excepted, no work has been translated into more languages, and read with enthusiasm by more nations. It promises to rank among the English classics as long as the English name stands on record; and to do England infinitely more honour than those vaunted and desolating wars, to sustain which rivers of blood are exultingly shed, and hundreds of millions of pounds sterling lavishly wasted, though Dr. Young lived and died poor, and without any clerical dignity! Of the other correspondent nothing need be said; his fame and his genius rise by comparison with all the attempts of his successors to imitate and rival him, and he is justly denominated the SHAKESPEARE OF ROMANCE. These relics are therefore INVALUABLE, as affording the means of bringing our readers into a familiar acquaintance with parties so worthy of their regard.

It may deserve explanation that these letters are printed from the originals in the hand-writing of the parties, as preserved by Mr. Richardson, and now in the possession of the editor of the Monthly Magazine; and that 126 of them were arranged and numbered by himself for posthumous publication. Nearly a score of them were printed in the Richardson Miscellaneous Correspondence, but the necessity of giving specimens of the whole of Mr. R.'s correspondence in that limited collection, rendered necessary a curtailment of that with Dr. YOUNG. It is now proposed therefore to print the whole, at intervals of two or three months, in the Monthly Magazine.]

LETTER I.

In Defence of the Plan of Clarissa.

Dear Sir,

DOES Lovelace more than a proud, bold, graceless heart, long indulged in vice, would naturally do? No. Is contrary to the common method of Pro dence to permit the best to suffer mo No. When the best so suffer, does it most deeply affect the human heart? Y And is it not your business to affect human heart as deeply as you can? Y

Your critics, on seeing the first two three acts of Venice Preserved, the C phan, and Theodosius, would have advis the innocent and amiable Belvidera, M nimia, and Athenais, should be ma happy; and thus would have utterly ru ed our three best plays.

But you ask, How came they then give this advice?

From ignorance, or envy, or affectati of a delicate concern and high zeal virtue; or from such a degree of infidel as suffers not their thoughts to accompa Clarissa any farther than her grave. D they look farther, the pain they compla of would be removed; they would fi her to be an object of envy as well pity; and the *distressed* would be mo than balanced by the *triumphant* Clariss And thus would they be reconciled to story, at which their short-sighted tend ness for virtue pretends to take offence

Believe me, Christians of taste will a plaud your plan; and they who the selves would act Lovelace's part, will fi the greatest fault with it.

Your affectionate humble servant,
June 20, 1744. E. YOUNG.

LETTER II.

Dear Sir, *July* 29, 1744.

Mr. Cave sent me last week a spec men of a spurious copy of the Seven Night, which, as to letter and ornament mimics your's.—I understand not the things; I shou'd therefore take it as great favour if you cou'd inform me wh the meaning of this is; and, if it is a p rated edition, what measures are prop to be taken. How glad shou'd I be see you here? I have felt some of yo disorders since I came home; I hope was taken out of your stock, and that yo have the less for it. God prosper you all things. I am, with most hearty esteem

Dear Sir,
Your affectionate humble servant,
E. YOUNG.

I

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

SEPTEMBER, 1816.

No. LIII.

ART. I. *The Works of Jonathan Swift, D. D., Dean of St Patrick's Dublin: Containing additional Letters, Tracts and Poems, not hitherto published: With Notes, and a Life of the Author, by* WALTER SCOTT, Esq. 19 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1815.

BY far the most considerable change which has taken place in the world of letters, in our days, is that by which the wits of Queen Anne's time have been gradually brought down from the supremacy which they had enjoyed, without competition, for the best part of a century. When we were at our studies, some twenty-five years ago, we can perfectly remember that every young man was set to read Pope, Swift and Addison, as regularly as Virgil, Cicero and Horace. All who had any tincture of letters were familiar with their writings and their history; allusions to them abounded in all popular discourses and all ambitious conversation; and they and their contemporaries were universally acknowledged as our great models of excellence, and placed without challenge at the head of our national literature. New books, even when allowed to have merit, were never thought of as fit to be placed in the same class, but were generally read and forgotten, and passed away like the transitory meteors of a lower sky; while *they* remained in their brightness, and were supposed to shine with a fixed and unalterable glory.

All this, however, we take it, is now pretty well altered; and in so far as persons of our antiquity can judge of the training and habits of the rising generation, those celebrated writers no longer form the manual of our studious youth, or enter necessarily into the institution of a liberal education. Their names, indeed, are still familiar to our ears; but their writings no long-

er solicit our habitual notice, and their subjects begin already to fade from our recollection. Their high privileges and proud distinctions, at any rate, have evidently passed into other hands. It is no longer to them that the ambitious look up with envy, or the humble with admiration; nor is it in their pages that the pretenders to wit and eloquence now search for allusions that are sure to captivate, and illustrations that cannot be mistaken. In this decay of their reputation they have few advocates, and no imitators: And from a comparison of many observations, it seems to be clearly ascertained, that they are declined considerably from 'the high meridian of their glory,' and may fairly be apprehended to be 'hastening to their setting.' Neither is it time alone that has wrought this obscuration; for the fame of Shakespeare still shines in undecaying brightness; and that of Bacon has been steadily advancing and gathering new honours during the whole period which has witnessed the rise and decline of his less vigorous successors.

There are but two possible solutions for phenomena of this sort. Our taste has either degenerated—or its old models have been fairly surpassed; and we have ceased to admire the writers of the last century, only because they are too good for us—or because they are not good enough. Now, we confess we are no believers in the absolute and permanent corruption of national taste; on the contrary, we think that it is, of all faculties, that which is most sure to advance and improve with time and experience; and that, with the exception of those great physical or political disasters which have given a check to civilization itself, there has always been a sensible progress in this particular; and that the general taste of every successive generation is better than that of its predecessors. There are little capricious fluctuations, no doubt, and fits of foolish admiration or fastidiousness which cannot be so easily accounted for: But the great movements are all progressive: And though the progress consists at one time in withholding toleration from gross faults, and at another in giving their high prerogative to great beauties, this alternation has no tendency to obstruct the general advance; but, on the contrary, is the best and the safest course in which it can be conducted.

We are of opinion, then, that the writers who adorned the beginning of the last century have been eclipsed by those of our own time; and that they have no chance of ever regaining the supremacy in which they have thus been supplanted. There is not, however, in our judgment, any thing very stupendous in this triumph of our contemporaries; and the greater wonder with us, is, that it was so long delayed, and left for them to

achieve. For the truth is, that the writers of the former age had not a great deal more than their judgment and industry to stand on; and were always much more remarkable for the fewness of their faults than the greatness of their beauties. Their laurels were won much more by good conduct and discipline, than by enterprizing boldness or native force;—nor can it be regarded as any very great, merit in those who had so little of the inspiration of genius, to have steered clear of the dangers to which that inspiration is liable. Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy—no pathos, and no enthusiasm;—and, as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth or originality. They are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear and reasonable; but for the most part cold, timid, and superficial. They never meddle with the great scenes of nature, or the great passions of man; but content themselves with just and sarcastic representations of city life, and of the paltry passions and meaner vices that are bred in that lower element. Their chief care is to avoid being ridiculous in the eyes of the witty, and above all to eschew the ridicule of excessive sensibility or enthusiasm—to be witty and rational themselves with a good grace, and to give their countenance to no wisdom, and no morality, which passes the standards that are current in good company.—Their inspiration, accordingly, is little more than a sprightly sort of good sense; and they have scarcely any invention but what is subservient to the purposes of derision and satire. Little gleams of pleasantry, and sparkles of wit, glitter through their compositions; but no glow of feeling—no blaze of imagination—no flashes of genius, ever irradiate their substance. They never pass beyond 'the visible diurnal sphere,' or deal in any thing that can either lift us above our vulgar nature, or ennoble its reality. With these accomplishments, they may pass well enough for sensible and polite writers,—but scarcely for men of genius; and it is certainly far more surprizing, that persons of this description should have maintained themselves, for near a century, at the head of the literature of a country that had previously produced a Shakespeare, a Bacon, and a Taylor, than that, towards the end of that long period, doubts should have arisen as to the legitimacy of the title by which they laid claim to that high station. Both parts of the phenomenon, however, we dare say, had causes which better expounders might explain to the satisfaction of all the world. We see them but imperfectly, and have room only for an imperfect sketch of what we see.

Our first literature consisted of saintly legends, and romances

of chivalry,—though Chaucer gave it a more national and popular character by his original descriptions of external nature, and the familiarity and gayety of his social humour. In the time of Elizabeth, it received a copious infusion of classical images and ideas: But it was still intrinsically romantic—serious—and even somewhat lofty and enthusiastic. Authors were then so few in number, that they were looked upon with a sort of veneration, and considered as a kind of inspired persons;—at least they were not yet so numerous, as to be obliged to abuse each other, in order to obtain a share of distinction for themselves;—and they neither affected a tone of derision in their writings, nor wrote in fear of derision from others. They were filled with their subjects, and dealt with them fearlessly in their own way; and the stamp of originality, force, and freedom, is consequently upon almost all their productions. In the reign of James I., our literature, with some few exceptions, touching rather the form than the substance of its merits, appears to us to have reached the greatest perfection to which it has yet attained; though it would probably have advanced still farther in the succeeding reign, had not the great national dissensions which then arose, turned the talent and energy of the people into other channels—first to the assertion of their civil rights, and afterwards to the discussion of their religious interests. The graces of literature suffered of course in those fierce contentions; and a deeper shade of austerity was thrown upon the intellectual chronicler of the nation. Her genius, however, though less captivating and adorned than in the happier days which preceded, was still active, fruitful and commanding; and the period of the civil wars, besides the mighty minds that guided the public councils, and were absorbed in public cares, produced the giant powers of Taylor, and Hobbes, and Barrow—the muse of Milton—the learning of Coke—and the ingenuity of Cowley.

The Restoration introduced a French court—under circumstances more favourable for the effectual exercise of court influence than ever before existed in England: But this of itself would not have been sufficient to account for the sudden change in our literature which ensued. It was seconded by causes of a more general operation. The Restoration was undoubtedly a popular act;—and, indefensible as the conduct of the army and the civil leaders was on that occasion, there can be no question that the severities of Cromwell, and the extravagance of the sectaries, had made republican professions hateful, and religious ardour ridiculous, in the eyes of the people at large. All the eminent writers of the preceding period, however, had inclined to the party that was now overthrown; and their writings had not

merely been accommodated to the character of the government under which they were produced, but were deeply imbued with its obnoxious principles, as those of their respective authors. When the restraints of authority were taken off, therefore, and it became profitable, as well as popular, to discredit the fallen party, it was natural that the leading authors should affect a style of levity and derision, as most opposite to that of their opponents, and best calculated for the purposes they had in view. The nation, too, was now for the first time essentially divided in point of character and principle, and a much greater proportion were capable both of writing in support of their own notions, and of being influenced by what was written. Add to all this, that there were real and serious defects in the style and manner of the former generation; and that the grace, and brevity, and vivacity of that gayer manner which was now introduced from France, were not only good and captivating in themselves, but had then all the charms of novelty and of contrast; and it will not be difficult to understand how it came to supplant that which had been established of old in the country, —and that so suddenly, that the same generation, among whom Milton had been formed to the severe sanctity of wisdom, and the noble independence of genius, lavished its loudest applauses on the obscenity and servility of such writers as Rochester and Wycherly.

This change, however, like all sudden changes, was too fierce and violent to be long maintained at the same pitch; and when the wits and profligates of King Charles had sufficiently insulted the seriousness and virtue of their predecessors, there would probably have been a revulsion towards the accustomed taste of the nation, had not the party of the innovators been reinforced by champions of more temperance and judgment. The result seemed at one time suspended on the will of Dryden—in whose individual person the genius of the English and of the French school of literature may be said to have maintained a protracted struggle. But the evil principle prevailed. Carried by the original bent of his genius, and his familiarity with our older models to the cultivation of our native style, to which he might have imparted more steadiness and correctness—for in force and in sweetness it was already matchless—he was unluckily seduced by the attractions of fashion, and the dazzling of the dear wit and gay rhetoric in which it delighted, to lend his powerful aid to the new corruptions and refinements; and to prostitute his great gifts to the purposes of party rage or licentious ribaldry.

The sobriety of the succeeding reigns allayed this fever of

profanity; but no genius arose sufficiently powerful to break the spell that still withheld us from the use of our own peculiar gifts and faculties. On the contrary, it was the unfortunate ambition of the next generation of authors, to improve and perfect the new style, rather than to return to the old one;—and it cannot be denied that they did improve it. They corrected its gross indecency—increased its precision and correctness—made its pleasantry and sarcasm more polished and elegant—and spread through the whole of its irony, its narration, and its reflection, a tone of clear and condensed good sense, which recommended itself to all who had, and all who had not any relish for higher beauties. This is the praise of Queen Anne's wits—and to this praise they are justly entitled. This was left for them to do, and they did it well. They were invited to it by the circumstances of their situation, and do not seem to have been possessed of any such bold or vigorous spirit, as either to neglect or to outgo the invitation. Coming into life immediately after the consummation of a bloodless revolution, effected much more by the cool sense, than the angry passions of the nation, they seem to have felt, that they were born in an age of reason, rather than of fancy; and that men's minds, though considerably divided and unsettled upon many points, were in a much better temper to relish judicious argument and cutting satire, than the glow of enthusiastic passion, or the richness of a luxuriant imagination. To these accordingly they made no pretensions; but, writing with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured, at least while the manner was new, as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had ever seen; and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison. Men grew ashamed of admiring, and afraid of imitating writers of so little skill and smartness; and the opinion became general, not only that their faults were intolerable, but that even their beauties were puerile and barbarous, and unworthy the serious regard of a polite and distinguishing age.

These, and similar considerations, will go far to account for the celebrity which those authors acquired in their day; but it is not quite so easy to explain how they should have so long retained their ascendant. One cause undoubtedly was, the real excellence of their productions, in the style which they had adopted. It was hopeless to think of surpassing them in that style; and, recommended as it was, by the felicity of their exe-

cution, it required some courage to depart from it, and to recur to another, which seemed to have been so lately abandoned for its sake. The age which succeeded, too, was not the age of courage or adventure. There never was, on the whole, a quieter time than the reigns of the two first Georges, and the greater part of that which ensued. There were two little provincial rebellions indeed, and a fair proportion of foreign war; but there was nothing to stir the minds of the people at large, to rouse their passions, or excite their imaginations—nothing like the agitations of the Reformation in the 16th century, or of the civil wars in the 17th. They went on, accordingly, minding their old business, and reading their old books, with great patience and stupidity: And certainly there never was so remarkable a dearth of original talent—so long an interruption of native genius—as during about 60 years in the middle of the last century. The dramatic art was dead 50 years before—and poetry seemed verging to a similar extinction. The few sparks that appeared, however, showed that the old fire was burnt out, and that the altar must hereafter be heaped with fuel of another quality. Gray, with the talents, rather of a critic than a poet—with learning, fastidiousness, and scrupulous delicacy of taste, instead of fire, tenderness or invention—began and ended a small school, which we could scarcely have wished to become permanent—admirable in many respects as some of its productions are—being far too elaborate and artificial, either for grace or for fluency, and fitter to excite the admiration of scholars, than the delight of ordinary men. However, they had the merit of not being in any degree French, and of restoring to our poetry the dignity of seriousness, and the tone at least of force and energy. The Whartons, both as critics and as poets, were of considerable service in discrediting the high pretensions of the former race, and in bringing back to public notice the great stores and treasures of poetry which lay hid in the records of our antient literature. Akenside attempted a sort of classical and philosophical rapture, which no elegance of language could easily have rendered popular, but which had merits of no vulgar order for those who could study it. Goldsmith wrote with perfect elegance and beauty, in a style of mellow tenderness and elaborate simplicity. He had the harmony of Pope without his quaintness, and his selectness of diction without his coldness and eternal vivacity. And, last of all, came Cowper, with a style of complete originality,—and, for the first time, made it apparent to readers of all descriptions, that Pope and Addison were no longer to be the models of English poetry.

In philosophy and prose writing in general, the case was

nearly parallel. The name of Hume is by far the most considerable which occurs in the period to which we have alluded. But, though his thinking was English, his style is entirely French; and being naturally of a cold fancy, there is nothing of that eloquence or richness about him, which characterizes the writings of Taylor, and Hooker, and Bacon—and continues, with less weight of matter, to please in those of Cowley and Clarendon. Warburton had great powers; and wrote with more force and freedom than the wits to whom he succeeded—but his faculties were perverted by a paltry love of paradox, and rendered useless to mankind by an unlucky choice of subjects, and the arrogance and dogmatism of his temper. Adam Smith was nearly the first who made deeper reasonings, and more exact knowledge popular among us; and Junius and Johnson the first who again familiarized us with more glowing and sonorous diction—and made us feel the tameness and poorness of the serious style of Addison and Swift.

This brings us down almost to the present times—in which the revolution in our literature has been accelerated and confirmed by the concurrence of many causes. The agitations of the French revolution, and the discussions as well as the hopes and terrors to which it gave occasion—the genius of Edmund Burke, and some others of his country—the impression of the new literature of Germany, evidently the original of our lake-school of poetry, and of many innovations in our drama—the rise or revival of a general spirit of methodism in the lower orders—and the vast extent of our political and commercial relations, which have not only familiarized all ranks of people with distant countries, and great undertakings, but have brought knowledge and enterprise home, not merely to the imagination, but to the actual experience of almost every individual.—All these, and several other circumstances, have so far improved or excited the character of our nation, as to have created an effectual demand for more profound speculation, and more serious emotion than was dealt in by the writers of the former century, and which, if it has not yet produced a corresponding supply in all branches, has at least had the effect of decrying the commodities that were previously in vogue, as unsuited to the altered condition of the times.

Of those ingenious writers, whose characteristic certainly was not vigour, any more than tenderness or fancy, SWIFT was indisputably the most vigorous—and perhaps the least tender or fanciful. The greater part of his works being occupied with politics and personalities that have long since lost all interest, can now attract but little attention, except as memorials of the manner in which politics and personalities were then conducted.

In other parts, however, there is a vein of peculiar humour and strong satire, which will always be agreeable—and a sort of heartiness of abuse and contempt of mankind, which produces a greater sympathy and animation in the reader than the more elaborate sarcasms that have since come into fashion. Altogether his merits appear to be more *unique* and inimitable than those of any of his contemporaries—and as his works are connected in many parts with historical events which it must always be of importance to understand, we conceive that there are none, of which a new and careful edition is so likely to be acceptable to the public, or so worthy to engage the attention of a person qualified for the undertaking. In this respect, the projectors of the present publication must be considered as eminently fortunate—the celebrated person who has here condescended to the functions of an Editor, being almost as much distinguished for the skill and learning required for that character, as for the creative genius which has given such unexampled popularity to his original compositions—and uniting to the minute knowledge and patient research of the Malones and Chalmerses, a vigour of judgment, and a vivacity of style to which they had no pretensions. In the exercise of these comparatively humble functions, he has acquitted himself, we think, on the present occasion, with great judgment and ability. The edition, upon the whole, is much better than that of Dryden. It is less loaded with long notes and illustrative quotations; while it furnishes all the information that can reasonably be desired, in a simple and compendious form. It contains upwards of a hundred letters, and other original pieces of Swift's, never before published—and, among the rest, all that has been preserved of his correspondence with the celebrated Vanessa. Explanatory notes and remarks are supplied with great diligence to all the passages over which time may have thrown any obscurity; and the critical observations that are prefixed to the more considerable productions, are, with a reasonable allowance for an editor's partiality to his author, very candid and ingenious.

The Life is not every where extremely well written in a literary point of view; but is drawn up, in substance, with great intelligence, liberality and good feeling. It is quite fair and moderate in politics; and perhaps rather too indulgent and tender towards individuals of all descriptions,—more full, at least, of kindness and veneration for genius and social virtue, than of indignation at baseness and profligacy. Altogether, it is not much like the production of a mere man of letters, or a fastidious speculator in sentiment and morality; but exhibits throughout, and in a very pleasing form, the good sense

and large toleration of a man of the world,—with much of that generous allowance for the

'Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,'

which genius too often requires, and should therefore always be most forward to show. It is impossible, however, to avoid noticing, that Mr Scott is by far too favourable to the personal character of his author, whom we think, it would really be injurious to the cause of morality to allow to pass, either as a very dignified or a very amiable person. The truth is, we think, that he was extremely ambitious, arrogant and selfish; of a morose, vindictive and haughty temper; and, though capable of a sort of patronizing generosity towards his dependants, and of some attachment towards those who had long known and flattered him, his general demeanour, both in public and private life, appears to have been far from exemplary. Destitute of temper and magnanimity—and, we will add, of principle, in the former; and, in the latter, of tenderness, fidelity or compassion.

The transition of a young Whig into an old Tory—the gradual falling off of prudent men from unprofitable virtues, is, perhaps, too common an occurrence, to deserve much notice, or justify much reprobation. But Swift's desertion of his first principles was neither gradual nor early,—and was accompanied by such circumstances as really require to be exposed a little, and cannot well be passed over in a fair account of his life and character. He was bred a Whig under Sir William Temple—he took the title publicly in various productions; and, during all the reign of King William, was a strenuous, and indeed an intolerant advocate of Revolution principles and Whig pretensions. His first patrons were Somers, Portland and Halifax; and, under that ministry, the members of which he courted in private, and defended in public, he received church preferment to the value of near 400*l.* a year (equal at least to 1200*l.* at present), with the promise of still farther favours. He was dissatisfied, however, because his livings were not in England; and having been sent over on the affairs of the Irish clergy in 1710, when he found the Whig ministry in a tottering condition, he temporized for a few months, till he saw that their downfal was inevitable; and then, without even the pretext of any public motive, but on the avowed ground of not having been sufficiently rewarded for his former services, he went over in the most violent and decided manner to the prevailing party; for whose gratification he abused his former friends and benefactors, with a degree of virulence and rancour, to which it would not be too much to apply the term of brutality: And, in

the end, when the approaching death of the Queen, and their internal dissensions made his services of more importance to his new friends, openly threatened to desert them also, and retire from the scene, unless they made a suitable provision for him; and having, in this way, extorted the deanery of St Patrick's, which he always complained of as quite inadequate to his merits, he counselled measures that must have involved the country in a civil war, for the mere chance of keeping his party in power; and, finally, on the Queen's death, retired in a state of despicable despondency and bitterness to his living, where he continued, to the end of his life, to libel liberty and mankind with unrelenting and pitiable rancour—to correspond with convicted traitors to the constitution they had sworn to maintain—and to lament as the worst of calamities, the dissolution of a ministry which had no merit but that of having promised him advancement, and of which several of the leading members immediately indemnified themselves by taking office in the court of the Pretender.

As this part of his conduct is passed over a great deal too slightly by his biographer; and as nothing can be more pernicious than the notion, that the political sins of eminent persons should be forgotten in the estimate of their merits, we must beg leave to verify the comprehensive sketch we have now given, by a few references to the documents that are to be found in the volumes before us. Of his original Whig professions, no proof will probably be required, the fact being notorious, and admitted by all his biographers. Abundant evidence, however, is furnished by his first successful pamphlet in defence of Lord Somers, and the other Whig Lords impeached in 1701;—by his own express declaration in another work (vol. 3. p. 240.), that 'having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, he was naturally inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics;'—by the copy of verses in which he deliberately designates himself 'a Whig, and one who wears a gown;'—by his exulting statement to Tisdal, whom he reproaches with being a Tory, and says—'To cool your insolence a little, know that the Queen, and Court, and House of Lords, and half the Commons almost, are Whigs, and the number daily increases:'—And, among innumerable other proofs, by the memorable verses on Whitehall, in which, alluding to the execution of King Charles in front of that building, he is pleased to say, with more zeal than good prosody,

'That theatre produced an action truly great,
On which eternal acclamations wait,' &c.

Such being the principles, by the zealous profession of which he had first obtained distinction and preferment, and been admitted to the friendship of such men as Somers, Addison, and Steele, it only remains to be seen on what occasion, and on what considerations, he afterwards renounced them. It is, of itself, a tolerably decisive fact, that this change took place just when the Whig ministry went out of power, and their adversaries came into full possession of all the patronage and interest of the government. The whole matter, however, is fairly spoken out in various parts of his own writings:—and we do not believe there is any where on record a more barefaced avowal of political apostasy, undisguised and unpalliated by the slightest colour or pretence of public or conscientious motives. It is quite a singular fact, we believe, in the history of this sort of conversion, that he nowhere pretends to say that he had become aware of any danger to the country from the continuance of the Whig ministry—nor ever presumes to call in question the patriotism or penetration of Addison and the rest of his former associates, who remained faithful to their first professions. His only apology, in short, for this sudden dereliction of the principles which he had maintained for near forty years—for it was at this ripe age that he got the first glimpse of his youthful folly—is a pretence of ill usage from the party with whom he had held them; a pretence—to say nothing of its inherent baseness—which appears to be utterly without foundation, and of which it is enough to say, that no mention is made, till that same party is overthrown. While they remain in office, they have full credit for the sincerity of their good wishes, (see vol. xv. p. 250, &c.):—and it is not, till it becomes both safe and profitable to abuse them, that we hear of their ingratitude. Nay, so critically and judiciously timed is this discovery of their unworthiness, that, even after the worthy author's arrival in London in 1710, when the movements had begun which terminated in their ruin, he continues, for some months, to keep on fair terms with them, and does not give way to his well considered resentment, till it is quite apparent that his interest must gain by the indulgence. He says, in the Journal to Stella, a few days after his arrival, 'The Whigs would gladly lay hold on me, as a twig, while 'they are drowning,—and their great men are making me their 'clumsy apologies. But my Lord Treasurer (Godolphin) received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me 'so, that I am almost vowing revenge.' In a few weeks after —the change being by that time complete—he takes his part definitively, and makes his approaches to Harley, in a manner which we should really imagine no *rat* of the present day could

have confidence enough to imitate. In mentioning his first interview with that eminent person, he says, 'I had prepared 'him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and 'got *myself represented* (which I might justly do) *as one extreme-* 'ly ill used by the last ministry, after some obligation, because I 'refused to go certain lengths they would have me.' (vol. xv. p. 350.) About the same period, he gives us farther lights into the conduct of this memorable conversion, in the following passages of the Journal.

'Oct. 7. He (Harley) told me he must bring Mr St John and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem, that I am inclined to believe what some friends had told me, that he would do every thing *to bring me over.* He desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St James's coffee-house in a hackney-coach.

'I must tell you a great piece of refinement in Harley. He charged me to come and see him often; I told him I was loath to trouble him, in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, 'That was no place for friends.'

'I believe never was any thing compassed so soon: and purely done by my personal credit with Mr Harley; who *is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party, that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better.* He speaks all the kind things to me in the world. —Oct. 14. I stand with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed.' *Life*, Vol. I. p. 126.

'Nov. 8. Why should the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot them, ungrateful dogs. I will make them repent their usage of me, before I leave this place. They say the same thing here *of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had,*' &c. &c.

If he scrupled about going lengths with his Whig friends, he seems to have resolved, that his fortune should not be hurt by any delicacy of this sort in his new connexion;—for he took up the cudgels this time with the ferocity of a hireling, and the rancour of a renegade. In taking upon himself the conduct of the paper called 'The Examiner,' he gave a new character of acrimony and bitterness to the contention in which he mingled,—and not only made the most furious and unmeasured attacks upon the body of the party to which it had formerly been his boast that he belonged, but singled out, with a sort of savage discourtesy, a variety of his former friends and benefactors, and made them, by name and description, the objects of the most malignant abuse. Lord

Somers, Godolphin, Steele, and many others with whom he had formerly lived in intimacy, and from whom he had received obligations, were successively attacked in public with the most rancorous personalities, and often with the falsest insinuations: In short, as he has himself emphatically expressed it in the Journal, he 'libelled them all round.' While he was thus abusing men he could not have ceased to esteem, it is quite natural, and in course, to find him professing the greatest affection for those he hated and despised. A thorough partisan is a thorough despiser of sincerity; and no man seems to have got over that weakness more completely than the reverend person before us. In every page of the Journal to Stella, we find a triumphant statement of things he was writing or saying to the people about him, in direct contradiction to his real sentiments. We may quote a line or two from the first passage that presents itself. 'I desired my Lord Radnor's brother to let my Lord 'know I would call on him at six, which I did; and was ar-'guing with him three hours to bring him over to us; and I 'spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable. But he is a 'scoundrel; *and though I said I only talked from my love to him,* '*I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: But every one* '*gained over is of consequence.*'—Vol. III. p. 2. We think there are not many even of those who have served a regular apprenticeship to corruption and jobbing, who could go through their base task with more coolness and hardihood than this pious neophyte.

These few references are, of themselves, sufficient to show the spirit and the true motives of this dereliction of his first principles; and seem entirely to exclude the only apology which the partiality of his biographer has been able to suggest, viz. that though, from first to last, a Whig in politics, he was all along still more zealously a High-Churchman as to religion; and left the Whigs merely because the Tories seemed more favourable to ecclesiastical pretensions. It is obvious, however, that this is quite inadmissible. The Whigs were as notoriously connected with the Low-Church party when he joined and defended them, as when he deserted and reviled them;—nor is this anywhere made the specific ground of his revilings. It would not have been very easy, indeed, to have asserted such a principle as the motive of his libels on the Earl of Nottingham, who, though a Whig, was a zealous High-Churchman, or his eulogies on Bolingbroke, who was pretty well known to be no churchman at all. It appears pretty plain, indeed, that Swift's High-Church principles were merely a part of his selfishness and ambition, and meant nothing else than a desire to raise the consequence of the order to which he happened to belong. If

he had been a layman, we have no doubt he would have treated the pretensions of the priesthood, as he treated the persons of all priests who were opposed to him, with the most bitter and irreverent disdain. Accordingly, he is so far from ever recommending Whig principles of government to his High-Church friends, or from confining his abuse of the Whigs to their tenets in matters ecclesiastical, that he goes the whole length of proscribing the party, and proposing, with the desperation of a true apostate, that the Monarch should be made substantially absolute by the assistance of a military force, in order to make it impossible that their principles should ever again acquire any preponderance in the country. It is impossible, we conceive, to give any other meaning to the advice contained in his 'Free Thoughts on the State of Affairs,' which he wrote just before the Queen's death, and which Bolingbroke himself thought too strong for publication even at that critical period. His leading injunction there, is to adopt a system of the most rigorous exclusion of all Whigs from any kind of employment; and that, as they cannot be too much or too soon disabled, they ought to be proceeded against with as strong measures as can possibly consist with the lenity of our government; so that in no time to come it should be in the power of the Crown, even if it wished it, to choose an ill majority in the House of Commons. This great work, he adds very explicitly, could only be well carried on by an entire new-modelling of *the army*, and especially of the royal guards, which, as they then stood, he chooses to allege were fitter to guard a prince to the bar of a high court of justice, than to secure him on the throne (vol. V. p. 404.) This, Mr Scott himself is so little able to reconcile with the alleged Whig principles of his author, that he is forced to observe upon it, that it is 'daring uncompromising counsel, better suited to 'the genius of the man who gave it, than to that of the British 'nation, and most likely, if followed, to have led to a civil 'war.' After this admission, it really is not very easy to understand by what singular stretch of charity the learned editor conceives he may consistently hold, that Swift was always a good Revolution Whig as to politics, and only sided with the Tories—reluctantly, we must suppose, and with great tenderness to his political opponents—out of his overpowering zeal for the Church.

While he thus stooped to the dirtiest and most dishonourable part of a partisan's drudgery, it was not to be expected that he should decline any of the mean arts by which a Court party may be maintained. Accordingly, we find him regular in his attendance upon Mrs Masham, the Queen's favourite; and, after reading the contemptuous notices that occur of her in some

of his Whig letters, as 'one of the Queen's dressers, who, by great intrigue and flattery, had gained an ascendant over her,' it is very edifying to find him writing periodical accounts of the progress of her pregnancy, and 'praying God to preserve her life, which is of great importance to this nation,' &c. &c.

A connexion thus begun upon an avowed dissatisfaction with the reward of former services, cannot, with consistency, be supposed to have had any thing but self-interest as its foundation: And though Swift's love of power, and especially of the power of wounding, was probably gratified by his exertions in behalf of the triumphant party, no room is left for doubting that these exertions were substantially prompted by a desire to better his own fortune, and that his opinion of the merits of the party depended entirely upon their power and apparent inclination to perform this first of all duties. The thing is spoken out continually in the confidential Journal to Stella; and though he was very angry with Harley for offering him a bank note for fifty pounds, and refused to be his chaplain, this was very plainly because he considered these as no sufficient pay for his services—by no means because he wished them to be received without pay. Very soon after his profession of Toryism, he writes to Stella—'This is the last sally I shall ever make; but *I hope it will turn* 'to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they 'are more honest than the last.' And a little after—'My new 'friends are very kind; and I have promises enough. To re-'turn without some mark of distinction, would look extremely 'little; and I *would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I* 'am.' At last, he seems to have fairly asked for the see of Hereford (vol. XVI. p. 45.); and when this is refused, he says, 'I dined with Lord Treasurer, who chid me for being absent 'three days. Mighty kind with a p—! Less of civility, and 'more of interest!' At last, when the state of the Queen's health made the duration of the ministry extremely precarious, and the support of their friends more essential, he speaks out like a true Swiss, and tells them that he will run away and leave them, if they do not instantly make a provision for him. In the Journal to Stella, he writes, that having seen the warrants for three deaneries, and none of them for him, he had gone to the Lord Treasurer, and 'told him I had nothing to do but to 'go back to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any 'reputation, stay longer here, *unless I had something honour-*'*able immediately given to me.* He afterwards told me he had 'stopped the warrants, and hoped something might be com-'passed for me,' &c. And in the page following we find, that all his love for his dear friend the Lord Treasurer, would not

induce him ever to see him again, if he was disappointed in this object of ambition. 'The warrants for the deaneries are still 'stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think any thing 'will be done? In the mean time, I prepare for my journey, 'and see no great people;—*nor will I see Lord Treasurer any 'more*, if I go.' (vol. III. p.207.) It is under this threat that he extorts the Deanery of St Patrick's,—which he accepts with much grumbling and discontent, and does not enter into possession till all hope of further preferment seems for the time at an end. In this extremity he seems resolved, however, to make the most of it; and finding that the expenses of his induction and the usual payments to government on the occasion come to a considerable sum, he boldly resolves to ask a thousand pounds from the ministers, on the score of his past services, in order to make himself easy. This he announces to Stella soon after the appointment. 'I hope in time they will be persuaded *to give 'me some money* to clear off these debts. They expect I shall 'pass the next winter here; and *then I will drive them to give 'me a sum of money.*' And a little after—'I shall be sadly 'cramped, unless the Queen will give me a thousand pounds. 'I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord Treasurer 'rallies me upon it, and, I am sure, intends it—but *quando?*' And again—'Lord Treasurer uses me barbarously. He laughs 'when I mention a thousand pounds—though a thousand 'pounds is a very serious thing.' It appears, however, that this modest request never was complied with; for, though Bolingbroke got the Queen's warrant for it, to secure Swift's attachment after he had turned out Harley, yet her Majesty's immediate death rendered the gift unavailing.

If any thing were wanting to show that his change of party and his attachment to that which was now uppermost, was wholly founded on personal, and in no degree on public considerations, it would be supplied by the innumerable traits of personal vanity, and the unrestrained expressions of eulogy or abuse, according as that vanity was gratified or thwarted, that are scattered over the whole Journal and Correspondence,—and which are utterly irreconcileable with the conduct of a man who was acting on any principle of dignity or fairness. With all his talent and all his pride, indeed, it appears that Swift exhibited, during this period of favour, as much of the ridiculous airs of a *parvenu*—of a low-bred underling brought suddenly into contact with wealth and splendour, as any of the base understrappers that ever made party disgusting. The studied rudeness and ostentatious arrogance with which he withheld

the usual tribute of respect that all well-bred persons pay to rank and office, may be reckoned among the signs of this. But for a fuller picture, we would refer to the Diary of Bishop Kennet, who thus describes the demeanour of this politic partisan in the year 1713.

'Dr Swift came into the coffeehouse, and had a bow from every body but me. When I came to the antichamber to wait before prayers, Dr Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as a master of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr Thorold to undertake with my Lord-Treasurer, that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of 200*l. per annum*, as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my Lord-Treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr Davenant to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book, and wrote down several things, as *memoranda*, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and telling the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said, "he was too fast."—How can I help it," says the Doctor, "if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?" Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which "he must have them all subscribe;"—"for," says he, "the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him." Lord-Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr Swift to follow him: both went off *just before prayers.*' *Life*, Vol. I. p. 139, 140.

We are very unwilling, in any case, to ascribe to unworthy motives, what may be sufficiently accounted for upon better considerations; but we really have not charity enough to impute Swift's zealous efforts to prevent the rupture between Harley and Bolingbroke, or his continued friendship with both after that rupture took place, to his personal and disinterested affection for these two individuals. In the first place, he had a most manifest interest to prevent their disunion, as that which plainly tended to the entire dissolution of the ministry, and the ruin of the party on which he depended; and, as to his remaining the friend of both after they had become the most rancorous enemies of each other, it must be remembered that they were still respectively the two most eminent individuals with whom he had been connected; and that, if ever that party should be restored to power, from which alone he could now look for preferment, he who stood well with *both* these statesmen would have a dou-

ble chance of success. Considering, indeed, the facility with which he seems to have cast off friendships far more intimate than the inequality of their condition renders it possible that those of Oxford or Bolingbroke could be with him, whenever party interest interfered with them;—considering the disrespect with which he spoke of Sir William Temple's memory, after he had abjured his principles;—the coarseness with which he calls Lord Somers 'a false deceitful rascal,' after having designated him as the modern Aristides, for his blameless integrity;—and the unfeeling rancour with which he exposes the personal failings and pecuniary embarrassments of Steele, with whom he had been long so closely united;—it would seem to require something more than the mere personal attachment of a needy pamphleteer to two rival peers, to account for his expressions of affection for both, after one had supplanted the other. The natural solution, indeed, seems to lie sufficiently open.—After the perfidy he had shown to the Whig party, and the virulence with which he had revenged his own apostasy, there was no possibility of his being again received by them. His only chance, therefore, was in the restoration of the Tories, and his only policy to keep well with both their great leaders.

Mr Scott, indeed, chuses to represent him as actuated by a romantic attachment to Lord Oxford, and pronounces an eloquent encomium on his devoted generosity for applying for leave of absence, upon that Nobleman's disgrace, in order to be able to visit him in his retirement. Though he talks of such a visit, however, it is certain that he did not pay it; and that he was all the time engaged in the most friendly correspondence with Bolingbroke, from whom, the very day after he had kicked out his dear friend with the most undisguised anger and contempt, he condescended to receive an order for the thousand pounds he had so long solicited from his predecessor in vain. The following, too, are the terms in which Bolingbroke, at that very time, thought there was no impropriety, and could be no offence, in writing of Oxford, in a private confidential letter to this his dear devoted friend. 'Your state of late pas-
'sages is right enough. I reflect upon them with indignation;
'and shall never forgive myself for having trusted so long to so
'much real pride and awkward humility;—to an air of such fa-
'miliar friendship, and a heart so void of all tenderness;—to
'such a temper of engrossing business and power, and so per-
'fect an incapacity to manage one, with such a tyrannical dis-
'position to abuse the other,' &c. &c. (Vol. XVI. p. 219.) If Swift's feelings for Oxford had borne any resemblance to those which Mr Scott has imputed to him, it is not conceivable that

he should have continued upon a footing of the greatest cordiality with the man who, after supplanting him, could speak in those terms of his fallen rival. Yet Swift's friendship, as they called it, with Bolingbroke, continued as long as that with Oxford; and we find him not only giving him his advice how to act in the government which had now fallen entirely into his hands, but kindly offering, 'if his own services may be of any 'use, to attend him by the beginning of winter.' (Id. p. 215.) Those who know of what stuff political friendships are generally made, indeed, will not require even this evidence to prove the hollowness of those in which Swift was now connected. The following passage, in a letter from Lewis, the most intimate and confidential of all his coadjutors, dated only a week or two before Oxford's disgrace, gives a delicious picture, we think, of the whole of those persons for whom the learned Dean was thus professing the most disinterested attachment, and receiving, no doubt, in return, professions not less animated and sincere. It is addressed to Swift in July 1714.

'I meet with no man or woman, who pretend upon any probable grounds to judge who will carry the great point. Our female friend (Mrs Masham) told the dragon (Lord Oxford) in her own house, last Thursday morning, these words: "You never did the Queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any." He made no reply, *but supped with her and Mercurialis* (Bolingbroke) *that night at her own house.*—His *revenge is not the less meditated for that.* He tells the words clearly and distinctly to all mankind. *Those who range under his banner, call her ten thousand bitches and kitchen-wenches. Those who hate him do the same.* And from my heart, I grieve that she should give such a loose to her passion; for she is susceptible of true friendship, and has many social and domestic virtues. The great attorney (Lord Chancellor Harcourt), who made you the sham offer of the Yorkshire living, had a long conference with the dragon on Thursday, *kissed him at parting,* and *cursed him at night!*' XVI. p. 173, 174.

The death of Queen Anne, however, which happened on the 1st of August thereafter, speedily composed all those dissensions, and confounded the victors and the vanquished in one common proscription. Among the most miserable and downcast of all the mourners on that occasion, we confess we were somewhat surprised to find our reverend author. He who, but a few months before, was willing to have hazarded all the horrors of a civil war, for the chance of keeping his party in office, sunk instantly into pitiable and unmanly despondency upon the final disgrace of that party. We are unwilling to believe, and we do not in fact believe, that Swift was privy to the designs of Bolingbroke, Ormond, and Mar, to bring in the

Pretender on the Queen's demise, and are even disposed to hold it doubtful whether Oxford concurred in those measures; but we are sure that no man of common firmness could have felt more sorrow and despair, if the country had been conquered by a lawless invader, than this friend of the Act of Settlement did upon the quiet and regular transmission of the sceptre to the appointed heir, and the discomfiture of those ministers who are proved to have traitorously conspired to accomplish a counter revolution, and restore a dynasty which he always affected to consider as justly rejected. How all this sorrow is to be reconciled to the character of a good Revolution Whig, we leave it to the learned editor, who has invested him with that character, to discover. To us it merely affords new evidence of the selfishness and ambition of the individual, and of that utter and almost avowed disregard of the public, which constituted his political character. Of the sorrow and despondency itself, we need produce no proofs,—for they are to be found in every page of his subsequent writings. His whole life, indeed, after this event, was one long fit of spleen and lamentation: and, to the very end of his days, he never ceases bewailing the irreparable and grievous calamity which the world had suffered in the death of that most imbecile princess. He speaks of it, in short, throughout, as a pious divine might be supposed to speak of the fall of primeval man from the state of innocence. The sun seems darkened for ever in his eyes, and mankind to be degenerated beyond the toleration of one who was cursed with the remembrance of their former dignity! And all this for what?—because the government was, with the full assent of the nation, restored to the hands of those whose talents and integrity he had once been proud to celebrate—or rather, because it was taken from those who would have attempted, at the evident risk of a civil war, to defeat that solemn settlement of which *he* had always approved, and in virtue of which alone the late Sovereign had succeeded;—because the liberties of the nation were again to be secured in peace, under the same councils which had carried its glories so high in war—and the true friends of the Revolution of 1688 to succeed to that patronage which had previously been exercised by its virtual enemies! Such were the public calamities which he had to lament as a patriot;—and the violence done to his political attachments seems to have been of the same character. His two friends were Bolingbroke and Oxford: and both these had been abusing each other, and endeavouring to supplant each other, with all their might, for a long period of time;—and, at last, one of them did this good office to the other, in the most insulting and malignant manner he could devise: And yet the worthy Dean had charity enough to

love them both just as dearly as ever. He was always a zealous advocate, too, for the Act of Settlement; and has in twenty places expressed his abomination of all who could allow themselves to think of the guilt of calling in the Pretender. If, therefore, he could love and honour and flatter Bolingbroke, who not only turned out his beloved Oxford, but actually went over to the Pretender, it is not easy to see why he should have been so implacable towards those older friends of his, who only turned out Bolingbroke, in order to prevent the Pretender from being brought in. On public grounds, in short, there is nothing to be said for him;—nor can his conduct or feelings ever receive any explanation upon such principles. But every thing becomes plain and consistent when we look to another quarter—when we consider, that by the extinction of the Tory party, his hopes of preferment were also extinguished, and that he was no longer to enjoy the dearer delight of bustling in the front of a triumphant party—of inhaling the incense of adulation from its servile dependants—and of insulting with impunity the principles and the benefactors he had himself deserted.

That this was the true key to his feelings, on this and on every other occasion, may be concluded indeed with safety, not only from his former, but from his after life. His Irish politics may all be referred to one principle—a desire to insult and embarrass the government by which he was neglected, and with which he despaired of being reconciled:—A single fact is decisive upon this point. While his friends were in power, we hear nothing of the grievances of Ireland; and to the last we hear nothing of its radical grievance, the oppression of its Catholic population. His object was, not to do good to Ireland, but to vex and annoy the English ministry. To do this however with effect, it was necessary that he should speak to the interests and the feelings of some party who possessed a certain degree of power and influence. This unfortunately was not the case in that day with the Catholics; and though this gave them only a stronger title to the services of a truly brave or generous advocate, it was sufficient to silence Swift. They are not so much as named above two or three times in his writings—and then only with scorn and reprobation. In the topics which he does take up, it is no doubt true, that he frequently inveighs against real oppressions and acts of indisputable impolicy; yet it is no want of charity to say, that it is quite manifest that this was not his motive for bringing them forward, and that he had just as little scruple to make an outcry, where no public interest was concerned, as where it was apparent. It was sufficient for him, that the subject was likely to excite popular prejudice and clamour,—or that he had some personal

pique or animosity to gratify. The Drapier's letters are a sufficient proof of the influence of the former principle; and the Legion Club, and the numberless brutalities against Tighe and Betesworth, of the latter. Every body is now satisfied of the perfect harmlessness, and indeed of the great utility of Wood's scheme for a new copper coinage; and the only pretexts for the other scurrilities to which we have alluded were, that the Parliament had shown a disposition to interfere for the alleviation, in some inconsiderable particulars, of the intolerable oppression of the tithe system,—to the detriment, as Swift imagined, of the order to which he himself belonged; and that Mr Tighe had obtained for a friend of his own, a living which Swift had wished to secure for one of his dependants.

His main object in all this, we make no doubt, was personal pique and vengeance;—yet it is probable, that there was occasionally, or throughout, an expectation of being again brought into the paths of power and preferment, by the notoriety which these publications enabled him to maintain, and by the motives which they held out to each successive ministry, to secure so efficient a pen in their favour. That he was willing to have made his peace with Walpole, even during the reign of George I., is admitted by Mr Scott,—though he discredits the details which Lord Chesterfield and others have given, apparently from very direct authority, of the humiliating terms upon which he was willing to accede to the alliance:—and it is certain, that he paid his court most assiduously to the successor of that Prince, both while he was Prince of Wales, and after his accession to the throne. The manner in which he paid his court, too, was truly debasing, and especially unworthy of a High-Churchman and a public satirist. It was chiefly by flatteries and assiduity to his mistress, Mrs Howard, with whom he maintained a close correspondence, and upon whom he always professed mainly to rely for advancement. When George I. died, Swift was among the first to kiss the hands of the new Sovereign, and indulged anew in the golden dreams of preferment. Walpole's recall to power, however, soon overcast those visions; and he then wrote to the mistress, humbly and earnestly entreating her, to tell him sincerely what were his chances of success. She flattered him for a while with hopes; but at last he discovered that the prejudice against him was too strong to be overcome, and ran back in terrible humour to Ireland, where he railed ever after with his usual vehemence against the King, the Queen, and the favourite. The truth, it seems, was, that the latter was disposed to favour him, but that her influence with the King was subordinate to that of the Queen, who made

it a principle to thwart all applications which were made through that channel.

Such, we think, is a faithful sketch of the political career of this celebrated person;—and if it be correct in the main, or even in any material particulars, we humbly conceive that a more unprincipled and base course of proceeding never was held up to the contempt and abhorrence of mankind. To the errors and even the inconsistencies of honest minds, we hope we shall always be sufficiently indulgent, and especially to such errors in practical life as are incident to literary and ingenious men. For Swift, however, there is no such apology. His profession, through life, was much more that of a politician than of a clergyman or an author. He was not led away in any degree by heated fancy, or partial affection—by deluding visions of impossible improvements, or excessive indignation at incurable vices. He followed, from first to last, the eager, but steady impulse of personal ambition and personal animosity; and in the dirty and devious career into which they impelled him, he never spared the character or the feelings of a single individual who appeared to stand in his way. In no respect, therefore, can he have any claim to lenity;—and now, when his faults are of importance only as they may serve the purpose of warning or misleading to others, we consider it as our indispensable duty to point them out in their true colours, and to show that, even when united to talents as distinguished as his, political profligacy and political rancour must lead to universal distrust and avoidance during the life of the individual, and to contempt and infamy thereafter.

Of Swift's personal character, his ingenious biographer has given almost as partial a representation, as of his political conduct;—a great part of it indeed has been anticipated, in tracing the principles of that conduct,—the same arrogance and disdain of mankind, leading to profligate ambition and scurrility in public life, and to domineering and selfish habits in private. His character seems to have been radically overbearing and tyrannical;—for though, like other tyrants, he could stoop low enough where his interests required it, it was his delight to exact an implicit compliance with his humours and fancies, and to impose upon all around him the task of observing and accommodating themselves to his habits, without the slightest regard to their convenience or comfort. Wherever he came, the ordinary forms of society were to give way to his pleasure; and every thing, even to the domestic arrangements of a family, to be suspended for his caprice.—If he was to be introduced to a person of rank, he insisted that the first advances and the first

visit should be made to him. If he went to see a friend in the country, he would order an old tree to be cut down, if it obstructed the view from his window—and was never at his ease unless he was allowed to give nicknames to the lady of the house, and make lampoons upon her acquaintance. On going for the first time into any family, he frequently prescribed before hand the hours for their meals, sleep, and exercise: and insisted rigorously upon the literal fulfilment of the capitulation. From his intimates he uniformly exacted the most implicit submission to all his whims and absurdities; and carried his prerogative so far, that he sometimes used to chase the Grattans, and other accommodating friends, through the apartments of the Deanery, and up and down stairs, driving them like horses, with a large whip, till he thought he had enough of exercise. All his jests have the same character of insolence and coarseness. When he first came to his curate's house, he announced himself as 'his master;' —took possession of the fireside, and ordered his wife to take charge of his shirts and stockings. When a young clergyman was introduced to him, he offered him the dregs of a bottle of wine, and said, he always kept a poor parson about him to drink up his dregs. Even in hiring servants, he always chose to insult them, by inquiring into their qualifications for some filthy and degrading office. And though it may be true, that his after conduct was not exactly of a piece with those preliminaries, it is obvious, that as no man of proper feelings could submit to such impertinence, so no man could have a right to indulge in it it. Even considered merely as a manner assumed to try the character of those with whom he lived, it was a test which no one but a tyrant could imagine himself entitled to apply;—and Swift's conclusion from it was just the reverse of what might be expected. He attached himself to those only who were mean enough to bear this usage, and broke with all who resented it. While he had something to gain or to hope from the world, he seems to have been occasionally less imperious; but, after he retired to Ireland, he gave way without restraint to the native arrogance of his character; and, accordingly, confined himself almost entirely to the society of a few easy tempered persons, who had no talents or pretensions to come in competition with his; and who, for the honour of his acquaintance, were willing to submit to the dominion he usurped.

A singular contrast to the rudeness and arrogance of this behaviour to his friends and dependants, is afforded by the instances of extravagant adulation and base humility, which occur in his addresses to those upon whom his fortune depended. After he gets into the society of Bolingbroke and Oxford,

and up to the age of forty, these are composed in something of a better taste; but the true models are to be found in his addresses to Sir William Temple, the first and most honoured of his patrons, upon whose sickness and recovery he has indited a heroic epistle and a Pindaric ode, more fulsome and extravagant than any thing that had then proceeded from the pen even of a poet-laureate; and to whom, after he had left his family in bad humour, he sends a miserable epistle, entreating a certificate of character, in terms which are scarcely consistent with the consciousness of deserving it; and are, at all events, infinitely inconsisent with the proud and peremptory tone which he assumed to those who would bear it. A few lines may be worth quoting. He was then full 27 years of age, and a candidate for ordination. After explaining this, he adds—

'I entreat that your honour will consider this, and will please to send me some certificate of my behaviour during almost three years in your family; wherein I shall stand in need of all your goodness to excuse my many weaknesses and oversights, much more to say any thing to my advantage. The particulars expected of me are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons of quitting your honour's family, that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill actions. They are all left entirely to your honour's *mercy*, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself any farther than for *infirmities*.

'This is all I dare beg at present from your honour, under circumstances of life not worth your regard. What is left me to wish (next to the health and prosperity of your honour and family) is, that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet for so many favours I have received; which, whatever effect they have had upon my fortune, shall never fail to have the greatest upon my mind, in approving myself, upon all occasions, your honour's most obedient and most dutiful servant.' Vol. XV. p. 230, 231.

By far the most characteristic, and at the same time the most discreditable and most interesting part of Swift's history, however, is that which relates to his connexion with the three unfortunate women, whose happiness he ruined, and whose reputation he did what was in him to destroy. We say, the three women—for though *Varina* was cast off before he had fame or practice enough in composition to celebrate her in song like *Stella* or *Vanessa*, her injuries seem to have been nearly as great, and altogether as unpardonable as those of the other two. Soon after leaving college, he appears to have formed, or at best professed, an attachment to a Miss Jane Waryng, the sister of a fellow student, to whom his assiduities seem to have rendered him acceptable, and with whom he corresponded for a

series of years, under the preposterous name of Varina. There appear to be but two letters of this correspondence preserved, both written by Swift, one in the height of his passion, and the other in its decline—and both extremely characteristic and curious. The first is dated in 1696, and is chiefly remarkable for its extreme badness and stupidity, though it is full enough of love and lamentation. The lady, it seems, had long before confessed a mutual flame; but prudential considerations made her averse to an immediate union,—upon which the lover raves and complains in the following deplorable sentences,—written, it will be observed, when he was on the borders of thirty, and proving, along with his early poems, how very late he came to the use of his faculties.

'Madam—Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover, and indeed of every person who is in pursuit of a design whereon he conceives his greatest happiness or misery to depend. It is the same thing in war, in courts, and in common business. Every one who hunts after pleasure or fame, or fortune, is still restless and uneasy till he has hunted down his game; and all this is not only very natural, but something reasonable too; for a violent desire is little better than a distemper, and therefore men are not to blame in looking after a cure. *I find myself hugely infected with this malady*, and am easily vain enough to believe it has some very good reasons to excuse it. For indeed, in my case, there are some circumstances which will admit pardon for more than ordinary disquiets. That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happiness entirely depends, is in perpetual danger to be removed for ever from my sight. Varina's life is daily wasting; and though one just and honourable action would furnish health to her, and unspeakable happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doating upon her cruelty, and me on the cause of it.

'Would to heaven you were but a while sensible of the thoughts into which my present distractions plunge me; *they hale me a thousand ways, and I not able to bear them. It is so, by Heaven:* The love of Varina is of more tragical consequence than her cruelty. Would to God you had treated and scorned me from the beginning. It was your pity opened the first way to my misfortune; and now your love is finishing my ruin: and is it so then? In one fortnight I must take eternal farewell of Varina; and (I wonder) will she weep at parting, a little to justify her poor pretences of some affection to me?

'Surely, Varina, you have but a very mean opinion of the joys that accompany a true, honourable, unlimited love; yet either nature *and our ancestors* have highly deceived us, or else all other sublunary things are dross in comparison. Is it possible you can be yet insensible to the prospect of a rapture and delight so innocent and so exalted? *By Heaven, Varina, you are more experienced*

and have less virgin innocence than I. Would not your conduct make one think you were hugely skilled in all the little politic methods of intrigue? Love, with the gall of too much discretion, is a thousand times worse than with none at all. It is a peculiar part of nature which art debauches, but cannot improve.

'Farewell, madam; and may love make you a while forget your temper to do me justice. Only remember, *that if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose, for ever lose, him that has resolved to die as he has lived, all yours,* JON. SWIFT.' Vol. XV. p. 232–237.

Notwithstanding these tragic denunciations, he neither died —nor married—nor broke off the connexion, for four years thereafter; in the latter part of which, having been at last presented to two livings in Ireland, worth near 400*l.* a year, the lady seems to have been reduced to remind him of his former impatience, and fairly to ask him, whether his affections had suffered any alteration. His answer to this appeal is contained in the second letter;—and is, we think, one of the most complete patterns of meanness, selfishness and brutality, we have ever met with. The truth undoubtedly was, that his affections were estranged, and had probably settled by this time on the unfortunate Stella: But instead of either fairly avowing this inconstancy, or honourably fulfilling engagements, from which inconstancy perhaps could not release him, he thinks fit to write, in the most frigid, insolent, and hypocritical terms, undervaluing her fortune and person, and finding fault with her humour;—and yet pretending, that if she would only comply with certain conditions, which he specifies, he might still be persuaded to venture himself with her into the perils of matrimony. It will be recollected, that when he urged immediate marriage so passionately in 1696, he had no provision in the world, and must have intended to live on her fortune, which yielded about 100*l.* a year, and that he thought her health as well as happiness would be saved by the match. In 1700, when he had got two livings, he addresses her as follows—

'I desire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwise than it was when you told me the doctors advised you against marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs, with an income of less (perhaps) than three hundred pounds a-year? (it must have been near 500*l.*) have you such an inclination to my person and humour, as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? can you bend your love and esteem and indifference to others the same way as I do mine? shall I have so much power in your heart, or you so much government of your pas-

sions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a ——— ? have you so much good nature as to endeavour by soft words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by the cross accidents of life ? shall the place wherever your husband is thrown be more welcome than courts or cities without him ? *In short, these are some of the necessary methods to please men, who, like me, are deep read in the world; and to a person thus made, I should be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy.*' Vol. xv. p. 247, 248.

He then tells her, that if every thing else were suitable, he should not care whether her person were beautiful, or her fortune large.

' Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I desire, indeed, a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be of my own; though I should bear from a wife to be reproached for the greatest.' Vol. xv. p. 248.

To complete the picture of his indifference, or rather his ill-disguised disinclination, he adds—

' The dismal account you say I have given you of my livings I can assure you to be a true one; and, since it is a dismal one even in your own opinion, *you can best draw consequences from it.* The place where Dr Bolton lived is upon a living which he keeps with the deanery; but the place of residence for that they have given me is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way but to hire a house at Trim, or build one on the spot: the *first is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at present.*' Vol. xv. p. 246.

The lady, as was to be expected, broke off all correspondence after this letter—and so ended Swift's first matrimonial engagement, and first eternal passion !—What became of the unhappy person, whom he thus heartlessly abandoned, with impaired health and mortified affections, after a seven-years courtship, is no where explained. The fate of his next victim is at least more notorious.

Esther Johnson, better known to the readers of Swift's works by the name of *Stella*, was the child of a London merchant, who died in her infancy, when she went with her mother, who was a friend of Sir W. Temple's sister, to reside at Moorpark, where Swift was then domesticated. Some part of the charge of her education devolved upon him ;—and though he was twenty years her senior, the interest with which he regarded her, appears to have ripened into something as much like affection as could find a place in his selfish bosom. Soon after Sir William's death, he got his Irish livings, besides a considerable legacy ;—and as she had a small independence of her own, it is obvious that there was nothing to prevent their honourable and immediate union. Some cold-blooded vanity or ambition, how-

ever, or some politic anticipation of his own possible inconstancy, deterred him from this onward and open course, and led him to an arrangement which was dishonourable and absurd in the beginning, and in the end productive of the most accumulated misery. He prevailed upon her to remove her residence from the bosom of her own family in England, to his immediate neighbourhood in Ireland, where she took lodgings with an elderly companion, of the name of Mrs Dingley—avowedly for the sake of his society and protection, and on a footing of intimacy so very strange and unprecedented, that whenever he left his parsonage house for England or Dublin, these ladies immediately took possession, and occupied it till he came back. —A situation so extraordinary and undefined, was liable of course to a thousand misconstructions; and must have been felt as degrading by any woman of spirit and delicacy: And accordingly, though the master of this Platonic seraglio seems to have used all manner of paltry and insulting practices, to protect a reputation which he had no right to bring into question,—by never seeing her except in the presence of Mrs Dingley, and never sleeping under the same roof with her,—it is certain both that the connexion was regarded as indecorous by persons of her own sex, and that she felt it to be humiliating and improper. Accordingly, within two years after her settlement in Ireland, it appears that she encouraged the addresses of a clergyman of the name of Tisdall, between whom and Swift there was a considerable intimacy; and that she would have married him, and thus sacrificed her earliest attachment to her freedom and her honour, had she not been prevented by the private dissuasions of that false friend, who did not chuse to give up his own claims to her, although he had not the heart or the honour to make her lawfully his own. She was then a blooming beauty, of little more than twenty, with fine black hair, delicate features, and a playful and affectionate character. It seems doubtful to us, whether she originally felt for Swift any thing that could properly be called love—and her willingness to marry another in the first days of their connexion, seems almost decisive on the subject: But the ascendancy he had acquired over her mind, and her long habit of submitting her own judgment and inclinations to his, gave him at least an equal power over her, and moulded her pliant affections into too deep and exclusive a devotion. Even before his appointment to the Deanery of St Patrick's, it is utterly impossible to devise any apology for his not marrying her, or allowing her to marry another; the only one that he ever appears to have stated himself, viz. the want of a sufficient fortune to sustain the expenses

of matrimony, being palpably absurd in the mouth of a man born to nothing, and already more wealthy than nine-tenths of his order: But, after he obtained that additional preferment, and was thus ranked among the well beneficed dignitaries of the establishment, it was plainly an insult upon common sense to pretend that it was the want of money that prevented him from fulfilling his engagements. Stella was then 27, and he near 45; and both had hitherto lived very far within an income that was now more than doubled. That she now expected to be made his wife, appears from the pains he takes in the Journal indirectly to destroy that expectation; and though the awe in which he habitually kept her, probably prevented her either from complaining, or inquiring into the cause, it is now certain that a new attachment, as heartless, as unprincipled, and as fatal in its consequences as either of the others, was at the bottom of this cruel and unpardonable proceeding.

During his residence in London, from 1710 to 1712, he had leisure, in the intervals of his political labours, to form the acquaintance of Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, whose unfortunate love he has recorded with no great delicacy, under the name of Vanessa. This young lady, then only in her twentieth year, joined to all the attractions of youth, fashion and elegance, the still more dangerous gifts of a lively imagination, a confiding temper, and a capacity of strong and permanent affection.—Swift, regardless of the ties which bound him to Stella, allowed himself to be engaged by those qualities; and, without explaining the nature of those ties to his new idol, strove by his assiduities to obtain a return of affection—while he studiously concealed from the unhappy Stella the wrong he was conscious of doing her. We willingly borrow the words of his partial biographer, to tell the rest of a story, which, we are afraid, we should tell with little temper ourselves.

'While Vanessa was occupying much of his time, and much doubtless of his thoughts, she is never once mentioned in the Journal directly by name, and is only twice casually indicated by the title of Vanhomrigh's eldest daughter. There was, therefore, a consciousness on Swift's part, that his attachment to his younger pupil was of a nature which could not be gratifying to her predecessor, although he probably shut his own eyes to the consequences of an intimacy which he wished to conceal from those of Stella. Miss Vanhomrigh, in the mean while, conscious of the pleasure which Swift received from her society, and of the advantages of youth and fortune which she possessed, and ignorant of the peculiar circumstances in which he stood with respect to another, naturally, and surely without offence either to reason or virtue, gave way to the hope of forming an union with a man whose talents had first attracted her admir-

ation, and whose attentions, in the course of their mutual studies, had, by degrees, gained her affections, and seemed to warrant his own. It is easy for those who look back on this melancholy story, to blame the assiduity of Swift, or the imprudence of Vanessa. But the first deviation from the strait line of moral rectitude, is, in such a case, so very gradual, and, on the female side, the shades of colour which part esteem from affection, and affection from passion, are so imperceptibly heightened, that they who fail to stop at the exact point where wisdom bids, have much indulgence to claim from all who share with them the frailties of mortality. The imprudent friends continued to use the language of friendship, but with the assiduity and earnestness of a warmer passion, until Vanessa rent asunder the veil, by intimating to Swift the state of her affections; and in this, as she conceived, she was justified by his own favourite, though dangerous maxim, of doing that which seems in itself right, without respect to the common opinion of the world. We cannot doubt that he actually felt the "shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise," expressed in his celebrated poem, though he had not courage to take the open and manly course of avowing those engagements with Stella, or other impediments which prevented him from accepting the hand and fortune of her rival.—Without, therefore, making this painful but just confession, he answered the avowal of Vanessa's passion, at first in raillery, and afterwards by an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem. Vanessa seems neither to have been contented nor silenced by the result of her declaration; but to the very close of her life persisted in endeavouring, by entreaties and arguments, to extort a more lively return to her passion, than this cold proffer was calculated to afford.

'The effect of his increasing intimacy with the fascinating Vanessa, may be plainly traced in the Journal to Stella, which, in the course of its progress, becomes more and more cold and indifferent,—breathes fewer of those aspirations after the quiet felicity of a life devoted to M. D. and the willows at Laracor,—uses less frequently the affectionate jargon, called the "little language," in which his fondness at first displays itself,—and, in short, exhibits all the symptoms of waning affection. Stella was neither blind to the altered style of his correspondence, nor deaf to the rumours which were wafted to Ireland. Her letters are not preserved; but, from several passages of the Journal, it appears that they intimated displeasure and jealousy, which Swift endeavours to appease.

'Upon Swift's return to Ireland, we may guess at the disturbed state of his feelings, wounded at once by ungratified ambition, and harassed by his affection being divided between two objects, each worthy of his attachment, and each having great claims upon him, while neither was likely to remain contented with the limited return of friendship in exchange for love, and that friendship too divided with a rival. The claims of Stella were preferable in point of date;

and, to a man of honour and good faith, in every respect irresistible. She had resigned her country, her friends, and even hazarded her character, in hopes of one day being united to Swift. But if Stella had made the greater sacrifice, Vanessa was the more important victim. She had youth, fortune, fashion; all the acquired accomplishments and information in which Stella was deficient; possessed at least as much wit, and certainly higher powers of imagination. She had, besides, enjoyed the advantage of having in a manner compelled Swift to hear and reply to the language of passion. There was, in her case, no Mrs Dingley, no convenient third party, whose presence in society and community in correspondence, necessarily imposed upon both a restraint, convenient perhaps to Swift, but highly unfavourable to Stella. Vanessa could address Swift directly in her own name, and, as he was obliged to reply in the same manner, there is something in the eloquence of affection that must always extort a corresponding answer. There is little doubt, therefore, that Swift, at this time, gave Vanessa a preference in his affection, although, for a reason hereafter to be hinted, it is probable, that the death or removal of one of these far-famed rivals, would not have accelerated his union with the other. At least we are certain, that, could the rivals have laid jealousy and desire to sleep, the lover's choice would been to have bounded his connexion with both within the limits of Platonic affection. That he had no intention to marry Vanessa, is evident from passages in his letters, which are inconsistent with such an arrangement; as, on the other hand, their whole tenor excludes that of a guilty intimacy.—On the other hand, his conduct, with respect to Stella, was equally dubious. So soon as he was settled in the Deanery-house, his first care was to secure lodgings for Mrs Dingley and Stella, upon Ormond's Quay, on the other side of the Liffy; and to resume, with the same guarded caution, the intercourse which had formerly existed between them. But circumstances soon compelled him to give that connexion a more definite character.

'Mrs Vanhomrigh was now dead. Her two sons survived her but a short time; and the circumstances of the young ladies were so far embarrassed by inconsiderate expenses, as gave them a handsome excuse for retiring to Ireland, where their father had left a small property near Celbridge. The arrival of Vanessa in Dublin excited the apprehensions of Swift, and the jealousy of Stella. However imprudently the Dean might have indulged himself and the unfortunate young lady, by frequenting her society too frequently during his residence in England, there is no doubt that he was alive to all the hazards that might accrue to the reputation and peace of both, by continuing the same intimacy in Dublin. But the means of avoiding it were no longer in his power, although his reiterated remonstrances assumed even the character of unkindness. She importuned him with complaints of neglect and cruelty; and it was obvi-

ous, that any decisive measure to break their correspondence, would be attended with some such tragic consequence as, though late, at length concluded their story. Thus engaged in a labyrinth, where perseverance was wrong, and retreat seemed almost impossible, Swift resolved to temporize, in hopes, probably, that time, accident, the mutability incident to violent affections, might extricate himself and Vanessa from the snare in which his own culpable imprudence had involved them. Meanwhile, he continued to bestow on her those marks of regard which it was impossible to refuse to her feelings towards him, even if they had not been reciprocal. But the conduct which he adopted as kindest to Miss Vanhomrigh, was likely to prove fatal to Stella. His fears and affections were next awakened for that early favourite, whose suppressed grief and jealousy, acting upon a frame naturally delicate, menaced her health in an alarming manner. The feelings with which Swift beheld the wreck which his conduct had occasioned, will not bear description. Mrs Johnson had forsaken her country, and clouded even her reputation, to become the sharer of his fortunes, when at their lowest; and the implied ties by which he was bound to make her compensation, were as strong as the most solemn promise, if indeed even promises of future marriage had not been actually exchanged between them. He employed Dr St George Ashe, bishop of Clogher, his tutor and early friend, to request the cause of her melancholy; and he received the answer which his conscience must have anticipated—it was her sensibility to his recent indifference, and to the discredit which her own character sustained from the long subsistence of the dubious and mysterious connexion between them. To convince her of the constancy of his affection, and to remove her beyond the reach of calumny, there was but one remedy. To this communication Swift replied, that he had formed two resolutions concerning matrimony:—one, that he would not marry till possessed of a competent fortune; the other, that the event should take place at a time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence proposed, he said, he had not yet achieved, being still embarrassed by debt; and, on the other hand, he was past that term of life after which he had determined never to marry. Yet he was ready to go through the ceremony for the ease of Mrs Johnson's mind, providing it should remain a strict secret from the public, and that they should continue to live separately, and in the same guarded manner as formerly. To these hard terms Stella subscribed; they relieved her own mind at least from all scruples on the impropriety of their connexion; and they soothed her jealousy, by rendering it impossible that Swift should ever give his hand to her rival. They were married in the garden of the deanery, by the Bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716.' I. 229–238.

Even admitting all the palliations that are here suggested, it is plain that Swift's conduct is utterly indefensible—and that his ingenious biographer thinks nearly as ill of it as we do. Sup—

posing it possible that a man of his penetration should have inspired an innocent young girl with a violent passion, without being at all aware of it, what possible apology can there be for his not disclosing his engagements with Mrs Johnson, and peremptorily breaking off all intercourse with her rejected rival?—He was bound to *her* by ties even more sacred than those of actual marriage—and was no more at liberty, under such circumstances, to disguise that connexion than the other:—or if he had himself unconsciously imbibed an irresistible passion for his younger admirer, it would have been far less guilty or dishonourable to have avowed this to Stella, and followed the impulse of such a fatal attachment. In either of these ways, he would have spared at least one of his victims. But he had not the apology of any such passion; and, desirous apparently of saving himself the shock of any unpleasant disclosure, or wishing to secure to himself the gratification of both their attachments, he endeavoured basely to conceal from each the share which the other had in his affections, and sacrificed the peace of both to the indulgence of this mean and cold-blooded duplicity. The same disgusting and brutal selfishness is, if possible, still more apparent, in the mortifying and degrading conditions he annexed to his nominal marriage with Stella, for the concealment of which no reason can be assigned, to which it is possible to listen with patience,—at least after the death of Vanessa had removed all fear of its afflicting or irritating that unhappy rival. This tragical event, of which Swift was as directly and as guiltily the cause, as if he had plunged a dagger into her heart, is described with much feeling by Mr Scott, who has added a fuller account of her previous retirement than any former editor.

'About the year 1717, she retired from Dublin to her house and property near Celbridge, to nurse her hopeless passion in seclusion from the world. Swift seems to have foreseen and warned her against the consequences of this step. His letters uniformly exhort her to seek general society, to take exercise, and to divert, as much as possible, the current of her thoughts from the unfortunate subject which was preying upon her spirits. He even exhorts her to leave Ireland. But these admonitions are mingled with expressions of tenderness, greatly too warm not to come from the heart, and too strong to be designed merely to soothe the unfortunate recluse. Until the year 1720, he never appears to have visited her at Celbridge; they only met when she was occasionally in Dublin. But in that year, and down to the time of her death, Swift came repeatedly to Celbridge; and, from the information of a most obliging correspondent, I am enabled to give account of some minute particulars attending them.

'Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company: her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood, who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention,—and he added, that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said, that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean, she always planted, with her own hand, a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's Bower. Three or four trees, and some laurels, indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing-materials on the table before them.

'Vanessa, besides musing over her unhappy attachment, had, during her residence in this solitude, the care of nursing the declining health of her younger sister, who at length died about 1720. This event, as it left her alone in the world, seems to have increased the energy of her fatal passion for Swift, while he, on the contrary, saw room for still greater reserve, when her situation became that of a solitary female, without the society or countenance of a female relation. But Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of an union with the object of her affections, to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct towards her. The most probable bar was his undefined connexion with Mrs Johnson, which, as it must have been perfectly known to her, had, doubtless, long excited her secret jealousy: although only a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she writes to him, then in Ireland, "If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.*" Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty, for no less than eight years, must have been partly owing to her awe for Swift, and partly perhaps to the weak state of her rival's health, which, from year

to year, seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however, Vanessa's impatience prevailed; and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connexion. Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the Dean; and, full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogation, and, without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr Ford, near Dublin. Every reader knows the consequence. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on tbe table; and, instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed, yet cherished hopes, which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview, is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks.' *Life*, Vol. I. p. 248—253.

Among the novelties of the present edition, is what is called a complete copy of the correspondence betwixt Swift and this unfortunate lady. To us it is manifest, that it is by no means a complete copy;—and, on the whole, the parts that are now published for the first time, are of less moment than those that had been formerly printed. But it is altogether a very interesting and painful collection; and there is something to us inexpressibly touching in the innocent fondness, and almost childish gaiety, of Vanessa at its commencement, contrasted with the deep gloom into which she sinks in its later stages; while the ardour of affection which breathes through the whole, and the tone of devoted innocence and simplicity of character which are every where preserved, make us both hate and wonder at the man who could deliberately break a heart so made to be beloved. We cannot resist the temptation of extracting a little of the only part of this publication in which any thing like heart or tenderness is to be discovered. His first letter is written immediately after their first separation, and whilst she yet believed that his slowness in returning her passion arose, as he had given her ample warrant to suppose, (see the whole of the poem of Cadmus and Vanessa, Vol. XIV.) from nothing but a sense of the unsuitableness of their years and habits, which would give way to the continued proofs of its constancy and ardour. He

had written her a cold note on his journey, to which she thus rapturously answers.

'Now you are good beyond expression, in sending me that dear voluntary from St Albans. It gives me more happiness than you can imagine, or I describe, to find that your head is so much better already. I do assure you all my wishes are employed for the continuance of it. I hope the next will tell me they have been of force. Pray why did not you remember me at Dunstable, as well as Moll? Lord! what a monster is Moll grown since. But nothing of poor Hess, except that the mark will be in the same place of Davila where you left it. Indeed, it is not much advanced yet, for I have been studying of Rochefoucault to see if he described as much of love as I found in myself a Sunday, and I find he falls very short of it. I am very impatient to hear from you at Chester. It is impossible to tell you how often I have wished you a cup of coffee and an orange at your inn.' Vol. XIX. p. 403, 404.

Upon hearing of his arrival in Ireland, she writes again in the same spirit.

'Here is now three long weeks passed since you wrote to me. Oh! happy Dublin, that can employ all your thoughts, and happy Mrs Emerson, that could hear from you the moment you landed. Had it not been for her, I should be yet more uneasy than I am. I really believe, before you leave Ireland, I shall give you just reason to wish I did not know my letters, or at least that I could not write: and I had rather you should wish so, than entirely forget me. Mr Lewis has given me "*Les Dialogues des Morts,*" and I am so charmed with them, that I am resolved to quit my *body*, let the consequence be what it will, except you will talk to me, for I find no conversation on earth comparable, but your's; so, if you care I should stay, do but talk, and you will keep me with pleasure.' Vol. XIX. p. 407—9.

There is a great deal more of this trifling of a heart at ease, and supported by enchanting hopes. It is miserable to think how sadly the style is changed, when she comes to know better the object on whom she had thus irretrievably lavished her affections. The following is the first letter that appears after she followed him to Ireland in 1714; and it appears to us infinitely more touching and pathetic, in the truth and simplicity of the wretchedness it expresses, than all the eloquent despair of all the heroines of romance. No man with a heart, we think, could receive such letters and live.

'You bid me be easy, and you'd see me as often as you could: you had better have said as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembered there was such a person in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. 'Tis impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last; I am sure I could have

born the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more, but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long: for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world; I must give way to it, and beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it you, should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your look so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may but have so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you. Forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this, and live.'—Vol. XIX. p. 421.

And a little after,

'I am, and cannot avoid being in the spleen to the last degree. Every thing combines to make me so. Yet this and all other disappointments in life I can bear with ease, but that of being neglected by . . . . Spleen I cannot help, so you must excuse it. I do all I can to get the better of it; and it is too strong for me. I have read more since I saw Cad, than I did in a great while passed, and chose those books that required most attention, on purpose to engage my thoughts, but I find the more I think the more unhappy I am.

'I had once a mind not to have wrote to you, for fear of making you uneasy to find me so dull, but I could not keep to that resolution, for the pleasure of writing to you. The satisfaction I have in your remembering me, when you read my letters, and the delight I have in expecting one from Cad, makes me rather choose to give you some uneasiness, than to add to my own.' Vol. XIX. p. 431, 432.

As the correspondence draws to a close, her despair becomes more eloquent and agonizing. The following two letters are dated in 1720.

'Believe me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you;—yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. 'Tis now ten long weeks since I saw you, and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh, how have you forgot me! You endeavour by severities to force me from you, nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you, yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that 'tis not in the power of time or accident to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for . . . . .

'Put my passion under the utmost restraint,—send me as distant from you as the earth will allow,—yet you cannot banish those charm-

ing ideas which will ever stick by me whilst I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul, for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore, don't flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change on you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell me tenderly. No: Don't: Tell it so that it may cause my present death, and don't suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.' Vol. xix. p. 441, 442.

'Tell me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote last to you. No, so far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not at ease. I have worn on my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of . . . . . who thinks not of me. How many letters must I send you before I shall receive an answer? Can you deny me in my misery the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that inexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect, and show some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to do so great a charity. I firmly believe, could I know your thoughts, which no human creature is capable of guessing at, (because never any one living thought like you), I should find you have often in a rage wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven; but that would not spare you,—for was I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by?—you are at present everywhere; your dear image is always before mine eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?' Vol. xix. p. 442, 443.

From this heart-breaking scene we turn to another, if possible, still more deplorable. Vanessa was now dead. The grave had heaped its tranquillizing mould on her agitated heart, and given her tormentor assurance, that he should no more suffer from her reproaches on earth; and yet, though with her the last pretext was extinguished for refusing to acknowledge the wife he had so infamously abused, we find him, with this dreadful example before his eyes, persisting to withhold from his remaining victim, that late and imperfect justice to which her

claim was so apparent, and from the denial of which she was sinking before his eyes in sickness and sorrow to the grave. It is utterly impossible to suggest any excuse or palliation for such cold-blooded barbarity. Even though we were to believe with Mr Scott, that he had ceased to be a man, this would afford no apology for his acting like a beast. He might still have acknowledged his wife in public, and restored to her the comfort and the honour of which he had robbed her, without the excuse of violent passion, or thoughtless precipitation. He was rich, far beyond what either of them could have expected when their union was first contemplated; and had attained a name and a station in society which made him independent of riches. Yet, for the sake of avoiding some small awkwardness or inconvenience to himself—to be secured from the idle talking of those who might wonder why, since they were to marry, they did not marry before—or perhaps merely to retain the object of his regard in more complete subjection and dependence, he could bear to see her pining, year after year, in solitude and degradation, and sinking at last into an untimely grave, prepared by his hard and unrelenting refusal to clear her honour to the world, even at her dying hour. There are two editions of this dying scene—one on the authority of Mr Sheridan, the other on that of Mr Theophilus Swift, who is said to have received it from Mrs Whiteway. Mr Scott, who is unable to discredit the former, and is inclined at the same time to prefer the least disreputable for his author, is reduced to the necessity of supposing, that both may be true, and that Mr Sheridan's story may have related to an earlier period than that reported by Mrs Whiteway. We shall lay both before our readers. Mr Sheridan says,

'"A short time before her death, a scene passed between the Dean and her, an account of which I had from my father, and which I shall relate with reluctance, as it seems to bear more hard on Swift's humanity than any other part of his conduct in life. As she found her final dissolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the presence of Dr Sheridan, she addressed Swift in the most earnest and pathetic terms to grant her dying request; "That, as the ceremony of marriage had passed between them, though for sundry considerations they had not cohabited in that state, in order to put it out of the power of slander to be busy with her fame after death, she adjured him by their friendship to let her have the satisfaction of dying at least, though she had not lived, his acknowledged wife."

'"Swift made no reply, but, turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, nor ever saw her afterward during the few days she lived. This behaviour threw Mrs Johnson into unspeakable agonies, and for a time she sunk under the weight of so cruel a dis-

appointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and, sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune by her own name to charitable uses. This was done in the presence of Dr Sheridan, whom she appointed one of her executors." ' Vol. I. p. 357.

If this be true, Swift must have had the heart of a monster; and it is of little consequence, whether, when her death was nearer, he pretended to consent to what his unhappy victim herself then pathetically declared to be 'too late;' and to what, at all events, certainly never was done. Mrs Whiteway's statement is as follows—

' " When Stella was in her last weak state, and one day had come in a chair to the Deanery, she was with difficulty brought into the parlour. The Dean had prepared some mulled wine, and kept it by the fire for her refreshment. After tasting it, she became very faint, but having recovered a little by degrees, when her breath (for she was asthmatic), was allowed her, she desired to lie down. She was carried up stairs, and laid on a bed; the Dean sitting by her, held her hand, and addressed her in the most affectionate manner. She drooped, however, very much. Mrs Whiteway was the only third person present. After a short time, her politeness induced her to withdraw to the adjoining room, but it was necessary, on account of air, that the door should not be closed,—it was half shut: the rooms were close adjoining. Mrs Whiteway had too much honour to listen, but could not avoid observing, that the Dean and Mrs Johnson conversed together in a low tone; the latter, indeed, was took weak to raise her voice. Mrs Whiteway paid no attention, having no idle curiosity, but at length she heard the Dean say, in an audible voice, " *Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned,* " to which Stella answered with a sigh, " *It is too late.* " ' Vol. I. p. 355, 356.

With the consciousness of having thus barbarously destroyed all the women for whom he had ever professed affection, it is not wonderful that his latter days should have been overshadowed with gloom and dejection: But it was not the depression of late regret, or unavailing self-condemnation, that darkened his closing scene. It was but the rancour of disappointed ambition, and the bitterness of proud misanthropy: and we verily believe, that if his party had got again into power, and given him the preferment he expected, the pride and joy of his vindictive triumph would have been but little allayed by the remembrance of the innocent and accomplished women of whom we have no hesitation to pronounce him the murderer. In the whole of his later writings, indeed, we shall look in vain for any traces of that penitential regret, which was due to the misery he had occasioned, even if it had arose without his guilt, or even of that humble and solemn self-reproach, which is apt to beset thoughtful men in the decline of life and animation, even when their con-

duct has been generally blameless, and the judgment of the candid finds nothing in them to condemn: On the contrary, there is no where to be met with, a tone of more insolent reproach, and intolerant contempt to the rest of the world, or so direct a claim to the possession of sense and virtue, which that world was no longer worthy to employ. Of women, too, it is very remarkable, that he speaks with unvaried rudeness and contempt, and rails indeed at the whole human race, as wretches with whom he thinks it an indignity to share a common nature. All this, we confess, appears to us intolerable; for, whether we look to the fortune, or the conduct of this extraordinary person, we really recollect no individual who was less entitled to be either discontented or misanthropical—to complain of men or of accidents. Born almost a beggar, and neither very industrious nor very engaging in his early habits, he attained, almost with his first efforts, the very height of distinction, and was rewarded by appointments, which placed him in a state of independence and respectability for life. He was honoured with the acquaintance of all that was distinguished for rank, literature, or reputation;—and, if not very generally beloved, was, what he probably valued far more, admired and feared by most of those with whom he was acquainted. When his party was overthrown, neither his person nor his fortune suffered;—but he was indulged, through the whole of his life, in a license of scurrility and abuse, which has never been permitted to any other writer,—and possessed the exclusive and devoted affection of the only two women to whom he wished to appear interesting. In this *history*, we confess, we see but little apology for discontent and lamentation;—and, in his *conduct*, there is assuredly still less for misanthropy. In public life, we do not know where we could have found any body half so profligate and unprincipled as himself, and the friends to whom he finally attached himself;—nor can we conceive that complaints of venality, and want of patriotism, could ever come with so ill a grace from any quarter as from him who had openly deserted and libelled his party, without the pretext of any other cause than the insufficiency of the rewards they bestowed upon him,—and joined himself with men who were treacherous, not only to their first professions, but to their country and to each other, to all of whom he adhered, after their mutual hatred and villanies were detected? In private life, again, with what face could he erect himself into a rigid censor of morals, or pretend to complain of men in general, as unworthy of his notice, after breaking the hearts of two, if not three, amiable women, whose affections he had engaged by the most constant assidui-

ties,—after brutally libelling almost all his early friends and benefactors, and exhibiting, in his daily life and conversation, a picture of domineering insolence and dogmatism, to which no parallel could be found, we believe, in the history of any other individual, and which rendered his society intolerable to all who were not subdued by their awe of him, or inured to it by long use? He had some right, perhaps, to look with disdain upon men of ordinary understandings; but for all that is the proper object of reproach, he should have looked only within: and whatever may be his merits as a writer, we do not hesitate to say, that he was despicable as a politician, and hateful as a man.

With these impressions of his personal character, perhaps it is not easy for us to judge quite fairly of his works. Yet we are far from being insensible to their great and very peculiar merits. Their chief peculiarity is, that they were almost all what may be called occasional productions—not written for fame or for posterity—from the fulness of the mind, or the desire of instructing mankind—but on the spur of the occasion—for promoting some temporary and immediate object, and producing a practical effect, in the attainment of which their whole importance centered. With the exception of the Tale of a Tub, Gulliver, the Polite Conversation, and about half a volume of poetry, this description will apply to almost all that is now before us;—and it is no small proof of the vigour and vivacity of his genius, that posterity should have been so anxious to preserve these careless and hasty productions, upon which their author appears to have set no other value than as means for the attainment of an end. The truth is, accordingly, that *they are* very extraordinary performances: And, considered with a view to the purposes for which they were intended, have probably never been equalled in any period of the world. They are written with great plainness, force and intrepidity—advance at once to the matter in dispute—give battle to the strength of the enemy, and never seek any kind of advantage from darkness or obscurity. Their distinguishing feature, however, is the force and the vehemence of the invective in which they abound;—the copiousness, the steadiness, the perseverance, and the dexterity with which abuse and ridicule are showered upon the adversary. This, we think, was, beyond all doubt, Swift's great talent, and the weapon by which he made himself formidable. He was, without exception, the greatest and most efficient *libeller* that ever exercised the trade; and possessed, in an eminent degree, all the qualifications which it requires:—a clear head—a cold heart—a vindictive temper—no admiration of noble qualities—no sympathy with suffer-

ing—not much conscience—not much consistency—a ready wit —a sarcastic humour—a thorough knowledge of the baser parts of human nature—and a complete familiarity with everything that is low, homely, and familiar in language. These were his gifts;—and he soon felt for what ends they were given. Almost all his works are libels; generally upon individuals, sometimes upon sects and parties, sometimes upon human nature. Whatever be his end, however, personal abuse, direct—vehement, unsparing invective, is his means. It is his sword and his shield, his panoply and his chariot of war. In all his writings, accordingly, there is nothing to raise or exalt our notions of human nature,—but every thing to vilify and degrade. We may learn from them, perhaps, to dread the consequences of base actions, but never to love the feelings that lead to generous ones. There is no spirit, indeed, of love or of honour in any part of them; but an unvaried and harassing display of insolence and animosity in the writer, and villany and folly in those of whom he is writing. Though a great polemic, he makes no use of general principles, nor ever enlarges his views to a wide or comprehensive conclusion. Every thing is particular with him, and, for the most part, strictly personal. To make amends, however, we do think him quite without a competitor in personalities. With a quick and sagacious spirit, and a bold and popular manner, he joins an exact knowledge of all the strong and the weak parts of every cause he has to manage; and, without the least restraint from delicacy, either of taste or of feeling, he seems always to think the most effectual blows the most advisable, and no advantage unlawful that is likely to be successful for the moment. Disregarding all the laws of polished hostility, he uses, at one and the same moment, his sword and his poisoned dagger—his hands and his teeth, and his envenomed breath,—and does not even scruple, upon occasion, to imitate his own yahoos, by discharging on his unhappy victims a shower of filth, from which neither courage nor dexterity can afford any protection.—Against such an antagonist, it was, of course, at no time very easy to make head; and accordingly his invective seems, for the most part, to have been as much dreaded, and as tremendous as the personal ridicule of Voltaire. Both were inexhaustible, well directed, and unsparing; but even when Voltaire drew blood, he did not mangle the victim, and was only mischievous when Swift was brutal; any one who will compare the epigrams on M. Franc de Pompignan with those on Tighe or Bettesworth, will easily understand the distinction.

Of the few works which he wrote in the capacity of an au-

thor, and not of a party zealot or personal enemy, The Tale of a Tub was by far the earliest in point of time, and has, by many, been considered as the first in point of merit. We confess we are not of that opinion. It is by far too long and elaborate for a piece of pleasantry;—the humour sinks, in many places, into mere buffoonery and nonsense;—and there is a real and extreme tediousness arising from the too successful mimicry of tediousness and pedantry. All these defects are apparent enough even in the main story, in which the incidents are without the shadow of verisimilitude or interest, and by far too thinly scattered; but they become unsufferable in the interludes or digressions, the greater part of which are to us utterly illegible, and seem to consist almost entirely of cold and forced conceits, and exaggerated representations of long exploded whims and absurdities. The style of this work, which appears to us greatly inferior to the history of John Bull or even of Martinus Scriblerus, is evidently more elaborate than that of Swift's other writings,—but has all its substantial characteristics. Its great merit seems to consist in the author's perfect familiarity with all sorts of common and idiomatical expressions, his unlimited command of established phrases, both solemn and familiar, and the unrivalled profusion and propriety with which he heaps them up and applies them to the exposition of the most fantastic conceptions. To deliver absurd notions or incredible tales in the most authentic, honest and direct terms, that have been used for the communication of truth and reason, and to luxuriate in all the variations of that grave, plain and perspicuous phraseology, which dull men use to express their homely opinions, seems to be the great art of this extraordinary humourist, and that which gives their character and their edge to his sly strokes of satire, his keen sarcasms and bitter personalities.

The voyages of Captain Lemuel Gulliver is indisputably his greatest work. The idea of making fictitious travels the vehicle of satire as well as of amusement, is at least as old as Lucian; but has never been carried into execution with such success, spirit, and originality, as in this celebrated performance. The brevity, the minuteness, the homeliness, the unbroken seriousness of the narrative, all give a character of truth and simplicity to the work which at once palliates the extravagance of the fiction, and enhances the effect of those weighty reflections and cutting severities in which it abounds. Yet though it is probable enough, that without those touches of satire and observation the work would have appeared childish and preposterous, we are persuaded that it pleases chiefly by the novelty and vivacity of the extraordinary pictures it presents, and the entertainment

we receive from following the fortunes of the traveller in his several extraordinary adventures. The greater part of the wisdom and satire at least appears to us to be extremely vulgar and common-place; and we have no idea that they could possibly appear either impressive or entertaining, if presented without these accompaniments A considerable part of the pleasure we derive from the voyages of Gulliver, in short, is of the same description with that which we receive from those of Sinbad the sailor, and is chiefly heightened, we believe, by the greater brevity and minuteness of the story, and the superior art that is employed to give it an appearance of truth and probability, in the very midst of its wonders. Among those arts, as Mr Scott has judiciously observed, one of the most important is the exact adaptation of the narrative to the condition of its supposed author.

'The character of the imaginary traveller is exactly that of Dampier, or any other sturdy nautical wanderer of the period, endowed with courage and common sense, who sailed through distant seas, without losing a single English prejudice which he had brought from Portsmouth or Plymouth, and on his return gave a grave and simple narrative of what he had seen or heard in foreign countries. The character is perhaps strictly English, and can be hardly relished by a foreigner. The reflections and observations of Gulliver are never more refined or deeper than might be expected from a plain master of a merchant man, or surgeon in the Old Jewry; and there was such a reality given to his whole person, that one seaman is said to have sworn he knew Captain Gulliver very well, but he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe. It is the contrast between the natural ease and simplicity of such a style, and the marvels which the volume contains, that forms one great charm of this memorable satire on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind. The exact calculations preserved in the first and second part, have also the effect of qualifying the extravagance of the fable. It is said that in natural objects, where proportion is exactly preserved, the marvellous, whether the object be gigantic or diminutive, is lessened in the eyes of the spectator; and it is certain, in general, that proportion forms an essential attribute of truth, and consequently of verisimilitude, or that which renders a narration probable. If the reader is disposed to grant the traveller his postulates as to the existence of the strange people whom he visits, it would be difficult to detect any inconsistency in his narrative. On the contrary, it would seem that he and they conduct themselves towards each other, precisely as must necessarily have happened in the respective circumstances which the author has supposed. In this point of view, perhaps the highest praise that could have been bestowed on Gulliver's Travels was the censure of a learned Irish prelate, who said the book contained *some* things which he could not prevail upon himself to believe.' Vol. I. p. 340, 341.

That the interest does not arise from the satire but from the plausible description of physical wonders, seems to be farther proved by the fact, that the parts which please the least are those in which there is most satire and least of those wonders. In the voyage to Laputa, after the first description of the flying island, the attention is almost exclusively directed to intellectual absurdities; and every one is aware of the dulness that is the result. Even as a satire, indeed, this part is extremely poor and defective; nor can any thing show more clearly the author's incapacity for large and comprehensive views than his signal failure in all those parts which invited him to such contemplations. In the multitude of his vulgar and farcical representations of particular errors in philosophy, he nowhere appears to have any sense of its true value or principles; but satisfies himself with collecting or imagining a number of fantastical quackeries, which tend to illustrate nothing but his contempt for human understanding. Even where his subject seems to invite him to something of a higher flight, he uniformly shrinks back from it, and takes shelter in commonplace derision. What, for instance, can be poorer than the use he makes of the evocation of the illustrious dead—in which Hannibal is brought in just to say, that he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp; and Aristotle, to ask two of his commentators, 'whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves?' The voyage to the Houyhnhmns is commonly supposed to displease by its vile and degrading representations of human nature; but, if we do not strangely mistake our own feelings on the subject, the impression it produces is not so much that of disgust as of dulness. The picture is not only extravagant, but bald and tame in the highest degree; while the story is not enlivened by any of those numerous and uncommon incidents which are detailed in the two first parts, with such an inimitable air of probability as almost to persuade us of their reality. For the rest, we have observed already, that the scope of the whole work, and indeed of all his writings, is to degrade and vilify human nature; and though some of the images which occur in this part may be rather coarser than the others, we do not think the difference so considerable as to account for its admitted inferiority in the power of pleasing.

His only other considerable works in prose, are the 'Polite Conversation,' which we think admirable in its sort, and excessively entertaining; and the 'Directions to Servants,' which, though of a lower pitch, contains as much perhaps of his peculiar, vigorous and racy humour, as any one of his productions. The Journal to Stella, which was certainly never intended for publication, is not to be judged of as a literary work

at all—but to us it is the most interesting of all his productions—exhibiting not only a minute and masterly view of a very extraordinary political crisis, but a truer, and, upon the whole, a more favourable picture of his own mind, than can be gathered from all the rest of his writings—together with innumerable anecdotes characteristic not only of various eminent individuals, but of the private manners and public taste and morality of the times, more nakedly and surely authentic than any thing that can be derived from contemporary publications.

Of his Poetry, we do not think there is much to be said;—for we cannot persuade ourselves that Swift was in any respect a poet. It would be proof enough, we think, just to observe, that, though a popular and most miscellaneous writer, he does not mention the name of Shakespeare above two or three times in any part of his works, and has nowhere said a word in his praise. His partial editor admits that he has produced nothing which can be called either sublime or pathetic; and we are of the same opinion as to the beautiful. The merit of correct rhymes and easy diction, we shall not deny him; but the diction is almost invariably that of the most ordinary prose, and the matter of his pieces no otherwise poetical, than that the Muses and some other persons of the Heathen mythology are occasionally mentioned. He has written lampoons and epigrams, and satirical ballads and abusive songs in great abundance, and with infinite success. But these things are not poetry;—and are better in verse than in prose, for no other reason than that the sting is more easily remembered, and the ridicule occasionally enhanced, by the hint of a ludicrous parody, or the drollery of an extraordinary rhyme. His witty verses, where they are not made up of mere filth and venom, seem mostly framed on the model of Hudibras; and are chiefly remarkable, like those of his original, for the easy and apt application of homely and familiar phrases, to illustrate ingenious sophistry or unexpected allusions. One or two of his imitations of Horace, are executed with spirit and elegance, and are the best, we think, of his familiar pieces; unless we except the verses on his own death, in which, however, the great charm arises, as we have just stated, from the singular ease and exactness with which he has imitated the style of ordinary society, and the neatness with which he has brought together and reduced to metre such a number of natural, characteristic and commonplace expressions. The Cadenus and Vanessa is, of itself, complete proof that he had in him none of the elements of poetry. It was written when his faculties were in their perfection, and his heart animated with all the tenderness of which it was ever capable—and yet it is as cold and as flat as the ice of Thulé. Though

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describing a real passion, and a real perplexity, there is not a spark of fire, nor a throb of emotion in it from one end to the other. All the return he makes to the warm-hearted creature who had put her destiny into his hands, consists in a frigid mythological fiction, in which he sets forth, that Venus and the Graces lavished their gifts on her in her infancy, and moreover got Minerva, by a trick, to inspire her with wit and wisdom. The style is mere prose—or rather a string of familiar and vulgar phrases tacked together in rhyme, like the general tissue of his poetry. However, it has been called not only easy but elegant, by some indulgent critics—and therefore, as we take it for granted nobody reads it now-a-days, we shall extract a few lines at random, to abide the censure of the judicious. To us they seem to be about as much poetry as so many lines out of Coke upon Littleton.

'But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have given,
Or any brother god in Heaven:
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council board;
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own;
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design:
She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought;
And therefore the deduction's naught,
And must have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects.' XIV. p. 448, 449.

The Rhapsody on Poetry, and the Legion Club, are the only two pieces in which there is the least glow of poetical animation; though, in the latter, it takes the shape of ferocious and almost frantic invective, and, in the former, shines out but by fits in the midst of the usual small wares of cant phrases and

snappish misanthropy. In the Rhapsody, the following lines, for instance, near the beginning, are vigorous and energetic.

'Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round:
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gypsies littering under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire.' XIV. 310, 311.

Yet, immediately after this nervous and poetical line, he drops at once into the lowness of vulgar flippancy.

'What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?' &c.

There are undoubtedly many strong lines, and much cutting satire in this poem; but the staple is a mimicry of Hudibras, without the richness or compression of Butler; as, for example,

'And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea:
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?' XIV. 311, 312.

The Legion Club is a satire, or rather a tremendous invective on the Irish House of Commons, who had incurred the reverend author's displeasure for entertaining some propositions about alleviating the burden of the tythes in Ireland; and is chiefly remarkable, on the whole, as a proof of the extraordinary liberty of the press which was indulged to the disaffected in those days—no prosecution having been instituted, either by

that Honourable House itself, or by any of the individual members, who are there attacked in a way in which no public men were ever attacked, before or since. It is also deserving of attention, as the most thoroughly animated, fierce and energetic, of all Swift's metrical compositions; and though the animation be altogether of a ferocious character, and seems occasionally to verge upon absolute insanity, there is still a force and a terror about it which redeems it from ridicule, and makes us shudder at the sort of demoniacal inspiration with which the malison is vented. The invective of Swift appears in this, and some other pieces, like the infernal fire of Milton's rebel angels, which

> 'Scorched and blasted and o'erthrew—'

and was launched even against the righteous with such impetuous fury,

> 'That whom it hit none on their feet might stand,
> Though standing else as rocks—but down they fell
> By thousands, angel on archangel rolled.'

It is scarcely necessary to remark, however, that there is never the least approach to dignity or nobleness in the style of these terrible invectives; and that they do not even pretend to the tone of a high-minded disdain or generous impatience of unworthiness. They are honest, coarse, and violent effusions of furious anger and rancorous hatred; and their effect depends upon the force, heartiness, and apparent sincerity with which those feelings are expressed. The author's object is simply to vilify his opponent,—by no means to do honour to himself. If he can make his victim writhe, he cares not what may be thought of his tormentor;—or rather, he is contented, provided he can make *him* sufficiently disgusting, that a good share of the filth which he throws should stick to his own fingers; and that he should himself excite some of the loathing of which his enemy is the principal object. In the piece now before us, many of the personalities are too coarse and filthy to be quoted; but the very opening shows the spirit in which it is written.

> 'As I stroll the city oft I
> See a building large and lofty,
> Not a bow-shot from the college,
> Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
> By the prudent architect,
> Plac'd against the church direct,
> Making good my grandam's jest,
> "Near the church"—you know the rest.
> Tell us what the pile contains?
> Many a head that holds no brains.
> These demoniacs let me dub
> With the name of Legion Club.
> Such assemblies, you might swear,
> Meet when butchers bait a bear;

Such a noise and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
Could I from the building's top,
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every scull,
When the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy the harpies nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
'Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung;
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the House;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our noses with their votes.
'Let Sir Tom, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy!
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman! traitor! vile seducer!
Perjur'd rebel! brib'd accuser!
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide!
Fall a working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole!' Vol. X. p. 548—50.

This is strong enough, we suspect, for most readers; but we shall venture on a few lines more, to show the tone in which the leading characters in the country might be libelled by name and surname in those days.

'In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;

Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels,' &c.
'Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player!
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your ——;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and stink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods, perhaps, may tame them.' X. 553, 554.

Such were the libels which a Tory writer found it safe to publish under a Whig administration in 1736; and we do not find that any national disturbance arose from their impunity,—though the libeller was the most celebrated and by far the most popular writer of the age. Nor was it merely the exasperation of bad fortune that put that polite party upon the use of this discourteous style of discussion. In all situations, the Tories have been the great libellers—and, as is fitting, the great prosecutors of libels; and even in this early age of their glory, had themselves, when in power, encouraged the same license of defamation, and in the same hands. It will scarcely be believed, that the following character of the Earl of Wharton, then actually Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was publicly printed and sold, with his Lordship's name and addition at full length, in 1710, and was one of the first productions by which the reverend penman bucklered the cause of the Tory ministry, and revenged himself on a parsimonious patron. We cannot afford to give it at full length—but this specimen will answer our purpose.

'Thomas, Earl of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by the force of a wonderful constitution, has some years passed his grand

climacteric, without any visible effects of old age, either on his body or his mind; and in spite of a continual prostitution to those vices which usually wear out both. His behaviour is in all the forms of a young man at five-and-twenty. Whether he walks, or whistles, or talks bawdy, or calls names, he acquits himself in each, beyond a templar of three years standing.—He seems to be but an ill dissembler, and an ill liar, although they are the two talents he most practises, and most values himself upon. The ends he has gained by lying, appear to be more owing to the frequency, than the art of them: his lies being sometimes detected in an hour, often in a day, and always in a week. He tells them freely in mixed companies, although he knows half of those that hear him to be his enemies, and is sure they will discover them the moment they leave him. He swears solemnly he loves, and will serve you; and your back is no sooner turned, but he tells those about him, you are a dog and a rascal. He goes constantly to prayers in the forms of his place, and will talk bawdy and blasphemy at the chapel-door. He is a presbyterian in politics, and an atheist in religion; but he chooses at present to whore with a papist.—He has sunk his fortune by endeavouring to ruin one kingdom, and has raised it by going far in the ruin of another.

'He bears the gallantries of his lady with the indifference of a stoick; and thinks them well recompensed, by a return of children to support his family, without the fatigues of being a father.

'He has three predominant passions, which you will seldom find united in the same man, as arising from different dispositions of mind, and naturally thwarting each other: these are, love of power, love of money, and love of pleasure; they ride him sometimes by turns, sometimes all together. Since he went into Ireland, he seems most disposed to the second, and has met with great success; having gained by his government, of under two years, five and forty thousand pounds by the most favourable computation, half in the regular way, and half in the prudential.

'He was never yet known to refuse, or keep a promise, as I remember he told a lady, but with an exception to the promise he then made, (which was to get her a pension); yet he broke even that, and, I confess, deceived us both. But here I desire to distinguish between a promise and a bargain; for he will be sure to keep the latter, when he has the fairest offer.' Vol. IV. p. 149—52.

We have not left ourselves room now to say much of Swift's style, or of the general character of his literary genius:—But our opinion may be collected from the remarks we have made on particular passages, and from our introductory observations on the school or class of authors, with whom he must undoubtedly be rated. On the subjects to which he confines himself, he is unquestionably a strong, masculine, and perspicuous writer. He is never finical, fantastic, or absurd—takes advantage of no equivocations in argument—and puts on no tawdriness for ornament.

Dealing always with particulars, he is safe from all great and systematic mistakes; and, in fact, reasons mostly in a series of small and minute propositions, in the handling of which, dexterity is more requisite than genius; and practical good sense, with an exact knowledge of transactions, of far more importance than profound and high-reaching judgment. He did not write history or philosophy, but party pamphlets and journals;—not satire, but particular lampoons;—not pleasantries for all mankind, but jokes for a particular circle. Even in his pamphlets, the broader questions of party are always waved, to make way for discussions of personal or immediate interest. His object is not to show that the Tories have better principles of government than the Whigs,—but to prove Lord Oxford an angel, and Lord Somers a fiend,—to convict the Duke of Marlborough of avarice, or Sir Richard Steele of insolvency;—not to point out the wrongs of Ireland, in the depression of her Catholic population, her want of education, or the discouragement of her industry; but to raise an outcry against an amendment of the copper or the gold coin, or against a parliamentary proposition for remitting the tithe of *agistment.* For those ends, it cannot be denied, that he chose his means judiciously, and used them with incomparable skill and spirit: But to choose such ends, we humbly conceive, was not the part either of a high intellect or a high character; and his genius must share in the disparagement which ought perhaps to be confined to the impetuosity and vindictiveness of his temper.

Of his style, it has been usual to speak with great, and, we think, exaggerated praise. It is less mellow than Dryden's—less elegant than Pope's or Addison's—less free and noble than Lord Bolingbroke's—and utterly without the glow and loftiness which belonged to our earlier masters. It is radically a low and homely style—without grace, and without affectation; and chiefly remarkable for a great choice and profusion of *common* words and expressions. Other writers, who have used a plain and direct style, have been for the most part jejune and limited in their diction, and generally give us an impression of the poverty as well as the tameness of their language; but Swift, without ever trespassing into figured or poetical expressions, or ever employing a word that can be called fine, or pedantic, has a prodigious variety of good set phrases always at his command, and displays a sort of homely richness, like the plenty of an old English dinner, or the wardrobe of a wealthy burgess. This taste for the plain and substantial was fatal to his poetry, which subsists not on such elements; but was in the highest degree favourable to the effect of his hu-

mour, very much of which depends on the imposing gravity with which it is delivered, and on the various turns and heightenings it may receive from a rapidly shifting and always appropriate expression. Almost all his works, after the Tale of a Tub, seem to have been written very fast, and with very little minute care of the diction. For his own ease, therefore, it is probable they were all pitched on a low key, and set about on the ordinary tone of a familiar letter or conversation; as that from which there was little hazard of falling, even in moments of negligence, and from which any rise that could be effected must always be easy and conspicuous. A man fully possessed of his subject, indeed, and confident of his cause, may almost always write with vigour and effect, if he can get over the temptation of writing finely, and really confine himself to the strong and clear exposition of the matter he has to bring forward. Half of the affectation and offensive pretension we meet with in authors, arises from a want of matter,—and the other half, from a paltry ambition of being eloquent and ingenious out of place. Swift had complete confidence in himself; and had too much real business on his hands, to be at leisure to intrigue for the fame of a fine writer;—in consequence of which, his writings are more admired by the judicious than if he had bestowed all his attention on their style. He was so much a man of business indeed, and so much accustomed to consider his writings merely as means for the attainment of a practical end—whether that end was the strengthening of a party, or the wounding a foe—that he not only disdained the reputation of a composer of pretty sentences, but seems to have been thoroughly indifferent to all sorts of literary fame. He enjoyed the notoriety and influence which he had procured by his writings; but it was the glory of having carried his point, and not of having written well, that he valued. As soon as his publications had served their turn, they seem to have been entirely forgotten by their author;—and, desirous as he was of being richer, he appears to have thought as little of making money as immortality by means of them. He mentions somewhere, that except 300*l.* which he got for Gulliver, he never made a farthing by any of his writings. Pope understood his trade better,—and not only made knowing bargains for his own works, but occasionally borrowed his friends' pieces, and pocketed the price of the whole. This was notoriously the case with three volumes of Miscellanies, of which the greater part were from the pen of Swift.

In humour and in irony, and in the talent of debasing and defiling what he hated, we join with all the world in thinking the Dean of St Patrick's without a rival. His humour,

though sufficiently marked and peculiar, is not to be
defined. The nearest description we can give of it,
make it consist in expressing sentiments the most absur
ridiculous—the most shocking and atrocious—or sometim
most energetic and original—in a sort of composed, calm
unconscious way, as if they were plain, undeniable, commo
truths, which no person could dispute, or expect to gain
by announcing—and in maintaining them, always in the
and most familiar language, with a consistency which so
palliates their extravagance, and a kind of perverted in
which seems to give pledge for their sincerity. The se
short, seems to consist in employing the language of
good sense, and simple undoubting conviction, to express
honest nakedness, sentiments which it is usually thoug
sary to disguise under a thousand pretences—or truth
are usually introduced with a thousand apologies. T
of the art is the personating a character of great simpli
openness, for whom the common moral or artificial dis
of society are supposed to have no existence; and ma
of this character as an instrument to strip vice and folly
disguises, and expose guilt in all its deformity, and tr
its terrors. Independent of the moral or satire, of w
may thus be the vehicle, a great part of the entertainm
derived from works of humour, arises from the contra
the grave, unsuspecting indifference of the character p
and the ordinary feelings of the world on the subject
discusses. This contrast it is easy to heighten, by
imputed absurdities; in which case, the humour
into mere farce and buffoonery. Swift has yielded
this temptation in the Tale of a Tub; but scarcely at
liver, or any of his later writings in the same style.
lent for reviling, we have already said at least enoug
of the preceding pages.

ART. II. *Christabel: Kubla Khan, a Vision. The
Sleep.* By S. T. COLERIDGE Esq. London. Murray,

THE advertisement by which this work was announce
publick, carried in its front a recommendation fr
Byron,—who, it seems, has somewhere praised Christ
'a wild and singularly original and beautiful poem.'
the noble bard's merits undoubtedly are in poetry, som
latest *publications* dispose us to distrust his authority, w
question is what ought to meet the public eye; and th

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are boarded, the weather braces and lifts cast off; "We set-in the lee braces, and hauled forward by the weather bowlines, and hauled them tight and belayed them, and hauled over the mizen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie." A ship to be kept "full and by" must be sailing close hauled; yet here is Swift's ship kept full and by with the wind blowing points abaft the beam! "The ship," says Swift, "lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea than trying or hulling"; that is to say, they thought it better to run than heave to. Now how do they run? "The helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely." To "wear ship" is to bring her up on the other tack! Then they "belayed the fore down-haul," whatever that may mean, after which they "hauled off upon the laniard of the whipstaff and helped the man at the helm." Is it possible that the veriest landsman could fail to see that all this is pure nonsense, a mere collection of marine words, so put together as to express no meaning? What has "hauling off upon a laniard" got to do with making sail on a ship? A laniard is a small rope that reeves through deadeyes and serves to set the rigging up, or it may be a small line to secure a knife, or in Swift's time it may have meant the rope that bound the whipstaff—the staff from which a pennant is flown—to the place where it was erected. W. CLARK RUSSELL.

*** We are not so rash as to engage Mr. Clark Russell upon his own ground; but if he reads the following extract from Sturmy's 'Compleat Mariner,' side by side with Swift's storm in the first chapter of 'Brobdingnag,' he will probably admit that whatever mistakes there may be in the seamanship, they are due to Sturmy, and not to Swift. With the single, but vital exception of changing the course from E.S.E. to E.N.E., and the wind to S.W., Swift has carefully followed the details of Sturmy's tructions, which certainly seem to have been ended as *bonâ fide* lessons in seamanship. r. Russell can settle this question for himself looking at the copy at the British Museum. ny seaman would understand that E.N.E. ight be a misprint, for, of course, it makes onsense of what follows. The words, omitted y Swift, "Mind at helm what is said to you," xplain the helm being hard a-weather not by rder of the skipper, but by a blunder of the teersman. But beyond these points Swift's lescription of the storm is identical with that in a serious book of navigation of his time; and if the description is nonsense, the blame must be laid to the text-book which Swift followed, as we pointed out in our review, and not to Swift, who, of course, was no seaman.

'The Compleat Mariner,' by Samuel Sturmy, third edition, 1684, pp. 15, 16.

It bloweth a storm.

"Hurlike to overblow; take

Swift's 'Voyage to Brobdingnag,' chap. i.

Finding it was likely to

to you carefully. The ship wears bravely; steady, she is before it; belay the fore down hall; it is done. The sail is split; go hawl down the yard, and get the sail into the ship, and unbend all things clear of it. Starboard; hard up, right your helmne, port, port hard, more hands, he cannot put up the helmne. A very fierce storm. The sea breaks strange and dangerous; stand by to hawl off upon the lannierd of the whipstaff, and help the man at the helmne; and mind what is said to you. Shall we get down our topmasts? No, let all stand. She scuds before the sea very well; the topmast being aloft the ship is the wholesomest, and makes the better way through the sea, seeing we have sea room. Thus you see the ship handled in fair weather and foul, by and large. Now let us see how we can turn to windward.

The storm is over, let us turn to windward.

The storm is over, set foresail and mainsail; bring the ship to; set the mizen, the main topsail and fore topsail. Our course is E.S.E., the wind is at south. Get the starboard tacks aboard, cast off our weather braces and lifts. Set in the lee braces and hawl forward by the weather bowlings and hawl them taught and belay them, and hawl over the mizen tack to windward. Keep her full and by as near as she will lye.

Literary

Two of the daug
Westminster are enga
book to the Abbey, w
ready next winter.

KING TAWHAIO a
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MR. ROBERT LOUIS
a novel which will ve
course of the winter.

MR. JOHN T
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Oliphant

The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore downhaul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it.

It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the laniard of the whipstaff, and helped the man at the helm. We could not get down our topmast, but let all stand because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the topmast being aloft the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea room.

When the storm was over, we set foresail and mainsail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizen, main topsail, and the foretopsail. Our course was E.N.E., the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.

Gossip.

ters of the Dean of ged in writing a hand- hich will probably be

nd his chiefs before npiled a narrative of of their visit, and had language. The pam- ort in Maori of the fs with Lord Derby. im to New Zealand a s of the pamphlet, for he tribes which were putation.

STEVENSON has finished ry likely appear in the

Lasswade, the author nny,' who writes under ohn Strathesk, has in blished by Messrs.

section is autobiographical, and explains its relation to the psychological study he attempted in his 'Animi Figura.'

MR. E. A. W. BUDGE, B.A., has written a small book on Babylonian life and history for the Religious Tract Society. It gives very briefly the history of Babylon according to the cuneiform inscriptions, and touches on the religion, literature, and learning of the Babylonians, and their points of contact with the Jews. It will be published in September.

PART VII. of Mr. W. de Gray Birch's 'Cartularium Saxonicum,' which will be issued on the 1st of September, embraces the original text of forty-seven *pièces justificatives* of English history between the years 796 and 805. The work, as far as it has now been carried, comprises upwards of three hundred documents anterior to the close of the eighth century, brought together for the first time here into one series, several being hitherto unpublished. The new part contains deeds relating to Worcester, Malmesbury, St. Albans, Glastonbury, Lyminge, Canterbury, Cookham (co. Berks), Selsey, Rochester, and other religious centres; Papal letters, and many important specimens of the Anglo-Saxon language. Among those of special interest are the acts of the councils of Baccancilde and Clovesho; the incidental recitation of a creed in A.D. 798, which has an important bearing on the introduction of the Athanasian Creed (which it resembles) into England; a list of English territories, of which some of the names may be advantageously examined in connexion with the often-doubted existence of the *Ga* in the midland counties; and an ante-Danish Saxon testamentary charter from the Ashburnham collection in the British Museum.

LORD DUCIE writes to us from Stockholm with regard to our announcement that he was collecting materials for a history of the Armada:—

"Mr. Motley and Mr. Froude have already extracted from accessible sources of information—Herrera and others whose names I cannot at this moment recall—all that is worth taking or available for historical purposes. I doubt whether anything of real interest can be found to supplement their narratives, unless or until contemporary accounts written by Spaniards who actually took a part in the expedition can be found. Beyond a short despatch, of which a few copies have been reprinted in facsimile at the instance of Don Pascual de Gayangos, and, if I

SOME

PROPOSALS

FOR THE

REVIVAL OF CHRISTIANITY.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

SIR,

FROM the report of some friends who had read your Confessional, ere I had an opportunity of giving myself that pleasure, I imagined your performance was built on a plan much nearer to that of the following elaborate treatise, than I find it is. You aim, it is true, at the same mark, and draw your materials chiefly from the same applauded authors who furnished me with mine. Perhaps it is owing to my vanity, that I still think I have better hit their meaning, and come more roundly, as well as briefly, to the point in view than you have done. If you really saw this my treatise before you wrote the Confessional, you ought to have made me a compliment on having pointed out the scheme of your whole book. As we are both but borrowers and compilers, by no means original writers, either in regard to the matter or tendency of our lucubrations, you could not surely have thought this too great an honour. Be this as it will, I must observe to you, sir, that all your lay readers at least are extremely dissatisfied with that air of worldly selfishness which runs through your whole book. You talk so much of bread, of promotion, of the wealth of the church, &c. as objects you wish to arrive at, without the ugly obstacle of subscriptions in the way, that the laity, who are to be taxed for the levy of these emoluments, think there will be little advantage gained by them in the abolition of creeds, &c. if they are to be at equal expense in maintaining your no-system, as in supporting that of the

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present establishment. You may perceive, I take another course, and one infinitely more acceptable you may be sure, to them. The sort of clergy I propose will cost them nothing. Whoever you and I are, especially if we are believed to be clergymen, the world must look on me as infinitely more disinterested than you, and on mine as a more saving scheme than yours, by the entire amount of all the sums arising from tithes and glebe lands throughout England and Ireland. Take it for granted, therefore, that whenever the legislature shall think proper to change hands, they will pass by yours, and go plump into mine, as exactly the same with the drift of our favourite originals, and as incomparably more consonant to the rules of good economy, both national and domestic.

SOME PROPOSALS,

&c. &c.

THERE was a pamphlet published in the year 1708, against abolishing Christianity in England. The title, it is true, was bold; but the author, though supposed to be a parson, was so modest as only to argue for the outward profession of that religion, without insisting on any thing farther as necessary to be retained, than mere nominal Christianity. His arguments seemed so reasonable, that they only abolished the thing itself, but still adhered to the name and profession, because both were incapable of giving any umbrage to the principles and manners of the times.

The author, like a true parson, that is never to be satisfied, encouraged by this unexpected success, had the assurance the very next year to print a Project for the Advancement of Religion and Reformation of Manners; in which, to the great offence and surprise of the public, the religion he proposed to advance, was the old stale affair of orthodox Christianity, as some affect to call it, together with the clog of the church, as hitherto received in these countries; and the manners he would reform us to, were those no less antiquated customs that had been all lately exploded under the unfashionable name of virtue. The nation may see by this example, how apprehensive it ought to be of the encroachments of the church, and how cautious of encouraging a set of men, whose designs are boundless, who are professed enemies to liberty, and who, if not opposed in time, will again reduce us to slavish mortifications, and superstitious prayers.

His project was knocked on the head by these three little defects in itself; first, the presumption and exorbitancy of the thing raised a general contempt and indignation in the breasts of all free Britons, whose liberties it proposed to abridge by a narrow way of thinking, and a certain stiffness and formality of living, which was directly opposite to the gay and easy manner they had just began to learn of the French. In the next place there was nobody so stupid but could perceive that it was designed to serve

a party. For as his project consisted chiefly in a proposal to the queen to promote none but men of virtuous, regular, and religious lives, to places of trust in either church or state; who sees not that the promoting and enriching himself and his set was at the bottom? This was too partial and narrow a scheme to take, because there would not have been men found to fill our vacant employments, and though there had, yet almost the whole bulk of the nation must have been excluded; so that it would have been a more flagrant grievance, and a greater abridgment of the civil rights of the subject, than even the Test Act itself. In the last place, the project in itself, was, and is, and ever will be, impracticable. I defy any queen or king either to distinguish the virtuous from the vicious, or the deserving from such as are otherwise. No man shews himself to his sovereign; and I may venture to say that there is not a king in Europe who ever saw one of his own subjects yet. But supposing a prince could distinguish between man and man, would it be consistent with any one refinement in modern politics to heap his favours on a few, and pass by so great a majority of his loyal subjects, for no other reason truly, but because they do not go to church, nor say their prayers, nor worship a God? If he can make it their interest to serve him, what need he care how far they gratify their inclination in the choice of their principles, and in their manner of living? Besides, if what I have often heard, from Machiavel and other great politicians, is true, your honest and religious fools are the most unfit creatures in the world to serve about a court. The narrowness of their principles, and the sickly delicacy of their consciences so hamper both their heads and hands, that they are altogether unqualified for business. A prince who has a genius equal to his high station, with such a set of precise formalists to execute his designs either among his subjects, or with his neighbouring princes, must make much the same figure that a man of mettle and spirit does, whose hands and feet are cramped and contracted by a severe fit of the gout. When he would make a stride he stumbles at a straw. When he would make his subjects tremble and his neighbours quake with the vigorous shake of his sceptre, he can scarcely wield a pin.

We may observe upon the whole, that his scheme, if it

could have had any effect at all, it must have been only to make virtue and religion mercenary, by annexing places of profit to the practice of them. If the state should once set itself to encourage virtue and discourage vice, it might come at last to destroy all virtue, because the appropriating temporal power and wealth to certain modes of living must be a heavy bias on the liberty we ought to enjoy of living and acting as we please. Now there being no virtue without liberty, whatsoever tends to abridge our liberty tends likewise to the destruction of virtue. He that has not leave to be vicious is forced to be virtuous (pardon the contradiction), I mean, is forced to live as if he were virtuous, which is the same thing with hypocrisy. Had this project taken place, the devil might have complained of foul play, inasmuch as the whole weight of worldly interest would have been put into the scale against him, and a manifest partiality shewn to religion.

Our Freethinkers will teach us larger notions, and more comprehensive principles than these; they will shew us that people ought not to be deprived of their civil privileges on account of irreligion or immorality, since they are still useful members of the society, since they serve the public to their own private detriment, and since they generously throw away their fortunes, ruin their healths, and damn their souls, purely for the public weal.

By this the reader may perceive the weakness and partiality of this projector; so I shall take my leave of him and his schemes, and try if I can present the public with others of a more free and generous tendency, founded on a more extended way of thinking, and, considering the times, more likely a great deal to succeed.

I will not arrogate to myself the glory of these proposals I am about to represent to my readers: they lie scattered up and down among the writings of our best English authors, and the world is only beholden to me for fetching them into a narrower compass, by a faithful abridgment of the sum and substance of each, so that the uses and excellencies of them all may be more clearly conceived, and more fairly compared. I shall speak out their sense too perhaps in plainer terms than their authors, who writing against the slavery and prejudice of the times, were obliged for the

most part to insinuate their sentiments in an artful and doubtful manner. If the reader should find any considerable inconsistency in the schemes one with another, he is not to be startled at it, because they are drawn from the works of various authors, and the public may approve and the legislature embrace any one, without being tied down in the least to the rest; however, though there may be particular differences, there will be a general likeness observable among them all, which they derive from the opposition of each to the one set of prejudices that have been established among us.

The many projects that have been proposed or set afoot for the advancement or revival of Christianity, have owed their miscarriage to the folly and avarice of the projectors, who always took care to make establishment and tithes, and church endowments a part of their schemes. This is the cause that the utmost attempts of the clergy could scarce ever procure more to be retained than mere nominal Christianity. If they had proposed such methods as should have been neither expensive nor burdensome to the laity, perhaps before this there might have been a very considerable number of real Christians among us. The projectors I draw from were aware of this, and have avoided it.

The first thing necessary to be done is to demolish the present established church to the very foundation. I believe it may be safely taken for a maxim, that the Christian church has been the destruction of the Christian religion: it follows therefore, that Christianity can never raise its head till the very rubbish of this proud pile be entirely removed from off it. The Test Act, with all the other laws relative to church affairs, ought to be repealed. It is impossible to establish one religion or modification of religion, without persecuting all others: for what does establishment consist in, but the restraining the rites of all the citizens to the professors of one religion? And what is this but partiality and persecution. Now if this be done in favour of the true religion, it is the most likely thing in the world to destroy it, because it must give it the appearance of a state trick and a party spirit; it must make it seem tyrannical, selfish, and worldly; and as it decks it in pomp and riches, must render it the object of envy and the prey of its ene-

mies. If we would have religion go safe, we must not leave any thing about her that is worth taking away, because such things are never taken away without violence and abuse. If we would have a church that should last for ever, let us erect it of pure spiritual materials, without any rotten mixture from this world, that must at last bring it to the ground; without enclosing it in the mud walls of worldly interest, that can neither be handsome nor lasting in a church, and without putting one stone or beam in it, that may entice church-robbers to convey them to their own houses. As the clergy have been the chief enemies to Christianity, the next thing that is to be done is to extirpate them root and branch. The present set ought to be either banished, or hanged to a man; because there is no hope of ever reducing them to a proper poverty of spirit, though we bring them ever so low in purse. Two admirable effects towards the revival of Christianity will proceed from hence. First, the people being left without teachers, may have leave to teach themselves, and instead of the learned and fanciful interpretations which the clergy have taught them to put upon the Scriptures, they may understand them in the plain and natural sense. Every man may be free to think for himself, and regulate religion according to his own way of thinking. For the same reason parents, who commonly set up for a kind of priest in their own families, and sometimes pretend to preach to their children and servants, ought to be hindered, by capital punishments, from instructing either in the principles of Christian religion, because they will infallibly teach them to think that Christianity which they themselves take to be so, and by that means educate them in such prejudices as cannot but be attended with wrong interpretations of Scripture when they grow up. Besides, when they come to years of discretion, Christianity may begin to appear stale and old-fashioned to them, having been so long trifled with during childhood, or perhaps a cheat, having been imposed on them before they could judge of its merits. All methods ought to be prohibited in advancing the true religion, that can possibly be so applied as to serve a false one. The other excellent effect that will proceed from the extirpation of the clergy is, that all those who have been turned away from Christianity

by the avarice, ambition, and ill lives of our priests, will return to it again, when the cause of their apostacy is removed. To this the dispersion of church wealth among the laity will contribute not a little, by putting them again in good humour. They will quickly begin to think more favourably of a religion they are to lose nothing by. Money is so scarce, and religions so abound in these times, that Christianity can never be introduced into these countries, unless it come for nothing.

Having thus cleared the ground by removing these two encumbrances of church and clergy, let us next see what we had best put in their places, and how we may contrive to prevent their being re-established.

My authors are much divided on this article: some are for never tolerating any such thing as clergymen in these nations for the future. They say every fibre of the clerical thorn ought to be rooted out of Christ's vineyard, lest it should again increase, and overspread the whole; that the core of this corruption ought to be entirely cut out, and purged away from the Christian body, lest it fester, and mortify, and infect the vitals; and that if we suffer clergy of any kind, or in any sense of the word to live among us, they will certainly bring back the church, and render the profession of Christianity so expensive again, that nobody will care to meddle with it.

Others disapprove of this extremity; because, in their opinion, Christianity can never be divulged among us, without some such kind of men; and their reason for being of that opinion is this. Christian religion, say they, is contained in an old book called the Bible; so that unless the people be able to read, though it is in English, they will be never the wiser for what it contains. The clergy therefore that they would have, are such as can read, and their whole employment to teach children to know their letters, to make syllables of letters, and to make words of syllables. To prevent their encroaching again upon the laity, as they have formerly done, there must be a law made, that if any of these teachers shall take above a penny a quarter per child, and be legally convicted of the crime, even by the affirmation of any one in the school, he shall be immediately hanged. If he be convicted of teaching his children any formula of re-

ligious principles, or explaining any part of the Bible to them, or catechising them, he shall be forthwith sentenced to be torn to pieces at horse-tails. If he be convicted of receiving a present from any body, of sneaking or sauntering within half a mile of any gentleman's house, as if he wanted to be asked to dine with the servants, or of fingering one farthing of any kind of money belonging to any body else, under any pretence whatsoever, beyond his own quarterly penny, that he shall be instantly burned alive. That in order to have these laws more effectually executed, any neighbouring justice or country squire may take cognizance of the aforesaid crimes, and upon the affirmation of any one person, not under the age of four years, proceed immediately to sentence and execution. It is thought (and I think not without reason) that these laws will sufficiently guard us against the usurpations of priestcraft, provided they be duly executed; and there is all the reason in the world to hope they will, since the execution is committed to those very persons who will first feel the ill effects of their encroachments, should they be suffered to raise their heads again. It is the country squire, or the man of landed interest, whose estate may be subjected to tithes, that has most reason to be apprehensive of the clergy; to those therefore it will be most prudent to commit those laws that are to prevent the growth of the church.

Some there are who seem still to have so much of their old prejudices unconquered, as to imagine that the Christian religion can never be taught, unless there be some persons to teach it; that the people would be too indifferent about it, if they were bred up in an entire ignorance of it, to get themselves instructed in its principles when they come to years; and that many of them are too poor to have their children taught to read, even at a penny a quarter. For these reasons they are of opinion that it is in some sort necessary to have certain persons publicly appointed to teach the principles of the Christian religion. They wish this could be done without expense or danger. But here is the difficulty. How shall we get people to instruct us, who will take nothing for their pains? How shall we get such persons as will infallibly teach us Christianity in its utmost purity, and set examples agreeable to the strictness of its morality?

It is not easy to get over this rub. However I will offer one expedient, which may perhaps deserve to be considered.

I believe it is agreed on all hands, that if there could be a man found entirely free from all appetites, desires, and passions, he would make a very good clergyman, because he would never be tempted by ambition, or avarice, or luxury, to encroach upon the laity. But it is impossible to get such a one, unless he is absolutely out of the need of meat, drink, and clothes; because he that stands in need of meat and drink, will certainly desire them, and this desire will in all probability, as is usual, transport him to the luxurious excess of choosing beef before Poor-John, and wine before water. Again, if he cannot subsist without clothes, who knows, but instead of wearing a mat, he may have the pride to make his cassock of a cadda, or somewhat even finer than that, which the laity truly must pay for, that the good man may apply himself to the instruction of the people, without any worldly lets or hinderances. All the expensive refinement and luxurious delicacy observed at the tables of the great, though one could scarce imagine it, is founded on the necessity we are under of eating and drinking; and all the finery and foppery of the world is owing to our not being able to go naked. Now if we would have a clergyman free from all that luxury, gluttony, avarice, and pride, which proceed from these natural wants, as their first principles, he should be able to live without meat or drink, and be weather-proof, any place from Nova Zembla to the Cape of Good Hope, without a stitch of clothes on him.

First as to wearing of clothes; it will be allowed me that men are capable of going naked, if they be accustomed to it from their infancy, as is manifest from the examples of many nations in America. Nay, the experiment is now made at home with very tolerable success, so that many of our poorer sort have been made, by a like treatment, little inferior to horses or asses, in bearing the injuries of the weather. Now if we should send none to our colleges but such as have been accustomed to hardships of this kind from their infancy, they might be trained up in a few years so as to need no more garments than our first parents did in their state of innocency. If they were accustomed to

sleep on the ground, and had their clothes withdrawn by degrees, as they could bear the cold, by the time they commenced bachelors, they might strip to their shirts, and the degree of masters might be taken by them quite naked.

It is not so easy to propose a practicable method for breeding them up to an independency on meat and drink; notwithstanding I hope it may be done. Many instances may be given of people who have lived so many days without food that they got over the desire, and even seemed to survive the necessity of it. The woman who took up her lodging in the church of Talla, and lived there twenty-eight days, without either meat or drink, is still fresh in every body's memory. It is true she died soon after, but it is very likely her death was occasioned by the meat they thrust down her throat. Who knows but she might have been immortal, if it had not been for this violence? Buchanan gives an account in his History of Scotland, of a man who could at any time fast thirty, forty, or fifty days at once, without receiving the least hurt by it. It is likely enough that the celebrated parsimony and abstemiousness of the Scotch may bring them nearer to a possibility of living entirely without food than any other nation; for which reason we may choose out our candidates for holy orders from among such of them as have been least accustomed to food. If there ever was a kale garden in the family since the memory of man, it should incapacitate the whole race for the ministry, because the habit of feeding plentifully or sparingly, or eating or not eating at all, often depends very much upon the hereditary practice of the family. There are families of the East Indians, who by being constantly employed from generation to generation in the pearl fishery, frequently produce men that are able to hold their breath half an hour under water. Suppose now, that food is as necessary to life as breath; yet if we consider that we are commonly obliged to breath about twelve times in a minute, and not eat over once in every twelve hours, it will be found upon a fair computation, that he who abstains from air for half an hour, has gone as far in that article as he who abstains from food for fifty or sixty years. I cannot see why nature should not be as pliant to custom in the one respect as the other. Why can we not make the ex-

periment however? Let us take the aforesaid lads, whom we are inuring to nakedness, and, withdrawing an ounce of their allowance every day, try if we can bring them to subsist without aliment. I am confident that if they are carefully culled out of those families, who, upon searching the rent-roll of landlords, are found to pay the greatest sums per acre, they may be easily brought to live without any other nourishment, at least, than such as the bramble and the hawthorn may afford them: they are almost able to do it already: a little more practice would qualify them to live a pure spiritual life, above all dependency on matter. If this scheme were once set a foot, we might then have religion, which has hitherto been so intolerably expensive to us, taught, without costing us a farthing, and taught too in its utmost purity; for these holy men, so far removed above gross and carnal food, so exempted from the wants and weaknesses of other men, could never be tempted to mislead us out of worldly views. With what confidence might such men as these preach up abstinence and fasting, who could fast all their lives? With what a good grace could they inveigh against foppery, with all the pomps and vanities of the world, who could make a coat of their own skin, and go stark-naked? With what a becoming humility would religion appear in those open and undisguised pastors? They must be perfectly ingenuous and sincere, because they could have no inducement to inculcate what they did not believe themselves, no temptation to pluralities, no insatiable thirst after higher promotion to carry off their thoughts from their duty. The laity would always be in perfect good-humour with them, because church-lands and endowments, with all the exactions of ecclesiastical courts, would then be given up; tithes and small dues, about which such a coil is kept between parson and parishioner, would be no more.

The better to set forward this scheme, all the books that have ever been wrote on religious affairs since the closing of the scriptural canon, ought to be burnt. It is impossible to restore the purity of Divine revelation, without purging away all the dross of human invention, with which it is clogged and encumbered. By putting this in practice, we shall replace ourselves where John the evangelist left us,

that is, in the very midst of primitive purity and simplicity, without one controversy to distract us, or one commentary to mislead us. We shall have neither creeds to contract the Scriptures into a littleness proportionable to the puny faith of some, nor bodies of Divinity to swell them to the enormous bulk which human invention has given them, in order to suit religion to the faith of others who can swallow and digest any thing. We shall neither have articles, nor catechisms, nor canons, nor acts of councils to restrain the Scriptures to particular senses, and abridge our right of putting what sense on them we please. It has never been well with religion since it became a science, and could not possibly be learned without being taught. It has been commented and interpreted, till it is scarce possible to be understood. It has been explained till it is filled with mysteries so inexplicable, that we have lost sight of its plain and genuine meaning, another having been put between us and it that means little or nothing: your professors of divinity are rightly called Theologi, because they have reduced it to words and dead letters, and their works may well be called bodies of divinity. They have all the qualities of bodies void of souls, and matter inanimate. They have a perfect 'vis inertiæ,' which disposes them to lie for ever still, if they are not set in motion, and which will set the world in an eternal ferment, if they be once roused. They are so opaque that scarce one ray of the gospel can escape through them. Since the abolition of Christianity they may be looked upon as its corpse or carcass resigned to the worms. We cannot expect that the spirit of Christianity will ever return to animate such lumps as these. How is it possible? Which is the true body among the ten thousand? Or are they all the true bodies of divinity, by a kind of transubstantiation, as the Popish wafers are pretended to be of Christ? If it were not for such performances as these we might every one have the pleasure of a peculiar religion of his own, which might be deduced from Scripture by an unlimited licence of interpretation; or if convenience required, made up first in our own minds, and then reconciled to the Bible at leisure.

There is another kind of books which it will be as necessary to commit to the flames as the former, I mean your

systems of logic. Of all the authors in the world these are the most impudent, because they take upon them to teach us to reason; and of all the readers theirs are the most slavish, because they submit their reason to be taught, as if reasoning could be an art. I wonder we have never had professors to teach us how to see, and instruct us in the profound and mysterious science of beholding. Is not reason as necessary as sight, and oftener applied to? How can we suppose then that it is less perfect? There is no kind of impostors so pernicious, or so carefully to be guarded against, as these, because they have, from the very first to the last of them, conspired the perversion of our noblest faculty, even that by which we are distinguished from brutes. Thought, that was designed for the most boundless and towering flights, is limited to an arrow track, and tethered to a certain space, so that a man is no longer master of his own thoughts, nor capable of thinking as he pleases. All mankind truly must be obliged to one way of thinking; the most absurd and impossible attempt that could ever enter into the head of man, and the most directly against all liberty. And who is it that is to impose his own way of thinking on the rest of the world? Why, a dry methodical pedant, who has as just a title to impose his will, and be universal monarch, as his reason, in order to become universal tutor to mankind. No two men ever thought the same way; no, not even two logicians; nor is it possible they should, till a method can be found out to manacle and shackle the mind, like the body, which it is to be hoped never will. Man is not a machine. He is a free agent. But I defy him to act freely, unless he think freely, and that is impossible, while his reason is directed by the reason of another. It is on this account that the Christian religion can never be received while these books are in being, because they would needs compel us all into the same way of reasoning, in order that we might all put the same interpretation on Scripture. This would end in a total extinction of all liberty; and who would care to give up his liberty? Who knows what restraints might be laid on our passions and our pleasures by this method of restraining our reason to particular interpretations of Scripture? Why ought we not to have the same freedom of understanding in the use

and application of a religion that is allowed in the choice? Though Christianity, apprehended syllogistically, may possibly please a few, yet we may venture to say, that it must disgust the generality of mankind, particularly all the polite and gay, and such as are governed by any tolerable taste of things.

One good consequence that attended the abolishing of Christianity is, that since that, the several sects and churches have treated each other with less spleen, and the spirit of schism is observed to abate every day. Our zeal for the Christian religion degenerated at last into an unnatural warmth for party opinions and denominations which cannot be destroyed till the natural or radical heat is extinguished. Schism is like an incurable inflammation in the Christian body, which no lenitives can cool or heal till death puts an end to its malignancy, by quenching the natural fermentation of life, that supported it against itself. The little stir that is still kept about ceremonies and such like matters, like the fermentation and tumour observable in the corpses of such as have died suddenly, will soon cease; so that the vital flame of Christianity may return without being infected with those calentures that have already proved mortal.

This is therefore a happy conjecture for the legislature to make all convenient dispositions for the revival of Christianity; not that I would have our lawgivers or governors pretend to establish or impose it by regal and parliamentary authority; but they ought to set the nation in a proper way to receive it, for as matters are at present, it can never be admitted. Perhaps I shall be better understood when I propose the alterations that are necessary to be made.

First, then, his majesty must be most humbly addressed to abdicate the crown, and renounce all right and title thereunto in him and his heirs for ever. Christianity is inconsistent with a government that is in any sense monarchical. A king, like another man, must put his own interpretation on Scripture: now how can each member of the society be free to explain the Scripture in his own way and for his own purpose, when there is one at the head whose interpretation is backed by royal power? And who will choose a religion which he is not at liberty to understand in such a

sense as he thinks proper? This is perhaps one reason why the Dutch are the most religious of the Europeans, and we the next, as approaching the nearest to a republic of any nation that is not entirely such. The members of the present established church, together with the Papists, are so weak as to imagine it possible for Christianity to be received and supported under any form of government; so they can take no umbrage at a new revolution, on a religious account. But the church of Scotland has always rightly judged that the religion of the Bible can never thrive under the influence of a kingly administration; and therefore, since there is one entire church against monarchy, and the other two indifferent, perhaps his majesty will be graciously pleased to make way for the revival of Christianity, by demolishing that regal power, which may in time be converted into a tyranny over the opinions of a free people.

As soon as Magna Charta is burnt, and the present constitution dissolved, it will be then proper to think of modelling our civil affairs, in such a manner as may best suit with the restoration of Christianity. I know there are some who will insist strongly on the danger of admitting any form of government, and the happiness of living quite out of the fear of having individual liberty in religious matters abridged by public authority; but anarchy is allowed by all politicians to be an impossible state. Mankind must fall into some kind of government. Wherefore to prevent our running into a worse, the best way will be to throw ourselves into a democracy immediately. In that form we may have religion under as great variety of forms as we please. Every one upon the abrogation of kingly power may commence a little king in himself, and regulate his religious principles and opinions as arbitrarily as his desires and his will may require.

Perhaps it may be objected, that even in a democratical state there must be magistrates, and that the supreme magistrate, for the time being, may be possessed with a spirit of proselytism, and employ his power to advance his own religion, and oppress those of other people. The only safe way to remedy this, is to have magistrates of no religion. It is not to be expected that there will be men found so candid as to let others continue unmolested in the profession of

their several religions, provided they have any themselves, and be able to disturb them. Every magistrate therefore, from a generalissimo down to a petty constable, must, before he enters upon his office, publicly renounce all religion, and profess himself, in the strictest sense of the word, an Atheist. If afterward, during the term of his administration, he shall be seen at any public place of worship, or heard to maintain any religious opinion, or known to countenance one profession or discourage another, as soon as he can be conveniently convicted of his crime, he must be put to death. But the better to prevent all danger of committing the state to persons of any religion, the people must be careful to elect only such for their governors as, by their lives and conversations, have given sufficient proof of their being entirely free from all religion.

The greater part of the mischiefs, that have fallen out in civil society, has been owing to the mistake of establishing some religion, and mixing government and that together. A more inconsistent compound was never jumbled into one. The ingredients are so heterogeneous and incompatible, that they ought by all means to be kept asunder. The government ought never to meddle with, or lend its assistance in religious affairs, because in those all order and government must be absurd and prejudicial. The professors of religion ought never to interfere with the government, because in that there must be no religion. The two ought to be kept entirely clear and independent of each other, because ambition in the religious is contrary to Christianity, and regard to religion in the government will render it partial, to the prejudice of true religion. To attempt uniting them is to mix and confound things sacred and profane.

As establishing any religion has always been found to be attended with the worst consequences, particularly in suppressing the religion so established, I would by no means advise the legislature to establish the Christian, even supposing they were Christians themselves. It is humbly submitted to their wisdom, whether, if we must have an established church, it would not be advisable to establish Mahometism. It would in all likelihood produce two very good effects. First, it would go fair to ruin the credit Mahometism has already obtained among us, because if taxes

or tithes were laid on our people for the support of the mufti, it would raise up a thousand objections against their religion among so ingenious a laity, and be more likely to detect the imposture of their doctrines than any other expedient that can be thought of. Then again Christianity would probably have the benefit of being persecuted by the established clergy, by which we may be sure both the number and zeal of its professors would in a little time increase prodigiously.

But if it be thought too far to go all the way to Turkey for a state religion, the legislature may make use of the Popish to as good effect both ways; and besides, it is a stately religion, and fitter by far than any other for the magnificence and parade of a highday or a public appearance. I am fully persuaded that, if our laity were to suffer the exactions of the Popish clergy but for two or three years, there would not be a man of them that would not be able to refute a Jesuit, and fully expose the impudent pretensions of the pope. It is as probable likewise that if that church were established among us, and Christianity came to be introduced afterward, it would meet with such opposition and persecution from the inquisition as could not but produce a glorious harvest of martyrs, and wonderfully set forward the conversion of a people who have always distinguished themselves from all other nations by a brave and undaunted spirit of opposition.

When the constitution is once put on the aforesaid footing, several laws may be made to favour and assist the revival of Christianity; such as, that nobody be suffered to harangue the populace in defence of it, because it has been found that such declaimers as have been hitherto licensed to speak publicly in its defence, have often put off their own notions instead of scriptural doctrines, and employed a world of false eloquence to insinuate false principles.

Another law may be made to prohibit disputations on religious subjects, by which means religious zeal having no vent at the tongue, may be turned through its proper channel into a virtuous life and conversation. Virtue has for this age or two been deprived of its due nourishment from religion by a violent flux of disputation, that has carried off the wholesome food, and left nothing but crudities behind.

My authors furnish me likewise with three other schemes, which, though not so promising as the former, do nevertheless deserve to be remembered on account of their singularity, if they had nothing else to recommend them.

The first is, to prohibit all religions whatever under pain of death. Upon the first view of this scheme one would not be apt to imagine it could answer the end proposed, because Christianity must be made a capital crime among the rest. But upon more mature consideration it does not seem altogether so absurd. If all religions were forbid on pain of death, Christianity might nevertheless force its way among us, because it can inspire a contempt of death, and then all others must by that means be effectually kept out. This project would certainly prevent all hypocritical profession of Christianity; and what would be admirable is, that we should have as many martyrs as Christians.

The second is to burn the Bible. This seems even more extraordinary than the former, because its author insists on the destruction of all other books wrote on the Christian religion; so that one would imagine it might by this means be reduced to the necessity of either depending entirely on the broken chain of oral tradition, or else being utterly banished out of the world. But my author maintains that Christianity is as old as the creation of the world, and that the kind of Christianity introduced by Christ is novel and imperfect. Nay, he farther insists, that the Christianity of Christ is destructive of the right old Christianity, and that before the one can be restored to its ancient and universal purity, the other which perverts and corrupts it, must be destroyed. Whether this is so or not, I am not historian enough to determine. For my own part I never heard of such a religion, and universally received too in the world, before the coming of Christ. However, the matter is humbly submitted to the learned reader, who must work it out by himself, the best way he can, because I can neither furnish him with any helps from my author nor myself. I can only advise him to consult the Egyptian and Chinese records which I have never seen; it is possible he may there find Christianity introduced and universally received forty or fifty thousand years ago. If he does I hope he will com-

municate his discovery to the public. If it is asked what book or scripture we are to apply to in order to be informed of the old Christian principles, my author answers to our own understandings and hearts. If this be so, the old Christianity must certainly differ very much from the new, which requires a good deal of pains, especially among the illiterate, before it can be thoroughly learned. Several paradoxes necessarily follow from our author's doctrine, such as, that in order to be good Christians we must deny Christ; that if we would believe in the Christian religion, we must first believe Christ to be an impostor; that the doctrines of Christ were planted in the world long before he was born; and that he came into the world only to confound and destroy his own religion. My author, who in King James's time was a Papist, took the hint of this scheme from the church of Rome, that forbids to read the Bible.

The last scheme, which I find supported by more votes and better reason, is to establish all religions. The practice of the old Romans is a strong argument in favour of this scheme, so far as it relates to the good of the state. They no sooner conquered a nation, than they took care to cultivate an interest with its gods, by making them free of the city. The gods of any distinction had temples built for them, and those of inferior note were admitted into the temples of their betters. My memory furnishes me with but one exception to this. There was a constant persecution of onions and garlic, those celebrated Egyptian deities, kept up among the Roman soldiery and populace. If it is asked how this can possibly tend to the advancement of Christianity, I answer, that as by this means all religions will be likely to have a fair hearing, all that can possibly be said for each will soon be known, and disputations will be kept constantly on foot, so that the false continually clashing must at last perish through their unsoundness, and the true one or the Christian survive alone. Besides, where there are many religions publicly authorized, it usually happens that none of them is followed with much zeal. Now this state of indifference is the fittest disposition in the world for the examination of truth. There are few, however, that can be persuaded that a person almost indifferent to all religions may be easier converted to Christianity, than one already preju-

diced in favour of some other religion, as if it were harder to excite a religious zeal than convince the understanding by dint of reason.

It is not improbable that these proposals may at first shock some of your prejudiced persons who have been bred up in the slavery of old errors, and a narrow way of thinking; however, I shall not think my pains ill bestowed, if my short sketches be approved of by those clear heads and free spirits, that have so often admired them in the great originals, from whence I have only copied them in miniature. The times seem to be pretty forward, though perhaps not quite ripe for the execution of such great designs; I must therefore expect to be treated as all public spirited projectors usually are, with envy and detraction. But I may comfort myself with this reflection, that I should never have undertaken to propose expedients for the reformation of the times, had I not thought them at the lowest ebb of virtue; and from such, who would hope for either candour or gratitude?

The vulgar may perhaps imagine, that the authors I have borrowed these proposals from, were enemies to Christianity, because they have laid designs to revive it, that are above the comprehension of plain and illiterate people. But I assure them, no canonized saint of the church could give higher encomiums of the truth and excellence of the Christian religion. Now to suspect them after this of a design to subvert Christianity would be most cruel and unchristian.

Our legislators, who have more discernment, it is hoped, will distinguish themselves from the populace, by entertaining none of their bigoted and superstitious apprehensions, and by judging with more freedom and refinement.

However, if none of the foregoing proposals should happen to be approved of, we hope our lawgivers will think of some other expedient more effectual for the revival of Christianity in these countries. There are several very good political reasons for it. First, as religion, which, in the divine poet Herbert's time,

> Stood a tip-toes on our land,
> Ready to fly to the American strand.

is now flown, so that those who have any regard to it will

be obliged to fly after it; our lawgivers would do well to use their utmost endeavours to have it revived among ourselves, to prevent the decrease of our people, and the wasting our estates. Would it not be absurd that our parliament, while they are with so much diligence concerting measures for raising sufficient quantities of hops, wheat, &c. by the cultivation of our own lands, in order to prevent the sending out our money to procure those commodities from abroad, should in the mean time take no care to revive and cultivate Christianity, which, if revived among us, might keep the inhabitants in the nation?

Christianity is of incomparable efficacy in rendering its professors regardless of riches, and the other good things of this world; nor does it less powerfully inspire patience under oppression and tribulation. A true Christian can resign himself to any kind of treatment, without murmuring; he can bear contempt and poverty without the smallest resentment at him who squeezes or plunders him. Now I humbly submit it, whether it is not extremely the interest of all who have estates, that such a religion be embraced by the lower kind of people.

Abbé Barthelemy, in 1794, M. Millin was chosen to succeed him as keeper of the cabinet of Medals of the National Library. He from that time applied himself sedulously to the duties of his new functions, for which he had already prepared himself,—by a study of the monuments, and whatever was connected in ancient literature. He now entirely abandoned the study of natural history; and, that he might not cast his eyes behind him on a science which possessed so many charms for him, he parted with the cabinet he had formed, and sold his beautiful collection of insects to purchase books of antiquities; and he made a present to a friend of his rich Hortus Siccus; there was, in fact, nothing wanting to his resolution but a homage to friendship.

His young friend Willemot was led, by his passion for natural history, to undertake a voyage to India,—whither he followed the ambassadors of Tippoo Saib. He experienced the most severe treatment from the English governor of Pondicherry,—who could not conceive that the love of botany could have induced a young Frenchman to leave his country and his family; and suspected that the voyage of this young *savant* concealed some suspicious designs. The ill treatment Willemot received brought on a fever: he only left behind him a small Flora of the Isle de France, which M. Millin edited under the title of, "Herbarium Mauritianum," Leipsic 1796,—with a biographical notice,—in which he vents his just indignation against the author of his death; and he cites a curious passage from Linneus, on that of the young traveller Bartsch, —who perished the victim of the injustice of a governor of Surinam.

The first care of M. Millin, in the functions he had to fulfil,—the taste for antiquity being nearly extinguished,—was to give lectures on different branches of the science; and he published small treatises for the use of those who wished to follow them: but, for those who did not, in order to excite even indolence itself, he published them in the form of a dictionary; and he neglected no means to bring back the study of the science to the philosophical principles of Winckelmann and his illustrious successors.

M. Millin had collected, in his national antiquities, a great number of historical monuments: he extended similar researches to those of the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, which were still unknown; which he described in the *Magazin Encyclopedique*, and several important collections. But M. Millin did not pause here: knowing that the south of France was rich in antiquities, he made a tour for the purpose of examining and describing them. This important national work he has given to the world, under the title of, "*Voyage dans le Midi de l'Empire Français.*" And, to prosecute his favourite subject still farther, he travelled through Italy: four volumes of these interesting and important travels have already appeared.

It was during these travels that M. Millin suffered the greatest misfortune that a literary man can suffer. He left behind him a servant, whose misconduct and habits of idleness, joined with other vices, had prevented M. M. from taking him with him: but, as he had served M. Millin (who was a most indulgent master,) for some years, he would not turn him away until he had got a place; and he accordingly permitted him to stay in his house: he likewise allowed him two guineas a month, until he should be placed out. This wretch, in return for such unmerited generosity, set fire to M. Millin's library, which contained about 12,000 volumes, nearly all relative to ancient history, and that of the middle ages, antiquities, the fine arts, numismatics, and diplomacy. This collection, formed at an immense expence, and favoured by circumstances, was perhaps the finest in Europe. The number of dissertations and small treatises was immense: above 100 portfolios contained a numerous collection of engravings, all methodically arranged. It contained also the fruits of twenty-five years of studies, in original compositions, and extracts from all the printed works in the library, to form as bases for his lectures. This was the state of his library on the evening of the 15th of February, 1812. On the morning of the 16th (Sunday), some bricklayers, going to work in the adjoining premises, saw a thick smoke ascending from the chimney: they apprized his housekeeper,—who called the secretary; and he endeavoured to go into the library,—but it was locked: he tried another door, which was bolted inside. He then called to the miscreant, who was in bed, and asked if he had the key: he threw a wrong one out of the window. However, with the assistance of the fire-

fire-engines, they succeeded in extinguishing the flames. It appeared that the wretch had taken the papers out of the portfolios, and made a large heap in the middle of the room; to which he had set fire,—as well as to the four corners of the room; and he had left a candle, which was still burning. As the servant did not appear after the fire, they went to his room, and found him weltering in his blood,—having cut his throat with a razor.

To a literary man, who only lives in his library, such a loss was most rending: M. Millin felt all the importance of it, but supported it with the courage of a philosopher, and the meekness of a Christian. It has been, and will be, impossible entirely to replace the loss; but M. M. has so far repaired it, that his library is again most important, and the resort of the learned from all parts of Europe, who wish to study the science of antiquity,—who have free access to it, and to study in his library at their leisure, when and as long as they please,—with the inappreciable advantage of M. Millin, who is an epitome of his library, giving them all the information they can desire or demand; and we may again assert, that his library is unique, in France, in works relative to ancient history,—that of the middle ages, on the arts, antiquities, and literary history. It contains, besides, an immense collection of engravings on the same subjects; and all these are open to the researches of the learned and studious of all countries. Many persons of merit are indebted to him for their advancement, and many of the most distinguished scholars of Europe have consecrated their esteem for him, by dedicating their works to him; and, when Cardinal Borgia was banished from Rome, it was to the pressing interference of M. Millin that he owed the preservation of the magnificent collection of books and antiques that he had formed at Velletri. In all the notices composed on this virtuous prelate, we may discover the cardinal's gratitude and affection towards and for the illustrious scholar, who boldly stepped in between him and his enemies, and rendered a most important service to friendship and the arts.

M. Millin has now resumed the publication of his periodical work under a new title, as the old series had run to 130 volumes: it is now called the *Annales Encyclopediques*, consecrated entirely to literature and the labours of the learned, and the proceedings of learned bodies throughout the literary world,—where his correspondents are of the first rank and learning. Most of the literary societies of Europe have thought themselves honored in inscribing his name in the list of their members. EBOR.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM,

Consisting of Original Papers in that National Depository.

Extracts of Letters from Mr. Erasmus Lewis, secretary to the Lord Treasurer the Earl of Oxford, to Dean Swift, then at Letcombe, near Wantage, Berks. *July* 17, 1710.

OUR female friend (Lady Masham,) told the Dragon, (the Earl of Oxford,) in her own house, last Thursday morning, these words,—"*You never did the queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any.* He made no reply, but supped with her and Mercurialis (Lord Bolingbroke,) that night at her own house. His revenge is not the less meditated for all that. He tells the word clearly and distinctly to all mankind. Those who range under his banner, call her ten thousand *bitches and kitchen wenches.* Those who hate him do the same, and from my heart I grieve that she should give such a loose to her passion; for she is susceptible of true friendship, and has many sociable and domestic virtues. The great attorney* who made you the sham offer of the Yorkshire living, had a long conference with the Dragon on Thursday, kissed him at parting, and cursed him at night.

July 22, 1714.

Last Friday, Lord Chancellor went into the country, with a design to stay there to the 10th of August; but last Tuesday he was sent for express by Lord Bolingbroke.

July 24, 1714.

The damned thing is, we are to do all dirty work. We are to turn out Monckton.†

* Probably Lord Chancellor Harcourt.

† Robert Monckton, one of the commissioners of trade and plantations, who had given information against Arthur Moore, his brother-commissioner, for accepting a bribe from the Spanish court to get the treaty of commerce continued. —*Notes of Dr. Birch.*

I intended

I intended to have written to you a long letter, but the moment I had turned this page I had intelligence that the Dragon had broke out into a fiery passion with my lord chancellor, and swore a thousand oaths he would be revenged of him. This impotent womanish behaviour vexes me more than his being out. This last stroke shews, *quantula sint hominum corpuscula.*

Sir, *July* 27, 1714.

I have your's of the 25th,—you judge very right; it is not the going out, but the manner, that enrages me. The queen has told all the lords the reasons of her parting with him, (the Earl of Oxford,) viz. that he neglected all business; that he was seldom to be understood; that, when he did explain himself, she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that, lastly, to crown all, he behaved himself towards her with bad manners, indecency, and disrespect. *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis, &c.* I am distracted with the thoughts of this and the pride of the conqueror. The runners are already employed to go to all the coffee-houses. They rail to the pit of hell. The stick is yet in his hand, because they cannot agree who shall be the new commissioners.

July 29.

Mercurialis entertained Stanhope, Craggs, Pulteney, Walpole. What, if the *Dragon* had done so. The duke of Somerset dines to-day with the fraternity, at Greenwich, with Wethers.

Kensington; July 31, *six in the*

Sir, *evening.*

At the same time I am writing, the breath is said to be in the queen's nostrils, but that is all; no hopes of her recovery: Lord Oxford is in council, so are the Whigs; we expect the demise to-night. There is a prospect that the elector will meet with no opposition, the French having no fleet, nor being able to put out one soon. Lady Masham did receive me kindly: poor woman, I pity her heartily. Now, is not the Dragon born under a happy planet to be out of the scrape. Dr. Arbuthnot thinks you should come up.

Aug. 7, 1714.

You must be there (in Ireland,) before three months end, in order to qualify. The law requires it as much as if your deanry was but just conferred upon you.

Whitehall; Aug. 10, 1714.

I never differed from you in opinion in any point so much as in your proposal to accommodate matters between the *Dragon* and his quondam friends: I will venture to go so far with you as to say, he contributed to his own disgrace by his *petitesses* more than they did, or even had it in their power to do. But, since they would admit of no terms of accommodation when he offered to serve them in their own way, I had rather see his dead carcass than that he should now tamely submit to those who have loaded him with all the obloquy, malice could suggest and tongues utter. Have not Charteris, Brinsden, and all the runners been employed to call him dog, villain, sot, and worthless? And shall he, after this, join them? To what end? Sure the earth has not produced such monsters as Mercurialis and his companion, and the prelate. The last openly avows he never had obligations to the *Dragon*, loads him with ten thousand crimes, though his greatest, in reality, was preferring him?

Birch's MSS. 4291.

Lady Masham, to Dean Swift.

My good friend, *July* 29, 1714.

I own it looks unkind in me not to thank you in all this time for your sincere kind letter, but I was resolved to stay till I could tell you the queen had got so far the better of the *Dragon* as to take her power out of his hands. He has been the most ungrateful man to her and to all his best friends, that ever was born. I cannot have so much time now to write all my mind, because my dear mistress is not well; and I think I may lay her illness to the charge of the treasurer, who, for these three weeks together, was teazing and vexing her without intermission; and she could not get rid of him till Tuesday last.

I must put you in mind of one passage in your letter to me, which is "I pray God send you wise and faithful friends to advise you at this time, when there are so great difficulties to struggle with." That is very plain and true; therefore will you, who have gone through so much, and taken more pains than any body, and given wise advice, if that wretched man had had sense enough and honesty to have taken it—I say, will you leave us and go into Ireland? Now, it is impossible; your goodness is still the same, your charity and compassion for this poor lady, who has been barbarously used, will not let you do it. I know you take delight to help the distressed, and there cannot be a greater object than this good lady, who deserves pity. Pray, dear friend, stay

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here, and do not believe us all alike, to throw your good advice and despise every body's understanding but their own. I could say a great deal upon the subject, but I must go to her, for she is not well.

This comes to you by a safe hand, so that you need not be in any pain about it.

My lord and brother are in the country. My sister and girls are your humble servants. *Birch's MSS.* 4291.

Extracts of Letters from Lord Bolingbroke to Dean Swift.

Aug. 11, 1714.

I swear I did not imagine that you could have held out through two pages, even of small paper, in so grave a style. Your state of late passages is right enough. I reflect upon them with indignation, and shall never forgive myself for having trusted so long to so much real pride and awkward humility; to an air of such familiar friendship, and a heart so void of all tenderness; to such a temper of engrossing business and power, and so perfect an incapacity to manage one, with such a tyrannical disposition to abuse the other, &c.

But enough of this, I cannot load him as kn——, without fixing fool upon myself.

For you I have a most sincere and warm affection, and in every part of my life will shew it.

Go into Ireland, since it must be so, to swear, and come back into Britain to bless, to bless me and those few friends who will enjoy you.

*Johannes Tonsor** brings you this; from him you will hear what is doing. Adieu, love me; and love me better, because after a greater blow than most men ever felt, I keep up my spirit, am neither dejected at what has passed, nor apprehensive of what is to come. *Meâ virtute me involvo.*

The same to the same.

Dec. 25, 1723.

I lament, and have always lamented your being placed in Ireland. But you are worse than peevish; you are unjust, when you say, that it was either not in the power or will of a ministry to place you in England. Write *minister*, friend Jonathan, and scrape out the words *either power*, or, after which the passage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one man who had power at that time, and that wretched man had neither the will nor the skill to make a good use of it.

We talk of characters, match me that if you can, among all the odd phenomena which have appeared in the moral world. *Birch's MSS.* 4291.

ORIGINAL LINES, BY MILTON.

The following Lines are written in a Glass at the Chalfont, in Bucks. believed to have been written at the time of the Plague, in 1665; by Milton.

Fair mirror of foul times, whose fragile scene
Shall, as it blazeth, break, while Providence,
Aye, watching o'er his saints with eye unseen,
Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence
To drive the wicked and their counsels hence.

Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings,
Who Heaven's love reject for brutish sense,
As erst he scourg'd Jessides' sin of yore
For the fair Hittite, when on seraph's wings
He sent him war, or plague, or famine sore.

Bibl. Birch, 4255.

The Value of the Lands sold by King Henry VIII. according to the Particulars attested by the Auditors.

		£	s.	d.
Alex. King	Leycester, Northampton, Stafford, Wigan, and Hereford,	116	0	3
John Hyll	Cant, Essex, Hertford, Medox,	400	17	11
Sir W. Spence	Ebor	207	0	0
Thomas Neale	Bedford, Lincoln, Notts, Oxon, Surry, &c.	675	0	
W. Neale	Wilts and Gloucester	88	8	8
	Total	1,487	7	0

Lansdowne 2.

Good Advice to a Governor.

1. Take not all that you can gett, nor doe all yᵗ you may, for there is noe greater danger to a nobleman then to let slippe yᵉ raines of his lust, and not to restraine them with yᵉ stronge bitt of reason.

2. Let noe ambition entangle yʳ mynde, for her nature is to overthrow herselfe. Let all untruth be farre from you, yᵗ your thoughts be not able to accuse yʳ conscience. Soe use yoʳ riches as they be receyved into yoʳ house, but not into yoʳ heart, for where covetousnesse reigneth, there noe other vice is longe absent.

* John Barber.

3. Beware

enjoyed all its luxuriant, romantic, and beautiful prospects. On his coming back to England, he arranged his notes; and, in 1791, published two very entertaining and interesting volumes, in the form of letters.

In 1794, appeared a volume by him in quarto, entitled, "The Works of the late Professor Camper, on the connexion between the Science of Anatomy, and the Arts of Drawing, Painting, Statuary," &c. This was a translation.—In 1800, he published, a "Philosophical Treatise on the Passions;" and, in 1807, an "Ethical Treatise on the Passions." In 1812, he appears to have again recurred to the studies of his earlier days; for, in the course of that year, appeared, "Disquisitions on the Characteristic Excellencies of Christianity."—To conclude the literary portion of his life, it can be here asserted, from undoubted authority, for the first time, that he was the author of "John Buncle, jun."

It remains now to be mentioned, that Dr. Cogan always entertained a taste for agriculture. To indulge this, he obtained a considerable spot of land at South Wraxall, near Bath, on which he resided for some years. While there, he displayed no common degree of talent in the management of his corn, and grass and cattle; and is said to have farmed to considerable advantage. Indeed, if we are to judge by the premiums obtained by him, he must have excelled most of his neighbours, in several branches of rural economy.

Meanwhile, time slipped silently away, and Dr. Cogan, who had lost his wife many years before, had now become a very old man. Yet he appears to have been still exempt from that debility, and those arthritic pains, which generally accompany extreme age. His death occurred at the house of his younger brother, the Rev. E. Cogan, a respectable dissenting minister, who resides at Higham Hill, Walthamstow. The immediate cause of his demise appeared to be a cold, which was accompanied by an asthma, to the latter of which he had been liable, almost every winter, for many years past. The vigour of his mind, however, remained unimpaired to the last. Conscious of his approaching end, he conversed with his usual vivacity, and looked forward to death with a serenity and composure, that excited the admiration of all who beheld him. His departure was perfectly easy, for he expired without a struggle or a groan, after having participated in a slight refreshment, in which he seemed to find satisfaction.

Thus died, on February 2, 1818, when he had nearly completed the 82d year of his age, Dr. Thomas Cogan, a man every way respectable and estimable. He chiefly dedicated his studies to theology and morals; and his active exertions to the advancement of agriculture. He delighted in travelling into foreign countries, with a view of attaining information for himself, and instruction for others; and it was owing to this laudable species of curiosity, that he was enabled to become one of the founders of the Royal Humane Society.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM,

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The Earl of Oxford to Dean Swift.

July 27, 1714.

IF I tell my dear friend the value I put upon his undeserved friendship, it will look like suspecting you or myself. Though I have had no power since 25th July, 1713, I believe now, as a private man, I may prevail to renew your licence of absence conditionally; you will be present with me, for tomorrow morning I shall be *private person.* When I have settled my domestic affairs here, I go to Wimple; thence, alone, to Herefordshire. If I have not tired you, *tête à tête*, fling away so much time upon me, who love you: and I believe, in the mass of souls, our's were placed near each other. I send you an imitation of Dryden, as I went to Kensington:—

To serve with love,
And shed your blood,
Approved is above,
But here below,
Th' examples shew,
'Tis fatal to be good.

Birch's MSS. 4291.

Notes delivered to her Majesty, by Ralph Rabbards.

Speciall brief remembrances of such moste pleasante serviceable and rare inventions as I have by longe studdie and chardgeable practice founde out, the which I holde myselfe bounde in dutie to offer with this lerned worke unto

unto your ma^tie, as the firste fruits of my labor, the w^ch, or any parts thereof, I shall be reddy to perform and put in execution at as small chardge, and to a greate part, as any other ingeniors or practitioners of Christendome, when it shall please your sacred majestie to commaunde me, not hitherto performed by any before myself, &c.

Waters of purest substance from odors, flowers, fruites, and herbes, wholesomest and fitest, and of greatest virtue, and first distild by descensory, depured, and rectified, clere as christall, wth his owne onlie prop vertue, taste and odor contyninge many yeres. One spoonefull is better than a gallon of other for any prynce or noble person, or any that love their healthe for medicyne, inward or outward, where other doe much more hurte then good, beinge unaptly distilled and invenomed by the evill quallitie of the mettalyne stilles and other defectes.

Water for odors moste sweete and delicate, of many severall kyndes, both simple and compounde.

Water of violetts, jilly flowers, and pinckes, and contynue not, nor retayne their not their owne prop. odors and vertues, excepte they be distilled very cunningly and fitly, by desensory, or their odours beinge helpen by other meanes: they are not medicinable.

A most precious and excellent water to purifie, preserve, and fasten the teeth, and with good order to keep them, that they shall never decay nor corrupte; moste wholesome, pleasant, and comfortable.

A water that taketh awaye inflammations, rumes, swellings, colde griefes, colde gowtes, aches, and other paynes, and healeth dangerous woundes, ulcers, sores, and the hardest diseeases with greate effecte and wonderfull speede; and, in myne opinyon, farre exceedeth the farre fetched balmes.

Waters for the eyes prooved of many, as well for preserving and comforting the sight, as to restore that which is lost.

Waters to clense and keepe brighte the skynne and fleshe, and preserve it in its pirfitt state.

Speciall Observations concerninge the Preparations for Fireworks.

Saltpeter might be refyned, that the powder made thereof mighte be of double the force; so that one pound may serve as many shots, and as stronge, as two poundes of that that is comonly used, and less chardge in carriage; and, many other wayes, is apter and better for service.

That saltpeter, mineral, sulphur, pitch, asphaltum, liequidium and drye, and manye other like drugs, might be founde in the dominions of your Matie, wch we wante and paye moste extreamely for. And God knoweth what gayne and glorye might redounde to your Matie and country, if skilful and honest men were employed therein.

Oyles, both simple and composed, to be distilled for fire-works, there is none to be bought or had: he that will have them, must make them.

A flying fire, wch shall, without ordynance, and farre of, wonderfully annoye any battayle, towne, or campe, and disperse even as if it did rayne fire; and the devydinge fires beinge coted, and made flyinge, maye touche many places, and leave them all burninge, very terrible bothe to men and horse.

A trident or mace, for many notable effectes, both for shotte, and to sette any thinge on fire: a very apt instrument, and most soldier-like, bothe for horsemen and footmen.

Balles of mettle to throwe into shippes, to enter in campes in the night; likewise in streights or breaches,—especially in battayles: and to have the said balles of all heightes, diameters, and quantities, of a righte composition to divide in as many partes, and of such thicknes, as it should; and to delyver a thousand at once among the enemyes, with small chardge of ordynance, or other instrumentes; and to powre as much fire as your Matie will upon any place.

A shotte for great ordynance, to pierce deeper than any other shotte, and sett on fire whatsoever it strike through, or striketh in. A moste noble ingen,—specially for sea service.

A firy chariott with horses, such as never was known or hearde of for any prynce, or man of greate valor or virtue, to be in the fielde or battayle.

A firy chariott without horses, to runne upon the battaile, and disorder it; that no man shall be able to abide or come nigh the same; and will be directed even as men will, to tourne, to staye, or come directly backe, upon any presente danger, or ells to followe and chase the enemye in their flight.

Mynes of fire and fire-works, both for sea and lande, to overthrowe or make havocke of all whatsoever a man will destroye.

To

To make that small shotte shall doe greater execution then the shotte that hath hitherto binne known; yet where 1000 are now shotte, and not ten men fall, it will appear, by good demonstration and experience, that ten shotte of 1000 shall hardly misse, goode order being observed.

A target of proofe, with his rest and loope-hole, whereby men are notably defended, and encouraged to the attempting of manye greate matters in service. Tenne of theise targetts are sufficiente to defende an hundred shotte, as if they were behinde a wall.

A musket or calyver, wth dyvers strange and forcible shotte, which no armour will hold out at three quarters of a mile or more; and will also become a most forcible weapon in the hande, as good as a Pollux; and, in a trice, become a p fill shotte agayne.

An arme pike, which a weak man maye use or handle very reddily, with such force as a man will not thinke, and the same pike will also become a very good shotte at all tymes. But, when they come to the very pushe, they be moste terrible, both the shotte and the weapon.

A carriage, in manner of a wall or curteyne, to defende men from shotte, in approchinge any sconse or other force; and will be transformed into as many different shapes of fortification as men will; and also be as tents or lodginges, drye above heade and from the grounde; and also very offensive, and of greate fury,—whereof I wishe your excellente Matie were furnished, but as secrette as I could keepe them in myne owne harte, for some greate daye of service.

A meanes whereby our plowe horses, carte jades, and hackneys, maye be made to doe greater service in our own countrey, then the launces or argulators, or any horsemen of other nations, can possibly be able to doe in their ordinary services.

A vessel, in manner of a gally or galliotte, to passe upon the seas and ryvers without oars or sayle, against wynde and tyde, swifter then any that ever hath bynne seene, of wonderful effect,—both for intelligence, and many other admirable exploytes, as most beyond the expectation of man.

Matters to be prepared, and had in reddynes.

Calibashes, cases, hollow trunckes, and other instruments of small chardge, and greate effecte, for the services of your Matie and country many wayes; which have bynne more chardgeable to me than they would be to your Matie, if good order might be taken therein; for some workmen have taken my money, and have spoiled my modells and devices; and I could never gette my money, the ingions, nor yet my modells agayne; and the devises in some sort made publique, wch I woulde have kepte secrette. But, if it pleased God to put into your royall harte, both for his owne glorie, the glorie of your excellent Matie, and your valiant nation and subjectes, to erecte some academy, or place of study and practice, of ingenious, pollitique, and learned men, and apt artificers,—as in a corporation or body pollitique; maintayned p^r^tly by your Matie, and p^r^tly by your nobilitie, your clergie, and your comons, for theis most noble effectes. And, whereas many corporations, societies of artes, faculties, and misteries, have bynne erected, founded, and franchised, with many honorable guiftes, liberties, and freedoms, by your Majestie's most worthy progenitors; but never any comparable to this in glorie to your Matie, and the safetie and comforte of your country and people,—wch every virtuous and good-mynded man would willingly further and maintayne for their owne good and safetie, and to the p^r^petuall glorie of your Matie and your people and valiante nation; that ingenious pollicies might throughly joyne with strength and valiant hartes of men. The which I referre to your Matie's^ moste deepe consideration for the service of my country,—holdinge myself thereby fully every waye dischardged in dutie, bothe towards your Matie and my countrie.

Your Matie's^ most loyal subjecte
and faithfull servant,
RAPHE RABBARDS.

At your honor's pleasure and leisure, I shall so satisfie your lordship, that you shall not doubt of the p^r^formance of them, wch none shall knowe but her Matie and your honor.

Lansdown MSS. 121.

Letter to Secretary Walsingham against Stage Plays.

The daily abuse of stage plays is such an offence to the godly, and so great a hinderance to the Gospel, as the Papists do exceedingly rejoice at the blemish thereof; and not without cause: for every day in the week the players' bills are set up in sundry places of the city, —some in the name of her Majesty's

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men, some the Earl of Leicester's, some the Earl of Oxford's, the Lord Admiral's, and divers others; so that, when the bells toll to the lecturers, the trumpets sound to the stagers. The play-houses are pestered, when the churches are naked: at the one it is not possible to get a place, at the other void seats are plenty. It is a woeful sight to see 200 proud players jet in their silks, when 500 poor people starve in the streets. But, if this mischief must be tolerated, let every stage in London pay a weekly pension to the poor, that *ex hoc malo preveniat aliquod bonum.* But it were rather to be wished, that players might be used as Apollo did his laughing *semel in anno.* *Harl. MSS.* 286.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

NAPOLEON's SOLILOQUY,
ON ARRIVING AT THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

LIFE is a dream! and is it come to this?
Is this the dismal end of all my greatness;
To be chain'd down, like felon, to this rock,
This naked rock, wash'd by the eternal sea;
Myself the sport of all my enemies?
Where are my crowns, my sceptres, and my robes,
My golden palaces, and men of state?
Where are those shouts of glorious victory,
Which burst upon my ear like thunder-claps,
And shook the air up to the welkin's face?
How many dauntless spirits, braving death,
Burning for plumes of glory, have I led
Up to the thundering cannon's dreadful mouth!
How oft has smiling Fortune crown'd my head,
And lov'd me as her own—her darling son!
I have seen kings and emperors at my feet,
Begging for mercy,—which I gave to them.
Once as a god, I sat with Victory
On the same throne, which proudly then o'erlook'd
The fairest part of Europe's spacious fields!
Now am I fallen indeed! yes—fallen indeed!
Yet I shall rise again, on Eagle's wings.—
Avaunt Despair!
Still I will live, 'tis cowardice to die,—
I've conquer'd others,—I'll subdue myself,—
Which is far nobler: never shall Despair
Reign over me, or crush me to the ground.
I'll arm myself against Adversity,
And, like this fearless rock whereon I stand,
I'll dash her roaring billows back again;
Or rush to meet the tide,—then mount the waves,
And tread them under-foot. I am prepar'd,—
Let the worst come that can,—I am prepar'd,—
My spirit is wrapt up in triple brass,
And I'll sit down in sweet tranquillity.

Dec. 17, 1817. G. G. F.

THE POLITICAL MILLENNIUM,
OR UNIVERSAL LIBERTY.

By W. Monro.

[*From an unpublished Poem in MS.*]

PERSIA was won, Hella the triumph rued,
Great Carthage fell, but Rome became subdued,—
And these have pass'd away, their glory never;
That lives to shine through time and space for ever.
The spirit which was their's hath never slept,
Each age hath felt it, but in chains it wept;
And it is our's,—our children must inherit
The undying impulse of that deathless spirit!
But is it doomed to struggle in the chain,
Oh must our children feel its fire in vain?
Entombed, tho' living, in the heart, its tears
In drops of blood will fall upon the years
That ling'ring pass, discolour'd o'er its prison,
Till free and fleet, to light and life arisen.
Welcome the thunder! rather let it drive,
'Twill cleave its fetters, or its dungeon rive;
'Twill give man freedom,—freedom or a grave;
Better to die, than live to be a slave.

Sweet are the fields where Freedom's steps hath been,—
They breathe in balm, and smile in freshest green:
But, oh! how fair, where Freedom's blood hath flowed,
When in her glory she hath proudly glowed;
And, tho' her lion-heart was rent in twain,
And life was writhing in its mortal pain,
She hung upon the foe, and breath'd a sigh,—
That man for Liberty but once can die!
Yes, Spartan, yes! and mighty Hampden too!
Where rolled your life-blood purpling with its hue,—
A holiness so sacred there will dwell,
The soul will feel it like a heavenly spell;
And pilgrims, as the hallow'd plains they pass,
And silent tread upon the tender grass,
Will feel as if a spirit breathed around,
Pure, glorious on the heart to sink and 'sound
Through every feeling: yea, like Music sweet,
Where all of harmony and rapture meet.
And every blade of grass on which they tread,
And every breeze that blows above their head,
Will seem as filled with consciousness and feeling,
With thoughts and words, through all the bosom stealing.

Persia was won, Hella the triumph rued,
Great Carthage fell, but Rome became subdued,
And there are conquests where the conqueror sins,
That blight his glory, when his shame begins;
And that will turn to woe, and in the end
The might that conquer'd overthrow and rend.
And such has been our strife, where man with man
Hath fought like fiend, to end where he began:
A jar of pride and mad insatiate lust,
Crushing all good and Liberty to dust;

And

tion's joy, while that of his death is felt with a nation's regret; and the tower beneath will, it is to be hoped, stand as a monument of the events of a life passed in the service of his country, and extending over every hemisphere, honoured and appreciated by all classes of his fellows.

To this we may add that the armorial bearings of the family have lately been placed above the doorway, beautifully sculptured in bold relief by Mr. Young of Ulverston; who has also executed a handsome centre stone in the ceiling of the lower apartment, of a rich rose pattern, with this motto round the outer circle—

VIVIT POST FUNERA VIRTUS.

Over the arched windows of the same apartment the family crest—a squirrel cracking a nut—with the appropriate motto PARUM SUFFICIT, richly sculptured by the same clever hand, will not escape the notice of visitors.

The Tower stands at the very entrance of the mountain range of Westmerland and Cumberland. To the north, the large form of Coniston Old Man appears, lifting his pointed peak into the sky; while around him on either hand, but at a greater distance, the mountains of Westmerland and Cumberland—a banded brotherhood—stretch their vast proportions over many miles of the distant landscape. Nearer at hand are hills of inferior altitude, between which, like opening vistas into fairy land, the eye runs up long defiles, catching in its course the smile of many white-washed cottages, standing in the midst of pleasant meadows and verdant valleys. To the east, appear the waters of the Bay of Morecambe, confined between the shores at Greenodd on the one hand, and the Cartmel chain of hills on the other, the opposite shore fringed with trees—a glorious mirror with a foliated frame; while on the south, the waters of the same bay gleam over an ampler area, between indented shores, and bordered by luxuriant meadows, like the queen of beauty with a zone of emeralds, its shining surface reflecting a lustre as unspotted and untarnished as the silver shield of Oberon.

The cost of building the Tower by the original contract was 800*l.*; but including the expenses incurred on the day of its foundation, and other incidental charges, the total outlay has exceeded 1200*l.** The injury it sustained from lightning before a month had elapsed from the removal of the scaffolding, occasioned an expense of 136*l.* for repairs. Directions had been given by the Committee two months before for fitting one of Sir Wm. Snow Harris's Lightning Conductors; but the order had not been carried out. At that season of the year (January) no risk was suspected: but the event proved otherwise, and may serve as a caution in similar undertakings, to provide temporary conductors during the progress of buildings so much exposed to injury. Since the lightning conductor has been fixed no damage has happened, although the lightning has been frequently seen to play around the Tower, and little fear need now be felt for its security, whilst protected with one of those simple contrivances, the general introduction of which into the Royal Navy Sir John Barrow at all times most strongly advocated.

* The sum of 100*l.* was contributed towards the Monument by the Corporation of the Trinity House. Among the subscribers were, The Queen Dowager 25*l.*; Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Peel 10*l.*; Lord Viscount Melville 20*l.*; the Earl of Minto 10*l.*; Rt. Hon. Sir James Graham 10*l.* 10*s.*; Right Hon. Sir George Cockburn 10*l.*; Adm. Sir Wm. Parker 20*l.*; Adm. Sir. W. H. Gage 10*l.* 10*s.*; Adm. Sir Francis Beaufort 10*l.*; Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker 10*l.*; the Earl Howe 25*l.*; the Earl of Haddington 20*l.*; the Marquis of Northampton 10*l.* 10*s.*; the Earl of Burlington 20*l.*; Capt. Sir John Franklin (through Lady Franklin) 25*l.*; Capt. Beechey 5*l.*; Lady Barrow, 50*l.*; Sir George Barrow 50*l.*; John Barrow, esq. F.R.S. 82*l.*; Miss Barrow 35*l.* &c. &c.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF SWIFT,

ADDRESSED TO THE PUBLISHER OF GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

MR. MOTTE is noticed in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes * as an eminent bookseller opposite St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street, and as publisher to Swift and Pope. He was the successor of Mr. Benjamin Tooke;† and, dying March 12, 1758, was followed in his business by Mr. Charles Bathurst, who published the first collected edition of Swift's Works, edited by Dr. Hawkesworth, in sixteen volumes, 1768.

One evening, after dark, in the autumn of 1726, the manuscript copy of the Travels of Lemuel Gulliver was left by a stranger at Mr. Motte's door. At the beginning of November the book was published, and almost immediately it was in the hands of all who then indulged in the luxury of reading.

Though it appeared anonymously, the world was not slow to guess its authorship; and Swift's literary friends in England, whom he had recently visited, hastened to congratulate him on its success. The letters of Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gray, written upon this occasion, are all preserved, and are given in the various editions of Swift's Works. They all, more or less, humoured his passion for playing the *incognito;* but Sir Walter Scott has shown that the progress of the work had been known to them for many months before.

Dr. Arbuthnot, having recently published "Tables of Ancient Coins," to which Swift had subscribed for some copies, wrote to him on the 8th Nov. 1726, saying that his book had been printed above a month, but he had not yet got his subscribers' names. "I will make over all my profits to you for the property of Gulliver's Travels; which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that, at his age, can write such a merry book." He afterwards relates that when he last saw the Princess of Wales, "she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince;‡ which she laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the least brilliant.§ Lewis‖ grumbles a little at it, and says he wants the Key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Barnevelt in time."—This alludes to one Esdras Barnevelt, apothecary, who had published a Key to Pope's Rape of the Lock.

From these expressions it appears that Arbuthnot was well aware of the authorship of Gulliver. So was Pope also:¶ but, eight days later than the above, the poet of Twickenham chose to write to Swift as if he merely suspected it—perhaps, as Sir Walter Scott suggests, because letters were then not always inviolate at the post-office.

I congratulate you first (writes Pope) upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book,* which is *publicâ trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some

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* Vol. i. p. 213.

† See in our Magazine for Jan. 1804, Swift's receipt dated April 14, 1709, for 40*l.* received of Mr. Benjamin Tooke in payment for the copyright of the third part of Sir William Temple's Memoirs.

‡ The prince was represented in the satire as walking with one high and one low heel, in allusion to the Prince of Wales's supposed vacillation between the Whigs and Tories.

§ "Because (remarks Warburton) he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society." This was in the Voyage to Laputa.

‖ Erasmus Lewis.

¶ So long before as the 29th Sept. 1725, Swift had written to Pope that he was transcribing his Travels "in four parts complete, newly augmented and intended for the press, when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears."

* Gulliver's Travels were supposed to be introduced to the world by his cousin Richard Sympson.

statesmen is delightful. I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book. Some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire; but none that I hear of accuse it of particular reflections, (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them,) so that you needed not to have been so secret on this head.

Motte received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney coach. By computing the time I found it was after you left England; so, for my part, I suspend my judgment.

It was on the next day that Gay wrote to Swift, and he, even more than Pope, affected to humour the mystery in which the authorship of the book was shrouded:

About ten days ago a book was published here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the author; but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from whose hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read; from the cabinet council to the nursery. You may see by this that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it. Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not reached Ireland; if it have not, I believe what I have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

Though not in direct communication with the publisher, Swift had certainly seen a printed copy of the book before Gay's letter arrived. On the same day that it was written he had replied to a letter from Mrs. Howard, in which that lady had intimated to him how fully she entered into the spirit of the fiction. He told her that when he first received her letter he thought it the most unaccountable one he had ever seen in his life, and that he had continued for four days at a loss for her meaning, "till a bookseller sent me the Travels of one Captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer, although at the same time I thought it hard to be forced to read a book of seven hundred pages to understand a letter of fifty lines." He also acknowledged Pope's letter on the same day, and concludes by saying, "Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend I could desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out, by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly."

And this brings us to the business more immediately before us. We are favoured by Arthur Preston, esq. of Norwich, with copies of five letters which have accidentally come into his possession, all of which were addressed to Benjamin Motte, the publisher of Gulliver's Travels, four of them avowedly by Swift, and the other either by him, or at his suggestion. This is the first in order of date, and the handwriting very nearly resembles the rest. However, that circumstance may be deceptive. Charles Ford, esquire, of Wood Park, near Dublin,* from whom it professes to come, and with whose coat of arms it is sealed, was an intimate friend of Swift, and Sir Walter Scott tells us,† though it does not appear upon what authority, that it was this very gentleman who had managed the delivery of the manuscript in Fleet-street. Whether that was the case or not, we find a recognition of the communication which we are now about to present to our readers in the note appended to the "Letter from Captain Gulliver to his Cousin Sympson, written in the year 1727," the intention of which was to make a public remonstrance against the alterations which, through the timidity of the publisher, had been made in the author's manu-

* Among Swift's poems is one entitled "Stella at Wood Park," written in 1723.

† Life, in Swift's Works, edit. 1824, vol. i. p. 325, note. Mr. Ford had previously, in 1704, performed a similar service in secretly conveying to Barber the printer Swift's "Free Thoughts on the State of Public Affairs."

script. It is there stated that, "the Dean having restored the text wherever it had been altered, sent the copy to the late Mr. Motte by the hands of Mr. Charles Ford."* What was actually sent on that occasion was the very letter now before us, which contains notes of all the misprints which Swift had observed in reading over the printed copy which he had received; and in addition the more important expression of his displeasure in relation to several passages in which his original sentiments had been perverted, modified, or suppressed. In the public Letter above mentioned he said,

"I do not remember that I gave you (the imaginary Cousin Sympson) power to consent that anything should be omitted, and much less that anything should be inserted: therefore, as to the latter, I do here renounce everything of that kind; particularly a paragraph about her Majesty Queen Anne of most pious and glorious memory; although I did reverence and esteem her more than any of human species. But you, or your interpolator, ought to have considered, that as it was not my inclination, so was it not decent to praise any animal of our composition before my master Houyhnhnm: And besides, the fact was altogether false; for to my knowledge, being in England during some part of her Majesty's reign, she did govern by a Chief Minister; nay even by two successively, the first whereof was the Lord of Godolphin, and the second the Lord of Oxford; so that you have made me *say the thing that was not.* Likewise in the account of the Academy of Projectors, and several passages of my discourse to my master Houyhnhnm, you have either omitted some material circumstances, or misused and changed them in such a manner, that I do hardly know mine own work. When I formerly hinted to you something of this in a letter, you were pleased to answer, that you were afraid of giving offence; that people in power were very watchful over the press, and apt not only to interpret, but to punish everything which looked like an *Inuendo* (as I think you call it)."

To that effect, no doubt, was the reply to the letter to which we now proceed: but, before so doing, we must express our suspicion that none of the Editors of Swift should have thought it worth while to look for the passage upon Queen Anne, of which Swift expressed so decided a disapprobation. We have been enabled to detect it by the subsequent list of Errata, in which it is termed "false and silly, infallibly not (by) the same author." It had evidently been inserted under dread of a government prosecution. It occurs in Chapter VI. of the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms, which was headed: "*A Continuation of the State of England, so well governed by a Queen as to need no first Minister;*" but which in subsequent editions was altered to, "*A Continuation of the State of England under Queen Anne.*" We transcribe from the edition of 1726 the whole of the interpolated passage:

"I told him, that our She Governor or Queen having no Ambition to gratify, no Inclination to satisfy of extending her Power to the Injury of her Neighbours, or the Prejudice of her own Subjects, was therefore so far from needing a corrupt Ministry to carry on or cover any sinister Designs, that She not only directs her own Actions to the Good of her People, conducts them by the Direction, and restrains them within the Limitation of the Laws of her own Country; but submits the Behaviour and Acts of those She intrusts with the Administration of Her Affairs to the Examination of Her great Council, and subjects them to the Penalties of the Law; and therefore never puts any such Confidence in any of her Subjects as to entrust them with the whole and entire Administration of her Affairs: But I added, that in some former Reigns here, and in many other Courts of Europe now, where Princes grew indolent and careless of their own Affairs through a constant Love and Pursuit of Pleasure, they made use of such an Administrator, as I had mentioned, under the Title of *first* or *chief Minister of State*, the Description of which, as far as it may be collected not only from their Actions, but from the Letters, Memoirs, and Writings published by themselves, the Truth of which has not yet been disputed, may be allowed to be as follows: That he is a person wholly exempt from Joy and Grief (*&c.* as in Sir Walter Scott's edition, 1824, xi. 325).

And now we have no occasion to detain the reader longer from what may be considered the Dean's own examination of the book as originally printed:

Dublin, Jan. 3, 1726.

Sir,—I bought here Captn Gulliver's Travels publish'd by you, both because I heard much talk of it, and because of a

* Swift's Works, edit. 1768, ii. 22.

Rumor that a Friend of mine is suspected to be the Author. I have read this Book twice over with great Care, as well as great Pleasure, and am sorry to tell you it abounds with many gross errors of the Press, whereof I have sent you as many as I could find, with the Corrections of them as the plain sense must lead, and I hope you will insert them if you make another Edition.

I have an entire Respect for the Memory of the late Queen, and am always pleas'd when others shew the same; but that Paragraph relating to her looks so very much beside the Purpose that I cannot think it to have been written by the same Author. I wish you and your Friends would consider it, and let it be left out in the next Edition. For it is plainly false in Fact, since all the World knows that the Queen during her whole Reign governed by one first Minister or other. Neither do I find the Author to be any where given to Flattery, or indeed very favourable to any Prince or Minister whatsoever.

These things I let you know out of perfect good will to the Author and yourself, and I hope you will so understand me, who am, Sr, your affectionate Friend and Servant,

CHA. FORD.

To
Mr. Benjamin Motte, Bookseller,
Near the Temple, in
London.

Seal, Three lions rampant (the arms of Ford); Crest, a demi-lion; Motto, Noli irritare.

Errata.

Part 1, Page 22, Use should be Uses; P. 36, of his Council; 79, arrived to for arrived at; 80, bold for boldest; 144, pledges I had left; 145, Lilliput for Blefuscu.

Part 2, P. 9. However I made a shift; 30, toward for forward; 47, her Majesty perhaps; 48, Dominions and had; 98, least his Honour for least his Courage; 108, Praise for Praises; 111, all Questions for several Questions; 120, were enobled, were advanced for are enobled, are advanced; 133, the inclemencies; *ib.* Species of Man for Species of Men; 140, *not directly over, the sense is imperfect*;* 156, his own Presence for his Presence; 161, necessary for me while.

Part 3, P. 31. Spirits for Sprites; 34, Womenkind for Womankind; 42, Goodness. *For this advantage, the sense imperfect*;† *ib.* the Discoveries for their Discoveries; 44, Death for Dearth; 49, Abode here for Abode there; 59, Act for art [?]; 71, write both for write Books; 73, or the Square for as the Square; 74, in the Book for in Books; 77, Saddles for Sacks; 78, the Ambassadors for their Ambassadors; 83, Method of Cure for Methods of Cure; 85, dispose of them for dispose them; 87, Persons for Person's; 89, To take a strict View. *P.* 90, *to the end of the Chapter, seems to have much of the Author's manner of thinking, but in many places wants his spirit.*‡ P. 94, was a part for is a part; 101, in the Room for into the Room; *ib. Assembly of somewhat a latter Age, this must have been altered, for the word Assembly follows immediately after.*§ 102, Ancestors for Ancestor; 110, Faction for Factions; 119. Apr. 1711 for Apr. 1709; 119, A Passage for the Passage; 121, had never heard; 133, Languages, Fashions, Dress, for Language, Fashions of Dress; 134, Choice for choice; 137, these Kingdoms for those Kingdoms; 138, eldest for oldest; 140, They were too few; 141, come for comes to be fourscore; 142, continuing for continue; *ib.* forgot for forget; 144, brought to me; *ib.* sort of People for sorts of People; 152, conver for convey; 154, petformed for performed; *ib.* arrived safe to for arrived safe at.

Part 4, P. 8. sharp points, and hooked; *ib.* P. 8, long lank Hair on their Faces, nor, &c. This Passage puzzled me for some time: it should be long lank Hair on their Heads, but none on their Faces, nor; 17, before them for before him; 31, fare for fared; 42, secret of my having; 49, Oats, when for Oats, where; 50, treasted for treated, old for sold, ill for till; 51, meanest Servant for weakest Servant; *ib.* rouling for rolling; 53, Office for offices: 54, one of my Forefeet; 56, Trade it is; *ib.* called a Queen; 60, Points of which for Points which; 65, For those Reasons for For these Reasons; *ib.* likewise another Kind for likewise a Kind; 67, Seafights—is there no mention of Land fights? 68, my Hoof for his Hoof. P. 69, towards the end, &c. manifestly most barbarously corrupted, full of Flatnesses, Cant Words, and Softenings unworthy the Dignity, Spirit, Candour, and Frankness of the Author. By that admirable Instance

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* Scored under.

† A paragraph had been omitted, which was supplied in the following edition.

‡ Scored under. The passages, which alluded to the trial of Atterbury, were afterwards restored: see Scott's edition, 1824, xi. 242.

§ Scored under. The words "an Assembly of somewhat a latter Age" were restored to "a modern Representative."

of the Cow it is plain the Satyr is designed against the Profession in general, and not only against Attorneys or, as they are there smartly styl'd, Pettifoggers. You ought in Justice to restore those twelve pages to the true Reading.* P. 85, and conveniences for or conveniences; 86, operated contrary; *ib.* the one; 88, It must be inferior posterior to answer to anterior superior. *Part of p.* 90 *and* 91 *false and silly, infallibly not the same Author;* 93, *at last by an Act of Indemnity, abrupt.*† P. 97, a great man. Nonsence, the Author is not talking of Great Men, but of Men highly born. I believe it should be *of a Noble Birth, or* † rather *marks of Noble Blood.*‡ *I take this Page to be likewise corrupted, from some low Expressions in it.* P. 99, enlightened for enlarged; 109, produced in them the same effects; *ib.* taken myself, it should be, This I have since often known to have been taken with success; 112, with the Females as fiercely; 113, upon the last Article; *ib.* nor could the Servants for nor did the Servants, could follows: 121, Scratch about for search about; 127, before him one; 130, hard, and stony for hard stony; 130, were immediately for are immediately; 133, Oooze or for Oooze and; 134, old ones for elder; 138, Memory for Memorys; 141, several covered for certain covered; 144, cut their for cuts their; 145, Room to be made for me; 146, Of these I made for Of these I also made; 147, Splenatick for Splenaticks; 149, for the Thoughts r. their Thoughts, and for their Discourse r. the Discourse; 152, my Friends, and my Countrymen for my Friends, my Countrymen; 157, an unnatural; 182, became for had become; 186, temptations for Temptation; 192, in some modern for in modern; *ib.* Discovery for Discoverys; 194, a Desire for any Desire; 195, may concern for more concerns.

About a twelvemonth after the first appearance of Gulliver, it appears to have occurred to Mr. Motte that, although the book had already enjoyed a large sale, it might be still further promoted if it were illustrated by "cuts." Before this time Swift had fully acknowledged the authorship, and he replied to Mr. Motte in the following long and very interesting letter:

Dublin, Decbr. 28th, 1727.

Sr,—I had yours of the 16th from Mr. Hyde,§ and desire that henceforth you will

* A pen has been drawn through this passage, but the author's request was afterwards fulfilled. The principal apologetic passages to which Swift objected were as follows: "I said that those who make profession of this Science were exceedingly multiplied, being almost equal to the Caterpillars in Number; that they were of diverse Degrees, Distinctions and Denominations. The Numerousness of those that dedicated themselves to the Profession were (*sic*) such that the fair and justifiable Advantage and Income of the Profession was (*sic*) not sufficient for the decent and handsome Maintenance of Multitudes of those who followed it. Hence it came to pass that it was found needful to supply that by Artifice and Cunning, which could not be procured by just and honest Methods: The better to bring which about, very many Men among us were [bred up from their Youth in the Art of proving by Words multiplied for the Purpose that *White* is *Black*, and *Black* is *White*, according as they are paid.] The Greatness of these Mens Assurance and the Boldness of their Pretensions gained upon the Opinion of the Vulgar, whom in a manner they made Slaves of, [*This was a dilution of Swift's more nervous declaration*, To this Society all the rest of the People are slaves,] and got into their Hands much the largest Share of the Practice of their Profession. These Practitioners were by Men of Discernment called *Pettifoggers*, (that is, *Confounders*, or rather, *Destroyers of Right*,) as it was my ill Hap as well as the Misfortune of my suffering Acquaintance to be engaged only with this Species of the Profession. I desired his Honour to understand the Description I had to give, and the Ruin I had complained of to relate to these Sectaries only, and how and by what means the Misfortunes we met with were brought upon us by the Management of these Men. might be more easily conceived by explaining to him their Method of Proceeding, which could not be better down (*sic*) than by giving him an Example.

"My Neighbour, said I, I will suppose, has a mind to my *Cow*, he hires one of these Advocates to prove," &c.

Now, the only portion of this that was genuine was that we have indicated by [ ].

† Erased. In the next edition it was altered to "an expedient called an Act of Indemnity."

‡ Scored under. In this place the words "no uncommon marks of a Great Man" were altered in subsequent editions into "the true marks of noble blood."

§ "My bookseller, Mr. Motte, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. Hyde;" letter of Swift dated in Jan. 1728-9, when Hyde was recently dead. "He was an

write directly to me, without scrupling to load me with the postage. My Head is so confused with the return of my deafness, to a very great degree (which left me after a fortnight and then returned with more violence), that I am in an ill way to answer a Letter which requires some thinking. As to having Cuts in Gulliver's travells, you will consider how much it will raise the price of the Book: The world glutted it self with that book at first, and now it will go off but soberly, but I suppose will not be soon worn out.

The part of the little men will bear cuts much better than that of the great. I have not the book by me, but will speak by memory:—Gulliver in his carriage to the Metropolis. His extinguishing the fire. The Ladyes in their coaches driving about his Table. His rising up out of his Carriage when he is fastened to his house. His drawing the Fleet. The troop upon his Handkerchief. The Army marching between his Legs. His Hat drawn by 8 horses. Some of these seem the fittest to be represented, and perhaps two adventures may be sometimes put in one Print. It is difficult to do any thing in the great men, because Gulliver makes so diminutive a figure, and he is but one in the whole Kingdom. Among some Cuts I bought in London, he is shown taken out of the Bowl of Cream, but the hand that holds him hides the whole body. He would appear best wedged in the marrow bone up to the middle, or in the Monkey's arms upon the roof, or left upon the ridge and the footman on the ladder going to relieve him, or fighting with the Rats on the farmer's bed, or in the Spaniel's mouth, which being described as a small dog, he might look as large as a Duck in one of ours. One of the best would I think be to see his Chest just falling into the Sea, while three Eagles are quarrelling with one another. Or the Monkey haling him out of his box. Mr. Wotton, the Painter,* who draws Landscips and Horses, told Mr. Pope and me that the Gravers did wrong in not making the big folks have something (*torn*) and enormous in their shapes, for as drawn by those gravers they look only like common human creatures. Gulliver, being alone and so little, cannot make the contrast appear. The Flying Island might be drawn at large, as described in the Book, and Gulliver drawing up into it, and some fellows with Flappers. I know not what to do with the Projectors, nor what figure the Island of Ghosts would make, or any passages related in it, because I do not well remember it. The Country of Horses I think would furnish many. Gulliver brought to be compared with the Yahoo. The family at dinner, and he waiting. The Grand Council of Horses assembled sitting, and one of them standing with a hoof extended as if he were speaking. The She-Yahoo embracing Gulliver in the River, who turns away his head in disgust. The Yahoos get into a Tree to infect him under it. The Yahoos drawing Carriages and driven by a Horse with a whip in his hoof. I can think of no more; But Mr. Gay will advise you and carry you to Mr. Wotton, and some other skillful people.†

As to the poetical volumes of Miscellany I believe five parts in six at least are mine. Our two friends,‡ you know, have printed their works already, and we could expect nothing but slight loose papers. There is all the Poetry I ever writ worth printing. Mr. Pope rejected some I sent him, for I desired him to be severe as possible; and I will take his judgement.

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eminent bookseller of Dublin, of fair good character." (Note in Scott's Swift, xvii. 223.)

* John Wootton, ob. 1765.

† It would be curious to see how far Swift's own suggestions for illustrations were followed, which we have not present means for ascertaining; nor do we know when the first illustrated edition was published. No doubt nearly all the subjects he names have been drawn over and over again: and few incidents, it may be supposed, are left without their pictorial representation in the French edition, illustrated with more than 400 wood-engravings from designs by Grandville, of which an English impression was edited by the late W. C. Taylor, LL.D. The original edition of 1726 had a frontispiece portrait of "Captain Lemuel Gulliver, of Redriff. Ætat. suæ 28." *Sturt e. Sheppard Sc.* (Half-length, three-quarters face.) Qu. is anything known of the history of this plate? was it engraved on purpose for the book? or was it a real portrait, converted to the bookseller's purpose? The volume has also six other plates, five of (imaginary) maps, and the sixth of the frame containing the vocabulary of Laputa.

‡ Pope and Gay. Sir Walter Scott (1824, i. 347) speaks of "the cypher of the *two* friends," meaning Pope and Swift, which is engraved on the title-pages of the several volumes of the Miscellany. The cyphers of that day are now somewhat difficult to *decypher*. In that in question we can make out J. S. and also A. P. but the P. is a very indifferent one. The letter G. is much more evident, and we may therefore conclude that we ought also to read J. G. for John Gay.

He writ to me that he intended a pleasant discourse on the subject of Poetry should be printed before the Volume, and says that discourse is ready.* (*The bottom of the letter has here been cut off: overleaf are these lines.*) . . . not have let me suffer for my modesty, when I expected he would have done better. Others are more prudent and cannot be blamed. I am as weary with writing as I fear you will be with reading. I am yr. &c.

(*The signature has been cut off.*)

Mr. Benjamin Motte,
Bookseller, at the Middle
Temple gate in Fleet Street,
London.

The next letter refers to the same volume of "Miscellanies:"

Dublin, Feb. 1727-8.

Sir,—Mr. Jackson, who gives you this, goes to London upon some Business; he is a perfect Stranger, and will have need of those good Offices that Strangers want; he is an honest, worthy Clergyman, and friend of mine,† I therefore desire you will give him what assistance and information you can.

I have been looking over my Papers to see if anything could be [found‡] fit to add to that volume, but great numbers of my [pieces have been so mislaid] by certain Accidents, that I can [only furnish those which are] here inclosed, two of which Mr. Pope already [has rejected,§] because they were translations, which indeed they are not, and therefore I suppose he did not approve them; and in such a case I would by no means have them printed; because that would be a trick fitter for those who have no regard but to profit.

I wrote to you a long letter some time ago, wherein I fairly told you how that affair stood, and likewise gave you my opinion as well as I was able, and as you desired, with relation to Gulliver.

I have been these ten weeks confined by my old disorders of Deafness and giddyness by two or three relapses, though I have got a remedy which cured me twice, but obliges me to avoyd all cold. If I have any confirmed health, I may probably be in London by the end of Summer, when I shall settle matters relating to those Papers that I have formerly spoke to you about, and some of which you have seen.

I hope you (*the paper decayed*) my service to Mr. and ( ).

Your very humble Servt.

J. S.

I send you likewise a little trifle for a prose volume, which B^{en}‖ printed, but you could not find a copy.

The inclosed verses must be shewn to Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, and not published without their approbation.

The two other letters will be given in our next Magazine.

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* "ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ: or, Martinus Scriblerus his Treatise of the Art of Sinking in Poetry." This forms 94 pages, or the whole prose portion, of the volume of Miscellanies published by B. Motte in 1727: and the book is made up with 314 pages of poetry.

† No doubt the Rev. John Jackson, Vicar of Santry, whose name is frequently mentioned in Swift's correspondence. The Dean made several unsuccessful attempts to obtain additional preferment for him; and left him in his will all his horses and horse-furniture.

‡ The letter having been rendered imperfect by injury, the *lacunæ* are supplied from the sense of the context.

§ The first "Miscellany" appeared in 1709. Others followed in 1713 (second edition published by John Morphew); in 1727, called in its title "The Last Volume," published by Benj. Motte; in 1732 "The Third Volume," published by Benj. Motte and Lawton Gilliver; and in 1735, "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse. Volume the Fifth. Which, with the other Volumes already published in England, compleats this Author's Works. Charles Davis." There were probably other editions.

‖ Perhaps Benjamin Tooke: or possibly Benjamin Motte himself, for this letter is not directed, though found with the others addressed to that bookseller.

We are His delegates; we rule and sway
From the proud orient to the setting day—
Kings on the treadmill, thrones beneath our feet,
Diamonds macadamised in every street;
Mars, Venus, Saturn, distant Uranus,
Already send ambassadors to us.
We have a free-trade with the planets all,
In mutual bottoms, and reciprocal.
Imperial giants! thus the birds of old
Built in the skies a vast and mighty hold;
Clipt Hebe's wings, and intercepted Jove,
And laid a tribute on the Queen of Love—
A beautiful ambition! if you please
To read the sly knight, Aristophanes.*
The cant of Liberals! the springes set
For poor unconscious birds—the mighty net
With which Whig fishermen now sweep their sea,
In pomp and power and prodigality!
There on the rock sits Palmerston—below
Old Grey, with keen eye looking for the throw.
That steeple tears their net—the mesh is rent;
Their hopes are withered, and their strength is spent.
Yet do they stretch it with the help of Place,
And try to hide their bungling and disgrace.
How long must England to this nightmare yield?
Has she no breast to heave—no arms to wield?
One vigorous start will break a painful dream—
The consciousness of young day's cheerful gleam.
This incubus of state, this wretched power
Of drunken fantasy, has had its hour.
Burst from thy sleep, old lion! rouse thy mane,
And scare these bugbears from the fairy plain.
Shall that bold heart, which looked unawed where shone
The meteor glare of dread Napoleon,
Crouch to the feeble? England, up! arise!
And shake to dust these moth-nonentities.
The fate of nations hinges on the time—
Triumphant law, or victory for crime!
Shall the base roundhead come upon the scene,
Trample the flowers, incarnadine the green?
Pollute the virgin's violated bower?
Indulge his ruffian insolence of power?
Bring to the scaffold—leave that woe unsaid,
And spare to name that reverend patriot head.
The Spirit of the Age! and is it so—
Must war be raised—must blood in torrents flow?

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* I have heard a few men of letters and science, and many who have no pretension to literature, maintain the perfectibility of the human race. The Jew-bill has de-Christianised one branch of our legislature already; there is no saying where the rage for liberality may cease. England, the scorn of Europe, assumes to be the very navel of the green round earth—the centre of inspiration—the tripos of intelligence. The "Birds" of Aristophanes is a very laughable exposure of the follies of Athens. I think an adaptation of it to the English stage would be at once successful and useful. If the spirits of the dead are permitted to take a peep into the business of this little world (they of course in that case would travel much, and be the masters of all languages) Rousseau, and Voltaire, Tom Paine, and Frederick—called the Great—must find infinite amusement in attending the meetings of our sage rulers. It may be that the chancellor is only the mouthpiece of one of those merry wags who makes him ridiculous, and at the same time unconscious of the ridicule, while the less gifted among us suppose that his inspiration proceeds from spirits of another sort.

Shall anarchy and fierce rebellion rage,
If it so please the Spirit of the Age?
Shall none prevent the plague, or strive to stay?
Have we no Phineas of the olden day?
No loyal Cavendish? no stanch De Vere?
No Stanley in the field? No chevalier
Of honour? knight nor squire of high degree?
No heart of oak among our yeomanry?
Base liars! who would heap on England's name
Curses and horror, infamy and shame!
Her heart is true, and full, thank Heaven! of life;
Her mother trunk with hopeful shoots is rife:
The creeping parasite has twisted round
The goodly stem; but now the plague is found.
Pulled down and trampled, let it die the death—
While we our country crown with honour's wreath;
While round our altar crowds of patriots press;
While myriad lips our champion monarch bless;
While traitors flee away—but cannot flee
The burning and the hiss of infamy.*

DEAN SWIFT'S MADNESS. A TALE OF A CHURN.

(From the "Prout Papers.")

"O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver—
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind!"—Pope.

We are fully cognisant of and perfectly prepared for the overwhelming burst of universal felicitation which we shall elicit from a sympathising public, when we announce the glad tidings of the safe arrival in London of the Watergrasshill "chest," fraught with treasures such as no Spanish galleon ever wafted from Manilla or Peru into the waters of the Guadalquiver. From the remote Irish highland where Prout wasted so much of true Athenian suavity on the desert air, unnoticed and unappreciated by the rude tenants of the hamlet, his trunk of posthumous papers has been brought into our cabinet; and there it stands before us, like unto the Trojan horse, replete with the armed offspring of the great man's brain, right well packed with most classic stuffing,—ay, pregnant with life and glory! Haply has Fate decreed that it should fall into proper hands and fitting custody; else to what vile uses might not this box of learned lumber have been unwittingly converted: we shudder in spirit at the probable destiny that would have awaited it. The Caliph Omar warmed the baths of Alexandria with Ptolemy's library; and the "Prout Papers" might e'er now be lighting the pipes of "the boys" in Blarney Lane, while the chest itself might afford materials for a three-legged stool—

"Truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum!"

In verity it ought to be allowable at times to indulge in that most pleasing opiate

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* The premier said in his place, that the legislature must yield to the spirit of the age. This comes well from the presumed Christian head of the presumed Christian government of a Christian people. "Resist the devil and he will flee" is the apostolical prescript; yield to the devil and drive the best bargain you can with him, is the advice of the illustrious earl. Whose advice must we follow? The crisis is near at hand; there are signs of hope and triumph for the friends of order. The aristocracy and yeomanry of the country are against the Whigs,—all the intelligence of the country is against them. The Dissenters and the manufacturers, and the tail of the Whigs, against John Bull! John will make short work of them, when he is once well wakened up. The old gentleman loves flattery, and he has had incense enough offered him to turn, sooth to say, a stronger head. But his heart is yet in the right place, or woe for us all!

self-applause; and having made so goodly an acquisition, why should not we, OLIVER YORKE to wit, chuckle inwardly while we are congratulated from without, glancing an eye of satisfaction at the chest:

" Mihi plaudo ipse domi, simul ac contemplor in arcâ !"

Never did that learned ex-Jesuit, Angelo Mai, now librarian of the Vatican, rejoice more over a " palimpsest " MS. of some crazy old monk, in which his quick eye fondly hath detected the long lost decades of Livy — never did friend Pettigrew gloat over a newly uncoffined mummy (warranted of the æra of Sesostris) — never did (that living mummy) Maurice de Talleyrand exult over a fresh bundle of Palmerstonian protocols, with more internal complacency, — than did we, jubilating over this sacerdotal anthology, this miscellany " in boards," at last safely lodged in our possession.

Apropos. We should mention that we had previously the honour of receiving from his excellency Prince Maurice (aforesaid) the following note, to which it grieved us to return a flat negative.

" Le Prince de Talleyrand prie Mr. OLIVIER YORKE d'agréer ses respectueux hommages. Ayant eu l'avantage de connaître personellement feu l'Abbé de Prout lors de ses études à la Sorbonne en 1778, il serait charmé sitôt qu'arriveront les papiers de ce respectable ecclésiastique d'assister à l'ouverture du coffre. Cette faveur qu'il se flatte d'obtenir de la politesse reconnue de Monsieur YORKE il sçaura duement apprécier.

" Ambassade de France, Hanovre Sq., ce 3 Juin."

We suspected at once (and our surmise has proved correct) that many documents would be found referring to Marie Antoinette's betrayers and the practices of those three prime intriguers Mirabeau, Cagliostro, and Prince Maurice; so that we did well in eschewing the honour intended us in overhauling these papers, — non " Talley" auxilio.

We hate a flourish of trumpets; and though we could justly command all the clarions of renown to usher in these Prout writings, let their own intrinsic worth be the sole herald of their fame. We are not like the rest of men — Liston Bulwer, Dr. Lardner, and Bob Montgomery — obliged to inflate our cheeks with incessant effort to blow our commodities into notoriety. No! we are not disciples in the school of Puffendorf; Prout's *fish* will be found fresh and substantial, — not " blown," as happens too frequently in the literary market. We have more than once acknowledged the unsought and unpurchased plaudits of our cotemporaries; but it is to the imperishable verdict of posterity that we ultimately look for a ratification of modern applause: with Cicero we exclaim — *" Memoriâ vestrâ, Quirites, nostræ res vivent, sermonibus crescent, litterarum monumentis veterascent et corroborabuntur!"* Yes! while the ephemeral writers of the day, mere bubbles on the surface of the flood, will become extinct in succession, while a few, more lucky than their comrade dunces, may continue for a space to swim with the aid of those vile bladders, newspaper-puffs, Father Prout will be seen floating triumphantly down the stream of time, secure and buoyant in a genuine " Cork " jacket.

Some friends of literature have been importuning us to publish at once a *catalogue raisonné*, or table of contents, of all the matters, historic, critic, analytic, and philologic embraced in the range of these MS.; but, as we don't wish to tempt housebreakers to our premises, we shall keep the secret of our treasures locked up in our own breast, nor expose to any mishap a goose that is to lay so many eggs of anticipated gold. The example of Homer has been quoted to us in this matter ineffectually; and notwithstanding the famed " catalogue of ships " and redoubtable " army-list" with which he opens the business of the *Iliad*, enumerating all the component parts of the *matériel de guerre* which he subsequently puts in motion, still, for the obvious reason already stated, we demurred to this proposal.

We owe it to the public to account for the delay experienced in the transmission of the " chest" from Watergrasshill to our hands; but the fact is, at a meeting of the parishioners held on the subject (Mat Horrogan, of Blarney, in the chair) it was *resolved* " That Terry Callaghan being a tall and trustworthy man, able to do credit to the village in London, and carry eleven stone weight (the precise tarif of the trunk), should be sent at the public expense, *viâ* Bristol,

with the coffer strapped to his shoulders, and plenty of the wherewithal to procure 'refreshment' on the western road, until he should deliver the same at Mr. Fraser's, Regent Street, with the compliments of the parish." Terry, wisely considering, like the commissioners of the Deccan prize money, that the occupation was too good a thing not to make it last as long as possible, kept refreshing himself at the cost of the parochial committee on the great western road, and only arrived last week in Regent Street. Having duly stopped to admire Lady Aldborough's "round tower," and elbowed his way through what he calls the "Squadrint," he at last made his appearance at our office; and, having there discharged his load, went off to take pot-luck with Feargus O'Connor.

Here then we are enabled, no longer deferring the promised boon, to lay before the public the first of the "Prout Papers;" breaking bulk, to use a seaman's phrase, and producing at hazard a specimen of what is contained in the coffer brought hither on the shoulders of tall and trustworthy Terry Callaghan.

"Pandere res *alta terra* et *caligine* mersas."

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, March 1830.

YET a few years, and a full century shall have elapsed since the death of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. Yes, O my friends! if such I may presume to designate you into whose hands, when I myself am gathered to the silent tomb, these writings shall fall, and to whose kindly perusal I commend them, bequeathing at the same time the posthumous blessing of a feeble and toil-worn old man—yes, when a few winters more shall have added to the accumulated snow of age that weighs on the hoary head of the pastor of this upland, and a short period shall have rolled on in the dull monotony of these latter days, the centenary cycle will be fully completed, the secular anthem of dirge-like solemnity may be sung, since the grave closed for ever on *one* whom Britain justly reveres as the most upright, intuitive, and gifted of her sages, and whom Ireland, when the frenzied hour of strife shall have passed away, and the turbulence of parties shall have subsided into a national calm, will hail with the rapture of returning reason, as the first, the best, the mightiest of her sons. The long arrears of gratitude to the only true disinterested champion of her people, the long deferred apotheosis of the patriot-divine, the shamefully forgotten debt of glory which the lustre of his genius shed around his semibarbarous countrymen, will be deeply and feelingly remembered: the old land-mark of genuine worth will be discerned in the ebbing of modern agitation, and due honour will be paid by a more enlightened age to the keen and scrutinising philosopher, the scanner of whate'er lies hidden in the folds of the human heart, the prophetic seer of coming things, the unsparing satirist of contemporary delinquency, the stern Rhadamanthus of the political and of the literary world, the star of a benighted land, the lance and the buckler of Israel—

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."*

And still why must I recall (what I would fain obliterate) the ever painful fact,—graven, alas! too indelibly on the stubborn tablets of his biographers, chronicled in the annals of the country, and, above all, firmly and fatally established by the monumental record of his own philanthropic munificence,—the disastrous fact, that ere this brilliant light of our island was quenched in death towards the close of the year 1745, previous to that sad consummation the flame had wavered wild and flickered fitfully in its lamp of clay, casting around shadows of ghastly form, and anon assuming a strange and melancholy hue, that made every

* Note in Prout's handwriting: "Doyle, of Carlow, faintly resembles him. Bold, honest, disinterested, an able writer, a scholar, a gentleman; a bishop, too, in our church, with none of the shallow pedantry, silly hauteur, arrant selfishness, and anile dotage, which may be sometimes covered, but not hidden, under a mitre. Swift demolished in his day Woods and his bad halfpence: Doyle denounced Daniel and his box of coppers. A provision for the starving Irish was called for by 'the Dean,' and sued for by 'J. K. L.' Alas! when will England awaken to the voice of her sister island's best and most enlightened patriots? Truly, she hath 'Moses and the prophets'—doth she wait until one come from the dead?"

Doyle is since dead—but "defunctus adhuc loquitur!"—EDITOR.

well-wisher hail as a blessing the event of its final extinction in the cold and dismal vaults of St. Patrick's? In what mysterious struggle his gigantic intellect had been cloven down, none could tell. But the evil genius of insanity had clearly obtained a masterdom over faculties the most powerful and endowments the highest that have fallen to the lot of man.

We are told of occasional hours of respite from the fangs of his tormenting spirit—we learn of moments when the "*mens divinior*" was suffered to go loose from its gaoler, and to roam back, as it were on "parole," into the dominions of reason, like the ghost of the murdered king, allowed to revisit for a brief space the glimpses of our glorious firmament. But such gleams of mental enlightenment were but few and short in their duration. They were like the flash that is seen to illumine the wreck when all hope is gone, and, fiercely bursting athwart the darkness, appears but to seal the doom of the cargo and the mariners—intervals of lugubrious transport, described by our native bard as

"That ecstasy which, from the depths of sadness,
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness."

Alas! full rapidly would that once clear and sagacious spirit falter and relapse into the torpor of idiocy; his large expressive eyes rolling wildly, would at times exhibit the inward working of his reason, essaying in vain to cast off the nightmare that sat triumphant there, impeding that current of thought, once so brisk and brilliant: still was he noble and classic in the very writhings of delirium, and often sublime, he would appear a living image of the sculptured Laocoon, battling with a serpent that had grasped, not the body, but the mind, in its entangling folds. Yet must we repeat the sad truth, and again record in sorrow, that the last two or three years of Jonathan Swift presented nothing but the shattered remnants of what had been a powerfully organised being, to whom it ought to have been allotted, according to our faint notions, to carry unimpaired and undiminished into the hands of *Him* who gave such varied gifts, and formed such a goodly intellect, the stores of hoarded wisdom and the overflowing measure of talents well employed—

Διος δ' ιτιλιιτο βουλη.

And here let me pause, for a sadly pleasing reminiscence steals across my mind, a recollection of youthful days. I love to fix, in its flight, a transitory idea; and I freely plead the privilege of discursiveness conceded to the garrulity of old age. When my course of early travel led me to wander in search of science, and I sought abroad that scholastic knowledge which was denied to us at home in those evil days; when by force of legislation I became, like others of my clerical brethren, a "peripatetic" philosopher, the sunny provinces of southern France were the regions of my choice; and my first gleanings of literature were gathered on the banks of that mighty stream so faithfully characterised by Burdigala's native poet, Ausonius, in his classic enumeration:

"*Lentus* Arar, Rhodanusque *celer*,
PLENUSque GARUMNA!"

One day a goatherd, who fed his shaggy flock along the river, was heard by me, as seated on the lofty bank he gazed on the shining flood, to sing a favourite carol of the country. 'Twas but a simple ballad; but it struck me as a deep and philosophic illustration of the parallel between the flow of human life and the course of the running waters. And thus it began:

"Salut! O! vieux fleuve qui coules par la plaine,
Helas! un même cours ici bas nous entraine—
Egal est en tout notre sort.
Tous deux nous fournissons la même carrière,
Car un même destin nous mène, O Rivière,
Vous à la mer! nous à la mort!"

So sang the rustic minstrel. But it has occurred to me, calmly and sorrowfully pondering on the fate of Swift, that although this melancholy resemblance, so often alluded to in Scriptural allegory, may hold good in the general fortunes of mankind, still has it been denied to some to complete in their personal history the sad similitude: for not a few, and these some of the most exalted of our species, have been forbidden to glide into the Ocean of Eternity bringing thereunto the fulness of their life current, with its brimming banks undrained.

Who that has ever gazed on the glorious Rhine, coeval in historic glory with the first Cæsar, and boasting much previous traditionary renown,

at the spot where it gushes from its Alpine source, would not augur to it, with the poet, an interrupted career, and an evergrowing volume of copious exuberance:

" Au pied du mont Adulle, entre mille roseaux
Le Rhin tranquil, et fier du progrès de ses eaux,
Appuyé d'une main sur son urne penchante,
S'endort au bruit flatteur de son onde naissante."

Whence if it is viewed sweeping in brilliant cataracts through many a mountain glen and many a woodland scene, until it glides from the realms of romance into the business of life, and forms the majestic boundary of two rival nations, conferring benefits on both—reflecting from the broad expanse of its waters anon the mellow vineyards of Johannisberg, anon the gorgeous turrets of Drachenfels—who could venture to foretell that so splendid an alliance of usefulness and grandeur was destined to be dissolved—that yon rich flood would never gain that ocean into whose bosom a thousand rivulets flow on with unimpeded gravitation, but would disappear in the quagmires of Helvoetsluys, be absorbed in the swamps of the Brabant, and lost in the sands of Holland?

Yet such is the course of the Rhine, and such was the destiny of Swift, of that man the outpourings of whose abundant mind fertilised alike the land of his fathers* and the land of his birth: that man the very overflowings of whose strange genius were looked on by his contemporaries with delight, and welcomed as the inundations of the Nile are hailed by the men of Egypt.

A deep and hallowed motive impels me to select that last and dreary period of his career for the subject of special analysis; to elucidate its secret history, and to examine it in all its bearings; eliminating conjecture and substituting fact; prepared to demolish the visionary superstructure of hypothesis, and to place the matter on its simple basis of truth and reality.

It is far from my purpose and far from my heart to tread on such solemn ground save with becoming awe and feet duly unshodden. If, then, in the following pages, I dare to unseal the long-closed well, think not that I seek to desecrate the fountain: if it devolves on me to lift the veil, fear not that I mean to profane the sanctuary: tarry until this paper shall have been perused to its close; nor will it fall from your grasp without leaving behind it a conviction that its contents were traced by no unfriendly hand, and by no *unwarranted* biographer: for if a bald spot were to be found on the head of Jonathan Swift, the hand of Andrew Prout should be the first to cover it with laurels.

There is a something sacred about insanity: the traditions of every country agree in flinging a halo of mysterious distinction around the unhappy mortal stricken with so sad and so lonely a visitation. The poet who most studied from nature and least from books, the immortal Shakespeare, has never made our souls thrill with more intense sympathy than when his personages were brought before us bereft of the guidance of reason. The grey hairs of King Lear are silvered over with additional veneration when he raves; and the wild flower of insanity is the tenderest that decks the pure garland of Ophelia. We know that among rude and untutored nations madness is of rare occurrence, and its instances few indeed. But though its frequency in more refined and civilised society has taken away much of the deferential homage paid to it in primitive times, still, in the palmiest days of Greek and Roman illumination, the oracles of Delphi found their fitting organ in the frenzy of the Pythoness: and through such channels does the Latin lyrist represent the Deity communicating with man:

——— " quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius."

But let us look into our own breasts, and acknowledge that, with all the fastidious pride of fancied superiority, and in the full plenitude of our undimmed reason, we cannot face the breathing ruin of a noble intellect undismayed. The broken sounds, the vague intensity of that gaze, those whisperings that seem to commune with the world of spirits, the play of those features, still impressed with the signet of immortality, though illegible to our eye, strike us with that awe which the obelisk of the desert, with

* Swift was a natural son of Sir William Temple.

its insculptured riddles, inspires into the Arabian shepherd. An oriental opinion makes such beings the favourites of heaven: and the strong tincture of eastern ideas, so discernible on many points in Ireland, is here also perceptible; for a born idiot among the offspring of an Irish cabin is prized as a family *palladium*.

To contemplate what was once great and resplendent in the eyes of man, slowly mouldering in decay, has never been an unprofitable exercise of thought; and to muse over reason itself, fallen and prostrate, cannot fail to teach us our complete dependency. If to dwell among ruins and amid sepulchres — to explore the pillared grandeur of the tenantless Palmyra, or the crumbling wreck of that Roman amphitheatre once manned with applauding thousands and rife with joy, now overgrown with shrubs and haunted by the owl — if to soliloquise in the valley where autumnal leaves are thickly strewn, ever reminding us by their incessant rustle, as we tread the path, "that all that's bright must fade" — if these things beget that mood of soul in which the suggestions of heaven find readiest adoption, — how forcibly must the wreck of mind itself, and the mournful aberrations of that faculty by which most we assimilate to our Maker, humble our self-sufficiency, and bend down our spirit in adoration! It is in truth a sad bereavement, a dissevering of ties long cherished, a parting scene melancholy to witness, when the ethereal companion of this clay takes its departure, an outcast from the earthly coil that it once animated with intellectual fire, and wanders astray, cheerless and friendless, beyond the picturings of poetry to describe; — a picture realised in Swift, who more than Adrian was entitled to exclaim:

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis jocos!"

"Wie soul, fond rambler, whither, say —
Whither, boon comrade, flee'st away?
Ill can'st thou bear the bitter blast —
Houseless, unclad, affright, aghast:
Jocund no more! and hush'd the mirth
That gladdened oft the sons of earth!"

Nor unloath am I to confess that such contemplations have won upon me in the decline of years. Youth has its appropriate pursuits: and to him who stands on the threshold of life, with all its gaieties and festive hours spread in alluring blandishment before him, such musings may come amiss, and such studies may offer no attraction. We are then eager to mingle in the crowd of active existence, and to mix with those who swarm and jostle each other on the molehill of this world —

"Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men."

But to me, numbering fourscore years, and full tired of the frivolities of modern wisdom, metaphysical inquiry returns with all its charms, fresh as when first I courted, in the halls of Sorbonne, the science of the soul. On this barren hill where my lot is fallen, in that "sunset of life" which is said to "bring mystical lore," I love to investigate subjects such as these.

"And may my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Seeking with Plato to unfold
What realms or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal soul that hath forsook
Its mansion in this fleshy nook.
And may at length my weary age
Find out some peaceful hermitage,
'Till old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain!"

To fix the precise limits where sober reason's well-regulated dominions end, and at what bourne the wild region of the fanciful commences, extending in many a tract of lengthened wilderness until it joins the remote and volcanic territory of downright insanity, were a task which the most deeply-read psychologist might attempt in vain. To settle the exact confines would be a hopeless endeavour; for nowhere is there so much debatable ground, so much unmarked frontier, so much undetermined boundary. The degrees of longitude and latitude have never been laid down, nor, that I learn, ever calculated at all, for want of a really sensible solid man to act the part of a first meridian. The same remark is applicable to a kindred subject, viz. that state of the human frame akin to *insanity*, and called *intoxication;* for there are here also various degrees of intensity; and where on earth (except perhaps in the person of my friend Dick Dowden) will you find κατα φρενα και κατα θυμον — a sober man, — according with the de-

scription in a hymn of our church liturgy?

"Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humanos levis afflat aurâ
Spiritus ignes."
Ex officio Brev. Rom. de communi Conf. non Pont. ad vesperas.

I remember well, when in 1815 the present Lord Chancellor (then simple Harry Brougham) came to this part of the country (attracted hither by the fame of our Blarney-stone), having had the pleasure of his society one summer evening in this humble dwelling, and conversing with him long and loudly on the topic of inebriation. He had certainly taken a drop extra, but perhaps was therefore better qualified for debating the subject, viz., *at what precise point drunkenness sets in, and what is the exact low-water mark.* He first advocated *a three-bottle system*, but enlarged his view of the question as he went on, until he reminded me of those spirits described by Milton who sat apart on a hill retired, discussing *free-will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute,*

"And found no end, in wandering mazes lost!"

My idea of the matter was very simple, although I had some trouble in bringing him round to the true understanding of things; for he is obstinate by nature, and, like the village schoolmaster, whom he has sent "abroad,"

"Even though vanquished, he can argue still."

I shewed him that the poet Lucretius, in his elaborate work *De Naturâ Rerum*, had long since established a criterion, or standard—a sort of clepsydra, to ascertain the final departure of sobriety,—being the well-known phenomenon of reduplication in the visual orb, that sort of second sight common among the Scotch:

"Bina lucernarum flagrantia lumina flammis,
Et duplices hominum vultus et corpora bina!"—*Lucretius.*

But, unfortunately, just as I thought I had placed my opinions in their most luminous point of view, I found that poor Harry was completely fuddled, so as to be unconscious of all I could urge during the rest of the evening; for, as Tom Moore says in *Lalla Rookh*,

——"the delicate chain
Of thought once tangled, could not clear again."

It has long ago been laid down as a maxim by Aristotle, that "*nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ insaniæ.*" Newton was decidedly mad when he wrote his comment on Revelations; Descartes went off in a brain fever; Mallebranche lost his reason long before he died; Burns was more than once labouring under delirium; Tasso was acquainted with the cells of a madhouse; Nathaniel Lee,* the dramatist, when a tenant of Bedlam, wrote a tragedy twenty-five acts long; and Sophocles was accused before the tribunal of the φρατρια, and only acquitted of insanity by the recitation of his *Œdip. Colon.* Pascal was an occasional hypochondriac; the poet Cowper and the philosopher Rousseau were subject to lunacy; Luis de Camoens died raving in an hospital at Lisbon; and, in an hospital at Madrid, the same fate, with

* Note by Prout: "This fact concerning Lee I stumbled on in that singular *olla podrida*, the *Curiosities of Literature*, by D'Israeli, a man after my own heart. As I have, though personally unknown to this learned pundit, a high regard for his deep and searching erudition, I wish he could be induced to visit the "Blarney stone" and my "book-case" at Watergrasshill. Since the great *Cornelius à Lapide*, there never rose a more multifarious and elaborate commentator. In his chapter on the *medicine of the mind* (vol. i. *second series*, Murray, 1823), I find a passage which tells for my theory; and I therefore insert it here, on the principle of *je prends mon bien partout où je le trouve.* '*Plutarch says in one of his essays, that should the body sue the mind in a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to have been a most ruinous tenant to its landlord.*' This idea so tickled my fancy, that I hunted for it through all the metaphysical writings of the Bœotian sage; and lo! I find that Democritus, the laughing philosopher, was the real Simon Pure who first made the assertion, retailed by him of Cheronæa: Οιμαι μαλιστα τον Δημοκριτον ειπειν, ως ει το σωμα δικασαιτο τη ψυχη, κακωσεως ουκ αν αυτην αποφυγειν. And Theophrastus enlarges on the same topic. Θεοφραστος αληθεις ειπεν, πολυ τω σωματι τειλειν ενοικιον την ψυχην. Πλειονα μεντοι το σωμα της ψυχης απολλυει κακα, μη κατα λογον αυτω χρωμενος. See the magnificent edition of Plutarch's moral treatises, from the Clarendon press of Oxford, 1795, in the British Museum, being ΠΛΟΤΤ. ΤΑ ΗΘΙΚΑ. Tom. i. p. 375.

the same attendant madness, closed the career of the author of *Don Quixote*, the immortal Miguel Cervantes. Shelley was mad outright; and Byron's blood was deeply tainted with maniacal infusion. His uncle, the eighth lord, had been the homicide of his kindred, and hid his remorse in the quaint cloisters of Newstead. He himself enumerates three of his maternal ancestors who died by their own hands. Last February (1830), Miss Milbanke, in the book she has put forth to the world, states her belief and that of her advisers, that "the Lord Byron was actually insane." And in Dr. Millingen's book (the surgeon of the Suliote brigade) we find these words attributed to the *childe*: "I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or terminating my days, like Swift, a grinning idiot."*

Strange to say, few men have been more exempt from the usual exciting causes of insanity than Swift. If ambition, vanity, avarice, and the fury of sexual passion, be the ordinary determining agents of lunacy, then should he have proudly defied the approaches of the evil spirit and withstood his attacks. As for ambitious cravings, it is well known that he sought not the smiles of the court, nor ever sighed for ecclesiastical dignities. Though a churchman, he had none of the crafty, aspiring, and intriguing mania of a Wolsey or a Mazarin. By the boldness and candour of his writings, he effectually put a stop to that ecclesiastical preferment which the low-minded, the cunning, and the hypocrite, are sure to obtain: and of him it might be truly said, that the doors of clerical promotion closed while the gates of glory opened.

But even *glory* (mystic word!), has it not its fascinations, too powerful at times even for the eagle eye of genius, and capable of dimming for ever the intellectual orb that gazes too fixedly on its irradiance? How often has splendid talent been its own executioner, and the best gift of Heaven supplied the dart that bereft its possessor of all that maketh existence valuable? The very intensity of those feelings which refine and elevate the soul, has it not been found to operate the work of ruin?

"'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Views his own feather on the fatal dart
Which winged the shaft that quivers in his heart.
Keen are his pangs; but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel:
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drinks the last lifedrop of his bleeding breast!"

So Byron sings in his happiest mood; and so had sung before him a young French poet, who died in early life, worn out by his own fervour:

"Oui, l'homme ici bas aux talents condamné,
Sur la terre en passant sublime infortuné,
Ne peut impunément achever une vie
Que le ciel surchargea du fardeau du genie!
Souvent il meurt brulé de ces célestes feux ...
Tel quelquefois l'oiseau du Souverain des Dieux,
L'aigle, tombe du haut des plaines immortelles,
Brulé du foudre ardent qu'il portait sous ses ailes!"—CHENEDOLLÉ.

I am fully aware that in Swift's case there was a common rumour among his countrymen in Ireland at the time, that overstudy and too much learning had disturbed the equilibrium of the doctor's brain, and unsettled the equipoise of his cerebellum. The "most noble" Festus, who was a well-bred Italian gentleman, fell into the same vulgar error long ago with respect to St. Paul, and opined that *much literature had made of him a madman!* But surely such a sad confusion of materialism and spiritualism as that misconception implies, will not require a refutation. The villagers in Goldsmith's beautiful poem may have been excusable for adopting so unscientific

* Anecdotes of Byron's Illness and Death, by Julius Millingen, p. 120. London.

a theory, but beyond the sphere of rustic sages the hypothesis is intolerable:

"And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew!"

How can the ethereal and incorporate stores of knowledge become a physical weight, and turn out an encumbrance, exercising undue pressure on the human brain? how can mental acquirement be described as a body ponderous? What folly to liken the crevices of the cerebral gland to the fissures in an old barn bursting with the riches of a collected harvest — *rupuerunt horrea messes* — or to the crazy bark of old Charon, only fitted for the light waftage of ghosts when it received the bulky personage of the Eneid.

"Gemuit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis, ac multam accepit rimosa paludem."

Away with such fantasies! The more learned we grow the better organised is our mind, the more prejudices we shake off; and the stupid error which I combat is but a pretext and consolation for ignorance.

The delusions of love swayed not the stern mind of the Dean of St. Patrick, nor could the frenzy of passion ever overshadow his clear understanding. Like a bark gliding along a beautiful and regular canal, the soft hand of woman could, with a single riband, draw him onward in a fair and well-ordered channel; but to drag him out of his course into any devious path, it was not in nature nor the most potent fascination to accomplish. Stella, the cherished companion of his life, his secretly wedded bride, ever exercised a mild influence over his affections —

"And rose, where'er he turned his eye,
The morning star of memory."

But his acquaintanceship with Vanessa (Mrs. Vanhomrigg) was purely of that description supposed to have been introduced by Plato. Being sworn to celibacy myself, I am perhaps little qualified for the discussion of these delicate matters; but I candidly confess, that never did Goldsmith so win on my good opinion, by his superior knowledge of those recondite touches that ennoble the favourite character of a respectable divine, as when he attributes severe and uncompromising tenets of monogamy to Dr. Primrose, vicar of Wakefield; that being the next best state to the one which I have adopted myself, in accordance with the Platonic philosophy of Virgil, and the example of Paul:

"*Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat:*
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti:
Omnibus his niveâ cinguntur tempora vittâ!"—*Æneid*, 6.

The covetousness of this world had no place in the breast of Swift, and never, consequently, was his mind liable to be shaken from its basis by the inroads of that overwhelming vice avarice. Broad lands and manorial possessions he never sighed for; and, as Providence had granted him a competency, he could well adopt the resignation of the poet, and exclaim, *Nil amplius oro*. Nothing amused him more than the attempt of his friend Doctor Delany to excite his jealousy by the ostentatious display of his celebrated villa, which, as soon as purchased, he invited the dean to come and admire. We have the humorous lines of descriptive poetry which were composed by Swift on the occasion, and were well calculated to destroy the doctor's vanity. The estate our satirist represents as liable to suffer "an eclipse of the sun" whenever "a crow" or other small opaque body should pass between it and that luminary. The plantations "might possibly supply a toothpick;"

"And the stream that's called '*Meander*'
Might be sucked up by a gander!"

Such were the sentiments of utter derision with which he contemplated the territorial aggrandisement so dear to the votaries of Mammon; nor is it foreign from this topic to remark, that the contrary extreme of hopeless poverty not having ever fallen to his lot, one main cause of insanity in high minds was removed. Tasso went mad through sheer distress and its concomitant shame; the fictions of his romantic love for a princess of the court of Ferrara are all fudge: he had at one time neither fire nor a decent coat to his back, and he tells us that, having no lamp in his garret, he resorted to his cat to lend him the glare of her eyes.

"Non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi!"

Intemperance and debauchery never

interfered with the quiet tenour of the dean's domestic habits, and hence the medical and constitutional causes of derangement flowing from these sources must be considered as null in this case. I have attentively perused the best record extant of his private life—his own *Journal to Stella*, detailing his sojourn in London; and I find his diet to have been such as I could have wished.

"London, Oct. 1711. Mrs. Vanhomrigg has changed her lodgings—I dined with her to-day. I am growing a mighty lover of *herrings;* but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and ate six *oysters.*"—*Letter XXXII.* p. 384, *in Scott's edition of Swift.*

"I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigg, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but *herrings.*"—*Same letter*, p. 388.

"Oct. 23, 1711. I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lost my dinner. So I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me *three herrings*, which I am very fond of. And they are a light *victuals*" (*sic in orig.*)—*Letter XXXIII.* p. 400.

He further shews the lively interest he always evinced for fish diet by the following passage, which occurs in a publication of his printed in Dublin, 1732, and entitled *An Examination of certain Abuses, Corruptions, and Enormities in this City of Dublin. By Dr. Jonathan Swift, D.D.*

"The affirmation solemnly made in the cry of *Herrings* is directly against all truth, viz. 'Herrings alive, ho!' The very proverb will convince us of this; for what is more frequent in ordinary speech than to say of a neighbour for whom the bell tolls, He is dead as a herring! And pray, how is it possible that a herring, which, as philosophers observe, cannot live longer than one minute three seconds and a half out of water, should bear a voyage in open boats from Howth to Dublin, be tossed into twenty hands, and preserve its life in sieves for several hours?"

The sense of loneliness consequent on the loss of friends, and the withdrawal of those whose companionship made life pleasant, is not unfrequently the cause of melancholy monomania; but it could not have affected Swift, whose residence in Dublin had estranged him long previously from those who at that period died away. Gay, his bosom friend, had died in December 1732; Bolingbroke had retired to France in 1734; Pope was become a hypochondriac from bodily infirmities; Dr. Arbuthnot was extinct; and he, the admirer and the admired of Swift, John of Blenheim, the illustrious Marlborough, had preceded him in a madhouse! A lunatic asylum was the last refuge of the warrior—if, indeed, he and his fellows of the conquering fraternity were not candidates for it intrinsically and professionally,

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

Thus, although the Dean might have felt like one who treads alone some deserted banquet-hall (according to the beautiful simile of the melodist), still we cannot, with the slightest semblance of probability, trace his madness to any sympathies of severed friendship of auld lang syne.

If Swift ever nourished a predominant affection, if he was ever really under the dominion of a ruling passion, it was that of pure and disinterested love of country; and were he ever liable to be hurried into insane excess by any overpowering enthusiasm, it was the patriot's madness that had the best chance of prostrating his mighty soul. His works are the imperishable proofs of the sincere and enlightened attachment which he bore an island, connected with him by no hereditary recollections, but merely by the accident of his birth at Cashel.*

We read in the sacred Scriptures (Ecclesiast. lxxvii), that "*the sense of oppression maketh a man mad;*" and whosoever will peruse those splendid effusions of a patriot soul, *The Story of an injured Lady* (Dublin, 1725), *Maxims controlled in Ireland* (Dublin, 1724), *Miserable State of Ireland* (Dublin, 1727), must arise from the perusal impressed with the intensity and fervour of the dean's love of his oppressed country. The *Maxims Controlled* develop, according to that highly-competent authority, Edmund Burke, the deepest and most statesmanlike views ever taken of the mismanagement and misrule prevailing in all our relations with that island. In the *Miserable State*, &c., we have evidence that the wretched peasantry at that time was at just the same stage of

* Also the natal place of Lawrence Sterne.

civilisation and comfort as they are at the present day; for we find the dean thus depicting a state of things which none but an Irish landlord could read without blushing for human nature: "There are thousands of poor creatures who think themselves blessed if they can obtain a hut worse than the squire's dog-kennel, and a piece of ground for potatoe plantation, on condition of being as very slaves as any in America, starving in the midst of plenty." Further on he informs us of a singular item of the then traffic of the Irish:—"Our fraudulent trade in wool to France is the best branch of our commerce."

And in his *Proposal for the Use of Irish Manufactures*, which was prosecuted by the government of the day, and described by the learned judge who sent the case to the jury as a plot to bring in the Pretender! we have this wool-traffic again alluded to:—"Our beneficial export of wool to France has been our only support for several years: we convey our wool there in spite of all the harpies of the custom-house." In this tract he introduces the story of Pallas and the nymph Arachne, whom the goddess, jealous of her spinning, changed into a spider, and beautifully applies the allegory to the commercial restrictions imposed by the sister-country on Ireland. "Arachne was allowed still to spin; but Britain will take our bowels, and convert them into the web and warp of her own exclusive and intolerant industry."

Of the *Drapier's Letters*, and the signal discomfiture of the base-currency scheme attempted by William Woods, it were superfluous to speak. Never was there a more barefaced attempt to swindle the natives than the copper imposition of that notorious hardwareman; and the only thing that in modern times can be placed in juxtaposition, is the begging-box of O'Connell. O for a Drapier to expose that second humbug to the deluded peasantry!

The Scotch rebellion of 1745 found the dean an inmate of his last sad dwelling—his own hospital; but the crisis awakened all his energies, and he found an interval to publish that address to his fellow-countrymen which some attributed to the Lord-lieutenant Chesterfield, but which bears intrinsic evidence of his pen. It is printed by Sir W. Scott, in the appendix of the *Drapier's Letters*. There is a certain chemical preparation called *sympathetic* ink, which leaves no trace on the paper; but if applied to the heat of a fire, the characters will become at once legible. Such was the state of Swift's soul—an universal blank; but when brought near the sacred flame that burnt on the altar of his country, his mind recovered for a time its clearness, and found means to communicate its patriotism. Touch but the interests of Ireland, and the madman was sane again: such was the mysterious nature of the visitation.

"O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clue;
Through what small vistas o'er the darkened brain
The intellectual daybeam bursts again!
Enough to shew the maze in which the sense
Wandered about, but not to guide thee hence—
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save!"

When Richard Cœur de Lion lay dormant in a dungeon, the voice of a song which he had known in better days came upon his ear, and was the means of leading him forth to light and freedom; but, alas! Swift was not led forth from his lonely dwelling by the note of long-remembered music, the anthem of fatherland. Gloomy insanity had taken too permanent possession of his mind; and right well did he know that he should die a maniac. For this, a few years before his death, did he build unto himself an asylum, where his own lunacy might dwell protected from the vulgar gaze of mankind. He felt the approach of madness, and, like Cæsar, when about to fall at the feet of Pompey's statue, he gracefully arranged the folds of his robe, conscious of his own dignity even in that melancholy downfall. The Pharaohs, we are told in Scripture, built unto themselves gorgeous sepulchres: their pyramids still encumber the earth. Sardanapalus erected a pyre of cedar wood and odoriferous spices when death was inevitable, and perished in a blaze of voluptuousness. The asylum of Swift will remain a more characteristic memorial than the sepulchres of Egypt, and a more honourable funereal pyre

than that heaped up by the Assyrian king. He died mad, among fellow-creatures similarly visited, but sheltered by his munificence; and it now devolves on me to reveal to the world the unknown cause of that sad calamity.

I have stated that his affections were centred in that accomplished woman, the refined and gentle Stella, to whom he had been secretly married. The reasons for that secrecy, though perfectly familiar to me, may not be divulged; but enough to know that the dean acted in this matter with his usual sagacity. An infant son was born of that marriage after many a lengthened year, and in this child were concentrated all the energies of the father's affection, and all the sensibilities of the mother's heart. In him did the dean fondly hope to live on when his allotted days should fail, like unto the self-promised immortality of the bard —*Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei vitabit Libitinam!* How vain are the hopes of man! That child most unaccountably, most mysteriously disappeared; no trace, no clue, no shadow of conjecture, could point out what had become its destiny, and who were the contrivers of this sorrowful bereavement. The babe was gone! and no comfort remained to a desponding father in this most poignant of human afflictions.

In a copy of *Verses* composed *on his own Death*, the dean indulges in the anticipated motives that would not fail to be attributed to him, as determining his mind to make the singular disposal of his property which (after the loss of his only child) he resolved on:

"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for people mad,
To show by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much."

But this bitter pleasantry only argued the sad inroads which grief was making in his heart. The love of offspring, which the Greeks call στοργη (and which is said to be strongest in the stork), was eminently perceptible in the diagnosis of the dean's constitution. Sorrow for the loss of his child bowed down his head eventually to the grave, and unsettled a mind the most clear and well-regulated that philosophy and Christianity could form.

THESE PAPERS WILL NOT MEET THE PUBLIC EYE UNTIL I TOO AM NO MORE: BUT WHEN THAT DAY SHALL COME—WHEN THE PASTOR OF THIS OBSCURE UPLAND SHALL, IN A GOOD OLD AGE, BE LAID IN THE EARTH—WHEN NEITHER PRIDE OF BIRTH NOR HUMAN APPLAUSE CAN MOVE THE COLD EAR OF THE DEAD, THE SECRET OF THAT CHILD'S HISTORY, OF SWIFT'S LONG-LOST CHILD, SHALL BE TOLD; AND THE OLD MAN WHO HAS DEPARTED FROM THIS WORLD OF WOE IN PEACE, WILL BE FOUND TO HAVE BEEN THAT LONG-SOUGHT SON, WHOM WILLIAM WOODS, IN THE BASENESS OF A VILE VINDICTIVENESS, FILCHED FROM A FATHER'S AFFECTIONS.

Baffled in his wicked contrivances by my venerable father, and foiled in every attempt to brazen out his notorious scheme of bad halfpence, this vile tinker, nourishing an implacable resentment in his soul,

"Æternum servans sub pectore vulnus,"

resolved to wreak his vengeance on the dean; and sought out craftily the most sensitive part to inflict the contemplated wound. In the evening of October, 1741, he kidnapped me, Swift's innocent child, from my nurse at Glendalough, and fraudulently hurried off his capture to the extremity of Munster; where he left me exposed as a foundling on the bleak summit of Watergrasshill. The reader will easily imagine all the hardships I had to encounter in this my first and most awkward introduction to my future parishioners. Often have I told the sorrowful tale to my college companion in France, the kind-hearted and sensitive Gresset, who thus alludes to me in the well-known lines of his *Lutrin Vivant:*

"Et puis d'ailleurs le petit malheureux,
Ouvrage né d'un auteur anonyme,
Ne connaissant parens ni legitime,
N'avait en tout dans ce sterile lieu
Pour se chauffer que la grace de Dieu!"

Some are born, says the philosophic Goldsmith, with a silver spoon in their mouth; some with a wooden ladle: but wretched I was not left by Woods even that miserable implement as a stock in trade to begin the world. Moses lay ensconced in a snug cradle of bulrushes when he was sent adrift; but I was cast on the flood of life with no equipage or outfit whatever; and found myself, to use the solemn language of my Lord Byron,

"Sent afloat
With nothing but the sky for a great coat."

But stop, I mistake. I *had* an appendage round my neck—a trinket, which

I still cherish, and by which I eventually found a clue to my real parentage. It was a small locket of my mother Stella's hair, of raven black (a distinctive feature in her beauty which captivated the dean); and around this locket was a Latin motto of my gifted father's composition, three simple words, but beautiful in their simplicity—"PROUT STELLA REFULGES!" So that, when I was taken into the "Cork Foundling Hospital," I was at once christened "Prout," from the adverb that begins the sentence, and which, being the shortest word of the three, it pleased the chaplain to make my future patronymic.

Of all the singular institutions in Great Britain, *Philanthropic*, *Astronomic*, *Hunterian*, *Ophthalmic*, *Obstetric*, or *Zoological*, the "Royal Cork Foundling Hospital," where I had the honour of matriculating, was then, and is now, decidedly the oddest in principle and the most comical in practice. Until the happy and eventful day when I managed, by mother-wit, to accomplish my deliverance from its walls (having escaped in a *churn*, as I will recount presently), it was my unhappy lot to witness and to endure all the varieties of human misery. The prince of Latin song, when he wishes to convey to his readers an idea of the lower regions and the abodes of Erebus, begins his affecting picture by placing in the foreground the souls of infants taken by the mischievous policy of such institutions from the mother's breast, and perishing by myriads under the infliction of a mistaken philanthropy:

"Infantumque animæ flentes in lumine primo:
Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes, et *ab ubere raptos*
Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo."

But if I had leisure to dwell on the melancholy subject, I could a tale unfold that would startle the legislature, and perhaps arouse the Irish secretary to examine into an evil crying aloud for redress and suppression. Had my persecutor, the hard-hearted coppersmith Woods, any notion of the sufferings he entailed on Swift's luckless infant, he would never have exposed me as an *enfant trouvé*; he would have been satisfied with plunging my father into a madhouse, without handing over his child to the mercies of a foundling hospital. Could he but hear my woful story, I would engage to draw copper tears down the villain's cheek.

Darkness and mystery have for the last half century hung over this establishment, and although certain returns have been moved for in the House of Commons, the public knows as little as ever about the fifteen hundred young foundlings that there nestle until supplanted, as death collects them under his wings, by a fresh supply of victims offered to the Moloch of ψευδο-philanthropy. Horace tells us, that certain proceedings are best not exhibited to the general gaze —

"Nec natos coram populo Medea trucidet."

But, haply, enough has transpired to unite the wise and the good in deprecating their continuance. Doctor Chalmers, of Glasgow, has, on his examination this year (1830) before a select committee on the poor of Ireland (*Parl. Rep.* 3577), loudly denounced the Dublin and Cork foundling hospitals, as "affording a direct encouragement to immorality." And Dr. Doyle re-echoes the sentiments of the Scotch divine (*ibid.* 4582), supported in his views by George Ensor (5138), Frederic Page (840), Paulus Emilius Singer (135–6), and James D. Latouche (134).

In 1791, in the Irish House of Commons, Sir John Blaquiere rose in his place to state, that of 19,420 infants admitted to the Dublin hospital for the last ten years, 17,440 were dead! out of 2180 admitted for the year 1790, only 187 were then alive! He obtained a committee of inquiry, and they gave in their report on the 8th of May, 1797; by which it appeared, that within the quarter ending March 25 last, 540 children had been received into the house, of whom 450 had already died: and that within the six years that had elapsed since the honourable member's complaint, there were admitted 12,786, died in the same time, 12,651; so that, in six years, only 135 lives had been spared!

Some steps, however, have been taken latterly by government; and from a paper laid before parliament last month (May, 1830), it appears that, in consequence of the act of 1822, the annual admissions in Dublin have fallen from 2000 to 400. But who will restore to society the myriads whom the system has butchered? who will recall the slain? When the flower of Roman chivalry, under improvident guidance, fell in the German forests, "Varus,

give back my legions!" was the frantic cry wrung from Augustus in the bitterness of patriotic sorrow.

My illustrious father has written, among other bitter sarcasms on the cruel conduct of government towards the Irish poor, a treatise, which was printed in 1729, and which he entitled *A Modest Proposal for preventing Poor Children from being a Burden to their Parents.* He recommends, in sober sadness, that they should be made into salt provisions for the navy, the colonies, and for exportation; or eaten fresh and spitted, like roasting-pigs, by the aldermen of Cork and Dublin, at their civic banquets. A quotation from that powerful pamphlet may not be unacceptable here:

"Infants' flesh (quoth the Dean) will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, or a little before; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season. Therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of Popish infants is at least three to one in the kingdom; and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of Papists amongst us."

These lines were clearly penned in the very gall and bitterness of his soul; and while the Irish peasant is still considered by the miscreant landlords of the country as less worthy of his food than the beast of the field, and less entitled to a legal support in the land that bore him; while the selfish demagogue of the island joins in the common hostility to the claims of that pauper, who makes a stock-purse for him out of the scrapings of want and penury; the proposal of Swift should be reprinted, and a copy sent to every callous and shallow-pated disciple of modern political economy. Poor-laws, forsooth, they cannot reconcile to their clear-sighted views of Irish legislation; *fever hospitals* and *gaols* they admire; *a ship-canal* they extol; they will advocate *a school* where half-starved urchins may drink the physic of the soul and forget the cravings of hunger; and they will provide in the *two great foundling hospitals* a receptacle for troublesome infants, who, in those "white-washed sepulchres," soon cease to be a burden on the community. The great agitator, meantime (God wot!) will bring in "a bill" for *a grand national cemetery in Dublin*: such is the provision he deigns to seek for his starving fellow-countrymen.

The great have still some favour in reserve—
They help to bury whom they help't to starve.

The Dublin Hospital being supported out of the consolidated fund, has, by the *argumentum ad crumenam*, at last attracted the suspicions of government, and is placed under a course of gradual reduction; but the Cork nursery is upheld by a compulsory local tax on *coal*, amounting to the incredible sum of 6000*l.* a-year, and levied on the unfortunate Corkonions for the support of children brought into their city from Wales, Connaught, and the four winds of heaven! Three hundred bantlings are thus annually saddled on the beautiful city, with a never-failing succession of continuous supply.

"Miranturque novas frondes, et non sua poma!"

By the Irish act of parliament, these young settlers are entitled, on coming of age (which few do) to claim as a right the freedom of that ancient and loyal corporation; so that, although we had "no hand in their birth, they have the benefit of their coming," a place in the commonwealth" (*ita Shakespeare*).

My sagacious father used to exhort his countrymen to burn every article that came from England except coals; and in 1729 he addressed to the *Dublin Weekly Journal* a series of letters *on the use of Irish coals* exclusively. But it strikes me that, as confessedly we cannot do without the English article in the present state of trade and manufactures, the most mischievous tax that any Irish seaport could be visited with would be a tonnage on so vital a commodity to the productive interests of the community. Were this vile impost withdrawn from Cork, every class of manufacture would hail the boon: the iron-foundery would supply us at home with what is now brought across the Channel; the glassblower's furnace would glow with inextinguishable fires; the steam-engine, that giant power, as yet so feebly developed among us, would delight to wield on our behalf its energies unfettered, and toil unimpeded for the national prosperity; new enterprise would inspirit the capitalist, while the humble

artificer at the forge would learn the tidings with satisfaction,—

" Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear."

Something too much of this. But I have felt it incumbent on me to place on record my honest conviction of the impolicy of the tax itself, and of the still greater enormity of the evil which it goes to support. To return to my own history, in this "hospital," which was the first *alma mater* of my juvenile days, I graduated in all the science of the young gypsies who swarmed around me. My health, which was naturally robust, bore up against the fearful odds of mortality by which I was beset; and although I should have ultimately no doubt perished with the crowd of infant sufferers that shared my evil destiny, still, like that favoured Grecian who won the good graces of Polyphemus in his anthropophagous cavern, a signal privilege would perhaps have been granted me: " Prout would have been the last to be devoured."

But a ray of light broke into my prison-house. The idea of escape, a bold thought! took possession of my soul. But how to accomplish so daring an enterprise; how elude the vigilance of the fat door-keeper and the keen eye of the chaplain? Right well did they know the muster-roll of their stock of urchins, and often verified the same.

" Bisque die numerant ambo pecus; alter et hædos."

Heaven, however, soon granted what the porter denied. The milkman from Watergrasshill who brought the supplies every morn and eve prided himself particularly on the size and beauty of his churn, a capacious wooden recipient which my young eye admired with more than superficial curiosity. Having accidentally got on the waggon and explored the capacious hollow of the machine, a bright angel whispered in mine ear to secrete myself in the cavity. I did so; and shortly after the gates of the hospital were flung wide for my egress, and I found myself jogging onward on the high road to light and freedom! Judge of my sensations! Milton may talk of one who, long in populous city pent, makes a visit to Highgate, and snuffing the rural breeze, blesses the country air; but my rapture was of a nature that beggars description. To be sure, it was one of the most boisterous days of storm and tempest that ever vexed the heavens; but secure in the churn I chuckled with joy, and towards evening fell fast asleep. In my subsequent life I have often dwelt with pleasure on that joyous escape; and when in my course of studies I met with the following beautiful elegy of Simonides, I could not help applying it to myself, and translated it accordingly. There have been versions by Denman, the *Queen's* solicitor;* by Elton, by W. Hay, and Bishop Jortin; but I prefer my own, as more literal, and more conformable to genuine Greek simplicity.

The Lament of Danaë, by Simonides, the elegiac poet of Cos.

Οτι λαρναχι εν δαιδαλια ανιμος
Βριμι πνιων, κινηθεισα τι λιμνα
Διιματι ηριπεν, ουδ' αδιαντοισι
Παρειαις, αμφι δι Περσει βαλι
Φιλαν χειρα, ειπεν τε· ω τικος,
Οιον εχω πονον· συ δ' αωτις γαλαθηνω τ'
Ητορι κνωσσις εν ατειρτει δωματι,
Χαλκιογομφω δι νυκτιλαμπει
Κυανειω τι δνοφω· συ δ' αυαλιαν
Τπιρθι τιαν κομαν βαθειαν
Παριοντος κυματος ουκ αλιγεις,
Ουδ' ανιμου φθογγων πορφυρια
Κειωινος εν χλανιδι, προσωπον καλον.
Ει δι τοι δεινον τογι δεινον ην,
Και κεν ιμων ρηματων λιπτον
Τπιχις ουας, κιλομαι, ευδι βριφος,
Ευδειτο δι παντος, ευδειτο αμιτρον πακον.
Ματαιοβουλια δι τις φανιη,
Ζιυ πατιρ, εκ σιο· ο τι δη θαρσαλιον
Επος, ευχομαι τικνοφι δικας μοι.

The Lament of Stella by Father Prout.

While round the churn, 'mid sleet and rain,
It blew a perfect hurricane,
Wrapt in slight garment to protect her,
Methought I saw my mother's spectre;
Who took her infant to her breast—
Me, the small tenant of that chest—
While thus she lulled her babe: " How cruel
Have been the fates to thee, my jewel!
But caring naught for foe or scoffer,
Thou sleepest in this milky coffer,
Coopered with brass hoops weather-tight,
Impervious to the dim moonlight.
The shower cannot get in to soak
Thy hair or little purple cloak.
Heedless of gloom, in dark sojourn,
Thy face illuminates the churn!
Small is thine ear, wie babe, for hearing.
But grant my prayer, ye gods of Erin!
And may folks find that this young fellow
Does credit to his mother, *Stella*.

* WE never employed him.—REGINA.

ART. II.—*The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life; with an Appendix containing several of his Poems hitherto unpublished, and some Remarks on Stella.* By W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A., &c. 1849.

THIS book contains a good deal that is new to the public. It corrects some mistakes as to Swift; it adds something to our means of judging of him, and is, on the whole, creditable to the diligence and the intelligence of its distinguished author. Mr. Wilde is the editor of the Dublin Medical Journal, and this volume is an enlargement of a professional essay, published in that useful periodical, in reply to some inquiries addressed to him by Dr. M'Kenzie of Glasgow, as to the character of the disease which clouded so many years of Dean Swift's life, and which exhibited its true character in the extinction of all mental power long before the period of his actual death.

It was impossible for Mr. Wilde to examine the case of Swift as a mere medical question, without his being led to look into forgotten pamphlets and old repositories of the thousand trifles which the interest about a great man led fanciful people to preserve. From these sources he has revived some old recollections of Stella, and others connected with Swift, and has been fortunate enough to recover what we are inclined to think a genuine portrait of that lady, which is engraved for his volume. He has been also fortunate enough to find an old almanack with verses in Swift's hand-writing bound up within the same cover, and has, in this way, added a few poems of no great merit, and of doubtful authenticity, to the mass of Swift's works already too large—for each successive editor has increased the bulk of what he was bringing before the public, by every trifle, which, whether written by Swift or by any of his acquaintances, could by any pretence be connected with his name. The book, however, is of great value. An obscure disease which clouded with mystery much of Swift's life, which, while men forbore to call it insanity, perplexed every one of his friends with strange misgivings, and suggested to himself, with painful distinctness, its inevitable termination, is here traced with great distinctness, chiefly from such records as Swift's own letters afford. The inferences from the statements made by him, from time to time, through a period of full fifty years, are compared with those which an examination of his mortal remains, strangely exposed to observation a century after his death, suggested to competent observers. The chief value of Mr. Wilde's book is as a medical tract, but it incidentally illustrates some of the topics of Swift's domestic life which have been the subject of dispute; and this is of the more moment, as Scott's

Life of Swift, an exceedingly entertaining volume, is framed on the principle of combining into one narrative all that had been told of Swift by witnesses, many of whom were far from being quite faithworthy. It is really a curious thing to observe how accidentally mistakes arise. How the ambiguous language of one biographer being misunderstood by the next, the whole colour of the narrative becomes insensibly changed. In Swift's case, there is really little that can be depended on in the statements of any of his biographers which is not directly affirmed in his own letters.

Of his early life, nothing whatever is known, except what he has himself told. Every addition to his record is demonstrably false; and every statement of his own, susceptible of confirmation from external evidence, has been abundantly confirmed. Swift's stern and uncompromising veracity has been tested in every conceivable way. The vanity of his own relatives, anxious to be supposed capable of adding something to what the public already knew of a great man, has been rebuked by accidental circumstances, disproving all that they stated about the Dean. Mr. Deane Swift's* book is for the most part worthless. Lord Orrery's Biography of Swift, a book not without some interesting matter, is chiefly valuable as showing the sort of calumnies that prevailed during the latter years of Swift's life, and which were all reproduced in this weak and mischievous work. The book has all the appearance of having been dictated by malevolent feeling; and as its author had for a while a doubtful intimacy with Swift, it is probable that resentment for real or imaginary slights was not unconnected with the tone of depreciation manifested throughout. Lord Orrery was anxious to come before the public in the character of an author. Without any original powers, his only course was translation or criticism. He translated Pliny's Epistles, but Melmoth distanced him there. He then remembered that there was no life of Swift, and he set about supplying the want. His acquaintance with Swift, which was the chief excuse for selecting this subject, had, however, been formed at a time when Swift was scarce himself—when his temper was soured with disappointment and utter hopelessness, and when his bodily and mental health was already greatly impaired. In fact, Lord Orrery had nothing to tell of Swift from his own knowledge; and to make a book, there was no way open to him except to heap together whatever he could collect of hearsay among the few who then remembered "the Dean." The peculiar relation of Swift to the late ministry of Queen Anne, and the part he had afterwards taken in Irish politics, had made him the

* *Deane* Swift was a cousin of Jonathan's. He was a son of his uncle Godwin's, one of whose four wives was co-heiress of Admiral *Deane* the regicide.

object of hatred and suspicion to the party who, when Lord Orrery wrote, possessed the whole power and patronage of the State. The libels published against him had thus a life more enduring than such things ordinarily have. All those were embodied in Lord Orrery's work. The work became very generally circulated, and was the text-book from which everything calculated to lower the Dean's character has been derived. Lord Orrery's book was answered, and, for the most part, shown to be utterly unworthy of credit, by Delany, a surviving friend of Swift; but Delany's "Observations," we are told by Sheridan, had but little circulation. Delany's answer was followed by another from Deane Swift. Then came a formal life by Hawkesworth; and then, Johnson's. We are obliged to mention these successive publications, as each materially influenced the more modern Lives of Swift, and as every one of them originated errors which we hope to remove.

Johnson's, published in his Lives of the Poets, opens with an assertion which we must notice, as it is calculated to affect our whole estimate of Swift:—

"Jonathan Swift was, according to an account said to be written by himself, the son of Jonathan Swift an attorney, and was born at Dublin on St. Andrew's day, 1667. According to his own report, as delivered by Pope to Spence, he was born at Leicester, the son of a clergyman, who was minister of a parish in Herefordshire. During his life, the place of his birth was undetermined. He was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish, but would occasionally call himself an Englishman."

Swift was wholly incapable of the deception and falsehood which this narrative implies. Of himself, as of others similarly circumstanced, he was in the habit of speaking as of an Englishman accidentally born in Ireland; and as both his parents were English, and as no one of his progenitors was Irish, there does not seem anything unreasonable in his stating the fact as it was. The account, which states his birth to have been in Dublin, is in his own handwriting, and is preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. Of the authenticity of that document, and of the truth of that statement, there can be no doubt. The passage Johnson quotes from Spence, no doubt exists in Spence's *Anecdotes;* but Spence made the mistake of confusing what Swift said of his grandfather, as if it had been said of his father. His grandfather, who was born in Leicester, was vicar of Goodrich in Herefordshire, and this Pope perfectly knew, as is proved by his amusing verses on Swift's putting up a monument to him, and presenting a cup to the church at Goodrich. On a pencilled elevation of the proposed monument, which Swift sent to Mrs. Howard, Pope wrote the following lines, which are preserved

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with an endorsement in Swift's hand, "Model of a monument for my grandfather, with Mr. Pope's roguery:"—

JONATHAN SWIFT
Had the gift
By fatheridge, motheridge,
And by brotheridge,
To come from Gutheridge;
But now is spoiled clean,
And an Irish Dean;
In this church he has put
A stone of two foot,
With a cup and a can, sir,
In respect to his *grandsire*, &c.

In a letter from Pope to Swift, the former telling a story of an Irishman to Swift, calls the hero of the tale Swift's countryman. In a letter from Swift to Pope, (July 1737,) we have the following passage, which exhibits the sense which Swift gave to the word, if at any time he called himself an Englishman, and which negatives Johnson's ungenerous and unwarranted inference—"Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentlemen of this kingdom"—he is writing from Dublin—"and the savage old Irish, (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom;) but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred; and they think it very hard that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners." In a letter from Pope, speaking of Rundle, then sent over as a bishop to Ireland, we find him saying to Swift—"He will be an honour to the bishops, * * * but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor to your unfriended and unbenefited nation." In the dedication of the Dunciad, where Pope brought together whatever was likely to please Swift, he does not shrink from calling Ireland his country:

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind, &c.

In the fourth Drapier's letter, Swift speaks of Molyneux as "an

English gentleman born here," *i. e.*, in Ireland. Swift's feeling was, that no right of an Englishman ought to have been lost by location or by birth in Ireland. This thought, and this alone, was what he expressed in very natural and very forcible language. The mistake of his meaning, for it does not appear to have been misrepresentation, has given a false colouring to every part of Johnson's narrative.

The first three years of Swift's life were past in England. His nurse, an Englishwoman, had some temptation to return to her own country, and she took the child with her. "At five years old he could read any chapter of the Bible; at six he was sent to school to Kilkenny in Ireland, and at fourteen was admitted into the University of Dublin, where, by the ill treatment of his nearest relations, he was so much discouraged and sunk in his spirits, that he too much neglected some parts of his academic studies, for 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, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency, and at last hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratia*. And this discreditable mark, as I am told," we are transcribing his own statement, "stands upon record in their college registry."*

The mark still exists. Swift entered college in April 1682, and became one of a class which had for the most part entered in the October or November previous. As far as we can ascertain there was at this period but little attention paid to classics in the course of education at Dublin University. It was ascertained by an examination at entrance, that the pupil had read some prescribed books in Latin and Greek. The temptation of a scholarship in the third year of his course, which was the reward of proficiency in classics, was the sole inducement to make him continue this study, while all the permanent honours and emoluments which the college could bestow were given to what was then called Arts. For a period of four years education was conducted by prelections on Aristotelic logic, and in physics and ethics Aristotle was also the text-book. The college statutes did not allow any deviation from the course, and even the books to be used by the lecturer in instructing his pupils were rigorously fixed by statute. It was only in the reign of George the Third that an inconvenience felt almost since the foundation of the College was remedied, and power given to the governing part of the body, in conjunction with the visitors, to

* *Anecdotes of the Family of Swift by Dr. Swift.* The original manuscript is lodged in the University of Dublin.

make such changes in the course of study as circumstances might require. Swift was a boy of fourteen. At his school not one word of science had been taught. The Irish schools never invaded the proper province of the university. He found himself in a class that for six months before had been exercised in the subtleties of a formal system altogether new to him. There is reason, too, to think that Swift's talents were of slow development. It is scarce possible to imagine circumstances in which less was likely to be learned. His tutor's attention would, in the circumstances, be given to the more advanced pupils, and it cannot surprise us if the neglected boy was satisfied with formal attendance, and lived in a world of his own thoughts and dreams. At that time the test of proficiency afforded by quarterly examinations of the students did not exist, and the logical disputations for an academic degree, which have become a mere form, were then a serious thing. Swift's failure seems to have been regarded by him with deep humiliation; and though it did not lead him to leave college for three years afterwards, it probably was among his motives for taking his higher degrees at Oxford. Some confusion has arisen in examining Swift's early career, from the fact of a cousin of his of the same surname having entered college on the same day with him, and the college entries respecting the two being so made as to render it impossible in all cases to determine to whom they refer. His biographer, Deane Swift, has built a strange story out of the way in which Swift's degree was given. He says that Swift himself told him that the words were misunderstood at Oxford; and that the introduction of them into the testimonial given by Dublin College, was regarded by the Oxford men as a proof of the high regard with which Swift was honoured in his parent university. The *testimonium* has been since produced. It contains no such words, nor are such ever inserted in a document of the kind. This disposes of Mr. Deane Swift as a witness, and, in disposing of him, a good deal of biographical rubbish is cleared away.

Swift's support at school and in college was derived from an uncle, Godwin Swift. Godwin Swift, the first of the family that came to Ireland, was connected through one of his four wives with the Ormond family, and the Duke made him his attorney-general of the Palatinate of Tipperary. "Godwin," says Swift, "was an ill pleader, but perhaps dextrous in the subtle parts of the law." In the manuscript from which these words are taken, is an interlineation before the word "dextrous" of the emphatic words "*a little too*." Swift did not think of his uncle Godwin with love. There is no trace, we believe, of any kindly intimacy between the family of the successful barrister and the retired student. Swift's was a nature not unlikely to fancy neglect,

and to resent it. There can be no doubt that at all times self-will and caprice were among the original elements of his character, and that from the first he was ambitious. The appearance of wealth, and the reality of some of the comforts of such an establishment as his uncle's, must have now and then met the eye of the meditative boy, who little thought with what real sacrifice this expenditure was maintained, and how even the pittance apportioned for his own maintenance and instruction in college pressed on the resources of a generous and improvident man, whose very occupation in the management of the business of others was not unlikely to be accompanied with inattention to his own; at all events the close of Godwin's career exhibited that he had not money either for himself or others. His mental faculties gave way. The cause, or perhaps the consequence of mental disease, was his giving ear to some speculative projectors, who proposed to realize a fortune by making the worst iron in the kingdom. His latter years were spent in a state of mental imbecility not unlike that which oppressed the close of Swift's own life. Between the Swifts and the family of Sir William Temple there had been some kindliness—we believe also some obscure family connexion. Godwin Swift was the intimate friend of Temple, who held a high office in the Court of Chancery in Ireland. The mother of Jonathan Swift was related, or claimed to be related, to Temple's wife. The cousin of Jonathan, who entered Dublin College on the same day with him, had made his way to Temple's, and was already chaplain there, when Jonathan, now twenty-one years of age—too young to be ordained, and looking round for means of support—after a short visit to his mother in Leicestershire, came with some recommendations to Temple, by whom he seems to have been at once employed, probably as secretary, if that word does not express a relation more confidential than was at first established between them. It is probable that the statement given by Mr. Temple, nephew to Sir William Temple, is substantially true, that Swift was paid a salary of twenty pounds a-year as his amanuensis. This is stated by Temple in language studiously offensive, and manifestly coloured by that dislike of Swift which actuated all the members of the Temple family. In fact, the regard exhibited by Sir William Temple to Swift, to whom he left his manuscripts, seems to have been resented by the family. The language of solemn courtesy, in which a distinction of rank seems to have been implied even in the ordinary intercourse between equals, gives more colour to Mr. Temple's statement than the facts themselves would perhaps strictly warrant. Swift's first residence with Temple was at Sheen, and there he became acquainted with Esther Johnson, a child of six years old, the daughter of a person who was employed

as housekeeper, or in some such capacity, by Lady Gifford, the sister of Temple. This child was destined to be known in after days, by all who knew anything of Swift, as the *Stella* of his writings. She was a general favourite, and seems to have been domesticated with Lady Gifford and Mr. Temple as a companion to a young relative of theirs of her own age, and was educated by the same masters. Intimacy, friendship, affection, any feeling but the *passion* which is called love, is likely to have grown up between Swift, who conducted parts of her education, and his young pupil.

While with Temple, Swift first felt what Mr. Wilde regards as the commencement of the cerebral disease, which only terminated with life. Swift thought it but a disease arising from indigestion. Writing to Mrs. Howard, he says, "About two hours before you were born, I got my giddiness by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, having made a fine seat about twenty miles further in Surrey, where I used to read, there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since; and being old acquaintances, have now thought fit to come together." Hawkesworth, and other biographers of Swift, have said that this surfeit of fruit occurred in Ireland; Scott, that it was stone-fruit. The companion of Temple was not unlikely to have enjoyed the luxury of fruits; for nowhere do we find such descriptions of all that could be brought to perfection in England as in Sir William's essay on gardening; and we almost think that a recollection of his account of his apricots and peaches, and yet more of his cherries, and the delight with which he dwells on them, might have led Scott into a mistake, for which we do not think he has any authority. The time of Swift's first illness was in 1690. In the Life of Temple, prefixed to his works,* we find that about this period Sir William used to wait on King William at Richmond and Windsor; and it was no doubt in Swift's attendance on him on one of these occasions that the illness occurred. Had Sir William's secretary read the essay to which we allude, written some five years before, or had he heard Sir William conversing on the subject, he would have been not disinclined to the use of ripe fruit, even as a part of medicinal treatment of such ailments as he complained of. "I can say for myself at least," says the old gentleman, "and all my friends, that the season of summer fruits is ever the season of health with us, which I reckon from the beginning of June to the end of September; and for all sickness of the stomach (from which others are judged to proceed) I do not think any that are like me, the most subject to them, shall complain whenever they

* Edition of 1814.

eat thirty or forty cherries before meals, or the like proportion of strawberries, white figs, soft peaches, or grapes perfectly ripe. After Michaelmas, apples; which, with cherries, are of all others the most innocent food, and perhaps the best physic." In the same essay, we find the following passage :—"I need say nothing of apples, being so well known among us; but the best of our climate, and I believe of all others, is *the golden pippin.*" It is said that the cause to which Swift referred his illness is not adequate to account for its effects. Mr. Mason's language is—"I apprehend such causes are quite insufficient to produce such permanent effects. Swift, perhaps, experienced then, for the first time, the symptoms of an hereditary disease, and probably mistook that for the cause which was truly the consequence." Mr. Wilde who, however, differs from Mason as to the cause and the nature of the disease, says—"From this period, a disease which, in all its symptoms, and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least) cerebral congestion, set in and exhibited itself in well marked periodic attacks, which year after year increased in intensity and duration."

It is plain that, in spite of Temple's gout, and what his sister calls "spleen,"—a favourite medical fiend of the day—in spite too of Swift's impatient spirit, little likely to endure from Temple's relatives the slights which his position left him without the power of effectually repelling, and which from the tone and temper of resentment in which they at all times speak of Swift, they plainly had not generosity or sufficient sense of justice to forbear—a strong feeling of kindliness was growing up between Temple and Swift. A short visit to Ireland was made by Swift for the sake of health; but he soon returned. In some two years afterwards, on being offered a place in the Rolls in Ireland by Temple, he told him of his wish to enter the Church, and that this offer of £120 a year, in a different way of life, satisfied him that his going into the Church arose from other motives than the mere desire of obtaining a livelihood. He went to Ireland—was ordained—obtained a small living. He had, however, become necessary to Temple's existence; and in 1695, returned to Moorpark, where he resided till Sir William's death in January 1698, or—as we write—1699.

The business of the future biographer of Swift will be very much that of blotting out some of the pleasant stories told without anything of sufficient authority. Sheridan, and after him Scott, have given an account of Swift's resigning his first preferment when he was meditating a return to Temple's. "His resolution," says Sir Walter, "appears to have been determined by a circumstance highly characteristic of his exalted benevolence. In an excursion from his habitation, he met a clergyman,

with whom he formed an acquaintance, which proved him to be learned, modest, well-principled, the father of eight children, and a curate at the rate of forty pounds a year. Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this gentleman's black mare, having no horse of his own, rode to Dublin, resigned the prebend of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for this new friend." The great novelist proceeds to tell of the surprise and delight of the old clergyman—nay, begins to deal in the picturesque. "The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed upon him the black mare, which he did not choose to hurt him by refusing; and thus *mounted, for the first time, on a horse of his own*, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again *embarked* for England, and resumed his situation at Moorpark as Sir William Temple's confidential secretary." Ah, Sir Walter! these stories of romantic clergymen, and benevolent chief governors, thus disposing of livings, were as little true in Swift's day as in our own. The clergyman, in favour of whom Swift resigned, could scarcely have been so old and so venerable a curate as the story would give us to imagine; for we find him corresponding with Swift full thirty-five years afterwards. He was not indigent, for he had an estate in lands in the county of Antrim, and was connected with some of the leading people there. It so happens, too, that there is a record of the births of his children, the oldest of whom was not born for a year after the date of this pathetic story. Swift's successor in the prebend of Kilroot was the Rev. John Winder; and the facts we have stated, we find in Mr. Mason's Cathedral Antiquities of St. Patrick's.

During Swift's earlier residence with Temple, he had formed a personal acquaintance with King William. William offered to make him Captain of Horse, showed him how to cut asparagus after the Dutch fashion, and how to eat it too, of which Scott tells a good story. Alderman George Faulkner, the Dublin bookseller, dining one day in company with Dr. Leland the historian, the conversation turned on Swift. Faulkner told of having once dined with Swift. Asparagus was one of the dishes. The Dean helped his guest, who called shortly to be helped a second time. "Sir, first finish what is on your plate." "What, sir, eat my stalks." "Aye, sir; King William always ate the stalks!" "And, Mr. Faulkner," rejoined the historian, (who was himself remarkably proud and very pompous,) "what, were you blockhead enough to obey him?" "Yes, Doctor; and if you had dined with Dean Swift *tête-á-tête*, faith you would have been obliged to eat your stalks too!" William, it would seem, gave Swift hopes of church preferment; as in a letter to his uncle, William Swift, he writes, "I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend."

On Temple's death Swift employed himself in editing Sir William's works. They were dutifully dedicated to the King; but with Temple's life, Swift's chances of any promotion through that interest were at an end, and Swift returned to Ireland as chaplain to Lord Berkely, one of the Lords-Justices of Ireland. In some short time we find him holding church preferments to the amount of nearly £300 a-year, and residing at Laracor, where it is probable that the happiest years of his life were past. Swift had scarcely been settled at Laracor when he prevailed "on Esther Johnson (Stella) and another lady, 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, and all the necessaries of life at half the price." "The adventure," says Swift, "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." In a letter from one of Swift's relatives, he asks an acquaintance, "whether Jonathan be married? or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both those gentlewomen that marched quite from Moorpark to Dublin, (as they would have marched to the north or anywhere else,) with full resolution to engage him?" There can be no doubt that there was some want of wisdom in Swift's invitation to these ladies. It gave rise to much idle gossip, in spite of Swift's precautions to guard against injury to the character of either of the ladies. During his frequent absences in London they resided at the glebe; on the eve of his return, they retired to their own lodgings in the neighbouring town. Swift never saw either of them except in the presence of a third person. The world will not allow people to be happy in their own way; and Swift and his female friends had to pass through the same ordeal that in an after generation tortured Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. The people of the place did not understand it—Swift was to marry her—then he had married her—then he would marry her but for some mystery connected with their birth, which precluded the possibility of marriage—then the fact of marriage had taken place, but on the very day of the marriage came a mysterious revelation, whispered in the ear by Archbishop King, believed by Dr. Delany and some other old women, and now preached on the housetop by Dr. Wilde. The strange communication that Stella and Swift were actually brother and sister, both being children of Sir William Temple, was, it would seem, made to them by Mrs. Dingley, (the lady who had accompanied Stella from England,) immediately after their marriage. Such is the strange story ingeniously enough put together from some half-dozen absurd reports, every one of them capable, even at this distance of time, of ab-

solute disproof; but there being a predetermination to make a romance out of this Swift and Stella story—the mock marriage and all its mysterious incidents were got up in the style adapted to the readers of a century ago. In Swift's relations with the ladies, we think there was throughout great absurdity, and with all his knowledge of the world, much ignorance of the true character and dispositions of the female mind. There are on record against him four love stories; and a letter of his with respect to the first, gives, we think, the key to all. So early as the year 1692, his mother feared or fancied that some marriage engagements existed between him and a young Leicestershire woman, and the report was the subject of a letter from Swift to one of his friends. He says—"The very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the University, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, and even then, itself, I am so hard to please that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world. * * * There is something in me which must be employed, and when I am alone, turns all, for want of practice, into speculation and thought, insomuch that these seven weeks I have been here, (*i.e.*, at Temple's, *Moorpark*,) I have writ and burnt, and writ again, on all manner of subjects, more perhaps than any man in England. I have been told in Ireland, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I did not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me busy, when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life to whom I have behaved just the same way; and, I profess, without any other design than that of entertaining myself when very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs." The gaiety, then, and liveliness of his manners—the cheerful excitement which distinguished the lonely student, when accident threw him out of the reserved and stately circle of the Temples, or removed him from his books into the company of any lively young woman, was construed by village gossips into love, and Swift, like any one who is fool enough to listen to such chatter, was given away in marriage to at least one Leicestershire belle. Little did the villagers know the spirit with which they had to deal; little did they know how their very talk was breaking the charm which perhaps it was endeavouring to fasten and bind more close on this most affectionate and generous of human hearts, but one that of all things was most sure to resent any effort to constrain its freedom. The report was poison to Swift's mind. "Though the people," he adds, "is a lying sort of a beast, (and I think in Leicester above all

parts that I ever was in,) yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason, which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman further than a bare acquaintance." We can easily see from this how little likely any of those ladies who took a fancy to marrying Swift were to effect their purpose by bringing the opinion of others to bear upon his mind in a matter of this kind. The Leicestershire lady marries an innkeeper, and her children appear on the stage claiming and receiving kindnesses from Swift. The next of these ladies whom the preservation of Swift's letters introduces to our notice, was Miss Waryng. In the year 1796 there is a letter from Swift of the most ardent love—an earnest, almost irresistible proposal of marriage—at least it seems strange how it could be resisted. Resisted, however, it was till 1700, when Swift, whose proposal was made while he still was with Sir William Temple, but who had now become Vicar of Laracor, and had some other church preferment, found the lady very anxious to learn what he was about. There is certainly a marked difference in the tone of the letter answering what may be called the lady's proposal, from that in which his own was conveyed some four years before. Without suggesting that, in an interval of four years, other objects might have interrupted any thought of Jane Waryng—for thus the second letter is addressed—the first was to *Varina*, a more romantic sound; without saying, that about two years before Jane's inquisitorial letter, we find Swift mentioning letters to a certain *Eliza* — perhaps his Leicestershire love — perhaps an intermediate flame — certainly not *Jane* Waryng herself, as Mr. Mason, with less than his usual shrewdness, conjectures — we do think that a proposal such as Swift's, refused or treated slightingly by a young lady, might have tried the temper of a man less likely to be offended than Swift; and in the second letter, we cannot read any other purpose than that of exhibiting truly the cold and stern realities of life to a young woman who was trifling with her own peace of mind and his. "Are you," he says to her, "in a condition to manage domestic affairs with an income of less (perhaps) than £300 a-year? Have you such an inclination to my person and humour, as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in these methods I shall direct you, to the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable, when we are neither visiting nor visited? * * * I singled you out at first from the rest of women, and I expect not to be used like a common lover." Is this language consistent with any thing but sincerity of purpose?

It would be tedious to transcribe more of the letter; but, making some allowance for the character of the man who wrote, we cannot but think the woman an absolute fool who could be offended by such a letter; but such all her conduct with regard to Swift proves her to have been.

It must be remembered, when we think of the relation of friendship which Swift sought to establish between himself and the English ladies whom he had imported to the neighbourhood of his vicarage, that his only sister had, by a very strange and imprudent marriage, disturbed all his plans of life. When Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley came to his neighbourhood, we think that a rash experiment was made of trying how far a permanent friendship could go on between persons of different sexes—excluding the thought of love. The relation contemplated by the parties was of fraternal affection; and, considering the entire circumstances of all, especially the great difference of years between Swift and Stella, and his having known and loved her as an elder brother from her early childhood, we believe that passion was not at first awakened at all—that the thought of their probable marriage was first suggested by third persons; and how such suggestion of third persons was likely to affect Swift's mind, after the event of the Leicestershire amour, our readers will be able to judge. At any rate, the nature of Swift's affection was soon tested. A friend of his, Mr. Tisdal, proposed for Stella. Swift, regarded as the guardian of Stella, was consulted; and his letter approving of the match is preserved. Stella—from whatever cause, and causes are suggested quite adequate, and altogether unconnected with Swift—refused Tisdal; and Tisdal everywhere circulated the report that he was rejected because Swift wanted to marry her.

While the ladies were thinking too much of Swift, he was thinking too little of the ladies. He was busy in Cabinets and Courts. He was thinking of changes of ministry, and his whole heart was in his task. Tories called him Whig, and Whigs a Tory. He himself, in all probability, was right when he said he was a Whig in State politics—a Tory in Church matters. In joining Harley's administration, there can be but little doubt that his first strong motive was resentment against the former ministry, by whom he regarded himself as neglected. The love of mischief, we think, too, mingled with the feeling; and the exultation which accompanies every exertion of power made him seize every opportunity which public affairs presented of bringing his peculiar talents into play. They were glorious days, when, in the full exuberance of fun, "The Tale of a Tub"—Swift's first work—forced unwilling smiles from the gravest churchmen. With Johnson, we agree in thinking it incomparably his best

work. Nothing that he afterwards wrote flowed forth with such absolute freedom and fulness of power;—the satire, coarse and vehement throughout, was throughout effective. The Church was actually offended at being so saved from dangers that were far from imaginary; and we fancy that to this indecorous defence, and the scandal it occasioned, we owe the passage in Gulliver's Travels where Gulliver is banished from court for his bold and unpremeditated mode of extinguishing a conflagration which threatened to destroy the capital of Liliput. Whatever service was done by this romance, which almost equals Rabelais in humour as well as in other points of character, it in all probability lost Swift a bishopric. Johnson thought the book too good for him. Warton, following Johnson's track, says that Swift nowhere acknowledged or claimed it. Johnson never seriously expressed an opinion that it was not Swift's, though something of the kind no doubt was said by him in comparing it with those works of Swift that were more purely political. Here imagination was vigorously at work, and it would almost seem for the mere indulgence of its own capricious pleasure. Warton is wrong in saying that Swift did not claim this work. His letters to his bookseller remain, directing corrections for a new edition, and expressing extreme annoyance at the impertinence of a cousin of his, who affected to have had some share in the work. A remarkable coincidence has been pointed out by Professor Porson between a passage in *Gulliver's Travels* and one in *The Tale of a Tub*, which would be enough to fix the authorship of both, as he observes, on the same person. *Gulliver's Travels*—"On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that, on the left side, the king's smiths conveyed *fourscore and eleven* chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with *six-and-thirty* padlocks." Compare with this, *Tale of a Tub—Introduction*—"*Fourscore and eleven* pamphlets have I writ under three reigns, and for the service of *thirty-six* factions." Whatever these numbers may mean, however arbitrarily or accidentally they may have first occurred, the repetition could not have been accidental, and may have been designed, like a private mark, to enable Swift to prove his property in either work, should he ever be disposed to throw off the mask, and claim them as his own. Swift had never shaped to his own imagination a home in any proper sense of the word. From his wretched college-rooms he had passed to Temple's, where all the appearance of wealth existed—where every incident calculated to awaken ambition was presented to his mind. His residence at Laracor was interrupted by frequent visits to

London, by his feeling his importance to political parties. Through his letters, and especially in his letters to the ladies at Laracor, there are frequent sighs for repose—there are frequent expressions of indifference to the pursuits in which he is engaged; but every page exhibits feverish and restless ambition. There are one or two passages in which he speaks of at last perhaps obtaining a competence, one at least in which he contemplates such provision for himself as chiefly valuable for the sake of the ladies to whom he is writing; for the letters, though now called the Journal to Stella, were addressed to her and to Mrs. Dingley jointly; yet the feeling throughout is that of an affectionate brother rather than a lover, and now and then it is that of a condescending master, enacting good-natured equality of manner with the show and reality of courtesy to persons admittedly inferior in rank and station. There was in his letters much fondness, rather as indulging a mood of his own mind, however, than from any great consideration of the objects; and there was in these communications to his womankind at Laracor a total absence of reserve, as there was a total absence of respect. The ladies to whom he each day wrote of the manner in which he actually bullied Harley and Bolingbroke he had remembered as servants at Sheen and Moorpark. They, too, had seen Swift, and the "pain" he was compelled to endure "when," to use his own words, "Sir William Temple used to look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a thousand reasons." There was at this time, and indeed throughout life, in Swift's mind, a galling sense of social inferiority of condition; and he thought to vindicate his proper place in society by overbearing and intolerable manners. Of this there are a hundred instances; and it was something to Swift to have auditors, such as Stella and Mrs. Dingley, who would be not unlikely to sympathize with him in the tone of feeling which dictated such strange conduct—conduct in which we cannot but see—be it disguised and dignified with what names men please—the commencement of insanity. We think Swift's was essentially the mind and spirit of an independent man; but we think the necessity which he felt of for ever *acting* independence, lest it should be denied, or a contrary feeling imputed, for ever placed him in a false position. "I called," he says, "at Mr. Secretary's, to see what the d—— ailed him on Sunday. I made him a very proper speech—told him I observed he was much out of temper: that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was better: and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a school-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already, (meaning Sir William Temple); that I expected every great Minister,

who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my Lord Keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, and that they might use me accordingly." This was *acting* dignity. We speak not of the feeling, in which Swift was probably right, but of the way in which it was exhibited,—in which Swift was so assuredly wrong, that a true account of such an interview could scarcely have been communicated to any persons but people in precisely the position of Swift's female correspondents. We do not think there is any very distinct evidence that Stella anticipated marriage with Swift; though, of course, if such an intention be ascribed to the parties to this correspondence, it will colour the whole of it, and thus one mistake give rise to a hundred.

Whatever the relation was that subsisted between Swift and Stella, it was not such as prevented him from forming other acquaintances of the fair sex. There are in his correspondence several exceedingly graceful letters from him to many ladies of high rank, which show him playing like a moth round the flame which yet he took care not to approach too near; and from them, too, there are letters enough to show "how high he stood in the estimation of those by whom it is almost every man's ambition to be distinguished." Among his acquaintances was the widow of a Dutch merchant, who had made money in Ireland in William's days, and laid it out in the purchase of forfeited estates there. This business of dealing in estates which other men continued to think their own, notwithstanding any title that a successful revolution gave, has never been attended with as comfortable an enjoyment of rents and revenues as ought to be wished for the sake of the peace of society; and the Van Homrighs, with the name of considerable property, appear to have been, during their first intimacy with Swift, in considerable pecuniary embarrassment. We think it not easy to read the letters between Swift and the eldest of the daughters of Mrs. Van Homrigh without believing that, in this case, the Dean's heart was seriously affected; there can be no doubt the lady's was. From the time of his intimacy with the Van Homrighs the journal to Stella assumes a different tone, and becomes a mere diary, in which the class of playful topics which he at first dwelt on are no longer subjects of his thought; the "little language," as he called the playful style in which he at first wrote, no longer engages or amuses us. Many of the letters read like so many paragraphs from his history of the four last years of

Queen Anne. Meanwhile the love affair with Vanessa—so he chose to call Hesther Van Homrigh—thrived apace. The adventure lasted him full twenty years or more. Mother, and brother, and sister died; and the young lady was alone in the world, and came over to Ireland to war with doctors and proctors, and all the devilry of the Ecclesiastical Courts; and when this was done, to undergo all the torment of continued litigation in the courts of common law. Poor Miss Van Homrigh! the single acknowledged comfort to which she could look was the hope of a visit from the Dean; but the Dean feared the scandal of Dublin, and provoked the scandal which he feared by the character of mystery which he gave to his visits. "If you write to me," he says, "let some other direct it; and I beg you will write nothing that is particular, but what may be seen: letters may be opened, and inconveniences may happen. If you are in Ireland while I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees." When Swift went to Laracor, after his installation as Dean, he writes to Vanessa: —"At my first coming, I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me; but it begins to wear off, and change to dulness." A year after, when the quarrels between Bolingbroke and Harley drove Swift from Court, his first letter from Letcombe is to her. Her delight at the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, though it would seem it contained much calculated to repress her hopes of bringing the amorous Dean to the actual point of matrimony, was unbounded. He promised her, in one of his letters, a second poem; and it is a thousand pities that it was not worked out. In a letter of a later date, when Vanessa was actually fixed on her estate at Celbridge, he writes to her—"God send you through your law and your reference; and remember that riches are nine parts of ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right." * * * "The best maxim I know in life is, to drink your coffee when you can, and when you cannot, to be easy without it." In a letter, July 5, 1721, he says—"Soyez assurée, que jamais personne du monde a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée, par votre ami que vous. I have drank no coffee since I left you, nor intend till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours, if I may myself be the judge." We suspect that in this business of the coffee, more is meant than at first appears. There is throughout this correspondence with Vanessa an effort to give a character of coldness to parts of each letter, as if there was a fear of the letters falling into other hands. We suspect,

too, that to this fear we owe it that the strongest expression of passion on Swift's part is expressed in French. Swift had suggested to Vanessa, in one of the letters, to use something of a cipher; and, we suspect, the whole meaning of the letters is not to be seen on the surface. In the letter which we have last quoted is another passage about coffee, in which it is just possible that Vanessa's conscience suggested a meaning that did not enter into the Dean's thoughts: "Without health, you will lose all desire of drinking your coffee, and become so low *as to have no spirits.*"

It is impossible to read these letters and not think that Vanessa was quite justified in thinking she had won this ardent admirer. Still the word marriage was not mentioned. Is it not probable that, as has been suggested by some of his biographers, Swift was conscious of hereditary disease which he feared to transmit? To us it is quite beyond the range of our powers of belief to imagine, that at the time Swift wrote these letters, he had actually been married to Stella; and it must be remembered that these letters were not in the hands of the biographers, who, one after another, have spoken of the marriage. A scene of great violence is stated to have occurred, when Swift rode to Celbridge, and threw upon Vanessa's table a letter containing one from herself to Stella. Of this story, there is no proof whatever; and if such a letter had existed, there is no reason why it should not have been preserved with the rest which have been published from a transcript made from a copy preserved by one of her executors. It is intimated by Mr. Mason in his "History and Antiquities of St. Patrick's," that more of these letters exist between Swift and Vanessa than came to Sir Walter Scott's hands. If so, they would furnish an interesting addition to any future impression of Mr. Wilde's book.

Our business through this article has been, to our great regret, destroying romance after romance; we shrink from a communication which yet must be made, which may account for the occasional warmth of some of Vanessa's letters—nay, perhaps, justify, in the opinion of some of our readers, the coldness which came over the heart of the Dean. There is a passage in Crabbe's Tales of the Hall, in which the Old Bachelor tells the stories of his own Varinas, Stellas, Vanessas, and Celias—and the casualties which saved him from marriage. All danger appeared to be over; he had come to a grave time of life; had done with novel-reading, and given himself to the study of serious romance; he meets—

> A thin, tall, upright, serious, slender maid,
> Who in her own romantic regions strayed,
> * * * * * *

Kind were the lady's looks, her eyes were bright,
And swam methought in exquisite delight.
A lovely red suffused the virgin cheek,
And spoke more plainly than the tongue can speak;
Plainly all seemed to promise love and joy,
Nor feared we aught that might our bliss destroy.
* * * * * *
What demon in his spite
To love and man could my frail mind excite,
And lead me curious on against all sense of right?
There met my eye, unclosed, a closet door.
* * * * * *
I went, I saw—shall I describe the hoard
Of precious worth in sealed deposits stored
Of sparkling hues? Enough, enough, is told,
'Tis not for man such mysteries to unfold.
Thus far I dare, whene'er those orbits swam
In that blue liquid that restrained their flame,
As showers the sunbeams, when the crimson glow
Of the red rose o'erspread those cheeks of snow;
I saw, but not the cause—'twas not the red
Of transient blush that o'er her cheek was spread;
'Twas not the lighter red that partly streaks
The Katherine pear that brightened o'er her cheeks,
Nor scarlet blush of shame—but such disclose
The velvet petals of the Austrian rose
When first unfolded, warm the glowing hue,
Nor cold as rouge, but deepening on the view.
Such were those cheeks—the causes unexplored,
Were now detected in that secret hoard.

In Hawkesworth's Life of Swift, we find him quoting the authority of Delany, and in his words telling us, that Vanessa "like Ariadne devoted herself to Bacchus." Whether from this cause, or from excessive love, she got fever and died. Her will was made in a sober interval,—she left her property to Mr. Marshal, an Irish judge, a relative of hers, and to Bishop Berkeley. Swift's name did not occur in it. It is said, that she directed her executors on her deathbed, to publish the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, and the correspondence between her and Swift. The poem was printed to Swift's great annoyance. Berkeley saw no good in printing the letters, and destroyed the originals. Marshal the other executor preserved a copy.

We do not believe that Swift was married to Stella, or contemplated marriage with her at any time. The period assigned for his marriage, is the year 1716. They are said to have been married in the garden of the deanery, by St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher. Mr. Monck Berkeley states, that St. George Ashe communicated the fact to Bishop Berkeley—from whose

widow he, Monck Berkeley, heard it. "The Bishop of Clogher," says Mr. Mason, "never could have had any communication with Berkeley upon the subject, for the former died in the year 1717, and the latter was at that time in Italy, where he had resided for several previous years." But Dr. Madden it seems, told the same story to Dr. Johnson. That such a story was in circulation, there can be no doubt. How far Madden's having told it to Johnson adds to the probability of its being true, must depend on Madden's own opportunities of information, of which we are told nothing; judging of Madden by some well-meant pamphlets of his on Irish affairs, we should regard him as an insufficient witness even of things coming within his own observation, which this could not; Johnson twice mentions the marriage in his Life of Swift. "Poor Stella," he says, "as Dr. Madden told me, related her melancholy story to Dr. Sheridan, when he attended her as a Clergyman to prepare her for death." Scott in narrating the circumstance has translated this into,—"Dr. Madden told the story (of the marriage) to Dr. Johnson, upon the authority of Dr. Sheridan, to whom Stella unfolded the secret shortly before her death." Scott, as Mr. Mason observed, unconsciously adds to Johnson's statement, that Sheridan had told Madden, what Madden repeated to him. The only link that could make Madden's statement approach the character of evidence, is wanting.

On this part of Swift's history, we think Mr. Mason's examination of the evidence as to the supposed marriage between Swift and Stella, absolutely decisive, and it is really very curious that at such a distance of time, there should be the means of disproving such a story. Monck Berkeley's proof is dissipated at once, by shewing the impossibility of a communication between Ashe and Bishop Berkeley. Sir Walter tells us, "immediately subsequent to the ceremony, Swift's state of mind appears to have been dreadful. Delany (as I have learned *from a friend of his relict*) being pressed to give an account of this strange union, said that about the time it took place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated, so much so that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears, and upon asking the reason, he said, 'you have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness, you must never ask a question.'" Mason's diligence disposes of this story altogether. The ceremony is stated to have been in the year 1716. Swift was absent from Dublin, as the Chapter books of St. Patrick's Cathedral prove, till the July of that year—before that month therefore the cere-

mony could not have occurred, and the Archbishop (as appears from Swift's correspondence) was in England from June 1716 to May of the following year. As to the story of the relationship of brother and sister, between Swift and Stella, it is only necessary to say, that "Swift's parents resided in Ireland, from before 1665, until his birth in 1667, and that Temple was residing as ambassador in Holland, from April 1666 till January 1668." We think, when a report of Swift's marriage was once circulated, that the mystery attached to it was likely to prevent an idle story from dying away. The reader, too, should consider that the story which we now examine is not that which was first circulated, but a revised and corrected edition, gradually stripped of circumstances, too improbable to be now stated, but which were not unlikely to have given the story its first credit and circulation. Miss Van Homrigh was, according to the first reports, the mistress of the Dean, and Stella, if not his wife, yet the mother of "a boy, that dined at the deanery on Sundays, and was permitted to amuse himself in the deanery yard, and that he died soon after Stella." This was Mr. Monck Berkeley's story, "on the authority of Richard Brennan, the servant in whose arms Swift breathed his last." The readers of Scott's Life of Swift, or of Sheridan's, who theorizes in the same way with Scott on the causes why Swift did not marry, will see that gradually the story which all these old women—the Delanies, the Monck Berkeleys, and their relicts—are evoked for the purpose of vouching, has, like the chameleon when dragged into light, actually changed colour.

Our own conviction is, that Swift was never married. Our impression is, that disappointment at his sister's marriage led him to favour the kind of establishment which Stella and Mrs. Dingley formed in his neighbourhood. We almost think Stella's verses to Swift, at a late period of her life, are inconsistent with her having any thoughts of the kind; and that such jealousy as she might entertain of the Dean's at any time marrying, if such existed, would not be very unlike the misgiving with which a sister or a niece would be likely to think of a step which, under any circumstances, must be accompanied with very doubtful results as to happiness, and which must, to a certain extent, disturb all previous relations. If Swift ever contemplated marriage, as far as either Stella or Vanessa was concerned, we think Vanessa was plainly his object.

There is a letter of Swift's to Martha Blount, in which he invites her to accompany Pope to Ireland, which, though written after Stella's death, suggests the kind of relation in which Swift had contemplated living with her. "Since I can never live in England, my greatest happiness would be to have you and Mr.

Pope condemned, during my life, to live in Ireland; he at the Deanery, and you, for reputation's sake, just at next door; and I will give you eight dinners a-week, and a whole half-dozen of pint bottles of good French wine at your lodgings—a thing you could never expect to arrive at—and every year a suit of fourteen-penny stuff that should not be worn out at the right side; and a chair costs but sixpence a job; and you shall have Catholicity as much as you please, and the Catholic Dean of St. Patrick's, as old again as I, for your confessor."

It is a grievous thing that Swift did not marry. But till a very late period of his life, Swift was too poor to venture on the expenses, which, to a man of his conventional rank, as Dean of St. Patrick's, must have been the unavoidable consequence. He received the deanery burthened with a debt of not less than a thousand pounds. A conviction that his miserable state of health arose from hereditary disease, may have been the real cause, why a man, who was very fond of female society, shrank from this union, when pecuniary difficulties no longer formed an obstacle. Nothing can be more miserable than the account of his cheerless days. Open his letters anywhere, and you find the same melancholy aspect of things. He becomes *inhuman*, because he has in truth no *home*. He writes to Pope in 1715,—"I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house. My family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages; and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which last is very rare,) I eat a mutton pye, and drink half a pint of wine. My amusements are defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur haec inter misero lux.*" Pope had said in one of his letters—"My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished." Listen to Swift's reply:—"They to whom I would give the first places in my friendship are not in the way. I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least, and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them. * * * I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance. I read the most trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence." In another

letter, he says—"The chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is to vex the world rather than divert it." And again—"Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it if I could with safety."

On one occasion when he left Pope's house without explanation, we have a letter from Dublin:—"Two sick friends never did well together. Such an office is fitted for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite different if you were with me. You could refuse to see anybody; and here is a large house, where we need not bear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy, and would sleep." In another letter to Pope, he says—"I reckon that a man, subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges. I mean a middle kind, with the understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in everything, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once I go with them, and whom I can tell without offence I am otherwise engaged at present." Again—"I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any lord, temporal or spiritual, in the whole kingdom. * * * What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management." Again, "My frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humour I am in, and some other reasons which time has shown, and will show more if I live, have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and, for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling to play with me an hour at backgammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within, or, at least, am deaf a week or two after I am well; but on Sunday evenings it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out."* There is a letter to Bolingbroke, (March 21, 1729,) written in a splenetic

* Letter to Pope, March, 1729.

fit, from which we can scarcely make extracts which will not mislead, so much depends on the entire context. He contrasts his old hopes and occupations in the days of Bolingbroke's power with his present employments. "The company here growing tasteless; I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt." His temper, his genius, his unrivalled talents, were in his Irish politics, but scarcely his heart. "I am forced to play at small game, to set the beasts here a-madding, merely for want of a better game. * * * I will come in person to England if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. * * * I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons played the knave, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by while my servants threw down what was amiss. I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment. But you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would if I could get a better before I was called into the best, and *not die here in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole.*" The last letter from which we shall make any extract, was written long after the death of Vanessa and Stella, and when with increasing infirmities he was falling into the hands of the mean and fraudulent people, who never for a moment succeeded in deceiving him; whose frauds and meannesses he struggled against with absolute rage, but to which he at last was compelled to yield himself a helpless, though not unresisting victim. The letter is to Pope:—"I have nobody now left but you. Pray be so kind as to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain. * * * My state of health is not to boast of. My giddiness is more or less constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own. I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen of years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them as I formerly was, which I can prove by arithmetic—for then I was double their age, which now I am not."

We have avoided any discussion on the subject of Swift's political life. It is not suggested in any way by the volume which we have undertaken to notice, and it would lead us farther than the most patient reader would be inclined to follow. It will be enough for us to say, that inasmuch as we think Swift viewed

with narrow bigotry everything connected with the Church of England, this very fact establishes his political honesty in his support of Harley and Bolingbroke's Administration. In his Irish politics, we cannot but think the rabid fierceness with which he pursued his antagonists in the battle against Wood and his halfpence in every form of persecution, was symptomatic of mental disease.

Some of his biographers describe Swift as suffering from epileptic fits. Of this there is no evidence. One or two passages in his letters are consistent with this; but as he for ever speaks of fits of giddiness, he probably means nothing more in any case. From the extracts which Mr. Wilde gives from his letters, we incline to think—and this we believe is Mr. Wilde's inference—that early in life he had a slight paralytic attack. Wilde tells us, that "several of Swift's friends suffered from symptoms similar to his own;—Harley, Gay, Mrs. Barber, Pope, Mrs. Howard, Lady Germain, Arbuthnot, and others, suffered from what is popularly termed, "a fulness of blood to the head." This singular circumstance it is to which we owe Swift's giving such minute accounts of his infirmities to so many of his friends. He says in a letter, to which we have mislaid our reference, that Lady Kerry and he had become quite friends by conning over their common ailments; and in another, (Journal to Stella, 7th Sept. 1711,) "Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right, and his servants whisper him in that only. I dare not tell him I am so too, for fear that he should think I counterfeited to make my court." A strange form of flattery!—yet Swift knew the human mind and its weaknesses, and was probably right.

Immediately after Swift's death the head was opened, and much water was found in the brain. Subsequently to the *post mortem* examination, a plaster mask was taken from his face; and from this a bust was made, which is now in the Museum of Dublin University. This bust is engraved for Mr. Wilde's book. He thinks it the best likeness of Swift during the last years of his life.

In 1835, some repairs of St. Patrick's Cathedral rendered it necessary to expose several coffins, and amongst others, those of Swift and Stella. The identity of Swift's skull was established beyond all doubt, and an examination of it with the bust in the College Museum, proved the bust to be that of Swift, of which some doubt had been entertained. The skull exhibited where the saw had passed after death; and, in the bust, "a deep indention, running nearly parallel with the brow, shows where the calvarium had been sawn, and the pericranium drawn over it subsequently, and this indentation accurately corresponds with the division of the skull

found in Swift's coffin in 1835, proving incontestably the identity of both." The phrenologists and pathologists had the opportunity of discussing the subject each in his own way. There was so much appearance of diseased action during life in the membranes of the frontal region of the brain, as almost to prove the existence of insanity, which yet some of Swift's biographers would affirm to have never, in any proper sense of the word, existed; and such change of the original structure of the outer parts of the skull as to prevent any fair inference being drawn for or against the craniologists, though the organ of *wit* was found deficient, and amativeness, to their discomfiture, was in excess. The value of this investigation, we think, is confined to its decisive effect in authenticating the bust, which is now for the first time engraved. Scott mentions this bust, and says—but that is a mistake—that it was engraved for Dr. Barrett's Essay on Swift's Early Life.

Of Stella, Mr. Wilde has given us a portrait, engraved from one preserved in the house which, in Swift's time, had belonged to the Fords—his and Stella's fast friends—and which portrait, there seems distinct evidence, has been ever since regarded as that of Stella. "The hair," says Mr. Wilde, "is jet black, the eyes dark to match, the forehead high and expansive, the nose rather prominent, and the features generally regular and well-marked. She is attired in a plain white dress, with a blue scarf, and around her bust a blue ribbon, to which a locket appears to be attached, and she wears a white and red rose." Mr. Wilde is a believer in the marriage of Swift and Stella. It is said by Swift's biographers, that Stella, in making her will, left her property to a public charity, instead of giving it to Swift, and that this was the dictate of impatient feeling, at finding year pass after year without his acknowledging their marriage. Mr. Wilde quotes a letter of Swift's written two years before Stella's death, which shows that this disposition of Stella's property was by Swift's wish; and in Stella's will, as well as his own, is a clause altering the disposition of the property in the event of Church of England Episcopacy ceasing to be the Established religion of the kingdom. Stella's will is in her own name—Esther Johnson; we believe she had no other. Her property was given to found a chaplaincy in Stevens's Hospital; and contains a provision that the chaplain shall be unmarried, and vacate on marriage. This, Mr. Mason thinks inconsistent with her having at the time any feeling of such a grievous injury as Swift's conduct would have been inflicting on her, if the romance which has almost passed ineffaceably into the lives of Swift had any foundation in truth. Mr. Wilde gives us the inscription over Stella's last resting-place in the Cathedral. By

her will, she had directed that a decent monument of plain white marble might be fixed in the wall, not exceeding the value of twenty pounds. He tells us, following some former critic, that the praise is not "from the pen of any skilful eulogist;" perhaps not; but Scott thought it must have been written by the Dean himself. After her name is given, she is said to have been "better known by the name of Stella, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral." "This," said Sir Walter, when reading it in the Cathedral, "the Dean might say; any one else would have said more."* "The precise date of the erection has not been ascertained," says Mr. Wilde, "but it does not appear to have been during the Dean's lifetime." In a volume of travels through Ireland, published in 1778, the author mentions the inscriptional tablet to Stella "as lately erected." Indeed, we think Scott was scarcely right in thinking the Dean would have written the word "celebrated." "From the contiguity of the tombs," says Wilde, "it looks as if the Dean had long arranged the place of their burial." There is little doubt that in directing the precise place where his body was to be deposited, he was influenced by this thought; but it was one that did not exist in any great strength in his mind, for he not only, long after Stella's death, wished his remains to be taken to England, but when he gave up that thought, requested that his body should be deposited "in any dry part of the Cathedral." The spot where he was ultimately to rest does not therefore seem to have been so distinct an object with him as is represented. In the same nave with the tablets to himself and Stella, is one erected by him to a faithful servant.

The early habits of Swift's life, and his actual poverty when living in the highest society in England, had forced on him an attention to money matters that approached to actual penury. Such care, however, was in his case a virtue, for on that condition alone could he have secured independence for himself, or the means of assisting others; and in the periods of his own narrowest circumstances, his charities were actually munificent. When he was in power with the dispensers of patronage, and those dispensers of patronage were Queen Anne's last ministry, the Tory complaint against Swift was, that he never came to them without a Whig in his sleeve. Every author whom he knew was sure of his zealous exertions in his favour, without any reference to politics. Of this his journal gives numberless proofs. Here are two days of his life, for instance:—

"*Feb.* 12, 1712-13.—I dined with our Society: the greatest dinner I have ever seen. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected,

* Lockhart's Life of Scott.

and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow; and the Lord Treasurer has promised me a hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night to tell me that poor little Harrison, the Queen's secretary, that lately came from Utrecht with the barrier treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for a hundred pounds from the Treasury, to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge for the air. He has a fever and inflammation in his lungs; but I hope will do well.

"13.—I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I went to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. I dined in the city. I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother attends him, and he wants nothing.

"14.—I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me, I knocked, and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour before."

Of exertions such as this there are unnumbered instances in Swift's letters. We believe he never lost an opportunity of serving one whom he regarded as a friend.

We have been, in the course of this Article, compelled to exhibit the mistakes which arise from mere accident—a phrase misunderstood in one writer, misleading the next writer, and a story thus created which, examined, has nothing whatever to rest on. There is a very brilliant passage from an early work of Mr. Croker's, "The State of Ireland, Past and Present,"* which is quoted in Scott's Life of Swift, and which not only for its own great beauty, but to correct an accidental misprint, which has been copied into Mr. Mason's work inadvertently, we shall quote. The author is speaking of Ireland at the period of Swift's Irish political struggle:—"On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry; her true patriot, her first, almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw, he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future; he first taught Ireland that she might *become a nation, and England that she might* cease to be a despot." The words in italics are omitted accidentally in Scott, and the mistake is continued in

* Published in 1810.

Mason; and thus Swift's panegyrist is made to say that Swift "first taught Ireland that she might cease to be a despot."

The circumstances under which Swift obtained his Dublin degree are said to have soured his temper with respect to the Irish University. This does not appear to be the case. His most intimate friends—while his infirmities permitted him to enjoy society—were Fellows of Dublin College. It is impossible to read his letters without feeling that he regarded the College itself with kindliness. He wished, indeed, that the new Professorships of Royal foundation should be open to others than the Fellows of Dublin College, and, especially considering the restrictions which then prevented the Fellows from marrying, we have little doubt that he was right. In writing to Lord Carteret, he says, that the rule he wishes adopted is that followed in Oxford and Cambridge—that which the College wished, was one "that only tended"—such is Swift's argument—"to mend Fellowships and spoil Professorships." He, however, expresses a wish, that "any person whose education has been in this University should be preferred before another of equal deservings."

At no time after the break-up of the Bolingbroke and Oxford ministry had Swift any voice in questions of Church patronage. Still there are proofs of his doing all he could to promote the interests of the best men in the Irish Church, as, for instance, Berkely and Stopford. His appointments in his Cathedral are mentioned with high praise; and he appears to have resisted all solicitation which would interfere with the proper exercise of his duties in this respect. Lady Carteret, the wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, on one occasion sought the appointment as Vicar-Coral for some person in whom she felt an interest. His reply was an honest one, though marked with his own caustic humour. "Upon my conscience, Madam, if you applied to me for a Deanery or a Bishopric, and it were in my power to give it, you should have it in an instant; because these are preferments where merit is no way concerned. But in this, Madam, my conscience and my credit interpose: for this man's merit is to be brought to the test every day; and how must I appear, either to my own conscience or to the eye of the world, if I prefer undeserving persons to such stations! I know nothing of music, Madam. I would not give a farthing for all the music in the universe. For my own part, I would rather say my prayers without it; but, as long as it is thought by the skilful to contribute to the dignity of the public worship, by the blessing of God, it shall never be disgraced by me, nor I hope by any of my successors, as long as this poor oppressed Church of Ireland lasts, which I think (as things go) cannot be long."

Swift's economical habits were of use both to the Deanery and to his successors. Better habits of business were introduced; and the funds of the Cathedral were both increased, by Swift's exacting larger rents, and were distributed in strict accordance with their original destination. The evidence before us satisfies us that, in the application of these funds, which had been before lavishly wasted, or diverted from their proper objects, Swift did good, which has lasted even to our own days. On the subject of his dealings with tenants, we are far from sure that he deserves the praises given him. In all these cases of rents paid to great corporations, the persons acting for a public body think that, in the management of landed property, all that they have to do is to extort the largest amount of money whether by rent or by fine, from the farmer. The truth is, that there are duties connected with property of the kind which bodies of the kind are unable to perform, and accordingly, with scarcely an exception, the tenants on such lands are in a most miserable condition, and the lands themselves almost everywhere neglected.

There is no very good edition of Swift. Scott's is no doubt the best, but it is carelessly printed; and the precise dates of the first publication, and many of the political tracts, are in many instances not given, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, are in many instances incorrectly given. The original edition of Gulliver's Travels differed materially in many passages from those that followed in rapid succession. No one has carefully collated them, or, at all events, no one has published the result of such a collation; and the readers of Walpole and Lord Hervey will be able to judge how very probable it is that such parts of the work as were intended to give a satirical description of the Court of George the Second, are likely to be rendered more intelligible by examining the changes which Swift made in the successive editions. Of Gulliver's Travels, the best edition is Dr. Taylor's;* and his notes are of great value in explaining much that would otherwise be obscure. Still, without a collation of the earlier editions with the present, any edition must be imperfect.

Stories resting absolutely on no authority whatever, and Swift's hatred of all affectation, have given to him something of the character of irreverence and buffoonery in his ministrations as a clergyman. Nothing could be in more entire contrast with all his habits than the slightest irreverence. It was not alone a regard for the decencies of his position, but a sincere feeling of piety that would have repressed the slightest tendency to

* London: Hayward and Moore.

levity on such occasions. We dwell on this, because this feature of Swift's mind has been misunderstood by good men. For instance, in Wilberforce's "Diary," we find the following entry:—"Looked into Swift's letters—what a thoroughly irreligious mind—no trace of Sunday to be found in his journals or his letters to his most intimate friends." That there is some ground for Wilberforce's surprise at a correspondence extending over so many years, making so few allusions to the Sunday, is natural enough—indeed we scarce remember it, except mentioned as his dinner day with Harley; but had Wilberforce remembered Hawkesworth's account of Swift in this particular, he probably would not have spoken with such severity.

"An abhorrence of hypocrisy was a striking particular of Swift's character; but it is difficult to determine whether it was more a virtue than a vice, for it brought upon him the charge of irreligion, and encouraged others to be irreligious. In proportion as he abhorred hypocrisy, he dreaded the imputation of it; and therefore concealed his piety with as much diligence as others conceal those vices which custom has not made reputable. His constant attendance at church, when he was at the Deanery, he knew would be considered as the duty of his station; but whatever had the appearance of voluntary devotion he always took care to hide. When he went to church in London, it was early in the morning; so that, although he was constantly at prayers and at the sacrament, yet he appeared to neglect both, as he was at home when others were at church; and when he went to prayers in his family, the servants assembled at the appointed hour, as it were by stealth, without any notice from a bell, or any other call except the striking of the clock; so that Dr. Delany was for six months in his family before he suspected him of this unfashionable practice."

When it is remembered, that through Swift's whole course a mysterious disease interrupted all the enjoyments and all the business of life, and more or less affected his mental health—when it is remembered that the good which he did rests on no doubtful or erring testimony, but even yet exists in the benevolent institutions which he founded—when it is remembered that the capricious cruelty imputed to him in domestic life, so far from being proved, is really irreconcilable with all the known facts of the case—we think our readers will concur with us in the feeling long ago expressed by Pope:—"My sincere love for this valuable, indeed incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory were I to live an hundred lives, as many of his works will live, which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit—all require as good and true a taste to be equally valued."

have no more any wits that club together—alas! we have scarcely any wits at all. The *symposia* and *convivia* of the ancients, so delightfully revived in the days of Dryden and in those of Sheridan, are out of the question at the present day. We have indeed the Theodore Hooks, the Lovers, and the Thomas Campbells; but these are solitary examples, and the unsociableness of the age has communicated itself even to *them*. Amidst this general dearth, the only thing that is left to us is to hope—to hope that, when the present matter-of-fact-times, that seek for a momentary relief from their dull slumbers in unwholesome stimulants, has passed—there may again return the good era of merry England, when politics will, from time to time, cry truce, and give us leisure to be sociable.

LINES TO ONE ONCE KNOWN IN VENICE.

BY MYLES GERALD KEON, ESQ.

REMEMBER Venice and the far-off time,
When last we saw the sadden'd gondolier
Yield to the music of his golden clime,
A deep-felt homage in his frequent tear.

O then we loved some tremulous guitar
To wake the echoes of that gentle sea,
And dreamt in list'ning, that a single star
Would form a destiny for you and me.

That dream is past,—but shall we still forget,
Wholly forget, the merry days of yore,
When in the laughing, sunny South, we met,
And felt a bliss that never can be more?

ENGLISH WITS.—No. V.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Dublin in the year 1667. He was sometimes heard to say that he was an Englishman, and that he was brought over to Ireland in a band-box; and he once seriously asserted to Pope that he was born in England. At a later period he used to point out the house in Dublin in which he was born. This inconsistency can hardly be called an eccentricity of genius. It merely comes to this—that Swift told a very foolish untruth, the motive for which is not now discoverable.

He was so docile a child, that at six years of age he could read any chapter of the Bible. About that age he was sent to Kilkenny school, where he remained eight years, and then was entered in Trinity College, Dublin. It seems that his sense of his dependence on the bounty of an uncle was so constant and so acute as to affect him in his studies, and retard his progress; for after the usual course of study, he was refused his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was at last admitted "by

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special favour," which was considered as a reproach. This had the effect of making him study for eight hours a day for seven years after, in order to redeem himself. This, if it be true, showed very extraordinary resolution; but it is hardly probable that any man could rigidly adhere, for so long a period, and in spite of accidents and the temptations of pleasure, to so severe an arrangement. It was while he was a student in the University of Dublin that he began his celebrated "Tale of a Tub."

When he was twenty-one years of age, he was thrown upon his own resources, by the incapacity of his uncle to transact the most ordinary business, for he had lost by disease both memory and speech. He was advised by his mother to tell his condition to Sir William Temple, to whom she was distantly related. He did so, and Sir William received him into his house with the greatest kindness.

Temple was a man of literary genius and of great experience in the world; he had been frequently sent as ambassador to Holland, and had in many signal instances proved himself an able diplomatist. It is not likely that the youth and consequent crude notions of Swift could be very acceptable to the private hours of such a man. He was, therefore, master of a good deal of his time, which he employed in study and in writing poetry. He read Cyprian, Irenæus, and the works of John Sleidanus, a great lawyer of the age of the Emperor Charles V. He produced a few Pindaric Odes; but Swift's mind was wholly destitute of poetical feeling; and it is not wonderful that his attempts in a high and difficult department of the poetic art were miserable failures. Dryden, on seeing his pieces, told him as much. "Cousin Swift," said he, "you will never be a poet." The honest and well-founded opinion of Dryden was repaid by a hatred which did not cease even after Dryden was in his grave.

As might be supposed, Temple began at last to appreciate the talents of his humble guest, as time and good society gave them maturity and polish. He gradually admitted him into familiarity and confidence. King William had a just sense of Temple's upright statesmanship, and was accustomed to visit him at his house, in order to confer with him on the affairs of the country. Swift was allowed to attend during those conversations; and on one or two occasions, when the king was disappointed of seeing Temple, who was sometimes confined to his chamber with the gout, he acted as the substitute of his patron. The king taught Swift how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way, and offered him a captaincy of horse. Swift, however, had views in the church, and the king afterwards promised him a prebend.

Soon after, Sir William removed to an estate in Surrey, called Moorpark, where Swift received his initiation into public business. The Earl of Portland had been despatched by the king to Moorpark, in order to receive Temple's advice as to a bill for triennial parliaments, then pending in the House of Commons. Neither the earl nor his master, who were both foreigners, was very well acquainted with the English constitution, and they both had been persuaded that the measure was very dangerous. All Temple's explanations were of no force; the earl still continued frightened. Swift was then despatched to the king with a written explanation of the whole matter. He pre-

sented the paper, and supported it with all his knowledge of English history; but so little to the king's satisfaction were the arguments adduced, that he used all his influence to suppress the bill, and it was accordingly negatived. Swift often said that his ill success in this piece of business was the first thing that cured him of vanity. This may be reasonably doubted by any one who has read his letters to Pope and Gay, or observed the various allusions to his own importance which occur in his works.

Swift was ashamed of his disappointment of academical honours at the Dublin University, and he applied at Oxford for a master's degree. This he obtained in 1692, and immediately began to press his patron for a settlement. They disagreed, and Swift pettishly left Moorpark for Ireland, where he intended to take orders. After the lapse of some time he obtained a small living, but the duties of a country clergyman soon became dull when he remembered in what splendour he had passed his hours with a distinguished scholar and statesman, and whose house was the resort of such men as Dryden and Congreve. A reconcilement eventually took place, and Swift returned to England. Temple, on this occasion, treated him with great consideration, and made him his confidential secretary. Swift must have learned much valuable political knowledge from the conversations of a statesman who had figured in public life since 1661.

In the midst of his business as a secretary, revising Temple's works and finishing his own "Tale of a Tub," he found leisure to pay attentions to a beautiful young lady, Esther Johnson, daughter of Sir William's steward. He called her Stella in many amorous pieces which he wrote in honour of her, and by this name she is always known. Unhappily the poor girl soon entertained an affection for him which was extinguished only with her life. It is plain that Swift never *loved* her; and it may be questioned whether he ever felt love to any one. He had no idea of love, or indeed of any other elevating feeling, and his insensibility in this respect has been mentioned as an apology for his treatment of Stella. But it is a poor apology, even although it could not be readily repelled by the consideration that if his heart was unsympathetic, his judgement, which was clear enough, might have pointed out to him the criminality of his conduct.

An excellent opportunity for the display of his satirical talents was opened to him in the year 1697, by the famous controversy on the respective merits of ancient and modern learning. In 1694, William Wotton, a precocious young man, published, "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning." This book was nothing but a learned echo of the injudicious criticisms of an obscure French writer of the name of Charles Perrault, who decried the ancient authors with very little discernment. It was answered by Sir William Temple, who unluckily advanced the merits of the Epistles of Phalaris. A reply to Temple was published in 1697, to which was appended a "Dissertation on Phalaris." The reply was by Wotton, and the dissertation by the famous Bentley, a man who was undervalued in his own day, but who now possesses a European fame as one of the founders of philosophical philology. He proved the epistles to be spurious, and Wotton handled Temple's production with great severity. Swift,

eager to try his own powers, and to defend his patron, wrote "The Battle of the Books." It was, however, only handed about in manuscript, and not published until after Temple's death.

Temple died in 1699, leaving his manuscripts to the care of Swift, who shortly afterwards published them with a dedication to King William. But neither the dedication, nor a petition which he forwarded reminding the King of his promise of a prebend, received any notice. After dangling some time after a few of the courtiers, he retired, highly disgusted with his disappointment. The treatment he experienced was certainly far from what he had a right to expect, for he had the promise of the king himself, and was well known to him. Swift himself said afterwards that he believed that the king never saw the petition; and this is very probable, for he had too much regard for Temple not to have taken notice of Swift. Swift had the courtiers to thank for the first of those disappointments which soon filled a mind naturally harsh with the bitterest misanthropy.

The sense of this misfortune had not worn off, when he had to endure another. The Earl of Berkeley was appointed one of the Lords Justices in Ireland, and Swift was invited to be his chaplain and private secretary. He accordingly attended the earl on his journey to Ireland in these capacities. A person named Bushe, however, contrived to supplant him in the post of secretary; having succeeded, it seems, in convincing the earl that it was not an office fit for a clergyman. In order to soothe Swift's just resentment, Berkeley bound himself to put him into the first good vacancy in the church, that was in his gift. Shortly afterwards the deanery of Derry became vacant, and when Swift confidently applied, he was very coolly told by Bushe that he must pay down £1000 for it. "God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels!" cried the enraged Swift, and immediately left the castle. The earl was afterwards ashamed of himself, or perhaps afraid of making an enemy of a man of Swift's peculiar talents; and in a short time pacified him with three poor livings, amounting in all to about £230 a year.

When Swift settled in his livings at Laracor, Stella was in England; and it is probable that time, absence, and new faces would have produced their usual effects; and that by a union with some man who was capable of returning her affection, she might have gained a happier lot than that which was preparing for her. The invitation which she now received from Swift to come to Ireland, and take up her abode near him, was the crisis of her connection with him. Had she resolutely refused—but a woman's judgement is rarely a match for her love, and she was not endowed with prescience. Poor Stella accepted the invitation, and joyfully departed for Ireland.

But Swift longed for the bustle of political life. He visited England at least once a year, to enter for a short time personally into the politics of the day, to give to the public a political pamphlet, and to gratify himself in the conversation of the kindred wits of Button's and Will's. Of the many eminent men who frequented these coffee-houses, his acquaintance with Addison seems to have been the most intimate. In this manner, alternately enjoying the society of Stella at Laracor, and the scenes of political warfare in London, did Swift

pass his life till the year 1713, when he received the deanery of St. Patrick's.

It would be very difficult and not very entertaining to explain the political opinions of Swift, to any one not possessed of a tolerable knowledge of the great questions which agitated society in his day. They were founded merely on the basis of the questions of his time, and not on history, and general principles of human nature. Swift was altogether a party man, a party writer, and, what is more, a party thinker. Hence it is that his political pamphlets disappoint those readers who read them with expectations grounded on the fame which they gained on their publication. Even to the well informed in history, it is difficult to appreciate the true bearing of political opinions long exploded, or which have vanished with the circumstances on which they were founded. Indeed, it requires much reflection to enter into the spirit of times long past. The lapse of time gradually evolves new elements of opinion and power, and thus works both in the moral and physical worlds a slow but constant revolution. The age of Anne is not very distant from our time, but its spirit is. The sources and the laws of political movements are almost entirely changed.

From his connection with Sir William Temple, Swift had contracted, in common with almost all the politicians of his time, a great admiration of the Revolution of 1688. Both the Tories and the Whigs united in expelling James II. from the throne. But the motives of the Tories were different from those of the Whigs. The Tories were alarmed for the church; the Whigs for the civil institutions of the kingdom. A Tory of the time of Queen Anne was one who allowed the sovereign an extensive prerogative in all but church affairs, and who hated the dissenters. A Whig was one who advocated a limited and strictly defined royal prerogative, and who was inclined to favour the dissenters.

Swift was always a Tory; but as the church was the touchstone of his party, he did not scruple to identify himself with the Whigs as long as they were in power, and did not flagrantly invade its privileges. Swift's first political pamphlet was in favour of the Whigs; it was entitled "A Discourse of the Dissensions in Athens and Rome." If any thing like it were to be published now-a-days, it would not be noticed; the very first sentence is nonsense. The standard of literary merit, however, was not nearly so high then as the vast accumulation of able writers has now made it, and so Swift received some encouragement from the Whig ministers.

In 1704, was published his "Tale of a Tub," one of the few really brilliant efforts of his wit. It was printed anonymously, but Swift was universally pointed at as the author. It raised a great outcry against him, and indeed very justly, for the language of the satire is often such as could not be used with propriety by a clergyman; even the oaths of Lord Peter, which give a relish to the character, come strangely from such a quarter.

In 1708, were published "The Sentiments of a Church of England Man," the "Letter on the Sacramental Test," and a few smaller pamphlets. Soon afterwards he wrote a "Project for the Advancement of Religion," and "An Argument against abolishing Christi-

anity." The last is one of the legitimate offspring of Swift's wit. It is a piece of cruel irony on the infidels and freethinkers of that day. The rest are tiresome productions to a reader of these times, and now and then a little silly.

In the same year Swift was employed in some important ecclesiastical business by Archbishop King, Primate of Ireland, which gave him an introduction to Harley, one of the heads of the Tory party. He began to be doubtful of the inclination of the Whigs to serve him, and he readily listened to the overtures of Harley. Accordingly, on his next visit to England in the year 1710, he broke off all connection with the Whigs, who were then falling; and when Harley and St. John ultimately triumphed, he completely identified himself with the Tory party. Harley and St. John soon appreciated Swift's talents for that sort of political writing which is adapted to the greatest possible number of readers, and secured him by their attentions and promises. Swift was delighted. "Mr. Harley is so excessively obliging," says he in his "Journal, to Stella," "that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better. He speaks all the kind things to me in the world." And again,—"I stand with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed."

With great hopes he immediately dashed into business for his new patrons, and received the management of a periodical paper, called "The Examiner," which had been originated by St. John, Atterbury, and Prior. Swift's first paper is No. 13, and the very first sentence evinces the hireling spirit of its writer. All of Swift's numbers are written with great spirit, and must have been well adapted, by their style and affectation of temper, to gain proselytes to the new administration among the people at large. Almost the whole of them may be perused with interest even at the present day. No. 2, on political lying, is a piquant paper on that fertile subject; and the style of his attacks on the public men obnoxious to his patrons, and especially on Marlborough and Wharton, is in the highest degree forcible and relentless.

It may be easily supposed that Swift's ambition rose with the value which the ministers set upon his services. Shrewd as he was, his vanity must have assisted his judgement to estimate this value, for it is plain that he thought that nothing but a bishopric was worthy of being his reward. Filled thus with this sense of his present importance and future elevation, he affected a foolish equality with Harley and St. John. These statesmen saw his eccentric nature, and humoured it, for the sake of his pen. But the impudent familiarity with which he often treated them, must have given them no small dislike to their strange supporter. Probably this is the reason why Swift never obtained a bishopric. Both Harley and St. John were men of taste in literature; and no doubt, as such, they found some enjoyment in the society of Swift. But it is not to be supposed that they were so indiscreet as to admit a mere party-writer, like Swift, to any confidence in public matters of any delicacy or importance: it is enough to suppose that they explained to him such ends as he was to forward with his pen.

That it was difficult to impose upon Swift's sagacity may be readily allowed; but abler men than Swift have been *used* by statesmen, and such were Harley and St. John as far as mere abilities were concerned. It is one of the most ordinary accomplishments of a courtier to be able to deceive with a child-like simplicity.

"The Conduct of the Allies" appeared in 1711, and created a sensation not to be paralleled in the history of pamphleteering. Four editions were printed in a week. In this performance Swift very clearly explained to the nation the true state of its affairs on the Continent, and advocated peace, on the attainment of which indeed the safety of the ministers depended. This pamphlet greatly influenced the subsequent divisions in the House of Commons: indeed, the ministerial speeches and resolutions consisted almost wholly of quotations from it. On the whole, it is written with clearness in its details, though its parts are ill put together; and it cannot be questioned but that Swift's arguments favoured the true interests of his country.

Next year he published a "Proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English Tongue." Dr. Johnson, an excellent authority in such matters, says, that it is "written without much knowledge of the general nature of languages, and without any accurate inquiry into the history of other tongues. The certainty and stability, which, contrary to all experience, he 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."

After his successful efforts in their favour, Swift began to press the ministers for preferment. They put him off, from time to time, with promises, and magnified the difficulty of obtaining for him any considerable advancement, on the ground of Queen Anne's prejudice against the well-known author of the "Tale of a Tub." They amused him so long with hopes and protestations, that he became justly alarmed for his prospects. Speaking of the civilities of Harley, now Earl of Oxford, he says, in his "Journal to Stella:"—"26th Dec. 1712. I dined with the lord-treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. Mighty kind, with a pox; less of civility and more of interest. * * * My grandmother used to say,

> 'More of your lining,
> And less of your dining.'"

It became ultimately obvious to the ministers, that they must either prefer Swift or make an enemy of him. They were too well acquainted with the force of his enmity, as exemplified in his onsets against Wharton and Marlborough, to choose the latter. They, therefore, conferred upon him the celebrated deanery of St. Patrick's.

In the midst of his political labours in England, and while he was regularly transmitting to Stella the diary of his daily actions which has just been quoted, he had cultivated the acquaintance till he had won the heart of Miss Vanhomrigh, another beautiful young lady, who was entirely ignorant of his connection with Stella, and whose fate was at last rendered as unhappy as hers, because the cruel object of their common passion seemed to be destitute of ordinary honour and feeling.

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It was highly dishonourable in Swift to invite Stella to Ireland, knowing the state of her feelings towards him, if he did not intend to marry her. It was still more dishonourable in him to throw obstacles which he knew to be insurmountable in the way of her union with a worthy gentleman, to whom her only objection was that it might prevent her from being ever united to the man to whom she had been so long constant. His attentions to Vanessa, by which name he distinguished the unfortunate Miss Vanhomrigh, show not only how destitute he was of sympathy for the sensibilities of woman, but how careless he was of preserving honourable conduct, for his eyes must have been open to the nature of his intimacy with the absent Stella. Considered in the light of his conduct to these two women, the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa" is a heartless piece of raillery. It was written shortly after Vanessa had, after much struggling, disclosed to him the state of her affections. His intention in this poem it would be hard to divine, unless it be allowable to conjecture that he merely wished to flatter her—to leave her unsatisfied, yet pleased—and thus to be an example of a hateful male coquetry,—hateful, because of its destructive effects. It may be here remarked, that the opinion of Dr. Beddoes is well answered by Sir Walter Scott.

Swift arrived at his deanery in 1713, a miserable man—not with remorse for having sown the seeds of misery in the hearts of two excellent young women, but at not having obtained a bishopric. He writes to Vanessa, "At my first coming I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off and change to dulness." In about a fortnight he returned to England, for the purpose of endeavouring to keep the ministry together, which was every day expected to fall in pieces through the quarrels of Oxford and his rival Lord Bolingbroke, formerly St. John. These two statesmen were peculiarly opposite to each other, both in the nature of their capacity and disposition. Oxford was slow, sure, and penetrating; Bolingbroke was rapid, sanguine, and adventurous—alternately enjoying signal triumphs and suffering signal misfortunes. Oxford was cold and reserved, but Bolingbroke was gay and of easy access. The abilities of Oxford were adapted both to business and to literature; but his versatility was inferior to that of Bolingbroke, the brilliancy of whose talents was displayed not only in a dexterous management of men, and in fertility of literary thought, but in a copious and seductive eloquence, and in a philosophy that was more than superficial. Estimates of abilities are always influenced by a tacit reference to the elevation of the sphere in which they shine; but tried by the highest standard of the statesmanship of their own age, these men will be found pre-eminent.

Characters such as these, when contending for superiority, could not but shatter any ministry; and the efforts of Swift were of course altogether unavailing. Soon afterwards Oxford was suddenly disgraced: but just as Bolingbroke had secured the consequences of his triumph, the death of the queen dissolved his administration, and scattered the leaders of the Tory party. The consequences of the return of the Whigs to power are well known. The whole Tory party was laid under ban. Oxford was sent to the Tower, and Bolingbroke became an exile in France.

The ruin of his friends was the death-blow to Swift's political life in England. He had published "The Public Spirit of the Whigs," which had the effect of exasperating that party to such a degree, that they exerted all their influence to bring the author to punishment. They were very nearly successful; but Swift saved himself somehow or other, not being inclined to relish that species of flattery to his talents. When the Whigs succeeded to the administration of the government, Swift was exposed to so many insults from the dominant party, that he retired (if he had not actually to flee, as is asserted in Smollett's "History of England," Book II. chap. I. § 14,) to his deanery in Dublin.

Vanessa soon followed him, and Stella grew jealous. The health of the latter had declined in consequence of her keen sense of his neglect; and she frequently insisted on marriage as the only atonement for it. Swift was at last prevailed upon to consent, but only to the outward forms. His intercourse with her continued to be precisely the same as before. For some years he contrived to conceal his marriage from the unhappy Vanessa, who refused offer after offer for his sake; but she at last discovered the truth, and died of grief.

It was the year 1723, the year of Vanessa's death, that gave the most splendid example of Swift's talents in agitating the passions of the people. About that time a patent was granted to William Wood, for coining halfpence and farthings to the extent of £100,000. The Duchess of Kendal, the left-handed wife of George I., had received the right of disposing of the patent from Sunderland, the prime minister, and sold it to Wood, who immediately issued the money. The Irish people, however, complained that their country was treated as a dependent kingdom, by the patent's being granted to a person who was not a native, and by the stamping of the coin in England. The patent was kept by the government in a sort of mystery, and by this indiscretion the most groundless reports were circulated and believed, which might have been at once refuted by its simple publication. Swift appeared, in order to increase the ferment by a series of ballads and letters, all of which were signed M. B. Drapier; and in these he did not fail to avail himself of all the latitude of sarcastic conjecture. In this, indeed, he had room enough, for the patent had been passed without the knowledge of the lord-lieutenant or privy council of Ireland; and when the Duke of Grafton assumed the reins of government on the 13th of August, when the outcry had existed for a considerable time, he publicly declared that he had no instructions regarding it, and that he had not a copy of it, or of any paper that could give the public satisfaction. It was thus no wonder that the people of Ireland grew jealous. Walpole began to be alarmed, and drew up a conciliatory paper, which was extensively circulated, but it made no impression. Swift's famous Drapier's letters incited the people anew. Walpole, who was then at the head of the treasury, wisely determined to act with moderation. The Duke of Grafton had not shown much talent or desire for conciliation, and he was therefore recalled. Lord Carteret was appointed to succeed him, but even his superior address failed. Besides the influence of Swift, he had the opposition of Middleton, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and the patent was finally surrendered.

"Gulliver's Travels" appeared in 1727. This work created a very great sensation, but the satire was allowed, by every body, to be merely general. "The politicians, to a man, agree," writes Gay to Swift, "that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe." Pope also writes to him in the same manner. "I find no considerable man," says he, "very angry at the book; some indeed think it rather too bold, but none, that I hear of, accuse it of particular reflections." With the exception of two or three allusions to Sir Robert Walpole, this is precisely the character of Swift's performance.

In this year died Stella; and after this melancholy event he seemed to lose all sense of even such happiness as his nature was capable of, and adopted, in the bitter irony of disappointment and solitude, the motto of "Vive la bagatelle." During the following years he published a few pamphlets, one or two of which are the sacramental tests, and discover the want of enlightenment on toleration that was too common at that day. Throughout his whole life he had occasionally thrown his trifling thoughts into rhyme. Of his pieces the best are "Cadenus and Vanessa," and the "Rhapsody on Poetry." "The Legion Club" is a fierce attack upon the Irish Parliament, and is forcible and pointed, as are all his attacks, whether in rhyme or plain prose. The verses on his own death reflect the strange eccentricity and misanthropy of their author.

The last years of Swift were visited by alternate fits of moody idleness and insanity. It is painful to reflect on the probable causes of this lamentable conclusion of a life which might have been happy and honourable as well as brilliant. This great wit, but unfortunate and unhappy man, died on the 19th of October, 1745.

Abstractly speaking, the office of the critic is superior to that of the author. The critic is possessed of knowledge, not minute, but extensive; for he studiously remarks only the essential points of a subject. The author's knowledge is minute and profound, but it lies in only one direction. It is the office of the critic to popularize the investigations, to correct the errors, and to illustrate the truths of those whose genius has called them to a life of laborious study in one branch of knowledge. The critic indicates the chasms in science which are to be filled up: the author fills them up. In every thing the critic is the director of the author.

This is the origin of that tone of superiority assumed by critics over authors, and which some sensible men have protested against; but a little consideration will show that it cannot be avoided: indeed, the very function of a critic presupposes it. But for one true critic there are perhaps fifty injudicious pretenders, whose heedless strictures are apt to give rise to opinions derogatory to the office of the critic, however just of him who usurps it. The introduction of these remarks into this place will be readily understood.

"Gulliver's Travels," and the "Tale of a Tub," are the two brilliant performances which rank Swift as one of the wits of England; and from them posterity will estimate his talents. No one ever excelled Swift in the rank bitterness of his wit. His wit is his hatred distilled, and thus gives his attacks a deadly force. If Congreve could

have hated his political opponents as heartily, perhaps his wit would have carried a similar venom. But what degrades Swift's style below most of the writers of his own day, and infinitely below even Tom Brown, is the filthy language which he uses. The character of his intellect may be derived from a consideration of his works. It was clear, steady and apathetic; never glowing or elevated. His conceptions were all cold-blooded, often curdled with a sour misanthropy, and often, too, vulgar and filthy. Congreve and Sheridan draw their dazzling rapiers, and fight the battles of wit like gentlemen. The antagonists of Swift find themselves knocked down with a dirty kitchen besom, by which they are immediately besmeared with a compound of filth and vitriol.

"Gulliver's Travels" are a condensation of all Swift's misanthropy. This performance is the bitterest satire on human nature in existence. Swift had seen only the dark side of the world; his life had been a series of disappointments; and thus, to use his own language, "he heartily hated and detested that animal called man, although he heartily loved John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth." He sometimes relented a little, however, and once cries out, in a letter to Pope, "Oh! if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels."

The satire of this thoroughly original publication is just; but stands on too narrrow a basis to give more than a transient amusement to any one who possesses enlarged ideas of the world. There is much that is good and noble in human nature, as well as much that is vicious. To be worthy of the contemplation of a philosopher, the colouring of a great picture of human existence should be as various as that of the original. And such a picture could not fail of being generous and beneficial satire. It is a common source of regret, every one applies general satire to all but himself, but this is as much the fault of the satirist as of his reader. The picture is all dark and loathsome, and it never strikes him that it can represent himself. A more faithful delineation would have brought home the likeness, and he would have been ashamed of the spots on the general goodness of his nature. No man, or class of men, was ever reformed by being represented as a mass of ill qualities. On the contrary, the injudicious satirist rouses towards himself hatred and other bad passions. But a man is eager to correct his faults when he is told of them as detracting from his general excellence; and the motives which are thus awakened are generous and healthy, and likely to give an elevated tone of character.

The following extract from "Gulliver's Travels" is a piece of satire on projectors and scientific discoverers, and may serve as a specimen of Swift's style:—

"There was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity. For it is plain that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were neces-

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sary to express a particular business they are to discourse on: and this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcileable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which has only this inconvenience attending it, that, if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their packs, and hold conversation for an hour together, then put up their implements, help ~~each~~ other to resume their burdens, and take their leave."

On this passage, the celebrated metaphysician, Dr. Brown, has the following remarks, which seem to warrant the general opinion that Swift did not push his satire so far as he might have done. But when the acute Brown has only observed one instance, it may be safely affirmed that Swift's failures in this respect are not numerous. Dr. Brown says:—"I cannot but think that to a genius like that of Swift, a finer subject of philosophical ridicule than the mere difficulty which his sages felt in carrying a sufficient stock of things about with them, might have been found in their awkward attempts to make these things supply the place of abstract language. In his own great field of political irony, for example, how many subjects of happy satire might he have found in the emblems to which his patriots and courtiers, in their most zealous professions of public devotion, might have been obliged to have recourse; the painful awkwardness of the political expectant of places and dignities, who was outwardly to have no wish but for the welfare of his country, yet could find nothing but mitres and maces, and seals and pieces of stamped metal, with which to express the purity of his disinterested patriotism; and the hurrying eagerness of the statesman to change instantly the whole upholstery of language in his house for new political furniture, in consequence of the mere accident of his removal from office."

The "Tale of a Tub" is an allegory, in which the churches of Rome and England and the Calvinistic church are respectively represented by three brothers, Peter, Martin, and Jack. The gradual rise of the ecclesiastical corruptions of the first centuries, together with the Reformation, are admirably and laughably typified by the increasing foppery of the brothers, and by Peter's kicking Martin and Jack out of doors, who afterwards set up for themselves. The whole scope of the satire is against the churches of Rome and Scotland. There are a great many prefaces and digressions, which, although in some parts they are a little obscure, evince much wit and the most piquant irony. The circumstance of Swift's having written allegory, has led some people into the opinion that he was possessed of fancy, it being erroneously supposed that allegory is a continuation of metaphor. Mr.

Carson, of Ireland, very clearly points out the line of demarcation between allegory and metaphor in his essay on "The Figures of Speech." The "Tale of a Tub" is an effort of wit rather than of fancy. Wit and fancy have at least one common field of display; for they may both be founded on resemblance. Perhaps allegory is a part of this common field; and it may be well taken for granted, that the sustained resemblances of his allegory were traced out by the wit of Swift, and that the fancy, which never made any native sally in any other of his works, was not likely to shine with such continued splendour in the "Tale of a Tub." The atmosphere of Swift's mind was far too chilly for the growth of the delicate flowers of rhetoric.

Perhaps enough has already been said indicative of his style. It is fertile in poor and idiomatic expressions; and is often disgustingly gross. His poetical effusions are especially chargeable with this literary vice. In this he is a contrast to those other wits and writers of his day whose works have descended to us. Pope and Addison are not often indecent, and they are never disgusting. Fertile in all the arts that make literature attractive, it seemed to be their innocent ambition to "gild" what already appeared to be "the refined gold," and "to paint the lily" with a more dazzling whiteness. Swift, on the contrary, delights to degrade every thing that is amiable by associations of every kind of nastiness. His poems are no sooner opened, than the nose is invaded, and the stomach in motion.

A biographer who does not enter into the moral character of his subject, leaves it to be understood that in this respect he was an ordinary specimen of human nature. In this, however, there is, perhaps, some injustice; as it is possible that the same peculiarities of mind which elevated him above his fellow-men, gave also a distinctive character to his morals. The question of his moral character must, nevertheless, be left undecided, or charitably explained, unless great events or critical situations have afforded good grounds for a decided and distinct opinion. Although some mystery hangs over many parts of Swift's life, there are two critical situations which may be easily distinguished. The first is the invitation to Stella to come to Ireland, already mentioned; and the second is his treatment of Vanessa after she had disclosed to him the place which he had in her heart. In both of these Swift acted a dishonourable part; and yet the name of Swift has descended to posterity in the light of his abilities rather than in the shade of his character. Strange it is that wit should be considered valuable enough to redeem honour. But the world is, for the most part, led captive by meretricious displays, and the greatest vices will find their admirers, if they are but gilded by the charm of abilities. To say a good thing is far more famous than to do a good thing. The names of Kyrle and Howard have but a feeble immortality; and it requires all the wit of Pope and all the eloquence of Burke to embalm them. But the critic who recognizes any moral aim in the use of the language of praise or censure must act on this maxim—that no abilities, however solid or shining, can lay any other claim to admiration than that which is founded on the good use made of them.

The field of Irish politics, so difficult and delicate, has been carefully avoided. Some remarks of this complexion would certainly not

have been improper in a life of Swift; but the vastness of the subject would have required too long a digression. It will be enough to observe that his writings, and especially the Drapier's letters, were influential in spreading more correct views of the true position and rights of Ireland. But this unhappy country, the child of eloquence and wit, seems still to be true to the fortunes of genius.

The biographer of Swift, or of any other of the literary men of his time, cannot but feel that they were merely the polishers of that luxuriant power, which, a century before, laid the foundations of England's intellectual greatness. The era of Elizabeth was an era of power; the age of Anne was one of polish. Imagination, in its comprehensive sense, was the basis of both ages: in the former, breaking out in the grandest phenomena, and peopling the intellectual world with the happiest creations of humanity; in the latter, playing in the lighter imagery of a regulated fancy. With the exception of Bacon, who possessed the lofty imagination of his age, we see no one thus gifted who endeavoured to penetrate the secrets of philosophy, until we arrive at the precincts of our own day. A race of daring and powerful (though perhaps as yet a little erratic) inquirers are already beginning to appear. They have dedicated themselves with a religious devotion to the service of truth. And it is reasonable to hope that the spring time and summer of literature should be succeeded by an autumnal era, of which their flowers may be considered as the beautiful harbingers.

THE DEATH OF CARE:

A PINDARIC ODE.

[It has been hinted to us, by several distinguished literary gentlemen, that this paper is a covert satire upon modern Reviewers; but we are afraid much may be said on both sides.—Ed.]

The events celebrated in this poem took place on October 10th, 1840; and what distinguished them from the incidents of all other famous poems, will, it is probable, often occur again. It would be needless for me to make any remark on the true poetic furor, with which our author dashes at once into the very soul of his subject; and the energy which he displays as unexpectedly as the sudden explosion of an old musket.—*Arma virumque cano*, is certainly not bad, but all critics of taste must allow it is far inferior to

"Care is sighing,
Care is dying,
His wrinkled face wears death's pale gloom;
But who for Care
Will mourning wear,
Or shed one tear upon his tomb."

I beg the reader to observe the profusion of dreadful images that throng these few lines,—sighs and mourning, death and paleness and gloom, and the dreary mansions of the grave, follow each other in an

as a *pollution* (and it certainly does this, if it has a literal sense at all), it is wholly opposed to all the rest of the Old and New Testament.

In the whole of this article we have kept almost entirely on the ante-Nicene part of the work before us, for it is impossible to enter on all the questions which he brings forward, as to the doctrine of the church of England, the predictions of Christ, &c., to say nothing of the church of the fifth century. We can on the last point only observe in passing, that he appears to us unduly to set down the universal grossness of immorality at that time, to the discredit of the Nicene doctrine, without making allowance for Roman despotism. It is sufficiently certain, that if neither Christianity nor Gnosticism had ever existed, extreme dissoluteness would have marked the declining empire. To give comparative credit, therefore, to the *modern* church of Rome, because she would not *now* introduce, if she could, anything so bad into England, seems to us an unfairness to the Nicene divinity. The real fault here was, that the church, thirsting after power, sucked in the world with it. As to the question, What is the doctrine of the church of England? we presume that most of our readers will regard it as too plain to need argument, that it is decidedly protestant in spirit and intention, and that the points in detail, where an unhealthy policy dictated the preservation of Romish (or to speak popularly), popish peculiarities, constitute only exceptions to the general rule. Such are the formulas of ordination and absolution, as also the receiving of *Romish* clergymen without re-ordination, while *Lutheran* ordination is counted as nothing. Baptismal regeneration is a far more serious blot, or rather, deeply-seated sore, on which we cannot now enlarge. To dissenting readers, however, it is a great inconvenience that so large a portion of what is now become a large book, is occupied with subjects in which they can take comparatively little interest. At present, the second, third, and seventh numbers, and the latter half of the sixth, are those which are most likely to repay *our* readers for their money and time; and we have no doubt, that although our author imagines that he needs to correct in dissenters an extravagant application of the cry, 'The Bible alone!' he will confirm in the minds of his readers the only application of it which is received in any intelligent circles.

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Art. II. *Memoirs of Jonathan Swift, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With Notes. Edinburgh: Robert Cadell. Royal 8vo. 1841.

If an argument were wanted against the alliance between church and state, as manifested in this or the sister kingdom, we might point to those numberless instances of notoriously improper persons, obtruded into the offices of the sanctuary, which disgraced the last, or even the present century. Amongst them, however, no example can well be more striking than the subject of the following pages. He was at once the wittiest writer of his age, and perhaps the most staunch defender of what are called the rights of the clergy. Born under the profligate reign of Charles the Second, the indecency of that day, in connexion with its exclusive maxims, grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. And yet with all this, there were elements of better things worked up in his extraordinary character, so that he appears on the page of history as a combination of paradoxes. We might imagine, if we were telling a fairy tale, that the Seven Mortal Sins had surrounded his cradle, and each breathed some vestige of its respective and peculiar iniquity into the development of his subsequent fortunes; whilst a few of the virtues also kindly attended on the same occasion, to neutralize rampant vices, or even illuminate the future Rabelais of an English generation. He fought his way to fame through poverty, neglect, oppression, misfortune, and obscurity. He lived to be the adviser of a Jacobite ministry, and yet a supporter of the house of Hanover. Abhorring both popery and nonconformity, with nearly equal bitterness, the exertion of rarely paralleled talents degraded, and yet defended that church, in which he was no less a dignitary than Dean of St. Patrick's. He detested Ireland and the Irish, whilst earning matchless fame and popularity as their advocate against all antagonists. His prolific pen spawned upon the public lampoons and fugitive pieces, too lewd and filthy to be now tolerated; yet they are interspersed with solemn sermons, and such affecting offices of devotion for a dying lady, that the somewhat doubtful taste of his biographer on all such matters, is ravished into ecstasies of admiration! The latter rather too frequently, indeed, exacts our attention to the marvellous piety of his hero, who contrived to have an intimate guest in his ecclesiastical residence for several months, without letting him discover that he had regular family prayers; who, through a morbid fear of hypocrisy, made his oratory an inaccessible garret; who, after officiating at his cathedral service in the

morning, would devote the rest of his day to practical jokes, and indelicate compositions; who 'was a devout believer in the truths of Christianity,' and the warmest friend and admirer of Lord Bolingbroke; who, according to Sir Walter Scott, was at the same time liberal and parsimonious, revengeful and forgiving; 'a constant observer of the rules of religion, and zealous, even to slaying, in the cause of the church of England,—although assuming such levity of writing, speaking, and acting, as caused him to be branded as an infidel, a contemner of public ordinances, and a scoffer at ecclesiastical discipline.' How singular an assemblage of anomalies! We shall now proceed to sketch their outlines for our readers, who, with ourselves, will award general assent to such statements as the following:—

'From the life of Swift may be derived the important lesson, that as no misfortunes should induce genius to despair, so no rank of fame, however elevated, should encourage its possessor to presumption. And those to whom fate' (Providence) 'has denied such brilliant qualities, or to whom it has refused the necessary opportunities for displaying them, may be taught, while perusing the memoir of this illustrious man, how little happiness depends upon the possession of transcendent genius, of political influence, or of popular renown.'—p. 2.

Jonathan Swift was descended from the younger branch of the Swifts of Yorkshire, and was born on the last day of November, 1667. His immediate ancestor was the Rev. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, and proprietor of a small estate in that neighbourhood. At the beginning of the civil wars, this worthy gentleman distinguished himself by extraordinary sacrifices for the sake of a worthless monarch, whose son and successor, soon after his accession, forgot both friends and enemies, remembering only himself. The Earl of Stamford commanded a regiment on the borders of South Wales, which seems to have committed all manner of enormities. They broke repeatedly, under the personal auspices of one Captain Kyrle, into the vicarage of Goodrich, and after plundering Mrs. Swift and her ten children, even to their very clothes, only one loaf was left in the house for the support of the poor mother and her family. The youngest of all was a naked infant, squalling in its cradle, being almost starved with cold, until its parent wrapped it up in a petticoat, taken off from her own person. This destitute boy, however, lived to grow up, and depart this life just before he would have otherwise become the father of the celebrated Dean; dying the same year that his son saw the light, as above-mentioned, at a small house, No. 7, Hoey's Court, Dublin. The nurse to whom the young Jonathan was committed, happened to be a native of Whitehaven, whither being recalled rather sud-

denly through the death of a relation, she decamped with her tender charge, and kept him with her for three years. Her circumstances, through the receipt of a legacy which she had no doubt anticipated, became perhaps better than those of the mistress, whom she thus unceremoniously abandoned. The latter, nevertheless, followed her offspring, with at least good sense and affectionate wishes, for his health turned out to be so delicate, that rather than hazard a second voyage across the Irish channel, she consented that his residence should continue undisturbed for a time with the warm-hearted woman, who had given such a singular proof of her attachment. The nurse proved so careful with regard to education, that when the boy returned to Dublin, he was able to spell, and could read any chapter of the Bible, before the completion of his fifth year.

The widow Swift was in deep indigence, subsisting chiefly on the support afforded her by Godwin Swift, the eldest brother of her late husband. This gentleman had traded in the wide world, upon a stock of paternal loyalty, united to some personal talents, and no little common assurance. The office of Attorney-General to the Palatinate of Tipperary had been conferred upon him, after he had been called to the bar, under the patronage of the Duke of Ormond. It is even said that he married a distant relative of that nobleman. His revenues increased, but unhappily a spirit of speculation augmented also; so that after living in the midst of poor dependents, gaping for his bounty, his circumstances on his decease were ascertained to be embarrassed; whilst the wonder had always been, that he should not have done more for his nephew. That nephew held his remembrance neither in love nor veneration. The vinegar and gall of human life already had commenced their process of fermentation in his mind. Godwin had granted his widowed sister-in-law an allowance to the uttermost of his means. Young Jonathan attributed its narrowness to parsimony, instead of inability. His being born a posthumous child, and bred up as an object of charity, his bad temper, mingled with natural pride, and filial fondness for that only parent whom he ever knew, and whom he must often have beheld curtailing her own indulgences for the benefit of her boy, altogether began even now to affect his demeanour, and render him an Ishmael in the world. His uncle, he used afterwards to say, only gave him 'the education of a dog:' on which, Archdeacon Whittingham once told him, and told him justly, that he failed in having the gratitude of that faithful animal! At the age of six years, he went to school at Kilkenny, where his name, cut in schoolboy fashion, is still shewn to strangers. At fourteen, he was admitted as a pensioner into Trinity College, Dublin, where he vainly endeavoured to swallow and digest the absurdities

of logic and Aristotle. His spirit seemed both beyond his own years, as well as the slavish habits of his contemporaries. Tradition affirms, that a rough sketch of his 'Tale of a Tub,' was put by himself into the hands of an early friend. Meanwhile Godwin Swift died, and transmitted his thankless nephew to his younger brother and executor, Dryden William Swift. If Jonathan found, in this second uncle, not a more opulent patron than in his former protector, the manners of the new one were at least more agreeable to his taste: he has recorded him as 'the best of his relations.' Nor may we doubt, but that the most exalted generosity will ever derive considerable enhancement, when exercised in combination with genuine delicacy and magnanimity. The future wit was neglecting his regular studies, and diligently following his desultory ones. Poverty, too, worked with him at his elbow; and as necessity is not merely the mother of invention, but of much practical wisdom also, a severe system of economy became, from this period, a prominent characteristic in his habits. It is conceived, from many of his journals still existing, that he could have accounted for every penny of his expenditure during any year of his life, from the time of his being at college until the total decline of his faculties. On one occasion, his cousin Willoughby, settled in Portugal as a Lisbon merchant, assisted him with the remittance of 'a large leathern purse, full of silver coin,' through the hands of an honest sailor. Part of this treasure seems to have been unworthily expended at taverns and coffee-houses; yet, upon the whole, he already began to love money, either for its own sake, or the power which he perceived it to confer. His proud soul chafed against the injunctions of his superiors, as well as against the regulations of the university; whilst, at the same time, it needed constant employment. One of his comrades compared him to an evoked demon, which must be occupied, and that, too, generally in doing mischief.

The spirit and genius of satire had stamped him for their own, from the commencement of his career. No better objects for many a sarcastic effusion could well have been found, than the Fellows of Trinity College. These had no humility, and their tormentor shewed them no mercy. Hence arose implacable animosity between certain academical authorities and their rebellious subject. In going through his preliminary dissertation, he resisted even the necessary syllogistic forms. His degree of Bachelor was therefore conferred with a sign of disgrace attached to it. In less than two years, he incurred seventy penalties for non-attendance at chapel, neglect of lectures, absence from the roll-call, and sundry minor irregularities. Public punishments soon ensued. When just arrived at the age of manhood, he was convicted of insolence towards the junior dean, whose pardon he

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was sentenced to crave in full consistory. He was not expelled; but as the war of the Revolution now broke out in Ireland, he came over into England, and travelled on foot to the residence of his mother, in Leicestershire. Being herself in a dependent situation, she could do nothing more for her son, than cordially solicit on his behalf the patronage of Sir William Temple, who knew her family, and was connected with one branch of it. That accomplished statesman listened to her request, and Jonathan Swift became an inmate at Moorpark for two years. It was long, however, before his patron thoroughly liked him; but as both knew gradually more of each other—as the prejudices of Temple diminished, and as the powers of pleasing increased in Swift, through observation, study, and society, the two great men drew nearer together. Swift frequently read and wrote at the rate of eight hours a-day; besides enjoying and improving his various advantages, in mingling familiarly amongst the leaders of the age; even with King William himself, on several occasions, at their head. His Majesty had conceived the highest regard for the contriver of the Triple Alliance, from his conduct in Holland; and whenever the gout confined Sir William to his apartment, during any of the royal visits, the duty of attending his sovereign devolved upon the private secretary. William is said to have paid Swift the personal compliment of offering him a troop of horse, and shewing him how to cut asparagus, in the Dutch fashion. Neither seemed so much to his taste, as a prospect now opening before his ambition of taking orders, and rising in the church. At this crisis, a bill for triennial parliaments was agitating the nation, and Temple did his best to render the crown favourable to the measure. Swift strengthened him in this constitutional effort, adducing several arguments from English history, and undertaking the delicate office of waiting upon William the Third, with the judgment of one of the best statesmen of his reign on the subject. Thus introduced at court, he witnessed for himself some of those secret mainsprings, which move the governments of the earth. From thence, he went to Oxford, where he was handsomely received; his name having been already recognised as that of a person of intelligence and learning. Here he took his degree of Master of Arts, brushed away any sense of slight which might have haunted him at Dublin, translated successfully an ode of Horace, attempted Pindarics on his own account, and received, with respect to these last, the sentence of John Dryden—'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet!'—a dictum, by the way, which that cousin never afterwards either forgot or forgave. In fact, Swift was the very essence of unamiableness. Long before this, he adopted the custom of observing his birthday, not as an anniversary of joy,

but of sorrow; and of reading, when it recurred, that stirring passage of Scripture, in which Job laments and execrates the hour wherein it was announced, 'a man child hath appeared!'

His first residence at Moorpark now drew to a close, through Swift thinking Temple slower than he ought to have been in advancing his interests, and Temple considering Swift's impatience little else than ingratitude. Sir William offered him a civil employment in Ireland worth £100 per annum, which his dependent declined, conceiving better hopes from ordination in the established church. He therefore quitted his patron in dudgeon; but on applying to the Irish bishops for the fulfilment of his purpose, they required some certificate of his good conduct whilst under the roof of Sir William Temple. For this testimonial, therefore, he had to apply in 'a penitentiary letter,' which, whilst it cost him months of suffering before he could bring down his haughtiness to the task, nevertheless so well succeeded in the end, that a complete reconciliation ensued. Swift was ordained a deacon in October, 1694, and a priest in January, 1695; almost immediately afterwards obtaining the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor. Its income was sufficient to render him an independent country clergyman; but although he had solemnly avowed that he was moved by the Holy Ghost to assume his sacred offices, their dulness in an obscure parish became utterly intolerable, and he returned to his former situation at Moorpark before the close of the year. Here he remained, upon a much more confidential footing than before, until the decease of his illustrious friend, on the 27th of January, 1699. Probably these years were amongst the happiest of his life. He had before his eyes a noble example of public and private virtue; an object both to love and to fear. His faculties were devoted to the service of one, whom he has himself described as 'universally esteemed the most accomplished writer of his time.' The literary controversy had then set in, concerning the superiority of ancient or modern learning, out of which was generated a still more celebrated contest about the Epistles of Phalaris. Swift drew up his 'Battle of the Books' in support of Temple, Boyle, and Oxford, against Wotton and Bentley, although it was not printed for years. He also now revised and perfected his 'Tale of a Tub,' wrote a copy of nervous verses on the conflagration of Whitehall, expended several shafts of ridicule on the common-place topics of general society, and formed his acquaintance with Esther Johnson, better known subsequently by her poetical name of Stella. Sir William bequeathed him a legacy of £100, and the editorship of all his works. They were dedicated to King William, whose memory was jogged at the same moment with regard to preferment at Canterbury, or Westminster, which he had

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once promised the proprietor of Moorpark, for his confidential secretary. That promise, if ever made, now produced nothing; and Swift, with more qualifications for the place of a buffoon, than that of a clergyman, had to content himself with accepting an invitation from the Earl of Berkeley, one of the lord-justices of Ireland, to accompany him to that country in the joint capacity of chaplain, and private amanuensis. The rich deanery of Derry was there offered him, upon his paying a thousand pounds for it! He indignantly refused the bribe, but claimed the preferment; and on being refused both by Lord Berkeley and his secretary, he consigned them to righteous infamy 'as a couple of scoundrels.' A breach appeared inevitable, since Swift quitted the castle forthwith, to load the artillery of his revenge against its occupants. But the noble justice, who had smarted already in his reputation, from one or two cutting satires, preferred pacification to warfare, and at last effected something like a return to friendship. His lady was the daughter of the Baptist Noel of that day, Viscount Campden, and sister to the first Earl of Gainsborough. She and her daughters befriended their angry chaplain, induced him to retain his office, and keep up his intercourse with their family. The earl, moreover, presented him with the rectory of Agher, the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, and the prebend of Dunlavin. The produce of all these benefices united, amounted to an income under £200 a-year, but equivalent to about £600 per annum at present. Sir Walter Scott seems remarkably inaccurate in such matters, having stated his revenues at this period as between £350 and £400 a-year. The account-books of the Dean are still in existence, and the fact is ascertainable to a fraction, that in 1703, his professional returns came to exactly £197 16*s.*, of which, to his honour, he expended more than one-tenth in acts of benevolence and liberality. He was, however, already a rich man, in the sense of being able to procure everything which his circumstances required, with a handsome surplus over, through adherence to his rigid economy.

None could deny that his habits all along presented a tissue of oddity and peculiar humour. At the vice-regal court of Dublin, he was a clerical wag, most suitable to the society in which he found himself, had there been no eternity before him. But what shall we say to his 'Meditation on a Broomstick,' composed and read with infinite gravity, as an existing portion of a pious work by the Honourable Robert Boyle, 'which it seems Lady Berkeley used to request Swift to read aloud more frequently than proved quite agreeable to him'? It was, nevertheless, amongst the most innocent of his jocular exploits, in utter disregard as a clergyman of the apostolical injunction against that

'jesting which is not convenient.' He began to reside at Laracor in 1700, where his life shone out, according to his biographer, as sufficiently 'regular and clerical: he read prayers twice a-week, and generally preached upon the Sunday,' probably in the morning and afternoon alternately. 'Upon the former occasions, the church was thinly attended; and, it is said, that the ludicrous and irreverent anecdote of his addressing the church service to his parish clerk, occurred when he found the rest of his congregation absent upon such an occasion. The truth of the story has been disputed,' although Swift was far more likely to do such a thing, than Lord Orrery to invent it. Who can feel surprised at the Anglican episcopacy having so little laid hold of an augmenting Irish population? Yet the parish and rector of Laracor continue to derive some advantages from its having once been the abode of Jonathan Swift. 'He increased the glebe from one acre to twenty,' and the tithes of Effernock, purchased with his own money, were by his will settled for ever on his successors, with the curious and sagacious addition to the form of devise, that they should be enjoyed only 'so long as the established church lasted!' He made it a principal care to repair the dilapidations which the church and vicarage had sustained, through the carelessness of former incumbents. The external walls of the sanctuary had fallen into disgraceful decay, requiring a large sum out of his tithes for their restoration. On this trying point he shewed himself the reverse of being parsimonious. Everything was put perfectly to rights at his own costs and charges. He even added to his residence a pleasant garden; smoothed the banks of a rivulet into a canal, and planted willows in regular ranks by its side. 'These willows, so often celebrated in his Journal to Stella, are now decayed, or cut down; the garden cannot be traced; and the canal only resembles a ditch.' *Sic transit gloria mundi;* nor can it be declared, that their fate was not most richly deserved. Whatever relates to Swift, has acquired a sort of interest, through his literary rank as one of our British classics; but there is, of course, no reason which could justify us, as reviewers, in failing to mark with the brand of reprobation the many heinous irregularities of his character. Esther Johnson had now removed to Laracor. Swift had no sooner fairly settled in Ireland, than he commenced arrangements for rendering her also an inhabitant of that kingdom. She was her own mistress; and under such plausible pretexts as being able to procure higher interest for her money there, and being also 'near the friend and instructor of her youth,' she chose for her companion a Mrs. Dingley, and made her general home in lodgings at Trim, no great distance from Laracor. Whenever Swift forsook his parsonage, these ladies occupied it

as his tenants. Scandal was hushed or prevented through extreme caution. 'It is, however, highly probable, that between Swift and Stella there existed a tacit understanding that their union was to be completed by marriage, whenever his income, according to the prudential scheme which he had unhappily adopted, should be adequate to the expenses of a matrimonial establishment.' The young lady, being about eighteen only, with raven black hair, beautifully expressive features, a form of perfect symmetry, and possessing various talents and accomplishments, very soon had an admirer, in the person of Doctor William Tisdal. He was a neighbouring clergyman of high respectability, in habits of friendship with the vicar of Laracor, through whom, supposing him to be legal guardian to Miss Johnson, he honourably made his proposals. Swift had thus no other virtuous course open to him, than to state his own attachment to Stella, or resign her at once to another. He had the inconceivable baseness to do neither; but acting the part of a dog in the manger, he barked away his rival, without having the manliness to marry the object of his attentions himself, or let an end be put to that misery and mystification which, with all his worldly wisdom, was ultimately destined to involve the peace and reputation of both parties. From the time that Doctor Tisdal withdrew his addresses, Esther Johnson considered her destinies united with those of Swift. She never encouraged another suitor, nor ever quitted Ireland, except on a brief visit to England for five or six months, in the year 1705. It must be mentioned, and remembered also, that the subject of this paper was by no means insensible, by nature, to the influences of female attachments. He had already trifled with the happiness and fame of a Miss Jane Waryng, from whom he separated, after correspondence with her for four years. She appears in his works under the soubriquet of Varina. But the scene must now shift from love to politics.

His 'Tale of a Tub' made its earliest public appearance in 1704, of which the main purport is to trace the gradual corruptions of Romanism, and exalt the English Reformation, at the expense of both Popery and Presbyterianism. It was written to serve the high-church party, by gaining the laughers to its side; in which it undoubtedly succeeded; and which, in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, is an object of first-rate importance. It might, perhaps, have been so in the reign of Queen Anne; but would assuredly not turn out so under that of Queen Victoria. Even a century and a half ago, the raillery incurred just reproach, as being far too light and lascivious for ecclesiastical, not to say religious discussion. Swift himself refused to own it, until, in an unconscious soliloquy, amidst the decline of his faculties, he was overheard to ejaculate, with an oath, after reading several

pages of the piece, 'What a genius I had when I wrote that book!' It wonderfully displays his whole mind as a Whig in politics, and a Tory in church principles; that is to say, such a Whig in the first, and such a Tory in the last, as the contemporaries of Harley and Bolingbroke alone ever saw on an expanded scale. Pure, or rather impure, selfishness lay at the bottom of the entire affair. His genius carried the sign of a spread eagle, wearing its claws and wings for both sides of that rampant aristocracy, which then, and for more than a hundred years afterwards, trampled under foot, and fattened on, the spoils of the liberties of three kingdoms. 'A Discourse on the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons at Athens and Rome,' had attracted much attention in 1701; when Lords Somers, Oxford, Halifax, and Portland, were impeached by the House of Commons for their share in the partition-treaty. In the following year, Swift being in London, avowed himself the author of this popular pamphlet, which at once renewed his familiar intercourse with the highest circles. But it must also not be forgotten, that when he announced his attachment to civil liberty, as only second to that which he maintained for high-church views, these last involved then, which they do not now, an adherence to the principle of religious establishments. The vicar of Laracor could very well have written the leading articles in the 'Record' or 'Times' newspapers, on such subjects, had he been alive in our own days. He would have abjured the 'British Critic.' His notions of Christianity were essentially secular; although, whilst in the meridian of his reputation, all parties refused to recognise the existence of such an anomalous Centaur as a high-church Whig! 'He saw and felt the difficulty of preserving consistency in the eyes of the public, and busied himself, according to his own account, with projects for the uniting of parties, which he perfected over night, and destroyed in the morning.' One tract, however, escaped this condemnation, and 'The Sentiments of a Church-of-England man with respect to Religion and Government' appeared in 1708. Its fury in favour of the penal laws against nonconformity procures for it no slight praise from our gifted, but most prejudiced, biographer. Worldly writers can have no sympathies except with worldly affairs and worldly motives. The idea of religion being altogether a matter of the heart, and having no more need of assistance from earthly governments than the pillar of fire and cloud had from the Israelites in the wilderness, would have thrown poor Swift into one of those violent fits of vertigo in the head, to which he was so frequently liable, and which he attributes to a surfeit of stone-fruit at Moorpark. We regret having to record it, yet true it is, that this unhappy clergyman, rich in talents, and wretched in his

abuse of them, really seems to have *abhorred* dissenters. In 1708-9, he published his 'Letter upon the Sacramental Test,' opposing, by every argument of reason and ridicule 'which his prompt imagination could supply, any relaxation of this important legal disability.' The honourable Whigs of course began to look cool upon him, as well they might, when they had discovered the author of so bitter a philippic. It was not known at first from whose pen it had proceeded; for an unfortunate parallelism existed between the authors of 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'Waverley,' with regard to the depth and extent of falsehood, intrigue, equivocation, and chicanery, in which both indulged, for the sake of literary concealment. Their imaginations had gathered around them such an atmosphere of illusion, that the outlines even of moral truthfulness were sometimes with difficulty to be discerned—an awful penalty, exacted from almost every mind which wilfully consents to waste or misapply its powers, in violating virtue, or invading the rights of mankind.

Swift displayed his zeal for the temporal interests of his order, by his actions, as well as his writings. At the suggestion of Bishop Burnet, her Majesty had granted the first-fruits and tenths of ecclesiastical preferments to augment the maintenance of the poorer incumbents throughout England and Wales. The clergy of Ireland wished for a similar boon; but their applications having been rejected, Archbishop King in 1708 employed the vicar of Laracor, who had been an active member of convocation, to solicit this favour from Queen Anne. He did his best; and although failing in his object at that time, he succeeded, as is well known, on a subsequent occasion. Meanwhile, having thus acted as solicitor and agent for the church of God, he remembered, like Richard Moneyplies, in the Fortunes of Nigel, that he 'had a sma' sifflication o' his ain!' In fact, he ventured to intimate to the magnates with whom he was in almost daily intercourse, that he considered himself nearly useless in Ireland, 'with an audience in a poor parish of half a score;' so that he felt willing to offer his services, as secretary to an embassy,—as Bishop of Virginia, with metropolitan authority over the colonial clergy,—as successor to the facetious Doctor South, whose speedy dissolution was then expected, which would have vacated a valuable prebend,—or even as an occupant of the sinecure post of royal historiographer. None of these plans answered the wishes of their framer; and it is said, that when Lord Somers wrote to the Earl of Wharton, the new Whig lord-lieutenant at Dublin, warmly recommending Swift for immediate advancement, his excellency forthwith replied, 'O my lord, we must not prefer or countenance such a fellow; *we have not character enough ourselves!*' Swift must have got some scent of this

answer, for the authenticity of which, besides the direct assertion of Doctor Salter that he saw the correspondence with his own eyes, there is the unappeasable animosity ever afterwards manifested towards Wharton, by the disappointed satirist. His visit to the British metropolis nevertheless produced a certain amount of good, in serving the cause of common sense; for it was the era of his celebrated attack upon astrology. One John Partridge, if that were his real name, was the editor of an Almanack, under the title of 'Merlinus Liberatus,' besides having published a variety of treatises to uphold the fabric of astrological imposture. To cure the evil, our author, under the signature of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., presented the world with his Predictions for the following year; in which, amongst other prognostications, 'with the most happy assumption of that mixture of caution and precision affected by these annual soothsayers, he announced an event of no less importance than the death of John Partridge himself, which he fixed to the 29th of March, about eleven at night.' The wrath of the Francis Moore of that day may be better conceived than described. An amusing controversy arose, which vastly entertained all classes, and rendered the assumed title of Isaac Bickerstaff so popular, that the Tatler was established under its shadow, to which Swift, amongst others, contributed; whilst Steele enjoys the honour of having been its projector and editor. It was the morning star, also, to the Spectator; so that from this period a warfare of wit commenced against coarseness and vulgar superstitions. Wizards from that time forward were starved out from at least the upper and educated classes; and their subsistence amidst the lower ones has been becoming year after year only more and more precarious. Early in the summer of 1709, he returned to his vicarage, sick of courts, saloons, and antechambers, 'dissatisfied with the inefficient patronage of those ministerial friends from whom he had only received compliments, promises, and personal attentions.' What else he could expect it was difficult to conceive, since those who knew him best had seen the seed of their suspicions already sprouting up from the black soil of greediness cooling over the lava of malevolence and slighted talents. Whiggery, in its own mind, wrote him down as an apostate. The snakes which Mrs. Masham and her coterie were about to hatch into vitality out of the compost of corruptions over which the last of the Stuarts brooded and reigned, might reckon on him, as they shortly demonstrated before the whole world, as their ablest coadjutor and advocate. His mother died, after a long illness, in May, 1710; on which he remarks, with an expression for him unusually pathetic—'I have now lost my barrier between life and death; God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it as I con-

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fidently believe her to have been. If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there!' It would have been more satisfactory had we discovered that the purse and glebe of the popular author and beneficed divine were conscious of having contributed towards the relief of parental necessities.

After no very protracted interval, these kingdoms underwent one of those extraordinary political revolutions, which seem to stir up society from its depths, through a chain of causes, each more potent than its predecessor, but of which the incipient link appears out of all proportion, in its minuteness, as contrasted with the ultimate results. In fact, the increment of the momentum, as it passes forward, although it may be from a mere seeming trifle at the commencement, is in geometrical rather than arithmetical progression. Sacheverel, within a few months, was in his glory. The Whigs never have known how to treat the domineering church establishments of Great Britain and Ireland. They alternately coax and scold,—court and insult,—soothe and inflame,—flatter and abuse a system, which should be dealt with in a spirit of mingled caution and firmness. Their platform of political action never having been as yet sufficiently elevated to enable them to perceive that an alliance between church and state is what both Providence and Christianity have forbidden, they are always in a false position for taking their ecclesiastical measures. They either do too much, or too little, or nothing at all; which last was, we believe, the grand catholicon of Lord Melbourne, our late premier. The next phase of liberalism, when it comes into power, which will be the principle of reform in an advanced stage of development, may possibly know better, from past experience, how to proceed. Whiggism, which is in the way of being blown or snuffed out, has generally wanted either the courage of philosophy or the philosophy of courage. On taking the helm of the state, Somers, Halifax, Wharton, Orford, and Sunderland, discovered, just as their party always seem to discover it, as if not at all cognizant of the fact before, and therefore not being prepared for it, that the government has a termagant consort, who must be propitiated, supported, respected, sometimes almost worshipped, and at all times treated with the greatest delicacy. Thus it must at least be, if they expect any peace in the house during their inhabitation. It would at any period have thrown Whiggery into a catalepsy, to suggest a secret yet firm inquiry into the legitimacy, *ab origine*, of this infelicitous politico-ecclesiastical marriage. Lord Somers, who was one of the greatest sages of his day, never dreamt such a dream. He and his colleagues, constituting a perfect constellation of Whig leaders, the very Orion of the social firmament at

the commencement of the eighteenth century, with the customary ignorance and presumption of their party about all such matters, actually ventured, in the year 1710, to lay their irreverend hands upon the tail of the church establishment. The touch was immediately taken up, not as a blow, but as an insult. There was nothing about the measures of these men to cow the prelacy, but everything to arouse the insolence of the clergy, whose kingdom of Christ upon earth comprehended the loaves and fishes of ten thousand five hundred parishes south of the Tweed! An obvious and immediate consequence was, that Queen Anne, gouty and feeble, naturally allied to Toryism, and in her own proper person and habits the precisest type conceivable of an established or secularized church, waxed exceedingly irate and alarmed. The interests of religion were in her mouth; the expulsion of the Whigs was at her heart. The impeachment of a contemptible preacher, like Sacheverel, became a blunder, in the chapter of accidents, almost approaching the sublime! He had brayed a discourse of nonsense, which would have died away upon the ears of a few hearers or readers, when the ministry of that day so enacted the part of enchanted folly, that they turned the bray into a blast, which echoed over all Europe, and changed their entire power and authority into 'the baseless fabric of a vision!' Swift caught the signal, even in his retirement at Laracor; whence, with some awkwardly expressed regrets that his political friends were to be depressed, and some ill-concealed joy that his ecclesiastical ones were to be elevated, he flew like a vulture to the battle-field, arriving in London about the 9th of September, 1710.

Prepossessed, as he already was, with strong resentment at having been neglected, however reasonably, by the outgoing administration, he, nevertheless, resumed his intimacy with Addison and Steele, although refusing to pledge Lord Halifax, when he proposed as a toast, 'The Resurrection of the Whigs,' unless he would add, 'and their Reformation.' His old friends generally appeared ravished to see him; 'offered apologies for the mode in which he had been treated; and caught at him as a twig when they were drowning.' We should say, that had they clutched him, they would have found him a stinging-nettle for all future generations! He now knew his own value, and with his innate love of sarcasm, his genius might have gloated, and probably did so, on the many grimaces, and 'longing, lingering looks behind,' which the associates of the great Godolphin cast back upon the palace they were leaving. In fine, as they had treated Swift, so he now treated them. He had lampooned the late lord treasurer before the first of October, and on the 4th of that month was presented for the first time to Harley. By the

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latter he was introduced to St. John; 'and the intercourse he enjoyed with these ministers approached to intimacy with a progress more rapid than can well be conceived in such circumstances.' His assistance could not be dispensed with by these two wicked statesmen, and ample, even almost humiliating, confidence constituted the only terms on which it could be procured. Political writers in that day were what leading journals are now, and the engagement of the vicar of Laracor, the author of the 'Tale of a Tub,' on their side, was the same sort of transaction, in its kind, though far more important in its consequences, than securing the support of the 'Times' would be amongst ourselves. The new ministers were wafted into power and office by the followers and abettors of Toryism, whilst Harley and St. John were afraid of being supposed, from having been a sort of hollow Whigs in their earlier career, to have rushed all at once, *per saltum*, as it were, to the furthest extremes of passive obedience and divine hereditary right:—

'Still they were under the necessity of availing themselves of the drift of popular opinion, as a boatman benefits by the current which bears him towards his haven, managing meanwhile, by sail and oar, so to moderate and control its impulse, that it shall neither hurry him beyond the point proposed, nor dash him against the adjacent cliffs. Under such difficulties, the talents of Swift to mould and moderate the tone of public feeling became of the last importance to the new rulers; and hence Harley laid aside his reserve, and St. John his levity, to vie in courtesy towards an author, whose principles in church and state had hitherto been those of moderation (qy?), and who combined the power of expressing and supporting his sentiments in a manner at once forcible and adapted to the capacity of the public. Swift, on the other hand, beheld the triumph of the church establishment, and saw with pleasure, that the affairs of state were now to be conducted by men whose tenets were ostensibly' (and as hypocritically) 'as favourable to liberty as his own. He saw, besides, an opportunity of wreaking his vengeance on those by whom he had been overlooked in the plenitude of their power; and from the influence of those mixed motives enlisted himself, with heart and hand, under the banners of the new ministers.'—p. 21.

What a picture, drawn by the able pen of a flattering biographer, of a genuine political clergyman, having left his cure of souls to the care of Satan, and come into the vortex of secular affairs, as the advocate of church establishments. He immediately undertook the conduct of the 'Examiner,' which St. John, Prior, Freind, King, and other Tory writers, had already commenced as the organ of Harley and his cabinet. The thirteenth number contained an avowed and violent defence of hereditary right in its most absurd extent. Addison had started an oppo-

sition periodical called the 'Whig Examiner,' from which he withdrew three weeks before the fiery zealot from Ireland entered the lists. The last was not long in falling most foully upon his former associates, whilst in tearing to pieces Sunderland, Cowper, Walpole, Marlborough, and Wharton above all, he disgraced himself and human nature, by heaping reproaches upon the virtuous Somers, whose old kindnesses towards his earlier fortunes were all forgotten, and even his undeniable public services held up to ridicule and scandal. Walter Scott, in the sweeping range of his charity for the criminalities of Toryism, surrenders his hero at this point, in the gentle admission that 'here he is least justifiable.' Meanwhile Swift did all that his patrons required of him. He was the Ajax of their phalanx, amidst the rancour, clamour, and inkshed, that ensued. His pen proved an invincible spear; and upon the brazen shield of what his biographer styles courage, but which we call shamelessness, he bore the main brunt of the conflict. Whatever vigour of attack and dexterity of defence could effect, he marvellously performed. His influence became a pervading mind, soul, and will, to his wretched party for the time being. With a readiness and versatility scarcely imaginable, he assumed every shape and suggested every manœuvre which could rally, organize, or inspire his friends, and at the same instant perplex or annoy their opponents. Not at all blind to the fact, that having the world, the flesh, and the devil, on his side, he must of necessity wield their weapons, he nevertheless wrote, printed, and published, with all his might and main, as if the existence of the religion which he thus professed and dishonoured had really turned upon every effort he made. 'His ready talent for popular poetry was laid under liberal contribution;' and the 'Rod of Sid Hamet,' which censured Lord Godolphin, seemed only the precursor of a cloud of lampoons, falling like poisoned arrows into the hearts of his antagonists. The 'opportunity of wreaking his vengeance,' which Scott mentions, must have been enjoyed by him, in a length and breadth of realization such as those only can estimate who have tasted the venom of his 'Short Character of Lord Wharton,' or the volumes of spleen and ire which his fearful temper and inexhaustible talents produced. His powers helped mightily to establish Harley in the good opinion, and almost in the affections, of his royal mistress, amidst the intrigues of a rotten aristocracy, the applauses of a drunken squirearchy, the benedictions of well-beneficed divines, and the shouts of an ignorant, misguided multitude. In return for such services he exacted wages, such as few would receive, and still fewer pay. For the mitre which he anticipated, and the deanery which he obtained, the vicar of Laracor appeared in no immediate hurry; but whilst his passions

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revelled in literary and political revenge upon his foes, his pride demanded compensation and homage from his haughty, ambiguous, and reckless masters. He treated them, as every Mephistopheles or Allecto is supposed to act towards those who have summoned them from the pit—that is, with mingled servility and disdain. He appeared ready to take umbrage at the slightest shadow of caprice, disrespect, or restiveness. His manners with the most exalted noblemen or courtiers, wore the affected air, not merely of intimate familiarity, but domineering patronage. He once sent the prime minister into the House of Commons to call out the first secretary of state, 'only to let him know that he would not dine with him, if he dined late.' He, on another occasion, insisted that a certain duke should make him the first visit, just because he happened to hold the highest place in the peerage! None who know us will lay to our charge any aristocratic tendencies; but we feel, with every person of common sense, that such despotism over the usages of society betrays neither philosophy of mind nor genuine force of character. When Swift ostentatiously avowed that he despised high station, or adventitious advantages, his conduct proved that his needless avowal was to be read backwards. Bishop Kennet mentions the future dean of St. Patrick's in his diary, incidentally, but with great effect. We wish we had room for the extract, which exactly demonstrates what passed between Plato and Diogenes, when the latter, alluding to the carpet of the former, cried out, 'I am trampling upon the pride of Plato.' 'Yes,' said Plato, 'and shewing a far greater pride in doing so!' Swift was, of course, a loser in every way by this foolish conduct, and we consider the remarks of Lord Orrery respecting him to have been more accurate than those of the laird of Abbotsford.

'He was elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence. He enjoyed the shadow; the substance was detained from him. He was employed, not trusted; he imagined himself a subtle diver, who dexterously shot down into the profoundest regions of politics; but he was suffered only to sound the shallows nearest the shore, and sometimes scarcely admitted to descend below the froth at the top. Perhaps the deeper bottoms were too muddy for his inspection.'—p. 30.

Some of these 'deeper bottoms and muddy waters' might have involved designs for restoring the Stuarts, in which Swift appears to have had no direct participation, beyond his ardent friendship for Bolingbroke, which terminated only with death. He must have known enough, moreover, with regard to the results of any such restoration in Ireland; and that amongst them would be the cessation of his own dignity and preferments. The

grand palpable charge against him is, that with his eyes open, and in the teeth of former opposing associations, he had cast in his lot with bad men, who made worse ministers. On their behalf his best gifts were strained to the uttermost. When discontents were shaking the very foundations of Harley and St. John's conservatism, just as will soon be the case with our own present cabinet, the artfulness of Swift appeased the incipient mutiny, by his 'Advice humbly offered to the Members of the October Club.' In this masterpiece of political craftmanship, the dust of certain proportions of truth and falsehood, skilfully compounded together, blinded the vision of those who might have seen too far, and flattered the hopes of others, who magnified little matters into worlds of consequences, existing nowhere else than in their prurient imaginations. Then as to foreign policy, his pamphlet on the journey of Prior to Paris, his 'Conduct of the Allies,' his 'Remarks upon the Barrier Treaty,' were all first-class specimens of their respective kinds. These pamphlets passed through the land, as so many talismans of error, which made the worse appear the better cause, by putting bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. Four editions of the second production were devoured by the public in a single week. It formed the text-book for the debates in the House of Commons, on the ministerial side. Its author was threatened with impeachment. His celebrated 'Representation of the Lower Chamber on the State of the Nation,' and the subsequent 'Address of Thanks to the Queen,' were his next ablest papers. His 'Examiners' meanwhile worked wonders. If he entered a coffee-house, he had a profound obeisance from all present. One may forgive his vanity for entertaining no less a project than the improvement of the English language, to which his own pungent, perspicuous, and idiomatic style, far more contributed, than all his recommendations of the scheme to Lord Oxford, or than could have been done by any society resembling the French Academy. He had already obtained the first-fruits and twentieths for Ireland, and protected or advanced several eminent literary men, for the general welfare. It seemed high time that he should secure for himself something more solid than bows in antechambers, and invitations to dinners, where he might say what he liked, and eat what he could get. Missiles also, something like his own, began to whistle about his ears. 'I will contract,' he says at length to the lord treasurer, on the 26th December, 1712, 'no more enemies till *I have got under shelter:*' and on another occasion he quotes an axiom of his grandmother, 'More of your lining, and less of your dining.' Now then came the trial as to how far his noble, affable, and right honourable masters felt *really* disposed to serve him. He struggled earnestly

for a bishopric, and failed. The Queen possessed just so far a sense of decency, that her mind revolted against any connexion being effected between the 'Tale of a Tub' and lawn-sleeves. Furthermore, her third grand favourite was the Duchess of Somerset, whom Swift, in a lampoon entitled the 'Windsor Prophecy,' had reproached for her having red hair, and being privy to the murder of her first husband. She could have forgiven the second offence; but the first inflicted a wound for which there was no atonement: so that when Lord Oxford and Mrs. Masham were about to confer the then vacant see of Hereford upon the exulting satirist, the duchess, summoning to her aid her friend the Archbishop of York, threw herself in tears upon her knees before Anne, and destroyed every chance of his obtaining English preferment. The crosier of Hereford went into other hands; not even a stall at St. George's could be procured; so that nothing remained but the deanery of St. Patrick's, for which the warrant was signed the 23rd of February, 1713. The post was both dignified and valuable, although he always pretended to consider it an honourable exile, since, relying upon his presumed indispensability to government, he had formerly and repeatedly declined an elevation to the Irish prelacy. In one word, he was more admired than loved, and discovered, rather late, that he had few real friends!

In an epic on the 'Miseries of Vanity,' the memoir of Swift might form a felicitous episode. We shall not dwell on his having to chew the cud of disappointment, amidst the desolations of a large unfurnished house at Dublin, where he describes himself 'as living in one corner of it.' He soon quarrelled with his archbishop and chapter, besides feeling grievously troubled at having to incur an outlay of about 1000*l.* sterling, before he could take full possession of the deanery, repair and furnish the house, and settle some necessary arrangements with his predecessor. For this necessary sum of money, he applied incessantly, both now and afterwards, to his intimates at the Treasury. We may feel certain, that however highly they appreciated his services, they remembered his eccentricities, to give them no harder name, and so they put him off with promissory notes, until their bubble burst, and left them bankrupt of all power and reputation. He was recalled to England, not long before that disaster, to reconcile Harley and St. John, increasing in the good graces of both, so far as words went; whilst Bolingbroke, in the royal closet, was gradually, though secretly, eclipsing Oxford. Once again he engaged in political controversy. His treatise on the 'Public Spirit of the Whigs' maddened that respectable section of society into some needless acts of anger; and as it reflected upon the Duke of Argyle, on Scotland generally, and on the

Union, such an impression came to be produced in the House of Lords, that a reward of 300*l.* was offered for the discovery of the author, whilst his bookseller and printer were solemnly ordered into the custody of the Black Rod. Jacobitism now getting the better at Court, Swift retired into the country and composed his 'Thoughts upon the Present State of Affairs.' The remainder of the political drama develops a painful page in our national annals. Yet it ended in the death of Queen Anne, and the enthronement of George the First. Swift adhered magnanimously to the charlatans whom he had espoused. All fell: some fled; others plunged into the abysses of oblivion, or were thrown into prison; whilst a few were to be tried for their lives before an indignant people. Aristocracy and prelacy triumphed, as usual, notwithstanding the agitations of the Scotch rebellion. Swift settled himself in his ample preferment, amidst the execrations of Whigs and Dissenters, both then pretty numerous at Dublin. He encountered the tempest of his temporary unpopularity, partly with scorn, partly with indifference, and partly with defiance or hostility, until, in the course of a few years, the tide of affairs again turned, so that he became, from a singular series of circumstances, more influential than ever. Opulence, moreover, began to shower into his lap its cornucopia of dubious advantages. He made up matters also with his ecclesiastical superior and inferiors, so that the sun of prosperity, after all, seemed to shine upon his head, and envy overawed itself into at least respectful silence.

Yet, from his own account, as well as that of others, there lived not a more miserable being. Milton has well said, that 'the mind is its own place;' and though externally his talents and position were drawing round him the homage of his contemporaries, the bitterest enemy he had ever made, could the hell within him but have been unveiled, must have relented into compassion, if not into tears. His selfishness proved an hourly tormentor, impaled as his poor heart was upon the points of bitter and ungratified passions! In other terms, he reaped as he had sown:

'He possessed, in an eminent degree, many of the qualities which are the surest passports to female favour. He was not only a man of the highest talents, but he enjoyed in full extent all the public notice and distinction which the reputation of such talents can confer. He moved in the highest circles, had been concerned in the most important business of the time, and had all the advantage of a name blown wide abroad in the world. In private society, the varied richness of his conversation, the extent of his knowledge, his unequalled powers of wit and humour, even the somewhat cynical eccentricities of his temper, joined to form a character, equally interesting from its intellectual merit and originality. His manners, in these his better days, were but slightly tinged with the peculiarities which afterwards marked them

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more unpleasantly, and his ease and address were such as became the companion of statesmen and courtiers.'—p. 33.

The individual thus gifted had a person tall, strong, and well-formed, a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, and black, bushy eyebrows. An aquiline nose, with features somewhat stern and haughty, expressed that dauntlessness of character which the fairer sex certainly admire, and often love. Yet he was never known to laugh; so that no wonder his gentle followers rather dreaded, as well as admired. Amongst various ladies who sought their chief happiness in his company, Esther Johnson has been more than once mentioned in this article; a most attractive creature, who considered the vicar of Laracor, with the greatest justice and propriety, as entirely her own. For him, and at his suggestions, she had quitted her country, declined another suitor, and almost perilled her reputation. With her he perpetually corresponded, and to her the celebrated and familiar journal, known under the title of that to Stella, was regularly addressed, from Swift when absent in England. Yet throughout a large portion of this period, his heart was rotten to its core. He had seen in London a second Esther, whose surname was Vanhomrigh, better recognised, perhaps, under her fanciful appellation of Vanessa. Our clerical Adonis, according to his wicked custom in such cases, attached himself to her as an intellectual Mentor, if one might believe his hollow professions, he being on the shady side of forty, and the young lady not more than twenty. Her personal and mental attractions quickly made him feel that he could never prosecute the intimacy without cruel injustice to Miss Johnson. Vanessa, altogether ignorant that the object of her sincere selection lay under a prior engagement, let her affections go in the flowery but certain road to ultimate misery and disappointment. Not a shadow of blame can attach to her, or her rival. An atrocious traitor to both played them off, one against another, for his own gratification and pleasure. The romance which ensued would be deemed hardly suitable to our general taste, or that of our readers. All parties discovered that 'love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.' According to one account, he went through the ceremony of a private marriage with Stella, to preserve her life, upon conditions unjust to the lady, and revolting to nature. Walter Scott receives this statement; although there occur many things to make it doubtful. In fact, clouds of mystery overhang every chapter in the dark story. Nothing appears certain but the extreme culpability of the dean—the misery and agony of the injured females—the premature death of Vanessa from a broken heart—the lingering anguish, terminated only by her dissolution, of Stella—

the remorse, through a protracted life, of Swift himself—and the bitter, yet pathetic memorandum, which he made on a ringlet of Esther Johnson, always kept by him, 'Only a woman's hair!' About the time when the clandestine nuptials were imagined to have occurred, Doctor Delaney observing Swift very gloomy and dejected, went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, the very object of his fears rushed past him, with a countenance full of distraction, and without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears, and upon asking the reason, he replied, 'You have just met the most unhappy man upon earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness, you must never ask a question!' His doggerel verses of this period, called poems by courtesy, deserve neither to be analysed nor enumerated.

From the Peace of Utrecht, to which he had in no slight degree indirectly contributed, down to 1723, he took an active share in the affairs of his cathedral, and studied several hours every day. Herodotus, Lucretius, Aulus Gellius, and Philostratus, seem to have been his favourite authors in the dead languages. That he borrowed from the last his idea of the Lilliputians in Gulliver's Travels, we think there can be little doubt. Any of our curious and learned friends, who may wish to satisfy themselves about the matter, will obtain a full view of it, by just comparing Gulliver on the ground, asleep after his landing, with Philostrat. Icon. lib. ii. cap. 22, pp. 846, 7, in the folio Olearian edition; or with passages better known in the works of Pliny, Elian, and many others. He boarded himself, for the sake of economy, with Mr. Worrall, whose wife preserved that neatness and good order which were always particularly agreeable to him. Two public days, however, were weekly kept up at the deanery, where, after dinner, Swift allowed himself about an English pint measure of tolerable claret; but when Lady Eustace or any other guests of quality honoured him with their presence, he used to allow them a shilling a head to provide their own entertainment, 'and would even struggle hard that only sixpence should go for the brat, as he called Miss Eustace.' His society, or at least his conversation, must have been marvellously attractive to have rendered such modes of intercourse tolerable; unless much may be allowed for the fashion of going to look at, or listen to, so eccentric a personage. He was fond of pranks of all descriptions, even the most childish. Anecdotes, scarcely credible, are related of his practical jokes. Amongst the least absurd was his treatment of the Grattans—a family to whom he grew strongly attached, but whose male members, together with other accommodating friends, he would chase in cold weather through his large apartments, or up and down stairs, with a whip in his hand, driving them like horses, until he had accomplished his

necessary quantity of exercise. We cannot forbear observing, that whoever got horsewhipped on such occasions, richly deserved it. By the servile submissions of perhaps well-meaning dependents, such domestic despots as Dean Swift are often made. Sheridan and Delany found their stock of good-nature, which was equal to that of most men, quite exhausted at last by the demands of this semi-insane humorist. In punning he has had few competitors; none probably could surpass him. A lady had thrown down with her mantua a valuable Cremona violin, when he immediately applied to the circumstance that verse from Virgil—

'Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!'

The comfort which he gave an elderly gentleman who had lost his spectacles, was more grotesque: 'If this rain continues all night, you will certainly recover them in the morning betimes.

'Nocte pluit totâ—redeunt *spectacula* manè!'

His occasional visits abroad, with an immense correspondence carried on whilst at home, occupied part of his leisure. In 1720, he came forth once more upon the stage as a political writer, and in a better cause than before. He still professed that he adhered stoutly to the Hanoverian succession, although holding intercourse principally with extreme Tories. So also, announcing everywhere his prejudices against Ireland and Irishmen, he, nevertheless, now used his pen on their behalf with invincible spirit and energy. England had assumed the power of legislating for her dependent kingdom. The statutes of the 10th and 11th William III. prohibited the exportation of Irish woollens except to British or Welsh harbours; by which preposterous measure, certain manufactories in Ireland were ruined to the extent of £1,000,000 per annum. Nor did this iniquitous tyranny constitute more than a single item in a long course of contumelious injury exercised by the strong country towards the weaker one. Swift now published his 'Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures,' utterly rejecting and renouncing everything wearable that comes from England! It was a measure of immense boldness, and the grand juries of the county and city were soon instructed by the time-serving tools of Government to present the pamphlet as a 'seditious, factious, and virulent libel.' A trial of the printer terminated in a glorious triumph for the friends of justice. The spirit of an oppressed people commenced that deep response to the calls of patriotism, which we have lived to see still more successful. The proposal of a national bank, coming as it did soon after this affair from a very questionable quarter, also roused the satire of the Dean; who appealed so strenuously

to the lower house of parliament at Dublin, that the project, conceived as it doubtless was for dishonest or exclusive purposes, fell to the ground. Many other minor opportunities turned up for the suppression of various abuses, through gibbeting them for public inspection; all which received due attention from the divine of St. Patrick's; his quills being ever ready, like those of the porcupine, to dart at a nuisance, and drive it, if possible, into annihilation.

All these, however, must yield the palm, in point of importance, to his 'Letters of a Drapier against Wood's Copper Coinage.' Walpole had granted in 1723, upon certain conditions, to one William Wood, a patent right of coining halfpence and farthings, to the extent of £108,000, to be current in Ireland. Now George the First kept a couple of infamous mistresses, who were the 'two daughters of the horseleach, crying Give—give!' To the Duchess of Kendal, one of these women, and by far the most rapacious, the patentee had promised a handsome slice of the profits, having, in fact, procured his contract altogether through her disgraceful influence over the sovereign. Neither had the minister, acting officially in the matter, condescended to consult the lord-lieutenant or the Irish privy council; but on the suggestion of a royal harlot, had devolved, upon an obscure individual, one of the highest privileges of the crown. Wood seems to have acted honestly in the affair, so far as the emission of handsome and genuine halfpence was concerned; but the entire nation thrilled with the insult of the transaction from the noble and powerful Whig family of the Brodericks down to the coalporters and scavengers of Dublin. Whilst the struggle was impending, Swift published his incomparable Letters, 'strong in argument, and brilliant in humour, but unequalled in the address with which those arguments are selected, and that humour applied.' They ran like wildfire through the land. From Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, nothing seemed talked of but Wood's abominable copper, and the eloquence and wit of the Drapier. The despotism, which for thirty years had held down a spirited people, might have bent, but could never break, the honest harp of Erin; and when circumstances thus occurred which re-strung its chords, a clergyman, who was the oddity of his age, threw his hand across them with such exquisite skilfulness and nature, that tyranny itself turned pale, if it did not actually tremble. Every day the fermentation waxed more formidable. Both the Irish houses of parliament plucked up courage to address the throne against the new coinage. Tradesmen refused to receive or pass it. The nearest relations of the patentee felt obliged to disavow their possessing a shadow of participation in the business. From the wealthy and pompous corporation of the city, as well as from the

various commercial companies, memorials were circulated, and hostile associations formed. Swift fanned the flame with ceaseless ballads and prose satires, seasoned with all the bitterness and pungency of his sarcasm against the unfortunate ironmonger, and his patrons and patronesses in England. The Duke of Grafton, as viceroy, foresaw a civil war, unless Walpole gave way; which, so far was he from thinking of at first, that he issued a proclamation limiting the issue, upon the supposition, that by diminishing the magnitude of an abuse, its principle might seem to be sanctioned against some more favourable opportunity. The Dean quickly exposed this; and in his fourth letter ventured to bring before the public the true point of difference betwixt the two countries. Was Ireland, or was she not, a mere dependency of England, in whose parliament she possessed no representation? The cabinet of London threatened coercion, unless her subject, yet sister island, should forthwith succumb; but 'the remedy,' writes the Drapier, 'is wholly in your own hands, and therefore I have digressed a little, in order to refresh and continue that spirit so suitably raised amongst you, as Irishmen; and to let you see that by the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are, and ought to be, as free a people as your brethren in England!' No finer appeal to original rights had then ever been uttered in the world; nor has it been rivalled since, except, perhaps, by the Declaration of American Independence. The Dean having pronounced his oracles, Dublin, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Munster, said 'Amen' to them! A reward was offered by Government of £300, for the apprehension of so daring a patriot; yet, though his printer was thrown into gaol, (the name of the man was Harding,) and Lord Carteret was sent out to supersede the Duke of Grafton, it was quite manifest that the oppressors would be disappointed.

When the bill against Harding was about to be presented to the grand jury, Swift addressed to that body his 'Seasonable Advice;' exhorting them to remember the league made by the wolves with the sheep, on condition of their parting with their shepherds and mastiffs; after which they ravaged the flock at pleasure. Ireland looked on with greedy eyes and ears. Her champion was plainly the person really struck at in the prosecution against Harding. A Quaker, moreover, admonished his fellow-citizens, in an apt quotation from Scripture, 'Shall JONATHAN die, who has wrought this great deliverance in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground, for he hath wrought with God this day; so the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not.' In vain an arbitrary Lord Chief-Justice denounced and threatened; the jury returned a verdict of *ignoramus*, and thus fulfilled the expecta-

tions which had been formed of them. Letter after letter now appeared; and Lord Carteret yielded to the tempest. It was well he did so. Wood surrendered his patent, and the Drapier was immortalized; his name became the watchword of liberty; his head ascended into a sign, like one of the royal family; his portrait was engraved, woven upon handkerchiefs, struck upon medals, and displayed in every possible manner. A club of patriots existed for many years in his honour. A thousand popular benedictions attended his footsteps, and if he visited a town where he was not usually resident, a princely reception always awaited him.

Here one could desire that the curtain might drop; although twenty years more of life remained in store for him. We need, perhaps, do little more than just enumerate his subsequent fortunes, without dwelling upon them. With Mrs. Dingley and Miss Johnson he retired to Quilca, a secluded residence belonging to his indulgent and intimate friend Dr. Sheridan. Here he trifled away life in pursuits below the dignity of a dean, the character of a divine, or the tastes of a scholar. A visit to England afforded him an audience with Walpole, and an introduction to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Returning back to the routine of his cathedral, he astonished the world by publishing 'Gulliver's Travels,' with respect to which, a brief extract may be ventured upon.

'Perhaps no work ever exhibited such general attraction to all classes. It offered personal and political satire to readers in high life, low and coarse incidents to the vulgar, marvels to the romantic, wit to the young and lively, lessons of morality and policy to the grave, and maxims of deep and bitter misanthropy to neglected age, or disappointed ambition. The plan of the satire varies in the different parts. The voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the Court and politics of England; and Sir Robert Walpole is plainly intimated under the character of the premier Flimnap, which he afterwards probably remembered to the prejudice of the Dean's view of leaving Ireland. The factions of High-Heels and Low-Heels express the different sections of Tories and Whigs; the Small-Endians and Big-Endians, the religious divisions of Papists and Protestants; and when the heir-apparent was described as wearing one heel high and one low, the Prince of Wales, who at that time divided his favour between the two leading political parties of England, laughed very heartily at the comparison. Blefescu is France; and the ingratitude of the Lilliputian court, which forces Gulliver to take shelter there, rather than have his eyes put out, is an indirect reproach upon that of England, and a vindication of the flight of Bolingbroke and Ormond to Paris. Many other allusions may be traced by those well acquainted with the secret history of George the First. The scandal, which Gulliver gave the Empress by his mode of extinguishing the flames in the royal palace, intimated the disgrace of

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the author with Queen Anne, founded upon the indecorum of the 'Tale of a Tub,' which was remembered against him as a crime, whilst the service which it had rendered the cause of the high church was forgotten. It must also be remarked that the original institutions of the empire of Lilliput are strongly recommended, as also their system of public education, whilst it is intimated that all the corruptions of the Court had been introduced during the three last reigns. This was the genuine opinion of Swift concerning the English constitution.'—p. 123.

In the voyage to Brobdignag, he has merely produced a happy effect by turning the telescope, and depicting Gulliver, who had formerly been a giant among the Lilliputians, as a pigmy amidst this tremendous race. The monarch of these sons of Anak personifies the ideas entertained by Swift, as perhaps also by his friend Bolingbroke, of a patriot-king. Some passages of the court of Brobdignag were aimed against the maids of honour, so styled, at a court somewhat nearer home. The voyage to Laputa was considered as a caricature upon the Royal Society; nor can it be denied, that there are some allusions to the most respectable philosophers of that period. Even Sir Isaac Newton is shot at, for the offence he had given, as Master of the Mint, to the Dean of St. Patrick's, when he assayed Wood's halfpence, and pronounced them of the proper value. In this department, too, of his curious fable, he scrupled not to borrow largely from Rabelais. It was not, however, real science which Swift intended generally to attack, but rather those chimerical and spurious studies, with which that venerable name had been too frequently disgraced. His voyage to the land of the Houyhnhnms, was neither more nor less than an anatomy of his own heart, and a presentation of it, with all its filthiness, blackness, and misanthropy, to the public. In his melancholy account of the Struldbrugs, he also contemplated the dark shadow of that horoscope, which fell before him through the decline of life, as he sank gradually into paroxysms of madness, or the stagnation of hopeless idiocy.

Once more he revisited England, to make one last attempt at obtaining preferment, within reach of London and literary society. It was all in vain; for who would strain a point to serve the satirist, whose hand, or whose pen, was against every man? Stella, moreover, now closed her clouded and sorrowful days. Swift was never the same afterwards. He broke, too, with the royal family and their minister. Irish affairs occasionally produced able pamphlets; and so great continued to be his influence at Dublin, that the lord-lieutenant felt constrained to consult and listen to him on many most important occasions. Other miscellaneous prose writings, with sundry Hudibrastic versifications, consumed his hours. His income had grown considerable; for

in addition to and accumulated out of his official revenues, he had saved ten thousand pounds, notwithstanding an indulgence of every desire of his mind, and the generous disbursement of handsome sums in annual or daily charities. His residence at Gossford, under the hospitable roof of Sir Arthur Acheson, called out some gleams of his now rapidly darkening powers; for we cannot agree with Sir Walter Scott, that his best pieces of poetry were written between 1730, and 1735; at least in any other sense, than that, according to Dryden, Swift being no poet at all, practice had enabled him to go through the labour of voiding verses with greater facility than before. He resolved, however, at all events, to go off the stage with his armour on; for he now threw himself into the thickest of the fray, both with dissenters on the one side, and the Irish bishops on the other. He wrote also his 'Rhapsody on Poetry,' and the 'Verses on his own Death;' carried on a furious quarrel with Serjeant Bettesworth; composed his satire called 'The Legion Club;' entered into the controversy about lowering the gold coin, with the greater zest, as it gave him the means of annoying Archbishop Boulter; and drew up, or materially revised, his 'History of the four last years of Queen Anne.' Alas! his own last days were now approaching; those, we mean, of which he could no further say, 'there is any pleasure in them!' Remorse had, for a long while effected heavy inroads upon his constitution. Even as early as 1717, the author of the 'Night Thoughts' found him one day fixed as a statue, earnestly gazing at a noble elm, which, in its uppermost branches, was much withered and decayed; pointing at it, Swift said, 'I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top!' Lord Orrery also mentions how often, when he dwelt in conversation upon the period of mental imbecility which shut in the lives of Marlborough, Somers, and other distinguished contemporaries, it was with a deep and anxious presage of his personal destiny. He had long resolved to bequeath his fortune for the foundation of a lunatic hospital, which object, by his last will and testament, dated 3rd May, 1740, was duly accomplished. A kind and affectionate female relation waited on the closing scenes. His fits of periodical giddiness and deafness returned with augmented frequency and violence, so that for the space of three years, he was only known to have spoken once or twice, at the utmost. He expired on the 19th day of October, 1745, so quietly, that his attendants could hardly recognise the precise moment of his dissolution. It could not be said that he departed without tears, for all Ireland wept. They generously overlooked his vagaries and his prejudices, remembering nothing but the dauntless Drapier. Young and old of all ranks surrounded the hearse to pay their last tribute of sorrow and affection. Even

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his grey locks were purloined from his coffin, before it was finally screwed down, and privately interred in the great aisle of St. Patrick's cathedral. His epitaph had been previously drawn up by his own pen, and may be transcribed as not an unfair illustration of his temper, talents, and character, allowing for his very imperfect apprehensions of civil and religious rights and wrongs.

'Hic depositum est corpus
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
Hujus ecclesiæ cathedralis
Decani :
Ubi sæva indignatio
Ulterius cor lacerare nequit :
Abi viator,
Et imitare, si poteris,
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.
Obiit anno 1745,
Mensis Octobris die 19.
Ætatis anno 78.'

We have only to add, that whilst fully admitting, as we do, his varied intellectual powers, together with the influence which he was permitted to exercise upon our language, through certain excellences of humour, style, and criticism, yet we nevertheless think that Sir Walter Scott has far overrated them. Swift was altogether a paradox; and, in our judgment, a most unamiable one. We agree with Lord Jeffrey, that 'he was extremely ambitious, arrogant, and selfish; of a morose, vindictive, and haughty temper; with a general demeanour in public and private life anything but exemplary.' It is not a little singular, that he should have been the occasion of no less than fifty new churches being erected in London; for which really good service, Bishop Blomfield ought to suspend his portrait in the palace at Fulham, and, for aught we know, may have already done so.

Art. III.—1. *Book of the Poets. Chaucer to Beattie.* 1 vol. pp. 458. With forty-five Engravings. London: Scott, Webster, and Geary. 1842.

2. *Book of the Poets. Modern Poets of the Nineteenth Century.* 1 vol. pp. 490. With forty-five Illustrations. London: Scott, Webster, and Geary. 1842.

IT is only of late years that the sister-arts of the poet and the painter have fully learned how close is the affinity between them, and in how various and important ways each may minister to the effect of the other. Every day seems now to furnish fresh proof of

seven of them—in resentment of an unparalleled outrage on the refinements and gentilities of society; then as they all crowded with exclamations of distress round Henrietta, poor thing! I caught the indignant stare of my sire, looking like that animal from which, as Shakspere informs us, no milk is to be expected. I saw that it was all over with me—that my trial of gentility was passed—that I stood condemned without benefit of Christmas; and as my father, quitting the room, motioned me to follow him, to hear a two hours' lecture on a Christmas night, I did follow him—as far as the outside of the door. Then as he went upstairs, I went down; and in two minutes I was upon the wide world, riding in an omnibus, free as air—or fog, as we should rather say in this country. And now there's my story without a word of garnish.

I know they'll advertise for their darling immediately; and the notice will run—"If C——, &c. who left his home, &c. will return &c., an arrangement will be made with his disconsolate sisters, by which he will be enabled to smoke three times a week in the back area." But as they will be sure to send the advertisement only to the more fashionable prints, it is not very likely that I shall ever see it; and if I should, the proposal will be in vain. No; having just glanced at the heads of my story, I here renew the offer with which I started. Any judicious pair, well to-do, and without male incumbrances, will find me worthy their attention, warranted town-made, and with a capital stock of filial affection on hand.

As I said before, I'm not particular. There's a touch perhaps of my grandfather, the old boatswain about me; and I shouldn't at all object to an offer from Rotherhithe, or some such district as that. I should prefer such a locality to the grand squares, and the genteel streets that run out of them. I'm not at all nice or expensive in my tastes—don't care much about wine, a glass or two of sherry would be enough. I could manage a cut of corned-beef, or some such thing, at breakfast—shouldn't mind an early dinner, if preferred by the family—a few cigars I must stipulate for, and perhaps a glass of whiskey-punch with the old boy when he didn't care for the Sherry. I think there's nothing unreasonable in all this. And it's a settled thing that I should keep nobody sitting up for me at night—I hate giving servants that trouble, it disarranges all their doings the next day—no, I should always take the key! Now, I do think that's accommodating. But I should stop at home some evenings, of course, for I like putting my feet on the fender of a winter-night, with a quiet cigar, and a sip now and then—or a rubber with the old people, if they have set their hearts on it. I'm quite agreeable. And be it understood beforehand, that I make no conditions—no absolute conditions—about a snug corner in the will. I leave that to time. They may cut me off with a mourning-ring, and I won't be offended. Let it be Liberty-hall on both sides, that's fair.

I write this from the Pewter-Platter, in Cripplegate, where, out of the way of the gentilities, I am finishing my Christmas evening, solitary, but not feeling alone, over a moderate measure of toddy. I shall have something left out of my seven-and-sixpence in the morning; when, if I could only get hold of plump little Lucy Farmer, I'd take her to see the Thames-Tunnel—although it's "so far east!"

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INEDITED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.

Sir Walter Scott, in the advertisement to his edition of Swift's works, printed at Edinburgh in 1824, speaking of the additions he had been enabled to acquire, states, "The editor has obtained the advantage of consulting several of the original letters of Dean Swift, and even adding to the number, two or three not hitherto published." Here, the writer has some cause to exult, that he has obtained five, hitherto inedited and unknown, and affording some new illustrations in the life of that distinguished man.

By a singular fatality, Swift, notwithstanding his utmost endeavours and interest, never could obtain either a church living or preferment, but in Ireland, to which country he seems not to have had any particular liking, or desire of residence. Swift, who in 1699 had gone to Ireland with Lord Berkeley, as his chaplain and private secretary, was supplanted in the latter capacity by a Mr. Bushe; and to appease his chaplain, his lordship presented him with the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, with the addition, in 1700, of the prebend of Dunlavin. At Laracor, Swift's life was clerical and regular; the facetious humour of his clerk, Roger Coxe, seemed to render the place agreeable to him; he formed about his vicarage a regular garden, smoothed the banks of a rivulet into a canal, and planted willows in regular ranks by its side. Thus wore on what may be considered the happiest time of Swift's life, passed in the society of Stella, and in the retreat of his willows at Laracor; varied by frequent excursions to England, and a ready reception into the society of the great and the learned. The celebrity of the anonymous "Tale of a Tub," notwithstanding the impenetrable silence of the real author, obtained for Swift, long before high-churchmen acknowledged its merit, the friendship of the opposite party, with whom he coincided in temporal, though not in ecclesiastical politics. These were Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, the Earl of Pembroke, and Bishop Burnet, among the statesmen; and among the wits and the learned, Addison, Steele, Pastoral Philips, Anthony Henley, and Tickell.

From such a connexion, it cannot be matter of surprise that Swift, who in 1707 had been an active member of the Irish convocation, while deputed to England in 1708, to solicit the remission of the first-fruits in Ireland to the Irish clergy, in the same manner as had been granted in England to the English clergy, should be endeavouring to obtain ecclesiastical preferment in England, or what was to him of equal importance, the appointment to the proposed bishopric of Virginia. Swift, in his letter to Governor Hunter, dated London, March 22, 1709, broadly hints—"I shall go for Ireland some time in summer,

being not able to make my friends in the ministry consider my merits, or their promises, enough to keep me here, so that all my hopes now terminate in my bishopric of Virginia." The scheme appears to have been that Swift should have had the power to ordain priests and deacons for all the British colonies in America, and to parcel out that continent into deaneries, parishes, and chapelries, and to recommend, and to present thereto. Swift seems to have entertained serious hopes of acquiring this dignity, but was doomed to disappointment; the bishopric was not established. Baffled in these hopes, Swift was still entitled to look for preferment, through the interest of those in power who had professed themselves to be his friends, and who about this time had themselves been respectively promoted. Lord Pembroke was named High Admiral; Lord Somers, President of the Council; and Lord Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with whom Addison went over as secretary; and it is evident, from the pains Swift took at this period to assure Archbishop King that no preferment which he might receive from the government should lead him to flinch in his attachment to the interests of the established church; that with their advancement, his hopes progressed, and those hopes were based on Lord Halifax's interest with Lord Somers, to procure for him the prebend of Westminster, then expected to be soon vacant by the supposed approaching dissolution of Dr. South. The affair of the granting of the first-fruits to the clergy of Ireland, was, by the underhand manœuvres of Lord Wharton, precluded taking effect; and, irritated by the duplicity of his supposed friends, and the hapless result of his mission, he quitted London for Ireland, but was delayed by sickness on the way, and on his partial recovery, addressed to Lord Halifax the following hitherto unpublished letter:

Leicester, June 13, 1709.

My Lord,

Before I leave this place, where ill health has detained me longer than I intended, I thought it my duty to return your Lordship my acknowledgments for all your favours to me while I was in town; and at the same time, to beg some share in your lordship's memory, and the continuance of your protection. You were pleased to promise me your good offices upon occasion; which I humbly challenge in two particulars: one is, that you will sometimes put my Lord President [Somers] in mind of me; the other is, that your lordship will duly, once every year, wish me removed to England. In the mean time, I must take leave to reproach your lordship for a most inhumane piece of cruelty; for I can call your extreme good usage of me no better, since it has taught me to hate the place where I am banished,* and raised my thoughts to an

* Swift always considered his residence, amid his willows at Laracor, as an almost insupportable transportation; his body, with the habits of a country clergyman, might be there, but his soul had ever a longing lingering look towards England. He is said, on taking possession of his living at the vicarage

imagination that I might live to be in some way useful or entertaining, if I were permitted to live in town, or (which is the highest punishment on papists) anywhere within ten miles round it. You remember very well, my Lord, how another person of quality in Horace's time, used to serve a sort of fellows, who had disobliged him—how he sent them fine clothes and money, which raised their thoughts and their hopes, till those were worn out and spent, and then, they were ten times more miserable than before. "Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno." I could cite several other passages from the same author, to my purpose, and whatever is applied to Mecænas I will thank your Lordship for accepting; because it is what you have been condemned to these twenty years, by every one of us *qui se mêlent d'avoir de l'esprit.* I have been studying how to be revenged of your Lordship, and have found out the way. They have in Ireland the same idea with us of your lordship's generosity, magnificence, wit, judgment, and knowledge in the enjoyment of life: but I shall quickly undeceive them, by letting them plainly know that you have neither interest nor fortune which you can call your own; both having been long made over to the corporation of deserving men in want, who have appointed you their advocate and steward, which the world is pleased to call patron and protector. I shall inform them, that myself and about a dozen others kept the best table in England, to which, because we admitted your lordship in common with us, made you our manager, and sometimes allowed you to bring a friend; therefore, ignorant people would needs take you to be the owner: and lastly, that you are the most injudicious person alive; because, though you had fifty

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of Laracor in 1700, to have walked thither from Dublin *incognita*, and tradition has recorded various odd anecdotes of his journey: among others, the following:

There were three inns in Navan, each of which still claim the honour of having on his route entertained him, who became afterwards so distinguished a personage in Ireland. It is probable, that he dined at one of them; for it is certain that he slept at Kells, in the house of Jonathan Belcher, a Leicestershire man, who had built the inn of that town, still extant on the English model, and as regards capaciousness and convenience, it would not disgrace the first road in England. The host, whether struck by the commanding sternness of Swift's appearance, or from natural civility, showed him into the best room, and waited on him himself at table. Belcher's attention seems so far to have won upon Swift, that it induced him to enter on some conversation. —"You're an Englishman, sir?" said Swift. "Yes, sir,"—"What is your name?" "Jonathan Belcher, sir."—"An Englishman; and *Jonathan* too, in the town of Kells! who would have thought it! What brought you to this country?" "I came with Sir Thomas Taylor, sir; and I believe I could reckon *fifty Jonathans* in my family,"—"Then you are a man of family?" "Yes, sir; and I have four sons and three daughters by one mother, a good woman of true Irish mould."—"Have you long been out of your native country?" "Thirty years, sir."—"Do you ever expect to visit it again?"—"Never."—"Can you say that without a sigh?" "I can, sir; my family is my country."—"Why, sir, you are a better philosopher than those who have written volumes on the subject: you are then reconciled to your fate?" "I ought to be so; I am very happy; I like the people, and though I was not born in Ireland, I'll die in it, and that's the same thing."—Swift paused in deep thought for a minute, and then, with much energy, repeated the first line of the preamble of the noted Irish statute.—*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores!*—"The English settlers are more Irish than the Irish themselves!"

times more wit than all of us together, you never discover the least value for it, but are perpetually countenancing and encouraging that of others. I could add a great deal more, but shall reserve the rest of my threatenings till further provocation. In the mean time, I demand of your lordship, the justice of believing me to be with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most obedient, and most obliged humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Pray, my lord, desire Dr. South to die about the fall of the leaf, for he has a prebend of Westminster, which will make me your neighbour, and a sinecure in the country; both in the Queen's gift, which my friends have often told me would fit me extremely; and forgive me one word, which I know not what extorts from me; that if my Lord President would in such a juncture think me worth laying any weight of his credit, you cannot but think me persuaded that it would be a very easy matter to compass; and I have some sort of pretence since the late king promised me a prebend of Westminster, when I petitioned him in pursuance of a recommendation I had from Sir William Temple.*

Superscribed—

For the Right Honorable
the Lord Halifax at his
house, in the New Palace Yard, in
Westminster.

Addison who had gone to Dublin in April, this year, to assume the office of secretary to Lord Wharton, the newly-appointed lord lieutenant, returned to England in a few months; and in October following, was the instigator of the annexed letter from Lord Halifax to Swift, as an answer to the preceding; and which, as Sir Walter Scott observes,†

* Sir Walter Scott has clearly elucidated this incident in the Dean's life.—"Four years of Swift's happy and quiet residence at Moor-park, were terminated by the death of Sir William Temple in 1699. He was not unmindful of Swift's generous and disinterested friendship, which he rewarded by a pecuniary legacy, and with what he doubtless regarded as of much greater consequence, the bequest of his literary remains. These, considering the author's high reputation and numerous friends, held forth to his literary executor an opportunity of coming before the public in a manner that should excite at once interest and respect. And when it is considered that all Swift's plans revolved upon making himself eminent as an author, the value of such an occasion to distinguish himself could scarcely be too highly estimated.

The experiment, however, appeared at first to have in a great measure disappointed these reasonable expectations. Sir William Temple's works were carefully edited, with a dedication to King William; and at the same time, a petition presented for Swift, reminding his Majesty of a promise made to Sir William to bestow on him a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. Swift has expressed his belief, the Earl of Romney, who promised to second this petition, did in reality suppress it; and the king, when he ceased to reap the benefit of Temple's political experience, was not likely to interest himself deeply in his posthumous literary labours. After long attendance at court, Swift's hopes of promotion therefore disappeared, and the principles of the revolution which Swift most certainly professed, did not prevent his regarding King William and the "glorious memory" with very little complacency.

† Swift's Works, edit. 1824, vol. xv., pp. 348—349.

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coming "from Lord Halifax, the celebrated and almost professed patron of learning, is a curiosity in its way, being a perfect model of a courtier's correspondence with a man of letters—condescending, obliging, and probably utterly unmeaning." The autograph is in the Upcott collection.

October 6, 1709.

Sir,

Our friend, Mr. Addison, telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away without telling you how much I am concerned to find them returned without you. I am quite ashamed for myself and friends, to see you left in a place so incapable of tasting you; and to see so much merit, and so great qualities unrewarded by those who are sensible of them. Mr. Addison and I, are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the pursuit, nor to cease reminding those who can serve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to shine in. Dr. South holds out still, but he cannot be immortal. The situation of his prebend would make me doubly concerned in serving you, and upon all occasions that shall offer, I will be your constant solicitor, your sincere admirer, and your unalterable friend.

I am, your most humble and obedient servant,

HALIFAX.

These expressions were sufficiently flattering to Swift,* who replied to them in the following hitherto unpublished letter:

Dublin, November 13, 1709.

My Lord,

I cannot but pity your lordship's misfortune in being a great man, by which disadvantage you are never qualified to receive such letters as you write; but instead of them, only tedious expressions of respect and gratitude, wherein you are generally deceived too; for I believe it is with gratitude as with love, the more a man has of it at heart, he is but the worse at expressing it. Such reflections as these were occasioned by the honour of your lordship's letter: and what is yet worse, I am afraid I have discovered through all your lordship's civilities, that I have some share in your favour—and God knows what deductions a man may draw from them, though he had no vanity to assist him. I ever thought it a mighty oversight in courts to let the *honnête homme*, the *homme d'esprit*,

* Swift, notwithstanding the apparent obsequiousness of his solicitation of remembrance by Lord Halifax, appears to have felt acutely the mortification of neglect. On the fly-leaf of a small printed volume, entitled "Les Poesies Chrétiennes de Mons Jolivet," Swift wrote, "Given me by my Lord Halifax, May 3, 1709. I begged it of him, and desired him to remember it was the only favour I had ever received from him or his party." He also endorsed the back of Lord Halifax's autograph letter of October 6th, here printed, in these words: "I kept this letter, as a true original of courtiers and court promises;" and in the printed copy of Mackay, or rather Davis's Reflections on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne, after the commendation of Lord Halifax, as "a great encourager of learning and learned men; the patron of the muses, and of very agreeable conversation;" Swift added, and his autograph is yet extant, "His encouragements were only good words and good dinners. I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to taste what was said by another!" How different is this disappointed tone to that expressed in these adulatory epistles!

and *homme de bien*, gain ground among them, because these qualities will be sure to predominate over business and greatness, as they now do with your lordship, who, against all forms, is pleased to remember a useless man at so great a distance, where it would be pardonable for his idlest friends, and of his own level to forget him. I join with your lordship in one compliment, because it is grounded on so true a knowledge of the taste of this country, where, I can assure you, and I call Mr. Addison for my witness, I pass as undistinguished in every point that is merit with your lordship, as any man in it: but then, I do them impartial justice; for except the Bishop of Clogher,* and perhaps one or two more, my opinion is extremely uniform of the whole kingdom. However, I retire into myself with great satisfaction, and remembering I have had the honour to converse with your lordship, I say as Horace did, when he mean'd your predecessor, Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque invidiæ.

Yet for all this, if I had a mind to be malicious, I could wake a vanity at your lordship's expense, by letting people here know that I have some share in your esteem: for I must inform you, to your great mortification, that your lordship is universally admired by this tasteless people. But not to humble you too much, I find it is for no other reason than that for which women are so fond of those they call "the wits"—merely for their reputation. They have heard wonderful things of your lordship, and they presently imagine you to possess those qualities they most esteem in themselves, as the asses did when they discoursed about Socrates: for if your lordship were here in disguise, perhaps it would be just as if you sent your pictures and statues, to a country fair, where one would offer half-a-crown for a Titian to stick on a signpost; another, a shilling for a Grecian statue to frighten away the crows,—which thought I have a mind to make into a fable, and put it on Mr. Addison for an old one, in revenge for his putting that of "Socrates and the Asses" upon me, because it 'scaped his reading.

Can your lordship pardon so tedious a letter in parliament time?—Put it under your couch, I advise you, my lord, as I remember you used to do the dull poems and pamphlets that came out, till the end of the sessions; otherwise I shall be tempted to laugh with pride, when I consider my own power, how I was able, at this distance, to put a stop to the whole course of public business,—how I deferred some new scheme for supplying the war in all these exigencies without burthening the subject,—how I suspended some law, wherein the welfare of ten millions was concerned,—and how I withheld the peace of Europe for four minutes together.

Yet all these are trifles in comparison of having such a solicitor as your lordship, of which I will make this use, that if you think this gentle winter will not carry off Dr. South,† or that his reversion is not to be compassed, your lordship would please to use your credit, that, as my Lord Sommers thought of me last year for the bishopric of Waterford,

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* St. George Ashe, D.D., bishop of this see from 1697 to 1717. He was in correspondence with most of the literary men of this period.

† The celebrated divine, Dr. South, Prebendary of Westminster, though then advanced in years, and very infirm, disappointed Swift's most ardent hopes, and survived till 1716, when he died in his eighty-third year

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so my Lord President may now think on me for that of Cork, if the incumbent dies of the spotted fever he is now under; and then I shall be sure of the honour to pass some winters at your lordship's levee, though not with equal satisfaction as in the former case.

I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant,

J. Swift.

In 1710 the Whig ministry were dismissed, and Harley and Bolingbroke succeeded. Swift, towards the end of that year, came to London, and, on his arrival, his literary friends were as acceptable as ever: he resumed his intimacy with Addison and Steele, but refused to pledge Lord Halifax when he proposed as a toast "the resurrection of the Whigs," unless he would add "and their reformation." Strongly indignant with the treatment he had experienced from the Whig administration, Swift changed his politics, and on the 4th of October, was for the first time presented to Harley, and, what is worthy of remark, on the same day refused an invitation from Lord Halifax,—thus making his option between those distinguished statesmen.

Swift's association with the ministry of the four last years of Queen Anne, is already recorded matter of history: all that he could obtain from them was the Deanery of St. Patrick's; and his only solace was a belief that the ministry were unable, by reason of court prejudices, to procure him further advancement, or to locate him on English ground.

The following letters, only lately discovered, will be perused with considerable interest, as offering some proofs of Swift's return to England from Laracor, after his instalment as Dean of St. Patrick's, being earlier in 1713 than has been generally supposed. They are transcribed from the autographs, addressed to John, second Duke of Montague, here facetiously termed "Reverend Doctor," and memorable for his practical jokes of countermanding Heidegger's instructions at the ball, and the announced performance of the "Man in the Bottle," at the Haymarket Theatre. Sir Walter Scott,* referring to a memorandum of Dr. Birch, speaks of a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, which has never been published, but which was dated in July, 1713, from his living of Laracor, complaining of his being left by his friends in Ireland, and telling his lordship that he would remind him of David's prayer, which the Lord Treasurer would direct him to the psalm and verse for, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell." Another letter, dated Trim, July 16th, 1713, addressed to Archbishop King,† hints any thing but so early a journey to England; yet it would seem that he was here in England immediately afterwards, keeping aloof, but watching the conduct of the ministry and their opponents. Mr. Lewis, in his letter dated from Whitehall, July 9th, had apprized the Dean, "We are all running headlong into the greatest confusion imaginable. I heartily wish you were here; for you might certainly be of great use to us, by your endeavours to reconcile, and by representing to them the infallible consequences of these divisions." Swift knew too well the urgency of his friend's hint: this summons furnished the fell announcement of the irreconcileable division

* Swift's Works, edit. 1824, vol. i., p. 196, *note*.

† *Ibid.*, vol. xvi., pp. 52, 53.

between Oxford and Bolingbroke, which Swift had all along foreseen and dreaded, and which brought him from Ireland sooner than Sir Walter Scott conjectured, in the vain hope of acting as a mediator between them.

July the 31st, your stile, 1713.

My Lord,

I have received the honour of your Grace's last orders, and have accordingly here sent you a draft of the wall to be done, which is I think very exact, and I have explained it as clearly as I can; but as it is somewhat late in the year, I am afraid (if your Grace resolves upon it), it must be put off till the spring; however it will certainly be of a great advantage, as well as beauty to the garden, that lies perfectly naked on one side.

I desire your Grace next time you write, to let me know whether you design our small beer shall be disposed of among the poor, for it begins already to be spoiled.

The price of enclosing your garden, as is proposed, will amount to forty pounds, or thereabouts, but the season is so far spent, that to have it done well and to last, it will be proper, as I am informed by workmen, to put it off till the spring.*

The weather has been so excessive bad that your surveyor has not been able to make any great progress in the draughts, he is about that of Boughton. I hear there is but one thousand pounds between you and Sir Cæsar,† for God's sake, doctor, don't lose so fair an opportunity.

I saw the other day, Lord Hinchingbrook,‡ who has grown a strenuous

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* Swift appears to have had considerable knowledge in building matters. In a letter to Archbishop King, dated London, May 23, 1713, soon after his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, he writes, "As to the spire to be erected on St. Patrick's steeple, I am apt to think it will cost more than is imagined; and I am confident that no bricks made in that part of Ireland, will bear being exposed so much to the air: however, I shall inquire among some architects here."

† Sir Cæsar Child, Bart., Sheriff of Northamptonshire, 1 Anne. The allusion is to the purchase-money for the manors of Great and Little Newton, then negotiating between him and the Duke of Montagu.

‡ Edward Richard Montagu, Viscount Hinchingbroke, son of Edward, third Earl of Sandwich, by his wife the Lady Elizabeth, second daughter of the dissolute but repentant John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. Lord Hinchingbroke and Sidney Wortley, Esq., were returned as members for the town of Huntingdon to the parliament summoned Nov. 12, 1713. In 1717, he was constituted Lord-lieutenant and Custos-rotulorum of Huntingdonshire, for which county he was chosen one of the representatives in the parliament summoned to convene on May 10, 1722, but died before the meeting thereof, on Oct. 3rd in that year. He married Elizabeth, only daughter of Alexander Popham, of Littlecote, in the county of Wilts, Esq., by his wife, the Lady Anne, sister to John, Duke of Montagu, so that he was by marriage nearly related.

Edward, third Earl of Sandwich, father of Lord Viscount Hinchingbroke, and who survived him, was a man of weak intellect. Mackay, or rather Davis, in his remarks on the characters of the Court of Queen Anne, after speaking of the Earl as "of very ordinary parts, married the witty Lord Rochester's daughter, who makes him very expensive—a tall thin black man." Swift added in manuscript, "As much a puppy as ever I saw, very ugly and a fop!" Noble, in reference to Lord Hinchingbroke, observes, "His father being confined and denied access to, by his eccentric countess, was rendered so much

tory, and besides that he is sure of being chosen for the town of Huntingdon ; stands fair, as he told me, to fling out Sir Matthew Dudley; but the last I don't believe, for his father has but little interest in the county.

What does your doctorship think of the address of both houses, against the Pretender? That confusion may light on all such as have any such designs, is the hearty wish of, reverend doctor,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Aug. 12, your stile.

My Lord,

I received the honour of your Grace's last letter, dated the 15th of July. To the two queries you put to me, I return this answer, Mr. Morgan of Kingstrope is a friend, and was, as I am informed, put out of the commission of justice for being so. As for the other, I was at Hemmington according to your order, and found no mansion-house there, and was informed it had been pulled down about thirty years before.

Last week one of your houses at Barnwell was struck with thunder, and burned with lightning. There was nobody in it, but a poor lame man, who called for help, and who, besides a little bruise, received no manner of harm from the fire.

Some thieves broke into old Cole's house, and almost frightened him out of his wits ; but they were discovered and fled. I don't know who they are, but I am sure they came to a wrong man for money.

I have been threatened to be called to an account, because I did not keep the thanksgiving day for the peace in the church ; but I don't hear any more of it. I find, by Mr. Antony, that your Grace had sent a warrant to Mr. Bridges,* so you need not send one now, or if you have already done it, I will not have it served.

There is Lady St. John at Woodford, whose family always used to have the favour of venison from your Grace. I humbly conceive it would not be amiss, if your Grace gave a warrant to 'em ; they are very well-intentioned, and by the accession of my Lord *Bullingbroke's* estate have

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a cipher, that all the duties of his station devolved upon Lord Hinchingbroke, an amiable, active, and spirited young man." His extraordinary mother, who partook of all the fire and vivacity of her father, the witty Earl of Rochester, though she detested restraint herself, yet put her lord into durance vile in his own house, and on his death, October 20, 1729, quitted England, which she said " had grown too stupid for her," and resided at Paris, in close intimacy with the Duchess of Orleans and Mazarine, Madame de Berry, the Regent's daughter ; as also the beautiful octogenarian the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos. The Countess died at Paris, July 2, 1757.

* John Bridges, Esq., of Buxton Segrove, and Huxlow Hundred ; then commissioner of the customs, and at whose charge the materials for the History of Northamptonshire were amassed. The Duke of Montagu was lord of the manor.

Lady St. John appears to have been the widow of Sir St. Andrew St. John, who died in 1708.

Sir Paulet, third Earl of Bolingbroke, died unmarried, October 5, 1711, and the manor of Woodford, in Huxlow Hundred, was, in 1713, in the possession of Sir Paulet's uncle, William Lord St. John, Baron Bletsoe, fourth son of Sir St. Andrew, hence " the accession of my Lord Bolingbroke's estate," alluded to by Swift.

an interest both in Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire. I begged a warrant also between Mr. Cole and Mr. Barton of Geddington, in one of my last letters.* I have sent to Mr. Antony the plan of Boughton, done by our country engineer, and he is now going about the rest. I have examined it, and find it very exact; if your Grace has a mind to see it where you are, you may send to Mr. Antony, who has it. I don't know whether your Grace has any thoughts of buying Newton, but my Lord Bathurst,† one of the worthy twelve lords, is about it, and very near buying it; who, by his party, by his character, and by some words that he said when he was here, will, I doubt, prove a very ill neighbour, and in that case you are hardly master of Boughton. I humbly beg then, if it be not too late, that you would do your utmost to purchase a conveniency, and to keep off an enemy from your borders; that is the humble request, of yours, &c.,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Duke of Montague.

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* Swift, in a letter dated from Pope's house, at Twickenham, July 9, 1727, to Mrs. Howard, complains, "I know courts well enough, and for my own part, you may be sure, will never venture to recommend a mouse to Mr. Cole's cat, or a shoecleaner to your meanest domestic." Qy. Was the cat's mistress, the wife of this Mr. Cole?

† Allen Bathurst, who at the memorable period when twelve new peers were introduced into the House of Lords, to obtain a majority in the upper house, was elevated to the peerage, December 31, 1711, by the title of Baron Bathurst, of Battlesden, in Bedfordshire. While member for Cirencester, which borough he served during two parliaments, he is said to have been of the greatest advantage to Harley and St. John, in their opposition to Marlborough, but accepted no place from the government. Upon the accession of George I., when his political friends were in disgrace, and some of them exposed to prosecution by the government, his attachment to them continued firm and unchangeable. As he was one of those who believed the proceedings against them were severe and vindictive, so he expressed with eloquence and indignation his disapprobation of those measures, and forcibly observed, "The king of a faction, was only the sovereign of half his subjects." He was most zealous in the defence of Lord Bolingbroke, and the Duke of Ormond; and for five-and-twenty years after, took an active and distinguished part in every important debate which came before the upper house, and was on all occasions one of the most eminent leaders of the animated, vigorous, and persevering opposition carried on against the measures of the court, and especially against Sir Robert Walpole's administration.

Lord Bathurst's attachments were not confined to persons of peculiar parties or professions; ever delighted with the conversation of men of abilities, his wit, taste, and learning induced him to seek the acquaintance of men of genius. Always accessible, hospitable, and beneficent, he was intimately connected with the numerous persons of that class who conferred a lustre on the first half of the last century, even Swift, who in the letter speaks of him as "a very ill neighbour, and an enemy," was honoured by being one of his lordship's many friends, among whom may be named, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Friend, Congreve, Sir John Vanbrugh, Prior, Pope, Rowe, Addison, Arbuthnot, Gay, and others, who enjoyed his friendship, and were proud of his correspondence. In 1772, his lordship was raised to the dignity of Earl Bathurst, and died, after a few days' illness, at his seat at Cirencester, September 16th, 1775, aged 91; having long survived the host of celebrated names with whom his early accession to distinguished honour was associated.

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October 1, your stile, 1713.

Reverend Doctor,

I received yours, and humbly conceive it will be better to put off the building of the garden wall till you come there yourself and see it; when I mentioned forty or fifty pounds which that work would cost, I did not understand brick and lime, which I believe you have almost enough of, but only the workmanship.

The election for Huntingdonshire, went as well as heart could wish; I went on purpose to appear for Sir Matthew,* only as a faggot, for I had no vote, but that he might seem a little orthodox, for he had but very few of the clergy. It was a pretty great struggle; even Jeff Barton,†

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* Sir Matthew Dudley, who is repeatedly mentioned by Swift. In his Journal to Stella, under date of October 13, 1710, he writes, "I had a letter sent me to-night from Sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary, I will transcribe it from beginning to end; it is as follows:

'Is the devil in you?

'October 13, 1710.'

"I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time." When hunting a dinner, Swift always found one at Sir Matthew's, and on December 9 of the same year, he tells Stella,—"Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the street. Was not it an odd event? But what care you? Nothing. But then I knew the butler."

From subsequent notices, Swift appears to have endeavoured to serve Sir Matthew by his influence with those in power. He held office as a Commissioner of Customs, and a change of ministry was near at hand. On March 24, 1711, Swift writes to Stella, "This was a fast-day for the public, so I dined late with Sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropped words in his favour to the ministry; he has been too violent a Whig, and friend to the Lord Treasurer [Godolphin] to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let those people keep their places; but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time, and thus the old ones hold in still." On October 15, he again mentions Sir Matthew:—"I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry." And in his letter of Feb. 9, 1712, Swift thus apprizes Stella of his dismissal: "I dined to-day with Sir Matthew Dudley, who is newly turned out of the Commission of the Customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of Whiggery, which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little while he kept in employment."

† Mrs. Barton, the widow of Colonel Barton—so frequently mentioned in Swift's Journal to Stella, was positively a relation. Beautiful and witty, she was a favourite among the toasts of the Kit Cat Club; yet did some prejudice to her reputation by undertaking the superintendence of Lord Halifax's family, though compensated by a large legacy. In the Journal, April 3, 1711, Swift, then in London, thus writes: "I was this morning to see Mrs. Barton; I love her better than any body here, and see her seldom. She told me a very good story. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will to have eight men, and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas apiece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk—but bearers, parson, and clerk must be all true virgins, and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman lies still unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection."

Mrs. Barton was married a second time to Mr. Conduit, who succeeded Sir Isaac Newton, in his office in the Mint. Swift, in a letter to Lady Worsley,

who always was so staunch before, and to whom I had told your intentions, varied on this occasion, and made interest for my Lord Hinchinbrook, who lost it nevertheless by a great majority. It has also gone mightily well in Rutland, where two right lords* are chosen.

I shall dispose of the beer according to your permission, for it will be so long before you come, it will not be at all fit for you to drink.

I thank you for your advice about the scythe, which I shall not forget to follow. I have disposed of the warrant according to your permission.

My Lord Halifax has lately been here with Mrs. Montague, to Methuen; he liked your new plantation in the wilderness mighty well; I hope you will like it when you see it yourself, and that you will order the rest of the quarters to be done in that wood.

I am afraid Newton is gone, and that, perfectly by the negligence of the managers of that affair.†

I am, most reverend Doctor,
With all possible respect,
Your most obedient servant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

Sir Walter Scott has printed, among Dean Swift's correspondence, two letters, which serve to fix the period of an anecdote of the Dean's introduction to Sir Robert Walpole, and its result, not generally known, but which forms a memorable incident in his biography.

The first of these letters is from Pope to Mr. Fortescue, dated "Twit'nam, May 1, 1727," anxious of introducing him to the Dean.— "Dr. Swift is come into England, and is now with me, and with whom I

April 19, 1730, asks, "How is our old friend Mrs. Barton, I forget her new name. I saw her three years ago at court, almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her." She survived her husband, and died, a widow, in 1739. Sir Walter Scott says, she was the niece of Sir Isaac Newton; she could be so only by marriage with Mr. Conduit, who was his nephew.

* Daniel Lord Finch, and Bennet Lord Sherard. Swift seems to have felt great interest in the elections of this year. In his letter to Archbishop King, dated London, October 20, written as an apology for slipping away from Ireland without paying the due respects to his Grace, he adds, "Our elections for the city still continue; I was this afternoon at Guildhall. I find three of the old members, and Withers, who is lowest, tells me he does not despair of carrying it for himself. There is abundance of artifice, to give it the softest word, used on both sides." On this occasion, Sir Richard Hoare, Sir George Newland, Sir John Cass, and Sir William Withers, the representatives of the high church party, by bribery and other means, were returned in preference to their competitors against all the efforts of the mercantile interest.

† The manor of Newton, near Geddington. In Bridge's History of Northamptonshire, vol. ii., p. 323, it is said, the manors of Great and Little Newton, anciently two adjacent villages, but now a township, in circuit about four miles, passed by purchase from the Tresham family, to Sir John Langham, Bart., alderman of London; and from him to Sir Cæsar Child, Bart. Of this gentleman they were bought by *Benjamin* Bathurst, Esq., of Battlesden in Bedfordshire, who two years afterwards sold them to the Duke of Montagu." Swift's letter rectifies an error of the historian, by showing it was Allen Bathurst, first Earl Bathurst, who was the purchaser, and not Benjamin, his lordship's younger brother, whose seat was at Lydney, in Gloucestershire, and who succeeded his lordship in the representation of Cirencester in the last parliament of Queen Anne, and to the two called by King George the First.

am to ramble again to Lord Oxford's and Lord Bathurst's, and other places. Lord Peterborough and Lord Harcourt propose to carry him to Sir Robert Walpole." The anecdote alluded to is thus narrated in a letter of Edward Roberts, Esq., late Clerk of the Pells in the Exchequer. —"You ask about the anecdote which Sir Edward Walpole told me he was privy to, respecting his father and Swift. Lord Peterborough, the common friend of both these personages, persuaded Sir Robert to take Swift into favour, and to promote him in England; urging that Swift had seen the folly of his adherence to tory principles, was become a whig, and a friend to the reigning family, and to Sir Robert's administration; that he found himself buried alive in Ireland, and wished to pass his remaining life with English preferment on English ground. After frequent importunities, Sir Robert consented to see Swift—he came from Ireland, and was brought by Lord Peterborough to dine at Chelsea. His manner was very captivating, full of respect to Sir Robert, and completely imposing on Lord Peterborough. After dinner, Sir Robert retired to his closet, and sent for Lord Peterborough, who entered full of joy at Swift's demeanour; but this was soon done away. Sir Robert said, "You see, my lord, how highly I stand in the Dean's favour, you have witnessed the heap of compliments he has uttered?"—"Yes," replied Lord Peterborough, "And I am confident he means as he speaks." Sir Robert proceeded—"In my situation, assailed as I am by secret enemies, I hold it my duty, and for the king's benefit, to watch correspondence. This letter I caused to be stopped at the post-office—read it." It was a letter from Swift to Arbuthnot, saying, that Sir Robert had consented to receive him; that he knew no flattery was too gross for Sir Robert; that he should receive plenty, and added, that he should soon have the rascal in his clutches. Lord Peterborough was in astonishment: Sir Robert never saw Swift again. He speedily returned to Ireland, became a complete misanthrope, and died friendless.

A result so disastrous, arising from the Dean's ill-timed and intemperate invectives, highly imprudent, to say the least of the communication to Arbuthnot, gave rise to expressions, in a letter from Swift to Dr. Sheridan, which evince his extreme bitterness of soul. It is dated from London, May 13, 1727, probably the day following his visit to Sir Robert Walpole's, at Chelsea.

"We are here in a strange situation—it is certain that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest affairs of hireling scoundrels to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind, and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas tolerably. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans."

B.

which colour was gradually to become evanescent, until it now has no colour at all; and every patron of every school may stamp whatever colour he pleases upon his own fractional portion of the system.

Our intelligent readers do not require to be told that as are the patrons, such must be the schools. If the patrons are haters of British rule, or open or secret fomenters of sedition, the schools (no matter what the system professed, or the rules enjoined) may be easily turned into seminaries of treason. The following shows in what proportion the patrons are to be found amongst the different denominations of professing Christians:—

"The appendix to the fourteenth report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, contains two returns, commencing p. 173, of the number of schools in each county, and the names of the patrons, distinguishing the vested from the non-vested schools. The names of the patrons having been compared with the lists of the clergy of the different denominations, the following is the result:—

	No Patron.	Poor-houses.	Suspended.	Lay Patrons.	Cler. Patrons. Church of England.	Presbyterian.	Roman Catholic.	Total.
Vested ..	..	7	12	361	11	23	960	1374
Non-vested	2	101	..	620	85	361	1545	2714
Total	2	108	12	981	96	384	2505	4088

"About 2 per cent. are under the clergy of the Established Church; 9 under that of the Presbyterian Church; 61 under those of the Roman Catholic Church, and 24 under the patronage of laymen.

"The appendix (p. 21) contains also a return, from which it appears that the religious denominations of teachers during the year 1847, were as follows:—

Established Church . .	9
Presbyterian	37
Other Dissenters . . .	3
Roman Catholics . . .	175

—p. 9.

Here we have 2,505 schools under the patronage of Roman Catholic priests, and in the immediate management of schoolmasters entirely in their confidence. Have recent events thrown no light upon the animus of that body so as to leave no excuse even for blindness itself to mistake their real character? And can any sane man doubt how such a state of things must operate in such a country as Ireland?

The system has now been in operation for nearly twenty years, a time amply sufficient to judge of it by its fruits. Have the results corresponded with the expectations of its framers? Has any good been done anywhere by the erection of national, commensurate with the evil which has been done everywhere by the discountenance shown to Scriptural schools? Let this test be fairly applied, and if a favourable verdict be given, we are content that our objections should be regarded as ill-founded.

We do trust that our excellent University members will again, and speedily, bring this subject under the consideration of the House of Commons. Let them not be dispirited by defeat; although outnumbered, they are not overcome. Already they have both most admirably done their duty. By many in the house, and by multitudes out of the house, the question was never understood until they caused it to be known in all its bearings; and they have only to persevere as they have commenced, to secure a final victory. Their adversaries have succeeded but too well, by persevering and unscrupulous hardihood of assertion, in representing them as antiquated and narrow-minded bigots. Let them only evince a similar zeal in a better cause, and the day is not far distant when they will have their reward, in the triumph of the only principle which can ever ensure the moral progress, the social amelioration, and the progressive prosperity of Ireland.

THE CLOSING YEARS OF DEAN SWIFT'S LIFE.*

This is a volume of no ordinary interest. To the medical inquirer it gives such details as can be now recovered of cerebral disease, extending over a period of fifty-five years—the particular symptoms described by the sufferer himself—for the most part, in confidential letters to intimate friends—that sufferer the most accurate observer of whatever came within his reach, of any man gifted with the same degree of genius that has ever used the English language as a medium of communication, and the man of all others who has, on most subjects, expressed himself with such distinctness, that we do not remember, in any case, a doubt as to the precise meaning of a sentence in his works, although those works are on subjects which actuate and influence the passions, and although he has often written in a dictatorial tone of authority, which of itself provokes resistance, and therefore forces readers into something more than the unquestioning indolence in which we are satisfied to look over most books. Mr. Wilde has given us Swift's own account of Swift's distemper. But the interest of this volume is not to the medical inquirer alone. The relation of intimate friendship in which Swift and Stella lived for some five-and-twenty years, and the mystery thrown over it by a number of idle guesses which have found their way into the biographies of Swift, have led Mr. Wilde to other inquiries, in themselves not unamusing. He has brought together, from obscure and forgotten sources, some of the explanations which were given of parts of Swift's conduct, by persons who had peculiar means of information as to some of the circumstances of the case. Mr. Wilde has given us two portraits of Stella, neither of which had been before engraved; and the volume is closed by a number of poems, found in the handwriting of Swift, and some of which are probably of his composition, in an interleaved copy of an old almanack, lent to Mr. Wilde for the purposes of this essay.

The history of this volume is this:—Dr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow, writes to Mr. Wilde to learn whether there is any record of Swift's disease known, either to Mr. Wilde or to the readers of the *Dublin Medical Journal*, a work edited by Mr. Wilde. It occurred to Mr. Mackenzie that there might be something preserved on the subject either in the deanery or in Trinity College. The first part of Mr. Wilde's book is a reply to this question, and was originally published in Mr. Wilde's journal.

Of the disease itself, Mr. Wilde gives us Swift's own description:—

"Swift, writing to Mrs. Howard, in 1727, thus describes the commencement of his complaint: 'About two hours before you were born"—consequently in 1690—"I got my *giddiness* by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time, at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat, about twenty miles farther in Surrey, where I used to read—and, there I got my *deafness;* and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since; and, being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together.' Overloading the stomach, in the manner described, and catching cold by sitting on a damp, exposed seat, were very apt to produce both these complaints—neither of which, when once established, was likely to be easily removed from a system so nervous, and with a temper so irritable, and a mind so excessively active, as that of Swift's. From this period, a disease which, in all its symptoms and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least) *cerebral congestion*, set in, and exhibited itself in well-marked periodic attacks which,

* "The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life; with an Appendix, containing several of his Poems hitherto unpublished, and some remarks on Stella." By W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A., F.R.C.S. 8vo. Dublin: Hodges & Smith, Grafton-street. 1849.

year after year, increased in intensity and duration."—pp. 8, 9.

While living in the country, and with his mind comparatively at ease, he made but few complaints. It is probable that his disease gave him but little trouble while at Laracor; but whether it did or not, we have little opportunity of any knowledge, as few of his letters are dated from his parsonage. He had not formed at that time his acquaintanceships and friendships with the great persons, in passages of his letters to whom we find these occasional notices of his health; and Stella and Mrs. Dingley were living in his immediate vicinity, so that there are no letters to them of that date. Swift was a shrewd observer of human nature, and dwelling on his deafness and giddiness to those who suffered from similar ailments, seems to have been a piece of skilful flattery. We have not time to look over the correspondence for the purpose of proving this; but the reader, who turns to his letters to Mrs. Howard, will find instances illustrative of what we mean. In the journal to Stella, we find the following entry:—"I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it, and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a deal worse. I dined today at Lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we con ailments, *which makes us very fond of each other.*" In another note in the same journal, we find this —"Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right, and his servants whisper to him in that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, *for fear that he should think that I counterfeited to make my court.*" In one of Swift's letters to Archbishop King, we find him saying —"I have been so extremely ill with an old disorder in my head that I was unable to write to your grace." And in a letter of King's to him, inadvertently quoted by Mr. Wilde as a letter from Swift to King, we find King complaining, in Swift's temper, of very much the same symptoms as Swift is perpetually describing. In the journal to Stella, we find Swift again recurring to the effect of cordiality being created by identity of suffering—"I was this morning with poor Lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same. Do you know that Madam Stell? Have I not seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife and some others, sirrah?" Mr. Wilde must have looked back almost with envy on the golden harvest of blighted ears that presented itself to the physicians of that auspicious time.

"It is remarkable that several of Swift's friends suffered from symptoms somewhat similar to his own. Thus Harley, Gay, Mrs. Barber, Pope, Mrs. Howard, Lady Germain, Arbuthnot, and others, all suffered from what is popularly termed a 'fulness of blood to the head.'"—p. 37.

Swift's deafness was of the left ear. Towards the close of life, at one time his left eye was fearfully affected. "About six weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg, and the left Mr. Nichols thought would mortify. * * * Five persons could scarce hold him for a week from tearing out his eyes." This is Mrs. Whiteway's language, who adds—"He is now free from torture; his eye almost well," thus showing that but one eye suffered. In many passages, where he speaks of tottering, we find nothing to fix the fact of whether the one side was affected more than the other; but this, too, is established by a passage which Mr. Wilde quotes from the journal to Stella—"*My left hand is very weak and trembles*, but my right side has not been touched." It seems plain, then, that there was paralysis of the left side.

It would seem, from several passages, that Swift took too much wine and that he poisoned himself with snuff —"By Dr. Radcliffe's advice, he left off bohea tea, which he had observed to disagree with him frequently before." We suspect, therefore, that in this luxury he had indulged too much.

Mr. Wilde does not think there is any evidence of Swift's being subject to epileptic fits, as is stated by many of his biographers. The mistake, if it be such, he thinks, arises from the frequent recurrence in his letters of

"fits of giddiness," &c. The language is equivocal, and we think there is something to be said for the interpretation put upon it by non-medical readers. Take this sentence, for instance:—"I dined with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little."

We wish we had room for extracts from this most interesting volume. It is really a wonderful thing to see, after an interval of a century, a scientific man inferring the true character of a disease, that baffled the eminent men of Swift's own day:—

"In answer to a recommendation of Mr. Pulteney's on the subject of physicians, the Dean, in his answer of the 7th of March, 1737, writes: 'I have esteemed many of them as learned and ingenious men: but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians,* all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Cæsar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow), for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add."—p. 40.

Nothing can be more affecting than the exhibition of the gradual decay and deterioration of the instruments by which the mind acts. Insanity, in the proper sense of the word, Mr. Wilde does not regard as having existed in Swift's case. There was the weakness of old age, and the childishness that accompanies it. He would, at times, utter incoherent words and syllables. "But," says Mr. Deane Swift, writing to Lord Orrery, "he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing." There was a long period, we believe of more than a year, in which he was wholly silent, with but one or two recorded interruptions. A negligent servant girl blew out a candle in his chamber, and the smell offended him; she was told by him she was "*a nasty slut.*" A servant man was breaking a large, stubborn coal, and he told him, "*That's a stone, you blackguard.*" On another occasion, not finding words to express something he wished, he exhibited much uneasiness, and said, "*I am a fool.*" When insanity is spoken of, it is not possible to be very accurate, and we suppose that in denying the existence of insanity in this case, Mr. Wilde does not, in reality, mean very much more than Hawkesworth had long ago expressed. "Some intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness, seemed to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended, the powers of his mind." The question is, after all, but one of language. Mr. Wilde has shown, almost to demonstration, that Swift's was organic disease of the brain; and many writers —we believe, among others, Dr. Conolly—would say that in this consisted *insanity*, calling mere functional disease "mental derangement." In Swift's life and conduct—in his caprice—in his violent passions—in his oddities—even in his vindictive patriotism—in his misanthropy, whether it be regarded as a pretence or a reality—in the morbid delight with which he dwells on disgusting images, we see very distinct traces of incipient disease. We exclude from our consideration, in coming to this conclusion, the language of his epitaph in St. Patrick's Cathedral, breathing resentment—"Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, *ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*" We exclude the strange humour exhibited in the half-serious bequests in his will.

* "We know of at least eight medical men who attended Swift at different times, viz., Sir Patrick Dun, Drs. Arbuthnot, Radcliffe, Cockburn, Helsham, and Gratten, and Surgeons Nichols and Whiteway." We doubt the fact of Swift's having been attended by Sir Patrick Dun; and do not know on what authority Mr. Wilde's statement of the fact rests.

We exclude a hundred well-authenticated extravagancies of conduct, some of them accompanied with circumstances which could not but be felt as intolerably insulting to his best friends, because all these things are consistent with states of mind, which no one calls by the name of insanity except in metaphorical language, but when conduct, unintelligible on any ordinary principle, exists, and when we have the additional fact of organic disease of the brain, we think it is hypercriticism in Mr. Wilde to fall out with the application of the term insanity, to a case so circumstanced.

An interesting part of Mr. Wilde's book is an account of the examination of the head of Swift, in 1835, by Surgeons Houston and Hamilton. About the middle of the last century, frequent floods of the Poddle river, and the insufficiency of sewers to carry off the superabundant water, occasioned much injury to St. Patrick's Cathedral.* One of the last acts of the Dean was an effort to remedy this; and when he directed that he should be buried in Ireland, he requested that his body should be deposited in any *dry* part of the cathedral. "It is remarkable," says Mr. Wilde, "that the continuance of damp and inundations, in the year 1835, was the cause of his remains being disturbed."

It would be altogether out of the province of this journal to follow Dr. Wilde in his account of the details of the examination. Dr. Houston, describing the head, says—"The bones cannot be regarded as free from indications of previous chronic disease. There are certainly no marks of caries or of fungus growth on any part of the head, but the condition of the cerebral surface of the whole frontal region, is evidently of a character indicating the presence, during lifetime, of diseased action in the adjacent membranes of the brain." Some doubt was for a while entertained of the remains examined by Dr. Houston being those of Swift at all. The phrenologists did not like the head—it did not accord with any of the then theories; but that the head was Swift's, there could be no doubt. Among other proofs is this, that it exhibited the marks of a *post mortem* examination made immediately after his death:—

"What the exact recent appearances were we have not been enabled to discover. If they were known to, they have not been handed down by any of Swift's many biographers. We have made diligent search among the newspapers and periodicals of the day, but have not been able to discover anything further than that which is already known, viz., that his head was opened after death, when it was found that his brain was 'loaded with water.' To this may be added the tradition of old Brennan, his servant, who, according to Dr. Houston, on the authority of Mr. Maguire, boasted, 'that he himself had been present at the operation, and that he even held the basin in which the brain was placed after its removal from the skull. He told, moreover, that there was brain mixed with water to such an amount as to fill the basin, and by their quantity to call forth expressions of astonishment from the medical gentlemen engaged in the examination.'"—pp. 60, 61.

Wilde gives a profile view of Swift's cranium from a drawing by Mr. Hamilton, and then tells us—

"In its great length, in the antero-posterior diameter, its low anterior development, prominent frontal sinuses, comparative lowness at the vertex, projecting nasal bones, and large posterior projection, it resembles, in a most extraordinary manner, those skulls of the so-called Celtic aborigines of Northern Europe, of which we have elsewhere given a description, and which are found in the early tumuli of this people throughout Ireland."—p. 62.

The way in which Mr. Wilde, from concurring pieces of evidence, has elicited some of the details of this remarkable case, can scarcely be exhibited without quoting his own language. The following passage remarkably exemplifies his sagacity:—

"After the Dean's death, and subsequently to the *post mortem* examination,

* Mason's "History of St. Patrick's."

a plaster mask was taken from his face, and from this a bust was made, which is now in the Museum of the University, and which, notwithstanding its possessing much of the cadaverous appearance, is, we are strongly inclined to believe, the best likeness of Swift—during, at least, the last few years of his life—now in existence. The annexed engraving accurately and faithfully represents a profile view of the right side of this bust, the history of which it is here necessary to relate. This old bust, which has remained in the Museum of Trinity College from a period beyond the memory of living man, has been generally believed to be the bust of Swift; but as there was no positive proof of its being so, it has been passed over by all his biographers, except Scott and Monck Mason, the former of whom thus describes it: 'In the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a dark plaster bust or cast of Dean Swift. It is an impression taken from the mask applied to the face after death. The expression of countenance is most unequivocally maniacal, and one side of the mouth (the left) horribly contorted downwards, as if convulsed by pain.' He further adds: 'It is engraved for Mr. Barrett's essay;' but if it was, it never appeared, and has never before been published either with or without Barrett's essay.* Sir Walter has greatly exaggerated the amount of contortion which the face exhibits; on the contrary, the expression is remarkably placid, but there is an evident drag in the left side of the mouth, exhibiting a paralysis of the facial muscles of the right side, which, we have reason to believe, existed for some years previous to his death, for we find the same appearance (though much glossed over by the artist), together with a greater fulness, or plumpness, of the right cheek, shewn in a very admirable marble bust of Swift (probably the last ever taken), in the possession of Mr. Watkins, the picture-dealer, of this city. Here, then, we have another and a very important and well-marked feature in this very interesting case, brought to light above a hundred years after death. But before we proceed with the evidence adduced by the bust, it becomes necessary to prove its identity, which, until now, could not be done satisfactorily. Upon the back of this cast, and running nearly from ear to ear, we find two lines of writing, greatly defaced, and a part of the upper and middle lines completely obliteratcd.† This much, however, can still be read:

"'*Dean Swift, taken off his . . . the night of his burial, and the f . . . one side larger than the other in nature. . . Opened before. . . . . The mould is in pieces.*'‡

"Still this proof was inconclusive; but a deep indention running nearly parallel with the brow, shews us where the calvarium had been sawn, and the pericranium drawn over it subsequently, and this indentation accurately corresponds with the division of the skull found in Swift's coffin, in 1835, thus proving incontestibly the identity of both: they also correspond in the breadth, height, and general outline and measurements of the forehead, allowing about three-sixteenths of an inch for the thickness of the integuments. Posteriorly, however, the bust and skull do not correspond; nevertheless this fact does not in any way militate against our argument, but rather tends to strengthen it, for upon a careful examination of the bust, it is at once manifest that all the posterior part is fictitious, and evidently finished out, and modelled in clay, and afterwards the plaster rasped down according to the eye of the artist, as may be seen in the annexed engraving. It was made in two parts, and the difference in surface between the hinder part and the smooth, polished, anterior portion, at once stamps it as fictitious. There is no ear upon the left side, and that upon the right was evidently taken off the body separately, and afterwards fitted into the bust. That it was a cast from the ear of Swift, the reader has only to

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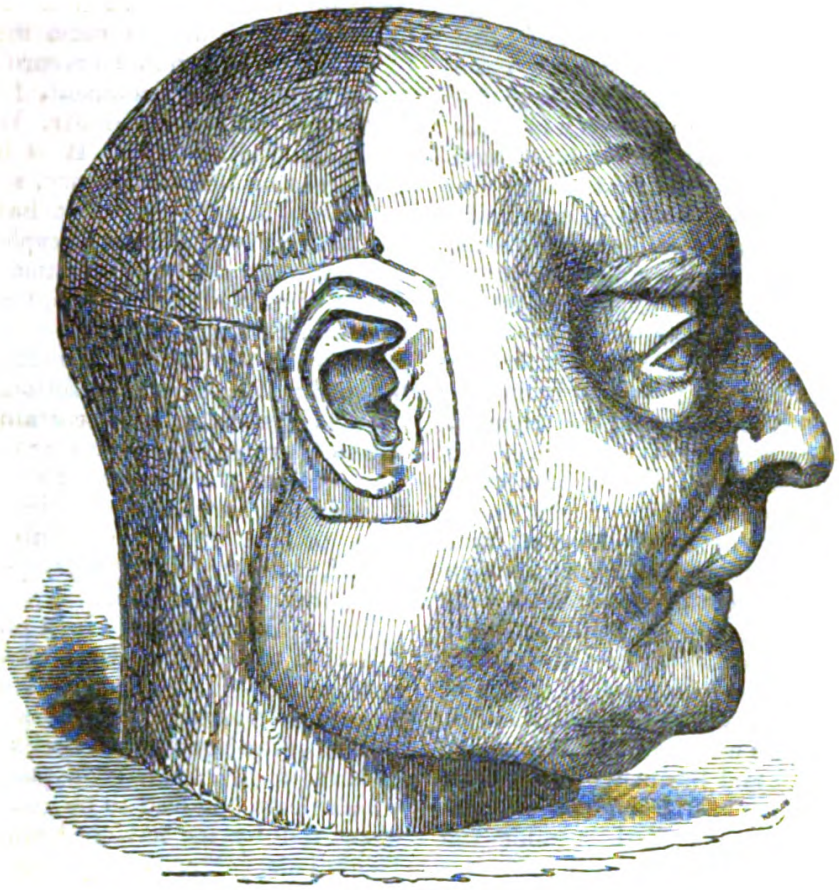
* "In Nicholl's edition of Sheridan's Life and Writings of Swift, we find a full-face portrait of the Dean, said to have been taken the night after his death. It was this, perhaps, led Sir Walter into the error we have alluded to. Mr. M. Mason supposed, but without adducing any evidence to support his assertion, that the engraving in Sheridan's Life of Swift was taken from this bust. We are inclined to believe Mr. Nicholl's statement that the engraving was made from a picture taken after death."

† "We are indebted to Mr. Ball, the able director of the museum of the University, for permission to publish this drawing which was made by Mr. G. Du Noyer, and cut by Mr. Hanlon."

‡ "The original mask remained in the Museum, T.C.D., till within a few years ago, when it was accidentally destroyed."

look at Lord Orrery's portrait, or any of the busts of the Dean, to be convinced, for Swift's ear was of a very peculiar formation.



"This bust, like the skull, is quite edentulous; the nose slightly turned to the left side, and the *left eye* much less full and prominent than the right: in fact it is comparatively *sunken and collapsed* within the orbit. It is well known that Swift had remarkably large, full, and prominent blue eyes. We may, perhaps, account for the hinder portion of the bust being constructed in the manner I have described, by the fact of the Dean having a quantity of long, white hair on the back of his head, which his attendants would not permit to be either removed or injured by taking the mould."—pp. 63-67.

We find Mr. Wilde expressing surprise "that Swift did not become deranged years previously. . . . But that Swift was either mad in middle life, or mad or imbecile in late years, as tried and tested by the meaning and definition of these terms, as laid down by the most esteemed authors, has not been proved." In all this we differ from Mr. Wilde. We think it would be difficult to frame any definition of insanity which would exclude such a case as Swift's. The mere fact of the logical powers still existing in unimpaired vigour, is little to the purpose; for we are not quite sure that one of the characteristics of insanity is not the self-willed and disputative temper that disregards every consideration of time, and place, and circumstance. When there is conduct such as Swift's, and with it organic disease of the brain, we think it approaches to certainty that the two are connected; and from a very early period, we think Swift had ground enough to predict, as he did predict, the melancholy termination of a disease which we cannot call by any other name than that of insanity. This is, however, after all, a mere question of words. We agree in Mr. Wilde's description of Swift's case, and if the existence of some morbid delusion, irresistibly overbearing reason, be necessary to constitute the notion of insanity, we do not think that any such delusion existed.

Mr. Wilde tells us that there is a general belief that Swift was the first patient in his own hospital, "al-

though," as he adds, "it was not erected for several years after his death." Mr. Wilde refers this popular belief to a careless expression of Lord Orrery's. Speaking of Swift's state after 1742, he says—"His rage increased absolutely to a degree of madness; in this miserable state, he seemed to be appointed as the first proper inhabitant of his own hospital, especially as from an outrageous lunatic he sank afterwards into a quiet speechless idiot, and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpless situation."

We think the fact of Swift's marriage with Stella has been too easily believed. It was first published by Lord Orrery, many years after Swift's death. The evidence on which the report rests has been examined by Mr. Mason in his "History of St. Patrick's," and we cannot but agree in his conclusion that the balance of probabilities is greatly against any ceremony of marriage having ever taken place. Mr. Wilde believes the fact of a marriage, and that on the day of its celebration it was communicated to Swift that both he and Stella were children of Sir William Temple. The circumstances of Swift's birth render the fact of his being Temple's son impossible;* and if there were any object in examining the evidence as to Stella, when the case as to Swift is disposed of, as to her too it is, above measure, unlikely. She and her mother were both brought from Lady Giffard's house to Temple's, and Stella was educated under Lady Temple's care—a fact in itself, perhaps, not inconsistent with the supposition which Mr. Wilde countenances; but assuredly her mother, were the story of her being Temple's mistress true, would not be allowed to reside in the same house with Lady Temple in any capacity whatever. We think if there was any deeper mystery in Swift's not marrying than the absorbing passion of saving money, and the fear of the expenses that marriage would bring with it, it most probably was his consciousness of lurking insanity, which he feared to transmit to children. His uncle, Godwin Swift, had died in a state not very different from that in which the last years of Swift's life were passed; and as Mr. Mason reasonably suggests, Swift might have known in his family other instances of the same malady, of which we have now no record.

An interesting document, for the first time published in Mr. Wilde's book, is Stella's will. It is in her maiden name—on our theory, she had no other—but this incident has been laid hold of by Swift's biographers as a proof that she felt impatiently towards him. So far from this, we agree with Mr. Wilde that the will must have been drawn up by Swift himself, or under his immediate directions. In both Swift's will and hers, certain of the bequests are given only during the continuance of the present Established Episcopal Church as the national religion of the kingdom. This alone would, as Mr. Wilde says, point to one author of both wills.

It is quite impossible in a notice of this kind to bring forward all that is new in Mr. Wilde's remarkable book. A very interesting part of it is his criticism on the portraits of Stella. The picture in Mr. Berwick's possession, which Scott believed to be genuine, is disproved by its having brown, not black hair. Mr. Wilde himself gives us two, which have not been before engraved—one a medallion painted on one of the walls at Delville—Delany's residence—which tradition calls a portrait of Stella; another—and this manifestly the picture of a very beautiful woman—engraved as the frontispiece to Mr. Wilde's book, answers every description of Stella, and is confirmed (as far as there can be confirmation of such a kind) by the skull of Stella, as exhibited in 1835. It was in the possession of the Fords of Woodpark, where Stella had been some months in 1723, "where," says Mr. Wilde, "it was probably painted."

"It remained, along with an original picture of Swift, at Woodpark for many years, with an unbroken thread of tradition attached to it, till it came, with the property and effects of the Ford family, into the possession of the Preston family. It now belongs to Mr. Preston of Bellinter, through whose kindness we have been permitted to engrave it.

* "Swift's parents resided in Ireland from before 1665 until his birth in 1667; and Temple was residing as ambassador in Holland, from April, 1666, to January, 1668."—*Scott.*

The hair is jet black, the eyes dark to match, the forehead high and expansive, the nose rather prominent, and the features generally regular and well-marked. Notwithstanding that it has not been highly worked by the artist, there is a 'pale cast of thought' and an indescribable expression about this picture, which heighten the interest its historic recollections awaken. She is attired in a plain white dress, with a blue scarf; and around her bust a blue ribbon, to which a locket appears to be attached; and she wears a white and red rose. It is a very good full-sized oil painting, and matches one of the Dean, which is likewise preserved in the same family. It may have been painted by Jervas, who was a particular friend of Swift's." —p. 120.

Mr. Wilde's volume closes with a number of political poems, some of them very spirited, which have been found in Swift's handwriting; but as among them are some transcripts from well-known poems of others, it is impossible, from the single circumstance of their being in Swift's handwriting, to infer anything as to the authorship. Many of them are, however, very curious, and some of them may be, and probably are, Swift's.

To the future biographer of Swift this volume will be truly valuable. There is not a page of it that does not supply much that is new. Its great value is, no doubt, the accurate examination of a very singular case of disease, exhibited with such perspicuity of detail, as even to be interesting to readers who would, in ordinary circumstances, lay aside what would seem at first to be a mere professional essay. But in addition to this its great merit, there is the illustration which it throws on every part of Swift's life, and the refutation which it contains of many popular errors. Scott's life of Swift is an exceedingly amusing romance, weaving together whatever he found related of his hero by any one and every one We, however, agree with Mr. Wilde in thinking Mr. Mason's "Life of Swift" the best that we have. Mr. Wilde's own volume in every point of view in which we can consider it, is a most valuable addition to the literature of his country.

A.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY ONESIPHORUS,
AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLAYING CRICKET ON THE GALLEFACE—GOVERNMENT SERVANTS FORBIDDEN TO ENGAGE IN AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS—APPOINTMENT OF NON-LEGAL MEN AS DISTRICT JUDGES—OPINIONS THEREON—SLAVE ISLAND—DINNER AT THE QUEEN'S HOUSE—DESCRIPTION OF GUESTS—COLONY FAMILIARITY AND MANNERS.

"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit."

"THE idea of men in a tropical climate playing at cricket; the bare idea causes me to dissolve. What would become of me, were I to perpetrate the reality?"

"Don't be so lazy, Otwyn; you a soldier, and complain of fatigue; remember that exercise is good for the health, and if we mean to enjoy that great earthly blessing, we must take some trouble to obtain and retain it."

"All very true, Whalmer, I am a soldier, but my business is to stand the fire of balls from guns, not to run after them on a cricket-ground; or to storm *batteries*, if required, but not necessarily to be a *batter*. It is my duty to attend to a soldier's work; I am bound to endure fatigue, in the fulfilment of my duty, and to wield a sword; but it is neither my duty, nor pleasure, to scamper from wicket to wicket with an unwieldy weapon in my grasp, which is denominated a cricket-bat; and if health be only obtainable and retainable through these violent measures, in my humble estimation the remedy is worse than the disease."

"Bad logic, Otwyn; however, let us go a little nearer to the players. I see Dighton on the ground; we will join him, and he will tell us who the players are. How are you, Dighton? I want you to tell me the names of the players. Otwyn is in a state of excitement at the idea of men playing at cricket out here."

"No wonder; it really appears a monomania in those who consent to perform such an operation, with the thermometer at eighty-eight."

"That's right, Dighton, I am glad that you coincide with me; the corporeal exertion required to play cricket is great at all times, but out here it would be, to me, unbearable."

"Who is that large man, rather *embonpoint*, who is bowling so lustily and vehemently?"

"That is A. B., the queen's advocate; he is a famous fellow at cricket; and ill-natured folks say that he attends more to that game than he does to crown business."

"I must confess that, at this moment, his costume is not very legal, nor his manner very sedate; no waistcoat, jacket, or braces, a broad-brimmed pith hat, covered with white cotton, and he is hitching up his trowsers every instant, to prevent their falling quite down; that is not very dignified—ah! but there gleamed forth the lawyer's spirit. Did you see the advantage he endeavoured to take of the batter?"

"No, I did not observe; but as the batter is J. S., the merchant, who is a knowing one himself, they are very fairly matched; so with them it is regularly diamond cut diamond."

"With what force the ball has struck that man—he seems hurt, I fear—who is he?"

"That is the manager of the bank, a decent sort of a fellow enough, and a very good cricketer. I don't think he can be much hurt, though, as he continues his game."

"I am glad of it; but what pleasure can you two fellows take in looking at men tearing about, streaming with perspiration, after a ball. For my part, I think those mad who voluntarily undergo such exertion, and those next mad who stand to look at them."

"If you wish it, Otwyn, we will take a stroll—shall we? for I confess that I begin to weary of gazing at their energetic movements."

"Ha, my boy, if you tire of doing

London, and he is now answering the invitation. The thought of the journey plagues him. "Oh dear, oh dear!" he writes, "there is such a comfort in one's old coat and old shoes, one's own chair and own fireside, one's own writing desk and own library—with a little girl climbing up to my neck and saying, 'Don't go to London, Papa, you must stay with Edith'—and a little boy whom I have taught to speak the language of cats, dogs, cuckoos, jackasses, &c., before he can articulate a word of his own—there is such a comfort in all these things, that *transportation* to London seems a heavier punishment than any sins of mine deserve." Gently let us close the door upon such happiness.

1851 — p. 208.

Times

DEAN SWIFT

GREATER men than Dean Swift may have lived. more remarkable man never left his impress upon t age, immortalized by his genius. To say that Engli history supplies no narrative more singular a original than the career of Jonathan Swift, is assert little. We doubt whether the histories of t world can furnish, for example and instruction, wonder and pity, for admiration and scorn, for a proval and condemnation, a specimen of humani at once so illustrious and so small. Before the ey of his contemporaries, Swift stood a living enigm To posterity he must continue for ever a distressi puzzle. One hypothesis—and one alone—gathe from a close and candid perusal of all that has be transmitted to us upon this interesting subject, he us to account for a whole life of anomaly, but not clear up the mystery in which it is shrouded. Fr the beginning to the end of his days Jonathan Sw was more or less MAD.

Intellectually and morally, physically and r giously, Dean Swift was a mass of contradictions. career yields ample materials both for the biograp who would pronounce a panegyric over his to and for the censor whose business it is to impr one generation at the expense of another. Look

Swift with the light of intelligence shining on his brow, and you note qualities that might become an angel. Survey him under the dark cloud, and every feature is distorted into that of a fiend. If we tell the reader what he was, in the same breath we shall communicate all that he was not. His virtues were exaggerated into vices, and his vices were not without the savour of virtue. The originality of his writings is of a piece with the singularity of his character. He copied no man who preceded him. He has not been successfully imitated by any who have followed him. The compositions of Swift reveal the brilliancy of sharpened wit, yet it is recorded of the man that he was never known to laugh. His friendships were strong, and his antipathies vehement and unrelenting, yet he illustrated friendship by roundly abusing his familiars, and expressed hatred by bantering his foes. He was economical and saving to a fault, yet he made sacrifices to the indigent and poor sternly denied to himself. He could begrudge the food and wine consumed by a guest, yet throughout his life refuse to derive the smallest pecuniary advantage from his published works, and at his death bequeath the whole of his fortune to a charitable institution. From his youth Swift was a sufferer in body, yet his frame was vigorous, capable of great endurance, and maintained its power and vitality from the time of Charles II. until far on in the reign of the second George. No man hated Ireland more than Swift, yet he was Ireland's first and greatest patriot, bravely standing up for the rights of that kingdom when his chivalry might have cost him his head. He was eager for

reward, yet he refused payment with disdain. I
patient of advancement, he preferred to the high
honours the state could confer, the obscurity a
ignominy of the political associates with whom
had affectionately laboured until they fell disgrac
None knew better than he the stinging force o
successful lampoon, yet such missiles were hurled
hundreds at his head without in any way disturb
his bodily tranquillity. Sincerely religious, scru
lously attentive to the duties of his holy offi
vigorously defending the position and privileges
his order, he positively played into the hands of i
delity by the steps he took, both in his conduct a
writings, to expose the cant and hypocrisy which
detested as heartily as he admired and practi
unaffected piety. To say that Swift lacked tend
ness, would be to forget many passages of his un
countable history that overflow with gentleness
spirit and mild humanity; but to deny that
exhibited inexcusable brutality where the softnes
his nature ought chiefly to have been evoked—wh
the want of tenderness, indeed, left him a naked
irreclaimable savage—is equally impossible. If
decline to pursue the contradictory series furthe
is in pity to the reader, not for want of material
command. There is, in truth, no end to s
materials.

Swift was born in the year 1667. His father,
was steward to the Society of the King's Inn, Dub
died before his birth and left his widow pennil
The child, named Jonathan, after his father,
brought up on charity. The obligation due t
uncle was one that Swift would never forget,

remember without inexcusable indignation. Because he had not been left to starve by his relatives, or because his uncle would not do more than he could, Swift conceived an eternal dislike to all who bore his name, and a haughty contempt for all who partook of his nature. He struggled into active life, and presented himself to his fellow men in the temper of a foe. At the age of fourteen, he was admitted into Trinity College, Dublin, and four years afterwards, as *a special grace*—for his acquisitions apparently failed to earn the distinction—the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon him. In 1682, the year in which the war broke out in Ireland, Swift, in his twenty-first year, and without a sixpence in his pocket, left college. Fortunately for him, the wife of Sir William Temple was related to his mother, and upon her application to that statesman the friendless youth was provided with a home. He took up his abode with Sir William in England, and for the space of two years laboured hard at his own improvement, and at the amusement of his patron. How far Swift succeeded in winning the good opinion of Sir William may be learnt from the fact that when King William honoured Moor Park with his presence, he was permitted to take part in the interviews, and that when Sir William was unable to visit the King, his *protégé* was commissioned to wait upon his Majesty, and to speak on the patron's authority and behalf. The lad's future promised better things than his beginning. He resolved to go into the church, since preferment stared him in the face. In 1692 he proceeded to Oxford, where he obtained his Master's degree, and in 1694, quarrelling

with Sir William Temple, who coldly offered him a situation worth 100*l.* a year, he quitted his patron in disgust, and went at once to Ireland to take holy orders. He was ordained, and almost immediately afterwards received the living of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, the value of the living being about equal to that of the appointment offered by Sir William Temple.

Swift, miserable in his exile, sighed for the advantages he had abandoned. Sir William Temple, lonely without his clever and keen-witted companion, pined for his return. The prebend of Kilroot was speedily resigned in favour of a poor curate, for whom Swift had taken great pains to procure the presentation; and with 80*l.* in his purse, the independent clergyman proceeded once more to Moor Park. Sir William received him with open arms. They resided together until 1699, when the great statesman died, leaving to Swift, in testimony of his regard, the sum of 100*l.* and his literary remains. The remains were duly published and dedicated to the King. They might have been inscribed to his Majesty's cook, for any advantage that accrued to the editor. Swift was a Whig, but his politics suffered severely by the neglect of his Majesty, who derived no particular advantage from Sir William Temple's "remains."

Weary with long and vain attendance upon Court, Swift finally accepted at the hands of Lord Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, the rectory of Agher and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan. In the year 1700 he took possession of the living at Laracor, and his mode of entering upon his duty



was thoroughly characteristic of the man. He walked down to Laracor, entered the curate's house, and announced himself "as his master." In his usual style, he affected brutality, and having sufficiently alarmed his victims, gradually soothed and consoled them by evidences of undoubted friendliness and good will. "This," says Sir Walter Scott, "was the ruling trait of Swift's character to others; his praise assumed the appearance and language of complaint; his benefits were often prefaced by a prologue of a threatening nature." "The ruling trait" of Swift's character was morbid eccentricity. Much less eccentricity has saved many a murderer in our days from the gallows. We approach a period of Swift's history when we must accept this conclusion, or revolt from the cold-blooded doings of a monster.

During Swift's second residence with Sir William Temple, he had become acquainted with an inmate of Moor Park very different to the accomplished man to whose intellectual pleasures he so largely ministered. A young and lovely girl—half ward, half dependent in the establishment—engaged the attention and commanded the untiring services of the newly-made minister. Esther Johnson had need of education, and Swift became her tutor. He entered upon his task with avidity, condescended to the humblest instruction, and inspired his pupil with unbounded gratitude and regard. Swift was not more insensible to the simplicity and beauty of the lady, than she to the kind offices of her master; but Swift would not have been Swift had he, like other men, returned everyday love with ordinary affection. Swift had felt tender impressions in his own fashion before. Once in

Leicestershire he was accused by a friend of having formed an imprudent attachment, on which occasion he returned for answer, that "his cold temper and unconfined humour" would prevent all serious consequences, even if it were not true that the conduct which his friend had mistaken for gallantry had been merely the evidence "of an active and restless temper, incapable of enduring idleness, and catching at such opportunities of amusement as most readily occurred." Upon another occasion, and within four years of the Leicestershire pastime, Swift made an absolute offer of his hand to one Miss Waryng, vowing in his declaratory epistle, that he would forego every prospect of interest for the sake of his "Varina," and that "the lady's love was far more fatal than her cruelty." After much and long consideration, Varina consented to the suit. That was enough for Swift. He met the capitulation by charging his Varina with want of affection, by stipulating for unheard-of sacrifices, and concluding, with an expression of his willingness to wed, "*though she had neither fortune nor beauty*," provided every article of his letter was ungrudgingly agreed to. We may well tremble for Esther Johnson, with her young heart given into such wild keeping.

As soon as Swift was established at Laracor, it was arranged that Esther, who possessed a small property in Ireland, should take up her abode near to her old preceptor. She came, and scandal was silenced by a stipulation insisted on by Swift, that his lovely charge should have a matron for a constant companion, and never see him except in the presence of a third party. Esther was in her seventeenth year

The vicar of Laracor was on his road to forty. What wonder that even in Laracor the former should receive an offer of marriage, and that the latter, wayward and inconsistent from first to last, should deny another the happiness he had resolved never to enjoy himself? Esther found a lover whom Swift repulsed, to the infinite joy of the devoted girl, whose fate was already linked for good or evil to that of her teacher and friend.

Obscurity and idleness were not for Swift. Love, that gradually consumed the unoccupied girl, was not even this man's recreation. Impatient of banishment, he went to London, and mixed with the wits of the age. Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot became his friends, and he quickly proved himself worthy of their intimacy by the publication, in 1704, of his *Tale of a Tub*. The success of the work, given to the world anonymously, was decisive. Its singular merit obtained for its author everlasting renown, and effectually prevented his rising to the highest dignity in the very church which his book laboured to exalt. None but an inspired madman would have attempted to do honour to religion in a spirit which none but the infidel could heartily approve.

Politicians are not squeamish. The Whigs could see no fault in raillery and wit that might serve temporal interests with greater advantage than they had advanced interests ecclesiastical; and the friends of the Revolution welcomed so rare an adherent to their principles. With an affected ardour that subsequent events proved to be as premature as it was hollow, Swift's pen was put in harness for his allies, and worked vigorously enough until 1709, when, having

assisted Steele in the establishment of the *Tatler*, the vicar of Laracor returned to Ireland and to the duties of a rural pastor. Not to remain, however! A change suddenly came over the spirit of the nation. Sacheverell was about to pull down by a single sermon all the popularity that Marlborough and his friends had built up by their glorious campaigns. Swift had waited in vain for promotion from the Whigs, and his suspicions were aroused when the Lord Lieutenant unexpectedly began to caress him. Escaping the damage which the marked attentions of the old government might do him with the new, Swift started for England in 1710, in order to survey the turning of the political wheel with his own eyes, and to try his fortune in the game. The progress of events was rapid. Swift reached London on the 9th of September; on the 1st of October he had already written a lampoon upon an ancient associate! and on the 4th he was presented to Harley, the new minister.

The career of Swift from this moment, and so long as the government of Harley lasted, was magnificent and mighty. Had he not been crotchetty from his very boyhood, his head would have been turned now. Swift reigned. Swift was the government; Swift was Queen, Lords, and Commons. There was tremendous work to do, and Swift did it all. The Tories had thrown out the Whigs, and had brought in a government in their place quite as Whiggish to do Tory work. To moderate the wishes of the people, if not to blind their eyes, was the preliminary and essential work of the ministry. They could not perform it themselves. Swift undertook and accomplished it. He had intellect and courage enough for that, and

more. Moreover, he had vehement passions to gratify, and they might all partake of the glory of his success; he was proud, and his pride revelled in authority; he was ambitious, and his ambition could attain no higher pitch than it found at the right hand of the prime minister; he was revengeful, and revenge could wish no sweeter gratification than the contortions of the great who had neglected genius and desert, when they looked to them for advancement, and obtained nothing but cold neglect. Swift, single-handed, fought the Whigs. For seven months he conducted a periodical paper, in which he mercilessly assailed, as none but himself could attack, all who were odious to the government, and distasteful to himself; not an individual was spared whose sufferings could add to the tranquillity and permanence of the Government. Resistance was in vain; it was attempted, but invariably with one effect—the first wound grazed, the second killed.

The public were in ecstacies. The laughers were all on the side of the satirist, and how vast a portion of the community these are, needs not be said. But it was not in the *Examiner* alone that Swift offered up his victims at the shrine of universal mirth. He could write verses for the rough heart of a nation to chuckle over and delight in. Personalities to-day fly wide of the mark; then they went right home. The habits, the foibles, the moral and physical imperfections of humanity, were all fair game, provided the shaft were dipped with gall as well as venom. Short poems, longer pamphlets,—whatever could help the Government and cover their foes with ridicule and scorn, Swift poured upon the town with an

industry and skill that set eulogy at defiance. And because they did defy praise, Jonathan Swift never asked and was ever too grand to accept it.

But he claimed much more. His disordered yet exquisite intellect acknowledged no superiority. He asked no thanks for his labour, he disdained pecuniary reward for his matchless and incalculable services—he did not care for fame, but he imperiously demanded to be treated by the greatest as an equal. Mr. Harley offered him money, and he quarrelled with the minister for his boldness. "If we let these great ministers," he said, "pretend too much *there will be no governing them.*" The same minister desired to make Swift his chaplain. One mistake was as great as the other. "My Lord Oxford, by a second hand, proposed my being his chaplain, which I, by a second hand, refused. I will be no man's chaplain alive." The assumption of the man was more than regal. At a later period of his life he drew up a list of his friends, ranking them respectively under the heads, "Ungrateful," "Grateful," "Indifferent," and "Doubtful." Pope appears among the grateful, Queen Caroline among the ungrateful. The audacity of these distinctions is very edifying. What autocrat is here for whose mere countenance the whole world is to bow down and be "grateful!"

It is due to Swift's imperiousness, however, to state that, once acknowledged as an equal, he was prepared to make every sacrifice that could be looked for in a friend. Concede his position, and for fortune or disgrace he was equally prepared. Harley and Bolingbroke, quick to discern the weakness, called

their invulnerable ally by his Christian name, but stopped short of conferring upon him any benefit whatever. The neglect made no difference to the haughty scribe, who contented himself with pulling down the barriers that had been impertinently set up to separate him from rank and worldly greatness. But, if Swift shrank from the treatment of a client, he performed no part so willingly as that of a patron. He took literature under his wing, and compelled the government to do it homage. He quarrelled with Steele when he deserted the Whigs, and pursued his former friend with unflinching sarcasm and banter, but at his request Steele was maintained by the government in an office of which he was about to be deprived. Congreve was a Whig, but Swift insisted that he should find honour at the hands of the Tories, and Harley honoured him accordingly. Swift introduced Gay to Lord Bolingbroke, and secured that nobleman's weighty patronage for the poet. Rowe was recommended for office, Pope for aid. The well-to-do, by Swift's personal interest, found respect, the indigent, money, for the mitigation of their pains. At Court, at Swift's instigation, the Lord Treasurer made the first advances to men of letters, and by the act made tacit confession of the power which Swift so liberally exercised for the advantage of everybody but himself. But what worldly distinction, in truth, could add to the importance of a personage who made it a point for a Duke to pay him the first visit, and who, on one occasion, publicly sent the Prime Minister into the House of Commons, to call out the First Secretary of State, whom Swift wished to inform that he would not dine with him if he meant to dine late?

A lampoon directed against the Queen's favourite, upon whose red hair Swift had been facetious, prevented the satirist's advancement in England. The see of Hereford fell vacant in 1712. Bolingbroke would now have paid the debt due from his government to Swift, but the Duchess of Somerset, upon her knees, implored the Queen to withhold her consent from the appointment, and Swift was pronounced by Her Majesty as "too violent in party" for promotion. The most important man in the kingdom found himself in a moment the most feeble. The fountain of so much honour could not retain a drop of the precious waters for itself. Swift, it is said, laid the foundations of fortune for upwards of forty families who rose to distinction by a word from his lips. What a satire upon power was the satirist's own fate! He could not advance himself in England one inch. Promotion in Ireland began and ended with his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick, of which he took possession, much to his disgust and vexation, in the summer of 1713.

The summer, however, was not over before Swift was in England again. The wheels of government had come to a dead lock, and of course none but he could right them. The Ministry was at sixes and sevens. Its very existence depended upon the good understanding of the chiefs, Bolingbroke and Harley, and the wily ambition of the latter, jarring against the vehement desires of the former, had produced jealousy, suspicion, and now threatened immediate disorganisation. A thousand voices called the Dean to the scene of action, and he came full of the importance of his mission. He plunged at once into

the vexed sea of political controversy, and whilst straining every effort to court his friends, let no opportunity slip of galling their foes. His pen was as damaging and industrious as ever. It set the town in a fever. It caused Richard Steele to be expelled the House of Commons, and it sent the whole body of Scotch peers, headed by the Duke of Argyll, to the Queen, with the prayer that a proclamation might be issued for the discovery of their libeller. Swift was more successful in his assaults than in his mediation. The Ministers were irreconcilable. Vexed at heart with disappointment, the Dean, after his manner, suddenly quitted London, and shut himself up in Berkshire. One attempt he made in his strict seclusion to uphold the government and save the country, and the composition is a curiosity in its way. He published a proposition for the exclusion of all dissenters from power of every kind, for disqualifying Whigs and Low Churchmen for every possible office, and for compelling the presumptive heir to the throne to declare his abomination of Whigs, and his perfect satisfaction with Her Majesty's present advisers. Matters must have been near a crisis when this modest pamphlet was put forth, and so they were. The intrigues of Bolingbroke had triumphed over those of his colleague, and Oxford was disgraced. The latter about to retire into obscurity addressed a letter to Swift, entreating him, if he were not tired of his former prosperous friend, "to throw away so much time on one who loved him as to attend him upon his melancholy journey." The same post brought him word that his own victory was won. Bolingbroke

triumphant besought his Jonathan, as he loved his Queen, to stand by her Minister, and to aid him in his perilous adventure. Nothing should be wanting to do justice to his loyalty. The Duchess of Somerset would be reconciled, the Queen would be gracious, the path of honour should lie broad, open, and unimpeded before him. Bolingbroke and Harley were equally the friends of Swift. What could he do in his extremity? What would a million men, taken at random from the multitude, have done, had they been so situated, so tempted? Not that upon which Swift, in his chivalrous magnanimity, at once decided. He abandoned the prosperous to follow and console the unfortunate. "I meddle not with Lord Oxford's faults," is his noble language, "as he was a Minister of State, but his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all men when he was great." Within a few days of Swift's self-denying decision Queen Anne was a corpse, Bolingbroke and Oxford both flying for their lives, and Swift himself hiding his unprotected head in Ireland amidst a people who at once feared and hated him.

During Swift's visit to London in 1710, he had regularly transmitted to Stella, by which name Esther Johnson is made known to posterity, an account of his daily doings with the new government. The journal exhibits the view of the writer that his conduct invariably presents. It is full of tenderness and confidence, and not without coarseness that startles and shocks. It contains a detailed and minute account, not only of all that passed between Swift and the government, but of his changeful

feelings as they arose from day to day, and of physical infirmities, that are commonly whispered into the ear of the physician. If Swift loved Stella in the ordinary acceptation of the term, he took small pains in his diary to elevate the sentiments with which she regarded her hero. The journal is not in harmony throughout. Towards the close it lacks the tenderness and warmth, the minuteness and confidential utterance, that are so visible at the beginning. We are enabled to account for the difference. Swift had enlarged the circle of his female acquaintance whilst fighting for his friends in London. He had become a constant visitor, especially, at the house of a Mrs. Vanhomrigh, who had two daughters, the eldest of whom was about twenty years of age, and had the same Christian name as Stella. Esther Vanhomrigh had great taste for reading, and Swift, who seems to have delighted in such occupation, condescended, for the second time in his life, to become a young lady's instructor. The great man's tuition had always one effect upon his pupils. Before Miss Vanhomrigh had made much progress in her studies she was over head and ears in love, and, to the astonishment of her master, she one day declared the passionate and undying character of her attachment. Swift met the confession with a weapon far more potent when opposed to a political foe than when directed against the weak heart of a doting woman. He had recourse to raillery, but, finding his banter of no avail, endeavoured to appease the unhappy girl by "an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem." He might with equal success have attempted to put

out a conflagration with a bucket of cold water. There was no help for the miserable man. He returned to his deanery at the death of Queen Anne with two love affairs upon his hands, but with the stern resolution of encouraging neither, and overcoming both.

Before quitting England he wrote to Esther Vanhomrigh, or Vanessa, as he styles her in his correspondence, intimating his intention to forget everything in England and to write to her as seldom as possible. So far the claims of Vanessa were disposed of. As soon as he reached his deanery he secured lodgings for Stella and her companion, and reiterated his determination to pursue his intercourse with the young lady upon the prudent terms originally established. So far his mind was set at rest in respect of Stella. But Swift had scarcely time to congratulate himself upon his plans before Vanessa presented herself in Dublin, and made known to the Dean her resolution to take up her abode permanently in Ireland. Her mother was dead, so were her two brothers; she and her sister were alone in the world, and they had a small property near Dublin, to which it suited them to retire. Swift, alarmed by the proceeding, remonstrated, threatened, denounced—all in vain. Vanessa met his reproaches with complaints of cruelty and neglect, and warned him of the consequences of leaving her without the solace of his friendship and presence. Perplexed and distressed, the Dean had no other resource than to leave events to their own development. He trusted that time would mitigate and show the hopelessness of Vanessa's passion, and in the meanwhile he sought, by occa-

sional communication with her, to prevent any catastrophe that might result from actual despair. But his thoughts for Vanessa's safety were inimical to Stella's repose. She pined and gradually sank under the alteration that had taken place in Swift's deportment towards her since his acquaintance with Vanessa. Swift, really anxious for the safety of his ward, requested a friend to ascertain the cause of her malady. It was not difficult to ascertain it. His indifference and public scandal, which spoke freely of their unaccountable connexion, were alone to blame for her sufferings. It was enough for Swift. He had passed the age at which he had resolved to marry, but he was ready to wed Stella provided the marriage were kept secret and she was content to live apart. Poor Stella was more than content, but she over-estimated her strength. The marriage took place, and immediately afterwards the husband withdrew himself in a fit of madness, which threw him into gloom and misery for days. What the motives may have been for the inexplicable stipulations of this wayward man it is impossible to ascertain. That they were the motives of a diseased, and at times utterly irresponsible, judgment, we think cannot be questioned. Of love, as a tender passion, Swift had no conception. His writings prove it. The coarseness that pervades his compositions has nothing in common with the susceptibility that shrinks from disgusting and loathsome images in which Swift revelled. In all his prose and poetical addresses to his mistresses there is not one expression to prove the weakness of his heart. He writes as a guardian —he writes as a friend—he writes as a father, but

not a syllable escapes him that can be attributed to the pangs and delights of the lover.

Married to Stella, Swift proved himself more eager than ever to give to his intercourse with Vanessa the character of mere friendship. He went so far as to endeavour to engage her affections for another man, but his attempts were rejected with indignation and scorn. In the August of the year 1717, Vanessa retired from Dublin to her house and property near Cellbridge. Swift exhorted her to leave Ireland altogether, but she was not to be persuaded. In 1720, it would appear that the Dean frequently visited the recluse in her retirement, and upon such occasions Vanessa would plant a laurel or two in honour of her guest, who passed his time with the lady reading and writing verses in a rural bower built in a sequestered part of her garden. Some of the verses composed by Vanessa have been preserved. They breathe the fond ardour of the suffering maid, and testify to the imperturbable coldness of the man. Of the innocence of their intercourse there cannot be a doubt. In 1720, Vanessa lost her last remaining relative—her sister died in her arms. Thrown back upon herself by this bereavement, the intensity of her love for the Dean became insupportable. Jealous and suspicious, and eager to put an end to a terror that possessed her, she resolved to address herself to Stella, and to ascertain from her own lips the exact nature of her relations with her so-called guardian. The momentous question was asked in a letter, to which Stella calmly replied by informing her interrogator that she was the Dean's wife. Vanessa's letter was forwarded by Stella to Swift himself, and

it roused him to fury. He rode off at once to Cellbridge, entered the apartment in which Vanessa was seated, and glared upon her like a tiger. The trembling creature asked her visitor to sit down. He answered the invitation by flinging a packet on the table, and riding instantly away. The packet was opened; it contained nothing but Vanessa's letter to Stella. Her doom was pronounced. The fond heart snapped. In a few weeks the hopeless, desolate Vanessa was in her grave.

Swift, agonised, rushed from the world. For two months subsequently to the death of Vanessa his place of abode was unknown. But at the end of that period he returned to Dublin calmer for the conflict he had undergone. He devoted himself industriously again to affairs of State. His pen had now a nobler office than to sustain unworthy men in unmerited power. We can but indicate the course of his labours. Ireland, the country not of his love, but of his birth and adoption, treated as a conquered province, owed her rescue from absolute thraldom to Swift's great and unconquerable exertions on her behalf. He resisted the English government with his single hand, and overcame them in the fight. His popularity in Ireland was unparalleled even in that excited and generous-hearted land. Rewards were offered to betray him, but a million lives would have been sacrificed in his place before one would have profited by the patriot's downfall. He was worshipped, and every hair of his head was precious and sacred to the people who adored him.

In 1726, Swift revisited England, for the first time since the death of Queen Anne, and published,

anonymously as usual, the famous satire of *Gulliver's Travels*. Its immediate success heralded the universal fame that masterly and singular work has since achieved. Swift mingled once more with his literary friends, and lived almost entirely with Pope. Yet courted on all sides he was doomed again to bitter sorrow. News reached him that Stella was ill. Alarmed and full of self-reproaches, he hastened home to be received by the people of Ireland in triumph, and to meet—and he was grateful for the sight—the improved and welcoming looks of the woman for whose dissolution he had been prepared. In March, 1727, Stella being sufficiently recovered, the Dean ventured once more to England, but soon to be resummoned to the hapless couch of his exhausted and most miserable wife. Afflicted in body and soul, Swift suddenly quitted Pope, with whom he was residing at Twickenham, and reaching his home, was doomed to find his Stella upon the verge of the grave. Till the last moment he continued at her bedside, evincing the tenderest consideration, and performing what consolatory tasks he might in the sick chamber. Shortly before her death part of a conversation between the melancholy pair was overheard. "Well, my dear," said the Dean, "if you wish it, it shall be owned." Stella's reply was given in few words. "*It is too late.*" "On the 28th of January," writes one of the biographers of Swift, "Mrs Johnson closed her weary pilgrimage, and passed to that land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage," the second victim of one and the same hopeless and consuming passion.

Swift stood alone in the world, and for his punish-

ment was doomed to endure the crushing solitude for the space of seventeen years. The interval was gloomy indeed. From his youth the Dean had been subject to painful fits of giddiness and deafness. From 1736, these fits became more frequent and severe. In 1740, he went raving mad, and frenzy ceased only to leave him a more pitiable idiot. During the space of three years the poor creature was unconscious of what passed around him, and spoke but twice. Upon the 19th of October, 1745, God mercifully removed the terrible spectacle, from the sight of man, and released the sufferer from his misery, degradation, and shame.

The volumes which have given occasion to these remarks, are a singular comment upon a singular history. It is the work of a Frenchman who has ventured to deduce a theory from the *data* we have submitted to the reader's notice. With that theory we cannot agree: it may be reconcileable to the romance which M. de Wailly has invented, but it is altogether opposed to veritable records that cannot be impugned. M. de Wailly would have it that Swift's marriage with Stella was a deliberate and rational sacrifice of love to principle, and that Swift compensated his sacrificed love by granting his principle no human indulgences; that his love for Vanessa, in fact, was sincere and ardent, and that his duty to Stella alone prevented a union with Vanessa. To prove his case M. de Wailly widely departs from history, and makes his hypothesis of no value whatever, except to the novel reader. As a romance, written by a Frenchman, *Stella and Vanessa* is worthy of great commendation. It indicates a

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familiar knowledge of English manners and character, and never betrays, except here and there in the construction of the plot, the hand of a foreigner. It is quite free from exaggeration, and inasmuch as it exhibits no glaring anachronism or absurd caricature, is a literary curiosity. We accept it as such, though bound to reject its higher claims. The mystery of Swift's amours has yet to be cleared up. We explain his otherwise unaccountable behaviour by attributing his cruelty to prevailing insanity. The career of Swift was brilliant, but not less wild than dazzling. The sickly hue of a distempered brain gave a colour to his acts in all the relations of life. The storm was brewing from his childhood; it burst forth terribly in his age, and only a moment before all was wreck and devastation, the half-distracted man sat down and made a will, by which he left the whole of his worldly possessions for the foundation of a lunatic asylum.

October, 3, 1850.

several years, in a plain moderate
room, where, at other times, important t
actions took place, and immense sums
paid to authors, artists, stationers, prin
and others concerned with him in trade
of whom were so satisfied with his strai
forward character and conduct, that
haps, if the hopes and success of all
not realised, his own mental feelings suf
more in the anxiety and care of a bus
in which the interest of so many were
cerned, than the parties themselves felt

Mr. Johnson was the invariable and
fidential friend of the late George Ro
son, sen. whom I have so recently descri

I knew Mr. Johnson from 1785 to 1
and cannot conclude without paying a
bute to his kindness to me nearly
years since—when I had a considerable
to pay him, which I could not immedi
accomplish. He handed me a check
Coutts for upwards of 300*l.*; told m
take what I required, bring him the di
ence, and pay the remainder as soon
conveniently could. Subsequently he
me the most friendly advice, to wh
strictly adhered.

Yours, my dear Son,
Ever affectionately,
AN OLD BOOKSELLE

LETTER XII.

ADDISON, POPE, STEELE, SW
&c.; THE LINTOTS, JACOB T
SON, ANDREW MILLAR, &c.

raised her to so
nothing but you f
give addition to."

Bernard Lintot
tensively for upwa
the above period.
and Cambridge h
their appearance,
written by Fentor
Gardiner, Sir Jo
Dr. Sprat, Dr. Y
volume appeared
tained two "copia
Bernard Lintot ch
Miscellanies; one
appeared, by Sw
larged them—the
not inelegant bar
Commons. The
trating the fancy e
of this class.

On a *Miscellany*
tot. *Ipsa varietate*
quædam fortasse om

"As when some
guest,
Would in one mixt
With due proportio
He fills his dish wit
Fishes and fowl del
To feast at once th
So, *Bernard*, must
Compounded of all
The Muses' Olio, v
And teach each rea
Wouldst thou for
And bravely rival *J*
Let all the muses i
The lyric bard mus
Heroic strains mus
And nervous sense
Let elegy in moving
And fill some page
Let not your am'ro
Nor glut thy reade
Satire must interfe
May lash the madn
Satire—the muse t
For if there's scand
Tire not our patien
Those swell the pie
Let short breathed
And strike at follie
Translations

sown,

happy a sphere, which
r grace's affection could

continued to publish ex-
rds of twenty years after
In 1709 " The Oxford
Miscellany Poems " made
and it seems were chiefly
ı, Prior, Hopkins, Phillips,
ın Denham, Lord Halifax,
alden, &c. &c. A similar
in 1712, in which are con-
es of verses" addressed to
n the publication of the
of them, as it afterwards
ift, who subsequently en-
other by a nameless, but
l, perhaps Dr. King, of the
latter we insert as illus-
of the age in publications

of Poems—To Bernard Lin-
tentamus efficere ut alia aliis;
ibus placeant.—PLIN. *Epist.*

kilful cook, to please each

ure comprehend a feast,
n and judicious care
h diff'rent sorts of fare;
iciously unite,
taste, the smell, and sight;
a Miscellany be
kinds of poetry;
hich all tastes may fit,
der with his darling wit.
Miscellanies raise thy fame,
acob's mighty name,
ı the piece conspire;
strike th' harmonious lyre;
t here and there be found,
be sung in lofty sound;
numbers flow,
with melodious woe.
us songs too num'rous prove,
with abundant love;
e, whose pointed rage
ess of a vicious age!
hat never fails to hit,
al, to be sure there's wit.
ce with Pindaric lays,
ce, but very rarely please:
epigram its force confine,
ı a single line.
roughout the work be

Let every classic in the volume shine,
And each contribute to thy great design:
Through various subjects let the reader range,
And raise his fancy with a grateful change;
Variety's the source of joy below,
From whence still fresh revolving pleasures flow:
In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
And only change th' expiring flame renews.
Where *Buckingham* will condescend to give,
That honour'd piece to distant times must live;
When noble *Sheffield* strikes the trembling strings,
The little loves rejoice, and clap their wings;
Anacreon lives! they cry; the harmonious swain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain;
'Tis he!—our lost *Anacreon* lives again.
But, when the illustrious poet soars above
The sportive revels of the god of love,
Like *Maro's* muse, he takes a loftier flight,
And towers beyond the wond'ring Cupid's sight.
" If thou wouldst have thy volume stand the test,
And of all others be reputed best,
Let *Congreve* teach the list'ning groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.
Let *Prior's* muse with soft'ning accents move,
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love:
Or let his fancy choose some jovial theme,
As when he told *Hans Carvel's* jealous dream;
Prior th' admiring reader entertains
With *Chaucer's* humour, and with *Spencer's* strains.
Waller in *Granville* lives; when Mira sings,
With Waller's hands he strikes the sounding strings,
With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
And manly sense adorns his easy lines.
On *Addison's* sweet lays attention waits,
And silence guards the place while he repeats;
His muse alike on ev'ry subject charms,
Whether she paints the god of love or arms:
In him, pathetic *Ovid* sings again,
And *Homer's Iliad* shines in his *Campaign*.
Whenever *Garth* shall raise his sprightly song,
Sense flows in easy numbers from his tongue;
Great *Phœbus* in his learned son we see,
Alike in physic, as in poetry.
When *Pope's* harmonious muse with pleasure roves
Amidst the plains, the murm'ring streams and groves,
Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his songs,
Through the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
His steady judgment far outshoots his years,
And early in the youth the God appears."

And in the same year as above, L
entered into a very liberal agreement
Pope for his translation of HOMER's I
the printing of which was soon
began by Mr. Bowyer, and diligently
tended to by all parties. Mr. Gay,
letter to Congreve, April 7th, 1713,
tiously says, " Mr. Pope's Homer is reta
by the great rains that have fallen of
which causes the sheets to be long a dr
This gives Mr. Lintot great uneasin
who is now endeavouring to engage the
rate of the parish to pray for fair wea
that his work may go on." Pope made
wards of 5000*l.* this year, but Lintot l
large sum from a bad arrangement,
from the work being pirated in Holland
smuggled into this country. His bio
phers say, in the years 1715-16 we find
Lintot pursuing his profession on the F
Thames;

" In this place *Bowyer* plies; there 's *Lin*
stand."

He subsequently published Poems on Se
Occasions by his Grace the Duke of B
ingham, Mr. Wycherly, Lady Winchi
Sir Samuel Garth, Nicholas Rowe,
dedicated by Fenton to the Earl of Orre
Immediately afterwards Mr. Lintot,
Jacob Tonson, was appointed printer of
Votes, &c. of the House of Commons.

There does not appear to have been
altercation between the bookseller and
author, during the period of the publica
of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, which contin
till 1725; but from whatever cause it
have arisen, the friendship between P
and his publisher appears to have termin
with the conclusion of Homer.

much awakens my
and I will think as
" Silence ensued
Mr. Lintot hugged
broke out, ' Well,
I answered seven m
tot) I thought yo
Oldisworth, in a ra
would translate a v
I'll say that for C
his Timothy), he t
the quickest of any
ber Dr. King wou
three hours after he
Sir Richard, in tha
between Fleet ditch
make you half a *jo*
I), now you talk
mode of managing
those are the sad
world: in a hungry
stand all the langu
known one of the
upon my counter,
I must read it from
never be sure in th
derstand Greek, L
self: but this is m
ten shillings per s
will have their d
please; so by one
to the true sense
giving the negative
how are you secu
impose upon you?'
tleman (especially
into my shop to re
lish; by this I kno
be deficient, and
his money or not.
to me last month
new version of L
Tonson; agreeing
shillings at his pr
made a great prog
I gave it to the co
Latin; but he wen
tion, and found it
but the first page.
did?—I arrested t
and I stopped the
proof that he had
the original.' ' P
with the critics?'
easy. I can siler
them: the rich or
blotted manu
they'll go
and pret
submit

* I should rather imagine that Pope's jea-
lousy arose from the actual independence of
Lintot, for he amassed much wealth, and left an
independent fortune.

nation without mercy in the "Dunciad."

spirits; then jog on a-pace, hard as I can.'

for a full hour, after which the reins, stopped short, and Sir, how far have you gone?' iles. 'Z—ds, Sir, (said Lin- u had done seven stanzas. mble round Wimbledon-hill, vhole Ode in half this time. ldisworth (though I lost by ranslates an Ode of Horace man in England. I remem- ld write verses, in a tavern, could not speak; and there's t rumbling old chariot of his, ı and St. Giles's pound, shall *b.*' 'Pray, Mr. Lintot (said of translators, what is your them?' 'Sir, (replied he) lest pack of rogues in the fit they'll swear they under- ages in the universe: I have m take down a Greek book and cry—Ah! this is Hebrew, ı the latter end—B—. I can ese fellows, for I neither un- atin, French, nor Italian my- y way; I agree with them for heet, with a proviso, that I ings corrected by whom I or other they are led at last of an author, my judgment to all my translators.' 'But re those correctors may not ' 'Why, I get any civil gen- any Scotchman) that comes ad the original to me in Eng- w whether my first translator vhether my corrector merits I'll tell you what happened : I bargained with S. for a ucretius, to publish against to pay the author so many oducing so many lines. He ess in a very short time, and rrector to compare with the t directly to Creech's transla- the same, word for word, all Now, what do you think I ıe translator for a cheat, nay, corrector's pay too, upon this nade use of Creech instead of ray, tell me, how you deal 'Sir, (said he) nothing more ıce the most formidable of ıes for a sheet a-piece of the t, which costs me nothing; it to their acquaintance, from the author, who tion: this has given

came to me t'other day, he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and pished at every line of it. 'One would wonder (said he) at the presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task that every stripling, every versifier'—he was going on, when my wife called to dinner. 'Sir, (said I) will you please to eat a piece of beef with me?' 'Mr. Lintot, (said he) I am sorry you should be at the expense of this great book; I am really concerned on your account.' 'Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding'—'Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning'—'Sir, the pudding is on the table, if you please to go in'—my critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me, in the same breath, that the book is commendable, and the pudding excellent! Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return to the frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Lansdowne will be brought to the bar or not?' I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. 'This may be (replied Mr. Lintot); but, by ——, if he is not I shall lose the printing of a very good trial.' These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you will discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropped him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton, at Middleton. The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equalled when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet. "A. Pope."

Mr. Pope conceived Lintot had risen *above his proper level*; for it appears that early in 1726, having by successful exertions in business acquired a decent competence, and made some additions to his paternal inheritance in Sussex, he was desirous of tracing the origin of his family, and for that purpose consulted Humphrey Wanley, who had then the custody of the Earl of Oxford's Heraldic MSS., and in whose diary is the following memorandum:—"Young Mr. Lintot, the bookseller, came enquiring after *arms*, as belonging to his father, mother, and other relations, who now, it seems, want to turn *gentlefolks*. I could find none of their names."

Mr. Pope had at this period undoubtedly conceived a very ill impression of his *quondam* bookseller: and in 1727 vented his in-

His principal *delinquency*, however, seem
have been, that he was a stout man, cl
sily made, not a very considerable schc
and that he filled his shop with *rubric pc*
Against his benevolence and general m
character, there is not even an insinuat
In the first book, he is thus ungracio
introduced—

" Here miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's choice press, and Lintot's ru
post."

With regard to the rubric posts, or rat
slips of flat timber painted in alternate spa
of red and white, &c., with the names
authors, or celebrated works, inscribed
red, I recollect several persons to h
sported them, even in my day. Among
latest were James Buckland, at the sign
the Buck, in Paternoster Row; John Sew
in Cornhill; and Brown, in the Strand.

To return to *Curll* and *Lintot*, or *rat*
to *Lintot* and *Curll*. Although Lin
adorned his shop with titles in *red lette*
he was not fined, as Curll was, in the Co
of King's Bench, for selling *obscene books*

In the race described in the second bo
of the Dunciad, in honour of the goddess
dulness, Lintot and Curll* are ente
(improperly) as rival candidates :—

" But lofty Lintot in the circle rose;
' This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foe
With me began this genius, and shall end!'
He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fe
Stood dauntless Curll;—'Behold that rival her
The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
So take the hindmost, Hell!' (he said) and run
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-strip'd the wind
As when a dab-chick waddles through the
On f
So
W
W
A

a successful play.
were not given af
ninth representati
opinion that a far
main piece was c
desired that a far
first representati
example became

Whatever Pop
of Lintot, it is e
son increased in
great eminence a
going will testify
able Mr. Nichols,
an account of Lin
after the article i
the Lintots was
researches of Mr
a small memoran
prizing bookseller
purchased;" and
" Quarrels of A
some very interes
Pope and other
of his publication
which may be p
pages, Mr. Nich
which he obtaine

K.

BILL

l
l
l
l
l

hy so called?
vine—
ways sell,
line!

E ALDINE POETS.

IMPROMPTU.

Till the year 1722 farces
ter plays till the eighth or
ion. This leading to the
ce was a symptom that the
n the decline, La Mothe
e might be given after the
on of his *Romulus*. The
niversal.
's opinion may have been
vident that Lintot and his
respectability, and rose to
s booksellers—as the fore-
. The talented and vener-
who has given so excellent
tot, says that many months
his Literary Anecdotes on
printed off, the unwearied
D'Israeli brought to light
dum book of those enter-
s, entituled, "Copies, when
, from this document, his
thors" are illustrated by
ting particulars respecting
writers. But the plan
not admitting of *minutiæ*,
rdonable in his desultory
ls then, from a MS. from
l permission, from the late
Mr. James Nunn, bookseller, to copy the particulars of Lintot's purchases of copyright from authors and brethren in trade, enumerates the whole of them, alphabetically, for a period of twenty-five years. They form about a dozen pages, with notes on two hundred and fifty different works, the purchases of which, by Lintot, amounted to about 10,000*l*., out of which he paid 4,271*l*. 6*s*. 7½*d*. to Pope for his various productions, besides the rights that Pope retained in copies and in subscriptions, while poor Broom appears to have received only 35*l*. from Lintot for his Miscellany Poems! Surely, then, Pope seems to have had little cause of complaint against his bookseller; particularly as it has always been stated that he received upwards of 5000*l*. in the year that his Homer was completed, from the right he retained in the quarto and other editions. Poor Broom appears to have deserved more consideration, from the too frequently quoted lines of Dr. Johnson:

"Pope translated Homer, but they say
Broom went before, and gently swept the way."

I AM, &c.,
AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

OF PARCELS OF JACOB TONSON THE BOOKSELLER

From the Original in the Collection of a Lady.

To Sr Wm Trumball
October 28 1694

Cooks Detection 2 Volls	0 : 7 : 0
Temples Introduct: pl	0 : 3 : 0
ffeb 5th	
Wingate's Abridgment }	
Washingtons Abridgmt }	0 : 9 : 6
Polyanthea lit	0 : 14 :
	1· 13 6

Received the full
contents of this Bill
Pr me
Jacob Tonson

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Thackeray

THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS

OF THE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

LECTURE THE FIRST.

SWIFT.

In treating of the English humourists of the past age, it is of the men and of their lives, rather than of their books, that I ask permission to speak to you; and in doing so, you are aware that I cannot hope to entertain you with a merely humourous or facetious story. Harlequin without his mask is known to present a very sober countenance, and was himself, the story goes, the melancholy patient whom the Doctor advised to go and see Harlequin[1]—a man full of cares and perplexities like the rest of us, whose Self must always be serious to him, under whatever mask

[1] The anecdote is frequently told of our performer, Rich.

or disguise, or uniform he presents it to the public. And as all of you here must needs be grave when you think of your own past and present, you will not look to find, in the histories of those whose lives and feelings I am going to try and describe to you, a story that is otherwise than serious, and often very sad. If Humour only meant laughter, you would scarcely feel more interest about humourous writers than about the private life of poor Harlequin just mentioned, who possesses in common with these the power of making you laugh. But the men regarding whose lives and stories your kind presence here shows that you have curiosity and sympathy, appeal to a great number of our other faculties, besides our mere sense of ridicule. The humourous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him. And, as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralise upon *his* life when he is gone—and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon.



Of English parents, and of a good English family of clergymen,[1] Swift was born in Dublin in 1667, seven months after the death of his father, who had come to practise there as a lawyer. The boy went to school at Kilkenny, and afterwards to Trinity College, Dublin, where he got a degree with difficulty, and was wild, and witty, and poor. In 1688, by the recommendation of his mother, Swift was received into the family of Sir William Temple, who had known Mrs. Swift in Ireland. He left his patron in 1693, and the next year took orders in Dublin. But he threw up the small Irish preferment which he got and returned to Temple, in whose family he remained until Sir William's death in 1699. His hopes of

[1] He was from a younger branch of the Swifts of Yorkshire. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Swift, Vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, suffered for his loyalty in Charles I.'s time. That gentleman married Elizabeth Dryden, a member of the family of the poet. Sir Walter Scott gives, with his characteristic minuteness in such points, the exact relationship between these famous men. Swift was "the son of Dryden's second cousin." Swift, too, was the enemy of Dryden's reputation. Witness the "Battle of the Books:"—"The difference was greatest among the horse," says he of the moderns, "where every private trooper pretended to the command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Withers." And in "Poetry, a Rhapsody," he advises the poetaster to—

> "Read all the Prefaces of Dryden,
> For these our critics much confide in,
> Though merely writ, at first, for filling,
> To raise the volume's price a shilling."

"Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," was the phrase of Dryden to his kinsman, which remained alive in a memory tenacious of such matters.

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advancement in England failing, Swift returned to Ireland, and took the living of Laracor. Hither he invited Hester Johnson,[1] Temple's natural daughter, with whom he had contracted a tender friendship, while they were both dependents of Temple's. And with an occasional visit to England, Swift now passed nine years at home.

In 1709 he came to England, and, with a brief visit to Ireland, during which he took possession of his deanery of St. Patrick, he now passed five years in England, taking the most distinguished part in the political transactions which terminated with the death of Queen Anne. After her death, his party disgraced, and his hopes of ambition over, Swift returned to Dublin, where he remained twelve years. In this time he wrote the famous "Drapier's Letters" and "Gulliver's Travels." He married Hester Johnson, Stella, and buried Esther Vanhomrigh, Vanessa, who had followed him to Ireland from London, where she had contracted a violent passion for him. In 1726 and 1727 Swift was in England, which he quitted for the last time on hearing of his wife's illness. Stella died in January, 1728, and Swift not until 1745, having passed the last five of the seventy-

[1] "Miss Hetty" she was called in the family—where her face, and her dress, and Sir William's treatment of her, all made the real fact about her birth plain enough. Sir William left her a thousand pounds.

eight years of his life with an impaired intellect and keepers to watch him.[1]

You know, of course, that Swift has had many biographers; his life has been told by the kindest and most good-natured of men, Scott, who admires but can't bring himself to love him; and by stout old Johnson,[2] who, forced to admit him into

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[1] Sometimes, during his mental affliction, he continued walking about the house for many consecutive hours; sometimes he remained in a kind of torpor. At times, he would seem to struggle to bring into distinct consciousness, and shape into expression, the intellect that lay smothering under gloomy obstruction in him. A pier-glass falling by accident, nearly fell on him. He said, he wished it had! He once repeated, slowly, several times, "I am what I am." The last thing he wrote was an epigram on the building of a magazine for arms and stores, which was pointed out to him as he went abroad during his mental disease:—

Behold a proof of Irish sense:
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
They build a magazine!

[2] Besides these famous books of Scott's and Johnson's, there is a copious "Life" by Thomas Sheridan (Dr. Johnson's "Sherry"), father of Richard Brinsley, and son of that good-natured, clever, Irish, Dr. Thomas Sheridan, Swift's intimate, who lost his chaplaincy by so unluckily choosing for a text on the king's birthday, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!" Not to mention less important works, there is also the "Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift," by that polite and dignified writer, the Earl of Orrery. His lordship is said to have striven for literary renown, chiefly that he might make up for the slight passed on him by his father, who left his library away from him. It is to be feared that the ink he used to wash out that stain only made it look bigger. He had, however, known Swift, and corre-

the company of poets, receives the famous Irishman, and takes off his hat to him with a bow of surly recognition, scans him from head to foot, and passes over to the other side of the street. Dr. Wilde of Dublin,[1] who has written a most interesting volume on the closing years of Swift's life, calls Johnson "the most malignant of his biographers:" it is not easy for an English critic to please Irishmen—perhaps to try and please them. And yet Johnson truly admires Swift: Johnson does not quarrel with Swift's change of politics, or doubt his sincerity of religion: about the famous Stella and Vanessa controversy the Doctor does not bear very hardly on Swift. But he could not give

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sponded with people who knew him. His work (which appeared in 1751) provoked a good deal of controversy, calling out, among other *brochures*, the interesting "Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks," &c., of Dr. Delany.

[1] Dr. Wilde's book was written on the occasion of the remains of Swift and Stella being brought to the light of day—a thing which happened in 1835, when certain works going on in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, afforded an opportunity of their being examined. One hears with surprise of these skulls "going the rounds" of houses, and being made the objects of *dilettante* curiosity. The larynx of Swift was actually carried off! Phrenologists had a low opinion of his intellect, from the observations they took.

Dr. Wilde traces the symptoms of ill-health in Swift, as detailed in his writings from time to time. He observes, likewise, that the skull gave evidence of "diseased action" of the brain during life—such as would be produced by an increasing tendency to "cerebral congestion."

the Dean that honest hand of his; the stout old man puts it into his breast, and moves off from him.[1]

Would we have liked to live with him? That is a question which, in dealing with these people's works, and thinking of their lives and peculiarities, every reader of biographies must put to himself. Would you have liked to be a friend of the great Dean? I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's staircase in the Temple, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latch-key, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson, and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck? The charm of Addison's companionship and conversation has passed to us by fond tradition—but Swift? If you had been his inferior in parts (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear is only very likely), his equal in mere social station, he

[1] "He [Dr. Johnson] seemed to me to have an unaccountable prejudice against Swift; for I once took the liberty to ask him if Swift had personally offended him, and he told me he had not."—BOSWELL'S *Tour to the Hebrides.*

would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you,[1] and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you — watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue riband, who flattered his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world. He would have been so manly, so sarcastic, so bright, odd,

[1] Few men, to be sure, dared this experiment, but yet their success was encouraging. One gentleman made a point of asking the Dean, whether his uncle Godwin had not given him his education. Swift, who hated *that* subject cordially, and, indeed, cared little for his kindred, said, sternly, "Yes; he gave me the education of a dog." "Then, sir," cried the other, striking his fist on the table, "you have not the gratitude of a dog!"

Other occasions there were when a bold face gave the Dean pause, even after his Irish almost-royal position was established. But he brought himself into greater danger on a certain occasion, and the amusing circumstances may be once more repeated here. He had unsparingly lashed the notable Dublin lawyer, Mr. Serjeant Bettesworth—

"So, at the bar, the booby Bettesworth,
Though half-a-crown out-pays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother-serjeant!"

The Serjeant, it is said, swore to have his life. He presented himself at the deanery. The Dean asked his name. "Sir, I am Serjeant Bett-es-worth."

"*In what regiment, pray?*" asked Swift.

A guard of volunteers formed themselves to defend the Dean at this time.

and original, that you might think he had no object in view but the indulgence of his humour, and that he was the most reckless, simple creature in the world. How he would have torn your enemies to pieces for you! and made fun of the Opposition! His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence;[1] he would have done your errands, but with the air of patronizing you, and after fighting your battles masked in the street or the press, would have kept on his hat before your wife and daughters in the drawing-room, content to take that sort of pay for his tremendous services as a bravo.[2]

[1] "But, my Hamilton, I will never hide the freedom of my sentiments from you. I am much inclined to believe that the temper of my friend Swift might occasion his English friends to wish him happily and properly promoted at a distance. His spirit, for I would give it the proper name, was ever untractable. The motions of his genius were often irregular. He assumed more the air of a patron than of a friend. He affected rather to dictate than advise."—ORRERY.

[2] . . . . "An anecdote which, though only told by Mrs. Pilkington, is well attested, bears, that the last time he was in London he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was but newly married. The Earl, it is supposed, being willing to have a little diversion, did not introduce him to his lady nor mention his name. After dinner said the Dean, 'Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song.' The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused. He said, 'She should sing, or he would make her. Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge-parsons; sing when I bid you.' As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed that she burst into tears and retired. His first compliment to her when he saw her again was, 'Pray, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured now

He says as much himself in one of his letters to Bolingbroke:—"All my endeavours to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter. And so the reputation of wit and great learning does the office of a blue riband or a coach and six." [1]

Could there be a greater candour? It is an outlaw, who says, "These are my brains; with these I'll win titles and compete with fortune. These are my bullets; these I'll turn into gold;" and he hears the sound of coaches and six, takes the road like

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as when I saw you last?' To which she answered with great good-humour, 'No, Mr. Dean; I'll sing for you if you please.' From which time he conceived a great esteem for her."—SCOTT'S *Life*. . . . . "He had not the least tincture of vanity in his conversation. He was, perhaps, as he said himself, too proud to be vain. When he was polite, it was in a manner entirely his own. In his friendships he was constant and undisguised. He was the same in his enmities."—ORRERY.

[1] "I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintances."—*Journal to Stella.*

"I am plagued with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me."—*Journal to Stella.*

The following curious paragraph illustrates the life of a courtier:—

"Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear just as I do? . . . . I dare not tell him that I am so, sir; *for fear he should think that I counterfeited to make my court!*"—*Journal to Stella.*



Macheath, and makes society stand and deliver. They are all on their knees before him. Down go my lord bishop's apron, and his Grace's blue riband, and my lady's brocade petticoat in the mud. He eases the one of a living, the other of a patent place, the third of a little snug post about the Court, and gives them over to followers of his own. The great prize has not come yet. The coach with the mitre and crosier in it, which he intends to have for *his* share, has been delayed on the way from St. James's; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different road, and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse, and rides away into his own country.[1]

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[1] The war of pamphlets was carried on fiercely on one side and the other: and the Whig attacks made the ministry Swift served very sore. Bolingbroke laid hold of several of the Opposition pamphleteers, and bewails their "factitiousness" in the following letter:

"BOLINGBROKE TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

"*Whitehall, July* 23*rd*, 1712.

"It is a melancholy consideration that the laws of our country are too weak to punish effectually those factitious scribblers, who presume to blacken the brightest characters, and to give even scurrilous language to those who are in the first degrees of honour. This, my lord, among others, is a symptom of the decayed condition of our government, and serves to show how fatally we mistake licentiousness for liberty. All I could do was to take up Hart, the printer, to send him to Newgate, and to bind him over upon bail to be prosecuted; this I have done; and if I can arrive

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Swift's seems to me to be as good a name to point a moral or adorn a tale of ambition, as any hero's that ever lived and failed. But we must remember that the morality was lax—that other gentlemen besides himself took the road in his day — that public society was in a strange disordered condition, and the State was ravaged by other condottieri. The Boyne was being fought and won, and lost—

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at legal proof against the author Ridpath, he shall have the same treatment."

Swift was not behind his illustrious friend in this virtuous indignation. In the history of the four last years of the Queen, the Dean speaks in the most edifying manner of the licentiousness of the press and the abusive language of the other party:

"It must be acknowledged that the bad practices of printers have been such as to deserve the severest animadversion from the public. . . . . The adverse party, full of rage and leisure since their fall, and unanimous in their cause, employ a set of writers by subscription, who are well versed in all the topics of defamation, and have a style and genius levelled to the generality of their readers. . . . . However, the mischiefs of the press were too exorbitant to be cured by such a remedy as a tax upon small papers, and a bill for a much more effectual regulation of it was brought into the House of Commons, but so late in the session that there was no time to pass it, for there always appeared an unwillingness to cramp overmuch the liberty of the press."

But to a clause in the proposed bill, that the names of authors should be set to every printed book, pamphlet, or paper, his reverence objects altogether, for, says he, "beside the objection to this clause from the practice of pious men, who, in publishing excellent writings for the service of religion, have chosen, *out of an humble Christian spirit, to conceal their names*, it is certain that all persons of true genius or knowledge have an invincible modesty and suspicion of themselves upon first sending their thoughts into the world."

the bells rung in William's victory, in the very same tone with which they would have pealed for James's. Men were loose upon politics, and had to shift for themselves. They, as well as old beliefs and institutions, had lost their moorings and gone adrift in the storm. As in the South Sea Bubble almost every body gambled; as in the Railway mania —not many centuries ago—almost every one took his unlucky share; a man of that time, of the vast

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This "invincible modesty" was no doubt the sole reason which induced the Dean to keep the secret of the "Drapier's Letters" and a hundred humble Christian works of which he was the author. As for the Opposition, the Doctor was for dealing severely with them: he writes to Stella:—

JOURNAL. LETTER XIX.

"*London, March 25th*, 1710–11.

". . . . . We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for twopence a piece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body and say, 'See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his Grace the Duke of Ormond;' and, 'This is the wound,' &c.; and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of the law every man is innocent till then." * * * *

JOURNAL. LETTER XXVII.

"*London, July 25th*, 1711.

"I was this afternoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The Under Secretary was willing to save him; but I told the Secretary he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the Judge; besides he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else, and so he shall swing."

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talents and ambition of Swift, could scarce do otherwise than grasp at his prize, and make his spring at his opportunity. His bitterness, his scorn, his rage, his subsequent misanthropy, are ascribed by some panegyrists to a deliberate conviction of mankind's unworthiness, and a desire to amend them by castigating. His youth was bitter, as that of a great genius bound down by ignoble ties, and powerless in a mean dependence; his age was bitter,[1] like that of a great genius that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterwards writhing in a lonely exile. A man may attribute to the gods, if he likes, what is caused by his own fury, or disappointment, or self-will. What public man—what statesman projecting a *coup*—what king determined on an invasion of his neighbour—what satirist meditating an onslaught on society or an individual, can't give a pretext for his move? There was a French general the other day who proposed to march into this country and put it to sack and pillage, in revenge for humanity outraged by our conduct at Copenhagen—there is always some excuse for men of the aggressive turn. They are of their nature warlike, predatory, eager for fight, plunder, dominion.[2]

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[1] It was his constant practice to keep his birth-day as a day of mourning.

[2] "These devils of Grub-street rogues, that write the Flying-Post



As fierce a beak and talon as ever struck—as strong a wing as ever beat, belonged to Swift. I am glad, for one, that fate wrested the prey out of his claws, and cut his wings and chained him. One can gaze, and not without awe and pity, at the lonely eagle chained behind the bars.

That Swift was born at No. 7, Hoey's-court, Dublin, on the 30th November, 1667, is a certain fact, of which nobody will deny the sister island the honour and glory; but, it seems to me, he was no more an Irishman than a man born of English parents at Calcutta is a Hindoo.[1] Goldsmith was an Irishman,

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and Medley in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes round."—*Journal to Stella.*

[1] Swift was by no means inclined to forget such considerations; and his English birth makes its mark, strikingly enough, every now and then in his writings. Thus in a letter to Pope (Scott's *Swift*, vol. xix. p. 97), he says—

"We have had your volume of letters . . . . Some of those who highly value you, and a few who knew you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom, and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom); but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred."

And again, in the fourth Drapier's Letter, we have the following:—

"A short paper, printed at Bristol, and reprinted here, reports Mr. Wood to say 'that he wonders at the impudence and insolence

and always an Irishman: Steele was an Irishman, and always an Irishman: Swift's heart was English and in England, his habits English, his logic eminently English; his statement is elaborately simple; he shuns tropes and metaphors, and uses his ideas and words with a wise thrift and economy, as he used his money; with which he could be generous and splendid upon great occasions, but which he husbanded when there was no need to spend it. He never indulges in needless extravagance of rhetoric, lavish epithets, profuse imagery. He lays his opinion before you with a grave simplicity and a perfect neatness.[1] Dreading ridicule too, as a man of his humour

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of the Irish, in refusing his coin.' When by the way, it is the true English people of Ireland who refuse it, although we take it for granted that the Irish will do so too whenever they are asked."—SCOTT's *Swift*, vol. iv. p. 143.

He goes further, in a good-humoured satirical paper, "On Barbarous Denominations in Ireland," where (after abusing, as he was wont, the Scotch cadence, as well as expression,) he advances to the "*Irish brogue*," and speaking of the "censure" which it brings down, says:—

"And what is yet worse, it is too well known that the bad consequence of this opinion affects those among us who are not the least liable to such reproaches farther than the misfortune of being born in Ireland, although of English parents, and whose education has been chiefly in that kingdom."—*Ibid.* vol. vii. p. 149.

But, indeed, if we are to make *anything* of Race at all, we must call that man an Englishman whose father comes from an old Yorkshire family, and his mother from an old Leicestershire one!

[1] "The style of his conversation was very much of a piece with that of his writings, concise and clear and strong. Being one day at a Sheriff's feast, who amongst other toasts called out to him,

—above all an Englishman of his humour—certainly would, he is afraid to use the poetical power which he really possessed; one often fancies in reading him that he dares not be eloquent when he might; that he does not speak above his voice, as it were, and the tone of society.

His initiation into politics, his knowledge of business, his knowledge of polite life, his acquaintance with literature even, which he could not have pursued very sedulously during that reckless career at Dublin, Swift got under the roof of Sir William Temple. He was fond of telling in after life what quantities of books he devoured there, and how King William taught him to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion. It was at Shene and at Moor Park, with a salary of twenty pounds and a dinner at the upper servants' table, that this great and lonely Swift passed a ten years' apprenticeship—wore a cassock that was only

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'Mr. Dean, The trade of Ireland!' He answered quick: 'Sir, I drink no memories!' . . . . . .

"Happening to be in company with a petulant young man who prided himself on saying pert things . . . and who cried out—'You must know, Mr. Dean, that I set up for a wit?' 'Do you so,' says the Dean, 'take my advice, and sit down again!'

"At another time, being in company, where a lady whisking her long train [long trains were then in fashion] swept down a fine fiddle and broke it; Swift cried out—

"Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

—Dr. Delany. *Observations upon Lord Orrery's "Remarks, &c." in Swift.* London, 1754.

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not a livery—bent down a knee as proud as Lucifer's to supplicate my lady's good graces, or run on his honour's errands.[1] It was here, as he was writing at Temple's table, or following his patron's walk, that he saw and heard the men who had governed the great world—measured himself with them, looking up from his silent corner, gauged their brains, weighed their wits, turned them, and tried them, and marked them. Ah! what platitudes he must have heard! what feeble jokes! what pompous commonplaces! what small men they must have seemed under those enormous periwigs, to the swarthy, uncouth, silent Irish secretary. I wonder whether it ever struck Temple that that Irishman was his master? I suppose that dismal conviction did not present itself under the ambrosial wig, or Temple could never have lived with Swift. Swift sickened, rebelled, left the service —ate humble pie and came back again; and so for ten years went on, gathering learning, swallowing scorn, and submitting with a stealthy rage to his fortune.

Temple's style is the perfection of practised and easy good-breeding. If he does not penetrate very

[1] "Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirits since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman."—*Journal to Stella.*

deeply into a subject, he professes a very gentlemanly acquaintance with it; if he makes rather a parade of Latin, it was the custom of his day, as it was the custom for a gentleman to envelope his head in a periwig and his hands in lace ruffles. If he wears buckles and square-toed shoes, he steps in them with a consummate grace, and you never hear their creak, or find them treading upon any lady's train or any rival's heels in the Court crowd. When that grows too hot or too agitated for him, he politely leaves it. He retires to his retreat of Shene or Moor Park; and lets the King's party, and the Prince of Orange's party battle it out among themselves. He reveres the Sovereign (and no man perhaps ever testified to his loyalty by so elegant a bow); he admires the Prince of Orange; but there is one person whose ease and comfort he loves more than all the princes in Christendom, and that valuable member of society is himself Gulielmus Temple, Baronettus. One sees him in his retreat; between his study-chair and his tulip beds,[1] clipping his apricots and pruning his

[1] . . . "The Epicureans were more intelligible in their notion, and fortunate in their expression, when they placed a man's happiness in the tranquillity of his mind and indolence of body; for while we are composed of both, I doubt both must have a share in the good or ill we feel. As men of several languages say the same things in very different words, so in several ages, countries, constitutions of laws and religion, the same thing seems to be meant by very different expressions; what is called by the Stoics apathy, or dispassion; by the sceptics, indisturbance; by the

essays,—the statesman, the ambassador no more; but the philosopher, the Epicurean, the fine gentleman and courtier at St. James's as at Shene; where in place of kings and fair ladies, he pays his court to the Ciceronian majesty; or walks a minuet with the Epic Muse; or dallies by the south wall with the ruddy nymph of gardens.

Molinists, quietism; by common men, peace of conscience,—seems all to mean but great tranquillity of mind. . . . . For this reason Epicurus passed his life wholly in his garden: there he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and, indeed, no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much to both the tranquillity of mind and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. The sweetness of the air, the pleasantness of smell, the verdure of plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercise of working or walking; but, above all, the exemption from cares and solicitude, seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of the body and mind. . . . . Where Paradise was has been much debated, and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it as what was much in use and delight among the kings of those eastern countries. Strabo describing Jericho: 'Ibi est palmetum, cui immixtæ sunt etiam aliæ stirpes hortenses, locus ferax palmis abundans, spatio stadiorum centum, totus irriguus, ibi est Regis Balsami paradisus.'"—*Essay on Gardens.*

In the same famous essay Temple speaks of a friend, whose conduct and prudence he characteristically admires.

. . . . "I thought it very prudent in a gentleman of my friends in Staffordshire, who is a great lover of his garden, to pretend no higher, though his soil be good enough, than to the perfection of plums; and in these (by bestowing south walls upon them) he has very well succeeded, which he could never have done in attempts upon peaches and grapes; and *a good plum is certainly better than an ill peach.*"



Temple seems to have received and exacted a prodigious deal of veneration from his household, and to have been coaxed, and warmed, and cuddled by the people round about him, as delicately as any of the plants which he loved. When he fell ill in 1693, the household was aghast at his indisposition; mild Dorothea his wife, the best companion of the best of men—

> "Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise, and great,
> Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate."

As for Dorinda, his sister,—

> "Those who would grief describe, might come and trace
> Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face.
> To see her weep, joy every face forsook,
> And grief flung sables on each menial look.
> The humble tribe mourned for the quickening soul,
> That furnished life and spirit through the whole."

Isn't that line in which grief is described as putting the menials into a mourning livery, a fine image? One of the menials wrote it, who did not like that Temple livery nor those twenty-pound wages. Cannot one fancy the uncouth young servitor, with downcast eyes, books and papers in hand, following at his Honour's heels in the garden walk; or taking his Honour's orders as he stands by the great chair, where Sir William has the gout, and his feet all blistered with moxa? When Sir William has the gout or scolds it must be hard work at the second

table;[1] the Irish secretary owned as much afterwards: and when he came to dinner, how he must

[1] SWIFT'S THOUGHTS ON HANGING.

(*Directions to Servants.*)

"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 making 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 housebreaking, 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: 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 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 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. . . . . ."

have lashed and growled and torn the household with his gibes and scorn! What would the steward say about the pride of them Irish schollards—and this one had got no great credit even at his Irish college, if the truth were known—and what a contempt his Excellency's own gentleman must have had for Parson Teague from Dublin. (The valets and chaplains were always at war. It is hard to say which Swift thought the more contemptible.) And what must have been the sadness, the sadness and terror, of the housekeeper's little daughter with the curling black ringlets and the sweet smiling face, when the secretary who teaches her to read and write, and whom she loves and reverences above all things—above mother, above mild Dorothea, above that tremendous Sir William in his square-toes and periwig,—when *Mr. Swift* comes down from his master with rage in his heart, and has not a kind word even for little Hester Johnson?

Perhaps, for the Irish secretary, his Excellency's condescension was even more cruel than his frowns. Sir William *would* perpetually quote Latin and the ancient classics *à propos* of his gardens and his Dutch statues and *plates bandes*, and talk about Epicurus and Diogenes Laertius, Julius Cæsar, Semiramis, and the gardens of the Hesperides, Mæcenas, Strabo describing Jericho, and the Assyrian kings. *A propos* of beans, he would mention Pythagoras's precept to

abstain from beans, and that this precept probably meant that wise men should abstain from public affairs. *He* is a placid Epicurean; *he* is a Pythagorean philosopher; *he* is a wise man—that is the deduction. Does not Swift think so? One can imagine the downcast eyes lifted up for a moment, and the flash of scorn which they emit. Swift's eyes were as azure as the heavens; Pope says nobly (as everything Pope said and thought of his friend was good and noble), "His eyes are as azure as the heavens, and have a charming archness in them." And one person in that household, that pompous stately kindly Moor Park, saw heaven nowhere else.

But the Temple amenities and solemnities did not agree with Swift. He was half-killed with a surfeit of Shene pippins; and in a garden-seat which he devised for himself at Moor Park, and where he devoured greedily the stock of books within his reach, he caught a vertigo and deafness which punished and tormented him through life. He could not bear the place or the servitude. Even in that poem of courtly condolence, from which we have quoted a few lines of mock melancholy, he breaks out of the funereal procession with a mad shriek, as it were, and rushes away crying his own grief, cursing his own fate, foreboding madness, and forsaken by fortune, and even hope.



I don't know anything more melancholy than the letter to Temple, in which, after having broke from his bondage, the poor wretch crouches piteously towards his cage again, and deprecates his master's anger. He asks for testimonials for orders. "The particulars required of me are what relate to morals and learning; and the reasons of quitting your Honour's family—that is whether the last was occasioned by any ill action. They are left entirely to your Honour's mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself for anything further than for *infirmities*. This is all I dare at present beg from your Honour, under circumstances of life not worth your regard: what is left me to wish (next to the health and prosperity of your Honour and family) is that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet. I beg my most humble duty and service be presented to my ladies, your Honour's lady and sister."—Can prostration fall deeper? could a slave bow lower?[1]

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[1] "He continued in Sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man."—*Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, by the DEAN.

"It has since pleased God to take this great and good person to himself."—*Preface to Temple's Works.*

On all *public* occasions, Swift speaks of Sir William in the same tone. But the reader will better understand how acutely he remembered the indignities he suffered in his household, from the subjoined extracts from the *Journal to Stella*:—

"I called at Mr. Secretary the other day, to see what the d—— ailed him on Sunday: I made him a very proper speech; told

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Twenty years afterwards Bishop Kennet, describing the same man, says, "Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the antechamber [at Court] to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a place for a clergyman. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake, with my Lord Treasurer, that he should obtain a salary of 200*l.* per annum as member of the English Church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in to the Queen

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him I observed he was much out of temper, that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of—never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already" (*meaning Sir William Temple*), &c. &c.—*Journal to Stella.*

"I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for Sir William Temple because he might have been Secretary of State at fifty; and here is a young fellow hardly thirty in that employment."—*Ibid.*

"The Secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple makes about being Secretary of State."—*Ibid.*

"Lord Treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but is now quite well. I was playing at *one-and-thirty* with him and his family the other night. He gave us all twelvepence apiece to begin with; it put me in mind of Sir William Temple."—*Ibid.*

"I thought I saw Jack Temple [*nephew to Sir William*] and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family."—*S. to S., Sept.*, 1710.

with the red bag, and told him aloud, he had something to say to him from my Lord Treasurer. He took out his gold watch, and telling the time of day, complained that it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. 'How can I help it,' says the doctor, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English, for which he would have them all subscribe; 'For,' says he, 'he shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.'[1] Lord Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him,—both went off just before prayers." There's a little malice in the Bishop's "just before prayers."

This picture of the great Dean seems a true one, and is harsh, though not altogether unpleasant. He was doing good, and to deserving men too, in the midst of these intrigues and triumphs. His journals and a thousand anecdotes of him relate his kind

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[1] "Swift must be allowed," says Dr. Johnson, "for a time, to have dictated the political opinions of the English nation."

A conversation on the Dean's pamphlets excited one of the Doctor's liveliest sallies. "One, in particular, praised his 'Conduct of the Allies.'—JOHNSON: 'Sir, his 'Conduct of the Allies' is a performance of very little ability. . . . . Why, sir, Tom Davies might have written the 'Conduct of the Allies!'"—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson.*

acts and rough manners. His hand was constantly stretched out to relieve an honest man — he was cautious about his money, but ready.—If you were in a strait would you like such a benefactor? I think I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith than have been beholden to the Dean for a guinea and a dinner.[1] He insulted a man as he served him, made women cry, guests look foolish, bullied unlucky friends, and flung his benefactions into poor men's faces. No; the Dean was no Irishman—no Irishman ever gave but with a kind word and a kind heart.

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[1] "Whenever he fell into the company of any person for the first time, it was his custom to try their tempers and disposition by some abrupt question that bore the appearance of rudeness. If this were well taken, and answered with good humour, he afterwards made amends by his civilities. But if he saw any marks of resentment, from alarmed pride, vanity, or conceit, he dropped all further intercourse with the party. This will be illustrated by an anecdote of that sort related by Mrs. Pilkington. After supper, the Dean having decanted a bottle of wine, poured what remained into a glass, and seeing it was muddy, presented it to Mr. Pilkington to drink it. 'For,' said he, 'I always keep some poor parson to drink the foul wine for me.' Mr. Pilkington, entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him 'he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glass at any rate.' 'Why then,' said the Dean, 'you shan't, for I'll drink it myself. Why, —— take you, you are wiser than a paltry curate whom I asked to dine with me a few days ago; for upon my making the same speech to him, he said, he did not understand such usage, and so walked off without his dinner. By the same token, I told the gentleman who recommended him to me, that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him.'"—SHERIDAN'S *Life of Swift*.

It is told, as if it were to Swift's credit, that the Dean of St. Patrick's performed his family devotions every morning regularly, but with such secresy, that the guests in his house were never in the least aware of the ceremony. There was no need surely why a church dignitary should assemble his family privily in a crypt, and as if he was afraid of heathen persecution. But I think the world was right, and the bishops who advised Queen Anne, when they counselled her not to appoint the author of the "Tale of a Tub" to a bishopric, gave perfectly good advice. The man who wrote the arguments and illustrations in that wild book, could not but be aware what must be the sequel of the propositions which he laid down. The boon companion of Pope and Bolingbroke, who chose these as the friends of his life, and the recipients of his confidence and affection, must have heard many an argument, and joined in many a conversation over Pope's port, or St. John's Burgundy, which would not bear to be repeated at other men's boards.

I know of few things more conclusive as to the sincerity of Swift's religion than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the Bench. Gay, the author of the "Beggar's Opera"—Gay, the wildest of the wits about town—it was this man that Jonathan Swift advised to take orders—to invest in a cassock and bands—just as

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he advised him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest.[1] The Queen, and

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[1] FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

"*Cashell, May* 31*st*, 1735.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I have been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am likely to be overmatched; and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness; but, in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents rather than mere sloth. I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which, by the help of the prime serjeant, I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true Irish bishop. Sir James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of my predecessors. He tells me, they were born in such a town of England or Ireland; were consecrated such a year; and, if not translated, were buried in the Cathedral church, either on the north or south side. Whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example I propose for the remainder of my life to follow; for to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent on any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation.

"I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I do not know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances, as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inns at all: but I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just midway, there lives in a neat thatched cabin, a parson, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. Her chickens are the fattest, and her ale

the bishops, and the world, were right in mistrusting the religion of that man.

I am not here, of course, to speak of any man's religious views, except in so far as they influence his literary character, his life, his humour. The most notorious sinners of all those fellow-mortals whom it is our business to discuss—Harry Fielding and Dick Steele, were especially loud, and I believe really fervent, in their expressions of belief; they belaboured freethinkers, and stoned imaginary atheists on all sorts of occasions, going out of their way to bawl their own creed, and persecute their neighbour's, and if they sinned and stumbled, as they constantly did with debt, with drink, with all sorts of bad

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the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogshead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I design to meet you with a coach; if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner we will set out about four, and be at Cashell by nine; and by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will show us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that, which are certainly very bad. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you, and am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient servant,

"THEO. CASHELL."

behaviour, they got up on their knees, and cried "Peccavi" with a most sonorous orthodoxy. Yes; poor Harry Fielding and poor Dick Steele were trusty and undoubting Church of England men; they abhorred Popery, Atheism, and wooden shoes, and idolatries in general; and hiccupped Church and State with fervour.

But Swift? *His* mind had had a different schooling, and possessed a very different logical power. *He* was not bred up in a tipsy guard-room, and did not learn to reason in a Covent Garden tavern. He could conduct an argument from beginning to end. He could see forward with a fatal clearness. In his old age, looking at the "Tale of a Tub," when he said, "Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" I think he was admiring not the genius, but the consequences to which the genius had brought him—a vast genius, a magnificent genius, a genius wonderfully bright, and dazzling, and strong,—to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood and scorch it into perdition, to penetrate into the hidden motives, and expose the black thoughts of men,—an awful, an evil spirit.

Ah, man! you, educated in Epicurean Temple's library, you whose friends were Pope and St. John—what made you to swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy before the Heaven which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and

reverence? For Swift was a reverent, was a pious spirit—for Swift could love and could pray. Through the storms and tempests of his furious mind, the stars of religion and love break out in the blue, shining serenely, though hidden by the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of his life.

It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostasy out to hire.[1] The paper left behind him, called "Thoughts on Religion," is merely a set of excuses for not professing disbelief. He says of his sermons that he preached pamphlets: they have scarce a Christian characteristic; they might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffee-house almost. There is little or no cant—he is too great and too proud for that; and, in so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest. But having put that cassock on, it poisoned him: he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come

[1] "Mr. Swift lived with him [Sir William Temple] some time, but resolving to settle himself in some way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the Church merely for support."—*Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, by the DEAN.

and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! what a lonely rage and long agony—what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant![1] It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I can't fancy Shakspeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain.

The "sæva indignatio" of which he spoke as lacerating his heart, and which he dares to inscribe on his tombstone—as if the wretch who lay under that stone waiting God's judgment had a right to be angry—breaks out from him in a thousand pages of his writing, and tears and rends him. Against men in office, he having been overthrown; against men in England, he having lost his chance of preferment there, the furious exile never fails to rage and curse. Is it fair to call the famous "Drapier's Letters" patriotism? They are master-pieces of dreadful humour and invective: they are reasoned logically enough too, but the proposition is as monstrous and

[1] "Dr. Swift had a natural severity of face, which even his smiles could never soften, or his utmost gaiety render placid and serene; but when that sternness of visage was increased by rage, it is scarce possible to imagine looks or features that carried in them more terror and austerity."—ORRERY.

fabulous as the Lilliputian island. It is not that the grievance is so great, but there is his enemy—the assault is wonderful for its activity and terrible rage. It is Samson, with a bone in his hand, rushing on his enemies and felling them: one admires not the cause so much as the strength, the anger, the fury of the champion. As is the case with madmen, certain subjects provoke him, and awaken his fits of wrath. Marriage is one of these; in a hundred passages in his writings he rages against it; rages against children; an object of constant satire, even more contemptible in his eyes than a lord's chaplain, is a poor curate with a large family. The idea of this luckless paternity never fails to bring down from him gibes and foul language. Could Dick Steele, or Goldsmith, or Fielding, in his most reckless moment of satire, have written anything like the Dean's famous "modest proposal" for eating children? Not one of these but melts at the thoughts of childhood, fondles and caresses it. Mr. Dean has no such softness, and enters the nursery with the tread and gaiety of an ogre.[1] "I have been assured," says he in the "Modest Proposal," "by a very knowing

[1] "*London, April* 10*th*, 1713.

"Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live; and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the Queen, but leave everything, to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own." . . . .—*Journal.*

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American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well-nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt it will equally serve in a *ragoût*." And taking up this pretty joke, as his way is, he argues it with perfect gravity and logic. He turns and twists this subject in a score of different ways: he hashes it; and he serves it up cold; and he garnishes it; and relishes it always. He describes the little animal as "dropped from its dam," advising that the mother should let it suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render it plump and fat for a good table! "A child," says his reverence, "will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish," and so on; and, the subject being so delightful that he can't leave it—he proceeds to recommend, in place of venison for squires' tables, "the bodies of young lads and maidens not exceeding fourteen or under twelve." Amiable humourist! laughing castigator of morals! There was a process well-known and practised in the Dean's gay days: when a lout entered the coffee-house, the wags proceeded to what they called "roasting" him. This is roasting a subject with a vengeance. The Dean had a native genius for it. As the "Almanach des Gourmands" says, *On naît rótisseur.*

And it was not merely by the sarcastic method that Swift exposed the unreasonableness of loving and having children. In Gulliver, the folly of love and marriage is urged by graver arguments and advice. In the famous Lilliputian kingdom, Swift speaks with approval of the practice of instantly removing children from their parents and educating them by the State; and amongst his favourite horses, a pair of foals are stated to be the very utmost a well-regulated equine couple would permit themselves. In fact, our great satirist was of opinion that conjugal love was unadvisable, and illustrated the theory by his own practice and example—God help him—which made him about the most wretched being in God's world.[1]

The grave and logical conduct of an absurd proposition, as exemplified in the cannibal proposal just mentioned, is our author's constant method through all his works of humour. Given a country of people six inches or sixty feet high, and by the mere process of the logic, a thousand wonderful absurdities are evolved, at so many stages of the calculation. Turning to the first minister who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the mainmast of the "Royal Sovereign," the king of Brobdingnag ob-

[1] "My health is somewhat mended, but at best I have an ill head and an aching heart."—*In May*, 1719.

serves how contemptible a thing human grandeur is, as represented by such a contemptible little creature as Gulliver. "The Emperor of Lilliput's features are strong and masculine (what a surprising humour there is in this description!)—the Emperor's features," Gulliver says, "are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, an arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well-proportioned, and his deportment majestic. He is taller *by the breadth of my nail* than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into beholders."

What a surprising humour there is in these descriptions! How noble the satire is here! how just and honest! How perfect the image! Mr. Macaulay has quoted the charming lines of the poet, where the king of the pigmies is measured by the same standard. We have all read in Milton of the spear that was like "the mast of some tall admiral," but these images are surely likely to come to the comic poet originally. The subject is before him. He is turning it in a thousand ways. He is full of it. The figure suggests itself naturally to him, and comes out of his subject, as in that wonderful passage, when Gulliver's box having been dropped by the eagle into the sea, and Gulliver having been received into the ship's cabin, he calls upon the crew to bring the box into the cabin, and put it on the table, the

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cabin being only a quarter the size of the box. It is the *veracity* of the blunder which is so admirable. Had a man come from such a country as Brobdingnag he would have blundered so.

But the best stroke of humour, if there be a best in that abounding book, is that where Gulliver, in the unpronounceable country, describes his parting from his master the horse.[1] "I took," he says, "a

[1] Perhaps the most melancholy satire in the whole of the dreadful book, is the description of the very old people in the Voyage to Laputa. At Lugnag, Gulliver hears of some persons who never die, called the Struldbrugs, and expressing a wish to become acquainted with men who must have so much learning and experience, his colloquist describes the Struldbrugs to him.

"He said, They commonly acted like mortals, till about thirty years old, after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament, and repent that others are gone to a harbour of rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect.

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second leave of my master, but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the

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And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

"If a Struldbrug happened to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it to be a reasonable indulgence that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

"As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period, they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit, they cannot purchase lands or take leases, neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

"At ninety they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relatives. For the same reason, they can never amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

"The language of this country being always on the flux, the Struldbrugs of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (further than by a few general words) with their neigh-

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honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither am I ignorant how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary

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bours, the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

"This was the account given me of the Struldbrugs, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me several times by some of my friends; but although they were told 'that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world,' they had not the least curiosity to ask me a single question; only desired I would give them slumskudask, or a token of remembrance; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

"They are despised and hated by all sorts of people; when one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly; so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is, by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

"They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld, and the women more horrible than the men; besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them."—*Gulliver's Travels.*

favours they have received. But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the Houyhnhnms they would soon change their opinion."

The surprise here, the audacity of circumstantial evidence, the astounding gravity of the speaker, who is not ignorant how much he has been censured, the nature of the favour conferred, and the respectful exultation at the receipt of it, are surely complete; it is truth topsy-turvy, entirely logical and absurd.

As for the humour and conduct of this famous fable, I suppose there is no person who reads but must admire; as for the moral, I think it horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and giant and great as this Dean is, I say we should hoot him. Some of this audience mayn't have read the last part of Gulliver, and to such I would recall the advice of the venerable Mr. Punch to persons about to marry, and say "Don't." When Gulliver first lands among the Yahoos, the naked howling wretches clamber up trees and assault him, and he describes himself as "almost stifled with the filth which fell about him." The reader of the fourth part of Gulliver's Travels is like the hero himself in this instance. It is Yahoo language; a monster gibbering shrieks, and gnashing imprecations against mankind—tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and

shame; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene.

And dreadful it is to think that Swift knew the tendency of his creed—the fatal rocks towards which his logic desperately drifted. That last part of Gulliver is only a consequence of what has gone before; and the worthlessness of all mankind, the pettiness, cruelty, pride, imbecility, the general vanity, the foolish pretension, the mock greatness, the pompous dulness, the mean aims, the base successes—all these were present to him; it was with the din of these curses of the world, blasphemies against Heaven, shrieking in his ears, that he began to write his dreadful allegory—of which the meaning is that man is utterly wicked, desperate, and imbecile, and his passions are so monstrous, and his boasted powers so mean, that he is and deserves to be the slave of brutes, and ignorance is better than his vaunted reason. What had this man done? what secret remorse was rankling at his heart? what fever was boiling in him, that he should see all the world blood-shot? We view the world with our own eyes, each of us; and we make from within us the world we see. A weary heart gets no gladness out of sunshine; a selfish man is sceptical about friendship, as a man with no ear doesn't care for music. A frightful self-consciousness it must have been, which looked on mankind so darkly through those keen eyes of Swift.

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A remarkable story is told by Scott, of Delany, who interrupted Archbishop King and Swift in a conversation which left the prelate in tears, and from which Swift rushed away with marks of strong terror and agitation in his countenance, upon which the archbishop said to Delany, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question."

The most unhappy man on earth;—Miserrimus—what a character of him! And at this time all the great wits of England had been at his feet. All Ireland had shouted after him, and worshipped as a liberator, a saviour, the greatest Irish patriot and citizen. Dean Drapier Bickerstaff Gulliver — the most famous statesmen, and the greatest poets of his day, had applauded him, and done him homage; and at this time writing over to Bolingbroke, from Ireland, he says, "It is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, *and not to die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.*"

We have spoken about the men, and Swift's behaviour to them; and now it behoves us not to forget that there are certain other persons in the creation who had rather intimate relations with the great Dean.[1] Two women whom he loved and injured are

[1] The name of Varina has been thrown into the shade by those of the famous Stella and Vanessa; but she had a story of her

known by every reader of books so familiarly that if we had seen them, or if they had been relatives of our own, we scarcely could have known them better. Who hasn't in his mind an image of Stella? Who does not love her? Fair and tender creature: pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you, now that you have been at rest for a hundred and twenty years, not divided in death from the cold heart which caused yours, whilst it beat, such faithful pangs of love and grief—boots it to you now, that the whole world loves and deplores you? Scarce any man, I believe, ever thought of that grave, that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a

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own to tell about the blue eyes of young Jonathan. One may say that the book of Swift's Life opens at places kept by these blighted flowers! Varina must have a paragraph.

She was a Miss Jane Waryng, sister to a college chum of his. In 1696, when Swift was nineteen years old, we find him writing a love-letter to her, beginning, "Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover." But absence made a great difference in his feelings; so, four years afterwards, the tone is changed. He writes again, a very curious letter, offering to marry her, and putting the offer in such a way that nobody could possibly accept it.

After dwelling on his poverty, &c., he says, conditionally, "I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the second, is all I ask for!"

The editors do not tell us what became of Varina in life. One would be glad to know that she met with some worthy partner, and lived long enough to see her little boys laughing over Lilliput, without any *arrière pensée* of a sad character about the great Dean!

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sweet epitaph. Gentle lady, so lovely, so loving, so unhappy! you have had countless champions; millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty; we watch and follow your tragedy, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We know your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story.

And if Stella's love and innocence are charming to contemplate, I will say that in spite of ill-usage, in spite of drawbacks, in spite of mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart—in the teeth of Vanessa, and that little episodical aberration which plunged Swift into such woeful pitfalls and quagmires of amorous perplexity—in spite of the verdicts of most women, I believe, who, as far as my experience and conversation go, generally take Vanessa's part in the controversy—in spite of the tears which Swift caused Stella to shed, and the rocks and barriers which fate and temper interposed, and which prevented the pure course of that true love from running smoothly—the brightest part of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson. It has been my business, professionally of course, to go through a deal of sentimental reading in my time, and to acquaint myself with love-making, as it has

been described in various languages, and at various ages of the world; and I know of nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some of these brief notes, written in what Swift calls "his little language" in his journal to Stella.[1] He writes to her night and morning often. He never sends away a letter to her but he begins a new one on the same day. He can't bear to let go her kind little hand, as it were. He knows that she is thinking of him, and longing for him far away in Dublin yonder. He takes her letters from under his pillow and talks to them, familiarly, paternally, with fond epithets and pretty caresses—as he would to the sweet and artless creature who loved him. "Stay," he writes one morning—it is the 14th of December, 1710—"Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed—let me see. Come and appear, little letter! Here I am, says he, and what say you to

[1] A sentimental Champollion might find a good deal of matter for his art, in expounding the symbols of the "Little Language." Usually, Stella is "M.D.," but sometimes her companion, Mrs. Dingley, is included in it. Swift is "Presto;" also P.D.F.R. We have "Good-night, M.D.; Night, M.D.; Little M.D.; Stellakins; Pretty Stella; Dear, roguish, impudent, pretty M.D.!" Every now and then he breaks into rhyme, as—

"I wish you both a merry new year,
Roast beef, minced-pies, and good strong beer,
And me a share of your good cheer,
That I was there, as you were here,
And you are a little saucy dear."

Stella this morning fresh and fasting? And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes?" he goes on, after more kind prattle and fond whispering. The dear eyes shine clearly upon him then — the good angel of his life is with him and blessing him. Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly that pure and tender bosom. A hard fate: but would she have changed it? I have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift's cruelty to have had his tenderness. He had a sort of worship for her whilst he wounded her. He speaks of her after she is gone; of her wit, of her kindness, of her grace, of her beauty, with a simple love and reverence that are indescribably touching; in contemplation of her goodness his hard heart melts into pathos; his cold rhyme kindles and glows into poetry, and he falls down on his knees, so to speak, before the angel, whose life he had embittered, confesses his own wretchedness and unworthiness, and adores her with cries of remorse and love:—

"When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
And groaning in unmanly strains,
Called every power to ease my pains,
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief,
And though by heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require
From slaves employed for daily hire,

What Stella, by her friendship warmed,
With vigour and delight performed.
Now, with a soft and silent tread,
Unheard she moves about my bed:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes.
Best patron of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours:
For such a fool was never found
Who pulled a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decayed."

One little triumph Stella had in her life—one dear little piece of injustice was performed in her favour, for which I confess, for my part, I can't help thanking fate and the Dean. *That other person* was sacrificed to her—that—that young woman, who lived five doors from Dr. Swift's lodgings in Bury-street, and who flattered him, and made love to him in such an outrageous manner—Vanessa was thrown over.

Swift did not keep Stella's letters to him in reply to those he wrote to her.[1] He kept Bolingbroke's, and Pope's, and Harley's, and Peterborough's: but Stella, "very carefully," the Lives say, kept Swift's. Of course: that is the way of the world: and so we cannot tell what her style was, or of what sort were

[1] The following passages are from a paper begun by Swift on the evening of the day of her death, Jan. 28, 1727–8:

"She was sickly from her childhood, until about the age of fifteen; but then she grew into perfect health, and was looked

the little letters which the Doctor placed there at night, and bade to appear from under his pillow of a

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.

. . . . "Properly speaking"—he goes on with a calmness which, under the circumstances, is terrible—"she has been dying six months!" . . . . .

"Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. . . . . All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously, that in an afternoon's or evening's conversation she never failed before we parted of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled beyond belief."

The specimens on record, however, in the Dean's paper called "Bons Mots de Stella," scarcely bear out this last part of the panegyric. But the following prove her wit:

"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.'

"When she was extremely ill, her physician 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 very dirty clergyman of her acquaintance, who affected smartness and repartees, 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."—*Swift's Works*, SCOTT'S Ed. vol. ix. 295-6.

morning. But in Letter IV. of that famous collection he describes his lodging in Bury-street, where he has the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; and in Letter VI. he says "he has visited a lady just come to town," whose name somehow is not mentioned; and in Letter VIII. he enters a query of Stella's—"What do you mean 'that boards near me, that I dine with now and then?' What the deuce! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do." Of course she does. Of course Swift has not the slightest idea of what she means. But in a few letters more it turns out that the Doctor has been to dine "gravely" with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh: then that he has been to "his neighbour:" then that he has been unwell, and means to dine for the whole week with his neighbour! Stella was quite right in her previsions. She saw from the very first hint what was going to happen; and scented Vanessa in the air.[1] The rival is at the Dean's feet. The pupil

[1] "I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig was, and *out of mere listlessness dine there, very often;* so I did to-day."—*Journal to Stella.*

Mrs. Vanhomrigh, "Vanessa's" mother, was the widow of a Dutch merchant who held lucrative appointments in King William's time. The family settled in London in 1709, and had a house in Bury-street, St. James's—a street made notable by such residents as Swift and Steele; and, in our own time, Moore and Crabbe.

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and teacher are reading together, and drinking tea together, and going to prayers together, and learning Latin together, and conjugating *amo, amas, amavi* together. The little language is over for poor Stella. By the rule of grammar and the course of conjugation, doesn't *amavi* come after *amo* and *amas?*

The loves of Cadenus and Vanessa[1] you may peruse in Cadenus's own poem on the subject, and in poor Vanessa's vehement expostulatory verses and letters to him; she adores him, implores him, admires him, thinks him something god-like, and only prays to be admitted to lie at his feet.[2] As they are

[1] "Vanessa was excessively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but in general fictitious. She was fond of dress; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; superior, in her own opinion, to all her sex; full of pertness, gaiety, and pride; not without some agreeable accomplishments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; . . . . . happy in the thoughts of being reported Swift's concubine, but still aiming and intending to be his wife."—LORD ORRERY.

[2] "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you can get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remember there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last: I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long; for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world I must give way to it, and beg you would see me, and speak kindly to me; for I am sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you,

bringing him home from church, those divine feet of Dr. Swift's are found pretty often in Vanessa's parlour. He likes to be admired and adored. He finds Miss Vanhomrigh to be a woman of great taste and spirit, and beauty and wit, and a fortune too. He sees her every day; he does not tell Stella about the business: until the impetuous Vanessa becomes too fond of him, until the doctor is quite frightened by the young woman's ardour, and confounded by her warmth. He wanted to marry neither of them—that I believe was the truth; but if he had not married Stella, Vanessa would have had him in spite of himself. When he went back to Ireland, his Ariadne, not content to remain in her isle, pursued the fugitive Dean. In vain he protested, he vowed, he soothed, and bullied; the news of the Dean's marriage with Stella at last came to her, and it killed her—she died of that passion.[1]

h. K.

should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me; and believe I cannot help telling you this and live."—VANESSA. (M. 1714.)

[1] "If we consider Swift's behaviour, so far only as it relates to women, we shall find that he looked upon them rather as busts than as whole figures."—ORRERY.

"You must have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning to night."—ORRERY.

And when she died, and Stella heard that Swift had written beautifully regarding her, "That doesn't

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A correspondent of Sir Walter Scott's furnished him with the materials on which to found the following interesting passage about Vanessa—after she had retired to cherish her passion in retreat:—

"Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety, by his own account), showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden while a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well; and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company: her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. . . . . She avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean she always planted with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called 'Vanessa's bower.' Three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. . . . . There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey. . . . . In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them." — SCOTT'S *Swift*, vol. i. pp. 246–7.

. . . . "But Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of a union with the object of her affections—to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct towards her. The most probable bar was his undefined connection with Mrs. Johnson, which, as it must have been perfectly known to her, had, doubtless, long elicited her secret jealousy, although only a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she writes to him—

surprise me," said Mrs. Stella, "for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick." A woman—a true woman! Would you have had one of them forgive the other?

In a note in his biography, Scott says that his friend Dr. Tuke, of Dublin, has a lock of Stella's hair,

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then in Ireland—'If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.*' Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty for no less than eight years, must have been partly owing to her awe for Swift, and partly, perhaps, to the weak state of her rival's health, which, from year to year, seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however, Vanessa's impatience prevailed, and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs. Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connection. Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the Dean; and full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogatories, and, without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Every reader knows the consequence. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table, and, instantly leaving the house, remounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed, yet cherished, hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived the last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks."—SCOTT.

enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which are written in the Dean's hand, the words: "*Only a woman's hair.*" An instance, says Scott, of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference.

See the various notions of critics! Do those words indicate indifference or an attempt to hide feeling? Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic? Only a woman's hair: only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest heart in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion:—only that lock of hair left; and memory and remorse, for the guilty, lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim.

And yet to have had so much love, he must have given some. Treasures of wit and wisdom, and tenderness, too, must that man have had locked up in the caverns of his gloomy heart, and shown fitfully to one or two whom he took in there. But it was not good to visit that place. People did not remain there long, and suffered for having been there.[1] He

[1] "M. Swift est Rabelais dans son bon sens, et vivant en bonne compagnie. Il n'a pas, à la verite, la gaîté du premier, mais il a toute la finesse, la raison, le choix, le bon goût qui manquent à notre curé de Meudon. Ses vers sont d'un goût singulier, et presque inimitable; la bonne plaisanterie est son partage en vers et en prose; mais pour le bien en tendre il faut faire un petit voyage dans son pays."—VOLTAIRE, *Lettres sur les Anglais.* Let. 22.

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shrank away from all affections sooner or later. Stella and Vanessa both died near him, and away from him. He had not heart enough to see them die. He broke from his fastest friend, Sheridan; he slunk away from his fondest admirer, Pope. His laugh jars on one's ear after seven score years. He was always alone—alone and gnashing in the darkness, except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him. When that went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius: an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling. We have other great names to mention—none I think, however, so great or so gloomy.

I. K.

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LECTURE THE SECOND.

CONGREVE AND ADDISON.

A GREAT number of years ago, before the passing of the Reform Bill, there existed at Cambridge a certain debating club, called the "Union;" and I remember that there was a tradition amongst the undergraduates who frequented that renowned school of oratory, that the great leaders of the Opposition and Government had their eyes upon the University Debating Club, and that if a man distinguished himself there he ran some chance of being returned to Parliament as a great nobleman's nominee. So Jones of John's, or Thomson of Trinity, would rise in their might, and draping themselves in their gowns, rally round the monarchy, or hurl defiance at priests and kings, with the majesty of Pitt or the fire of Mirabeau, fancying all the while that the great nobleman's emissary was listening to the debate from the back benches, where he was sitting with the family seat in his pocket.

And yet one would not die here; none can be
Without some vision of a cottage home,
Or in the pastures of the fields, or where
The tide of civilised life is eddying round
Some quiet nook, where men of thought repose,
Nursing the labours of their younger brains,
In great, imperial London.
Mine should be
Some rural spot, whence I could see afar
The cloud that rests for ever over her;
And the black towers of that minster old,
Where kings and poets (kings of their own souls),
Sown by the sedulous hand of Goodman Death,
Await the harvest-time HE will not see.
And I would have the immemorial Thames
To sparkle through my tall, surrounding trees;
And I would have the village church hard by,
That I might see the undulating green,
Where I and some of those I loved should lie.
Ah, foolish heart, that it should better thee
To know, that when thy flutterings shall have still'd—
The first repose that they shall ever know—
Thou shouldst rot here or there; the time shall come
(Ay, and is now), when thoughts like these shall be
Less vivid, less important than the dreams
Of long-forgotten slumbers, than the thoughts
Of prememorial childhood—almost less
Than the faint echoes of a former birth;
And thou, O heart, shall be like one of these,
Or as thou hadst been never—Peace, O Peace!

H. G. K.

THACKERAY'S LECTURES—SWIFT.

A GOOD librarian, as well acquainted with the insides of books as the outsides, made the other day this shrewd observation—that in his experience every third work he took up was defective, either in the title or the first sentence. "What," he continued, "for example, is the meaning of the word 'humourist?' By what authority is it applied to a writer?—is it not misapplied to a wit? unless it be meant to degrade him. 'The wit,' says Addison in the *Spectator*, 'sinks imperceptibly into a humourist.' A humourist is one whose conduct, whose ways, are eccentric, 'his actions seldom directed by reason and the nature of things,' says Watts. It is best the word should be confined according to our dictionaries, to actions, not extended to authorship. The title of Mr Thackeray's Lectures would lead a lover of plain English to expect narratives of eccentricities taken from real life, and perhaps from the acted buffooneries of itinerant boards, the dominion of Mr Punch's dynasty—like other dynasties in this age of presumed matter of fact, becoming a 'dissolving view.'" Mr Thackeray's English is generally so good, so perfectly to be understood, of such acceptable circulating coinage, that we are surprised at this mistake in the title of his book. Montaigne would head his chapters with any title—as we believe he ushered in one as "On Coach-horses"—and said nothing about them; and we readily admit that the privilege of "*Every Man in his Humour*" may be a fair excuse for the author of *English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*.

We wish we could say that this little volume were unobjectionable in every other respect—but we cannot. We do not see in it a fair, honest, truth-searching and truth-declaring spirit; yet the style is so captivating, *so insinuating* in its deceiving plainness, so suggestive of every evil in its simplicity, so alluring onward, even when the passages we have read have left unpleasant impression, that it is impossible to lay down the book, though we fear to proceed. The reader may be like to the poor bird under the known fascination: he never loses sight of the glittering eye—but it looks, even in its confident gaiety, too much like that which charms, and delights in, a victim. We did not, it is true, expect from the author of "*Vanity Fair*" any flattering pictures of men and manners, nor of the world at large, of any age; but we were not prepared for his so strongly expressed dislike and condemnation of other people's misanthropy as these pages exhibit, particularly in his character of Swift.

And here we think we have a right to protest against Biographical Lectures. It is hardly possible for a lecturer to be fair to his subject. He has an audience to court and to please—to put in good-humour with themselves—to be flattered into a belief of their own goodness, by a bad portraiture of the eminent of the earth. He has to dig out the virtues from the grave to show what vices cling to them—how they look when exhumed in their corruption. Praise is seldom piquant—commonplace is wearisome—startling novelties must put truth to a hazard. If the dead must be called up to judgment of an earthly tribunal, let it not be before a theatrical audience. The lecturer is under the necessity of being too much of an accuser; and if from his own nature, or from some misconception of the characters he takes up, he be a willing one, he has a power to condemn, that the mere writer has not.

In many passages of the book before us there are examples both of the lecturer's danger, and of his power: many things said because of his audience; and as such audience is generally largely feminine, what advantage has the over-moralising and for the time over-moralised lecturer against the dumb and bodiless culprit called up from his mortal dust, should there be a suspicion of want of tenderness, or doubt of a fidelity and affection, some hundred and fifty years ago, and unpardonable for ever? The lecture-table is no fit place, nor does it offer a fit occasion, to discuss the

wondrous intricacies of any human character. It is not enough that the lecturer should have thought—there should be a pause, wherein a reader may think; but an audience cannot: nor is the lecturer, however deeply he may have thought, likely to have such disinterested self-possession and caution, in his oral descriptions and appeals for praise or blame, as are absolutely required for a truthful biographer. It is a bold thing to bid the illustrious dead come from the sanctity of their graves, and stand before the judgment-seat of the author of *Vanity Fair*—to be questioned upon their religion and their morals, and not allowed, even if they could speak for themselves, to answer. The lecturer holds in his hand all their written documents, and all that have been written by scribes of old against them, and he will read, but what he pleases—he, the scrupulously moral, religious man, doubly sanctified at all points for his hour's lecture in that temporary professor's garb of proprieties, which he is under no necessity of wearing an hour after he has dismissed his audience. We are not for a moment insinuating any dereliction of all the human virtues and graces, as against Mr Thackeray—but as a lecturer he must put on something of a sanctimonious or of a moral humbug; he is on his stage, he has to act his part, to "fret his hour." He must do it well—he will do it well; that is, to secure present rapturous applause. The audience is carried away quite out of its sober judgment by the wit, the wisdom, the pathos—and even the well-timed bathos—the pity, the satire, and the satire of all satire, in the pity. The ghosts are dismissed—sent back, as they should be, in the lecturer's and audience's estimation, to their "dead men's bones and all rottenness," no longer to taint the air of this amiable, judicious, and all-perfect nineteenth century—epitomised in the audience.

Give Professor Owen part of an old bone or a tooth, and he will on the instant draw you the whole animal, and tell you its habits and propensities. What Professor has ever yet been able to classify the wondrous varieties of human character? How very limited as yet the nomenclature! We know there are in our moral dictionary the religious, the irreligious, the virtuous, the vicious, the prudent, the profligate, the liberal, the avaricious, and so on to a few names; but the varieties comprehended under these terms—their mixtures, which, like colours, have no names—their strange complexities and intertwining of virtues and vices, graces and deformities, diversified and mingled, and making individualities—yet of all the myriads of mankind that ever were, not one the same, and scarcely alike: how little way has science gone to their discovery, and to mark their delineation! A few sounds, designated by a few letters, speak all thought, all literature, that ever was or will be. The variety is infinite, and ever creating a new infinite; and there is some such mystery in the endless variety of human character. There are the same leading features to all—these we recognise; but there are hidden individualities that escape research; there is a large *terra incognita*, hard to find, and harder to make a map of. And if any would try to be a discoverer, here is his difficulty—can he see beyond his own ken? How difficult to have a conception of a character the opposite to one's-self! What man is so gifted? We are but portrait-painters, and no portrait-painter ever yet painted beyond himself—never represented on canvass an intellect greater than his own. In every likeness there is a something of the artist too. We look to other men, and think to find our own idiosyncracies, and we are prepared to love or hate accordingly. As the painter views his sitter in the glass, he is sure to see himself behind him. You biographers, you judges, self-appointed of other men, what a task do you set yourselves!—have you looked well into your own qualifications? You venture to plunge into the deep dark—to bring up the light of truth, which, if you could find it, would mayhap dazzle all your senses. It is far safer for your reputation to go out with Diogenes's lantern, or your own little one, and thrust it into men's faces, and make oath you cannot find an honest one; and then draw the glimmer of it close to your own foreheads, and tell people to look there for honesty. But this is our preface, not Mr Thackeray's. He is too bold

to need one. He rushes into his subject without excuse or apology, either for his own defects of delineation, or of his subject's character. If you would desire to see with what consummate ability, and with what perfect reality in an unlikeness he can paint a monster, read the first life of his Lecture, that of the great man—and we would fain believe, in spite of any of his biographers, a good man—Dean Swift.

If we may be allowed to judge from a collection of contradictory statements respecting Swift, no man's life can be more difficult for a new writer to undertake, or for any reader to comprehend. If we are to judge from the unhesitating tone of the many biographers, and their ready acceptance of data, no life is so easy. The essayist of the *Times* makes Swift himself answerable for all the contradictions; that they were all *in* him, and that he was at all times, from his birth to his death, mad. This is, indeed, to make short work of it, and save the unravelling the perplexed skein of his history. Another writer contends that he was never mad at any period, not even the last of his life. That he was always mad is preposterous, unless we are to accept as insanity what is out of and beyond the common rate of men's thoughts and doings. We certainly lack in the character of Swift the one prevalent idea, which pervades and occupies the whole mind of the madman. Such may have one vivid, not many opposites in him.

But the contradictions ascribed to Swift are more like the impossibilities of human nature—if they are to be received as absolute characteristics, and not as occasional exceptions, which are apt, in the best of mankind, to take the conceit out of the virtues themselves, and to put them into a temporary abeyance, and mark them with a small infirmity, that they grow not too proud.

The received histories, then, tell us that Swift was sincerely religious, and an infidel; that he was the tenderest of men, a brute, a fiend, a naked unreclaimable savage; a misanthrope, and was the kindest of benefactors; that he was avaricious, and so judiciously liberal that he left no great fortune behind him. Such is the summary; the details are both delightful and odious. The man who owns these vices and virtues must indeed be a monster or a madman! These are characters very hard to fathom. Shakespeare has delineated one, and he has puzzled all the world except Shakespeare, who chose to make his picture more true by leaving it as a puzzle to the world. Hamlet has been pronounced mad from his conduct to Ophelia, mainly if not solely. It is a ready solution of the incomprehensible. Swift was a Hamlet to Stella and Vanessa; and as there are two against him, *versus* Hamlet's one love, critics pronounce him doubly mad. It is a very ingenious but not very satisfactory way of getting out of the difficulty. Mad or in his senses, he is a character that provokes; provoked writers are apt to be not fair ones; and because they cannot quite comprehend, they malign: *damnant quod non intelligunt*, is also a rule guiding biographers. Shall he have the qualities "that might become an angel," or shall his portrait be "under the dark cloud, and every feature be distorted into that of a fiend?" You have equal liberty from the records to depict him as you please. The picture, to be seen at large by an assembled lecturer's audience, must be strong and coarse in the main, and exhibit some tenderer tones to the near benches in front.

"For a man of my level," says Swift of himself, "I have as bad a name almost as I deserve! and I pray God that those who give it me, may never have reason to give me a better." He does not, you see, set up for perfection, but through his present maligners he slaps his after-biographers in the face, who, if they be hurt, will deny the wit or omit it, and prefer instanter a charge of hypocrisy. Angel or fiend! how charitable or how unmerciful are lecturers and biographers! and, being so able to distinguish and choose, how very good they must be themselves! Did the reader ever happen to see a life of Tiberius with two title-pages, both taken from historical authorities; two characters of one and the same person; made up, too, of recorded facts? He is "that inimitable monarch Tiberius,"

during most of his reign "the universal dispenser of the blessings of peace," yet "he permitted the worst of civil wars to rage at Rome!" We may venture to use the words of the essayist, speaking of Swift—"We doubt whether the histories of the world can furnish, for example and instruction, for wonder and pity, for admiration and scorn, for approval and condemnation, a specimen of humanity at once so illustrious and so small." We have, from perfect authorities, Tiberius handed down for detestation and for universal admiration. The testimonies are not weak; they are alike strong, and equally accepted standards of historical evidence and literature. "Swift stood a living enigma." It should seem there have been many such enigmas. Shakespeare, who knew all nature, gave the world one to make out as it can.* Grave history offers another. The novelist, M. de Wailly, has tried his hand at this enigma—Swift; but the Frenchman, like most French novelists, went altogether out of nature to establish impossible theories. A dramatist might reduce the tale within the limits of nature, if he could but once, for a few moments, be behind the scenes of truth's theatre—if he knew accurately all the facts, or perhaps one or two facts, that time has concealed, and perhaps ever will conceal; and which, discovered, would solve the enigma at once. Of course, the great enigma lies in Swift's amours. These apart, no man would ever have ventured to assert the life-long madness of Swift. Great men and little have had, and, as long as the world lasts, will have their amours, honest ones and dishonest; but, excepting for romance-writing and gossiping of a day, such themes have been thought unworthy history, and to be but slightly notable even in biography. Their natural secresy has hitherto covered the correct ones with a sanctity, and the incorrect with a darker veil, that it is better not to lift; nor is it easy at all times to distinguish the right from the wrong. The living resent the scrutiny: we do not admire the impertinence, nor easily admit the privilege of an amatorial inquisition upon the characters of the dead. And what has curiosity gathered, after all, which ought to justify honest people in maligning Swift, Stella, or Vanessa? A mass of contradictions. They cannot all be true. Even Stella's marriage, stated as a fact by so many

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* It is curious this twofold character of Tiberius—surprising that historians should have credited this single existence of a civilised cannibal—this recorded "eater of human flesh, and drinker of human blood." The learned writer of this volume on Tiberius, with truthful scrutiny, sifts every evidence, weighs testimony against testimony, and testimony of the same authority against itself, and after patient investigation concludes, as the reasonable solution of the historical enigma, that Tiberius was not only "of all kings or autocrats the most venerable," but that he was, "in the fourteenth year of his reign, a believer in the divinity of Jesus Christ," and, "during the last eight years of his reign, the nursing-father of the infant Catholic Church." It will be readily perceived that the supposition of Tiberius being a Christian, at a time when Christianity was universally held to be an odious and justly-persecuted superstition, must have presented, through known facts and rumours, to the world at large, and to the philosophic minds of historians in particular, an idea of human character so novel and so confused, as to be, in the absence of a clue, and a test which they could not admit, altogether incomprehensible. What could they do with the sacramental fact—the eating human flesh and drinking human blood, by one known for his abstemiousness?

> "Τοσαυτης δ'εν τοτε της κατασασεως εοης,
> και μηδ' απαρνησασθαι τινος δυναμενε το μη ε και
> των σαρκων αυτε ηδεως εμφαγειν."—Dion. C.
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> "Fastidit vinum, quia jam bibit iste cruorem
> Tam bibit hunc avide quam bibit iste merum."—Suet.

The sacramental fact discovered, and undeniable, yet not known as the sacramental fact, must have made up a riddle of contradictions, which it was not in the power of that age to solve. In its ignorance it made a monster. Men are apt to see more than nature ever exhibits.

writers, is denied, and upon as fair evidence as its supposition. The first account of it is given as many as seven years after Swift's death, and twenty-four years after Stella's. There are two versions with respect to the dying scene, and supposed dialogue regarding the marriage. They contradict each other; for, in the one, Swift is made brutally to leave the room, and never to have seen her after; in the other, to have desired to acknowledge the marriage, and that Stella said, "It is too late." Who knows if either be true? and what means "it is too late?" Do those few simple words, overheard, necessarily imply any such acknowledgment? But there is proof that one malicious statement is false. "This behaviour," says Mr Thomas Sheridan (not Dr Sheridan, the friend of Swift, for whom he has been mistaken, and weight accordingly given to his statement), threw Mrs Johnson into unspeakable agonies; and for a time she sunk under the weight of so cruel a disappointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune, by her own name, to charitable uses." It is said this was done in the presence of Dr Sheridan; but the narrator was a mere lad when his father, from whom he is said to have received it, died. But this very will is, if not of Swift's dictation, the will he had wished her to make (compare it with Swift's own will—the very phraseology is strongly indicative of his dictation); for he had thus written to Mr Worral when in London, during Stella's severe illness: "I wish it could be brought about that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister during their lives, afterwards to Dr Stevens's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses as she designs it." Upon this Mr Wilde, author of *The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*, remarks most properly: "Now, such was not only the tenor, but the very words of the will made two years afterwards, which Sheridan (Thomas, not Dr Sheridan) would have his readers believe was made in pique at the Dean's conduct." Then it follows, that if this paragraph in the tale, and told as a consequence of the previous paragraph, is untrue, as it is proved to be, the first part, the brutal treatment, falls to the ground. In any court the evidence would be blotted from the record. It is curious, and may have possibly some bearing upon the Platonic love of Swift and Stella, that she should, in this will, have been so enamoured of celibacy, that she enjoins it upon the chaplain whom she appointed to read prayers and preach at the hospital. "It is likewise my will that the said chaplain be an unmarried man at the time of his election, and so continue while he enjoys the office of chaplain to the said hospital." This will is also curious, and worthy of notice, in another respect. Among the slanders upon Swift and Stella, it had been circulated that she had been not only his mistress, but had had a child by him; and an old bell-ringer's testimony was adduced for the fact. There may be in the mind of the reader quite sufficient reasons to render the story impossible; but one item of the will is a bequest to this supposed child by name. "I bequeath to Bryan M'Loglin (a child who now lives with me, and whom I keep on charity) twenty-five pounds, to bind him out apprentice, as my executors, or the survivors of them, shall think fit." Now, this is the great case of cruelty against Swift, and we think it is satisfactorily disposed of. Have we any other notice given that Swift behaved brutally to Stella? None. Where is there any evidence of her complaining? but there is evidence of the tenderest affection on Swift's part. Stella's letters have never seen the light; but, if we may judge by the answers to them, there could have been no charge of cruelty brought against him by her. The whole is an assumption from this narrative of Sheridan the son, and, as we have shown, altogether a misconception or a dream of his. Even with respect to Stella's parentage authors do not agree—yet each speaks as positively as if he had been at the birth. Swift himself says that her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, and her mother of a lower degree. Some

assert that she was the natural daughter of Sir Wm. Temple. Johnson says, the daughter of Sir Wm. Temple's steward; but, in contradiction to this, it is pretty clear that her mother did not marry this steward, whose name was Mosse, till after Sir Wm. Temple's death, when Stella was in Ireland. Sir William left her a thousand pounds, and, it is said, declared to her her parentage. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1757, who knew Stella's mother, and was otherwise well acquainted with facts, is urged, in indignation at the treacherous and spiteful narrative by Lord Orrery, to write a defence of the Dean. From this source, what others had indeed suspected is strongly asserted—that Swift was himself the natural son of Temple. He thus continues: "When Stella went to Ireland, a marriage between her and the Dean could not be foreseen; but when she thought proper to communicate to her friends the Dean's proposal, and her approbation of it, it was then become absolutely necessary for that person, who alone knew the secret history of the parties concerned, to reveal what otherwise might have been buried in oblivion. But was the Dean to blame, because he was ignorant of his natural relation to Stella? or can he justly be censured because it was not made known to him before the day of the marriage? He admired her; he loved her; he pitied her; and when fate placed the everlasting barrier between them, their affection became a true Platonic love, if not something yet more exalted. . . . . We are sometimes told, that upon the Hanoverian family succeeding to the throne of Great Britain, Swift renounced all hopes of farther preferment; and that his temper became more morose, and more intolerable every year. I acknowledge the fact in part; but it was not the loss of his hopes that soured Swift alone; this was the unlucky epocha of that discovery, that convinced the Dean that the only woman in the world who could make him happy as a wife, was the only woman in the world who could not be that wife." Delany also entertained a suspicion in agreement with this account. The supposition would seem to throw light upon a mysterious passage in Swift's life, and to be sufficient explanation of all his behaviour to Stella. "Immediately subsequent to the ceremony (the marriage) Swift's state of mind," says Scott, "appears to have been dreadful. Delany, as I have heard from a friend of his relict, being pressed to give his opinion on this strange union, said, that about the time it took place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated—so much so, that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears; and upon asking the reason, he said, 'You have just met the most unhappy man on earth, but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.'" Sir Walter Scott does not admit this story in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but we doubt if the reason of his doubt, or rejection of it, be quite satisfactory. "It is enough to say that Swift's parents resided in Ireland from before 1665 until his birth in 1667, and that Temple was residing in Holland from April 1666 until January 1668. Lord Orrery says until 1670." Dates, it appears, are not always accurately ascertained. We cannot determine that ambassadors have no latitude for a little ubiquity; but there is one very extraordinary circumstance with regard to Swift's childhood, that seems to involve in it no small degree of mystery. "It happened, by whatever accident, that Jonathan was not suckled by his mother, but by a nurse, who was a native of Whitehaven; and when he was about a year old, her affection for him was become so strong, that, finding it necessary to visit a relation who was dangerously sick, and from whom she expected a legacy, she found means to convey the child on shipboard, without the knowledge of his mother or his uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven. At this place he continued near three years; for when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders not to hazard a second voyage, till he should be better able to bear it. The nurse, however, gave other

testimonies of her affection to Jonathan, for during his stay at Whitehaven she had him taught to spell, and when he was five years old he was able to read a chapter in the Bible."

This undoubted incident is no small temptation to a novelist to spin a fine romance, and affiliate the child according to his fancy. It is a strange story—a very poor widow not suckling her own child! kept three years away from a parent, lest, having borne one voyage well, the young child should not be able to bear a second! The said novelist may find sufficient reason for the mother in after years recommending him to Sir Wm. Temple, and perhaps weave into his story that the nominal mother was one intrusted with a charge not her own. Stella's mother's connection with the Temple family may be as rationally accounted for. The writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, already quoted, seems to have had this account of Johnston from the widow herself. "This gentlewoman (Stella's mother) was the widow (*as she always averred*) of one Johnston a merchant, who, having been unfortunate in trade, afterwards became master of a trading sloop, which ran between England and Holland, and there died." Then, again, to revert to the entanglement of this mystery, although it is received that there was a marriage—a private marriage, as it is said, in the garden, by the Bishop of Clogher—are there really sufficient grounds for a decision in the affirmative? It is traced only to Delany and Sheridan (who could not have known it but by hearsay), and the assertion, on suspicion, of the worst of all evidences with regard to Swift, Orrery (he only knew him in his declining years, as he confesses); but Dr Lyon, Swift's executor, denied it; and Mrs Dingley, who came to Ireland, after Sir William Temple's death, with Stella, and lived with her till her death, laughed at it as an idle tale. Mrs Brent, with whom the Dean's mother lodged, and who subsequently was his housekeeper, never believed it, and often told her daughter so, who succeeded her as housekeeper. It is said the secret was told to Bishop Berkeley by the Bishop of Clogher. "But," says Sir Walter Scott, "I must add, that if, as affirmed by Mr Monck Mason, Berkeley was in Italy from the period of the marriage to the death of the Bishop of Clogher, this communication could not have taken place." With evidence so conflicting even as to the marriage—so uncertain—and if a marriage, as to the relationship between the parties—as to the time of discovery—and with that maddening possibility of Swift's physical infirmity alluded to by Scott; it does appear that it is the assumption of a very cruel critical right, to fasten upon the character of Swift a charge of fiendishness and brutality towards Stella. Where there are so many charitable ways of accounting for his conduct, most of which might well move our admiration and our pity, and where the tenderness of the parties towards each other cannot for a moment be doubted (*vide* Swift's diary in his letters, and his most touching letter speaking of her death and burial), there is nothing more improbable, nothing more out of nature, than the acquiescence of both Swift and Stella in a condition which might well have driven both mad, if that condition had been avoidable. We have a hesitation in believing in self-made monsters. Novelists, romance-writers, and dramatists, conjure them up for their hour on the stage, but it is a novelty to admit them into a biography which professes to be true. As to Lord Orrery, the first slanderer of Swift after his death, we have a perfect contempt for his character. He sought the aged Swift for his own ends. His father had bequeathed away from him his library; in his vexation he thought to vindicate himself by an ambition to become a literary character. As Alcibiades sought Socrates, not for Socrates' virtues, but because his wisdom might aid him in his political schemes; so Lord Orrery took the leading literary characters of the day, and especially Swift, into what companionship he might. He cajoled and flattered the old man, and at his death maligned him. There was hypocrisy, too; for it was contemptible in him to have pretended a friendship so warm, with a man whom he designated as a tyrant, a brute, and irreligious. The world are keen to follow evil report.

The ill life which is told by *a friend* is authentic enough for subsequent writers, who, like sheep, go over the hedge after their leader. The writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1757, speaks as one intimately, and of long continuance, acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. He says significantly that he thinks *there are some living who have it in their power, from authentic materials*, to throw light upon the subject. That he was well acquainted with her mother we learn from the following passage: "I saw her myself in the autumn of 1742 (about a year before her death), and although far advanced in years, she still preserved the remains of a very fine face." He minutely describes Stella's person as one who had seen her. "Let those judge who have been so happy as to have seen this Stella, this Hetty Johnston, and let those who have not, judge from the following description"—and as one who had conversed with her: "Her mind was yet more beautiful than her person, and her accomplishments were such as to do honour to the man who was so happy as to call her daughter." He tells the anecdote (for which he says "I have undoubted authority") of her presence of mind and courage in firing a pistol at a robber on a ladder about to enter her room at night. He tells the time, and implies the cause of her leaving Moor Park to reside in Ireland. "As soon as she was woman enough to be intrusted with her own conduct, she left her mother, and Moor Park, and went to Ireland to reside, by the order of Sir William, who was yet alive. She was conducted thither by Swift; *but of this I am not positive*, as I am that her mother parted with her as one who was never to see her again." Upon that fact, then, he is positive, and scrupulous of assertion where not so. May it be conjectured he had the information from the mother herself, when he saw her so near the time of her death? He asserts that Sir William often "recommended her tender innocence to the protection of Swift, *as she had no declared male relation that could be her defender;*" that "from that time when they received the proper notice of the secrets of the family, they took care to converse before witnesses, even though they had never taken such precaution before." "Can we wonder," he adds, "that they should spend one day in the year in fasting, praying, and tears, from this period to her death? Might it not be the anniversary of their marriage?" "Swift had more forcible reasons for not owning Stella for his wife, than his lordship (Orrery) has allowed; and that it was not his behaviour, but her own unhappy situation, that might perhaps shorten her days." The contributor, who signs himself C.M.P.G.N.S.T.N.S., writes purposely to vindicate the character of Swift from the double slander of Lord Orrery, who impeaches "the Dean's charity, his tenderness, and even his humanity, in consequence of his hitherto unaccountable behaviour to his Stella, and of his long resentment shown to his sister." Lord Orrery had said that Swift had persisted in not owning his marriage from pride, because he had reproached his sister for marrying a low man, and would never see her or communicate with her after her marriage. That as Stella was also of low origin, he feared his reproaches might be thrown back upon himself. Then follows an entire contradiction of this unlikely statement or surmise of Orrery—for that, "after her husband's and Lady Gifford's death, she (the sister, Mrs Fenton) retired to Farnham, and boarded with Mrs Mayne, Mrs Mosse boarding there at the same time, with whom she lived in the greatest intimacy; and as she had not enough to maintain her, the Dean paid her an annuity as long as she lived—neither was that annuity a trifle." Another correspondent in the same Magazine—for December 1757—as desirous of vindicating the Dean, yet, nevertheless, points out a supposed error with regard to the passage in which mention is made of "the unlucky epocha of that discovery," being that of the accession of the Hanoverian family, and the loss of Swift's hopes. "But this," he says, "is inconsistent with Swift's marrying her in 1716, as (in page 487) we are told he did; or in 1717, in which year, I think, Lord Orrery places this event." We think this is being too precise. Lord Oxford was impeached and sent to the Tower in

1715, which is sufficiently near to be called the same epocha. Or even if we take the accession from the death of Queen Anne—August 1714—the disappointment must have been rankling in the mind of Swift, still fresh, at the time of the other event. He likewise notices that Sir Wm. Temple was abroad at and before Swift's birth; but, for reasons we have given, we think this objection of no importance. No mention is made of Vanessa in the article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The author seems cautiously, conscientiously, to abstain from every item of Orrery's narrative, but such as he was assured of from his own knowledge.

Johnson, in his life of Swift, speaks disparagingly of Stella's wit and accomplishments. It was displeasing to the great lexicographer that a woman should spell badly. Bad spelling was, we apprehend, the feminine accomplishment of the day. Dr Drake, in his essay on the literature and manners of that age, says, "It was not wonderful that our women could not spell, when it may be said that our men had not yet learnt to read."

We prefer Swift's account of this matter. She was "versed," he says, "in Greek and Roman history—spoke French perfectly—understood Platonic and Epicurean philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made judicious abstracts of the books she had read," &c. Of her manners: "It was not safe nor prudent in her presence to offend in the least word against modesty, for she then gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which 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 again." She thus replied to a coxcomb who tried to put the ladies in her company to the blush: "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 inquire at the door whether you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid you." "She understood the nature of government, and could point out all the errors of Hobbes, both in that and religion." This letter of Swift's is full of her praise; but we know nothing more touching than the passage which speaks of his sickening feelings at the hour of her burial. "*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." Were these words written by a *cruel* man!! Well, if so, we must admire a woman's saying—as it is put by Mr Thackeray: "Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly"—(alas, Mr Thackeray, why will you put in that odious *pitilessly?*)—"that pure and tender bosom! A hard fate; but would she have changed it? I have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift's cruelty to have had his tenderness." And why, Mr Thackeray, will you say of such a man, when he was writing that they had removed him into another apartment, that he might not see the light in the church, and was praising her and loving her when he could speak or write a word—why, we ask, should you say, "in contemplation of her goodness, his *hard* heart melts into pathos." Your own heart was a little ossifying into hardness when you wrote this. Ah! did you wish your female audience to think how much more tender you could be yourself? and so did you offer this little apology for some hard things in your novels? We wish you had written an essay, and not read a lecture. You would have been both less *hard* and less tender,—for, in truth, your tender passages in this life of Swift, are very well to the purpose, to catch your audience; but they are "nihil ad rem." And your appeal to the "pure and tender bosoms," all against poor Swift, as a detestable cannibal, — how, in his *Modest Proposal*, "he rages against children," and "enters the nursery with the tread and gaiety of an ogre," how he thought the "loving and hav-

ing children" an "unreasonableness," and "love and marriage" a "folly," because in his Lilliputian kingdom the state removed children from their parents and *educated* them; and you wind up your appeal so lovingly, so charmingly, so devotedly, so insinuatingly to your fair audience, upon the blessings of conjugal love and philoprogenitiveness, that you must be the dearest of lecturers, the pet of families, the destroyer of ogres; and, as to that monster Swift, the very children should cry out, as they do in the *Children in the Wood*, "Kill him again, Mr Thackeray." And this you did, knowing all the while that the *Modest Proposal* was a patriotic and political satire—one of real kindness to the people, whose children he supposes, in the depth of his feeling and his satire and bitter irony, the Government should encourage the getting rid of, rather than, in defiance of all his (the Dean's) schemes for the benefit of Ireland, they should be made a burthen to their parents, and miserable themselves. All this you knew very well: it was shabby and shameful of you by your mere eloquence to make this grave irony appear or be felt as a reality and a cruelty, and tack on to it an importation from Lilliput of a state edict, as if it were one in Swift's mind with the *Modest Proposal*. Yes,—you knew, the while these your words were awakening detestation of Swift, you were oratorising a very great sham — all nonsense — stuff — that would never pass current but through the stamp of lectureship. You knew how the witty Earl Bathurst, a kind father with his loved children about him, as good-naturedly as you should have done, received Swift's benevolently intended satire. "A man who has nine children to feed," says Lord Bathurst to Swift, "can't long afford *alienos pascere nummos;* but I have four or five that are very fit for the table. I only wait for the Lord Mayor's Day to dispose of the largest, and shall be sure of getting off the youngest whenever a certain great man (Sir R. Walpole) makes another entertainment at Chelsea." Here are your false words to win all feminine sympathy. "In fact, our great satirist was of opinion that conjugal love was unadvisable, and illustrated the theory by his own practice and example—God help him!—which made him about the most wretched being in God's world." How cruel was this in you, under some of the probabilities, and all the possibilities that may be, ought to be, charitably referred to Swift's case—in his loves or his friendships, be they what they will, for Stella and Vanessa. Vanessa—have we then all this while forgotten Vanessa? Hers is indeed a curious story. It is told in Swift's poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," and published after her death, at the dying orders of Vanessa herself.

At the time Swift was moving in the higher circles in London, he appears to have been remarkable for the gracefulness of his manners and his conversational powers. These accomplishments won for him many friendships in the female society in which he found himself. Indeed, in his letters, his female correspondence possesses a great charm, and speaks very highly in favour of the wit and accomplishments of the really well-educated women of the day. Swift lived in great familiarity with the Vanhomrighs. The eldest daughter (another Esther), ardent by nature, and desirous of improving her mind, earnestly gave herself up to Swift's converse and instruction. The result on her part was love, on Swift's friendship: it is possible he may have felt something stronger; but, with an inconsistency, those who charge him with a tenderer feeling deny him the power of entertaining it. The story is too well known to be repeated here. She confessed her passion, and he insisted upon friendship only. She followed him to Ireland. She so expressed her state of mind to him by letter, that Swift had certainly reason to apprehend fatal consequences, if he altogether broke off his intimacy If it be true that Swift was by nature cold, it is some excuse for imprudence that he did not easily suspect, or perhaps know, the dangerous and seducing power of an attachment warmer than friendship. It is evident *he* professed nothing more. Whatever be the case in that respect, there is no reason to charge upon either an improper intimacy. Mr Thackeray thinks the two women died, killed by their

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love for, and treatment by, Swift. It is possible love, and disappointed love, may have hastened both their deaths, and made the wretchedness of Swift. On all sides, the misery was one for compassion, and such compassion as may charitably cover much blame. But even the story of Vanessa is told differently. There is little certainty to go upon, but enough for any man who pleases to write vilely on. Lord Orrery is very unmerciful on the character of Vanessa. He, in downright terms, charges her with having thrown away her virtue and her religion, preferring passion to one and wit to the other. This certainly gives him a good latitude for maligning his friend. Did he ever give his friend Swift a piece of his mind, and say to him, he thought him a rascal, and would discontinue his friendship? Oh, no; it was pleasanter and very friendly to tell all his spiteful things, after the Dean was dead, to "his Ham," that they might be handed down to the world from "father to son," and so the world must know "you would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and an assiduity, that are seldom paid to the richest or the most powerful lovers; no, not even to the Great Seignior himself." Yet the facetious father of "my Ham" never saw Stella, and knew perhaps as little of the seraglio. Sir Walter Scott says, as others also, we believe, that, upon Vanessa's applying to Stella herself to know the nature of the undefined connection between her and Swift, she received from Stella an acknowledgment of the marriage. If this were true, it would of course settle that question; but Lord Orrery, from whom the first statement of the marriage came, and who would readily have seized such a confirmation of his tale, says no such thing. On the contrary, he says Vanessa wrote the letter to Cadenus, not to Stella, and that Swift brought his own written reply, and, "throwing down the letter on her table, with great passion hastened back to his horse, carrying in his countenance the frowns of anger and indignation." How are we to trust to accounts so different? "She did not," he adds, "survive many days (he should have said weeks, but days tells more against *his friend*) the letter delivered to her by Cadenus, but during that short interval she was sufficiently composed to cancel a will, *made in Swift's favour*, and to make another," &c. Who will not ask the question,—*Was* there a will made in Swift's favour? It is against probability; for be it remembered, that the same story was told with respect to Stella's will, and it has been clearly proved that her will was such as Swift wished her to make. Nor was it at all consistent with Swift's character, proud as he was, and always so cautious to avoid any scandal on Stella's account, that he would have allowed *her* to make a will in his favour; and it would have been still more revolting to his pride to have accepted a legacy from Vanessa.

Orrery treats poor Vanessa worse even than he does his friend. He conjectures her motives as against Swift, and writes of her death, "under all the agonies of depair," which, unless he were present at the last scene, he is not justified in doing, and reviles her with a cruel uncharitableness. The worst that ought to be said of this miserable love and perplexing friendship is said by Scott—"It is easy for those who look back on this melancholy story to blame the assiduity of Swift or the imprudence of Vanessa. But the first deviation from the straight line of moral rectitude is, in such a case, so very gradual, and on the female side the shades of colour which part esteem from affection, and affection from passion, are so imperceptibly heightened, that they who fail to stop at the exact point where wisdom bids, have much indulgence to claim from all who share with them the frailties of mortality."

More than a hundred and fifty years ago this sad tale, whatever it was in reality, yet now a mystery, was acted to the life in this strange world. The scandal of few real romances seldom lasts so long. It is time to cease pursuing it with feelings of a recent enmity; it is a better charity to hope, that all that was of difference, of vexation, of misery, nay, of wrong, has become as unsubstantial as their dust, and that they are where all that was

of love is sure to be, for love is eternal. Poor Vanessa's dust may still rest in peace. Swift's and Stella's have not been allowed the common repose of the grave. Their bodies have been disturbed. The phrenologists have been busy with the skulls, and their unhallowed curiosity has been rewarded with a singular refutation of their doctrine. The peculiarities of Swift's skull are—"the extreme lowness of the forehead, those parts which the phrenologists have marked out *as the organs of wit, causality, and comparison, being scarcely developed at all*, but the head rose gradually from benevolence backwards. The portion of the occipital bone assigned to the animal propensities, philoprogenitiveness and amativeness, &c., appeared excessive."

There is something very shocking in this disturbance of the dead. We are inclined to join in Shakespeare's imprecation on the movers of bones. Swift's larynx has been stolen, and is now, they say, in possession of the purloiner in America. We wish it had Swift's human utterance, that the thief might wish he had no ears. An itinerant phrenologist is now hawking about Pope's skull. Matthews' thigh-bone has circulated from house to house. If ghosts ever visit nowadays our earth, we could wish them to come armed each with a stout stick, and act upon the phrenologists the "Fatal Curiosity."

Johnson's line—

"And Swift expires a driveller and a show,"

if it was not justified, as it certainly was not, during the Dean's last years, in his melancholy state, may be justified as a prophecy, and fulfilled when his skull was handed about from fashionable house and party, and exhibited as a show.

Before we entirely quit the subject of Swift's amours, it is necessary to mention a serious offer of marriage which he certainly made, about the year 1696. The lady—Miss Jane Waring—did not at first receive his advances very warmly. After four years the courtship came to an end. It seems Miss Waring became more complying as Swift cooled. In a letter he complained of her want of any real affection for him. It is so worded as to imply some doubts of her temper and judgment. He writes as a man would do who considers himself rather bound in honour than by love, and still offers marriage—upon terms. These terms, those who profess to be conversant in love proprieties, as in other branches of criticism, say no woman could comply with. We do not profess to determine cases of that nature. We apprehend all kinds of terms have been complied with on both sides without impeachment in the Court of Love. This offer of marriage, however, militates against Sir Walter Scott's hypothesis of physical unfitness, and rather strengthens the argument and statements of the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We believe the exact date of the supposed marriage has not been given. If it did take place, what if it should be possible it was on the day—his birthday (or what he pleases to call his birthday)—at the recurrence of which he bewailed his birth by reading the chapter in Job? Nor must we omit, as it shows the shallow grounds upon which defamation often rests, a charge of violation made against Swift at Kilroot, because such a charge was found to have been really made against one J. S., as it appeared in a magistrate's books. J. S. might have stood for Jonathan Swift—let him, therefore, bear the iniquity. It might have been fastened upon any or all of the numerous family of Smith, or any other J. S. in the world. It is curious that the first propagator, who, possibly with truth, denied having made the charge, as he might have said the letters J. S. only—as did the register—and unwittingly left the appropriation to his listeners;—it is curious, we observe, that this man became raving mad, and was an inmate in Swift's hospital. The idle tale has been disproved, and but one of his worst maligners repeats it.

There are no passages in this portion of Mr Thackeray's Lectures more odious, and more repugnant to our taste and feeling, than those which charge Swift with irreligion; nor are they less offensive because the author says—"I am not here, of course, to speak of any man's religious views, except in so far as they influence his literary character, his life, his hu-

mour." This denying latitude really means quite the contrary to its preface; for, since religion does concern every man's *life*, and he writes or reads the life, he need not have said he had nothing (of course) to do with it, under any exceptions. But it serves the purposes of assuming a reluctance to touch upon the subject, and of charging upon the necessity of the case the many free and unnecessary animadversions upon Swift's character as a priest of the Church of England.

The lecturer far outdoes the false friend Orrery, who, speaking of his *Gulliver*, says, "I am afraid he glances at religion." It is true, he goes rather far to set up his friend the Dean as an example of punishment by Providence, which punishment he admires and confesses as according to righteous ways. His lordship might have pitied, if angels weep. Not a bit of it. "Here," he says, "a reflection naturally occurs, which, without superstition, leads me tacitly to admire and confess the ways of Providence. For this great genius, this mighty wit, who seemed to scorn and scoff at all mankind, lived not only to be an example of pride punished in his own person, and an example of terror to others, but lived to undergo some of the greatest miseries to which human nature is liable." Is this an instance of the charity which "covereth a multitude of sins," and which saith, "Judge not"? If his lordship had exercised on this occasion *his superstition*, which he thus adroitly puts aside, he would pretty much have resolved Swift's sins into a *material* necessity. Thus he philosophises on vice and virtue as effects —"These effects take their sources from causes almost mechanical."

Mr Thackeray is still more severe—more unjust. He will not allow his strictness in his religious duties, not even his family devotions, to pass as current coin; they are shams and counterfeits. The Swift too proud to lie, was enacting hypocrisy in all this; and how lucidly conclusive the argument! Would any modern lecturer like to be tried by it? "The boon-companion of Pope and Bolingbroke, who chose these as the friends of his life, and the recipients of his confidence and affection, must have heard many an argument, and joined in many a conversation, over Pope's port or 'St John's' burgundy, which would not bear to be repeated at other men's boards." "*Must* have heard." ! ! Had the lecturer been an eye and ear witness, he could not have said more. Yet this *must* is a very little must indeed. A letter of Bolingbroke's, and another from Pope to Swift, which the lecturer, as he ought to have done, had doubtless read, perfectly reduces the little *must* to nothing at all. Swift, it seems, had written to Pope in some way to convert him from Popery. Pope's reply parries off the Dean's shafts by wit, and the letter is very pleasant. Not so Bolingbroke; and as he was of too free a spirit to be false, and a hypocrite, at the time he wrote his reply he was not that bold speculator in atheistical arguments which he may have afterwards been; or if he was a hypocrite, that alternative defends Swift, for it shows the improbability of the arguments over the burgundy having been in their familiar converse; for Bolingbroke was at least no fool to contradict himself before Swift. These are his remarkable words, defending himself from the appellation of a freethinker, in its irreligious sense: "For since the truth of Christianity is as evident as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of justice, these freethinkers (such as he had described) must needs be Christians on the best foundation—on that which St Paul himself established (I think it was St Paul), *Omnia probate, quod bonum est tenete.*" It is not needful for us to vindicate Bolingbroke, nor even to express any great satisfaction at this passage; our purpose is to show Swift's religious sincerity, and the probable nature of the conversations with Pope and Bolingbroke from these letters.

But to the excess of severity in the lecturer. He contrasts "Harry Fielding and Dick Steele" with Swift for religious sincerity. These "were," he says, "especially loud, and I *believe fervent*, in their expressions of belief." He admits them to have been *unreasoning*, and Church of England men. "But Swift, his mind had had a different schooling, and possessed a very differ-

ent logical power. *He* was not bred up in a tipsy guardroom, and did not learn to reason in a Covent Garden tavern. He could conduct an argument from beginning to end. He could see forward with a fatal clearness. In his old age, looking at the *Tale of a Tub*, when he said, 'Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!' I think he was admiring, not the genius, but the consequences to which the genius had brought him—a vast genius, a magnificent genius—a genius wonderfully bright, and dazzling, and strong, to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood, and scorch it into perdition, to penetrate into the hidden motives, and expose the black thoughts of men; an awful, an evil spirit:" and yet Mr Thackeray would make this evil spirit a spirit of truth, of logical power, of brightness to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood; in fact, that irreligion was the natural result of true good logical reasoning, and therefore Swift had no religion. We have no business to charge the lecturer with irreligious sentiments; indeed we feel assured that he had no irreligious motive whatever in the utterance of this passage; nor could he have had, with any discretion, before a mixed modern audience: in the hurry of his eloquence, he overlooked the want of precise nicety of expression due to such a subject. We could wish that he had otherwise worded this passage, which, to the minds of the many, will certainly convey a notion that the legitimate conclusion of reasonable logical arguments is infidelity. Yet more. "Ah! man! you educated in the Epicurean Temple's library—you whose friends were Pope and St John—what made you to swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy before Heaven, which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence? For Swift's was a reverent spirit; for Swift could love and could pray." But his love, according to the lecturer, was cruelty, and his prayer a sham!! Let no man ever own a friend, however he became his friend, of dubious opinions. The lecturer is cautious. Miss Martineau sent her mind into a diseased cow, and it was healed. Pope and Bolingbroke *must* have sent theirs into Swift, and he was Bolingbroked and Poped to the utmost corruption and defilement. We may here as well ask how poor Swift was positively to know the ultimate sceptical opinions of Bolingbroke? They were published in his works, by Mallet, after his lordship's death.

Johnson doubted not the sincerity of Swift's religion. He vindicates the *Tale of a Tub*, which Mr Thackeray makes a text for his vituperation, from "ill intention." "He was a Churchman rationally zealous." "To his duty as a Dean he was very attentive." "In his church he restored the practice of weekly communion, and distributed the sacramental elements in the most solemn and devout manner with his own hands. He came to his church every morning, preached commonly in his turn, and attended the evening anthem, that it might not be negligently performed." Swift himself spoke disparagingly of his sermons. Mr Thackeray does more than take him at his word; he pronounces that "they have scarce a Christian characteristic. They might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffeehouse almost. There is little or no cant; he is too great and too proud for that; and, so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest." Is Mr Thackeray really a judge of "Christian characteristics?" or does he pronounce without having read Swift's sermon on the Trinity, so much and so deservedly admired, and certainly of a Christian character? But of these sermons quite as good a judge is Samuel Johnson as our lecturer, who says, "This censure of himself, if judgment be made from those sermons which have been printed, was unreasonably severe." Johnson ascribes the suspicion of irreligion to his dread of hypocrisy. Mr Thackeray makes hypocrisy his religion. Even the essayist in the *Times*, who considers him a madman from his birth, admits him to have been "sincerely religious, scrupulously attentive to the duties of his holy office, vigorously defending the position and privileges of his order: he positively played into the hands of infidelity, by the steps he took, both in his conduct and writings, to expose

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the cant and hypocrisy which he detested as heartily as he admired and practised unaffected piety." If, then, according to this writer, there was a mistake, it was not of his heart. What different judgments, and of so recent dates—a sincerely religious man, of practical unaffected piety, and, *per contra*, a long-life hypocrite before Heaven. We may well say, "Look on this picture and on this." Reflect, reader, upon the double title-page to *Life of Tiberius*, on the mysteries of every man's life; and the seeming contradictions which can never be explained here. A simple truth might explain them, but truth hides itself, and historians and biographers cannot afford time for accurate search, nor the reading world patience for the delays which truth's narrative would demand.

The *Tale of a Tub*, it has been said, was the obstacle to Swift's preferment—it may have been the ostensible excuse. If the Duchess of Somerset went down on her knees to prevent a bishopric being offered him, another excuse was wanted than the real one. It was ascribed to Swift that he had ridiculed her red hair: such a crime is seldom forgiven. But the "*spretæ injuria formæ*" will not be producible as an objection. This *Tale of a Tub* has been often condemned and excused, and will be while literature lasts, and is received amongst persons of different temperaments. There are some so grave that wit is condemned by them before they know the subject upon which it is exercised. To many it is folly, because beyond their conception. We know no reason why the man of wit should not be religious; if there be, wit is a crime; yet it is a gift of nature, and so imperative upon the possessor that he can scarcely withhold it. It is his genius. Wit has its logical forms of argument. Errors in religion, as in manners, present themselves to the man of wit both in a serious and ludicrous light; the two views combine, there is the instant flash for illumination or destruction. The corruptions in a church, as in that of Rome, being the growth of ages, engrafted into the habits and manners of a people, are not to be put down by solemn sermons only: arguments in a new and captivating manner must be adopted, and applied to the ready understanding and familiar commonsense of those on whom more grave and sedate argumentation is lost.

The Reformers were not remiss to take wit as an ally. Even now, those who are temporarily shocked at the apparent lightness with which it was employed in former days, as they read works such as the *Tale of a Tub* may have received with it solid arguments, never so vividly put to them, and which are still excellent preservatives against Romanism. The enemy who does not like it will call it ribaldry, buffoonery, and magnify it into a deadly sin. The vituperation of it marks its power. This kind of writing, even on the gravest subjects, is more defensible than those who are hurt by it will admit. In a state of warfare, and church is militant, we must not throw away legitimate arms. If wit be a gift, it is a legitimate weapon, and a powerful one. It deals terrible blows on the head of hypocrisy. We owe to it more perhaps than we think. It may be fairly asked, Were the *Provincial Letters* injurious to the cause of religion? The *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* helped to demolish some strongholds of iniquity. Rabelais, disgusting as he is to modern readers in too many parts, was acceptable to bishops and archbishops. They pardoned much for the depth of sense, knowledge of mankind, and solid learning in the curate of Meudon. There are offences against taste, that are not necessarily offences against religion. There is many an offensive work, especially in modern literature, where taste is guarded and religion hurt. Is there a natural antipathy between wit and religion, or between wit and morals? We trust not; for by it all mankind may be reached—at least those who can be reached by no other appeal, to whom that may be the first, though not the last. In times of controversy all must come into the field, the light-armed as well as the heavy-armed, and they must use their own weapons. David slew Goliah with a pebble and a sling. He had tried these; they were scorned by the giant, but they slew him. But this genius of art is imperative,

and unless you shut the church-doors against it, and anathematise it (and to do so would be dangerous), it will throw about its weapons. Danger cannot put it down. It has its minor seriousness, though you see it not; it has its deep wisdom, and such an abundance of gravity, that it can afford to play with it. It bids the man endowed with it use it even upon the scaffold, as did Sir Thomas More. Admit, that, if it is a power for good or evil, that very admission legitimatises it. The infidel, the scoffer, will use it, and he will be in the enemy's camp. Yes, we must have, in the gravest cause, our sharpshooters too. There have been buffoons for the gravest purposes as for the vilest. It is well to be cautious in condemning all. Demosthenes could not prevail upon the people of Athens to give attention to him where their safety was concerned, and he abandoned his seriousness, and told them a story of the "shadow of an ass." Buffoonery may be a part put on—the disguise, but the serious purpose is under it. Brutus was an able actor. A man may be allowed to put on a madness, when it would be death to proclaim himself, so as to be believed, in his senses. What shall we say of the grave buffoon, the wittiest, the wisest, the patriotic, who risked his life to play the fool, because he knew it was the only means of convincing the people, when he, Aristophanes, could not get an actor to take the part of Cleon, and took it himself, not knowing but that a cup of poison awaited him when the play was ended? It is as well to come to the conclusion that the wit, even the buffoon, may be respectable—nay, give them a higher name—even great characters. Their gifts are instincts, are meant for use. As the poet says, they cut in twain weighty matters: "*Magnas plerumque secant res.*" We fear that if we were to drive the lighter soldiers of wit out of the religious camp, those enlisted on the opposite side would set up a shout, rush in, and, setting about them lustily, have things pretty much their own way. Apply this as at least an apology for Swift. You must have the man with his wit—it was his uncontrollable passion. And, be it remembered, when he conceived, if not wrote, the *Tale of a Tub*, he was in the riotous spirit of his youth. And abstract from it its wondrous argument, deep sense of illustration, and weigh them, how ponderous the mass is, how able to crush the long age-constructed machinery of designing Popery! But heavy as is the abstract, it would have lain inert matter, but for those nicely-adjusted springs of wit, which, light as they seem, lift buoyantly the ponderous power, that it may fall where directed. If any have a Romish tendency, we would recommend him to read the *Tale of a Tub*, without fear that it will take religion out of his head or his heart. We perfectly agree with Johnson as to the *intention*, in contradiction to Mr Thackeray, who says, "The man who wrote that wild book could not but be aware what must be the sequel of the propositions he laid down." And thus is it cruelly added, "It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostacy out to hire." Charity, which "believeth all things," never believed that.

The virtues reign by turns in this world of ours. Each one is the Queen Quintessence of her time, and commands a fashion upon her subjects. They bear the hue of her livery in their aspects. What is in their bosoms it is not so easy to determine; their tongues are obedient to the fashion, and often join in chorus of universal cant. Philanthropy is now the common language, we doubt if it is the common doing, of the age. We are rather suspicious of it, not very well liking its connections, equality and fraternity, and suspect it to be of a spurious breed, considering some of its exhibitions on the stage of the world within the memory of many of us. As the *aura popularis* has been long, and is still blowing rather strong from that quarter, it may appear "brutal" to say a syllable *per contra*. There never was a fitter time to lift up the hands and eyes in astonishment at Swift's misanthropy. See the monster, how he hated mankind! Perhaps he was a misanthrope. That he was a good hater we verily

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believe, but for a misanthrope he was one of the kindest to those who deserved and needed his assistance. It is said of him that he made the fortunes of forty families—that when he had power, he exerted it to the utmost, perseveringly, to advance the interests of this or that man, and did many acts of benevolence secretly and delicately;—witness his payment to Mrs Dingley of £52 per annum, which he made her believe was her own; and he paid it as her agent for money in the funds, and took her receipt accordingly, and this was not known till after his death. Very numerous are the anecdotes of this nature, but here we have no space for them. Such misanthropes are not very bad people—even though, detesting the assumption of uncommon philanthropy, they put on now and then a little roughness, as Swift undoubtedly did, and many very kind people very often do. But he wrote *Gulliver*, that bitter satire on mankind, for which Mr Thackeray the lecturer is greatly shocked at him. "As for the moral, I think it is horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and, giant and great as this Dean is, I say we should hoot him." Certainly hoot him—pelt him out of your *Vanity Fair*, which, though bad enough, is far too good for him, for the law there is to treat bad mankind very tenderly, and to make the good come off but second best, and look a trifle ridiculous. There have been strong vigorous satirists, universally read and admired, and made the stock literature of all countries too, and the authors have been hitherto thought highly moral and dignified characters; and they were personal, too, as ever Swift was (not that we admire his personalities—they were part his, and part belonged to his time), and their language as coarse. What are we to say of Juvenal, if we condemn Swift on that score? What of his sixth and tenth satires? The yahoo for mankind is not more hideous than the Tabraca monkey, which so frightfully represents men's old age, in that famous tenth satire on the "Vanity of Human Wishes." It is, indeed, a morbid philanthropy, a maudlin philanthropy, that will not give detested vices the lash. What is brutal vice?—degraded human nature, such as our police courts have of late exhibited it, our Cannons, and kickers, and beaters of women—the burkers of our times, murderers for the sake of body-selling, to whom yahoos are as far better creatures. Yet, in our philanthropic days, we must not compare man to low animals. Indeed, we make companion of the faithful dog—we pet the obedient horse—we love them—and we are better for the affection we bestow, and it is in a great degree perhaps reciprocal; but such brutes in human shape, we shrink from comparing our dumb friends with them. They have made themselves an antipathy to human nature, and our nature an antipathy to them.

One would think, to hear some people talk about this *Gulliver*, that Swift had originated such hideous comparisons with the brute creation, and that he alone had brought his *animali parlanti* on the stage. Chaucer, whom everybody loves, makes the cock say, as thus Dryden says it for him:—

> "And I with pleasure see
> Man strutting on two legs, and aping me."
> *Cock and Fox.*

But let us put the matter thus: In depicting the lowest vices of human nature, Swift, like Hogarth, made them appear more odious, and the former less offensive, by at least ideally or rather formally removing them from our species. The transforming them to brutes in something *like* human shape, renders the human image less distinct; covers them with a gauze, through which you can bear the sight, and contemplate what brutalised human nature may become. The satirist Hogarth is as strong, and by too near a resemblance, more disgusting, yet is he a great moralist. Is the Yahoo of Swift worse, or so offensive to our pride, as the heroes and heroines of "Beer and Gin Alley," or the cruelty scenes of Hogarth? Yet who ever called these doings of the painter-satirist "shameful, unmanly, blasphemous." Hoot *him*, Mr Lecturer, hoot both or neither. No—the hoot of the Lecturer was nothing but a little oratorical extravagance, for an already indignant audience,

touched upon that tender modern virtue, general philanthropy. Out of his lectures, the lecturer is a true, good, loving, kind-hearted, generous man; his real "hoot" would sound as gently as the "roar" of any "sucking dove." But at a lecture-table, the audience must be indulged in their own ways. The lecturer puts by his nature and puts on his art. He is acting the magician for the moment, and not himself, and thus his art excuses to him this patting on the back our mock philanthropy; *mock*, for it is out of nature, and not real. Honest genuine nature is indignant, and has an impulse as its instinct to punish villany. Who ever read history, and did not wish a Cæsar Borgia hanged? Philanthropists are very near being nuisances; they go out of the social course, which runs in circles—at first small ones too, home. There is room for the exercise of plenty of charity, amiableness, goodness; where is the need a man should burthen himself with the whole census? We live for the most part in circles, and if we do good, true, and serviceable duty within them, it little matters if some, with a pardonable eccentricity, deem them magic circles, and that all on the outside of the circumference are fiends ready to leap in open-mouthed to devour them. Professing philanthropists are apt to have too little thought of what is nearest, and to stretch out beyond the natural reach of their arms. They are breakers into other people's circles, and perpetually guilty of a kind of affectionate burglary—and therefore not punishable, but to be pitied as a trifle insane. Poor Swift! how his friends wept at his last sad condition, which the hard hearts who knew him not, a century and a half after, choose to call Heaven's punishment, and his misery a "remorse." How his true friends grieved for him! and such friends, too—men of generous natures that lift humanity out of that, its vexatious condition, which provokes universal satire. He had a circle of friends whom he dearly loved, and who as dearly loved him. No matter how many yahoos go to the whipping-post. Take care of the home circles, and ever keep the temper sweet in that temperate zone, which the natural course of society has provided for you; and be sure the world won't be a bit worse off, if you light your cigar at your own hearth, and pleasantly write a pretty sharp satire on the world at large. We know not if it is not a fair position to lay down, that all satirists are amiable men; our best have been eminently so. Poor gentle Cowper, in his loving frenzy, wielded the knout stoutly, and had it been in his religion, would have whipped himself like a pure Franciscan; and yet he loved his neighbour. And it is our belief that Swift was good and amiable, and as little like a yahoo as those who depict him as one. Nature gave him a biting power, and it was her instinct that made him use it; and what if he exaggerated? It is the poet's licence. What did Juvenal? and what did he more than Juvenal? Oh, this at once bold and squeamish age!—bold to do bad things, and to cry out against having them told or punished, but delighting in dressing up an imaginary monster and ticketing it with the name of Jonathan Swift, dead a century ago!!

And was there so little vice and villany in the world in Swift's time, or in Hogarth's time, that it should have been allowed to escape? Party was virulent and merciless, and divided men, so that statesmen had no time to care for good public morals. To be a defeated minister was to be sent to the Tower, as Swift's friend Harley was, and kept there two years. They were corrupt times—yahoo times. What says the sober historian, the narrator of facts, about 1717? There are accounts of the "Mug-houses," when the Whig and Tory factions divided the nation. There was the attack on these Mug-houses, retaliations and riots, and there were "Mohocks," of which we read too pleasantly now in the *Spectator*, who went about with drawn swords, and kept the city in terror. It is somewhere about the year 1730 of which the historian speaks thus:—"A great remissness of government prevailed at this time in England. Peace both at home and abroad continued to be the great object of the minister. Prosperity in commerce introduced luxury—hence necessities were created, and these drove the lower classes of people into the most

abandoned wickedness. Averse to all penal and sanguinary measures, the minister gave not that encouragement to the ordinary magistrates that would enable them to give an effectual check to vice among the multitude. This produced a very pernicious effect among the higher class, so that almost universal degeneracy of manners prevailed. It was not safe to travel the roads or walk the streets; and often the civil officers themselves dared neither to repel the violences nor punish the crimes that were committed. A species of villains now started up, unknown to former times, who made it their business to write letters to men of substance, threatening to set fire to their houses in case they refused their demands; and sometimes their threats were carried into execution. In short, the peculiar depravity of the times became at length so alarming that the government was obliged to interpose, and a considerable reward was offered for discovering the ruffians concerned in such execrable practices."*

If Swift's miseries were so large as to make Archbishop King shed tears, and pronounce him the most unhappy man on earth, on the subject of whose wretchedness no question may be asked; and if, remembering this, we reflect upon his great and active doings, it will not be without admiration that we shall see how manfully he strove against being overwhelmed with inevitable calamities; and if we think him too much inclined to view mankind ill, we should reflect that he lived in such times as we have been describing, and had ill-treatment enough from mankind to render his best struggles for contentment at times hard, and that he preserved his friendships to the last.

The fortuitous disappointments of life may be borne with a humble patience, the virtue in misery; the disappointments which our fellow-creatures inflict by their falseness and wickedness, are apt in a degree to make generous natures misanthropic; but even then their best feelings do but retreat from their advanced posts —retire within, and cling with greater love and resolution to the home fortress, fortified and sustained by a little army of dear friends. So it was with Swift: out in the world he was the traveller Gulliver—but the best friendships made his world his home. Even in the strictest sense of *home*, such a home as Swift had, of so strange a home-love, we know not to what great degree we should look on that with pity. It is to be hoped, not one of his revilers have had his miseries—which even his friend was with tears requested not to look into.

The animosities of Whigs and Tories were extreme. Swift declared himself a Whig in politics, a Tory as high-churchman. In the course of political experience, it is evident one of the principles must give way. Swift saw to what the Whig policy tended: the higher interests prevailed with him—he joined the Tories. Giant as he was, we are not surprised at the strong expressions of the essayist whom we have before quoted, "under Harley, Swift reigned, Swift was the Government, Swift was Queen, Lords, and Commons. There was tremendous work to do, and Swift did it all." We do not mean to say Swift was not a thorough man of the world; nor that he did not look to his own interests, as men of the world do; but at the same time, it would be hard to show that he was profligate as to political principle. He may have changed his views, or political principles may have shifted themselves. We firmly believe him to have been honest. But he left the Whig ranks. Having done so, he was too great not to be feared, and so hated—and is it too much to say that this Whig hatred with regard to him has come down to our day, and unforgiving as it is, as it cannot persecute the man, persecutes his memory? It is next to impossible not to see that political rancour has directed and dipped into its own malignant gall the pen of Lord Jeffrey, who in that essay, which has now become cheap railway reading, heaps all possible abuse on Swift, ascribing to him all bad motives—is furiously wroth with him even now, because he abandoned the Whigs. It is the very burthen of his vituperative essay. He (Swift) is a political apostate, and a

* Russell's *History of England.*

libeller of the Whigs against his conscience; and this Lord Jeffrey gathers from his letters. Indeed! and was it in Lord Jeffrey's mind so dreadful an offence (if true) this writing against his conscience, and to be discovered in private letters, at supposed variance with published documents, by this said Dean? We fear Lord Jeffrey was not aware that he was passing a very severe censure upon his own conduct when he wrote thus of Swift; for we remember reading a letter by the said Lord Jeffrey in entire contradiction to that which, as Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, he had given out to the world. In this private letter, published in his "Life," he writes in perfect terror, and in the deepest despair of the nation, arising from the dangerous tendency of articles in that *Review*, with, as we conceive, a very poor apology, that he could not restrain his ardent writers. Party blinded him then, and thus he vents his rancour further, forgetful of the lampoons of the Whig Tom Moore, the *Twopenny Post-bag*, and a long list—and of the Whig Byron, and his doings in that line. "In all situations the Tories have been the greatest libellers, and, as is fitting, the great prosecutors of libels." Lord Jeffrey, when he wrote this, was as forgetful of his own party as of himself in particular—of the many personalities in his own review, as of Whig writings. Unfortunately for them, they were not so gifted with wit as their opponents, but their malignity on that account was the greater. What is to be said of Lord Holland's note-book? But Lord Jeffrey was not the one to condemn, however others might be justified in doing so, even personal libels, which, in his own case, as editor and political Whig agent, he justifies, and, more than that, sets up a principle to maintain his justification. It would appear that one of his contributors had been shocked at the personal libels in the *Edinburgh*, and had remonstrated. Jeffrey thus defends the practice: "To come, for instance, to the attacks on the person of the Sovereign. Many people, and I profess myself to be one, may think such a proceeding at variance with the dictates of good taste, of dangerous example, and repugnant to good feelings; and therefore will not themselves have recourse to it." (Here his memory should have hinted—

"Qui facit per alium facit per se.")

"Yet," he continues, "it would be difficult to deny that it is, or may be, a lawful weapon to be employed in the great and eternal contest between the court and the country. Can there be any doubt that the personal influence and personal character of the Sovereign is an element, and a pretty important element, in the practical constitution of the government, and always forms part of the strength or weakness of the administration he employs? In the abstract, therefore, I cannot think that attempts to weaken that influence, to abate a dangerous popularity, or even to excite odium towards a corrupt and servile ministry, by making the prince, on whose favour they depend, generally contemptible or hateful, are absolutely to be interdicted or protested against. Excesses no doubt may be committed. But the system of attacking abuses of power, by attacking the person who instigates or carries them through by general popularity or personal influence, is lawful enough, I think, and may *form a large scheme of Whig opposition* — not the best or the noblest part, certainly, but one not without its use, and that may, on some occasions, be altogether indispensable."—*Letter to Francis Horner, Esq., 12th March* 1815.

The semi-apologetic qualifying expressions "against good taste and feeling," only make one smile, as showing the clear sin against conscience, in thus falling into or recommending the large scheme of Whig opposition. One might imagine him to have been one of Mr Puff's conspirators in his tragedy, who had manufactured from the play a particularly Whig party-prayer—a prayer to their god of battle, whoever he was,—certainly one a mighty assistant in such conspiracies.

"Behold thy votaries submissive beg,
That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask;
Assist them to accomplish all their ends,
And sanctify whatever means they use
To gain them."—*The Critic.*

Every one will now agree, of course,

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with Lord Jeffrey, that the Tories have ever been the great libellers!!!

Was it ever known that Tom Moore, or even the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, were prosecuted!! We do not justify Swift in all his libels—some bad enough. They were strange times, and of no common licence; and who was more licentiously attacked than Swift himself? And he knew how to retaliate, and he did it terribly and effectually. Many badly-written things were ascribed to Swift which he did not write. But we must not take the code of manners of one age, and a more refined age, and utterly condemn, by reference to them, the manners of another, as a chargeable offence against an individual. Much that Swift wrote could not be written now; much that was written by Mr Thackeray's other "Humourists" could not be written now; and yet the objections are on the score of manners wanting in refinement, and not that morals were offended. In Swift's time, both in literature and politics, men wrote coarsely, and acted somewhat coarsely too; for they wrote in disgust, which was scarcely lessened by a fear of the pillory. Retaliations were severe. De Foe, who knew well what political prosecution was, wrote thus on Lord Haversham's speech: "But fate, that makes footballs of men, kicks some up stairs and some down; some are advanced without honour, others suppressed without infamy; some are raised without merit, some are crushed without crime; and no man knows, by the beginning of things, whether his course shall issue in a peerage or a pillory"—in most witty and satiric allusion to Lord Haversham's and his own condition. Swift's *Account of the Court and Empire of Japan*," written in 1728, is no untrue representation of the factions and ministerial profligacy of that period. The Dean, as an Irish patriot—for he heartily took up the cause of Ireland — was persecuted, and a reward of £300 offered for the discovery of the author of one of the Drapier's Letters. The anecdote told on this occasion is very characteristic of Swift. He was too proud to live in fear of any man. His butler, whom alone he trusted, conveyed these letters to the printer. When the proclamation of reward came out, this servant strolled from the house, and staid out all night and part of next day. It was feared he had betrayed his master. When he returned, the Dean ordered him instantly to strip himself of his livery, and ordered him to leave the house; "For," says he, "I know my life is in your power, and I will not bear, out of fear, either your insolence or negligence." The man was, however, honest and humble, and even desired to be confined till the danger should be over. But his master turned him out. The sequel should be told. When the time of information had expired, he received the butler again; and "soon afterwards ordered him and the rest of the servants into his presence, without telling his intentions, and bade them take notice that their fellow-servant was no longer Robert the butler, but that his integrity had made him Mr Blakeney, Verger of St Patrick's, whose income was between thirty and forty pounds a-year." As it has fallen in the way to give this narrative of his conduct to a deserving servant, it may not be amiss, in this place, to offer a pendant; and it may be given the more readily, as those who wish to view him as a misanthropic brute, and they who would commend him for his humanity, may make it their text for their praise or their abuse. "A poor old woman brought a petition to the deanery; the servant read the petition, and turned her about her business. Swift saw it, and had the woman brought in, warmed and comforted with bread and wine, and dismissed the man for his inhumanity."

To revert, however, to his political course. When the Tory Ministry was broken up, he never swerved from his friendships, nor did he court one probable future minister at the expense of the other. Indeed, at the beginning of the break-up, he clung the more closely to Harley, the dismissed minister. But even this conduct has been misrepresented, by those who viewed all his actions upside down, as a deep policy, that he might be sure of a friend at court whichever side might ultimately win.

That he might appear wanting in no *possible impossible* vice, avarice

has been added to the number adduced. Even Johnson charges his economy upon his "love of a shilling." This does appear to us, after much examination of data, a very gratuitous accusation. His early habits were necessarily those of a poor man; he never was a rich one; and he was far above the meanness of enlarging his means at the expense of his deanery, its present interests, or of his successor, by any selfish regard to fines. Due economy is often taken to be avarice. Nor does it follow that reasonable parsimony, when constantly practised for a worthy purpose, *is* avarice. Such avarice is at least not uncommon in great and good minds. Swift so often made it known that he had a good object, and which he fulfilled, that it seems quite malicious to forget his motives, and to ascribe his by no means large accumulations to a miserly disposition. He did not in fact, after all, leave a very ample endowment for his hospital for the insane. The first £500 which he could call his own he devoted to loans, in small sums, to poor yet industrious men. Had he been avaricious, he might have accumulated a fortune by his writings. A very small sum (we believe for his *Gulliver*) was the only payment received for all his writings. Had he been naturally avaricious, he would not have returned, with marked displeasure, a donation sent him by Harley. There was a sturdy manliness in his pride which forbade him to incur serious debt; and this pride caused him to measure nicely, or rather say frugally, his expenditure. He had, indeed, a "love of a shilling," as he ought to have had, for he knew for what purpose he husbanded it. We know an instance of seeming parsimony that originated in, and was itself, an admirable virtue. It was in rather humble life. The man had given up his little patrimony—his all—to the maintenance of two sisters, whom he truly loved; and when he went out into the world, trusting to his industry alone, he made a vow to himself that the half of every shilling he could save should go to his sisters. This man drove hard bargains; by habit he came to think that what he spent idly was a half robbery. Many a hard name, doubtless, was cast at this tender-hearted man in his progress through little-knowing and ill-judging society.

We do not attempt a delineation of Swift's character. We are conscious that it was too great for our pen. It must be a deep philosophy that is able to search into such a mind, and bring all the seeming contradictions into order, and sift his best qualities, from their mixtures of eccentricities, from a real or imaginary insanity. This part of the subject has been ably treated, and with medical discrimination, by Mr Wilde in his *Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*, from whose work we gladly quote some just animadversions upon his vituperators.

"To the slights thrown upon his memory by the Jeffreys, Broughams, Macaulays, De Quinceys, and other modern *literati*, answers and refutations have been already given. Of these attacks, which exhibit all the bitterness of contemporary and personal enmity, it is only necessary to request a careful analysis, when they will be found to be gross exaggerations of some trivial circumstances, but written in all the unbecoming spirit of partisanship; while the opinions of his contemporaries, Harley, Bolingbroke, Pope, Arbuthnot, Delany, &c., are a sufficient guarantee for the opinion which was entertained of Swift by those who knew him best and longest."

It was well said, with reference to Jeffrey's article in the *Edinburgh Review*, "But Swift is dead, as Jeffrey well knew when he reviewed his works." If men of mark will be so unjust, unscrupulous, uncharitable, as to apply "base perfidy" to such a man as Swift, no wonder if the small fry of revilers, whose lower minds could never by any possibility rise to the conception of such a character as Swift, should lift their shrieking voices to the same notes, as if they would claim a vain consequence by seeming to belong to the pack. Mr Howitt odiously alludes to the discarded story which we have noticed, the slander at Kilroot, and grounds upon it a charge of "dissipated habits" in his youth. This writer, lacking the ability and influence of the superior libellers, as

is common with such men, yelps his shrill vulgarities the louder in such expressions as "selfish tyranny," "wretched shuffler," "contemptible fellow."

It is a vile thing, this vice of modern times—this love of pulling down the names of great men of a past age—of blotting and slurring over every decent epitaph written in men's hearts about them. That men of note themselves should fall into it, is but a sad proof that rivalry and partisanship in politics make the judgment unjust. We remember the reproof Canning gave to Sir Samuel Romilly, no common man, who indeed acknowledged Mr Pitt's talents, but denied that he was a great man. "Heroic times are these we live in," said Canning, "with men at our elbow of such gigantic qualities as to render those of Pitt ordinary in the comparison. Ah! who is there living, in this house or out of it, who, taking measure of his own mind or that of his coevals, can be justified in pronouncing that William Pitt was not a great man?" Of all our modern revilers of Swift, the pullers to pieces of his fame and character, is there any that might not shrink from putting his own measure of either to the comparison? Political hatred lasts too long—it reverses the law of canonisation: if there is to be worship, it must be immediate. A century destroys it; but enmity survives.

"Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on," &c.

We commenced with the intention of reviewing Mr Thackeray's Lectures, but have stopped short at his life of Swift, and yet feel that we have but touched upon the subject-matter relating to that great man; and hope to refer to it, with some notice and extracts from his works, at a future time.

And what is Swift? What is any dead man that we should defend his name, which is nothing but a name—and not that to *him?* What is Swift to us, more than "Hecuba" to the poor player, or "he to Hecuba," that we should rise with indignation to plead his cause? Praise or blame to the man dead a century and more, is nothing for him, no, nor to any one of his race (for affections of that kind are lost in a wide distribution). Shakespeare makes even honour of a shorter date. "What is honour to him who died o' Wednesday?" Very soon individual man melts away from his individuality, and merges into the general character; he becomes quite an undistinguishable part of the whole generation; his appearance unknown. Could the great and the small visit us from the dead—they who "rode on white asses," and they who were gibbeted—they whom the "king delighted to honour," and they whom the hangman handled—there is no "usher of black rod" that could call them out by their names. Their individualities are gone—their names must go in search of them in vain—they will fasten nowhere with certainty—none know which is which. Let Cæsar come with his murderers, and who shall tell which is Cæsar? After a generation, there is no one on earth to grieve for the guilty or unfortunate, unless in a fiction or tale. We laugh at the weeping lady who puts her tears to the account of the "anniversary of the death of poor dear Queen Elizabeth." Feelings and affections of past ages are all gone, and become but a cold history, that the poet or the romance-writer may warm again in their sport. They no longer belong to those who had them. While memory and affection lasts there is a kind of vitality, but it soon goes. "Non omnis moriar" is a motto to be translated elsewhere. The atmosphere of fame, for this earth, rises, like that we breathe, but a little way above it, and is ever shifting.

But if the individual thus melts away, not so the general character; that will remain—and in that the living are concerned. We deem it a part of a true philanthropy if we can pull out one name from the pit of defamation into which it has been unhandsomely thrust, and can place it upon the record of our general nature, that our common humanity may be raised, and, as much as may be, glorified thereby. Such has been our motive (for with this motive alone is Swift anything to us), and we hope we have succeeded in rescuing one of

nature's great men from unmerited obloquy.

We have spoken freely of Mr Thackeray's Lectures, with reference to his character of Swift.

We believe that he has unfortunately followed a lead; and, in so doing, has been encouraged to a bias by his natural gift—satire. We say not this to his dispraise. Like other natural gifts, the satiric puts out ever its polyp feelers, and appropriates whatever comes within its reach, and promises nutriment. It is not indeed likely, in this our world, to be starved for lack of sustenance; nor would society be the better if it were. But we do doubt if it be quite the talent required in a biographer. We would not have Mr Thackeray abate one atom of the severity of his wit; and we believe him to have an abhorrence of everything vicious, mean, and degrading, and that his purpose in all his writings is to make vice odious. He habitually hunts that prey: having seen the hollowness of professions, he drives his merciless pen through it, and sticks the culprit upon its point, and draws him out upon the clean sheet, and blackens him, and laughs at the figure he has made of him. A writer of such a stamp ought to be considered, what he really is, a moralist—therefore a benefactor in our social system.

But with this power, let him touch the living vices till they shrink away cowed. The portraiture of the vices of men who lived a century or more ago, real or imaginary, may only serve to feed the too flagrant vice of the living—self-congratulating vanity. If then he must write, or lecture, on biography, we would earnestly recommend him to do it with a fear of himself. His other works have contributed many hours of delight to the days of most of us; and in the little volume before us, setting aside his lecture on Swift, there is much to amuse and to instruct. The sharp contrasting choice of his positions, and easy natural manner, not forcing but enticing the reader to reflection, must ever make Mr Thackeray a popular writer. Were he less sure of the public ear, and the public voice in his favour, we should not have endeavoured to rescue the character of Swift from his grasp; and we believe him to be of that generous nature to rejoice, if we have, as we hope, been successful in the attempt. We cannot speak too highly of Mr Thackeray as one most accomplished in his art: his style, eminently English, is unmistakably plain and energetic. It is original—so curt, yet so strong; there is never amplification without a purpose, nor without the charm of a new image. Thoughts are clad in the words that best suit them. With him, pauses speak; and often a full stop, unexpected in a passage, is eloquent. You think that he has not said all, because he has said so little: yet that little is all; and there is left suggestion for feelings which words would destroy. He is never redundant. So perfect is this his art that his very restraint seems an *abandon*. He knows when and how to gain the credit of forbearance, where in fact there is none. In his mastery over this his peculiar manner, he brings it to bear upon the pathetic or the ridiculous with equal effect; and, like a consummate satirist, makes even the tragic more tragic, more ghastly, by a slight connection with the light, the ridiculous, a certain air of indifference. We instance the passage of the death of Rawdon, in his *Vanity Fair*. Few are the words, but there is a history in them. The apparent carelessness in dismissing his hero reminds one of that in Richard the Third.

> "The Lady Anne hath bade the world good night."

His strongest ridicule is made doubly ridiculous by the gravity he tacks to it. It sticks like a burr upon the habit of his unfortunate victim. He puts the rags of low motives upon seeming respectability, and makes presumption look beggarly—effecting that which the Latin satirist says real poverty does—*ridiculos homines facit*. Most severe in his indifference, his light playfulness is fearfully Dantesque; it is ever onward, as if sure of its catastrophe. We do not know any author who can say so much in few common words. These are characteristics of genius. It has often been said, and perhaps with truth, that the reader shuts the book uncomfortable,

not very much in love with human nature: we are by no means sure that this is absolutely wrong; such is the feeling on looking at Hogarth's pictures. It was the author's intention, in both cases, to be a moral satirist, not a romance-writer. It has been objected that he allows the vicious too much success; but he may plead that so it is in life: even the Psalmist expressed his surprise at the prosperity of the wicked. There is truth to the life in this treatment; a certain seeming success tells not the whole. It is a more serious charge that he has made virtue and goodness insipid. We wish he could persuade himself that there is romance in real life, and that it is full of energies; its true portraiture would give a grace to his works. Cervantes and Le Sage were not all satire; their beautiful touches of romance hurt not the general character of their works; the fantastic frame-lines mar not the pathos of the picture. With this recommendation we close our article, with trust in the good sense and good feeling of Mr Thackeray, rejoiced to think that his powerful genius is in action: whatever vein he may be in, he will be sure to instruct and amuse, and accumulate fame to himself. If the virtues do not look their very best, when he ushers them into company, at least vice will never have to boast of gentle treatment—he will make it look as it deserves; and if he does not always thrust it out of doors in rags and penury, he will set upon it, and leave its further punishment for conjecture.

NOTE TO THE ARTICLE ON THE NEW READINGS IN SHAKESPEARE.

We have received, although only at the eleventh hour, a copy of *Notes and Queries* (September 17, 1853), in which Icon animadverts with proper severity on the unwarrantable conduct of A. E. B. in attacking our harmless selves in the manner he did. He also compliments our article in a strain which makes us blush even deeper than we did when the "gnat" stung us. We thank both him and the editor for the handsome apology which has been made to us—for such we consider it—in the name of *Notes and Queries;* and we confess that, had we been aware of their friendly disposition sooner, we might have modified some of the remarks made at the opening of this paper. Let the excellent concern, however, take our remarks as kindly as we did theirs; and let all who are connected with it consider, that when a man is struck at in the dark, he must defend himself in the dark, fall his blows where they may. The worthy editor seems to be much more pestered by the fussiness and irritability of his little tribe of correspondents than we are. He complains of this very sorely. He will perhaps find that we have given them a lesson how to behave; and if he passes the remainder of his days in peace and quiet, untormented by the small hornets whom he has in charge, he will know whom he has to thank for it, and will feel grateful accordingly. May *Notes and Queries* go on and prosper; for, when it commits a mistake, it has the manliness and good sense to avow it, and to make all suitable reparation.

Printed by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh.

beheld himself work, struggle, succeed. He attained w
honour. He gained possession of that adored hand.—But
had he awarded to himself the prize of his exertions, thar
those sudden turns, so common in both night and day-d
modest, simple tastes regained, unawares, the upper hand
fancied himself happy in her company, in the peaceful en
the fruit of his exertions, the scene of his ideal felicity was
in the town, surrounded by splendour and luxury, but i
valley in the country, by the side of a limpid stream, on
autumnal evening.

We must give the scene in which he finally
Stella's love for the Dean. It has fine touches.

"Going!" said Stella. "You mean to go—to leave us
"Alone? Why you have the Dean."
"Oh! don't call him by that name! Ever since he has
a Dean, you know how he has neglected us!"
"Because he has more to do."
"Yes, yes," said she, shaking her head sadly;—"I tho
first, but now I see more clearly."
Tisdal, speechless from anxiety, awaited an explanati
words; but she continued:
"Is your new living a much better one?"
"Not at all better."
"And are you forced to accept it?"
"No: it was I who asked for the change."
"You asked for it! Ah! you forsake me as he has
forsake me because I am not wise or serious enough for you.
you!"
She made a vain effort to smile: two big tears gave the
false gaiety.
She wept!—wept at the thought of his going! Was n
avowal of love? And yet there was the refusal of last ye
this refusal had only been communicated to him by a thir
What if Mrs Dingley, devoted to Swift's interests, had
offered her mediation only in order to ensure the failure of
tiation? What a suspicion! He resolved to clear up the
"Tell me," said he, in an almost inarticulate voice, "la
begged Mrs Dingley to ask you a question."
"A question?"
"Yes, and a very important one for my happiness."
Stella looked down.
"Did she ask it?"
"She did."
"And the refusal which she brought me came from you
from your heart?"
"Not without pain, I can assure you."
"Not without pain!—but you did refuse me.—But if
question were asked again?"
Stella looked on the ground in silence.
"And you ask me why I go?—Why but to fly from you?
presence I am ever on the rack!"
With the obstinacy of a lover, he did not yet despair of
some encouragement. But, receiving none, he suddenly
walked into the back parlour. Stella followed him.
"I am then the cause of much pain to you, Mr Tisdal,"
going up to him.
"To love with all one's soul," muttered Tisdal, "and to get
in return but indifference and contempt—"
"Oh, Mr Tisdal."
"I beg your pardon. I know that I may count upon you
ship; but friendship is so cold and unsatisfactory."
"Too true," said Stella, interrupting him; "at times one
prefer hatred. At any rate, one would then know one's
would, at least, have a right to complain."
Tisdal looked at her with astonishment.

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on look… reams, his
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… nothing
… friend-
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"Who will officiate?"

"The Archbishop, I hope. He is in the secret."

"And the witnesses?"

"I do not yet know. Being anxious not to make it known—"

"Can I be of any use?" said Tisdal.

And he offered himself as if to perform the most common-place service.

"You?" said Swift, looking at him. "Yes."

And, turning away his head, he hastily left the room.

To the last this character is sustained with the same strong gentleness and nobility of feeling. It is upon Tisdal's arm she rests as she stands at the altar, and his voice is the consolation of her death-bed.

We have omitted after all to mention perhaps the cleverest part of this novel—Swift's first knowledge of Vanessa, and his exertions to repair her damaged fortune. But with all its defects on the side of the improbable and impossible, the book is worth reading. Perhaps its opening and closing incident deserve a final word—they are so exquisitely French. At the opening Swift presents himself *incog.* at Laracor, and boxes the ears of Mrs housekeeper Jebb's brat, because he finds him playing with the fire. At the close, when Stella and Vanessa are both dead, he revisits Laracor, and finds the young brat aforesaid pulling the ears of another boy for precisely the same offence. Whereupon the thoughtful and melancholy Dean points the history of his amours, and the moral of his own unheeded warning, in the fact of his having himself too recklessly *played with fire!*

THE PERIODICALS FOR OCTOBER.

We delivered an invective against magazines in general some years ago, which we closed with a sort of recantation, or palinode of praise, on special contents in the magazines then current. We are not now going to commit a similar inconsistency; but the periodicals just published happen to contain some papers more or less interesting, and we wish to enliven a dull season with a few extracts indicating sources from which, at the reader's leisure, ampler entertainment may be drawn.

For the most part, it must be confessed, the Grub street days of magazines no longer exist. The worst have perished; and their places have been taken by weekly miscellanies better adapted to the tastes of general readers, and the gravities as well as gaieties of the time, on the plan of the delightful *Household Words* of Mr Dickens (1). Much improvement is also becoming visible in the general literature provided for purchasers of humble means. The publications of Mr Charles Knight and the Messrs Chambers led the way in this respect; and the same enterprising friends of the real interests of working men continue to promote them (more, we regret to say, than any House of Commons' plan of education has yet even pretended or attempted to do) by such works as *Papers for the People* (2), whereof four volumes have appeared which we think quite marvellous for the quantity as well as quality of information conveyed in them: such

Turner referred is a very curious example of the politico-religious composition of an episcopal chancellor in the fifteenth century, and it is very carefully edited by Mr. Nichols in the present volume. It exists in three different states, or, to speak more precisely, the Chancellor sat down to his task at three several times, still working, in some measure, on the same materials. First he wrote a speech for the intended parliament of Edward V.: this is complete, but, as we have already seen, was never delivered. He next prepared a speech to open the parliament of Richard III., which it seems was originally intended to assemble on the 11th of November, 1483; this composition is imperfect, as it is probable that the meeting of parliament was again deferred before the right reverend chancellor had finished his composition. His third essay was actually delivered on the 23d of January following, as is proved by an abstract of its argument entered upon the parliament roll: but the speech itself is preserved only in an incomplete state.

It is a point very strongly urged by Mr. Sharon Turner as one of the motives by which Richard was instigated, if not coerced, to set aside his nephew, that his authority as protector would have terminated with the young king's coronation, when he might have found himself in a situation of personal peril. But a passage of lord chancellor's Russell's speech conveys a very different impression:—

> In the meane tyme, (he says,) tylle rypenesse of yeres and personelle rule be, as by Godys grace they must onys be, concurrente togedyr, The power and auctorite of my lord protector is so behoffulle and of reason to be assented and establisshed by the auctorite of thys hyghe courte, that amonges alle the causes of the assemblynge of the parliamente yn thys tyme of the yere, thys ys the grettest and most necessarye furst to be affermed.

When this was written the chancellor knew that Edward's coronation was intended to be solemnised before the meeting of parliament; if, then, the "authority of the lord protector" was to be "established" by the parliament, *after* the coronation, it is evident that Mr. Sharon Turner's view of the supposed effect of the latter ceremony must be incorrect.

As a further specimen of the chancellor's harangue, we add one other remarkable passage:—

> I see the policie of thys Reme in the tyme of holdynge of parliamentes grettly correspondente to the same maner of the Romanes. Thys ys the howse of the senate. The commons have ther apart. And lyke as yn thys house one *tanquam consul* makithe the questions, soo yn the lower howse in lyke wyse alle ys directed by the speker *quasi per tribunum*. Valerie in the seconde boke of the memorable dictes and dedys of Rome rehersythe that, thowe the Tribunes of the peuple might not presume to entre withyn the courte of the Senatours, yet schulde they have setes withoute to examine what were decried by the nobles, suche decrees to be not avayleable unto the tyme they were ratified by the peuple. See the passynge of every act made in a parliament, and alle is oo thynge, that that the Romaynes did in ther tyme, and that that we do nowe in thys the kynges most hyghe and soverayne courte. *Audiunt insulæ, attendunt populi de longe.* The princes and lordes have the fyrst and principalle undrestondynge and knowlege of every gret thynge necessarye to be redressed, the lower peuple and commens herkene and attende uppon them. And when they agre eche to other [in their acts, then no]thynge can be better.

The MS. Harl. 433, from which the text of this volume of the Camden Society is derived, is one of the most valuable authorities for the reign of Richard III., and as such has already been published to a slight extent by Rymer, and employed by Mr. Sharon Turner and our other historians: and we think that the Camden Society cannot devote itself to a better object than that of printing a further selection from it, accompanied by indexes as complete as those given in the present volume, for by that means alone can a variety of minute and multifarious particulars be rendered easy of reference, and thus eventually fall into their proper places in history and biography.

LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT TO BENJAMIN MOTTE, AND A LETTER OF POPE TO C. BATHURST,

FROM THE ORIGINALS IN THE POSSESSION OF ARTHUR PRESTON, ESQ. OF NORWICH.

(*Continued from p.* 152.)

THE next letter will be found especially remarkable. The Dean assures Motte that he did not intend that any other bookseller than he should be concerned in the publication of his works. He intimates his determination to entrust the care of his posthumous writings to Mr. Pope, and expresses his hope that all his avowed productions should at some future time be issued in a collected edition. This was at last accomplished by Motte's successor, Charles Bathurst, under the editorship of Dr. Hawkesworth, in the year 1768.

Dublin, Jul. 15*th*, 1732.

S^{r},—I received your letter but two days ago, and will first answer the material part of it. Upon my word, I never intended that any but y^{r}self should be concerned as printer or bookseller in any thing that shall be published with my consent while I am alive, or after my death by my executors. As to my posthumous things I shall intrust them to Mr. Pope, but with a strong recommendation that you alone may be employed: Supposing and being assured of your honest and fair dealing, which I have always found. I am likewise desirous that some time or other all that I acknoledge to be mine in prose and verse, which I shall approve of, with any little things that shall be thought deserving, should be published by themselves by you during my life (if it contains any reasonable time), provided you are sure it will turn to your advantage. And this you may say to Mr. Pope, as my resolution, unless he hath any material objections to it, which I would desire to know. For I ever intended the property as a bookseller should be onely in you, as long as you shall act with justice and reason, which I never doubted in the least; and I conceive that Mr. Pope's opinion of you is the same with mine.

I am so well recovered of my lameness, that I can ride in gambadoes and hope in some time to come to my stirrups. I ride twice or thrice a week about ten miles at a time, and I begin to walk the town, but with halting a little. I tryed your remedy a good while, onely not with red lead; but I use at present onely a soap playster. If I should be able before summer is spent to ride with stirrups, and get more strength in the sinew above my left heel, so as to be able to get in and out of a ship and a boat without danger of a new wrench, by severall of which my cure hath been much put back, I did propose to go over and pass a month at Amesbury,* and then the winter with Mr. Pope; but God knows whether I shall find it possible. Pray thank Mrs. Motte in my name, for her kind remembrance, with my humble service. I had lately a letter from my Cozen Launcelot, in answer to one I sent by Mr. Jackson, who I believe forgot to give her a small present I troubled him to carry over: it was only a piece of gold that goes here for 40^{sh}. but with you is worth something less.

I received the box with the Bibles and Dr. Felton's books. The Bibles I think are very good; I hope you have included the charge of carriage to Chester, for I shall send you a Bank bill in two or three days of 8^{lb}. 12^{s}. 6^{d}. If there be any more for the carriage, Mr. Jackson shall pay you. I desire my humble service and thanks to Dr. Felton; I have deliver^{d} the three books as he has directed. I will write to Coz^{n} Launcelot soon.

I am your assured friend and very humble serv^{t}.

J. SWIFT.

I will add to Bank bill the	8	12	6
16*s.* for the Telescopes, which	0	16	0
I might have forgot if I had not kept y^{r} Letters.	9	8	6

To Mr. Benjamin Motte,
Bookseller, at the Middle Temple
gate in Fleet Street,
London.

This letter is important, in reference to Swift's intentions with respect to the copyright of his writings, and the next is still more so. Conscious that the promulgation of his severe satires and uncourtly politics was made at no little risk to a publisher, he seems to have considered that any bold man

* The Duke of Queensberry's seat in Wiltshire.

who braved the result was well entitled to all the profits that might attend his venture:* at the same time, with a desire to place his writings before as wide a range of readers as possible, he was willing to afford every encouragement in his power to their production, and re-production. Anything like copyright was, according to the Dean's account, unknown in Ireland; but if a Dublin printer, who possessed the first copy, chose to take it to London and there acquire a copyright in it, he was welcome so to do. Faulkner the Dublin bookseller had in several instances followed this course.

Dublin, Nov. 4th, 1732.

S^{r},—If I did not answer yours of Septr 4th, as I thought I did, I will do it now, and indeed I do not find it indorsed as answered. 'Tother day I received two copyes of the last Miscellany,† but I cannot learn who brought them to the house. Mr. Pope had been for some months before writing to me that he thought it would be proper to publish another Miscellany, for which he then gave me reasons that I did not well comprehend, nor do I remember that I was much convinced, because I did not know what fund he had for it, little imagining that some humorous or satyrical trifles that I had writ here occasionally (and sent some to the press, while others were from stollen copyes) would make almost six-sevenths of the whole verse part in the book; and the greatest part of the prose was written by other persons of this kingdom as well as myself. I believe I have told you, that no Printer or Bookseller hath any sort of property here. I have writ some things that would make people angry. I always sent them by unknown hands; the Printer might guess, but he could not accuse me; he ran the whole risk, and well deserved the property, if he could carry it to London and print it there, but I am sure I could have no property at all. Some things, as that of the Souldier and Scholar, the Pastorall, and one or two more, were written at a man of qualityes house in the North who had the originals, while I had no copy, but they were given to the L^{d} L^{t} and some others; so copyes ran, and Faulkner got them, and I had no property: but Faulkner made them his in London. I have sent a kind of certificate owning my consent to the publishing this last Miscellany, against my will; and, however it comes to pass, there are not a few errata that quite alter the sense in those indifferent verses of mine. The best thing I writt, as I think, is called a Libel on Dr. D. and Ld Car^{t},‡ which I find is not printed, because it gave great offence here—and your Court was offended at one line relating to Mr. Pope.

I care not to say any more of this Miscellany, and wish you may not be a loser by it. I find my name is put at length in some notes, which I think was wrong; but I am at too great distance to help it, and must bear what I cannot remedy.

Two days ago I had yours without date, relating to Mr. Ewen;§ I would fain know what sort of calling or credit he is of. He gave me the account of Mrs. Daviss's‖ death; said he was well known at Cambridge, that she left him all her fortune,

* "Swift readily abandoned the profits of his publications to those whom he meant to favour," remarks Sir Walter Scott, Works, i. 382. "The pecuniary emoluments of literature Swift seems never to have coveted, and therefore readily abandoned to Pope the care of selecting and arranging their fugitive pieces into three volumes of Miscellanies, as well as the profit that might arise from the publication." Scott, in Life of Swift, i. 316.

† This volume was entitled "Miscellanies. The Third Volume. London: Printed for Benj. Motte at the Middle Temple Gate, and Lawton Gilliver at Homer's Head, against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet, 1732." It consists of 100 pages of verse, and 276 of prose.

‡ *i. e.* Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret. The piece in question was subsequently placed among Swift's collected Works.

§ We find this person mentioned but once in the collected edition of Swift's Works. It is in Motte's letter to Swift of July 31, 1735: "It is plain the rascal [Curll] has no knowledge of those letters of yours that Ewin of Cambridge has. Few as they are, he would tack some trash to them, and make a five or six-shilling book of them."

‖ There are two notices in Swift's Works of persons of the name of Davis, which may possibly relate to this lady and her husband: though, if so, Swift's memory in the letter before us was slightly at fault as to the date of the death of the latter. In a letter to the Rev. Mr. Winder, dated Jan. 13, 1698–9, he writes, "I hope you will have much better fortune than poor Mr. Davis, who has left a family that is like to find a cruel want of him." In the Journal to Stella, Feb. 21, 1712–13: "I have been writing a letter to Mrs. Davis at York. She took care to have a letter delivered for me at Lord Treasurer's, for I would not own one she sent by post. She reproaches

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onely her cloaths to her sister, one Roda Staunton, a poor beggar who hath sixpence a week out of my cathedral collections. I desired the cloaths might be sold, for which be sent 4^{lb} 15^{s} to you, with that mourning ring. I wonder on what consideration Mrs. Daviss left Mr. Ewen her heir, while her own sister lay starving with a lame child and supported by charity. This Ewen writ me another letter, I suppose when he was drunk: for in it he said severall things to Mrs. Daviss's disadvantage, and it is written with ill manners; among other things that she pretended to have many years ago writt a book or part of a book which the world laid upon me. Pray if ever you see him let him shew you the letters I writ to her. It is above thirty years since her husband dyed; for Sr W. Temple was then alive, who dyed in 1697, and I was then at his house, and when I went to Ire^{ld} with Ld Berkely she had been some years a widow, and one or two years after she went for meer want to Eng^{ld}, where she stayed till she dyed. I saw her once or twice in London, but never after till about 5 years ago, when my Ld Oxford and I call'd at Cambridge to dine, and there I saw her an hour; nor do I believe I ever writ her a dozen letters, and those chiefly to tell her I had sent her some money; which I did I believe nine or ten times or oftner. So that either Ewen lyes, or the Printers would be much disappointed, for she was a rambling woman with very little tast of wit or humor, as appears by her writings. I believe I have tired you as well as my self. You may please to send the ring by any opportunity. I believe I shall sell it, and give the money to her poor sister, and if Ewen be rich he ought in conscience to relieve her. I am, &c. J. S.

(*End of third side of the sheet.*)

I am y^{r} most humble Servt J. S.

You see this letter is of old date; it was to go by Mrs. Barber, who falling ill of the gout, I defer^{d} it in hopes of her mending. This goes by a private hand, with some others which I desire you will send as directed. I had your last with the abstracts about the Test. And by them I suppose it will be needless to publish the old Treatise on that subject. I desire you will see Mr. Pilkington my Ld Mayor's chaplain,* and let him know you have power from me to pay him any sum of money as far as 20^{lb}, taking his promissory note.

Jan^{ry} 9th, 1732. JONATHAN SWIFT.

You will please to convey the inclosed to Mr. Pope in the safest manner you can, for there is another in it to a neighbor of his at Dawly.†

To Mr. Motte.

Among the epistolary correspondence in the collected editions of Swift's Works are preserved two letters of Motte to the Dean, and two from the Dean to Motte, of later date than those we have now printed.

In the first of these, a long letter of the publisher dated July 31, 1735, he speaks of "Mr. Faulkner's impression of four volumes" having had its run: and that the writer had abstained from sueing him at law, because he could not do so without bringing Swift's name into a court of justice. This evidently refers to an edition of the Miscellanies which had been printed in Dublin. Motte afterwards says:

Mr. Pope has published a second volume of his Poetical Works, of which I suppose he has made you a present. I am surprised to see he owns so little in *the four volumes:* and speaks of these few things as inconsiderable. I am a stranger to what part of the copy-money he received: but you who know better, are a competent judge whether he deserved it. I always thought The Art of Sinking was his, though he there disowns it.

To this passage Dr. Hawkesworth appended two notes: one stating that "Mr. Pope sold the Miscellanies for a considerable sum, and offered part of it to Dr. Swift, which he refused;" and the other confirming Motte's belief, that The Art of Sinking was written by Pope.

Another letter from Motte is dated on the 4th Oct. following.

On the 1st Nov. Swift briefly answered him as follows:

Nov. 1, 1735.

SIR,—Mr. Faulkner in printing those volumes did what I much disliked, and yet what was not in my power to hinder; and all my friends pressed him to print

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me for not writing to her these four years; and I have honestly told her, it was my way never to write to those whom I am never likely to see, unless I can serve them, which I cannot her, &c. Davis the schoolmaster's widow."

* A good deal will be found in Swift's Works respecting this gentleman, whom the Lord Mayor (Barber) had made his chaplain at Swift's recommendation.

† Dawley was the seat of Lord Bolingbroke.

them, and gave him what manuscript copies they had occasionally gotten from me. My desire was that those Works should have been printed in London, by an agreement between those who had a right to them. I am, Sir, with great truth, your most humble and affectionate servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Another letter of Swift to Motte, written on the 25th May in the following year, conveys his sentiments on this affair at much greater length. Motte had filed a bill in the English Court of Chancery, to stop the sale of Faulkner's edition in England. Swift now took Faulkner's part, and that in the most decided and emphatic terms; declaring that "the cruel oppressions of the kingdom of England are not to be borne. You send what books you please hither, and the booksellers here can send nothing to you that is written here. As this is absolute oppression, if I were a bookseller in this town (Dublin), I would use all the safe means to reprint London books, and run them to any town in England that I could, because whoever offends not the laws of God, or the country he lives in, commits no sin." He afterwards states that "Mr. Faulkner hath dealt so fairly with me that I have a great opinion of his honesty, though I never dealt with him as a printer or bookseller; but since my friends told me those things called mine would certainly be printed by some hedge bookseller, I was forced to be passive in the matter." He declares it to be his intention to do the best offices he could to countenance Mr. Faulkner; but also adds that he was resolved that some unpublished pieces which he intended for the press should be printed in London, and that the same arrangement should be made for whatever he should leave to be printed after his death, though if Mr. Faulkner then got the first printed copy, reprinted it at Dublin and sent his copies to England, he thought "he would do as right as you London booksellers who load us with yours."

It is very probable that this letter formed the conclusion of the intercourse between Swift and Motte. We have quoted its contents because, in connection with the former letter now first published, they exhibit a remarkable picture of the literary relations between England and Ireland a century ago, and illustrate very completely the mode in which the greater number of Swift's writings were ushered to the world.

Mr. Preston, to whom we are indebted for the original letters we have now placed before our readers, possesses also a short letter of Pope, which has no date of the year, but which seems to show that he continued to receive from Motte's successor Mr. Bathurst, to whom it is addressed, considerable sums on account of the Miscellanies. A copy is here subjoined:

S^{r},—I have put M^{r}. Wright in a way to go on with ye Miscellanies, when I shall be at Bath. In ye mean time I w^{d} not trouble you for the little note of 26^{lb}. wch was due the beginning of last month, if it be any way inconvenient to you. But I w^{d} desire you to pay it by small bills, wch I will draw upon you to one or two tradesmen I owe money to in London. At pres^{t} I wish you w^{d} pay M^{r}. Vaughan the chairmaker 6 p^{ds} odd, wch I'l order him next week, if you write me a line. I was sorry I c^{d} not see M^{r}. Edwards, not being able to appoint any day, my servant having been at ye point of death.

I am, Y^{r} affect: Friend & Servt.
Sept. 5. A. POPE.
To Mr. Bathurst.

P.S.—We believe it has been discovered that the Key to the Dunciad published under the name of Barnevelt, as mentioned last month, was really issued by Pope himself. It was a part of the general system of mystery and mystification which attended the production of the works of these great authors, and which at the present time is exercising the ingenuity and research of some of our most eminent literary critics and antiquaries, particularly Mr. Wilson Croker, Mr. Dilke, and Mr. Thoms in "Notes and Queries."

Before closing this subject we may remark that two very important letters to the biography of Swift have been recently published in Mr. Peter Cunningham's new edition of Johnson's Lives of the Poets—one, the letter of introduction given in 1690 by Sir William Temple on recommending Swift to Sir Robert Southwell, then going Secretary to Ireland; and the other the last letter written by Swift to Dr. Arbuthnot in the year 1733. Both are exceedingly interesting documents.

THE SEASONS.

A PENCIL SKETCH.

There's soft green moss beside the brook;
There's golden fruitage on the bough;
Earth casts to Heaven a grateful look,
And Wisdom comes . . we know not how.

SPRING.

To life the vernal flow'rets wake,
In countless bands o'er hill and dale:
Winds of the west! your slumbers break,
And fold them in your dewy veil.

SUMMER.

Mid blue unclouded skies above,
Yon lustrous arch of light is seen;
And, touch'd with roseate hues of love,
Earth spreads her robe of emerald green.

AUTUMN.

The woods their darkening foliage bow,
As round the fitful breeze is roll'd;
And mark! how flames yon moorland's brow,
With all the autumn's wealth of gold.

WINTER.

The hills uplift their helms of snow,
And high their glitt'ring lances wield;
The river stays his sullen flow,
And sleeps upon his icey shield.

L'ENVOI.

So speed the gentle hours along,
From orb to orb, their march sublime;
Declaring, as in choral song,
The sacred destinies of time.

The varying day, the changeful scene,
Proclaim the fated world of strife;
Mid fadeless groves, and skies serene,
The immortal spirit finds its life.

Yet what is Spring, or Summer's glow,
Or purple Autumn's rich decline,
And what the Winter's crown of snow,
If but the *eternal year* is thine?

Still Nature thro' each change retains
The primal law that knows no fall;
And still essential Love remains,
In one communion binding all.

B——ll, Feb. 1855. J. M.

the prospect of obtaining a better market for their manufactures. Mr. Cobden would no doubt tell them that extension of commerce is the first thing they ought to care for, and, if any scheme which may be devised to promote that extension should appear likely to work in favour of Russian ascendancy in the East, that should be deemed an advantage rather than a drawback.

But we trust we have said enough to convince the Free Trade Party that, however grateful they may feel—and certainly *ought* to feel—towards Mr. Cobden for the great services he has rendered to the cause of commercial freedom, he is utterly unworthy of credit when he attempts to give them advice on the Eastern question. We have shown that, from first to last, the statistics and arguments by which he has sought to persuade them that England's wisest policy would be to let Russia do as she pleases, have been either distorted or fallacious. What course he and his friends may take during the next session of Parliament is probably more than he or they can tell. Meanwhile, the liberal constituencies of Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, and other large towns, ought not to deem it enough to say that they have the most perfect reliance upon the wisdom and integrity of Ministers. The natural tendency of every Government, whatever its creed or professions may be, is to grasp at the easiest way of settling any difficulty, whether at home or abroad. The history of our foreign diplomacy for the last forty years is little calculated to strengthen confidence in the Foreign Office, when left to its own way of managing the affairs of the nation. So long as every petty despot to the south of St. Petersburgh had the great bully of that capital to fall back upon, there could be no healthy breathing time for society in Europe. Pleas for the Czar are only disguised pleas for despotism in politics, for high tariffs in trade, for the grossest corruption in morals, and for the most besotting superstitions under the name of religion.

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ART. VII.—(1.) *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century.* A Series of Lectures. By W. M. THACKERAY. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1853.
(2.) *The Life of Swift.* By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Edinburgh: Cadell, 1848.

IN dividing the history of English literature into periods, it is customary to take the interval between the year 1688 and the year 1727 as constituting one of those periods. This interval includes the reigns of William III., Anne, and George I. If we do not bind ourselves too precisely to the year 1727 as closing the period, the division is proper enough. There *are* characteristics about the time thus marked out, which distinguish it from previous and from subsequent portions of our literary history. Dryden, Locke, and some other notabilities of the Restoration, lived into this period, and may be regarded as partly belonging to it; but the names more peculiarly representing it are those of Swift, Burnet, Addison, Steele, Pope, Shaftesbury, Gay, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, Prior, Parnell, Bolingbroke, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Rowe, Defoe, and Cibber. The names in this cluster disperse themselves over the three reigns which the period includes, some of them having already been known as early as the accession of William, while others survived the first George, and continued to add to their celebrity during the reign of his successor; but the most brilliant portion of the period was from 1702 to 1714 or thereby, when Queen Anne was on the throne. Hence the name of 'wits of Queen Anne's reign,' commonly applied to the writers of the whole period.

A while ago this used to be spoken of as the golden or Augustan age of English literature. We do not talk in that manner now. We feel that when we get among the authors of the times of Queen Anne and the first George, we are among very pleasant and very clever men, but by no means among giants. In coming down to this period from those going before it, we have an immediate sensation of having left the region of 'greatness' behind us. We still find plenty of good writing, characterized by certain qualities of trimness, artificial grace, and the like, to a degree not before attained; here and there also, we discern something like real power and strength, breaking through the prevailing element; but, on the whole, there is an absence of what, except by a compromise of language, could be

called 'great.' It is the same whether we regard largeness of imaginative faculty, loftiness of moral spirit, or vigour of speculative capacity, as principally concerned in imparting the character of 'greatness' to literature. What of genius in the ideal survived the seventeenth century in England, contented itself with nice little imaginations of scenes and circumstances connected with the artificial life of the time; the moral quality most in repute was kindliness or courtesy; and speculation did not go beyond that point where thought retains the form either of ordinary good sense, or of keen momentary wit. No sooner, in fact, do we pass the time of Milton, than we feel that we have done with the sublimities. A kind of lumbering largeness does remain in the intellectual gait of Dryden and his contemporaries, as if the age still wore the armour of the old literary forms, though not at home in it; but in Pope's days, even the affectation of the 'great' had ceased. Not slowly to build up a grand poem of continuous ideal action, not quietly and at leisure to weave forth tissues of fantastic imagery, not perseveringly and laboriously to prosecute one track of speculation and bring it to a close, not earnestly and courageously to throw one's whole soul into a work of moral agitation and reform, was now what was regarded as natural in literature. On the contrary, he was a wit or a literary man, who, living in the midst of the social bustle, or on the skirts of it, could throw forth, in the easiest manner, little essays, squibs, and *jeux d'esprit*, pertinent to the rapid occasions of the hour, and never tasking the mind too long or too much. This was the time when that great distinction between Whiggism and Toryism, which, for a century-and-a-half has existed in Great Britain as a kind of permanent social condition, affecting the intellectual activity of all natives from the moment of their birth, first began to be practically operative. It has, on the whole, been a wretched thing for the mind of England to have had this necessity of being either a Whig or a Tory put so prominently before it. Perhaps, in all times, some similar necessity of taking one side or the other in some current form of controversy has afflicted the leading minds, and tormented the more genial among them; but we question if ever in this country in previous times there was a form of controversy, so little to be identified, in real reason, with the one only true controversy between good and evil, and so capable, therefore, of breeding confusion and mischief, when so identified in practice, as this poor controversy of Whig and Tory which came in with the Revolution. To be called upon to be either a Puritan or a Cavalier—there was some possibility of complying with *that* call, and still leading a

tolerably free and large intellectual life; though possibly it was one cause of the rich mental development of the Elizabethan epoch that the men of that time were exempt from any personal obligation of attending even to this distinction. But, to be called upon to be either a Whig or a Tory—why, how on earth can one retain any of the larger humanities about him, if society is to hold him by the neck between two stools such as these, pointing alternately to the one and to the other, and incessantly asking him on which of the two he means to sit? Into a mind trained to regard adhesiveness to one or other of these stools as the first rule of duty or of prudence, what thoughts of any high interest can find their way? Or, if any such do find their way, how are they to be adjusted to so mean a rule? Nowadays, our higher spirits solve the difficulty by kicking both stools down, and plainly telling society that they will not bind themselves to sit on either, or even on both put together. Hence partly, it is that, in recent times, we have had renewed specimens of the 'great' or 'sublime' in literature—the poetry, for example, of a Byron, a Wordsworth, or a Tennyson. But, in the interval between 1688 and 1727, there was not one wit alive whom society let off from the necessity of being, and declaring himself, either a Whig or a Tory. Constitutionally, and by circumstances, Pope was the man who could have most easily obtained the exemption; but even Pope professed himself a Tory. Addison and Steele were Whigs. In short, every literary man was bound, by the strongest of all motives, to keep in view, as a permanent fact qualifying his literary undertakings, the distinction between Whiggism and Toryism, and to give to at least a considerable part of his writings the character of pamphlets or essays in the service of his party. To minister by the pen to the occasions of Whiggism and Toryism was, therefore, the main business of the wits both in prose and in verse. Out of these occasions of ministration there of course arose personal quarrels, and these furnished fresh opportunities to the men of letters. Critics of previous writings could be satirized and lampooned, and thus the circle of subjects was widened. Moreover, there was abundant matter, capable of being treated consistently with either Whiggism or Toryism, in the social foibles and peculiarities of the day, as we see in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Nor could a genial mind like that of Steele, a man of taste and fine thought like Addison, and an intellect so keen, exquisite, and sensitive as that of Pope, fail to variegate and surround all the duller and harder literature thus called into being, with more lasting touches of the humourous, the fanciful, the sweet, the impassioned, the meditative, and the ideal. Thus from one was obtained the cha-

racter of a *Sir Roger de Coverley*, from another a *Vision of Mirza*, and from the third a *Windsor Forest*, an *Epistle of Heloise*, and much else that delights us still. After all, however, it remains true that the period of English literature now in question, whatever admirable characteristics it may possess, exhibits a remarkable deficiency of what, with recollections of former periods to guide us in our use of epithets, we should call great or sublime.

With the single exception of Pope, and excepting him only out of deference to his peculiar position as the poet or metrical artist of his day, the greatest name in the history of English literature during the early part of last century is that of Swift. In certain fine and deep qualities, Addison and Steele and perhaps Farquhar excelled him, just as in the succeeding generation Goldsmith had a finer vein of genius than was to be found in Johnson with all his massiveness; but in natural brawn and strength, in original energy and force and imperiousness of brain, he excelled them all. It was about the year 1702, when he was already thirty-five years of age, that this strangest specimen of an Irishman, or of an Englishman born in Ireland, first attracted attention in London literary circles. The scene of his first appearance was Button's coffee-house; the witnesses were Addison, Ambrose Philips, and other wits, belonging to Addison's little senate, who used to assemble there.

'They had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it, and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed this singular behaviour for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name that he went by among them, was that of 'the mad parson.' This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advance towards him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb mad parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, 'Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?' The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, 'Yes, sir; I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time.' 'That is more,' said Swift, 'than I can say; I never remember any weather

that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well.' Upon saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house; leaving all those who had been spectators of this odd scene staring after him, and still more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad.'—*Dr. Sheridan's Life of Swift, quoted in Scott's Life.*

If the company present had had sufficient means of information, they would have found that the mad parson with the harsh swarthy features, and eyes 'azure as the heavens,' whose oddities thus amused them, was Jonathan Swift, then clergyman of Laracor, a rural parish in the diocese of Meath in Ireland. They would have found that he was an Irishman by birth though of pure English descent; that he could trace a relationship to Dryden; that, being born after his father's death, he had been educated, at the expense of his relatives, at Trinity College, Dublin; that, leaving Ireland in his twenty-second year, and with but a sorry character from the College authorities, he had been received as a humble dependent into the family of Sir William Temple, at Sheen and Moorpark, near London, that courtly whig and ex-ambassador being distantly connected with his mother's family; that here, while acting as Sir William's secretary, amanuensis, librarian, and what not, he had begun to write verses and other trifles, some of which he had shown to Dryden, who had told him in reply that they were sad stuff, and that he would never be a poet; that still, being of a restless ambitious temper, he had not given up hopes of obtaining introduction into public employment in England through Sir William Temple's influence; that, at length, at the age of twenty-eight, despairing of anything better, he had quarrelled with Sir William, returned to Ireland, taken priest's orders, and settled in a living; that again, disgusted with Ireland and his prospects in that country, he had come back to Moorpark and resided there till 1699, when Sir William's death had obliged him finally to return to Ireland, and accept, first, a chaplaincy to Lord Justice Berkeley, and then his present living in the diocese of Meath. If curious about the personal habits of this restless Irish parson, they might have found that he had already won the reputation of an eccentric in his own parish and district; performing his parochial duties when at home, with scrupulous care, yet by his language and manners often shocking all ideas of clerical decorum, and begetting a doubt as to his sincerity in the religion he professed; boisterous, fierce, overbearing and insulting to all about him, yet often doing acts of real kindness; exact and economical in his management of money to the verge of

actual parsimony, yet, on occasion, spending his money freely and never without pensioners living on his bounty. They would have found that he was habitually irritable, and that he was subject to a recurring giddiness of the head, or vertigo, which he had brought on, as he thought himself, by a surfeit of fruit while staying with Sir William Temple, at Sheen. And, what might have been the best bit of gossip of all, they would have found that, though unmarried, and entertaining a most unaccountable and violent aversion to the very idea of marriage, he had taken over to reside with him, or close to his neighbourhood, in Ireland, a certain young and beautiful girl named Hester Johnson, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Sir William Temple's house, where she had been brought up, and where, though she passed as a daughter of Sir William's steward, she was believed to be, in reality, a natural daughter of Sir William himself. They would have found that his relations to this girl, whom he had himself educated from her childhood at Sheen and Moor-park, were of a very singular and puzzling kind; that, on the one hand, she was devotedly attached to him, and, on the other, he cherished a passionate affection for her, wrote and spoke of her as his 'Stella,' and liked always to have her near him; yet that a marriage between them seemed not to be thought of by either; and that, in order to have her near him without giving rise to scandal, he had taken the precaution to bring over an elderly maiden lady, called Mrs. Dingley, to reside with her as a companion, and was most careful to be in her society only when this Mrs. Dingley was present.

There was mystery and romance enough, therefore, about the wild, black-browed Irish parson, who attracted the regards of the wits in Button's coffee-house. What had brought him there? That was partly a mystery, too; but the mystery would have been pretty well solved if it had been known that, uncouth-looking clerical lout as he was, he was an author like the rest of them, having just written a political pamphlet which was making or was to make a good deal of noise in the world, and having at that moment in his pocket at least one other piece which he was about to publish. The political pamphlet was an *Essay on the Civil Discords in Athens and Rome*, having an obvious bearing on certain dissensions then threatening to break up the Whig party in Great Britain. It was received as a vigorous piece of writing on the ministerial side, and was ascribed by some to Lord Somers, and by others to Burnet. Swift had come over to claim it, and to see what it and his former connexion with Temple could do for him among the leading Whigs. For, the truth was, an ambition equal to his consciousness of power

gnawed at the heart of this furious and gifted man, whom a perverse fate had flung away into an obscure vicarage on the wrong side of the channel. His books, his garden, his canal with its willows at Laracor; his dearly-beloved Roger Coxe, and the other perplexed and admiring parishioners of Laracor over whom he domineered; his clerical colleagues in the neighbourhood; and even the society of Stella, the wittiest and best of her sex, whom he loved better than any other creature on earth—all these were insufficient to occupy the craving void in his mind. He hated Ireland, and regarded his lot there as one of banishment; he longed to be in London and struggling in the centre of whatever was going on. About the date of his appointment to the living of Laracor he had lost the rich deanery of Derry, which Lord Berkeley had meant to give him, in consequence of a notion on the part of the bishop of the diocese that he was a restless, ingenious young man, who, instead of residing, would be 'eternally flying backwards and forwards to London.' The bishop's perception of his character was just. At or about the very time that the wits at Button's saw him stalking up and down in the coffee-house, the priest of Laracor was introducing himself to Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, and others, and stating the terms on which he would support the Whigs with his pen. Even then, it seems, he took high ground and let it be known that he was no mere hireling. The following, written at a much later period, is his own explanation of the nature and limits of his Whiggism, at the time when he first offered the Whigs his services:—

'It was then (1701-2) I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory; having formerly employed myself in other, and, I think, much better speculations. I talked often upon this subject with Lord Somers; told him that, having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics; and that, besides, I thought it impossible, upon any other principles, to defend or submit to the Revolution; but, as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high-churchman, and that I could not conceive how any one, who wore the habit of a clergyman, could be otherwise: that I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the high-church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church: that I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure, treated the persons of particular clergymen with particular courtesy, but showed much contempt and ill-will for the order in general: that I knew it was necessary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by taking all

denominations of Protestants to be members of their body: that I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side: but that, the connivance or encouragement given by the Whigs to those writers of pamphlets who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy, without any exception, would unite the church to one man to oppose them; and that I doubted his lordship's friends did not consider the consequences of this.'

Even with these limitations, the assistance of so energetic a man as the parson of Laracor was doubtless welcome to the Whigs. His former connexion with the stately old Revolution Whig, Sir William Temple, may have prepared the way for him, as it had already been the means of making him known in some aristocratic families. But there was evidence in his personal bearing and his writings that he was not a man to be neglected. And if there had been any doubt on the subject on his first presentation of himself to ministers, the publication of his *Battle of the Books* and his *Tale of a Tub* in 1703 and 1704 would have set it overwhelmingly at rest. The author of these works (and though they were anonymous, they were at once referred to Swift) could not but be acknowledged as the first prose satirist and one of the most formidable writers of the age. On his subsequent visits to Button's, therefore—and they were frequent enough; for, as the Bishop of Derry had foreseen, he was often an absentee from his parish—the mad Irish parson was no longer a stranger to the company. Addison, Steele, Tickell, Philips, and the other Whig wits came to know him well and to feel his weight among them in their daily convivial meetings. 'To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of the age,' was the inscription written by Addison on a copy of his Travels presented to Swift; and it shows what opinion Addison and those about him had formed of the author of the *Tale of a Tub*.

Thus, passing and repassing between Laracor and London, now lording it over his Irish parishioners, and now filling the literary and Whig haunts of the great metropolis with the terror of his merciless wit and talk behind his back of his eccentricities and rude manners, Swift spent the interval between 1702 and 1710, or between his thirty-sixth and his forty-fourth year. His position as a High-Church Whig, however, was an anomalous one. In the first place, it was difficult to see how such a man could honestly be in the Church at all. People were by no means strict, in those days, in their notions of the clerical character; but the *Tale of a Tub* was a strong dose even then to have come from a clergyman. If Voltaire afterwards recommended the book as a masterly satire against religion in general,

it cannot be wondered at that an outcry arose among Swift's contemporaries respecting the profanity of the book. It is true Peter and Jack, as the representatives of Popery and Presbyterianism, came in for the greatest share of the author's scurrility; and Martin, as the representative of the Church of England, was left with the honours of the story: but the whole structure and spirit of the story, to say nothing of the oaths and other irreverences mingled with its language, was well calculated to shock the more serious even of Martin's followers, who could not but see that rank infidelity alone would be a gainer by the book. Accordingly, despite of all that Swift could afterwards do, the fact that he had written this book left a public doubt as to his Christianity. It is quite possible, however, that, with a very questionable kind of belief in Christianity, he may have been a conscientious High Churchman, zealous for the social defence and aggrandisement of the ecclesiastical institution with which he was connected. Whatever that institution was originally based upon, it existed as part and parcel of the commonwealth of England, rooted in the soil of men's habits and interests, and intertwined with the whole system of social order; and just as a Brahmin, lax enough in his own speculative allegiance to the Brahminical faith, might still desire to maintain Brahminism as a vast pervading establishment in Hindostan, so might Swift, with a heart and a head dubious enough respecting men's eternal interest in the facts of the Judæan record, see a use notwithstanding in that fabric of bishoprics, deaneries, prebendaries, parochial livings, and curacies, which ancient belief in those facts had first created and put together. This kind of respect for the Church Establishment is still very prevalent. It is a most excellent thing, it is thought by many, to have a cleanly, cultured, gentlemanly man invested with authority in every parish throughout the land, who can look after what is going on, fill up schedules, give advice, and take the lead in all parish business. That Swift's faith in the Church included no more than this perception of its uses as a vast administrative and educational establishment, we will not take upon us to say. Mr. Thackeray, indeed, openly avows his opinion that Swift had no belief in the Christian religion. "Swift's," he says, "was a reverent, was a pious spirit—he could love and could pray;" but such religion as he had, Mr. Thackeray hints, was a kind of mad, despairing Deism, and had nothing of Christianity in it. Hence, "having put that cassock on, it poisoned him; he was strangled in his bands." The question thus broached as to the nature of Swift's religion is too deep to be discussed here. Though we would not exactly say, with Mr. Thackeray, that Swift's was a

reverent' and 'pious' spirit, there are, as he phrases it, breakings out of 'the stars of religion and love' shining in the serene blue through 'the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of Swift's life;' and this, though vague, is about all that we have warrant for saying. As to the zeal of his Churchmanship, however, there is no doubt at all. There was not a man in the British realms more pugnacious in the interests of his order, more resolute in defending the prerogatives of the Church of England against Dissenters and others desirous of limiting them, or more anxious to elevate the social position and intellectual character of the clergy, than the author of the *Tale of a Tub.* No veteran commander of a regiment could have had more of the military than the parson of Laracor had of the ecclesiastical *esprit de corps;* and, indeed, Swift's known dislike to the military may be best explained as the natural jealousy of the surplice at the larger consideration accorded by society to the scarlet coat. Almost all Swift's writings between 1702 and 1710 are assertions of his High Church sentiments and vindications of the Establishment against its assailants. Thus, in 1708 came forth his *Letter on the Sacramental Test,* a hot High Church and anti-Dissenter pamphlet; and this was followed in the same year by his *Sentiments of a Church of England Man with respect to Religion and Government,* and, by his ironical argument, aimed at Freethinkers and latitudinarians, entitled *Reasons against Abolishing Christianity.* In 1709 he published a graver pamphlet, under the name of a *Project for the Advancement of Religion,* in which he urged certain measures for the reform of public morals and the strengthening of the Establishment, recommending in particular a scheme of Church-extension. Thus, with all his readiness to help the Whigs politically, Swift was certainly faithful to his High-Church principles. But, as we have said, a High Church Whig was an anomaly which the Whigs refused to comprehend. Latitudinarians, Low Churchmen, and Dissenters did not know what to make of a Whiggism in state-politics which was conjoined with the strongest form of ecclesiastical Toryism. Hence, despite of all his ability, Swift was not a man that the Whigs could patronise and prefer. They were willing to have the benefit of his assistance, but their favours were reserved for men more wholly their own. Various things were, indeed, talked of for Swift—the secretaryship to the proposed embassy of Lord Berkeley to Vienna, a prebendary of Westminster, the office of historiographer-royal, nay, even a bishopric in the American colonies—but all came to nothing. Swift, at the age of forty-three, and certified by Addison as 'the greatest genius of the age,' was still only an Irish parson,

with some £350 or £400 a year. How strange if the plan of the Transatlantic bishopric had been carried out, and Swift had settled in Virginia!

Meanwhile, though neglected by the English Whigs, Swift had risen to be a leader among the Irish clergy—a great man in their convocations and other ecclesiastical assemblies. The object which the Irish clergy then had at heart was to procure from the Government an extension to Ireland of a boon granted several years before to the clergy of England—namely, the remission of the tax levied by the Crown on the revenues of the Church since the days of Henry VIII., in the shape of tenths and first-fruits. This remission, which would have amounted to about £16,000 a year, the Whigs were not disposed to grant, the corresponding remission in the case of England not having been followed by the expected benefits. Archbishop King and the other prelates were glad to have Swift as their agent in this business; and, accordingly, he was absent from Ireland for upwards of twelve months continuously in the years 1708 and 1709. It was during this period that he set London in roars of laughter by his famous Bickerstaff hoax, in which he first predicted the death of Partridge, the astrologer, at a particular day and hour, and then nearly drove the wretched tradesman mad by declaring, when the time was come, that the prophecy had been fulfilled, and publishing a detailed account of the circumstances. Out of this Bickerstaff hoax, and Swift's talk over it with Addison and Steele, arose the *Tatler*, prolific parent of so many other periodicals.

The year 1710 was an important one in the life of Swift. In that year he came over to London, resolved in his own mind to have a settlement of accounts with the Whigs or to break with them for ever. The Irish ecclesiastical business of the tenths and first-fruits was still his pretext; but he had many other arrears to introduce into the account. Accordingly, after some civil skirmishing with Somers, Halifax, and his other old friends, then just turned out of office, he openly transferred his allegiance to the new Tory administration of Harley and Bolingbroke. The 4th of October, not quite a month after his arrival in London, was the date of his first interview with Harley; and, from that day forward till the dissolution of Harley's administration by the death of Queen Anne in 1714, Swift's relations with Harley, St. John, and the other ministers, were more those of an intimate friend and adviser than of a literary dependent. How he dined almost daily with Harley or St. John; how he bullied them and made them beg his pardon when by chance they offended him—either, as Harley once did, by offering him a fifty-pound note,

or, as St. John once did, by appearing cold and abstracted when Swift was his guest at dinner; how he obtained from them, not only the settlement of the Irish business, but almost everything else he asked; how he used his influence to prevent Steele, Addison, Congreve, Rowe, and his other Whig literary friends, from suffering loss of office by the change in the state of politics, at the same time growing cooler in his private intercourse with Addison and poor Dick, and tending more to young Tory writers, such as Pope and Parnell; how, with Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Harley, and St. John, he formed the famous club of the *Scribblerus* brotherhood, for the satire of literary absurdities; how he wrote squibs, pamphlets, and lampoons innumerable for the Tories and against the Whigs, and at one time actually edited a Tory paper called the *Examiner*:—all this is to be gathered, in most interesting detail, from his epistolary journal to Stella, in which he punctually kept her informed of all his doings during his long three years' absence. The following is a description of him at the height of his court influence during this season of triumph, from the Whiggish, and therefore somewhat adverse pen of Bishop Kennet:—

'When I came to the antechamber (at Court) to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay the fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my lord treasurer that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my lord-treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant, to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book and wrote down several things as *memoranda*, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and telling him the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. 'How can I help it,' says the Doctor, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; 'for' says he, 'the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.' Lord-treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him: both went off just before prayers.'

Let us see, by a few pickings from the journal to Stella, in what manner the black-browed Irish vicar, who was thus figuring

in the mornings at Court as the friend and confidant of Ministers, and almost as their domineering colleague, was writing home from his lodging in the evenings to the 'dear girls' at Laracor.

Dec. 3, 1710. 'Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but it is an old saying and a true one, 'Be you lords or be you earls, you must write to naughty girls.' I was to-day at Court, and saw Raymond [an Irish friend] among the Beefeaters, staying to see the Queen: so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen bows, and went to church, and then to Court again to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir John Stanley, and then we went to visit Lord Mountjoy; and just left him; and 'tis near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes very near to the bottom, &c., &c.'

Jan. 1, 1711. Morning. I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and *Fr's* company. Faith, I did not know how to write *Fr.* I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write *Pdfr* [by this combination of letters, or by the word *Presto*, Swift designates himself in the Journal] * * Get the *Examiners* and read them; the last nine or ten are full of reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They were written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountain; but perhaps to-morrow I may answer *M.D's* [Stella's designation in the Journal] letter: so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow. I wish you both a merry new year; roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer; and me a share of your good cheer; that I was there or you were here; and you're a little saucy dear, &c., &c.

Jan. 13, 1711. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and I hope shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is better. I dined to-day with Lord Shelburn, &c., &c.

Jan. 16, 1711. My service to Mrs. Stode and Walls. Has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hmm!, and died in a week, hmmm!, and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There's four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too. And zoo go dine with Manley, and lose your money, doo extravagant sluttikin? But don't fret. It will just be three weeks when I have the next letter, that is, to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved *M. D.*, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day, since he left you, as hope to be saved.

March 7, 1711. I am weary of business and Ministers. I don't go to a coffee-house twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven—And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her just now, as handsome as the day's

long. Do you know what? When I am writing in our language [a kind of baby-language of endearment used between him and Stella, and called 'the little language'] I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now * * Poor Stella, wont Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we'll have daylight shortly, spite of her teeth; and zoo must cly Zele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate *Pdfr*, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow (You must cry There and Here and Here again. Must you imitate *Pdfr*, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for the letter. Good morrow).

And so on, through a series of daily letters, forming now a goodly octavo volume or more, Swift chats and rattles away to the 'dear absent girls,' giving them all the political gossip of the time, and informing them about his own goings-out and comings-in; his dinings with Harley, St. John, and occasionally with Addison and other old Whig friends; the state of his health; his troubles with his drunken servant Patrick; his lodging-expenses; and a host of other things. Such another journal has, perhaps, never been given to the world; and, but for it, we should never have known what depths of tenderness, and power of affectionate prattle, there were in the heart of this harsh and savage man. Only on one topic, affecting himself during his long stay in London, is he in any degree reserved. Among the acquaintanceships he had formed was one with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh, a widow lady of property, who had a family of several daughters. The eldest of these, Hester Vanhomrigh, was a girl of more than ordinary talent and accomplishments, and of enthusiastic and impetuous character: and as Swift acquired the habit of dropping in upon the 'Vans,' as he called them, when he had no other dinner-engagement, it was not long before he and Miss Vanhomrigh fell into the relationship of teacher and pupil. He taught her to think, and to write verses; and as, among Swift's other peculiarities of opinion, one was that he entertained what would even now be called very advanced notions as to the intellectual capabilities and rights of women, he found no more pleasant amusement in the midst of his politics and other business, than that of superintending the growth of so hopeful a mind.

His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child:
The innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.

But, alas! Cupid got among the books.

> Vanessa, not in years a score,
> Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
> Imaginary charms can find
> In eyes with reading almost blind;
> She fancies music in his tongue,
> Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.

Nay more, one of Swift's lessons to her had been that frankness, whether in man or woman, was one of the chief of the virtues, and

> That common forms were not designed
> Directors to a noble mind.

'Then,' said the nymph,

> 'I'll let you see
> My actions with your rules agree,
> That I can vulgar forms despise,
> And have no secrets to disguise.'

She told her love, and fairly argued it out with the startled tutor, discussing every element in the question, whether for or against—the disparity of their ages, her own five thousand guineas, their similarity of tastes, his views of ambition, the judgment the world would form of the match, and so on; and the end of it was that she reasoned so well that Swift could not but admit that there would be nothing after all so very incongruous in a marriage between him and Esther Vanhomrigh. So the matter rested, Swift gently resisting the impetuosity of the young woman, when it threatened to take him by storm, but not having the courage to adduce the real and conclusive argument—the existence on the other side of the channel of another and a dearer Esther. Stella, on her side, knew that Swift visited a family called the 'Vans;' she divined that something was wrong; but that was all.

That Swift, the mentor of Ministers, their daily companion, their factotum, at whose bidding they dispensed their patronage and their favour, should himself be suffered to remain a mere vicar of an Irish parish, was, of course, impossible. Vehement and even boisterous and overdone as was his zeal for his own independence—'if we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them,' was his maxim; and, in order to act up to it, he used to treat Dukes and Earls as if they were dogs—there were yet means of honourably acknowledging his services in a way to which he would have taken no exception. Nor can we doubt that Oxford and St. John, who were really and heartily his admirers, were anxious to promote him in some

suitable manner. An English Bishopric was certainly what he coveted, and what they would at once have given him. But though the Bishopric of Hereford fell vacant in 1712, there was, as Sir Walter Scott says, 'a lion in the path.' Queen Anne, honest dowdy woman,—her instinctive dislike of Swift, strengthened by the private influence of the Archbishop of York and the Duchess of Somerset, whose red hair Swift had lampooned—obstinately refused to make the author of the *Tale of a Tub* a Bishop. Even an English Deanery could not be found for so questionable a Christian; and in 1713, Swift was obliged to accept, as the best thing he could get, the Deanery of St. Patrick's, in his native city of Dublin. He hurried over to Ireland to be installed, and came back just in time to partake in the last struggles and dissensions of the Tory administration, before Queen Anne's death. By his personal exertions with Ministers, and his pamphlet entitled *Public Spirit of the Whigs*, he tried to buoy up the sinking Tory cause. But the Queen's death destroyed all; with George I. the Whigs came in again; the late Tory ministers were dispersed and disgraced, and Swift shared their fall. "Dean Swift," says Arbuthnot, "keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries." He returned with rage and grief in his heart to Ireland—a disgraced man, and in danger of arrest on account of his connexion with the late ministers. Even in Dublin he was insulted as he walked in the streets.

For twelve years—that is, from 1714 to 1726—Swift did not quit Ireland. At his first coming, as he tells us in one of his letters, he was "horribly melancholy;" but the melancholy began to wear off, and, having made up his mind to his exile in the country of his detestation, he fell gradually into the routine of his duties as Dean. How he boarded in a private family in the town, stipulating for leave to invite his friends to dinner at so much a head, and only having two evenings a week at the Deanery for larger receptions; how he brought Stella and Mrs. Dingley from Laracor and settled them in lodgings on the other side of the Liffy, keeping up the same precautions in his intercourse with them as before, but devolving the management of his receptions at the Deanery upon Stella, who did all the honours of the house; how he had his own way in all Cathedral business, and had always a few clergymen and others in his train, who toadied him, and took part in the facetious horse-play of which he was fond; how gradually his physiognomy became known to the citizens, and his eccentricities familiar to them, till the 'Dean' became the lion of Dublin, and everybody

turned to look at him as he walked in the streets; how, among the Dean's other oddities, he was popularly charged with stinginess in his entertainments, and a sharp look out after the wine; how sometimes he would fly off from town and take refuge in some country-seat of a friendly Irish nobleman; how, all this while he was reading books of all kinds, writing notes and jottings, and corresponding with Pope, Gay, Prior, Arbuthnot, Oxford, Bolingbroke, and other literary and political friends in London or abroad—are matters in the recollection of all who have read any of the biographies of Swift. It is also known that it was during this period that the Stella-and-Vanessa imbroglio reached its highest degree of entanglement. Scarcely had the Dean located Stella and Mrs. Dingley in their lodging in Dublin, when, as he had feared, the impetuous Vanessa crossed the channel to be near him too. Her mother's death, and the fact that she and her younger sister had a small property in Ireland, were pretext enough. A scrap or two from surviving letters will tell the sequel, and will suggest the state of the relations, at this time, between Swift, and this unhappy, and certainly very extraordinary, woman.

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: London, Aug. 12, 1714. "I had your letter last post, and before you can send me another, I shall set out for Ireland. * * If you are in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom, but where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through; but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or, if not, leave all to fate." * * *

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1714 (*some time after August*). "You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray, what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable." * * *

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1714. "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or, as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die, without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long: for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it, and beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you'd not condemn

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any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For, when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb." * * *

Here a gap intervenes, which record fills up with but an indication here and there. Swift saw Vanessa, sometimes with that 'something awful in his looks which struck her dumb,' sometimes with words of perplexed kindness; he persuaded her to go out, to read, to amuse herself; he introduced clergymen to her —one of them afterwards Archbishop of Cashell—as suitors for her hand; he induced her to leave Dublin, and go to her property at Selbridge, about twelve miles from Dublin, where now and then he went to visit her, where she used to plant laurels against every time of his coming, and where 'Vanessa's bower,' in which she and the Dean used to sit, with books and writing materials before them, during these happy visits, was long an object of interest to tourists; he wrote kindly letters to her, some in French, praising her talents, her conversation, and her writing, and saying that he found in her '*tout ce que la nature a donnée a un mortel*'—'*l'honneur, la vertu, le bon sens, l'esprit, la douceur, l'agrément et la fermeté d'ame.*' All did not suffice; and one has to fancy, during these long years, the restless beatings, on the one hand, of that impassioned woman's heart, now lying as cold undistinguishable ashes in some Irish grave; and, on the other, the distraction, and anger, and daily terror of the man she clung to. For, somehow or other, there *was* an element of terror mingled with the affair. What it was is beyond easy scrutiny; though possibly the data exist, if they were well sifted. The ordinary story is that, some time in the midst of these entanglements with Vanessa, and in consequence of their effects on the rival-relationship—Stella having been brought almost to death's door by the anxieties caused her by Vanessa's proximity, and by her own equivocal position in society—the form of marriage was gone through by Swift and Stella, and they became legally husband and wife, although with an engagement that the matter should remain secret, and that there should be no change in their manner of living. The year 1716, when Swift was forty-nine years of age, and Stella thirty-two, is assigned as the date of this event; and the ceremony is said to have been performed in the garden of the Deanery by the Bishop of Clogher. But more mystery remains. "Immediately subsequent to the ceremony," says Sir Walter Scott, "Swift's state of mind appears to have been dreadful. Delany (as I have learned from a friend of his widow), said that about the time it was supposed to have taken place, he observed

Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated—so much so, that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears, and, upon asking the reason, he said, 'You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but, on the subject of his wretchedness, you must never ask a question.'" What are we to make of this? Nay more, what are we to make of it, when we find that the alleged marriage of Swift with Stella, with which Scott connects the story, is after all denied by some as resting on no sufficient evidence—even Dr. Delany, though he believed in the marriage, and supposed it to have taken place about the time of his remarkable interview with the Archbishop, having no certain information on the subject? If we assume a secret marriage with Stella, indeed, the subsequent portion of the Vanessa story becomes more explicable. On this assumption, we are to imagine Swift continuing his letters to Vanessa, and his occasional visits to her at Selbridge on the old footing for some years after the marriage, with the undivulged secret ever in his mind, increasing tenfold his former awkwardness in encountering her presence. And so we come to the year 1720, when, as the following scraps will show, a new paroxysm on the part of Vanessa brought on a new crisis in their relations.

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Selbridge, 1720. "Believe me, it is with the utmost regret that I now write to you, because I know your good-nature such that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you, and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh, have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you. Yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion I have for——. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow; yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me whilst I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you which I have found of late." * *

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1720. * * "I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you, the other night, that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly; for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you now that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all these fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me unto * * When I undertake a thing, I don't love to do it by halves."

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, 1720. "If you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. * * Raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinder me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, so that I am in rebellion with a hundred people besides yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same; but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief." * *

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, 1720. "I received your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you—and twenty particulars; that little master—— and I visited you, and that the Archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so; and that was the reason why I said to you long ago that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner." * * *

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Selbridge, 1720. * * "Solitude is unsupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of ——, who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? * * Oh, that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you! I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one—that inexpressible passion I have for you. * * Surely you cannot possibly be so taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you), I should find you had often in a rage wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven. But that would not

spare you; for, were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present everywhere; your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?"

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, October 15, 1720. "All the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking to keep off and avoid spleen as far as I can; so that, when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor, but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have." * * *

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Gallstoun, July 5, 1721. * * "Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimeé, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.*"

Vanessa did not quit the 'scoundrel-island;' but, on the contrary, remained in it, unmanageable as ever. In 1722, about a year after the date of the last scrap, the catastrophe came. In a wild fit, Vanessa—as the story is—took the bold step of writing to Stella, insisting on an explanation of the nature of Swift's engagements to her; Stella placed the letter in Swift's hands; and Swift, in a paroxysm of fury, rode instantly to Selbridge, saw Vanessa without speaking, laid a letter on her table, and rode off again. The letter was Vanessa's death-warrant. Within a few weeks she was dead, having previously revoked a will in which she had bequeathed all her fortune to Swift.

Whatever may have been the purport of Vanessa's communication to Stella, it produced no change in Swift's relations to the latter. The pale pensive face of Hester Johnson, with her 'fine dark eyes' and hair 'black as a raven,' was still to be seen on reception-evenings at the Deanery, where also she and Mrs. Dingley would sometimes take up their abode, when Swift was suffering from one of his attacks of vertigo, and required to be nursed. Nay, during those very years in which, as we have just seen, Swift was attending to the movements to and fro of the more imperious Vanessa in the back-ground, and assuaging her passion by visits and letters, and praises of her powers, and professions of his admiration of her beyond all her sex, he was all the while keeping up the same affectionate style of intercourse as

ever with the more gentle Stella, whose happier lot it was to be stationed in the centre of his domestic circle, and addressing to her, in a less forced manner, praises singularly like those he addressed to her rival. Thus, every year, on Stella's birth-day, he wrote a little poem in honour of the occasion. Take the one for 1718, beginning thus :—

'Stella this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more:)
However, Stella, be not troubled;
Although thy size and years be doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declined;
Made up so largely in thy mind.'

Stella would reciprocate these compliments by verses on the Dean's birth-day; and one is struck by the similarity of her acknowledgments of what the Dean had taught her and done for her, to those of Vanessa. Thus, in 1721,

'When men began to call me fair,
You interposed your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shewed where my judgment was misplaced,
Refined my fancy and my taste.
You taught how I might youth prolong
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin,
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.'

The death of Vanessa in 1722, left Swift from that time entirely Stella's. How she got over the Vanessa affair in her own mind, when the full extent of the facts became known to her, can only be guessed. When some one alluded to the fact that Swift had written beautifully about Vanessa, she is reported to have said, "That doesn't signify, for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick." "A woman—a true woman," is Mr. Thackeray's characteristic comment.

To the world's end, those who take interest in Swift's life will range themselves either on the side of Stella or on that of Vanessa. Mr. Thackeray prefers Stella, but admits that in doing so,

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though the majority of men may be on his side, he will have most women against him. Which way Swift's *heart* inclined him, it is not difficult to see. Stella was the main influence of his life; the intimacy with Vanessa was but an episode. And yet when he speaks of the two women, as a critic, there is a curious equality in his appreciation of them. Of Stella he used to say that, her wit and judgment was such, that "she never failed to say the best thing that was said wherever she was in company;" and one of his epistolary compliments to Vanessa is that he had "always remarked that, neither in general nor in particular conversation, had any word ever escaped her lips that could by possibility have been better." Some little differences in his preceptorial treatment of them may be discerned, as, for example, when he finds it necessary to admonish poor Stella for her incorrigible bad spelling—no such admonition, apparently, being required for Vanessa; or when, in praising Stella, he dwells chiefly on her honour and gentle kindliness, whereas in praising Vanessa, he dwells chiefly on her genius and force of mind. But it is distinctly on record that his regard for both was founded on his belief that, in respect of intellectual habits and culture, both were above the contemporary standard of their sex. And here let us repeat that, not only from the evidence afforded by the whole story of Swift's relations to these two women, but also from the evidence of distinct doctrinal passages scattered through his works, it is plain that those who in the present day, both in this country and in America, maintain the intellectual equality of the two sexes, and the right of women to as full and varied an education, and as free a social use of their powers, as is allowed to men, may claim Swift as a pioneer in their cause. Both Stella and Vanessa have left their testimony that from the very first Swift took care to indoctrinate them with peculiar views on this subject; and both thank him for having done so. Stella even goes farther, and almost urges Swift to do on the great scale what he had done for her individually.

> 'O, turn your precepts into laws,
> Redeem the women's ruined cause,
> Retrieve lost empire to our sex
> That men may bow their rebel necks.'

This fact that Swift had a *theory* on the subject of the proper mode of treating and educating women, which theory was in antagonism to the ideas of his time, explains much both in his conduct as a man and in his habits as a writer.

For the first six years of his exile in Ireland after the death of Queen Anne, Swift had published nothing of any consequence, and had kept aloof from politics, except when they were brought

to his door by local quarrels. In 1720, however, he again flashed forth as a political luminary, in a character that could hardly have been anticipated—that of an Irish patriot. Taking up the cause of the 'scoundrel island,' to which he belonged by birth, if not by affection, and to which fate had consigned him, in spite of all his efforts, he made that cause his own; virtually said to his old Whig enemies then in power on the other side of the water, "Yes, I am an Irishman, and I will show you what an Irishman is;" and, constituting himself the representative of the island, hurled it, with all its pent-up mass of rage and wrongs, against Walpole and his administration. First, in revenge for the commercial wrongs of Ireland, came his *Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures, utterly Rejecting and Renouncing Everything Wearable that comes from England;* then, amidst the uproar and danger excited by this proposal, other and other defiances in the same tone; and lastly, in 1723, on the occasion of the royal patent to poor William Wood to supply Ireland, without her own consent, with a hundred and eight thousand pounds' worth of copper halfpence of English manufacture, the unparalleled *Drapier's Letters*, which blasted the character of the coppers and asserted the nationality of Ireland. All Ireland, Catholic as well as Protestant, blessed the Dean of St. Patrick's; associations were formed for the defence of his person; and, had Walpole and his Whigs succeeded in bringing him to trial, it would have been at the expense of an Irish rebellion. From that time till his death Swift was the true King of Ireland; only when O'Connell arose did the heart of the nation yield equal veneration to any single chief; and even at this day the grateful Irish, forgetting his gibes against them, and forgetting his continual habit of distinguishing between the Irish population as a whole, and the English and Protestant part of it to which he belonged himself, cherish his memory with loving enthusiasm, and speak of him as the 'great Irishman.' Among the phases of Swift's life, this of his having been an Irish patriot and agitator deserves to be particularly remembered.

In the year 1726, Swift, then in his sixtieth year, and in the full flush of his new popularity as the champion of Irish nationality, visited England for the first time since Queen Anne's death. Once there, he was loth to return; and a considerable portion of the years 1726 and 1727 was spent by him in or near London. This was the time of the publication of *Gulliver's Travels*, which had been written some years before, and also of some *Miscellanies*, which were edited for him by Pope. It was at Pope's villa at Twickenham that most of his time was spent; and it was there and at this time that the long friendship

between Swift and Pope ripened into that extreme and affectionate intimacy which they both loved to acknowledge. Gay, Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke, now returned from exile, joined Pope in welcoming their friend. Addison had been dead several years. Prior was dead, and also Vanbrugh and Parnell. Steele was yet alive: but between him and Swift there was no longer any tie. Political and aristocratic acquaintances, old and new there were in abundance, all anxious once again to have Swift among them to fight their battles. Old George I. had not long to live, and the Tories were trying again to come into power in the train of the Prince of Wales. There were even chances of an arrangement with Walpole, with possibilities, in that or in some other way, that Swift should not die a mere Irish dean. These prospects were but temporary. The old King died; and, contrary to expectation, George II. retained Walpole and his Whig colleagues. In October, 1727, Swift left England for the last time. He returned to Dublin just in time to watch over the death-bed of Stella, who expired, after a lingering illness, in January, 1728. Swift was then in his sixty-second year.

The story of the remaining seventeen years of Swift's life—for, with all his maladies, bodily and mental, his strong frame withstood, for all that time of solitude and gloom, the wear of mortality—is perhaps better known than any other part of his biography. How his irritability, and eccentricities, and avarice grew upon him, so that his friends and servants had a hard task in humouring him, we learn from the traditions of others; how his memory began to fail, and other signs of breaking up began to appear, we learn from himself.

> See, how the Dean begins to break!
> Poor gentleman, he droops apace,
> You plainly find it in his face.
> That old vertigo in his head
> Will never leave him till he's dead.
> Besides, his memory decays:
> He recollects not what he says;
> He cannot call his friends to mind;
> Forgets the place where last he dined;
> Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
> He told them fifty times before.

The fire of his genius, however, was not yet burnt out. Between 1729 and 1736 he continued to throw out satires and lampoons in profusion, referring to the men and topics of the day, and particularly to the political affairs of Ireland; and it was during this time that his *Directions to Servants*, his *Polite Conversation*, and other well-known facetiæ, first saw the light. From the year 1736, however, it was well known in Dublin that

the Dean was no more what he had been, and that his recovery was not to be looked for. The rest will be best told in the words of Sir Walter Scott :—

"The last scene was now rapidly approaching, and the stage darkened ere the curtain fell. From 1736 onward, the Dean's fits of periodical giddiness and deafness had returned with violence; he could neither enjoy conversation, nor amuse himself with writing; and an obstinate resolution which he had formed not to wear glasses, prevented him from reading. The following dismal letter to Mrs. Whiteway [his cousin, and chief attendant in his last days] in 1740, is almost the last document which we possess of the celebrated Swift, as a rational and reflecting being. It awfully foretells the catastrophe which shortly after took place.

'I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

'I am, for these few days,
'Yours entirely,
'J. Swift.'

'If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26, 1740.'

"His understanding having totally failed soon after these melancholy expressions of grief and affection, his first state was that of violent and furious lunacy. His estate was put under the management of trustees, and his person confided to the care of Dr. Lyons, a respectable clergyman, curate to the Rev. Robert King, prebendary of Dunlavin, one of Swift's executors. This gentleman discharged his melancholy task with great fidelity, being much and gratefully attached to the object of his care. From a state of outrageous frenzy, aggravated by severe bodily suffering, the illustrious Dean of St. Patrick's sank into the situation of a helpless changeling. In the course of about three years, he is only known to have spoken once or twice. At length, when this awful moral lesson had subsisted from 1743 until the 19th of October, 1745, it pleased God to release him from this calamitous situation. He died upon that day without a single pang, so gently that his attendants were scarce aware of the moment of his dissolution."

Swift was seventy-eight years of age at the time of his death, having outlived all his contemporaries of the Queen Anne cluster of wits, with the exception of Bolingbroke, Ambrose Philips, and Cibber. Congreve had died in 1729; Steele in the same year; Defoe, in 1731; Gay, in 1732; Arbuthnot, in 1735; Tickell, in 1740; and Pope, who was Swift's junior by twenty-one years, in 1744. Swift, therefore, is entitled in our literary histories to the place of patriarch as well as to that of chief among the wits of Queen Anne's reign; and he stands nearest to our own day of any of them whose writings we still read.

As late as the year 1820 a person was alive who had seen Swift as he lay dead in the deanery before his burial, great crowds going to take their last look of him. "The coffin was open; he had on his head neither cap nor wig; there was not much hair on the front or very top, but it was long and thick behind, very white, and was like flax upon the pillow." Such is the last glimpse we have of Swift on earth. Exactly ninety years afterwards, the coffin was taken up from its resting-place in the aisle of the cathedral; and the skull of Swift, the white locks now all mouldered away from it, became an object of scientific curiosity. Phrenologically, it was a disappointment, the extreme lowness of the forehead striking every one, and the so-called organs of wit, causality, and comparison being scarcely developed at all. There were peculiarities, however, in the shape of the interior indicating larger capacity of brain than would have been inferred from the external aspect. Stella's coffin was exhumed, and her skull examined at the same time. The examiners found the skull "a perfect model of symmetry and beauty."

Have we said too much in declaring that, of all the men who illustrated that period of our literary history which lies between the Revolution of 1688 and the beginning or middle of the reign of George II., Swift alone (excepting Pope, and excepting him only on certain definite and peculiar grounds) fulfils to any tolerable extent those conditions which would entitle him to the epithet of 'great,' already refused by us to his age as a whole? We do not think so. Swift *was* a great genius: nay, if by *greatness* we understand general mass and energy rather than any preconceived peculiarity of quality, he was the greatest genius of his age. Neither Addison, nor Steele, nor Pope, nor Defoe possessed, in anything like the same degree, that which Goethe and Niebuhr, seeking a name for a certain attribute found always present, as they thought, in the higher and more forcible order of historic characters, agreed to call the *demonic* element. Indeed, very few men in our literature, from first to last, have had so much of this element in them—the sign and source of all real greatness—as Swift. In him it was so obvious as to attract notice at once. "There is something in your looks," wrote Vanessa to him, "so awful that it strikes me dumb;" and again, "Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear;" and again, "What marks are there of a deity that you are not known by?" True, these are the words of a woman infatuated with love; but there is evidence that wherever Swift went, and in whatever society he was, there was this magnetic power in his presence. Pope felt it; Addison felt it; they all felt it. We question if, among all our literary

celebrities, from first to last, there has been one more distinguished for being personally formidable to all who came near him.

And yet, in calling Swift a great genius, we clearly do not mean to rank him in the same order of greatness with such men among his predecessors as Spenser, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or such men among his successors, as Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. We even retain instinctively the right of not according to him a certain kind of admiration which we bestow on such men of his own generation as Pope, Steele, and Addison. How is this? What is the drawback about Swift's genius, which prevents us from referring him to that highest order of literary greatness to which we do refer others, who in respect of hard general capacity were apparently not superior to him, and on the borders of which we also place some who, in that respect, were certainly his inferiors? To make the question more special, why do we call Milton great, in quite a different sense from that in which we consent to confer the same epithet on Swift?

Altogether, it will be said, Milton was a greater man than Swift; his intellect was higher, richer, deeper, grander; his views of things are more profound, grave, stately, and exalted. This is a true enough statement of the case; and we like that comprehensive use of the word intellect which it implies—wrapping up, as it were, all that is in and about a man in this one word, so as to dispense with the distinctions between imaginative and non-imaginative, spiritual and unspiritual, natures, and make every possible question about a man a mere question in the end as to the size or degree of his intellect. But such a mode of speaking is too violent and recondite for common purposes. According to the common use of the word intellect, it might be maintained (we do not say it would) that Swift's intellect, meaning his strength of mental grasp, was equal to Milton's; and yet that, by reason of the fact that his intellectual style was deficient, that he did not grasp things precisely in the Miltonic way, a distinction might be drawn unfavourable, on the whole, to his genius as compared with that of Milton. According to such a view, we must seek for that in Swift's genius, upon which it depends that, while we accord to it all the admiration we bestow on strength, our sympathies with height or sublimity are left unmoved. Nor have we far to seek. When Goethe and Niebuhr generalized in the phrase, 'the demonic element,' that mystic something which they seemed to detect in all men of unusual potency among the fellows, they used the word 'demonic,' not in its English sense, as signifying what appertains specially to the demons or powers of darkness, but in its Greek sense as equally implying the unseen agencies of light and

good. The demonic element in a man, therefore, may, in one case, be the demonic of the etherial and the celestial; in another, the demonic of the Tartarean and infernal. There is a demonic of the supernatural—angels, and seraphs, and white-winged airy messengers swaying men's phantasies from above; and there is a demonic of the infra-natural—fiends, and shapes of horror tugging at men's thoughts from beneath. The demonic in Swift was of the latter kind. It is false, it would be an entire mistake as to his genius, to say that he regarded, or was inspired by, only the worldly and the secular; that men, women, and their relations on the little world of visible life, were all that his intellect cared to recognise. He, also, like our Miltons and our Shakespeares, and all our men who have been anything more than prudential and pleasant writers, had his being anchored in things and imaginations beyond the visible verge. But while it was given to them to hold rather by things and imaginations belonging to the region of the celestial—to hear angelic music, and the rustling of seraphic wings; it was his unhappier lot to be related rather to the darker and subterranean mysteries. One might say of Swift that he had far less of belief in a God, than of belief in a Devil. He is like a man walking on the earth and among the busy haunts of his fellow-mortals, observing them and their ways, and taking his part in the bustle; all the while, however, conscious of the tuggings downward of secret chains reaching into the world of the demons. Hence his ferocity, his misanthropy, his *sæva indignatio*, all of them true forms of energy, imparting unusual potency to a life; but forms of energy bred of communion with what outlies nature on the lower or infernal side.

Swift, doubtless, had this melancholic tendency in him, constitutionally, from the beginning. From the first, we see him an unruly, rebellious, gloomy, revengeful, unforgiving spirit, loyal to no authority, and gnashing under every restraint. With nothing small or weak in his nature, too proud to be dishonest, bold and fearless in his opinions, capable of strong attachments, and of hatreds as strong, it was to be predicted that, if the swarthy Irish youth, whom Sir William Temple received into his house, when his college had all but expelled him for contumacy, should ever be eminent in the world, it would be for fierce and controversial, and not for beautiful or harmonious, activity. It is clear, however, on a survey of Swift's career, that the gloom and melancholy which characterized it, was not altogether congenital, but in part, at least, grew out of some special circumstance, or set of circumstances, having a precise date and locality among the facts of his life. In other words, there was some secret in Swift's life, some root of bitterness or remorse, diffusing a black poison throughout

his whole existence. That communion with the invisible almost exclusively on the infernal side—that consciousness of chains wound round his own moving frame at the one end, and, at the other, tugged at by demons in the depths of their populous pit, while no cords of love were felt sustaining him from the countervailing heaven—had its origin, in part at least, in some one recollection or cause of dread. It was some one demon down in that pit that tugged the chains; the others but assisted him. Thackeray's perception seems to us exact, when he says of Swift, that 'he goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil;' or again, changing the form of the figure, that, 'like Abudah, in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come, and the inevitable hag with it.' What was this Fury, this hag that duly came in the night, making the mornings horrible by the terrors of recollection, the evenings horrible by those of anticipation, and leaving but a calm hour at full mid-day? There was a secret in Swift's life; what was it? His biographers as yet have failed to agree on this dark topic. Thackeray's hypothesis, that the cause of Swift's despair was chiefly his consciousness of disbelief in the creed to which he had sworn his professional faith, does not seem to us sufficient. In Swift's days, and even with his frank nature, we think that difficulty could have been got over. There was nothing, at least, so unique in the case, as to justify the supposition that this was what Archbishop King referred to in that memorable saying to Dr. Delany, 'You have just met the most miserable man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.' Had Swift made a confession of scepticism to the Archbishop, we do not think the prelate would have been taken so very much by surprise. Nor can we think, with some, that Swift's vertigo (now pronounced to have been increasing congestion of the brain) and his life-long certainty that it would end in idiotcy or madness, are the true explanation of this interview and of the mystery which it shrouds. There was cause enough for melancholy here, but not exactly the cause that meets the case. Another hypothesis there is of a physical kind, which Scott and others hint at, and which finds great acceptance with the medical philosophers. Swift, it is said, was of 'a cold temperament,' &c. &c. But why a confession on the part of Swift to the Archbishop that he was not a marrying man, even had he added that he desired, above all things in the world, to be a person of this sort, should have so moved that dignitary, we cannot conceive. Besides, although this hypothesis might explain much of the Stella and Vanessa imbroglio, it would not explain all; nor do we see on what foundation it could rest

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Scott's assertion that all through Swift's writings there is no evidence of his having felt the tender passion, is simply untrue. On the whole, the hypothesis which has been started, of a too near consanguinity between Swift and Stella, either known from the first to one or both, or discovered too late, would most nearly suit the conditions of the case. And yet, so far as we have seen, this hypothesis also rests on air, with no one fact to support it. Could we suppose that Swift, like another Eugene Aram, went through the world with a murder on his mind, it might be taken as a solution of the mystery; but, as we cannot do this, we must be content with supposing that either some one of the foregoing hypotheses, or some combination of them, is to be accepted; or that the matter is altogether inscrutable.

Such by constitution as we have described him—with an intellect strong as iron, much acquired knowledge, an ambition all but insatiable, and a decided desire to be wealthy—Swift, almost as a matter of course, flung himself impetuously into the Whig and Tory controversy, which was the question paramount of his time. In that he laboured as only a man of his powers could, bringing to the side of the controversy on which he chanced to be—and we believe, when he was on a side, it was honestly because he found a certain preponderance of right in it—a hard and ruthless vigour which served it immensely. But from the first, and, at all events, after the disappointments of a political career had been experienced by him, his nature would not work alone in the narrow warfare of Whiggism and Toryism, but overflowed in general bitterness of reflection on all the customs and ways of humanity. The following passage in *Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag*, describing how the politics of Europe appeared to the King of Brobdingnag, shows us Swift himself in his larger mood of thought.

"This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, enquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state, the prejudices of his education prevailed so far that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and, stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asking me, whether *I* was a Whig or a Tory. Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff nearly as tall as the main-mast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I; 'And yet,' says he, 'I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and

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burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray.' And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated."

Swift's writings, accordingly, divide themselves in the main, into two classes,—pamphlets, tracts, lampoons, and the like, bearing directly on persons and topics of the day, and written with the ordinary purpose of a partisan; and satires of a more general aim, directed, in the spirit of a cynic philosopher, against humanity as a whole, or against particular human classes, arrangements, and modes of thinking. In some of his writings the politician and the general satirist are seen together. The *Drapier's Letters* and most of the poetical lampoons, exhibit Swift in his direct mood as a party writer; in the *Tale of a Tub*, we have the ostensible purpose of a partisan masking a reserve of general scepticism; in the *Battle of the Books* we have a satire partly personal to individuals, partly with a reference to a prevailing tone of opinion; in the *Voyage to Laputa*, we have a satire on a great class of men; and in the *Voyages to Lilliput* and *Brobdingnag*, and still more in the story of the *Houynhnms* and *Yahoos*, we have human nature itself analyzed and laid bare.

Swift took no care of his writings, never acknowledged some of them, never collected them, and suffered them to find their way about the world as chance, demand, and the piracy of publishers directed. As all know, it is in his character as a Humourist, an inventor of the preposterous as a medium for the reflective, and above all, as a master of irony, that he takes his place as one of the chiefs of English literature. There can be no doubt that, as regards the literary form which he affected most, he took hints from Rabelais, as the greatest original in the realm of the absurd. Sometimes, as in his description of the Strulbrugs in the *Voyage to Laputa*, he approaches the ghastly power of that writer; on the whole, however, there is more of stern English realism in him, and less of sheer riot and wildness. Sometimes, however, Swift throws off the guise of the humourist, and speaks seriously and in his own name. On such occasions we find ourselves simply in the presence of a man of strong, sagacious, and thoroughly English mind, content, as is the habit of Englishmen, with vigorous proximate sense, expressed in plain and rather coarse idiom. For the speculative he shows, in these cases, neither liking nor aptitude; he takes obvious reasons and arguments as they come to hand, and uses them in a robust,

downright, Saxon manner. In one respect, he stands out conspicuously even among plain Saxon writers—his total freedom from cant. Johnson's advice to Boswell, "above all things to clear his mind of cant," was perhaps never better illustrated than in the case of Dean Swift. Indeed, it might be given as a summary definition of Swift's character, that he had cleared his mind of cant, without having succeeded in filling the void with song. It was Swift's intense hatred of cant—cant in religion, cant in morality, cant in literature—that occasioned many of those peculiarities which shock people in his writings. His principle being to view things as they are, irrespective of all the accumulated cant of orators and poets, he naturally prosecuted his investigations into those classes of circumstances which orators and poets have omitted as unsuitable for their purposes. If they had viewed men as Angels, he would view them as Yahoos. If they had placed the springs of action among the fine phrases and the sublimities, he would trace them down into their secret connexions with the bestial and the obscene. Hence—as much as for any of those physiological reasons which some of his biographers assign for it—his undisguised delight in filth. And hence, also, probably—seeing that among the forms of cant he included the traditional manner of speaking of women in their relations to men—his studious contempt, whether in writing for men or women, of all the accustomed decencies. It was not only the more obvious forms of cant, however, that Swift had in aversion. Even to that minor form of cant, which consists in the trite, he gave no quarter. Whatever was habitually said by the majority of people, seemed to him, for that very reason, not worthy of being said at all, much less put into print. A considerable portion of his writings—as, for example, his *Tritical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind*, and his *Art of Polite Conversation*—in the one of which he strings together a series the most threadbare maxims and quotations to be found in books, offering the compilation as an original disquisition of his own; and, in the other, mimics the insipidity of ordinary table-talk in society—may be regarded as showing a systematic determination on his part to turn the trite into ridicule. Hence, in his own writings, though he abstains from the profound, he never falls into the commonplace. Apart from all Swift's other merits, there are to be found scattered through his writings not a few distinct propositions of an innovative and original character, respecting our social arrangements. We have seen his doctrine as to the education of woman; and we may mention as an instance of the same kind, his denunciation of the institution of standing armies as incompatible with freedom. Curiously enough, also, it was Swift's belief that, Yahoos as we are, the world is always in the right.

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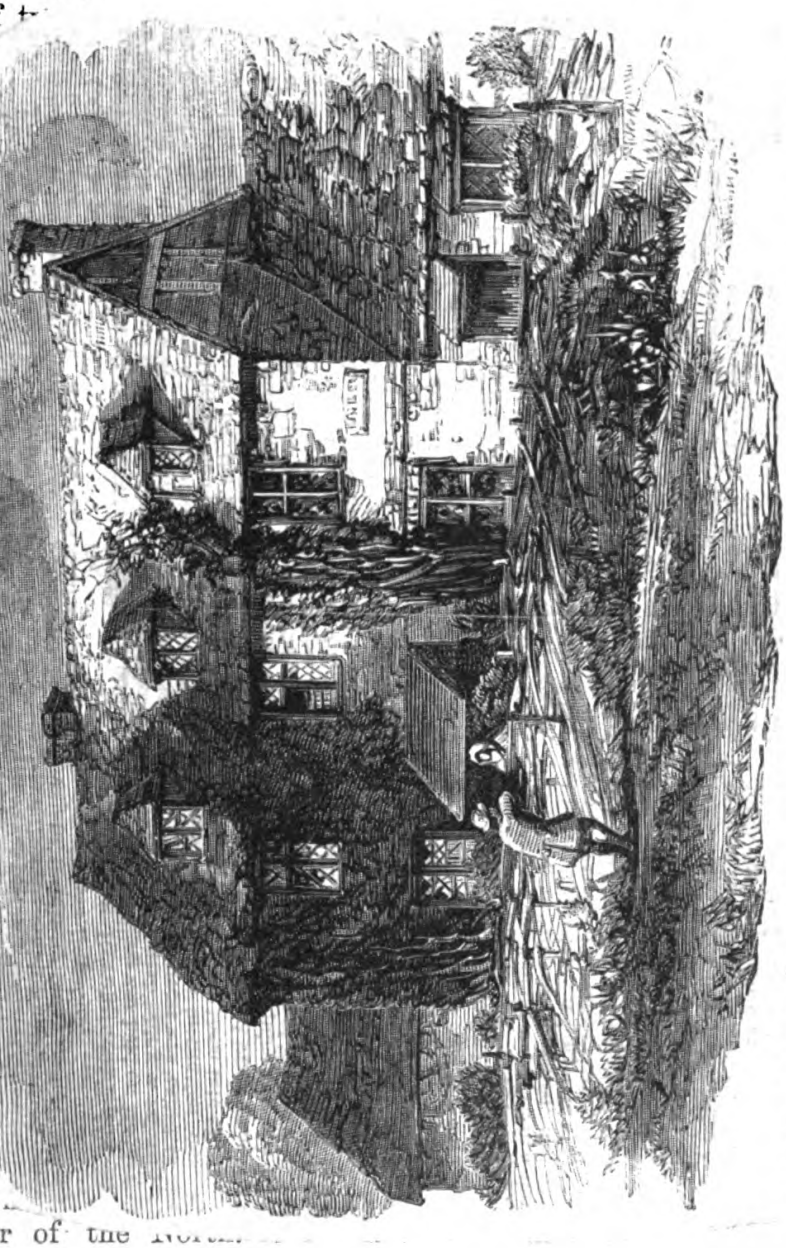

SWIFT'S COTTAGE, MOOR PARK, SURREY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. LIDDIARD, OF FARNHAM.

Jo
voice
fiance to
bolt they are
kindled anger of the

RAMBLES.

By Patricius Walker, Esq.

Moor Park and Swift.

PASSING Cobbett's birthplace, 'the Jolly Farmer,' and the Farnham railway station, I soon quitted the main road for a by-road on the left. The hedgerow-bank among other flowers showed an abundance of the greater celandine, with its yellow four-petaled bloom and beautifully cut green leaf. Neither this, nor Wordsworth's friend, its lesser namesake, (which is of the ranunculus tribe—this of the poppy) nor any other of yellow wild-flowers equals in richness of colour the common king-cup at its best. It tells wonderfully in a field nosegay. Never king of Thule quaffed his wine from so rich-hued a goblet.

This spring, though strangely broken by three or four patches of winter, has been profuse of wild flowers, at least on the south coast of England, especially of primrose, lesser celandine, stitchwort, red campion, king-cup, water crowfoot. Blue-bells were less plentiful. The hawthorns, which burst into sudden bloom, as the nightingales into song, in the warm beginning of May, stopped short, as the birds also were stricken dumb, in those three weeks of unnatural cold which made 'hoary-headed frosts fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,' and blighted many a walnut tree, mulberry, and myrtle in cottage-gardens, as well as countless ridges of the 'famine-root' abhorred by Cobbett, for which he cursed the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh. The later-leaved forest trees, oak and ash, are also many of them scorched as by fire; but *not* these two broad spreading oaks that overshade the steep lane descending to Moor Park, and under whose branches Jonathan Swift must so often have passed, during the nine or ten years of which he spent the best part at this place, between the age of 25 and 31. From the name of it, and from finding mention of its loneliness, I had always fancied Moor Park to be a bleak solitary place. It is but two miles from Farnham, and in a richly wooded vale. The little Wey winds through meadow-ground, steepish slopes rising on either hand, forest-like with large oaks, horse-chestnuts, beeches, lindens, mixed with the pillared shade of dusky firs. Moor Park House is now an ugly stuccoed building, the old walls, or part of them, still forming its core. The garden slopes to the river; the lane crosses the river by a little bridge, then, turning sharp to the right, passes in front of the white mansion and along the vale, a rural grass-grown avenue (public, but unfrequented),—the tree-shaded high bank on your left hand, the watery meadow-fields with sallows and osiers, on your right, and the parallel shady slope beyond. A mile or so of this brings you to another bridge, a mill, a main-road winding up the shoulder of Crooksbury Hill; and little beyond this bridge, in a shady park, are the ruins of Waverley Abbey. Moor Park House was lately a water-cure establishment, but is now again a private residence. Up the steep bank close by, fir-shaded, from which you can look down the chimneys, Sir William Temple's amanuensis used to run violently of a morning, in hopes of improving his health, and putting to rout his sick headaches; and perhaps did himself more harm than good. In some solitary recess of these woods

the same moody youth used to sit reading by the hour, trying to forget the last rebuke of his dignified patron, and all the countless vexations which a proud, irritable temper finds or contrives for itself; and to a cold caught in his damp woodland study, he attributed a deafness which afterwards increased and afflicted him all his life. The sunny shady hill-slope here of red-stemmed Scotch pines, and the grass-grown lane and valley beneath it are haunted for me by the figure of a tall gaunt young man, rapid and abrupt in gesture, of dusky complexion and somewhat grim look, who hits one in passing with a glance from prominent blue eyes, suspicious, penetrating; hurries on muttering, and strides into the thicket. An odd little fatherless child at Dublin, brought up on the charity of uncles; a sarcastic, insubordinate student of T.C.D.; a discontented young man, penniless, of little promise, not knowing which way to turn; for his mother's sake (she herself dependent on relations) taken under the patronage and into the house of the dignified ex-courtier and man of letters, to do the part of a humble kind of secretary; vague schemes in his head of attempting literary work; an uncertain hope of getting into some sort of career by the help of his patron's influence; already, at twenty-two, suffering from frequent ill health; already a moody, despondent, irritable human being,—I could see young Jonathan Swift, haunting these lonely avenues and fir-tree slopes; and when I got home after this ramble, I tried to sift out and make clearer to myself such facts as are presented (sometimes too vaguely, and mixed up with evident inaccuracies, and statements without authority) by the various biographers.

One thing seems to me highly probable,—that Swift was born with a tendency to brain disease, and that it came on gradually from an early period of life, causing the giddiness and other distressing symptoms from which he often suffered, and sinking him at last into the sad condition of his closing years. After death, his brain was found to be loaded with water.

The Rev. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, near Ross in Herefordshire, took the king's side in the great Civil War, and thereby suffered much loss. At his death he left 13 or 14 children, but ill off. The eldest son, Godwin, was called to the bar, and received a legal office in Ireland. His good fortune drew three more of his brothers to that country, William, Jonathan, and Adam. Jonathan, an attorney, had the place of steward or under-treasurer at the King's Inn, Dublin; but some two years after his appointment he died suddenly at an early age, leaving his widow in destitution, with an infant daughter, and the expectation of another child. This fatherless child, a son, was born on the 30th of November, 1667, *probably* in Hoey's Court, Dublin, but this is not quite certain. His nurse, a native of Whitehaven, carried him out of affection to that place, and kept him there during the first three years of his life, after which little Jonathan was brought back to Ireland, and at six years old sent to Kilkenny School, his uncle Godwin undertaking the charge of his support and education. In his fifteenth year he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he continued some seven years, gaining little credit either for conduct or study. The Student, poor and dependent (and hating his dependence and what he deemed his uncle's parsimony), was a *mauvais sujet*, irregular in attendance, given to 'town-haunting,' contemptuous to those above him, audacious in lampoon. He obtained his 'B.A.' with difficulty, and, after this, in the course of

two years, incurred over seventy penalties, was publicly admonished, and subsequently, being convicted of insolence to the junior dean, had his degree suspended, and was forced to crave pardon in public. In 1689, being then in his twenty-second year, this unruly young man, a nuisance to the learned authorities, and a heartburn to his own relations (Godwin was dead, but another uncle had carried the youth on), left college without money, character, or definite prospect of any kind. Sailing to England, likely in some little coasting-vessel, young Jonathan Swift sets off on foot to his anxious poor mother at Leicester, a tall awkward youth, with large observant blue eyes, and a drily sarcastic tongue which he delights to exercise upon carriers, tramps, tavern-keepers, and whomsoever the cheap wayfarer falls in with, having, in fact, a taste for amusing himself with low company.

Though an irregular student, the lad is, in his own way, much addicted to books, and has read a large quantity. He has also tried his hand at scribbling, and carries an old pocket-book crammed with verse-jottings, not odes to the moon or his mistress's eyebrow, but lampoons and epigrams, personal and political—on the Queen's *accouchement*, the Prince of Orange, the Dublin actresses, doctors, college dons, &c., often coarse enough in phrase.[1] He has noted the political movements of the time; is inclined, apparently, to divert himself with the manners of the lower class of people, and at the same time to observe (if he had the chance) the ways of courts and cabinets, and of those great folk who pull the strings of the puppet-show. Towards intermediate mankind, the 'respectable' classes in general, all their thoughts and doings, his attitude is one of habitual contempt, now and again concentrated into anger. They are dunces and fools, their manners dull, their actions base, their objects despicable.

While Jonathan stayed with his mother at Leicester (it could not have been more than a few months) he entertained his leisure in a manner not at all unusual with him, by *making up* to a pretty girl of that place, by the name of Miss Betty Jones, who was of the decent middle class, and not without a share of education and refinement. Meanwhile, Mrs. Swift having made humble application on behalf of her son to the great Sir William Temple, who had some knowledge of her, and received a gracious reply, the youth set off southward, and joined the household of Sir William, now some time retired from active public life, and resident on a small estate which he had purchased near Farnham, in Surrey. The ex-ambassador and diplomatist was at this time a handsome stately man of sixty, with a courtesy that easily rose to haughtiness, and a love of letters that was not without a flavour of pedantry. He had transacted with success various high negotiations in his time, especially between England and the States of Holland, was twelve years ambassador at the Hague, had been in favour with King Charles, and was now in favour with King William. He was fortunate in his birth, in his marriage, and in every step of his career, and had gathered honours not only in statesmanship, but also in the field of literature. He was fond of reputation, and as fond of ease and comfort; perhaps a little irritable; certainly not a little vain of his diplomacy, his learning, his gardening, his person, and of all belonging to him; moreover a precise, methodical, and loftily respectable gentleman in every particular, no doubt worshipped by his

[1] 'Pocket-book' still extant: Wilde's *Last Years of Dean Swift*, p. 122.

Dorothea, and looked on with more or less of awe by every one near him. It has been said, and often repeated, that Mrs. Swift was related to Lady Temple, but for this I find no evidence. Sir Thomas Temple, Sir William's father, was Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and there had known and patronised the Swift family, many of whom were connected with the law.

Jonathan Swift, we observe, never had a father to guide him, never had an early home to look back to with sacred recollections. From the age of six to fourteen he was at Kilkenny school, and had rough treatment most likely. When he spoke of his early years, which he seldom did, it was not tenderly but bitterly: his uncle 'gave him the education of a dog.' Dublin College was no Alma Mater; he despised its men and broke its rules. But to the mother who bore him he was ever reverential and affectionate, visiting her regularly, it would seem, once a year, when he walked to Leicester for the purpose.

And now here is Jonathan at Moor Park, in his twenty-second year, clever, awkward, sensitive, proud, insubordinate, with a strong Dublin brogue, unused to society, ready enough to be moved to contempt or sarcasm by the formalities of polite company, yet, at the same time, very willing to study the manners and views of the great, whom he for the first time has a chance of seeing close at hand, and awe-struck, in spite of himself, by the high reputation and dignified manners of Sir William. The rough Dublin student finds himself in a totally new scene of life. But the position is far from agreeable; he seldom if ever dines at Sir William's table, and shares his conversation on a distant and dependent footing. He does his daily business as copyist and amanuensis, listens and replies with forced humility, glides moodily out of the house, avoiding alike the servants and superiors of the family, and runs up and down a steep slope behind it for exercise, or sits for hours reading in a solitary place among the woods. He is lonely, anxious, discontented, knows not what to turn to, or what is to become of him; loathes his perpetual and inevitable condition of dependence, and fancies an insult in every word or look of those about him. One comfort he has, in a dark-eyed pretty child of six or seven years old, daughter of Mrs. Johnson the housekeeper, a widow, and 'tis said a distant cousin of the Temples. Young Swift spends many a spare hour in teaching little Esther, and though he is ever grave and almost hard in his manner even with her, there is evidently a good feeling between teacher and pupil, and no other portion of his time passes so agreeably. But this little solace is not enough to prevent his discontent and gloom growing thicker upon him, much increased by frequent fits of ill health. 'A natural daughter of Temple's,' some call Esther, without any evidence. That Sir William, aged sixty, should bring a 'natural daughter' of six years old, and her mother, to the house with himself and his wife, to whom he was always tenderly attached, is not the most likely thing in the world.

Young Swift became so ill and restless at Moor Park, that it was agreed he should return to Ireland for change of air and scene. He went, but did not stay many months, and came back (very likely on advice of friends and new reflections in his own mind) to Moor Park towards Christmas: this being in the year 1690—the battle of the Boyne lost and won, and King James—'Dirty Shemus'—finally fled to France. Jonathan's life here went on much as before—his health no better; but by degrees the great man admitted him nearer to his confidence.

About this time young Swift received, from a certain Rev. John Kendall of Leicestershire (a relative of his) a letter on the subject of Miss Betty Jones, about whose flirtation, or whatever it was, with young Jonathan the scandal-mongers of Leicester had been busying themselves. The young gentleman at Moor Park replies to this in a curious letter, civil enough towards his correspondent, but defiant of the world in general, and in particular of 'the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leicester to be.' He says he has behaved to 'twenty women' in the same way as to Miss Betty Jones, 'without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world, when I had no design for anything grave in it, and what I thought at worst a harmless impertinence.' As to marriage, he is resolved not to think of it till he settles his fortune in the world; and even then, 'I am so hard to please that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world.' He is apt to talk with women, he says, because there is something in him 'which must be employed;' and during these seven weeks that he has been lonely at Moor Park, since his return from Ireland, he has, for the same reason, 'writ and burnt and writ again, upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England.' A great person in Ireland 'used to tell me that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me busy when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike.' Among his tentative scribblings in Sir William's library, and during his rambles out of doors, young Swift has jotted down many notes for an odd kind of satire on the church controversies of which he hears so much talk, and the respective tenets of the Church of England, Popery, and Dissent. He himself is thinking of entering the Established Church, not willingly, for he does not feel himself to be well fitted for a clergyman, but because he cannot see any other opening.

In 1692 he is admitted to the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford, afterwards visiting his mother at Leicester. At Oxford he says, 'I am ashamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to strangers than ever I was in seven years to Dublin College. . . . I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend: and Sir William Temple, though he promises me the certainty of it, yet is less forward than I could wish, because (I suppose) he believes I shall leave him, and, upon some accounts, he thinks me a little necessary to him.'[1]

This state of things at last came to a rupture between them, Swift going over to Ireland in May 1694, with the resolution to be ordained there, and 'make what endeavours I can for something in the Church.'[2] But he found unexpected difficulties, and was reduced to address a most submissive letter from Dublin to Sir William (October 6, 1694), requesting from 'his honour' a certificate of good behaviour, without which he could not gain admission to the ministry: 'The particulars expected of me are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons of quitting your honour's family, that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill actions. They are all left entirely to your honour's mercy, though in

[1] Letter to his uncle William, from Moor Park, Nov. 29, 1692.
[2] Letter to his cousin Deane Swift, June 3, 1694.

the first I think I cannot reproach myself any further than for *infirmities*.' Sir William sent the certificate, and Swift took 'deacon's orders,' took 'priest's orders' a couple of months after (January 1695), and was appointed (probably through Sir William's influence) to the small benefice of Kilroot, worth about 100*l.* a year. He was now twenty-seven years old. This Kilroot, a parish situated near Carrickfergus in the county Antrim, was a *prebend* in the diocese of Connor (allowance for the support of a clergyman of the cathedral). The prebend is now Kilroot and Temple-corran, and the diocese Down, Connor, and Dromore.

The prebendary moped at Kilroot; Sir William missed him at Moor Park; before many months were gone Swift was again (1696) under the same roof with his patron, and with Hessy Johnson. He resigned his benefice, and continued to reside at Moor Park for the next three years, that is till Sir William's death in 1699.[1]

Hessy Johnson, thirteen years and three months younger than Jonathan Swift, was fifteen years old when he returned to Moor Park. She had been sickly from her childhood, but now grew into perfect health, a beautiful and agreeable young woman, 'only a little too fat,' with dark eyes and hair, of graceful manners and intelligent mind. In the society of this delightful girl, whose studies he directed, and who almost worshipped him; and on a footing of increased confidence with his patron, upon whose influence he relied for some suitable promotion when an opportunity should arrive, Parson Swift must have spent three comparatively comfortable years. We do not hear him grumbling and growling. He writes a book of singular ability, full of odd humour and satiric fancy, coloured indeed with the general temper of his mind, but not so imbued with vitriolic cynicism as most of his later writings. This was the *Tale of a Tub*, published anonymously in 1704, along with *The Battle of the Books*, and never acknowledged by the author. The *Tale of a Tub*, wonderfully clever as it is, has perhaps been ranked higher as a literary work than it deserves. It has a great reputation; and some choice parts, like Lord Peter's declaring the loaf to be a shoulder of mutton, are often quoted. But, though not long, the book is seldom read through, and as a whole is not very readable. It is amorphous. Scarcely half of it is occupied with the fragmentary history of Peter, Martin, and Jack; the other half consisting of intercalary chapters in a strain of grave irony, chiefly on the petty literary controversies of the day. A notable and characteristic performance, it hardly shows a right to be classed among the finished treasures of English literature, though Dr. Johnson rated it far above all Swift's other writings, including Gulliver. The abundant images and illustrations, often ingenious and pithy, are at best the product of a whimsical fancy, not of a humorous or witty imagination; they are clever but not truthful and delightful, not exhilarating, nor satisfying. The foul smell, too, which so often exhales from Swift's pages, is perceived throughout. This *Tale*, which occupied the author several years, was written, he says, 'to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion;' but it did not come out of any serious purpose, nor by the method of it could any useful result have been possibly attained. The broad Rabelaisian jesting on Peter and Jack threw no kind of

[1] The gossiping stories of the cause of Swift's leaving Kilroot, his manner of going, his handing over the living to a poor clergyman, are the merest rubbish.

light upon Catholicism or Calvinism. Swift's own convictions, now and afterwards, were of the negative kind. He perhaps *believed* in nothing save Orderliness and Industry, though earnestly *dis*believing in many things, which is more than some people do. He hated injustice and misgovernment. He despised the dullness and meanness of mankind.

The Battle of the Books, written during the same period as the *Tale of a Tub*, and published along with it, has all the characteristics of Swift's style, quiet and cultivated irony, happy description (as of the spider's web), and a taste for rough vulgar abuse and coarse jesting, patches of which come in here and there. *The Battle*, written to please Sir William Temple, in the controversy on Ancient and Modern Learning, between Temple and Boyle on one side and Bentley and Wotton on the other, is intrinsically worthless, and contains no atom of argument. Bentley was a man of real learning, Sir William a *dilettante*, Swift but Sir William's partisan. It is noticeable that neither Temple nor Swift, in speaking of modern writers, makes the least allusion to Shakespeare.

It is plain that Swift, in these years at all events, had no intention of making Hessy Johnson his wife; perhaps because he had known her from childhood, and been 'always with her in the house, but to marry *somebody* he was always intending, or rather half-intending. He longed for a wife,—he feared matrimony; he fell in love (after a manner of his own) with this girl and that,—he looked round and saw very few happy marriages, and many poor men overweighted with large families. For a long while he could not make up his mind to marry because his plans were unsettled and his maintenance too small; then he found that he was too old and his habits too fixed. But almost from his boyhood to the decline of life, Swift was engaged in successive intimacies with virtuous and cultivated women. Some of these friendships lasted through many years. Several of the ladies had more or less hope of becoming his wife; but they were all disappointed.

It does not appear at what precise time Swift first met Miss Jane Waryng, a young lady of the north of Ireland, sister of his 'chum,' or chamber-fellow at Trinity College, Dublin; he probably, while at Kilroot, renewed a former acquaintance with her; and in the year of his return to Moor Park (1696), we have a letter of his addressed to her under the fancy name of 'Varina,' speaking of their engagement, and urging its speedy fulfilment. This letter, dated April 29, which would seem to have been written at Belfast, or some other sea-port town in that part, is the most artificial thing I know from Swift's hand. 'It is so, by heaven! the love of Varina is of more tragical consequence than her cruelty, . . . a thousand graves lie open,' &c. He continued his correspondence with Miss Waryng all through his last residence at Moor Park, and there is no reason to think that his daily intercourse with Esther Johnson had any intentional colour of courtship on it.

In May 1699 (N.S.), somewhat unexpectedly it would seem, though he was over seventy years old, Sir William Temple died, leaving his secretary unprovided with any permanent maintenance, but bequeathing him 100*l.*, and the privilege of editing, for his own benefit, Sir William's writings. And so the Rev. Mr. Swift, aged 32, takes his last leave of Moor Park; comes to London; publishes Temple's works (the *Tale of a Tub* still quiet in his desk); memorials King William, and applies whatever court-influence he has, with the object of getting some church-living, but does not succeed. At length he accepts the

post of chaplain and private secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, appointed one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, and attends his lordship to Dublin Castle. To Ireland he constantly gravitates, in spite of himself. Swift and Lord Berkeley soon quarrelled; the secretaryship was given to a Mr. Bushe; Swift lampooned the earl and the secretary, though he kept on good terms with the countess and the other ladies of the family, and amused them with *jeux d'esprit*, such as the 'Petition of Mrs. Francis Harris.' After a year or so (in 1700), having been refused the deanery of Derry, he was given, to get rid of him, a little bunch of livings, Agher, Laracor, and Rathbiggan, in the diocese of Meath, in all worth about 200*l.* a year, and went to live at Laracor glebe house, two miles from Trim and twenty from Dublin. Here he improved the house, made a canal at the foot of the garden, stocked it with pike, and planted willows on the edge. He also put the church in repair, preached every Sunday, and played the part of country vicar with at least an average assiduity. Before quitting Dublin he wrote a letter to Miss Jane Waryng, beginning, 'Madam,—I am extremely concerned at the account you give of your health; for my uncle told me he found you in appearance better than you had been in some years, and I was in hopes you had still continued so. God forbid I should ever be the occasion of creating more troubles to you, as you seem to intimate.' 'You would know,' he says, 'what gave my temper that sudden turn, as to alter the style of my letters since I last came over.' Is it owing 'to the thoughts of a new mistress?' 'I declare, upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other person but yourself.' He goes on to speak most disdainfully of her mother and her family, calling her home 'a sink,' asks whether she is healthy enough to marry, can put up with solitude and a poor way of living, can promise to obey him in everything, show no ill humours, &c., all in the harshest tone. 'I singled you out from the rest of women: and I expect not to be used like a common lover.' Not being a common lover, certainly! Exit poor Jane Waryng, no longer 'Varina.' That Swift at one time intended to marry her, is certain, unless the two letters are forgeries; and does not this dispose of several of the biographical theories?

Now (1710) he is vicar of Laracor; and odd to say, Miss Johnson, late of Moor Park, is coming over to live at the town of Trim, within a walk of Laracor. Sir William has left her a bit of leasehold land in the county Wicklow, as well as a sum of money, and for that reason, in addition to others, she may as well live in Ireland. She comes over accordingly, with an elder companion, a Mrs. Dingley, who has a small income of her own; and the two ladies go into lodgings in Trim. Esther Johnson is now twenty, a beautiful and sensible young woman, somewhat fat, with intelligent dark eyes, black eyebrows and lashes, and black hair; her countenance at once soft and piquant; the forehead broad for a woman's, and of a very fine curve. Her manners are full of natural grace, with a sort of gentle sprightliness; her conversation always agreeable; she knows how to be silent and how to speak with pleasant effect, though not possessing nor pretending to any remarkable intellectual gifts. On Swift, her tutor, the friend of her childhood and maidenhood, she looks with constant reverence and admiration, under which lies hid a tenderer feeling. She is very gentle and submissive, but no coward: she can rebuke a troublesome fool, and even scare away a midnight burglar

on occasion. She is hoping (yet very doubtfully, I imagine) to be Swift's wife, although as yet he has never said or hinted anything of marriage. His manner to her, now dictatorial, now playful, anon both at once, is part fatherly, part lover-like—so far as a caressing phrase or intonation, scarcely beyond. With all their intimacy, he always reserves himself, and she is ever somewhat in awe. Esther and her Mrs. Dingley being settled in their lodgings in the little town of Trim, are constantly visited by the vicar of Laracor, and pay him visits in return; and when Doctor Swift leaves home, the two ladies come and live at the vicarage during his absence. There is at first plenty of gossip in the neighbourhood on all this, which the doctor much disregards, being at the same time scrupulously careful in his demeanour to the ladies, never seeing Esther without Mrs. Dingley, and equally attentive to both.

In the spring of 1710 he heard of the death, at Leicester, of his 'dear mother,' aged seventy, and recorded it in an account-book, with this addition: 'I have now lost my barrier between me and death; God grant I may live to be as well be 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.' Of Swift's life at Laracor, his oddities in church, his whimsical clerk Roger Cox, several well known anecdotes are in circulation, few of any of which are authentic. He appears to have made a visit every year, or nearly every year, to London; and when he was deputed by the Irish bishops to move the ministry and the queen to a remission of a sum deducted by the crown, under the name of 'first fruits,' from the incomes of the Irish clergy (at first a papal impost, for crusading purposes), this enabled him to sojourn in England from the beginning of 1708 till the spring of the next year. He had already become acquainted with the wits, and intimate with some of the best of them—Addison, Steele, Arbuthnot, and others. He was also on familiar terms with several of the leading Whig statesman, especially Somers and Halifax. On their behalf (and his own) he turned political pamphleteer, watched the changes of court weather, and waited confidently for preferment. To Esther he remained always the kind friend and adviser, but marriage was less and less in his thoughts. Conscious of his strength, proved in trials, personal and literary, with the most famous men of the time; never amorous, though much attracted to the company of women who suited his tastes; the excitements of party conflict and London society, along with the ambition of rising to a position suitable to his talents, occupied his mind almost altogether in these years. It was fully understood by his acquaintance that he was Esther Johnson's friend and guardian, and no more; and when the Rev. Dr. Tisdall proposed for her hand, Swift wrote to him to say that he had no objection to the match. But Esther *had* objections, and Tisdall sued in vain. The *Tale of a Tub*, which appeared anonymously in 1704, was much talked about, and attributed to many writers in town. Swift's intimates knew whose it was, but he never directly acknowledged it. Among the knowing, it gave him rank among the first order of 'wits;' but it also opened a point of attack for his enemies (of whom, as a satirist and partisan, he had many), which they did not neglect to use. On Church questions Swift was always 'High,' so far as stoutly stickling for all the external possessions and privileges of the established clergy. In this he differed from his Whig friends, and when he found it impossible to get from them what he wanted, either for the Irish Church

or for Dr. Swift, he sheered off, and was ready to attach himself to Mr. Harley, when that statesman led the Tories into office in 1710. Swift, this impending, hastened again from Ireland to London, on the Irish clergy's behalf and his own; and soon set his pen busy, in pamphlet and squib, on the side of Harley's party. His political pamphlets (he often lamented afterwards to have so spent his time) were highly able and successful, and the ready, telling, and well informed writer became a person of some importance to ministers (though, perhaps, not so high as he rated himself), and could play the patron among his acquaintance, getting this and that preferment or sinecure for people whom he knew or were recommended to him. For himself he got nothing, being too proud to make a direct request, and his expectations and merits well known; and his recompense during several years consisted in the glory of being intimate and influential with certain great ministers, and able to behave to them with a kind of pseudo-equality of demeanour,—for after all it was a little too conscious and self-asserting. Along with these feelings, be it remembered, he had always a genuine desire to be of use to persons of desert, especially when there was friendship in the case. Swift's friendships were sincere and lasting; and though he took extraordinary pains to cultivate his intimacy with Harley and St. John as eminent statesmen, and boasted of it continually in his own manner, there went with this a real attachment to them as friends, which survived their loss of power.

This longest visit to London extended from September 1710 to June 1713, ætatis suæ XLIII.–XLVI.; and an uncommonly particular and interesting account of it survives in a series of private letters, partly in form of a diary, and commonly called his *Journal to Stella*—this being his favourite pet name for Hessy Johnson. Stella, for her part, must have often been lonely and sad enough during this long absence, during which her years were counted from 29 to 33, and she felt herself passing out of the fair land of youth. She and Mrs. Dingley kept house at Laracor vicarage, their amusement, beside walking and a few books, being usually *ombre* with Dr. Raymond, vicar of Trim, and two or three other neighbours; their chief pleasure—Stella's at least—to receive and answer Dr. Swift's letters from London. The brook at Laracor, edged with willows, still creeps under its little bridge down to the river Boyne, but the site of Swift's vicarage is now 'an ill tilled potato-garden'[1] (or was some years ago), a trace of the pond just discernible, and of the house but one fragment of a gable-wall remaining.

One of the finest interests in biography is to note the unconsciousness of the actor as to what is before him; for the actor of a life is not like the actor of a play, who has his part arranged and studied. Swift in these days looked to an early return to Laracor, and a peaceful life with Stella and her companion. It seems to me most likely, on the whole—indeed, all but certain—that it never at any time was seriously in Swift's mind to marry Stella. *There is no proof that he ever thought of it*, much less that he did it, as is usually stated,—last, without hint of a doubt, by Mr. Thackeray. The only evidence for it is a hearsay story, and that very ill founded. Swift wrote to Tisdall when he courted Esther, 'I think I have said to you before, that if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons on earth,

[1] Wilde's *Boyne and Blackwater*, p. 97.

make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers; this was the most I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you: . . . the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune in losing so good a friend and companion as her prevail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world.'[1] Swift's relation to Stella throughout seems to me in no respect mysterious, but perfectly intelligible and in accordance with his character. He was her instructor, guardian, intimate friend and companion — nothing warmer at any time.

In London Swift gradually became intimate at the house of a Mrs. Vanhomrigh (pr. *Vanumry*), a rich widow, with two daughters. Vanhomrigh was a Dutchman, a commissary in Ireland for King William, and afterwards a commissioner of revenue there. His widow, an Englishwoman, came over to reside in London after his death. The beginning of Swift's acquaintance with this family is not indicated, but he probably knew something of them in Ireland.

Mrs. Van's eldest daughter, Esther, is now a charming girl of nineteen, intellectual and accomplished; she is fond of reading, and Doctor Swift, in his leisure moments, assists and directs her studies. It grows by degrees into a kind of semi-pedantic flirtation on his side, such as suits his taste; for he does not relish ladies' acquaintance, unless where he can more or less play the preceptor. With his acquaintance of both sexes, indeed, he must always be allowed a touch of domineering. Esther Vanhomrigh, for her part, grows thoroughly, passionately, irrevocably in love with the great dean, who, when he pleases, is the most delightful company in the world, and even whose sarcasm and imperiousness have, with women, a fondling tone.

The first-fruits affair was settled in November, yet Swift remains in London, with personal views. 'Farewell, dearest beloved MD [Stella], and love poor, poor Presto [himself], who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved. It is the last sally [attempt for promotion, I understand] I will ever make; but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest, than the last [ministry]; however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy; and I never desired more.' 'I will not be disappointed,' for I *shall* not, is an Irishism. Swift's turns of phrase, as well as his jokes, are not unfrequently of Irish fashion; and it is on record that he spoke with a brogue, to which indeed many of his rhymes testify. Mr. Thackeray thinks that Swift had nothing whatever of the Irishman but the accident of his birth; but it is impossible to suppose that in twenty of the most impressible years of his life, which Swift spent in Ireland, he could have failed to receive some stamp of Hibernicism, and in fact it is visible enough.

Here let me ask, how can the following odd mistake, or string of mistakes, have come to appear in edition after edition of our good Leigh Hunt's book on *The Town*? Swift's introduction to the Vanhomrighs is described; the young lady 'fell in love with him;' but 'unluckily he was married; and most unluckily he did not say a word about the matter. It is curious to observe in the letters which he sent over to Stella (his wife), with

[1] April 20, 1704.

what an affected indifference he speaks of the Vanhomrighs,' &c. &c. 'When he left England, Miss Vanhomrigh, after the death of her mother, followed him, and proposed that he should either marry or refuse her. He would do neither. At length both the ladies, the married and unmarried, discovered their mutual secret—a discovery which is supposed ultimately to have hastened the death of both. Miss Vanhomrigh's survival of it was short—not many weeks.'[1] In this account, for want of investigation, Leigh Hunt (one of the most kind-intentioned of men) does Swift a grievous injustice. The great modern humourist who lectured on Swift—with a certain strong bias of dislike—though he knew better than to commit so great a blunder as the above, has made several absolute assertions upon very insufficient authority; among the rest that 'he married Hester Johnson,' and that she was 'Temple's natural daughter.'

Months went on; the doctor dining constantly with Harley and St. John (and drinking a good deal of wine, as his habit was), and his friends expecting every day to hear of his getting 'a lean bishopric or a fat deanery,' as Lord Peterborough wrote to him about this time. Swift in his reply says, 'my ambition is to live in England, and with a competency to support me in honour.' In the same letter he says, 'I must leave the town in a week, because my money is gone, and I can borrow no more,' and in fact, with his income of only two to three hundred pounds a year, he must often have been low in pocket. He complains of the cost of hackney coaches, and when it rains, calls it '*twelvepenny* weather.' His writings have brought him no money; he disdained to trade with the publishers, and indignantly refused 50*l.* offered him by Harley on account of the *Examiner*. Altogether, he holds up his head haughtily among the great folk. The 'wits' he decidedly looks down upon, tossing Steele (until they quarrelled) a *Tatler* now and again.

Swift's right position would have been that of a statesman and administrator of great affairs, and he knew this very well. Hustled unwillingly into an Irish vicarage, he forced himself into notice by his personal and literary powers, and expected sooner or later to become an English bishop and lord of parliament; and expected justly too, I think. He desired power and dignity. He was fitted to govern, and would certainly have managed his diocese with equity and care, as well as superior ability.

As to Swift's relations to most people, it seems to me that he was probably a very good-natured man to those who were in want of any kind of help, at the same time that he desired to *appear* rough and ungracious, partly out of whim, partly to avoid being imposed on (which he hated), and to escape thanks and sentimentalism. His words are full of harshness, and apparent grudging; but in fact his life long he was busied serving others, in ways suitable to his mind and temper. He says himself (in a letter to Pope) that he detested that animal called *man*, yet loved John, Peter, Thomas, and this is true. His *sæva indignatio* was against the stupidity, injustice, and ingratitude of mankind. To individuals he was constant and tender. Mr. Thackeray asks, 'would you have liked to be a friend of Swift's?' I would, for one; would have liked better, I think, to be a friend of Swift's, than of any of his set—than of the refined Addison, the jovial Steele, the brilliant St. John, the fastidious Pope—and would have felt safer

[1] *The Town*: ed. 1858, pp. 369, 70.

with him, in spite of his whims and harshness and domineering.

At last he quite loses patience with his great friends who have made so many promises:

April 13, 1713.—'This morning my friend Mr. Lewis came to me and showed me an order for a warrant for three deaneries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. . . . I told him I had nothing to do but to go to Ireland immediately. . . . I will avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester, and come and see my willows, against the expectation of all the world.—What care I? Night, dearest rogues, MD.' But he did care. I 'design to walk all the way to Chester, my man and I, by ten miles a day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen days.'

April 18.—'Lord-treasurer told me the queen was at last resolved that Dr. Sterne should be Bishop of Dromore, and I Dean of St. Patrick's. . . . I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet come [he being so accustomed to disappointment]. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go, but perhaps they cannot help it.'

In June 1713 Swift is in Dublin, 'horribly melancholy, while they were installing me,' and soon flies to Laracor from the great empty house 'which they say is mine.'

In October, urged by his friend Lewis, he goes back to London: he is promised 1,000*l.* to pay off debts and expenses on his deanery; and still has hopes of a bishopric, or at least of some sufficient dignity and income *in England*. Harley and St. John, now Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, he strives hard to reconcile, but vainly: he memorials for the small post of Historiographer to the Queen, but it is refused him, and given to 'a worthless rogue that nobody knows.' He goes down, sadly, to lodge with a clergyman at Letcombe in Berks. Oxford is dismissed, Bolingbroke comes into full power, and is warmer than ever in his promises to the dean. A few days after this, Queen Anne dies (July 31, 1714), George I. is proclaimed, all arrangements go topsy-turvy, the Tories in dismay, the Whigs triumphant; and Swift returns to Ireland in August.

He is now forty-seven years old; 'condemned to live in Ireland;' his ambitious hopes at an end; angry and ashamed at having spent so much of his time in dangling at court, yet missing the excitement of brilliant and various company; his health growing worse; his opinion of mankind sinking ever lower; his economy tightening into parsimony; his satire deepening into grim rage, his domineering spirit becoming harsher and more tyrannical. Esther Johnson, his dear gentle old pupil and intimate friend, now past her youth, is in a lodging in Dublin, still with Mrs. Dingley; but his relations with her are no longer what they were. The fair Miss Vanhomrigh, young and brilliant, with her sister Mary, also resides in Ireland now (much, I imagine, against his wishes)—sometimes in Dublin, sometimes in the vicinity; and to them the Dean writes often, and sometimes, though not often or openly, visits at their house.

The letters of Vanessa (as he has styled her) are full of ardent affection, and the most touching expostulations against his hardness; his are at once flattering and petting and full of cold reproofs and gibes.

Domestic happiness is not his, he has thrown it away; has now less than ever any thought of marriage. He manages carefully his deanery affairs and his income; drinks his

wine daily, probably with sedative rather than exhilarating effect; and for amusement exchanges puns and grotesque verses (not always of the cleanest) with Dr. Sheridan, a queer clever schoolmaster. His friend Lord Oxford a prisoner in the Tower, his friend Lord Bolingbroke an exile in France,—he himself, the new dean, a suspected Jacobite, is sometimes hooted by the Dublin populace, and publicly insulted by men of rank. His archbishop and he are not on good terms; all the Irish bishops are jealous and suspicious of him,—and no love lost. Swift said once, that the Government always appointed excellent men to the Irish sees, but that on their way across Hounslow Heath they were sometimes stopped by highwaymen, who took their money, clothes and papers, and came over to Ireland in their stead.

To the eye, Dean Swift is a tall portly man, in clerical dress and hat, with large head, commanding and austere face, dusky complexion, prominent blue eyes full of scrutiny and suspicion, or, not seldom, blazing with anger. He never laughs, rarely smiles, yet lines of humour sometimes flicker round the nostrils and mouth-corners. His manners abrupt, his steps rapid, his voice imperious. He has done much, and attained much; but neither his work nor his position are satisfactory—to himself least of all. As a writer he can only rank as an able party pamphleteer, and the author of some humorous trifles. The *Tale of a Tub* it is his interest to deny, not to claim; and in any case it is not, as a whole, a great work in any sense. Had he died now, his fame would have been little. But he has thirty years before him, and will write the *Drapier's Letters* (because he hates injustice and misgovernment), and become thereby the most popular man of his day in Ireland, and *Gulliver's Travels*, the work on which his literary fame now really rests—a *world-book* — not profound, but simple, striking, unforgettable, new to every new generation. And of these *Travels* the two first parts, Lilliput and Brobdingrag are the cream. No reader is too young or too old to enjoy them. It is very strange, by the bye, that the printer's mistake of 'Brobdingnag' (which Swift himself pointed out in the 'Letter from Captain Gulliver,' prefixed to the edition of 1727[1]) should be perpetuated to this day. Let this unpronounceable and blundering word be universally dropped for the future, and the oft-mentioned country of giants be known by its true name of BROB-DIN-GRAG.

Swift's best verses, too, which are masterly in their kind for clearness and concinnity—though wanting continuity of flow and variety of cadence—(*Cadenus and Vanessa*, *On Poetry*, *On the Death of Dr. Swift*, &c.) were the product of his later years.

After allowing all his merit as a writer, it is certain that Swift's fame is a more conspicuous edifice than could have been built upon his literary performances alone, even though they include that rare and happy kind of thing (whether great or small), a *world-book*. His strong and peculiar personal character, his distinction first in the social and literary world of London, and then (much higher) in Irish politics, the interest that belongs to Stella and Vanessa, his position as a church dignitary, which lends so much zest to his humour and to the odd stories

[1] 'Indeed I must confess that, as to the people of *Lilliput*, *Brobdingrag* (for so the name should have been spelt, and not erroneously *Brobdingnag*) and *Laputa*, I have never yet heard of any *Yahoo* so presumptuous as to dispute their being, or the facts I have related concerning them.'—*Letter from Captain Gulliver, &c.*

and jests reported of him, the terrible eclipse of his brilliant intellect, his gloomy death, and the legacy to found a madhouse,—all these strike the imagination and impress the memory of mankind. Many have been his predecessors and successors in office, but Jonathan Swift remains and will remain *the* Dean of St. Patrick's. Yet his grand mistake in life was going into the church —'allowing himself to be driven into the church for a maintenance.'[1] He heartily despised clerical men and clerical matters, save as a part of business. When once in, irrevocably, he looked upon it as his necessary business to be a clergyman, and to maintain all the established doctrines and rights and emoluments of his church, as 'one (he says) appointed by Providence for defending a post assigned to me.'[2] He constantly argued that all private men, and especially all clergymen, should submit to the existing legal forms of worship, and if they have doubts, to 'take care to conceal those doubts from others.'[3] He attacked, and would have suppressed, with equal vigour, atheists, papists, and dissenters. On Trinity Sunday he duly preached in defence of the doctrine of the Trinity; on the 30th of January he duly preached to the glory of 'that excellent king and blessed martyr Charles I.,' and in denunciation of the 'murderous Puritan Parliament,' and of such as continued to hold 'those wicked opinions.'[4] He proved to his congregation how superior the meanest Christian is to the loftiest and wisest Pagan philosopher in rules of life, and in consolations and hopes; quoting Socrates, Aristotle, and others. 'Solon lamenting the death of a son; one told him, "You lament in vain." "Therefore," said he, "I lament, because it is in vain." This was a plain confession how imperfect all his philosophy was,' &c. 'Diogenes delivered it as his opinion, "that a poor old man was the most miserable thing in life."' And, alas! Jonathan Swift, when no longer in the pulpit, said so a thousand times.

I must own my real opinion, that there is but poor nourishment for the soul in any part of Swift's writings. Clear, practical sense he gives us, and a wide knowledge of men and affairs, put into form by a vigorous realistic fancy, and coloured with ironic humour; but there is nothing cordial or encouraging, no reconciling insight, no deep wisdom. This age of English literature in its whole result I confess strikes me as rather poor and thin, however elegantly simple and clear in its turns of expression. It is not corrupt, like the preceding period. Addison has a kind of polite religiosity of tone; he associates good-breeding with virtue; Steele, though sometimes a rather prurient moralist, draws some charming little pictures of domestic happiness; Pope's didactics and sentimentals, in his verses, letters, and everything, sound a little hollow, yet have a kind of improved heathenish morality *au fond*. Swift is the strongest, and the most objectionable; his satire is sincere; it was his habitual view of life. It smites forcibly the vices, failings, and follies of mankind; but too often it attacks human nature itself. He does not merely say, See how far you fall short of what you might be and ought to be; how different your practices from your pretences; how you lie, cheat, grovel, and brag, advance the wrong men, make useless war, miseducate your children, misgovern your own and the public affairs; but he says also, See what a poor, weak, wretched, filthy, selfish, sensual thing is Humanity! How

[1] Anecdotes of the Family of Swift. Written by Dr. Swift. *Scott's Memoirs.*
[2] *Thoughts on Religion.* [3] *Ibid.* [4] Sermon the Sixth.

absurd is all your fine talk about it! What can you make of it at best? Even your virtues are contemptible. He draws the character of Gulliver with gentle and pleasing touches at first, but herein also at the end rushes fiercely into a horrible coarseness. The human form divine is by him represented as 'an ugly monster;'[1] and this picture of the external fact may be fairly taken as a test and measure of his general truthfulness.

The better part of Swift's nature comes forward in his private letters. His indignation and contempt were constant against mankind, and against classes and societies of men; but he could be attached and even affectionate to individuals. In his correspondence with Bolingbroke, Pope, Gay, and others, Swift's letters are always the best, and (while his tone to everybody is that of an acknowledged superior) they are full of sincere stedfast friendship, and often show a manly tenderness. Their gloomy ground is inlaid with freaks of quaint humour. His letters to great ladies are admirable examples of spirited politeness, and prove how well he could mingle wit and sense with courtly manners. Besides his nearer intimacies, he was never without some female friends in whose conversation or correspondence he took evident pleasure, notwithstanding the contempt with which he spoke of the sex in general.

Along the grass-grown avenue I walked away from Moor Park, thinking of Swift, and the *Tale of the Tub*, and little boy Cobbett of Farnham reading the book behind the haystack at Richmond; and thus came to Waverley; where the old dame who opened the gate pointed to an old-fashioned pretty house, half timbered, in a little garden by the mill-dam, and said, 'That's Stella's cottage; she was the daughter of the gardener at Moor Park.' Thus valuable is local tradition. A pond with swans; a wealthy heavy porticoed mansion; a clear shallow little river, under lofty banks of trees, half encompassing a wide meadow; shattered gray ruins, fern and ivy-clad, shaded with ash-tree and thorn, here a triple lancet window, there a low-arched crypt: this is Waverley, a Cistercian foundation of the 12th century. Here, when Cobbett was a boy (he tells us), flourished the finest fruit-garden he ever saw in his life. It has long since disappeared; and it seems that one (I know not which) of the successive owners of the park improved away a great part of the abbey ruins. The name of Scott's famous novel probably came into his head by means of the annals of this abbey; being both a pretty name and appropriate to his hero's character. The description of Waverley Honour has no resemblance to the real Waverley.

I took the shady road up Crooksbury Hill, turned left, along the moorland, which lies behind the vale of Moor Park, and accounts for the name, and soon saw before me the ridge of Aldershot, my thoughts again connecting Swift and Cobbett, by the link of a *standing army*—a novelty in Swift's day—and a thing obnoxious to them both, very different as they were, both as men and politicians.

The step is but short from Swift, Temple, Marlborough, to Cobbett, Wellington, Palmerston (another of the Temples), whose grave is the newest in Westminster Abbey. Two or three lives stretch over great changes in thought and history. Our children will not see the same world that we see.

[1] *Voyage to the Houyhnhnms*, chap. i.

THE CONSERVATIVE TRANSFORMATION.

LORD DERBY is singularly unlucky in the adoption of phrases which stick to and compromise his party and himself. He insulted the Italians aspiring to unity by comparing them to a scratch pack of hounds: he alienated the Catholics by dwelling on the necessity of 'muzzling' them; and he has now placed the character of his Reform Bill in the strongest and (for him) worst light before the world by defining it as 'a leap in the dark.' It may seem difficult to go further in the way of censure on any feat of statesmanship; but in this instance he and his colleagues are not merely open to the charge of recklessness and want of foresight. They, the Derby-Disraelites, stand arraigned for having obtained office by a series of discreditable intrigues and false pretences, and for having drifted or blundered into what they themselves describe as the most perilous of courses, from a determination to retain office at any sacrifice of principle, conviction, or consistency.

We will prove these charges to the letter by a brief recapitulation of their acts, and then endeavour to cast their political horoscope. The immediate questions being, how long they are likely to remain at the head of affairs, what they are likely to effect or attempt whilst they do remain there, and what is likely to become of them when they are turned out,—it is an indispensable preliminary to consider whether they have or have not irrecoverably forfeited the public confidence, or sown the seeds of their own disorganisation and decay.

That they should go on calling themselves Conservatives after what has recently taken place, is one of the most extraordinary facts connected with them. When the living skeleton, *l'anatomie vivante*, was first exhibited, he was really what his name imported; but he throve so fast on the profits of the exhibition, that, long before it closed, he was in a condition to be shown as a living advertisement of the food used for fattening. The Conservatives have undergone an analogous transformation: they have fattened into Radicalism on the profits of Conservatism; and, by a sublimity of audacity, they not only still exhibit themselves and pocket public money as Conservatives, but go on reviling as demagogues the very men whose policy they have stolen, disfigured, and made unsafe.

To clinch the case against them, it is simply necessary to refer to the session of 1866; and we shall not be deterred from so doing by the interested cry against *Hansard* which a numerous class of politicians have set up. When some absurd people objected to ridicule as a test of truth, Sydney Smith replied that rats might as reasonably complain of rat-traps, and certain troublesome little insects of small-tooth combs. The public memory, however, must be marvellously at fault if it wants freshening as to the style and manner of opposition with which the Liberal Reform Bill of 1866 was met. It was at once condemned as the first instalment of democracy; its authors, advocates, even its most cautious and qualified defenders, were assailed as persons of revolutionary tendencies, bent on Americanising our institutions, eager to upset property and the House of Lords, open or disguised enemies of Church and State, or (what was the same thing) disguised friends of Mr. Bright.

In vain did they appeal to the moderation of the proposed change, a seven-pound franchise—actually one pound higher than the franchise which had been repeatedly introduced, and once (1860) passed

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the unbending perseverance, the unwaveri
of a true heart, will *is* power, for God
our Father and our Guide ordained it so.

PRIVATE LIFE AND PERSONAL CH
OF DEAN SWIFT.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

Great wits are sure to madness near all
And thin partitions do their bounds d

We have always regarded Dean Swift as
unamiable man. From all that we ca
appears to have been cold-hearted, selfish,
morose, and parsimonious, coarse and bi
manners, and singularly deficient in elevat
thought, and sentiment. The closing
his life has warranted the supposition
was a taint of insanity in his consti
attempts have been made to account for
tricities upon this hypothesis. This vie
ever, warmly combated, upon medical g
a recent production now before us,[1] in whi
racter of Swift is strenuously vindicated, a
nature of his malady detailed. Without
enter into any controversy, we think the
sufficiently interesting to be brought before
tion of our readers; and though we have m
new facts, we feel sure that every attempt t
the idiosyncrasies of [illegible]

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[illegible]ily tasks, and as she grew towards wo
[illegible], and gradually won upon his heart; b
[illegible]ette," as they called her, was often thr
[illegible]t of all the inmates of his patron's reside
[illegible]r, was a little bright-eyed, laughing cr
unfortunate Stella—who, when he fi
[illegible]e had become acquainted with Esther Joh
interest. Beneath the roof of Sir Willia
distinguished by circumstances of more
cumbents. But his residence at Laracor

Essay over the I. F. C.

by Pope, which may ser
and character:—

"Dr. Swift has an odd
by strangers for ill-nature
describing it but by facts
into my head. One eveni
you know how intimately
our coming in, 'Hey-day,
'what's the meaning of
leave the great Lords th
hither to see a poor Dean
see you than any of them
know so well as I do, mig
are come, I must get som
'No, Doctor, we have supp
that's impossible! why,
very strange; but if you
got something for you.
had? A couple of lobste
very well; two shilling
will drink a glass of wine
so much before your u
pocket?'—'No, we had r
with you.'—'But if you
reason you ought to ha
drank with me. A bott
and two is four, and one
a piece. There, Pope, th
there's another for you,
by you, I am determined
with his usual seriousne
spite of everything we
actually obliged us to tab

He evidently prided
independence of thoug
every opportunity of set
of society, and the restr
clergyman, it was his
possible. He has truly

"A clergyman of
For shunning t
Which made hi
Take care at tir
No libertine, n
Addicted to no
Went where he
Not rich, but o

He would transgress
the suspicion of over-str
land, he assembled his
so secretly, that his
months in his house
was always pleas
voked hostilities
that in discarding

ASTER

ve to illustrate his manners

, blunt way, that is mistaken
. 'Tis so odd that there's no
. I'll tell you one that comes
ng Gay and I went to see him:
we were all acquainted. On
gentlemen,' (says the Doctor,)
this visit? How came you to
at you are so fond of, to come
!'—'Because we would rather
!'—'Ay, any one that did not
ht believe you. But since you
e supper for you, I suppose.'—
ed already.'—'Supped already?
'tis not 8 o'clock yet. That's
had not supped, I must have
Let me see, what should I have
rs; ay, that would have done
;—tarts, a shilling: but you
with me, though you supped
sual time only to spare my
ther talk with you than drink
ad supped with me, as in all
ve done, you must then have
e of wine, two shillings—two
is five; just two and sixpence
ere's half-a-crown for you, and
sir; for I won't save anything
.' This was all said and done
ss on such occasions; and, in
ould say to the contrary, he
e the money."

limself upon originality, and
and action; and he took
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ints of his profession. As a
ssion to be as unclerical as
described himself as

special note
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brethren of the gown
nes to run him down;
r over nice;
sort of vice;
pleased, said what he thought;
wed no man a groat."

the rules of decorum to avoid
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houshold to morning prayers,
nost intimate friend was six
without discovering it. He
when his peculiarities pro-
ms never to have felt
otions of propriety,
, he was really what his

supposed, to have some diversion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. After dinner, said the Dean, 'Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song.'" The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused. He said—"She should sing, or he would make her.—Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge-parsons; *sing when I bid you.*" As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed that she burst into tears, and retired. His first compliment to her when he saw her again, was 'Pray, madam, are you as proud and as ill-natured now as when I saw you last?' To which she answered, with great good-humour, 'No, Mr. Dean, I'll sing for you, if you please.' From which time he conceived great esteem for her."

We have selected at random these anecdotes of Swift's eccentricity, as displaying by a few graphic touches the most prominent features in his character. But it may be curious to consider how far his peculiarities of temper and disposition were aggravated by his constitutional infirmities, and whether the infelicitous circumstances of his private life did not largely contribute towards the same result. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that he was a man of exquisitely nervous and excitable temperament. His perceptive faculties were clear and keen: and a habit of minute inquiry and narrow scrutiny into human motives, had familiarized him with the vices and follies of his species, and inspired him with a sullen contempt for humanity which he took no pains to disguise. We can also imagine that his temper was soured and embittered by the occurrences of his youth; by his unprosperous career at college; by his early position of dependence. And when in early manhood a serious illness prostrated his strength, and left him through life exposed to a distressing malady, we cannot wonder that his mind was clouded with a deeper gloom.

After the death of Temple, in 1699, Swift accompanied the Earl of Berkeley to Ireland, as his chaplain and private secretary. Having quarrelled with his patron, his anger was pacified by a presentation to the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggin, the income of which amounted to about 230*l.* per annum. It is said, that on leaving the Earl of Berkeley, he walked down to his new living, *incognito*, and astonished the poor curate by roughly announcing himself as his "master." He performed his clerical duties with punctuality and decorum, and busied himself in the restoration of the parish church, which had become dilapidated through the neglect of

introduced, and once (1860) passed

450

ment were unable to stifle. When he fo
settled at Laracor, he sighed for the societ
(for so he designated her in poetical phrase
as she was her own mistress it was not lon
had persuaded her to visit Ireland, in the
a discreet, middle-aged lady, named Mrs. D
suitable residence was procured for his vis
when Swift was absent from the vicarage,
only, they became its inmates. In these arr
Stella acquiesced, under the belief, and it is
posed with the tacit understanding, that h
would offer her his hand as soon as his world
stances would justify their union. At first
an excess of prudence deterred him from
he was proud and ambitious; he could not
idea of sinking down into a poor Irish clerg
was avaricious and covetous, and in his
worldly advancement, he probably thought t
might be in his way. "In the pride of t
wisdom," says Scott, "he endeavoured to fra
path to happiness; and the consequences
dered him a warning, where the various vir
which he was endowed ought to have ma
pattern."

In the meanwhile, Stella had her admi
neighbouring clergyman became her suitor,
plied to Swift, as the lady's guardian, to san
addresses. The lover was placed in a curi
dicament; but, in the end, the clergyman was
by Stella, who, it is reasonable to suppose

Which those wh
Can act as decen
But no obliging,
To help at my ap
My life is now a
To others, ere it

Though separated fr
was not likely that S
satisfied with a life of
his means were now am
being removed, it m
he would no longer
Alas! during his re
made a fresh conques
a powerful rival in E
daughter of a wealthy
sacrifices, wrongs, and
were forgotten or disre
was Miss Vanhomrigh
place in Swift's unfeel
Dublin, and Stella's j
manded an explanation
compelled to yield som
tried affection; but he
heartless cant—that hi
marriage would be im
he consented to a sec
should never be disclos
they should still "con
the same guarded man
in 1716, the ceremon
friend and tutor the B
of the deanery.

It is said that after
mony, Swift's state
extreme. As for Ste
who has "loved not
tude supported her u
may have been her me
beneath the outward n
ment. She is describ
"pale and pensive, bu
ly attended the Dea
sickness, and regulate
she appeared only as
continued to correspo
change verses with he
her residence
says Scott,
from the

A

F F

essay over the T. Y. C.

ved object was the prelude to another greater
nent. Stella's health began to decline in
year of the Drapier's triumph; and though
d from time to time, it was soon apparent that
ppy life was drawing to a close.
ne, 1727, we find Swift in England, and
deplorable account of his own state of health
ike a drunken man, and am deafer than eve
me .... The last act of life is always

oposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactur
ing and renouncing everything wearable that cor
d."
xiv. 45.

tend the sick for pay
ly as they:
tender friend
proaching end.
burden grown
be my own."

om the turmoils of party, it vift's active spirit would rest monotonous tranquillity. But ple, and every apparent obstacle ght have been expected that defer his union with Stella. sidence in England he had t; and poor Stella had found sther Vanhomrigh, the eldest widow lady. For a time the deep, deep affection of Stella garded, and Vanessa (for this 's poetical name), usurped her ing heart. Vanessa came to alousy being excited, she de-. In this dilemma Swift was ething to the claims of long- still made use of the same s fortune was insufficient, that prudent, &c. &c. At length ct union, on condition that it ed by either of them, and that tinue to live separately, and in ier as formerly."[1] Accordingly, y was performed by his early lshop of Clogher, in the garden

the performance of this cere- of mind was wretched in the la, like many another woman wisely but too well," her forti- ader every trial, and whatever ital sufferings, they were hidden ask of tranquillity and content- ed about this time as looking t not melancholy;" she patient- n in his frequent attacks of l his table,—at which, however, a guest. In the meanwhile he id with Vanessa, and to inter- r. He frequently visited her at where she had retired, s passion in seclusion his haughty, sullen,

that while walking with Swift, about a mile out of Dublin, the Dean stopped short. 'We passed on,' says the author of the Night Thoughts, 'but perceiving he did not follow us, I went back and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upwards at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it he said:—I shall be like that tree, *I shall die at the top!*'" He had a severe illness in the beginning of 1719, and in May he wrote to Lord Bolingbroke these melancholy words: "My health is somewhat mended, but at best I have an ill head and an aching heart." When in the following year he plunged into politics, and as an Irish patriot gave vent, in a memorable pamphlet,[2] to his indignant sense of English injustice, his bodily health appears to have improved, and his melancholy to have been for a time dispelled. Soon afterwards, the publication of the Drapier's Letters raised him to the highest pitch of popularity. These remarkable productions were directed against an unpopular scheme for supplying the deficiency of copper coinage in Ireland. For this purpose a patent, which was said to have been obtained in a surreptitious manner, had been granted to an English contractor named Wood, empowering him to coin halfpence and farthings to the extent of £108,000. The popular feeling was aroused; Wood's worthless halfpence were denounced by the spirited Drapier; the printer of the letters prosecuted; and a large reward offered for the discovery of the author.

"But not a traitor could be found
To sell him for three hundred pound."

It was during the excitement of the public mind on this subject that a Quaker is said to have circulated the apt quotation from Scripture,—"And the people said unto Saul, Shall JONATHAN die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not."[3] Flattered, excited, and stunned by popular applause, he had at this period less leisure to think of his ailments, and though we have no particular account, it is reasonable to suppose his temper was more cheerful. But, as if to counterbalance these advantages, domestic afflictions at the same time deeply affected, and perhaps temporarily softened his spirit. In 1723, the hapless Vanessa bade farewell to a world of disappointment and sorrow. The loss of

he was ... B introduced, and once (1860) passed

tragedy, at best, for it is a bitter agg
have one's best friends go before them."
Pope for a short time at Twickenham;
house abruptly, saying, "that two sick fri
live together." Every post brought hi
accounts of Stella's declining health, and
he left England, never to return.

"He turned," says Johnson, "to a home
Stella was on her death-bed, anxiously ex
presence, ere the hour of dissolution arriv
last moments she conjured him, it is s
knowledge their union to the world; but t
of their parting interview are somewhat cont
One witness (his niece, Mrs. Whitewa
that she heard Swift say, in reply to so
request, "Well, my dear, if you wish it,
owned;" to which Stella rejoined, "*It is*
Another, (Mr. Sheridan,) relates that aft
earnestly implored him to acknowledge thei
he turned on his heel, and left the room.
on the 28th of January, 1728, in the forty
of her age, this injured woman "closed
pilgrimage, and passed," says Scott, "to
where they neither marry, nor are given in

When the grave had closed over Stella, t
melancholy assumed a more sombre hue,
hour of his life grew darker and darker.
most ordinary occasions, he would bid h
adieu with the gloomy words, "God ble
hope we shall never meet again." His m
roseness of di

and spirituous liquors
dical men would now
whether from liking, ha
and friends, or as a sti
hours of gloom or desp
subject, it is now difficu

His parsimony, ho
encouraging conviviali

"When his friends
"came to him, in expec
was to give every one a
themselves with their
grew too powerful for h
bottle of wine, *and in h*
cannot drink!"

The last remark is
torious as the boundle
of conviviality of the P
may have been, savou
thoroughly English pre

A note to Mrs. Whi
almost the last memo
celebrated Dean. W
terms his bodily anguis
mental faculties, and
was about to close o
understand," he says,
my days will be very
must be. If I do not
26th, 1740. If I live
see you, perhaps for t
understanding totally
state of "second chil
which he had so long
"his first state was
lunacy;" but Mr. Wi
alleged fits of insanit
fretful ebullitions of t
expected under the
marked the last scen
history." In the begi
thought proper to plac
ment of trustees,
whose care he was fo
fided. Mrs. Whitew
knew; "and when,"
November, 1742,). "
he was so outra
forced to le
would not

As

F F

in his latter life than his me-
have recommended him; but
bit, the advice of his physicians
mulant and resource in those
ondency to which he was then
lt to say."

wever, prevented him from
y at his own residence.

of either sex," says Johnson,
tation of a dinner, his custom
shilling, that they might please
provision. At last his avarice
is kindness; he would refuse a
reland, no man visits where he

somewhat sweeping; and no-
ss profusion and habitual love
rish gentry of the last century
rs somewhat of the Doctor's
judices.

teway, penned in July, 1740, is
rial which we possess of the
hilst it describes in piteous
h, it exhibits the decay of his
foreshadows the night which
er him for ever. "I hardly
one word I write. I am sure
few; few and miserable they
blunder, it is Saturday, July
till Monday, I shall hope to
he last time." After this, his
failed, and he sank into that
dishness and mere oblivion,"
apprehended. Scott says, that
that of violent and furious
lde labours to show that the
y were nothing more than the
emper, which might have been
painful circumstances which
ne of his "strange, eventful
unning of 1741, it was, however,
e his estate under the manage-
nd to appoint guardians, to
r the remainder of his life con-
ay was the last person that he
she says, (in a letter, dated
that part of his memory failed,
at seeing anybody, that I was
He walked ten hours a-day;
is servant stayed in the
eu, he was ...

not sleep two hours in twenty-four. Yet a moderate appetite continued, and, what is more to be wondered at, the last day of his illness he knew me perfectly well, took me by the hand, called me by my name, and showed the same pleasure as usual in seeing me. I asked him if he would give me a dinner? He said, 'To be sure, my old friend.' Thus he continued that day, and knew the doctor, the surgeon, and all his family so well, that Mr. Nichols thought it possible he might return to a share of understanding, so as to be able to call for what he wanted, and to bear some of his old friends to amuse him. But alas! this pleasure to me was of short duration; for the next day or two it was all over, and proved to be only pain that had roused him."

A sad blank followed this incident, illumined by occasional glimpses of reason. One of these occurred at the close of the year 1743. "After the Dean had continued silent a whole year," says one of his biographers, "in this helpless state of idiotcy, his housekeeper went into his room on the 30th November, in the morning, telling him that it was his birthday, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing, to celebrate it as usual. To this he immediately replied. 'It is all folly! they had better let it alone.'" Mr. Wilde maintains that this forced silence differed materially from "the sullenness of insanity;" for, according to Dr. Delany, "he would often *attempt* to speak his mind, but could not recollect words to express his meaning; upon which he would shrug up his shoulders, shake his head, and sigh heartily."

It is said that in these days of his mental alienation, he was literally made a *show* of by his unfeeling domestics, who privately took money from strangers who were anxious to see him. His relative Mr. Deane Swift has furnished some of the last anecdotes respecting him, and they are melancholy enough.

"He endeavoured several times to speak to his servant, [this was in 1744,]—(now and then he calls him by his name); at last, not finding words to express what he would be at, after some uneasiness, he said, 'I am a fool.' Not long ago the servant took up his watch that lay upon the table to see what o'clock it was; he said, 'Bring it here,' and when it was brought, he looked very attentively at it. Some time ago the servant was breaking a large stubborn coal: he said, 'That's a stone, you blockhead.'"

Bitter retribution! The man who in his pride of heart and undisguised selfishness, scornfully put aside the proffered cup of social happiness, disregarded all that interfered with his stubborn will and repaid with studied cruelty the most sincer

introduced, and once (1860) passed

watched by his bedside were hardly aware
only heard the death-rattle in his thr
moments before he expired. His body wa
with strict privacy, according to the
contained in his will, in St. Patrick's cath
his will, dated 3d May, 1740, he demised his
perty, amounting to about 12,000*l.* to his ex
purchase land in Ireland, with the profits o
erect and endow "an hospital large enoug
reception of as many idiots and lunatics as
income of the said lands should be su
maintain." This appropriate destination o
perty he had long resolved on; for in the
his own death, written in November, 1731,
quoted lines occur:—

> "He gave the little wealth he had
> To build a house for fools and mad;
> And showed by one satiric touch
> No nation wanted it so much."

We have already spoken of the exhumati
bones of Swift and Stella in 1835. Accord
medical testimony in Mr. Wilde's volume, th
of the phrenologists are not confirmed by t
nations to which the Dean's cranium has
jected.

"On looking at Swift's skull," says one
(Mr. Hamilton), "the first thing that struc
the extreme lowness of the forehead, those pa
the phrenologists have marked out as the
wit, causality, and comparison being scarcely
at all; but the head rose gradually, and was

on as the Pilgrim's Pro
Quixote, and other wor
popularity? It is perha
this. Like Defoe, Swift p
for circumstantial and m
the most improbable inc
feel Captain Gulliver to
are almost imposed on b
for "if," says Sir Walt
posed to grant the travel
istence of the strange pe
be difficult to detect an
tive." And it is upon
gravely censured the bo
which he could not pr
In his most trivial prod
art of appearing to be in
was frequently mistaken
tration of this is afford
which he had written, in
the execution of one E
The placard was address
supposed accomplices, c
I am a dying man, I ha
be of good use to the
honest man, (and, indee
ever acquainted with,)
brethren, the principal
short account of the c
It then went on to say,
lemnly charged this hon
of any rogue being trie
into the list, and if he f
whole paper to govern
the document genuine, v
disclosure; and the pr
entirely put an end to.

Though despotic and
his powers of conversat
valled. Tradition has
and humorous repartees
are especially good. T
mantua, had accidenta
fiddle, he applied, with
gilian line:—

"Mantua, væ miser

Upon another
lost his spectac
lation

essay over the I. Y. C.

gress, Robinson Crusoe, Don
ld-books. Whence this wide
ps to be traced principally to
ossessed that admirable talent
inute narration which gives to
idents the air of reality. We
be a real personage, and we
y his gravity and consistency;
er Scott, "the reader is dis-
ler his postulates as to the ex-
ople whom he visits, it would
y inconsistence in his narra-
record that an Irish bishop
ok, as containing *some* things
evail on himself to believe!
uctions Swift had the happy
earnest, and his grave irony
for truth. A singular illus-
d by the effect of a placard
one of his jesting moods, on
lliston, a noted street-robber.
ed, in the thief's name, to his
mmencing thus:—"Now, as
ve done something which may
public. I have left with an
d, the only honest man I was
the names of all my wicked
places of their abode, with a
rimes they have committed."
that he (Elliston) had "so-
st man," that if ever he heard
for robbery, he should look
und the name there, send the
ment. The thieves, believing
were terrified at the threatened
actice of street-robbery was

unamiable in the social circle,
ion are said to have been unri-
preserved many of his pointed
; and two of his classical puns
o a lady who, in adjusting her
lly thrown down a Cremona
wonderful readiness, the Vir-

nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

hen an old gentleman had
the humorous conso-

fess, we have traced his life with little pleasure, and regard his memory with little of the reverence which is due to genius.

DOROTHEA.

ENGRAVED BY GOODYEAR AFTER A PAINTING BY MIDDLETON.

THE subject of this plate is familiar to all our readers, for who among them has not enjoyed the beauties of that gem of Spanish literature, the Don Quixote of Cervantes? A work which has an European celebrity, and one that has been translated into all the languages of the continent, must ever be a fertile source from which the painter may select with the certainty of having the story of his picture generally understood, and every probability of its awakening pleasing associations in the minds of the beholders. The present engraving, however, has no occasion to lean upon the merits of the work which has suggested its execution. It is a beautiful embodiment of the author's description, and its merits, in an artistic point of view, are sufficient to render it worthy of a place in our journal, totally independent of its connexion with the Spanish romance in which its heroine forms so pleasing a feature. We cannot, however, consent to wholly divorce our plate from its attendant story, and shall therefore conclude our brief notice with an extract from Smollett's witty, although occasionally coarse translation of the passage which the painter has chosen to illustrate:—

"They had not gone twenty paces, when behind the fragment of a rock they perceived a boy sitting under an ash-tree, in the habit of a peasant, whose face, as he stooped, in order to wash his feet in a brook that murmured by him, they could not then survey. Their approach they managed with softness and silence, while his whole attention was employed in bathing his legs, that seemed two crystal pillars, which had been produced among the pebbles in the rill. They were surprised at the whiteness and beauty of his feet, which they could not believe had been formed to tread the clods, and follow the cattle or plough, as his dress would have seemed to intimate; and the curate, who went foremost, finding himself still unperceived by the youth, made signs to the rest to crouch down, or hide themselves behind a neighbouring rock. This being done, all three stood gazing attentively at the apparition, which was clad in a double-skirted grey jacket, girt about the middle with a white napkin, and wore breeches and hose of the same cloth, with a grey hunting-cap upon his head, the hose being pulled up to the middle of his leg, which actually seemed of white alabaster. Having washed his delicate

introduced, and once (1860) passed

gardens; and erected that house already mentioned at the extremity of Pope's property, now occupied as two tenements. This house of the unpoetical Lady Howe was also erected on the site of an elegant little villa belonging to Hudson, the painter, the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Such are the revolutions which have passed over Pope's villa and its grounds. Where he and such celebrated gardeners as Swift, Bolingbroke, and Gay laboured, I found potatoes, black with the disease of 1846, growing. How long the giant trees planted by his hands, and which still lift aloft their noble heads, may escape some fresh change, we know not. The whole of the larger garden of Pope, in which they grow, bears evidences of neglect. Laurels grow wild under the lofty hedges. The stones of Stanhope's grotto lie scattered about; and vast quantities of the deadly nightshade, as if undisturbed for years, displayed to my notice its dark purple and burnished berries of death.

The remains of Pope rest, with those of his parents, in Twickenham church. In the middle aisle, the sexton shows you a P in one of the stones, which marks the place of their interment. To see the monuments to their memory, you must ascend into the north gallery; where, at the east end, on the wall, you find a tablet with a Latin inscription, which was placed there by Pope in honour of his parents; and on the side wall of the gallery nearest the west is a tablet of grey marble, in a pyramidal form, with a medallion profile of the poet. This was placed here by Bishop Warburton, and bears the following inscription:—

ALEXANDRO POPE. M. H. Gulielmus Episcopus, Glocestriensis,
Amicitiæ causâ fac: cur: 1761.
Poeta loquitur.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Heroes and kings, your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

By one of those acts which neither science nor curiosity can excuse, the skull of Pope is now in the private collection of a phrenologist. The manner in which it was obtained is said to have been this. On some occasion of alteration in the church, or burial of some one in the same spot, the coffin of Pope was disinterred, and opened to see the state of the remains; by a bribe to the sexton of the time, possession of the skull was obtained for a night, and *another* skull returned instead of it. I have heard that fifty pounds were paid to manage and carry through this transaction. Be that as it may, the undoubted skull of Pope now figures in the phrenological collection of the late Mr. Holm, of Highgate, and was frequently exhibited by him in his lectures, as demonstrating, by its not large but well-balanced proportions, its affinity to the intellectual character of the poet.



DEAN SWIFT.

THE principal scenes of residence of Dean Swift lie in Ireland. Johnson, in his life of the Dean, makes it doubtful whether he was really an Englishman or an Irishman by birth. He says: "Jonathan Swift was, according to an account said to be written by himself, the son of Jonathan Swift, an attorney, and was born at Dublin, on St. Andrew's day, 1667; according to his own report, as delivered by Pope to Spence, he was born at Leicester, the son of a clergyman, who was minister of a parish in Herefordshire. During his life, the place of his birth was undetermined. He was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish, but would occasionally call himself an Englishman. The question may, without much regret, be left in the obscurity in which he delighted to involve it."

There has long ceased to be any obscurity about the matter. His relations, justly proud of the connexion, have set that fully in the light which Swift himself characteristically wrapped in mystification. He was of an English family, originally of Yorkshire; but his grandfather, Thomas Swift, was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire. Taking an active part with Charles I. against the Parliament, he was

expelled from his living; yet he died at Goodrich, and was buried under the altar there. The account of the plundering of his parsonage by the Parliament army, given in the appendix to Scott's life of the Dean, is so lively a description of such an affair, that I will transcribe it :—

"When the Earl of Stamford was in Herefordshire, in October 1642, and pillaged all that kept faith and allegiance to the king, information was given to Mrs. Swift, wife of Thomas Swift, parson of Goodrich, that her house was designed to be plundered. To prevent so great a danger, she instantly repaired to Hereford, where the earl then was, some ten miles from her own home, to petition him that no violence might be offered to her house or goods. He most nobly, and according to the goodness of his disposition, threw the petition away, and swore no small oaths that she should be plundered to-morrow. The good gentlewoman, being out of hope to prevail, and seeing that there was no good to be done by petitioning him, speeds home as fast as she could, and that night removes as much of her goods as the shortness of the time would permit. Next morning, to make good the Earl of Stamford's word, Captain Kirle's troop, consisting of seventy horse and thirty foot, which were hangers on—birds of prey—came to Mr. Swift's house. There they took away all his provision of victuals, corn, household stuff, which was not conveyed away. They empty his beds, and fill the ticks with malt; they rob him of his cart and six horses, and make this part of their theft the means to convey away the rest. Mrs. Swift, much affrighted to see such a sight as this, thought it best to save herself though she lost her goods; therefore, taking up a young child in her arms, began to secure herself by flight; which one of the troopers perceiving, he commanded her to stay, or, holding his pistol to her breast, threatened to shoot her dead. She, good woman, fearing death whether she went or returned, at last, shunning that death which was next unto her, she retires back to her house, where she saw herself undone, and yet durst not oppose, or ask why they did so. Having thus rifled the house and gone, next morning early, she goes again to Hereford, and there again petitions the earl to show some compassion to her and her ten children, and that he would be pleased to cause her horses and some part of her goods to be restored to her. The good earl was so far from granting her petition that he would not vouchsafe so much as to read it. When she could not prevail herself, she makes use of the mediation of friends. These have the repulse also, his lordship remaining inexorable, without any inclination to mercy. At last, hoping that all men's hearts were not adamant relentless, she leaves the earl, and makes her addresses to Captain Kirle, who, upon her earnest entreaty, grants her a protection for what was left; but for restitution there was no hope of that. This protection cost her no less than thirty shillings. It seems paper and ink are dear in those parts. And now, thinking herself secure in his protection, she returns home, in hope that what was left she might enjoy in peace and quietness. She had not been long at home but Captain Kirle sends her word, that if it pleased her, she

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might buy four of her own six horses again, assuring her by her father's servant and tenant, that she should not fear being plundered any more by the Earl of Stamford's forces, while they were in those parts. Encouraged by these promises, she was content to buy her own, and deposited eight pounds ten shillings for four of her horses. And now conceiving the storm to be blown over, and all danger past, and placing much confidence in her purchased protection, she causes all her goods secured in her neighbours' houses to be brought home; and since it could not be better, rejoiced that she had not lost all. She had not enjoyed these thoughts long, but Captain Kirle sent unto her for some vessels of cyder, whereof having tasted, but not liking it, since he could not have drink for himself he would have provender for his horses, and therefore, instead of cyder, he demands ten bushels of oats. Mrs. Swift, seeing that the denial might give some ground for a quarrel, sent him word that her husband had not two bushels of oats in a year for tythes, nor did they grow any on their glebe, both of which were most true. Yet, to show how willing she was, to her power, to comply with him, that the messengers might not return empty, she sent him forty shillings to buy oats. Suddenly after, the captain of Goodridge castle sends to Mr. Swift's house for victual and corn. Mrs. Swift instantly shows him her protection. He, to answer show with show, shows her his warrant; and so without any regard to her protection, seizeth upon that provision which was in the house, together with the cyder which Captain Kirle had refused. Hereupon Mrs. Swift writes to Captain Kirle, complaining of this injury, and the affront done to him in slighting his protection; but before the messenger could return with an answer to her letter, some from the castle come a second time to plunder the house, and they did what they came for. Presently after comes a letter from Captain Kirle in answer to Mrs. Swift's, that the Earl of Stamford did by no means approve of the injuries done to her, and withal, by word of mouth, sends to her for more oats. She, perceiving that as long as she gave they would never leave asking, resolved to be drilled no more. The return not answering expectation, on the third of December, Captain Kirle's lieutenant, attended by a considerable number of dragoons, comes to Mr. Swift's house, and demands entrance; but the doors being kept shut against them, and not being able to force them, they broke down two iron bars in a stone window, and so, with swords drawn and pistols cocked, they enter the house. Being entered, they take all Master Swift's and his wife's apparel, his books and his children's clothes, they being in bed; and these poor children that hung by their clothes, unwilling to part with them, they swung them about until, their hold-fast failing, they dashed them against the walls. They took away all his servants' clothes, and made so clean work with one that they left him not a shirt to cover his nakedness. There was one of the children, an infant, lying in the cradle; they robbed that, and left not the poor soul a rag to defend it from the cold. They took away all the iron, pewter, and brass; and a very fair cupboard of glasses, which they could not carry away, they broke to pieces; and the four horses

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lately redeemed are with them lawful prize again, and nothing left of all the goods but a few stools, for his wife, children, and servants to sit down and bemoan their distressed condition. Having taken away all, and being gone, Mrs. Swift, in compassion to her poor infant in the cradle, took it up, almost starved with cold, and wrapped it in a petticoat, which she took off from herself; and now hoped, that having nothing to lose would be a better protection for their persons than that which they purchased of Captain Kirle for thirty shillings. But as if Job's messenger would never make an end, her three maid-servants, whom they in the castle had compelled to carry the poultry to the castle, return and tell their mistress, that they in the castle said they had a warrant to seize upon Mrs. Swift and bring her into the castle, and that they would make her three maid-servants wait on her there, and added things not fit for them to speak nor us to write. Hereupon Mrs. Swift fled to the place where her husband, for fear of the rebels, had withdrawn himself. She had not been gone two hours, but they come from the castle, and bring with them, three teams to carry away what was before designed for plunder, but wanted means of conveyance. When they came, there was a batch of bread hot in the oven. This they seize on; her children on their knees entreat but for one loaf, and at last, with much importunity, obtained it; but before the children had eaten it, they took even that one loaf away, and left them destitute of a morsel of bread amongst ten children. Ransacking every corner of the house, that nothing might be left behind, they find a small pewter dish in which the dry-nurse had put pap to feed the poor infant, the mother who gave it suck being fled to save her life. This they seize on too. The nurse entreats for God's sake that they would spare that, pleading that in the mother's absence it was all the substance which was or could be provided to sustain the life of the child, that 'knew not the right hand from the left,' a motive which prevailed with God himself, though justly incensed against Nineveh.

"Master Swift's eldest son, a youth, seeing this barbarous cruelty, demanded of them a reason for this so hard usage. They replied that his father was a traitor to the king and parliament, and added, that they would keep them so short, that they would eat the very flesh from their arms; and to make good their word, they threaten the miller, that, if he ground any corn for these children, they would grind him in his own mill; and not contented with this, they go to Mr. Swift's next neighbour, whose daughter was his servant, and take him prisoner: they examine him on oath what goods of Mr. Swift's he had in his custody. He professing that he had none, they charge him to take his daughter away from Mr. Swift's service, or else they threaten to plunder him; and to make sure work, they make him give them security to obey all their commands. Terrified with this, the neighbours stand afar off, and pity the distressed condition of these persecuted children, but dare not come or send to their relief. By this means the children and servants had no sustenance, hardly anything to cover them, from Friday, six o'clock at night, until Saturday, twelve at night, until at last, the neighbours,

moved with the lamentable cries and complaints of the children and servants, one of the neighbours, overlooking all difficulties, and showing that he durst be charitable, in despite of these monsters, ventured in, and brought them some provision. And if the world would know what it was that so exasperated these rebels against this gentleman, the Earl of Stamford, a man that is not bound to give an account of all his actions, gave two reasons for it. First, because he 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 Rosse, upon that text, 'Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' in which his lordship said he had spoken treason in endeavouring to give Cæsar more than his due. These two crimes cost Mr. Swift no less than 300*l*." *

With the memory of such things as these in the family, there need be no wonder at the Dean's decided tendency to toryism. His father and three uncles, that is four out of ten sons, and three or four daughters of the persecuted clergyman fled to Ireland, where the eldest son, Godwin Swift, a barrister, married a relative of the Marchioness of Ormond, and was made, by the Marquis of Ormond, his attorney-general in the palatinate of Tipperary. This Godwin married the co-heiress of Admiral Deane; the second son, a daughter of Sir William Davenant. Another was Mr. Dryden Swift, so called after his mother, who was a Dryden, and a near relation of the poet's. Thus Swift was of good family and alliance. He was the only son of Jonathan Swift, the eighth son of Thomas Swift, the vicar of Goodrich, who was so plundered. His mother was Abigail Erick, of Leicestershire, descended from the most ancient family of the Ericks, 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 afterwards employed to command that prince's forces. In his old age he retired to his house in Leicestershire, where his family has continued ever since, has produced many eminent men, and is still represented by the Heyricks of Leicester town, and the Herricks of Beaumanor.

Swift's father was a solicitor, and steward to the Society of the King's Inn, Dublin; but he died before Swift was born, and left his mother in such poverty, that she was not able to defray the expenses of her husband's funeral. He was born on the 30th of November, 1667, St. Andrew's-day, in a small house now called No. 7, in Hoey's-court, Dublin, which is still pointed out by the inhabitants of that quarter, and by the antiquity of its appearance seems to vindicate the truth of the tradition. Here a circumstance occurred to him as singular as the case of his father, who, as a child in the cradle, had his clothes stripped from him by the troopers of Captain Kirle. His nurse was a woman of Whitehaven, and being obliged to go thither, in order to see a dying relative from whom she expected a legacy, out of sheer affection for the child, she stole 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

* *Mercurius Rusticus.* London, 1638.

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was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage till he could better bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learned to spell, and by the time that he was five years old, he could read any chapter in the Bible.

After his return to Ireland, he was sent, at six years old, to Kilkenny school, and thence, at fourteen, he was transferred to the university at Dublin. At Kilkenny, it is said that his name is still shown to strangers at the school, cut, boy fashion, upon his desk or form. At the university, like Goldsmith, he was more addicted to general reading and poetry, than to the classics and mathematics. He was poor, and the sense of his poverty on his proud spirit made him reckless, and almost desperate. He got into dissipation to drown his mortification. Between the 14th of November 1685, and the 8th of October 1687, he incurred no less than seventy penalties for non-attendance at chapel, for neglecting lectures, for being absent at the evening roll-call, and for town-haunting, the academical phrase for absence from college without licence. These brought censures, suspension of his degree; and on his part, satirical sallies against the college authorities. He finally received his degree of bachelor of arts by *special grace*, that is, not by his own fair acquisition. His uncles, Godwin and, after his death, Dryden, had borne the cost of his education; his mother had gone over to her native Leicester and friends, and on obtaining his degree, he passed over to England to her. His mother was related to the wife of Sir William Temple, and through her Swift was received into Sir William's house as his private secretary. This brings us to the first *home* which Jonathan Swift may almost be said to have had.

Sir William, according to some authorities, was residing at this time at Sheen, near Richmond; according to others, he had retired to his favourite residence of Moorpark, near Farnham, in Surrey. Whichever place it was originally, it soon became Moorpark. Here William III. used to visit Temple, and here, as at Sheen, it was that the Dutch monarch, it is related as a most important fact, taught Swift to cut asparagus the Dutch way. The fact is Dutch and economical, and worthy to be known to all gardeners, and all other people who undertake this useful operation. It consists in cutting with a short and circular stroke, not with a wide sweeping one. In the first case you cut off only the head of asparagus you want, in the other you most probably cut off half-a-dozen heads that have not yet appeared above the soil. Still, this was only half the advantage derived from the royal gardener; he taught Swift how to eat the asparagus when cut; and Swift used always to tell his guests that King William ate the stalks as well as the heads. If he taught him how to make them eatable, it is a great pity that the secret is lost. William is said also to have offered Swift a troop of horse, which might naturally arise out of their cutting *horse*radish for dinner at the same time, though of this the biographers do not inform us. Certain it is, that Swift must have become a great favourite with William, or have thought so, for though he respectfully declined

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becoming a trooper, he gave the king to understand that he had no objection to become a *canon;* and the king, as Swift wrote his uncle, desired him not to take orders till he gave him a prebend. Such was the opinion entertained by both Sir William Temple and Swift, of his standing in the monarch's estimation, that he was employed by Sir William, who was himself laid up with the gout, to lay before the king reasons why his majesty ought to assent to the bill for triennial parliaments. Swift could strengthen Sir William's opinion by several arguments drawn from English history, but all his arguments had no effect on William III, who knew how to cut triennial parliaments as cleverly as asparagus. This was Swift's first dip into politics, and though he said it helped to cure him of vanity, it did not of addicting himself to the same unsatisfactory pursuit in after life.

Swift's residence at Moorpark is marked by all the characteristics of his after life, and by two of those events which are mixed up with its great mystery, and which brought after them its melancholy ending. He was so morose, bitter, and satirical, that Mr. Temple, nephew to Sir William, stated, that Sir William for a long time very much disliked him "for his ill qualities, nor would allow him to sit down at table with him." Though related to Lady Temple, Sir William had engaged him only in the capacity of reader and amanuensis, at a salary of 20*l.* a year and his board, and looked upon him as "a young fellow taken into a low office who was inclined to forget himself." We can well believe that the proud and unbending spirit which through life never deserted Swift, made him feel that he was thus regarded, and excited his most hostile and disagreeable qualities. He was also very defective in his education, and the consciousness of this in a towering spirit like Swift's, while it mortified him, could not make him humble. Yet his better qualities at length prevailed. He took to study; was commended by Sir William; and this on his part induced a more respectful deportment towards Sir William, whose fine mind and noble character no one could better estimate than Swift, and it ended, notwithstanding an occasional jar, and a parting at one time, with Swift's becoming the most zealous, attentive, and affectionate friend of Sir William, who admitted him to his most entire and cordial confidence.

The whole period of Swift's residence at Moorpark was two years. During this time, he went for awhile to Oxford to take his degree, and he was absent twice in Ireland; once a few months, on account of his health, and the second time, when Swift, anxious for some means of independence, and Temple only offering him an employment worth a hundred a-year in the office of the rolls in Ireland, they parted with mutual displeasure. Swift then went to Ireland, where, the heat of their difference having abated on both sides, through Sir William's influence, he obtained the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about a hundred pounds a-year. To this small living he retired, and assumed the character of a country clergyman. But this life of obscurity and seclusion was not likely long to suit the reckless, aspiring nature of Swift. He sighed to

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return to the intellectual pleasures and persons who resorted to Moorpark, and Sir William had not the less sensibly felt the absence of Swift, than Swift the absence of Moorpark. He returned within the year, and was welcomed back with warmth and respect, and thenceforward stood in a new position. With his abrupt departure from Kilroot two very different stories have been connected; one which, if true, would sink his character for ever; the other, which has never been questioned, evidencing the noblest qualities in that character. The first of these stories is, that he attempted violence on the daughter of a farmer, one of his parishioners. Of this it is enough to quote the words of Sir Walter Scott, which, after giving the particulars of the refutation of this calumny, are:—"It is sufficient for Swift's vindication to observe, that he returned to Kilroot after his resignation, and inducted his successor in face of the church and of the public; that he returned to Sir William Temple with as fair a character as when he left him; that during all his public life in England and Ireland, when he was the butt of a whole faction, this charge was never heard of; that when adduced so many years after his death, it was unsupported by aught but sturdy and general averment; and that the chief propagator of the calumny first retracted his assertions, and finally died insane."

That there might be *something* on which this charge was founded is by no means improbable, and that Swift, as alleged, was brought before a magistrate of the name of Dobbs, for it is confessed that in his youth he was of a dissipated habit, and it is far more likely that these habits induced that constitutional affection, with giddiness, deafness, and ultimate insanity, which made his future life wretched, than that it was owing to eating an over quantity of stone-fruit. In this point of view the life of Swift presents a deep moral lesson, for no man, if that were the case, ever drew down upon himself a severer chastisement. But as regards this particular fact, it could by possibility be nothing so flagrant as was endeavoured to be propagated by the report. The second statement one is unwilling to weaken, because in itself it is so beautiful; yet in the Dean's life there are so many proofs of his making professions of patriotism and generosity to cover and screen his private purposes, that one is equally tempted to suspect a certain share of policy. The fact is thus stated:—

"In an excursion from his habitation, he met with a clergyman, with whom he formed an acquaintance, which proved him to be learned, modest, well-principled, the father of eight children, and a curate at the rate of forty pounds a-year. Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this gentleman's black mare—having no horse of his own—rode to Dublin, resigned the prebend of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for this new friend. When he gave the presentation to the poor clergyman, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, which at first only expressed pleasure at finding himself preferred to a living; but when he found that it was that of his benefactor, who had resigned in his favour, his joy assumed so touching an expression of surprise and gratitude, that

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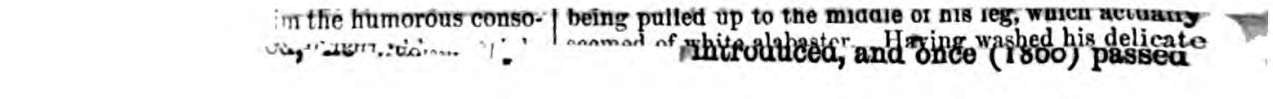
Swift, himself deeply affected, declared he had never experienced so much pleasure as at that moment. The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed upon him the black mare, which he did not choose to hurt him by refusing; and thus mounted for the first time on a horse of his own, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again rode to Dublin, and there embarked for England, and resumed his situation at Moorpark, as Sir William Temple's confidential secretary."

The incident is a charming one, and we may admit the facts as regards the clergyman to be fully true, and that the pleasure of Swift must have been great in having the opportunity of thus making a good man happy; but in order to place the transaction on its probably correct basis, we must not forget that Swift was confessedly already most thoroughly weary of the obscurity of Kilroot, and longing for return to Moorpark. This takes a good deal of the romance out of it. Without, therefore, astonishing ourselves at the unworldly generosity of a young man abandoning his own chance in life to serve a poor and meritorious man, we may suppose to the full that Swift was glad to do the good man such a service while it coincided with his own wishes. No person was more clear-sighted than Swift as to the consequences of such things; and none could better estimate the wide difference in the mode of doing the thing, between saying, "Well, I am tired of this stupid place, I must away again to England, but I'll try to get the living for you," and leaving the high merit of such a personal sacrifice to be attributed to him. In any way, it was rich in consequences. He left behind a family made happy; grateful hearts, and tongues that would sound his praises through the country; and what a *prestige* with which to return to Moorpark! He came back like a hero of romance. That, judging by the after life of the Dean, is probably the true view of the affair. He did a good deed, and he took care that it presented to the public its best side.

These ten years of life at Moorpark, which ended only with the death of Sir William Temple, were every way a most important portion of Swift's life. Here he laid at once the foundation of his fame and his wretchedness. Here, with books, leisure, and as much solitude as he pleased; with the conversation of Sir William Temple and the most distinguished *literati* of the age who visited him; Swift in so auspicious an atmosphere not only thought and studied much, but wrote a vast deal, as it were to practise his pen for great future efforts, when he felt his mind and his knowledge had reached a sufficient maturity. He informs his friend, Mr. Kendall, that he had "written, and burned, and written again upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England." He wrote Pindaric Odes; translated from the classics; and exercised his powers of satire till he could confidently to himself predict the force of that "hate to fools" which he afterwards assumed as his principal characteristic. Besides this, he was deeply engaged in assisting Sir William in the controversy on the superiority of ancient or modern learning, in which Temple, Boyle, Wotton, and Bentley were all



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involved. This occasioned Swift's "Battle of the Books," though it was not printed till some years afterwards. Here, also, he wrote his famous "Tale of a Tub," which more than any other cause stopped effectually the path of his ambition towards a bishopric. Though not known avowedly as an author, Swift was now well known as a man of great ability to many literary men, and was on terms of particular friendship with Congreve.

But his literary pursuits here had not so completely engrossed him as to prevent his engaging in what, in any other man, would have been termed more tender ones; in Swift they must take some other name, be that what it may. The history of his conduct, too, with regard to every woman to whom he paid particular court, is the most extraordinary thing in all literary research. There have been several ways of accounting for it, into which it is not my intention to descend; let the causes have been what they may, they stamp his character for intense selfishness beyond all possibility of palliation. If Swift felt himself disqualified for entering into matrimonial relations from whatever cause or motive, as it is evident he did, he should have conducted himself towards women of taste and feeling accordingly; but, on the contrary, he never, in any instance, seems to have put the slightest check on himself in this respect. He paid them the most marked attentions; in some instances he wooed with all the appearances of passion, and proposed marriage with the most eager importunity; he saw one after another respond to his warmth, and then he coolly backed out, or entered into such a tantalizing and mysterious position—where the woman had to sacrifice everything, peace of mind being destroyed, and character being put into utmost jeopardy—as wore their very hearts and lives out. He played with women as a cat does with mice. So that they were kept fast bound within his toils, cut off from all the better prospects of life, sacrificed as victims to his need of their society, he cared nothing. He was alarmed and agitated almost to madness by the fear of losing them, yet this was a purely selfish feeling; he took no measures to set their hearts at rest; he placed them in such circumstances that he could not do it; to satisfy one he must immolate another. Some of the finest and most charming women of the age were thus kept, as it were, with a string round their hearts, by which he could pluck and torture them at pleasure; and keep them walking for ever over the burning ploughshares of agonizing uncertainties, and the world's oblique glances. There is nothing which can ever reclaim Swift's memory, in this respect, from the most thorough contempt and indignation of every manly mind.

Every instance of what are called love-affairs, in which Swift was concerned, presents the same features, even under the softened effect of the colouring of his most laudatory biographer, Sir Walter Scott. While Swift was at Leicester, his mother was afraid of his forming an imprudent attachment to a young woman there; at which Swift, knowing himself pretty well, only laughed. His flirtations, he represented, were only "opportunities of amusement;" a "sort of insignificant gallantry which he used towards the girl in question;"

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a "habit to be laid aside whenever he took sober resolutions, and which, should he enter the church, he should not find it hard to lay down at the porch." This is base language, and that of Scott is hardly better. He says—"it is probably to a habit, at first indulged only from vanity or for the sake of amusement, that we are to trace the well-known circumstances which embittered his life, and impaired his reputation."

And is this all? Are habits of indulging vanity, and of amusing oneself with the affections and the happiness of others, to be thus coolly talked of? "Circumstances which embittered *his* life, and impaired *his* reputation," indeed! Swift had the greatest right to embitter his own life, and impair his own reputation, if he pleased, but that is not the question; it was because he most recklessly, for the indulgence of his vanity and his self-love, embittered the lives of those who listened to him, and impaired their reputations, that he was culpable in proportion to his brilliant powers, and placed himself thereby in the category of heartless villains. These are severe words; but I have always felt, and still cannot avoid feeling, that their application to Swift is most just and necessary. Perhaps no instance of mere meanness was ever more striking than that shown in his second courtship. The lady in this case was not a simple country girl, but was Jane Waryng, the sister of an ancient college companion; to this young lady, in his affected pastoral style, he had given the name of Varina. Let it be remembered that this was in Ireland, while he was bearing the name and performing the functions of a clergyman. His suit for this lady was continued for four or five years with all the appearances and protestations of the deepest attachment; he proposed marriage in the most unequivocal terms. The young lady does not seem to have responded very cordially to his advances for a long time, in fact, till that very response put a speedy end to the disgraceful farce. When she did agree to accept him and his offer, "he seemed," says Scott, "to have been a little startled by her sudden offer of capitulation." He then assumed quite another tone;—let Scott's own language relate what he did: "Swift charged Varina with want of affection, and indifference; stated his own income in a most dismal point of view, yet intimated that he might well pretend to a better fortune than she was possessed of! He was so far from retaining his former opinion as to the effects of a happy union, that he inquired whether the physicians had got over some scruples they appeared to entertain on the subject of her health. (He had made this delicate health before a plea for entreating her to put herself under his care.) Lastly, he demanded peremptorily to know whether she would undertake to manage their domestic affairs with an income of rather less than three hundred pounds a-year; whether she would engage to follow the methods he should point out for the improvement of her mind; whether she could bend all her affections to the same direction which he should give his own, and so govern her passions, however justly provoked, as at all times to resume her good humour at his approach; and, finally, whether she could account the place where he resided more

welcome than courts and cities without him? These premises agreed, as indispensable to please those who, like himself, 'were deeply read in the world,' he intimates his willingness to wed her, though *without* personal beauty or large fortune."

This language requires no comment; it is the vile shuffle of a contemptible fellow, who, taken at his word, then bullies and insults to get off again.

His next victim was Esther Johnson, the Stella of this strange history. This young lady was the daughter of the steward of Sir William Temple at Moorpark; she was fatherless when Swift commenced his designs upon her; her father died soon after her birth, and her mother and sister resided in the house at Moorpark, and were treated with particular regard and esteem by the family. Miss Esther Johnson, who was much younger than Swift, was beautiful, lively, and amiable. Swift devoted himself to her as her teacher, and under advantage of his daily office and position, engaged her young affections most absolutely. So completely was it understood by her that they were to be married when Swift's income warranted it, that on the death of Temple, and Swift's preferment to the living of Laracor in Ireland, she was induced by him to come over and fix her residence in Trim near him, under the protection of a lady of middle age, Mrs. Dingley. The story is too well known to be minutely followed; Swift acquired such complete mastery over her, that he kept her near him, and at his command, the greater part of his life, but would neither marry her, nor allow her to marry anyone else, though she had excellent offers. It was not till many years afterwards, when this state of dependence, uncertainty, and arbitrary selfishness had nearly worn her to death; and when these were aggravated by fears for her reputation, and then by the appearance of a rival on the scene, that she extorted from him a marriage which was still kept a profound secret, unacknowledged, and which left her just in the position she was in before, that of a mere companion in presence of a third party, when he chose. The rival just mentioned was a Miss Vanhomrigh, the daughter of a widow lady, whose house he frequented during his life in London. This young lady, to whom he, on his uniform plan, which tended to prevent unpleasant claims by the evidence of letters, gave the name of Vanessa, as he termed himself Cadenus, was high-spirited and accomplished. When Swift, in his usual manner, had for a long time paid every marked attention to Miss Vanhomrigh, and was regarded both by herself and the whole family as an acknowledged lover, yet never came to plain terms, the young lady came boldly to them herself. The gay deceiver was thunderstruck: he had for years been living in the most intimate state of confidence with Stella, as her affianced lover; she had all the claims of honour and affection upon him that a wife could have; for, though maintaining the strictest propriety of life under the closest care of Mrs. Dingley, she was devoting her time, her thoughts, the very flower of her life, and the hazard of her good name, to his social happiness. This plain dealing, therefore, on the part of Vanessa, was an embarrassing blow. "We cannot doubt,"

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says Scott, "that he actually felt" the shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise, "expressed in his celebrated poem, though he had not the courage to take the open and manly course of avowing those engagements with Stella, or other impediments, which prevented his accepting the hand and fortune of her rival."

The fox in fact was taken in his wiles. He had more on his hands than with all his cunning he knew how to manage. His selfish tyranny had been able to control and put off poor Stella, but Vanessa was a different kind of subject, and occasioned him great alarm and anxiety. He retired to Ireland; but this did not mend the matter, it tended rather to make it worse; for Miss Vanhomrigh had property there, and speedily announced to the guilty Dean her presence in Dublin. He was now in as pretty a fix as one could wish such a double-dealer to be. "The claims of Stella," says Scott, "were preferable in point of date, and to a man of honour and good faith, in every respect inimitable. She had resigned her country, her friends, and even hazarded her character, in hope of one day being united to Swift. But if Stella had made the greater sacrifice, Vanessa was the more important victim. She had youth, fortune, fashion; all the acquired accomplishments and information in which Stella was deficient; possessed at least as much wit, and certainly higher powers of imagination. She had, besides, enjoyed the advantage of having in a manner compelled Swift to hear and reply to the language of passion. There was in her case no Mrs. Dingley, no convenient third party, whose presence in society and community in correspondence necessarily imposed on both a restraint, convenient perhaps to Swift, but highly unfavourable to Stella."

The consequences were such as might be expected. Swift endeavoured to temporize and amuse Miss Vanhomrigh, and to induce her to return to England, but in vain. She never ceased to press the, to her, important question, and to keep him in what he used to call "a quickset hedge." She importuned him with complaints of cruelty and neglect, and it was obvious that any decisive measure to break this acquaintance would be attended with some such tragic consequence, as, though late, at length concluded their story. He was thus compelled to assume a demeanour of kindness and affection to Vanessa, which, of course, soon was reported to Stella, and began to produce in her the most fatal symptoms. Her heart was wrung by fears and jealousies; her health gave way; and Swift was compelled to a private marriage, in order not to clog his conscience with her murder. The conditions of this marriage were, that it should continue a strict secret from the public, and that they should continue to live separately, and in the same guarded manner as before. The grand business of his life now was to soothe and wheedle Vanessa, and to play the hypocrite lover to her while he was the husband of another woman; a fine situation for a clergyman and a dean! This, we may believe, with a woman of Miss Vanhomrigh's temperament, was no easy task. His next plan was to try to get rid of her by inducing her to marry some one else, and for this purpose he presented to her Dean Winter, a gentleman of character and

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fortune, and Dr. Price, afterwards Archbishop of Cashel. It was in vain ; she rejected such offers peremptorily, and at length, as if to hide her vexation and seek repose in nature, she retired to Marley Abbey, her house and property, near Celbridge. But the dreams of love and jealousy pursued her thither with only the more force. She heard whispers of Stella being actually the wife of Swift, and she determined to know the truth. For this purpose she wrote at once to Stella, and put the plain question to her. The result of this was rapid and startling. In a few days she saw the Dean descend from his horse at her gate, and advance to her door, dark and fierce as a thunder-cloud. He entered, threw down a letter upon the table before her, and with a look black as night, stalked out again without a word, mounted, and rode away. As soon as Miss Vanhomrigh recovered in some degree from her terror and amazement, she took up the letter, opened it, and found it her own to Stella!

Stella herself confirmed the fatal truth by a candid avowal, and Miss Vanhomrigh sank under the shock. For eight years, trusting probably to the promises of Swift, and the apparently failing health of Stella, she had maintained the unequal contest with her deep-rooted passion and Swift's mysterious conduct, but this revelation of his villany was her death. However, she lived only to revoke in haste her will, which had been made in favour of Swift, and to leave her fortune to Mr. Marshall, afterwards one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, and Dr. Berkeley, the celebrated philosopher, and afterwards Bishop of Cloyne ; and to command the publication of all the letters which had passed between Swift and herself, as well as the celebrated poem of Cadenus and Vanessa.

Stella died in 1727-8, having borne the secret and corroding suffering of the position imposed by the selfishness of Swift for upwards of thirty years. Mrs. Whiteway, a lady who was on terms of great intimacy with Swift, and spent much time at the deanery of St. Patrick's, stated that when Stella was on her death-bed she expostulated with Swift on his having kept their marriage unnecessarily secret, and expressed her fear that it might leave a stain on her reputation ; to which Swift replied, "Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned." Stella replied, "*It is too late!*"

Scott says, "he received this report of Mrs. Whiteway with pleasure, as vindicating the Dean from the charge of cold-blooded and hard-hearted cruelty to the unfortunate Stella, when on the verge of existence." How does it vindicate him from any such charge? The avowal was never made by him ; and so dubious was the very fact of the marriage left, as far as any act of Swift's was concerned, that its very existence has since been strenuously denied, especially by Mr. Monck Mason in his History of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The simple truth is, that the whole of Swift's conduct to Stella for thirty-three years was a piece of "cold-blooded and hard-hearted cruelty," which admits of no defence. Such was the treatment which all ladies who manifested an attachment to Swift received at his hands ; is it any wonder that such a man went mad?

These circumstances have given a singular character to the bio-

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graphy of Swift; the letters of Stella and Vanessa, which have been published, convert it by their passion and heart-eloquence into a species of romance; in which, however, Swift himself plays the part of a very clever, witty, and domineering, but certainly not attractive, hero. Moorpark will always possess an interest connected with Stella. It was amid its pleasant groves that, young, beautiful, and confiding, she indulged with Swift in those dreams of after-life which he was so bitterly to falsify. There is a cavern about three quarters of a mile from the mansion, called Mother Ludlam's Hole, which the country tradition represents as having been a frequent resort of Swift and Stella in their walks. It lies halfway down the side of the hill covered with wood, towards the southern extremity of the park. It seems to have been hewn out of the sandstone rock, and to have increased considerably in its dimensions since it was described by Grose. The greatest height of this excavation may be about twelve feet, and its breadth twenty, but at the distance of about thirty feet from the entrance it becomes so low and narrow as to be passable only by a person crawling on his hands and knees. From the bottom of the cave issues a small, clear stream, and two stone benches have been placed for the accommodation of visitors. The gloom and uncertain depth of the grotto, the sound of the water, and the beauty of the surrounding solitary scene, surveyed through the dark arched entrance, shagged with weeds and the roots of trees, give the spot an impressive effect. Hauff has introduced this cavern into a drama called "Ludlam's Höhle."

Grose gives a jocose account of the origin of the name of the cave. Old Mother Ludlam, he tells us, was a *white* witch; one who neither killed hogs, rode on broomsticks, nor made children vomit nails and crooked pins, but, on the contrary, did all the good she could. That the country people, when in want of any article,—say a frying-pan or a spade,—would come to the cave at midnight, and turning three times round, would three times say, "Pray, good Mother Ludlam, lend me such a thing, and I will return it within two days." The next morning, on going there again, the article would be found laid at the entrance of the cave. At length the borrower of a large cauldron was not punctual in returning it, which so irritated the good mother, that when it did come she refused to take it in again, and in course of time it was conveyed away to Waverley Abbey, and, at the dissolution of the monasteries, was deposited in Frensham church. From the hour of the non-appearance of the cauldron, however, at its proper time, Mother Ludlam never would lend the slightest thing. Moorpark is now a water establishment, conducted by Dr. Lane.

The resorts and residences of Swift in London, during his life there, have no very peculiar interest. He frequented freely the houses of the great political characters with whom he was connected. His immediate friends were Harley, Bolingbroke, and Godolphin. He was a frequent attendant at Leicester-house, the court of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. He was on the most familiar terms with all the *literati*, Gay, Pope, Addison, and, for a considerable

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period, Steele, &c. He was often at Twickenham for months together, and a frequenter of Button's coffee-house with the other wits of the time. It is not in these places, however, that the deep interest of Swift's life has settled, and, therefore, we cross the Channel to Ireland, and seek his homes there. We have already noticed his brief abode at Kilroot; his next residence was at Laracor, in Meath.

Swift was about thirty-two years of age when he attended Lord Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, to that country as his chaplain and private secretary. Berkeley had promised him the first good church living that fell vacant, but the rich deanery of Derry soon after falling out, he would only *sell* it to Swift for a thousand pounds. Swift resented this in such a manner, that to prevent making so formidable an enemy, Berkeley gave him the next vacancy, —the rectory of Agher, and the vicarage of Laracor and Rathbeggan. These livings, united, amounted to about 230*l.* yearly; and the prebend of Dunlavin being added in the year 1700, raised Swift's income to betwixt 350*l.* and 400*l.* His manner of taking possession of Laracor, where he resolved to live, was characteristic. He was a great pedestrian, and is said to have walked down *incognito* to Laracor from Dublin, making doggrel rhymes on the places which he passed through. Many anecdotes are related of this journey. Arriving, he entered the curate's house, demanded his name, and announced himself bluntly "as his master." All was bustle to receive a person of such consequence, who, apparently, was determined to make his consequence felt. The curate's wife was ordered to lay aside the Doctor's clean shirt and stockings, which he carried in his pocket; nor did he relax his airs of domination until he had excited much alarm, which his subsequent friendly conduct to the worthy couple turned into respectful attachment.

These *brusqueries* of the Dean's were, no doubt, very amusing to himself, and are agreeable enough to read of, but they must have been anything but agreeable to those upon whom they were played off. They betray a want of regard to the feelings of others, and were offences against the best laws of society, which every one who regards the kindly sparing of the feelings of the humble and the modest ought to condemn. However respectful might be the after attachment of this worthy curate and his wife, we may well believe that the first strange rudeness and severity of the dreaded Dean would leave a wound and a terror behind that were not deserved, and that no one ought willingly to inflict. There were cases where folly merited the eccentric chastisement which Swift gave them. The farmer's wife who invited him to dinner, and then spoiled the dinner by repeatedly complaining that it really was too poor for him to sit down to, though the table groaned with good things, deserved, in some degree, the retort,—"Then why did you not get a better? —you knew I was coming; I have a good mind to go away and dine on a red herring." Yet even there, the good-natured country habit of the woman was somewhat too severely punished. She meant well.

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Swift seemed to settle down at Laracor in good earnest. He found the church and parsonage much neglected and dilapidated, and set about their repairs at once. He was active and regular in the discharge of his clerical duties. He read prayers twice a-week, and preached regularly on Sundays. The prayers were thinly attended, and it was on one of these occasions that Lord Orrery represents him as addressing the clerk, Roger Coxe, as "My dearly beloved Roger." The truth of the anecdote has been disputed, and is said to exist in an old jest-book, printed half-a-century before. This does not, however, render it at all improbable that Swift made use of the jest, especially when we know that Roger was himself a humourist and a joker; as, for instance, when Swift asked Roger why he wore a red waistcoat, and he replied, because he belonged to the church militant.

Swift took much pleasure in his garden at Laracor; converted a rivulet that ran through it into a regular canal, and planted on its banks avenues of willows. As soon as he was settled, Stella, and her companion Mrs. Dingley, came over and settled down too. They had a house near the gate of Knightsbrook, the old residence of the Percivals, almost half-a-mile from Swift's house, where they lived when Swift was at Laracor, or were the guests of the hospitable vicar of Trim, Dr. Raymond. Whenever Swift left Laracor for a time, as on his annual journeys to England, the ladies then took possession of the vicarage, and remained there during his absence. The site of Stella's house is marked on the Ordnance Survey of the county of Meath.



STELLA'S HOUSE.

The residence of Swift at Laracor includes a most important portion of his life. It was, at the least, twelve years, as he took possession of his living in 1700, and quitted it for the deanery of St. Patrick in 1713. Here he was fully occupied with the duties of his parish, and the united labours of authorship and politics. Hardly was he settled when he wrote his pamphlet on the Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons of Rome, which applied to the impeachment by the Commons of Lord Somers, Oxford, Halifax, and Portland, on account of their share in the partition treaty. This brought him at once into the intimacy of Somers, Sunderland, and Halifax. Here he soon after published his Tale of a Tub, which had been written at Moorpark. This created a vast sensation, and though

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anonymous, like most of Swift's works, was soon known to be his, and his society was eagerly sought by men of the highest distinction both for rank and genius. Amongst the latter, Addison, Steele, Tickell, Philips, and others, at once became his friends. He now made use of his influence with government to obtain the gift of the first-fruits and tenths to the Church of Ireland, which he effected. Besides this boon to the Church at large, he increased the glebe of Laracor from one acre to twenty; and, purchasing the tithes of Effernock, when he was not overburdened with money, settled them for ever on his successors. Here he amused himself with his quizzes upon Partridge the Astrologer, under the title of Isaac Bickerstaff, which almost drove that notorious impostor mad. Here he wrote the celebrated verses on Baucis and Philemon, and other of his poems. Here, in 1710, he made his grand political transit from the Whigs to the Tories, and became the great friend, assistant, and political counsellor of Harley and Bolingbroke; living, during his long sojourns in London, on the most familiar terms with those noblemen, and also with Pope, Gay, and all the more celebrated authors.

Swift's political achievements at this time are a singular subject of contemplation, and show what momentous influence a mere private man may acquire in England by his talents. Here was a country clergyman of an obscure parish in Meath, with a congregation, as he himself said, of "some half-score persons," who yet wielded the destinies of all Europe. It was more by the power of his pen in "The Examiner," and by his counsels and influence, than by any other means, that the Tories were enabled to turn out of office the long triumphant Whigs, and, by the peace of Utrecht, put a stop to the triumphs of Marlborough on the Continent. The vengeance which the Tories took on their adversaries the Whigs on regaining power for a time, in Anne's reign, is, perhaps, the most startling thing in the history of party. The Whigs had steadily pursued the war against Louis the Fourteenth, in which William had been engaged all his life. For nearly half-a-century, that is, from 1667 to 1713, the French monarch had carried on a desperate contest for the destruction of the liberties of Europe. In Spain, in the Netherlands, in Holland, in Italy, and Germany, his generals, Catinat, Luxemburg, Condé, Turenne, Vendome, Villars, Melac, Villeroi, Tallard, &c., &c., had led on the French armies to the most remorseless devastations. To this day, the successive demon deeds of Turenne, Melac, Créqui, and their soldiers, are vividly alive in the hearts and the memories of the peasantry of the Palatinate, where they destroyed nearly every city, chased the inhabitants away, leaving all that beautiful and fertile region a black desert, and throwing the bones of the ancient Germanic emperors out of their graves in the cathedral of Speir, played at bowls with their skulls. To extinguish Protestantism, and to extend the French empire, appeared Louis's two great objects; in which he was supported by all the spiritual power of the king of superstitions, the Pope. Revoking the Edict of Nantes, he committed the most horrible outrages and

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destruction on his own Protestant subjects. He hoped, on the subjugation of Holland and the reformed states of Germany, to carry out there the same horrors of religious annihilation. Except in the person of Buonaparte, never has the spirit of conquest, and of political insolence, shown itself in so lawless, determined, and offensive a form as in this ostentatious monarch. William III, before his accession to the British throne, had been the most formidable opponent to his progress. But he had contrived to set his grandson, Philip V, on the throne of Spain, in opposition to the claims of Austria, and, by the fear of the ultimate union of these two great nations under one sceptre, alarmed all Europe. In vain was the united resistance of Austria and Holland, till England sent out its great general, Marlborough. The names of Marlborough, and the Savoyard, Prince Eugene, became as those of the demi-gods in the temple of war; and Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, arose from their ages of obscurity into Continental pyramids of England's military renown.

But of what avail was all this renown? What was won by it, except the empty glory itself? At the crowning moment—at the hour of otherwise inevitable retribution to the bloody and unprincipled monarch of France, and of recompence to those nations whose blood he had so lavishly shed, and whose surface he had covered with ashes, ruins, and horrors, instead of cities, peaceful villages, and fair fields—the Whigs were expelled from office by the Tories, and all the fruits of this long and bitter war were snatched away from us and our allies. To deprive the Whigs of the glory of a successful war, to dash down as abortive all the triumphs of the Whig general, Marlborough, these men rushed into peace, without consulting the allies, and left no results to the great European struggle but the blood which had been shed, and the misery that had been endured. Louis, then eighty-five years of age, and tottering towards the grave, saw himself at once released from the most fearful condition into which his wicked ambition had plunged him—from the most terrible prospect of humiliation and disgrace which could wring such a mind. He had reduced his kingdom to the last stage of exhaustion, by half-a-century's incessant contest with Europe; by bribing the English monarchs, Charles II, and James II, and many English nobles, to refuse help to the suffering Continent; and by bribing and paying the armies of German princes whom he could induce to become traitors to their nation. His people were fiercely embittered against him; no taxes could be raised; his best generals were defeated on all hands; and a short time would, most probably, have seen Marlborough and Eugene anticipate the allies of our day, by marching directly upon and taking possession of Paris. So sensible of this was Louis, that his haughty tone was totally gone; he ordered his ambassadors to give up Alsace, and even to assist in driving Philip, his own grandson, out of Spain, by privately paying the allies a million of livres monthly for the purpose. The Tories came in at this critical juncture, and all was changed. They offered Louis a most unexpected peace. At once he lifted again his head and his heart:

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Alsace remains, to this day, a part of France; Spain has descended to the Bourbon; and the glory of Marlborough is without a single result, except Blenheim House, the dukedom to his family, and *sixty-two millions and a half of taxation*, which that war cost the English people. The peace of Utrecht roused the indignation of the whole civilized world. Volumes have been written in reprehension of it, and even enlightened conservatives of our time, as Hallam, in his Constitutional History, join in the condemnation.

Yet this mighty change, with all its countless consequences, could be effected, almost wholly, by the simple vicar of a simple Irish parish. It was Swift who helped to plan and carry out this grand scheme of defeat and mortification to the Whigs, who had excited his wrath by withholding from him preferment. It was he, more than all men together, who, in the Examiner, painted the scheme in all his affluence of delusive colours to the nation, and roused the English people, by the cry of English blood and English money wasted on the Continent, to demand immediate peace. While we lament the deed, we must confess the stupendous powers of the man.

But all this could not win him the keenly-coveted bishopric. He could reverse the history of total Europe, he could arrest the victorious arms of Marlborough and Eugene, he could put forth his hand and save France and its proud monarch from just humiliation; but he could not extort from the reluctant queen, even by the combined hands of Oxford and Bolingbroke, the object of his own ambition—a mitre. The Tale of a Tub stood in his way: it was only just in time, that his friends, themselves falling, secured for him the deanery of St. Patrick; to which he retired to act the ostensible patriot by indulging his own private resentment against his enemies and his fate.

Laracor is about two English miles from Trim. It lies in a drearyish sort of farming country, and to Swift, full of ambition, and accustomed to town life, and the stirring politics of the time, with which he was so much mixed up, one would have thought must prove a perfect desert. There is no village there, nor does there appear to have been one. It was a mere church and parsonage, and huts were very likely scattered about here and there, as they are now. The church still stands; one of the old, plain, barn-like structures of this part of the country, with a low belfry. The graveyard is pretty well filled with headstones and tombs, and some that seem to belong to good families. The churchyard is surrounded by a wall and trees, and in a thatched cottage at the gate lives the sexton. He said he had built the house himself; that he was seventy-five or so; and his wife, who had been on the spot fifty years, as old; but that the incumbent, a Mr. Irvine, was eighty-four, and that he was but the third from Swift. Swift held it fifty-five years, the next incumbent nearly as long, and this clergyman thirty-six, or thereabouts. It must, therefore, be a healthy place. The old man complained that all the gentry who used to live near were gone away. His wife used to get 20*l.* at Christmas for Christmas-boxes,

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"and now she does not get even a cup o' tay. Poor creature! and she so fond of the tay!"

Like his house at Dublin, Swift's house here is gone. There remains only one tall, thick ruin of a wall. "What is that?" I asked of a man at a cottage-door, close by. "It's been there from the time of the Dane," said he. For a moment I imagined he meant the Danes; but soon recollected myself. Close to it, at the side of the high road, is a clear spring, under some bushes, and margined with great stones, which they call "the Dane's cellar," and "the Dane's well." Swift has not lost his popularity yet with the people. "He was a very good man to the poor," say they. "He was a fine bright man." This, however, is all the remains of his place here. The present vicar has built himself a good house in the fields, nearer to Trim; and not only the Dean's house is all gone except this piece of wall, but his holly hedge, his willows, and cherry-trees have vanished. A common Irish hut now stands in what was his garden. The canal may still be traced, but the river walk is now a marsh.

Trim, where Stella lived when Swift was at Laracor, though the county town of Meath, is now little more than a large village. It bears, however, all the marks of its ancient importance. The ruins scattered on the banks of the Boyne are most extensive. They are those of a great palace, a castle, a cathedral, and other buildings. It is a great haunt for antiquarians; and not far distant from it is Tara, with its hill, the seat of ancient kings. As you leave the town to go to Laracor, you come at the town-end to a lofty column in honour of Wellington, who was born at Dangan Castle, a few miles beyond Laracor. The way to Laracor then lies along a flattish country, with a few huts here and there by the wayside. On your left, as you approach Laracor, runs an old ruinous wall, with tall trees within it, as having once formed a park. The first object connected with Swift which arrests your attention, is the ruin of his house, with its spring, which lies on the right hand of the road; and on the left side of the road, perhaps a hundred yards further, stands the church in its enclosure.

From Laracor, Swift's remove was to Dublin, where he spent the remainder of his life. Here the deanery has been quite removed, and a modern house occupies its place. The old cathedral of St. Patrick is a great object connected with his memory here. Though wearing a very ancient look, St. Patrick's was rebuilt after its destruction in 1362, and its present spire was added only in 1750. In size and proportion, the cathedral is fine. It is three hundred feet long, and eighty broad. It cannot boast much of its architecture, but contains several monuments of distinguished men; amongst them, those of Swift and Curran. These two are busts. Aloft in the nave hang the banners of the knights of St. Patrick; and again in the choir hang newly-emblazoned banners of the knights; and over the stalls which belong to the knights are fixed gilt helmets, and by each stall hangs the knight's sword. The whole fabric, when I visited it, was undergoing repair, and not before it was needed. Of course, the monuments of highest interest here are those of Swift and Stella.

These occupy two contiguous pillars on the south side of the nave. They consist of two plain slabs of marble, in memory of the Dean and Mrs. Johnson,—Stella. The inscription on the Dean's slab is expressive "of that habit of mind which his own disappointments and the oppressions of his country had produced." It was written by himself.

"*Hic* depositum est corpus
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. D.
Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis
Decani
Ubi sæva indignatio
Ulterius
Cor lascerare nequit.
Abi Viator
Et imitare, si poteris,
Strenuum pro virili
Libertatis vindicatorem.
Obiit 19°. die mensis Octobris,
A.D. 1745. Anno Ætatis 78."

Over this monument has been placed his bust in marble, sculptured by Cunningham, and esteemed a good likeness. It was the gift of T. T. Faulkner, Esq., nephew and successor to Alderman George Faulkner, Swift's bookseller, and the original publisher of most of his works. The inscription over his amiable and much-injured wife is as follows:—"Underneath lie the mortal remains of Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the world by the name of STELLA, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, dean of this cathedral. She was a person of extraordinary endowments and accomplishments of body, mind, and behaviour, justly admired and respected by all who knew her, on account of her many eminent virtues, as well as for her great natural and acquired perfections. She died January 27th, 1727-8, in the forty-sixth year of her age, and by her will bequeathed one thousand pounds towards the support of a chaplain to the hospital founded in this city by Dr. Steevens."

In an obscure corner, near the southern entrance, is a small tablet of white marble with the following inscription:—"Here lieth the body of Alexander M'Gee, servant to Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. His grateful master caused this monument to be erected in memory of his discretion, fidelity, and diligence in that humble station. Obiit Mar. 24, 1721-2. Ætatis 29."

There are other monuments, ancient and modern, in the cathedral worthy of notice, but this is all that concerns our present subject. How little, indeed, seems to remain in evidence of Swift where he lived so many years, and played so conspicuous a part. The hospital for the insane, which he founded, is perhaps his most genuine monument. It still flourishes. The sum which was made over by the Dean's executors for this purpose was 7,720*l*. This has been augmented by parliamentary grants and voluntary donations, and is capable of accommodating upwards of a hundred pauper patients, besides nearly an equal number of paying ones.

smartest of canters, or straggle down to the post for their mail
essay over the T. Y. C.

ASTEROID.

At the deanery house there is an excellent portrait of Swift by Bindon. Another by Bindon, and said to be one of the best likenesses of him, is in the possession of Dr. Hill, of Dublin; and there is a third at Howth Castle. But nothing can to the visitor fill up the vacuum made by the destruction of the house in which he lived. We want to see where the author of the Drapier's Letters and of Gulliver's Travels lived; where he conversed with Stella and Mrs. Whiteway, and joked with Sheridan and Delany; and where he finally sank into moody melancholy, and died.

Of all the lives of Swift which have been written, it would be difficult to say whether Dr. Johnson's or Sir Walter Scott's is the most one-sided. Johnson's is like that of a man who had a personal pique, and Scott's is that of a regular pleader. In his admiration of his author he seems unconsciously to take all that comes as excellent and right, and slurs over acts and principles in Swift, which in another he would denounce as most disgraceful. When we recollect that Swift was bitterly disappointed in his ambition of a mitre, and that he retired to Ireland to brood not only over this, but over the utter wreck of his political patrons and party, the impartial reader finds it difficult to concede to him so much the praise of real patriotism, as of personal resentment. He was ready to lay hold on anything that could at once annoy government and enhance his own popularity. In all relations of life, an intense selfishness was his great characteristic, if we except this in his character of author: there he certainly displayed a great indifference to pecuniary profit; and was not only a staunch friend to his literary associates, but allowed them to reap that profit by his writings which he would not reap himself. But in all other respects his selfishness is strikingly prominent. He did not hesitate to sacrifice man or woman for the promotion of his comfort or his ambition. We have spoken of his treatment of women; we may take a specimen of his treatment of men. In the celebrated case of Wood, the patentee, and the Drapier's Letters, nothing could be more recklessly unjust than his conduct, or more hollow than his pretences. He wanted a cause of annoyance to Walpole, and against the government generally. Government had given a contract to Wood to coin a certain quantity of halfpence for Ireland, and this he seized hold on. He represented Wood as a low ironmonger, an adventurer; his halfpence as vile in quality, and deficient in weight; and the whole as a nuisance, which would rob Ireland of its gold, and enrich England at its expense. Now Scott himself is obliged to admit that the whole of this was false. Wood, instead of the mere ironmonger on whom he heaped all the charges and epithets of villany and baseness that he could, even to that of a "wood-louse," was a highly respectable iron-master of Wolverhampton. His coinage, on this outcry being raised by Swift, was submitted by government to Sir Isaac Newton, to be assayed; when it was reported by Sir Isaac to be better than bargain; and is admitted by Scott to have been better than Ireland had been in the habit of having; and in fact, he says, a very handsome coinage. So far from an evil to Ireland, Scott admits, as is very obvious, that

one of the best things which Ireland could have was a sufficient stock of coin. But the ignorant population, once possessed with the idea of imposition, grew outrageous, and flung the coinage into the Liffey, and Swift chuckled to himself over the success of his scheme, and the acquisition of the reputation of a patriot. In the mean time he had inflicted a real injury on his infatuated fellow-countrymen, and a loss of 60,000*l.* on his innocent victim, Wood. Scott says that Wood was indemnified by a grant of 3,000*l.* yearly, for twelve years. The simple fact I believe to be, that though granted, it was never paid. Wood, who had nine sons, lost by this transaction the fortune that should have provided for them. One of these sons was afterwards assay-master in Jamaica, and the introducer of platina into England. The real facts respecting Wood's coinage may be found in "Ruding's Annals of Coinage."

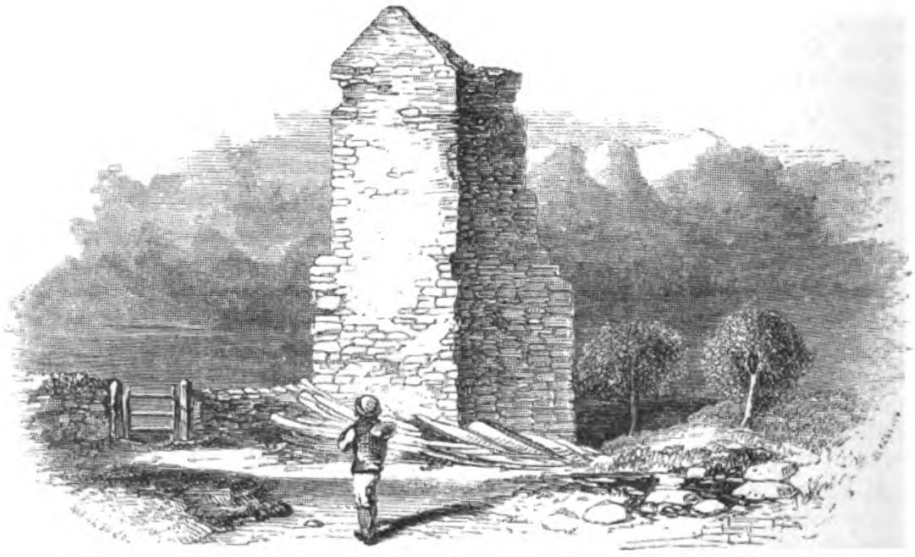
There is another point in which Swift's biographers and critics have been far too lenient towards him. Wonderful as is his talent, and admirable as his wit, these are dreadfully defiled by his coarseness and filthiness of ideas. Wit has no necessary connexion with disgusting imagery; and in attempting to excuse Swift, his admirers have laid the charge upon the times. But Swift out-Herods the times and his contemporaries. In them may be found occasional smuttiness, but the filthy taint seemed to pervade the whole of Swift's mind, and his vilest parts are inextricably woven with the texture of his composition, as in Gulliver's Travels. There is nothing so singular as that almost all writers speak of the wit of Swift and of Rabelais, without, as it regards the latter, warning the reader against the mass of most revolting obscenity which loads almost every page of the Frenchman. Pope, though professing to be a great moralist, talks of "laughing with Rabelais in his easy-chair," but he never seems to reflect that far the greater portion of readers would have to blush and quit his company in disgust. It is fitting that, in an age of moral refinement, youthful readers should at least be made aware that the wit that is praised is combined with obscenity or grossness that cannot be too emphatically condemned. Yet Coleridge, probably when his intellects were muddled by opium, has praised Rabelais as a most moral and decent writer; and this praise has been quoted by Mr. Bohn, in justification of his cheap reprint of the filthy Gaul.

Amongst the places connected with the history of Swift's life, the residence of Miss Vanhomrigh—Vanessa—is one of the most interesting. The account of it procured by Scott was this:—"Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man, upwards of ninety by his own account, showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Miss Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company; her constant amusement was read-

ing, or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood, who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention; and he added, that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said, that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean, she always planted with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's bower. Three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect, and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them. Vanessa, besides musing over her unhappy attachment, had, during her residence in this solitude, the care of nursing the declining health of her younger sister, who at length died about 1720. This event, as it left her alone in the world, seems to have increased the energy of her fatal passion for Swift; while he, on the contrary, saw room for still greater reserve, when her situation became that of a solitary female, without the society or countenance of a female relation."

Marley Abbey, Vanessa's house, is now the residence of Mr. Henry Grattan, M.P.

In D'Alton's "History of the County of Dublin," p. 344, there is an account of the present state of Delville, the residence of Dr. Delany.



one, and the best judges of the land stand aloof from such perilous arbitration.

As children keep their biggest sugar-plum to the last, so have we finished a feast "for sore een" as *récherché* as was ever set before the greatest enthusiast in horseflesh. For a while we are carried away from avenue shadows and deep pastures and glint of sunlight upon a myriad leaves, to follow again the "champions of England" in their stirring encounters and triumphant progress; from whatever height of downland, or woodland lawn, or broad expanse of moorland they have returned conquering homewards.

The eyes of the faithful have been well refreshed by the sight of these Grand Seignors of the Turf, and, like pilgrims from the shrine of Mecca, they turn away from snug homestead and sheeny pastures to the mighty Babylon once again.

We may pause a while to conjecture of the future, and conjure up scenes in which the youthful promise we have seen dispersed to-day shall take a stirring part. Some will depart from this, their "preparatory school," to take the highest honours the Turf Academy can confer—its ribands and cups and prizes of highest distinction—terminating their career in some such retreat as this, cared for like princes, and ministered to in the lusty spring time by obsequious bands of houris. Some will belie their fair promise of excellence, and descend, step by step, into that degradation of drudgery which too surely awaits the "high-mettled racer" in the sere leaf of his days. The brightest gems of the sale may turn out not worth the getting, while the rejected of trainers and commissioners and the illustrious band of *cognoscenti* may blossom forth into a veritable star in racing spheres and the corner-stone of his owner's pride.

Red-letter days such as these recur but seldom in the round of a sportsman's year, and we retrace our steps homeward with the pleasing remembrance of happy summer hours, and hope for many more such treats in store for us. The noisy thoroughfares and trim villas sacred to the repose of toiling citizens bring us back to the phases of ordinary life once more, and in the noise and bustle of the railway, yearlings and sires and dams are swept away for a time into forgetfulness. Yet not the less do we look forward to the time when we shall renew our acquaintance with that playful coterie, duly sobered down to a sense of their situation, as with shining coats and plaited manes, and all the glorious panoply of war, they sweep past in the smartest of canters, or straggle down to the post for their maiden essay over the T. Y. C.

ASTEROID.

On the Comic Writers of England.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

VI.—SWIFT.

HAD Swift written no other verses than those on his own death, he would have deserved honourable mention among our national poets; had he written no other history than the "Tale of a Tub," he must have ranked among our greatest wits; had he produced no other work of imagination than "Gulliver's Travels," he would have been great among the greatest satirists; had he put forth no other tracts than the "Drapier Letters," he would have deserved a votive offering from the nation whose interests he had undertaken to protect; and had he projected no other scheme than the plan of an Academy for the correcting and enlarging, polishing and fixing of his native language, he might have claimed the gratitude and reverence of the whole British people. Even one of these productions would furnish an ample capital to establish and support a good literary reputation; and a single one of them (the "Gulliver") has perhaps commanded a more extended share of popularity than any prose work in the language ("Robinson Crusoe" excepted); and it will continue to be a staple satire so long as court servility, national vanity and conceit, with the mania for scheme-projection, shall continue to form a feature in the human character, and to maintain an influence over human action. Swift's other great satire, the "Tale of a Tub," will retain every particle of its freshness and verdure so long as the three master-dogmas of the Christian religion (those of the Roman, the Lutheran, and the Calvinistic Churches) shall preserve their sway in the Christian world. The subjects of his two great satires being quite as familiar with our every-day habits, feelings, and associations, as they were with society at the period of their production; to all appearance they will continue so after very many generations shall have passed away: and this circumstance has given Swift an advantage over his brother satirists, who, in attacking the epidemic weaknesses, follies, or vices of their contemporaries, which were

the mania of their age, and not of universal humanity, have passed into matter of curious investigation with the literary antiquary, and are not familiar with or cognisable by the million. Who, for example, would be bold enough to name the period when it shall become a question of legendary history, and not, as it now is, a matter of every day notoriety, that the leaders in the different sects of Christianity have interpreted the doctrinal portions of Scripture in conformity with their own articles of faith, warping the texts by the heat of argument; or, where they happen to be stubbornly plain, denying their authenticity altogether? and this, in the "Tale of a Tub," Swift has, with a caustic satire, represented under the form of the three brothers interpreting their father's will. When will the allegory of Brother Peter's loaf, which comprised the essence of beef, partridge, apple-pie, and custard, require a black-letter annotator to expound its interpretation? The "Tale of a Tub" was written when Swift was but nineteen years old. This circumstance renders the performance of the work the more surprising; not on account of the invention and learning displayed in it, neither of which was miraculous in a naturally strong mind, and in one educated for the clerical profession: but the staidness with which the history is conducted, and the consistency preserved throughout, have all the air of matured practice in authorship. The style, too, is so easy, and so purely idiomatical, that none of his later works exhibits material improvement upon it in this respect. There is a remarkable determination of purpose in the style of Swift, with perfect transparency; and these are but the reflexes of the natural man, for these were the prominent features of his character. It will be observed that in his writings we rarely meet with a superfluous word, and never with a superfluous epithet. Now this is one of the besetting sins of modern writing. Swift is the most English, the most thoroughly national in his diction of all our classic writers. On no occasion does he employ an exotic term, if one indigenous to the language be at hand. He is also sparing of connecting particles and introductory phrases and flourishes; using also the simplest forms of construction; and, moreover, he is master of the idiomatic peculiarities, and lurking, unapparent resources of the language to a degree of perfection that leaves him almost without a competitor. The cultivation of a plain, unornamented style demands considerably more care and research than that of the florid and redundant style; and for this obvious reason, that, in the one instance, it is a task of no ordinary severity to restrain, retrench, and condense, remaining all the while clear and perspicuous; whereas, in the inflated, verbose style, the

very redundancy of words pressed into the service is commonly the result of indolence, indifference, and carelessness. The former, on account of its simplicity in appearance, is thought to be easily imitable, while the latter has the effect of laborious and scientific construction,—than which a greater mistake does not exist. For the one man who by bestowing thought and care shall be able to write with the nervous plainness and perspicuity of Swift, fifty could with little exertion imitate the artificial manner of Dr. Johnson; and hence the number of followers and admirers of the latter. "Fit words in fit places" is the best and indeed the only axiom to form the best style in writing: for in expressing our thoughts there may be several native words, which differ only in shades of meaning, that are all available for carrying out the idea; nevertheless, each word or term must express the thought with varied force and propriety; but out of all these there is only one we really want, and that is *the* one which punctually accords with the idea we design to convey. The usages of society have apportioned to each word employed in common conversation its conventional associations and graduated tints of meaning; and the stubbornness of custom has assigned to each its nicety of distinction. The having all these ready for use, with the judgment to decide upon the one best fitted for the occasion, constitutes the clearest conversational prose style; and that is the finest diction which most nearly approaches a familiar and refined discourse. In the florid and artificial style of writing the same tax of selection, and the same niceness of propriety, are not severely demanded. It is sufficient that, in construction, the members of sentences be involved, that qualifying terms and epithets be multiplied, and the employment of learned words from the classical and dead languages be not spared. One cannot be supposed familiar with the minute varieties and shades of signification in a language that has no longer a "local habitation." The attainment of this last finish in writing is sufficiently perplexing even in the living dialects; the broadly accepted meaning, therefore, of dead foreign words is sufficient for the cultivator of the artificial and florid style; and they offer this advantage to the writer, that they all impose upon the general reader, because they are out of the every-day familiar path of language; and the more *un*familiar and occult the words, the more learned and grand, of course, will be thought the style. The location of words, rather than the novelty of ideas, soonest attracts the reading million. A verbose common-place will gain the day over simple originality—at least where the election goes by "universal suffrage." Swift's own designation of the three styles of writing cannot be too

often repeated. "There is one style (he says) that cannot be understood; and there is another that can be understood: but there is a third style, that cannot be *mis*understood, and that is the best;" and it is eminently characteristic of his own, for it may be safely affirmed that throughout the whole of his voluminous writings not a single sentence occurs the meaning of which any intellect above a baboon's need stumble at. The most remarkable style of our own day for simplicity, with clearness and brevity, was, perhaps, that of the late Duke of Wellington. I know of nothing in writing more suited to their subject-matter than those official despatches. They are to be studied for their economy and yet sufficiency of language. They are models for young men who may be employed in business correspondence. A principal clerk in one of our public offices told me that at one period, when they were not much engaged, he was in the habit of receiving official communications from the Duke, and that he used to amuse himself by endeavouring to express the same ideas in fewer words, but that he remembered in no instance to have succeeded. And now to return to our "Tale of a Tub."

One curious feature in the work is the several introductory papers that the author has appended before the reader is ushered into the "real presence;" like passing a suite of rooms in progress to a Prince at his levee. There is first an "Apology," or defence of the character and principles of the tale; wherein, defending the freedom with which he has assailed the superstition and folly of the religious sectaries, he concludes with the question, "Why any clergyman of our Church should be angry to see the follies of fanaticism and superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner; since that is the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther proceeding?" and he frankly adds, that he "will forfeit his life if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from the book, which is contrary to religion or morality." The "Apology" comprises sixteen pages of small type, closely printed, and ably written with temper and judgment. This is followed by a "Postscript," which is succeeded by a noble and worthy "Dedication" to the great Lord Chancellor Somers, one of the most shining lights of his age. The language of this dedication is of itself calculated to exalt Swift in our esteem; for in addressing this nobleman, he has shown how (like all magnanimous spirits) he could sink the mere party-politician in the intellectual cosmopolite. Swift was a Tory, and Somers was the Whig Chancellor; nevertheless, the tribute to the public virtues of the first patron of the "Paradise Lost" is urged

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with as much neatness and elegance of wit as manliness of spirit. The last paragraph warrants the character here given to the composition. He says :—

> There is one point wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures ; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patrons, *liberality*, to spend a word or two in admiring their *patience*. I can put no greater compliment on your lordships than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordship on that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangue—[when he was Attorney-General]—and sometimes to as little purpose, will be readier to pardon this ; especially when it is offered by one who is with all respect your lordship's, &c., &c., THE BOOKSELLER.

Swift did not subscribe his own name to the work.

The next introductory paper is an "Address from the Bookseller to the Reader." This is followed by a very ingenious and original "Epistle dedicated to His Royal Highness Prince Posterity;" in which he sarcastically protests against the ruthless annihilation of so many works of genius by His Highness's Governor, old Father Time. He says :—

> It were needless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun there is not one to be heard of : unhappy infants, many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learned their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles, others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die : some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch, and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

This satirical dedication is succeeded by a masterly "Preface;" and an "Introduction," which follows that, bring us to "The Tale."

Under the figure of an Allegory, a father bequeaths to his three sons, Peter, Martin, and Jack (by whom are typified the Roman, Lutheran, and Calvinistic Sectaries) a coat each (signifying the doctrine and faith of Christianity); which, he tells them, will influence their future fortunes, according as they wear them, well or ill. He also leaves them a "Will" (by which is intended the New Testament) that will instruct them in every particular as to the wearing and management of their coats. Under the allegory of these coats, he makes a fine satirical digression, which evidently suggested to Mr. Carlyle the subject of his celebrated work, "Sartor Resartus." Swift originated the idea that every nature is recognised and estimated by its vestment, or clothing; that the universe is but a "large suit of clothes, which invests everything;

that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the primum mobile." He adds:—

To conclude from all, What is man himself but a micro-coat, or rather, a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more, Is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt?—and so on. These postulata being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning that those beings which the world calls improperly suits of clothes are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifest that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding their inseparable proprieties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up Parliament, Coffee, and Play-houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a Lord Mayor: if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop.

And in this manner he goes on with delightful ingenuity and playful sarcasm.

The most eminent portion of the allegory of the three brothers interpreting their father's will, in order that they may change the cut of their coats with the varying fashion—in plain meaning, the trick of warping, to justify and harmonise with certain dogmas, or to suit worldly prejudices—is in the highest order of satire. In the first instance, shoulder-knots have become a fashionable appendage to dress. The brothers consult the Testament, or "Will" of their father, but not a word of authority appears for wearing a shoulder-knot. One of the three, however, more astute than the others, suggests that they may compound the word from several syllables in different parts of the will; and this plan failing, the same brother gives them hopes:—

For though we may not find them—he says—in so many complete words, or syllables, I dare engage we shall make them out by the third mode, or in so many letters. . . . Upon this all farther difficulty vanished; shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno* (the paternal command), and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and flaunting ones as the best.

We next find the fashion changing again, and that no person can appear in society without silver fringe on his coat. Our brothers consult their father's will again; but

To their great astonishment they find these words: *item:* "I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats, &c.," with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long to quote. However,

after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which, he said, *should be nameless*, that the same word which in the will is called *fringe*, does also signify a broomstick ; and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver, which could not, he humbly conceived, be applied to a broomstick : but it was objected to him, that this epithet was understood in a *mythological* and *allegorical* sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a broomstick on their coats, a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent ; upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk—[What cutting sarcasm is that !]—this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

By the innovation of wearing gold and silver on their coats, Swift evidently intended a fling at the pomps and vanities of ecclesiastical establishments ; a beautiful illustration of His command who desires us to " take no heed wherewithal we shall be clothed ; " and exclaims that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like the lily of the field.

When the early Swiss reformers proposed building temples for the worship of God, Zwinglius, pointing to the Alps, said, " The temples are already built." From the very brief reference to, and the trifling illustrative extracts that I have taken from this celebrated work of Swift's (and which procured him much ill-will from the narrow-minded and intolerant in his day), I hope I may induce all my readers who are unacquainted with the composition to peruse it—and without delay—for themselves. It has undergone no change in my own estimation, after this, my third perusal, at three several periods of my life.

The weight and force of Swift's argumentative power, with perspicuity of thought and transparency of diction, are seen to great advantage in that admirable series of political essays known under the title of " The Drapier Letters," a collection of papers drawn up in so masterly a manner, and directed to their object of attack with such vehemence and effect, that his single energy and exertion withstood the unconstitutional attempt of the whole Ministerial phalanx to debase the Irish coin ; and, finally, he succeeded in frustrating their iniquitous purpose. The event, which forms a prominent feature in Swift's career, was briefly this : In the year 1724 an obscure tradesman, and a bankrupt, of the name of Wood, alleging the great want of copper money in Ireland, obtained a patent for issuing one hundred and eight thousand pounds in that metal, to pass there as current money ; the metal for which, however, was so debased

that six parts out of seven were composed of brass. Swift at this period had almost wholly withdrawn from political writing; but, seeing at a glance the fatal consequences that would ensue to the whole kingdom if the measure were allowed to succeed, and believing it to be a vile job from the beginning to the end, and that the chief procurers of the patent were to be sharers in the profits which would arise from the ruin of a kingdom, he rushed from his retirement to the rescue, and in the first instance drew up a remonstrance to both Houses of Parliament, in which, after a number of masterly arguments, he makes the following nervous appeal:—"Is it, was it, can it, or will it ever be a question, not whether such a kingdom, or William Wood, should be a gainer; but whether such a kingdom should be wholly undone, destroyed, sunk, depopulated, made a scene of misery and desolation, for the sake of William Wood? God of His infinite mercy avert this dreadful judgment; and it is our universal wish that God would put it into your hearts to be His instrument for so good a work." And he concludes with the following determination in case the Parliament should persist in urging on the measure:—"For my own part, who am but one man, of obscure condition, I do solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will suffer the most ignominious and torturing death, rather than submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other that shall be liable to the same objections, until they shall be forced upon me by a *law of my own country*" [the Irish, it will be remembered, had then a Parliament of their own]; "and if that shall ever happen, I will transport myself into some foreign land, and eat the bread of poverty among a free people." Well may it be said: "When shall the Irish have such another rector of Laracor?"

The Ministry, however, persisted in their injustice; and then Swift began his famous attack in the series of letters (there are seven of them) under the signature "M. B. Drapier" (a supposed tradesman), which are dictated in so plain a language that the most barren capacity could understand them. His arguments are so naturally adduced, and his principles are so clear and homely, that perusal and conviction are simultaneous. So perfectly did he sustain the character of the writer he had assumed, that the letters have all the appearance of being the common-sense outpourings of an honest, homespun shop-keeper, who had issued from his obscurity, and had perforce turned author, through indignation at the insolence of power exerted over himself and fellow-citizens. And yet, plain and simple as these compositions appear at first sight, and such as any ordinary writer might imagine he himself could produce, as he would a letter

of ceremony; yet, inspect them critically, and they will be found to have been constructed with consummate art and skill. Moreover, Swift has displayed a thoroughly comprehensive view of his subject, and shown himself to have been a political economist (especially as regards the monetary question) of no ordinary standard. Had this iniquitous job (for "job" it certainly was—there is no courtlier term for it) been forced upon the Irish people, their trading interest must have been swamped. His attacks, therefore, are terrific, from their force and certainty of aim. They are rifle-cannon shot. His fourth letter brought out a proclamation from the Lord Lieutenant (Carteret) offering £300 reward for the discovery of the author of it. The printer was imprisoned; a bill was sent to the grand jury. Swift addressed a letter to every member of the pannel—so convincing in its argument, that, to a man, they threw out the bill; and so furious was the then tide of party, that the time-serving Lord Chief Justice, Whitshed, in his rage, unconstitutionally discharged the whole of the grand jury; and when the Parliament refused to impeach the judge for his breach of the law of the land, Swift darted upon him like a bull-dog, tore, and worried him out of all his patience by squibs, epigrams, and bitter attacks in all directions, till he made him ridiculous, as well as odious, to the whole country—in short, he succeeded in making the universal trading community of Ireland determine to refuse the coin in payment for their goods. Here is one of his reasons to them for rejecting it:—

Perhaps you may think you will not be so great losers (you *poorer* tradesmen) as the rich, if these halfpence should pass; because you seldom see any *silver*, and your customers come to your shops and stalls with nothing but *brass*, which you likewise find hard to get. But you may take my word, whenever this money gains footing among you, you will be *utterly undone*. If you carry these halfpence to a shop for tobacco, or brandy, or any other thing you want; the shop-keeper will advance his goods accordingly, or else he must break, and *leave the key under the door*. Do you think I will sell you a yard of tenpenny stuff for twenty of Mr. Wood's halfpence? No, not under two hundred at least; *neither will I be at the trouble of counting, but weigh them in a lump*. I will tell you one thing farther, that if Mr. Wood's project should take, it would ruin even our *beggars:* for when I give a beggar a halfpenny, it will quench his thirst, or go a good way to fill his belly; but the twelfth part of a halfpenny will do him no more service than if I should give him three pins out of my sleeve.

How pleasantly he preserves the personal manner and habit of the linen-draper! Here is another short paragraph, and again we notice the homely and quiet humour; with the natural way in which he sports with the object of his complaint and aversion—the detested brass half-pence—still, too, in the draper character:—

I am sensible (he says) that such a work as I have undertaken might have

worthily employed a much better pen; but when a house is attempted to be robbed, it often happens that the weakest in the family runs first to stop the door. All my assistance were some informations from an eminent person; whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few, by endeavouring to make them of a piece with my own productions; and the rest I was not able to manage. I was in the case of David, who could not move in the armour of Saul, and therefore I rather chose to attack the uncircumcised Philistine (Wood, I mean) with a sling and a stone. And I may say for Wood's honour, as well as my own, that he resembles Goliath in many circumstances very applicable to the present purpose: for Goliath had a helmet of *brass* upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of *brass*, and he had greaves of *brass* upon his legs, and a target of *brass* between his shoulders:—in short, he was like Mr. Wood, all over brass; and he defied the armies of the living God. Goliath's conditions of combat were likewise the same with those of Mr. Wood: if he prevail against us, then *shall we be his servants*. But if it happen that I prevail against him, I renounce the other part of the condition; he shall never be a servant of mine; for I do not think him fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop.

What service Demosthenes rendered to the Athenians by his renowned orations, the author of these remarkable, yet unostentatious, letters effected for his countrymen by his silent pen. This is the true and the most effective "agitation;" steam-force arguments, with a righteous cause to back them; and indeed Swift undertook a greater labour, and produced a greater effect, than any single man, before or since, has been able to accomplish. "Every person, of every rank, party, and denomination, was convinced," says Lord Orrery; "the Papist, the fanatic, the Tory, the Whig, all listed themselves volunteers under the banner of M. B. Drapier, and were all equally zealous to serve the common cause. Much heat, and many fiery speeches against the Administration, were the consequences of this union." All the threats and proclamations of the Government produced not the slightest effect till the coin was totally suppressed and Wood had withdrawn his patent. As a proof of the intrinsic merit of these letters, as compositions, they are so interesting that the reader must indeed be inert who can quit them; or who, as he reads on, does not so identify himself with the object they are intended to serve as to revive their local political interest after a lapse of more than a hundred and forty years. Swift was a thorough master of "political agitation." It is curious, and amusing, to note the various measures in which he harps upon that odious coin, constantly using the word "brass." When he was not writing essays, addresses, petitions, and letters, he let off squibs and epigrams, and all addressed to the level of the common intellect. The circumstance of Lord Carteret succeeding the unprincipled Duke of

Grafton in the government of Ireland, supplied him with an epigram :—

> Cart'ret was welcom'd to the shore,
> First with the *brazen* cannons' roar;
> To meet him next the soldier comes,
> With *brazen* trumps and *brazen* drums;
> Approaching near the town, he hears
> The *brazen* bells salute his ears;
> But when Wood's *brass* began to sound,
> Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells were drown'd.

It was not at all Swift's vein to cant about the "dignity and morality of virtue," or to pat his brethren on the back and to assure them that, after all, men are not so bad as they are represented; he left that course to the dealers in hypocrisy and mouth honour; but he has, by implication, constantly shown his reverence for *true* honour, social worth, and unpalavering integrity; and "he that runneth may read" this moral throughout his most popular prose satire, meaning the "Gulliver's Travels." We have the meanness, the littleness, the low cunning, the national conceit and chicanery, in the small people of Lilliput. Just so long as blue ribands and red ribands, and silver sticks and gold sticks, and other trumpery are retained and revered as the insignia of services performed, just so long will the leaps and the vaultings and the summersaults of my lord Flimnap and his noble competitors at the Court of Lilliput be appreciated by and amuse the reflecting reader. And as long as men will prostrate their souls in the mire of servility and dishonour, in order that they may bask in the sunshine of favour, so long will the service in the Court of Lilliput rebound from every worthy breast, that the chief merit of every courtier there is made to consist in the neatness with which he licks up the dust while crawling upon his hands and knees to the foot of the throne. All these acts are the characteristics of miniature-minded and low people. On the other hand, to the gigantic Brobdignagians he has dispensed a bland nature and a large benevolence, the baser properties being the result of diminutive intellectual conformation. Swift, therefore, as it appears, designs to portray that true grandeur of character and magnanimity consist in gentleness, sympathy, and an expansive benevolence. His prototype, Rabelais, has anticipated him in this moral of his allegory; for Gargantua and his father, Grangousier, are the most forbearing and beneficent of giants. How agreeable is the description of Gulliver's nurse, Glumdalclitch; and how fine and racy the satire put into the mouth of the good-tempered King. How triumphant his reception of the little traveller's account of the wars and disputes in his own country—

religious and political—after a hearty laugh asking him whether he was a Whig or a Tory. What a capital rebuke to the fussiness of party! And how stinging the concluding remark of his Brobdignagian majesty:—

> Then turning to his First Minister, who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the mainmast of the *Royal Sovereign*, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such contemptible creatures as I; and yet, says he, I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray.

The only malicious creature among the whole race is the Dwarf.

Throughout this masterly work, Swift has taken such a view of human nature as might be supposed to emanate from a being of a higher sphere and in a superior state of existence. Who more contemptuously than he has exposed the worthlessness, if not the wickedness, of party feud? two races in a nation tearing each other to pieces in order that the question may be decided whether they shall break their eggs at the big or the little end: as Voltaire, in his biting way, records of the Spaniards in America, "They roasted thirty thousand people at slow fires, in order to *convert* them."

Dr. Johnson, who seems to have had a personal antipathy to Swift, has endeavoured to depreciate his literary reputation by denying—or, at all events, questioning—that, in the one case, he was the author of the "Tale of a Tub;" and, in the other, by asserting that there was no merit in "Gulliver" beyond the mechanical execution of the story; because the first idea of it was taken from the "Gargantua" of Rabelais.

That Swift was answerable for all the merits and demerits in the allegory of the Brothers Peter, Martin, and Jack, its internal evidence of style and manner were alone all but sufficient. Johnson should have said who was the author, if Swift was not. His biographer and friend, Dr. Sheridan, however, speaks of the work as though its authenticity could not for one moment be questioned; besides, an anecdote is somewhere upon record that in his advanced age, and when his faculties were upon the waver, he was heard to mutter to himself, while reading the book, "What a fine genius I had when I wrote this!" Moreover, so little doubt existed with the Ministers of the day, and at Court, of his being the author, that the fact obstructed his promotion to a vacant bishopric. It savours, therefore, of the bitterness of antipathy to take that from a man's literary fame which stood in the way of his worldly success. And as to the

want of originality in the first thought of the "Gulliver"—that of making the agents of disproportioned size, to suit the purpose of his satire—there can be no serious ground taken for detraction on that score; for we must remember that this employment of the gigantic agency did not come from the corner-stone of Rabelais's satire, whereas it constitutes both the groundwork and the entire elevation of that of Swift; he has availed himself of a similar material, but he has made a totally different disposal of it. Is every one who writes an epic poem in twenty-four books, in the heroic stanza, with episode and simile interspersed, a copyist of Homer? And, lastly, and to dispose of the question of the "execution" of the "Gulliver's Travels," which Dr. Johnson pronounced to be so easy and mechanical—after he had wrenched the original invention from the author—it can only be said that we may look in vain for equal ease and propriety of action in the mechanism of the "Rasselas," or in the "Voyage of Life," in the *Idler;* and with no greater hope of success for any originality in the allegory, the design, or the satire of either. It was as unwise as it was invidious in Dr. Johnson (himself so exposed to detraction) to adopt such a course for lessening a great man's fame. The fact is, that the mere machinery of the "Gulliver" (easy of achievement as it was in Dr. Johnson's estimation) is so correct through all its proportions that this alone constitutes no small share of the merit of the work, and (united with the invention) it has become one of those effective levers that have pushed on the social world.

The poetry of Swift has been wholly—at all events, in a great degree—eclipsed by the predominant excellence of his prose inventions and dissertations. The same strong sense, however, the same natural, indigenous diction, and the same caustic humour characterise his poetical effusions as his satires and essays. There is an austere drollery and a most pure vein of irony in some of the poems of Swift that are extremely amusing: and now and then we come upon a golden thread of pathos (unpremeditated and unaffected) which appeals at once to the tribunal of sentiment and good feeling. Swift was the poet of sterling, downright sense, and not of speculative fancy, or of excursive imagination. So little congeniality, indeed, has he with that higher region of poetry, that it must have been interesting to have heard what his mathematical, utilitarian mind would have to say about the "Faërie Queene," or the "Midsummer Night's Dream." He would not have talked the amazing nonsense that Dr. Johnson did; but, with the same hard cynical faculty, he would have bound them to the Procrustes' bed of the French school

of criticism, and by that code he might, perhaps (while he showed that they "*proved* nothing"), have missed the subtleties in that *mens divinior* which can "take the imprisoned soul and lap it in elysium." Even in his wit, Swift is serious and saturnine—not sportive and wanton. He did not *laugh* at the follies and vices of mankind—he was never seen to laugh; but he was impatient with them, and they made him angry. I know that there is an opinion prevailing with regard to the satires of Swift—most especially his prose ones—that they have an injurious tendency, inasmuch as they induce a degrading, and even desponding, sense of human nature. For my own part I do not feel this to be the case; and this feeling may arise from self-conceit, but more, I believe, from the sense I entertain of the dignity of the human creation. One exception I must allow, and that is, in the story of the Houynhyms and Yahoos; and that bitter satire, I suppose, was penned when the redeeming milk of hope and forbearance with regard to his species had all but dried up in his nature.

Through life Swift entertained a mortal hatred of conceit, meanness, hollow pride, and all *assumption* of grandeur. Throughout the progress of his career, whether he attended the levee of a Viceroy, or of a Prime Minister, or even that of Royalty itself, he displayed the same firm, uncompromising mien; and he identically confirms the estimate he made of his own character in the "Verses on His Own Death." Here is an extract from them:—

> He never thought an honour done him,
> Because the Duke was proud to own him;
> Would rather slip aside, and choose
> To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
> Despised the fools in stars and garters,
> So often seen caressing Chartres.*
> He never courted men in station,
> Nor persons held in admiration;
> Of no man's greatness was afraid,
> Because he sought for no man's aid.
> Though trusted long in great affairs,
> He gave himself no haughty airs;
> Without regarding private ends,
> Spent all his credit with his friends,
> And only chose the wise and good,
> No flatterers—no allies in blood:
> But succour'd virtue in distress,
> And seldom failed of good success;

* For an account of this man, the reader is referred to the domestic history of the day. The specimen alluded to was a hideous moral monster.

As numbers from their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.
With princes kept a due decorum,
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just:
"In princes never put thy trust."
And would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in pow'r.
Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein;
And seemed determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spared the name.
No individual could resent
Where thousands equally were meant.
His satire points at no defect
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they jibe.
He spared a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True, genuine dulness moved his pity,
Unless it offered to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confess'd
He ne'er offended with a jest:
But laughed to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And showed by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.

And he—poor fellow!—I believe, ended his days in his own asylum. In this same poem (on his death) there is a snapping satire upon the frivolity of high life, and upon the indifference with which his female friends will receive the news of his decease:—

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:—
The Dean is dead! (Pray, what is trumps?)
Then, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall.
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend:
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he's engaged to-morrow night:

My Lady Club will take it ill
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the Dean—(I lead a heart)—
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come; he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place.

His "Rhapsody on Poetry," comprising instructions to a dunce how to write verses with success, is one sustained irony throughout. It has much of the keen sarcasm of Butler; and, like the satires of that great wit, it is crowded with ludicrous and apt imagery, drawn from incongruous and remote sources. The following is one example, upon the application of the epithet:—

And oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping-stones to save a stride
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge that joins a marish
To moor-lands of a different parish—
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er uninhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

This is one of the closest imitations of Butler's manner that I could refer to. But the preliminary instructions to the poetaster furnish the most perfect sample of Swift's biting irony; which poem, and the lines on his own death, may upon the whole be accounted his best verse productions; and he himself thought so. Here are a dozen lines taken casually:—

Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with num'rous breaks and dashes.
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You point it in italic type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But when in capitals express'd,
The dullest reader smacks the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

I have somewhere read that the mock eulogy upon the Court of George I., at the close of this satire, beginning, "Fair Britannia, in thy monarch blest," was taken in good, sober earnest by the royal family, and that Swift assured Dr. King he had received their thanks for it. There is nothing remarkable in this when we remember the language of the birthday odes, from the Tudor down to the third in succession of the Guelph dynasty. A gentleman told me that being introduced at a party to one of the galaxy, the first thing the Poet-Laureate said, was: "Have you read my birthday ode to-day?" "No, I have not, indeed." "I am glad of it, for then I can talk with you."

. If Swift wrote much that deserved to survive, and which will survive, to the latest posterity (for he is a British classic), he has also left a prodigious quantity that no mortal would care to look at twice. Few men perhaps, with equal grasp of mind, have written so much trumpery, and few so many ineffective, uninteresting, and nonsensical verses, as he. Fortunate for his executors and editors that he could not retrace his steps after quitting this world; since they would assuredly have felt the weight of his indignation due to their intemperate zeal in pouring out upon the public all the waifs and strays, scraps, odds and ends, tag-rag and bob-tail, scattered among his books and papers. If they had found a receipt for pickling cabbage, I verily believe that it would have been installed among his "works." Nevertheless, it is neither a fruitless nor a worthless employment to contemplate a mind like that of Swift during its carnival of negligence and frivolity. It is pleasant, in the first place, to notice the stern, unbending patriot, the haughty politician, who kept the Prime Minister, Oxford, at arm's length, and sent him to Coventry till he had apologised for an affront that that lord had passed upon him; for at the Queen's levee he no more noticed that principal officer of the Government than if he had been Silver or Gold Stick; and when alluding to the circumstance in his journal to Stella, he adds, in the spirit of an intellectual autocrat: "If we let these Ministers pretend too much, there will be no *governing* them." The man who bearded the Viceroy at his own levee in Dublin Castle, and made the roof ring with his indignant remonstrance at the unconstitutional acts of the English Parliament; who, by his own robust sense, unflinching and uncompromising firmness of purpose, and integrity of principle reconciled a bickering and unstable Ministry, and, for months, forcibly, and by his own unaided genius, kept them at the political helm—the eminent Bolingbroke being one of them—it is pleasant, I say, to see such a sturdy spirit bending to the relaxations of a drawing-room dilettante; writing Lilliputian odes, in lines of three

syllables; Latin doggrels, puns and charades to Dr. Sheridan, and slip-shod verses from Mary the cook to the deaf old housekeeper. What pleasant humour in the poem, whether "Hamilton's bawn shall be converted into a barrack or a malt-house." What a spirited sketch of a militia captain, and how genuine (for that age) the soldiers' oaths, and rough handling of the canonical cloth. What excellent travesty upon rural poetry, in what he styles a "Town Eclogue; or, London in a Shower." What magniloquence, too, in the climax! valuable, moreover, as a picture of London in the early part of the seventeenth century:—

> Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
> And bear their trophies with them as they go:
> Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
> What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.
> They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
> From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their course,
> And in huge confluence joined at Snow-hill ridge,
> Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
> Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts and blood,
> Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
> Dead cats and turnip tops come tumbling down the flood.

And lastly, how natural and easy the clack of Mary the cook-maid's letter to Dr. Sheridan, with those prodigious Alexandrine lines, harmonising so happily with the female clatter.

> Well, if ever I see such another man since my mother bound my head!
> You a gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where you were bred.
> I am sure such words doesn't become a man of your cloth;
> I wouldn't give such language to a dog, faith and troth.
> Yes, you called my master a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a shame
> For a parson who should know better things to come out with such a name:
> Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;
> And the Dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin:
> He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body:—
> My master's a personable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy-doddy.
> And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,
> Because my master one day in anger called you a goose;
> Which, and I am sure, I have been his servant four years since October,
> And he never called me worse than "sweetheart"—drunk or sober.
> Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
> Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your wicked college.
> You say you will eat grass on his grave—a Christian eat grass!
> Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass;
> But that's as much as to say that my master should die before ye.
> Well, well, that's as God pleases, and I don't believe that's a true story;
> And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master; what care I?
> And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary;

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Everybody knows that I love to tell truth and shame the devil.
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the year.
And Saunders, the man, says you are always jesting and mocking:
"Mary," said he, one day, as I was mending my master's stocking,
"My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school;
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool."
"Saunders," said I, "I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-clout to his tail."
And now I must go and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister, Marget, she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed before my master comes from prayers;
And, see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up the stairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses if I could write written hand;
And so I remain in a civil way your servant to command, MARY.

In these, his harmless relaxations, he comes before us in the character of a pleasant-tempered companion, who was too wise to disdain good feeling. In the same category (with a wholesome moral appended to them) may be included his "Polite Conversations," "Advice to Servants;" and, at the fag-end of an essay, it were a sinister compliment to speak of his famous "Martinus Scriblerus," for I must come to a close.

So little concern did this remarkable man evince for his literary fame that, of all his works, not one was subscribed with his name, except the letter upon the English language, and that he addressed to the Earl of Oxford, the Prime Minister. Not one of his most intimate friends was aware of his being the author of the "Gulliver's Travels." Gay wrote over to him in Ireland, describing the sensation the book was producing in all circles, telling him that even the publisher was ignorant of its author, and adding, "If you are the man, as we suspect, your friends have reason to feel disobliged at your giving them no hint of the matter." Swift had none of the coquetry or pettiness of authorship; he could afford to wait till the world found him out; and he was even less regardful of the author's pecuniary emolument; for in one of his letters he declared that he never got a farthing for anything he had written, except once, and then he was indebted to the vigilance of Pope; and even this sum he abandoned to his friend. It is plausible to infer that the history of authorship does not furnish a parallel to the extent of this sacrifice. He never asked a favour (for himself) of king or statesman; still less would he condescend to dandle palms with the critics. Swift was the most stubbornly proud man of his age; and this bearing he supported in his tone of thought as well as action; for, in directing his genius, he followed no man as a model. In short, he was not

only the most original, but, take him in all his phases of authorship, he was the most powerful and perhaps the most various writer of the century in which he flourished.

To sum up his character in few words, he was, as Sir Walter Scott says in his Life of him, a compound of anomaly and paradox. He was a strenuous believer, and yet was refused a diocese through the instrumentality of the Archbishop of York, who told Queen Anne that she ought to be certain that the man she was going to create a bishop was a Christian. This opposition arose from his irrepressible spirit of satirical levity, both in speaking and writing. The wonder is, that the Archbishop did not pronounce him a subtle Atheist.

In his politics he adhered to the Tory party—he was a sublime Tory. And yet no man has said or done stronger things in behalf of democratic freedom. Had he adhered to his first party and principles, he would have been as sublime a Whig. He entertained a rugged antipathy to his countrymen; and yet he seized the first opportunity to vindicate their rights and liberties, and to rescue them from unjust oppression. And this he did after the most disgraceful outrages on their part offered to his own person. When he first went over to Dublin to occupy his living, the Whig party pursued him there; and such was the coarse political spirit of the age that he was not unfrequently pelted with mud as he walked the streets.

He lay all his life under the stigma of being penurious (this charge arose from his being orderly and *strict* in the employment of his revenue), and yet he was greatly and secretly bountiful.

He was avowedly the most classical writer of his day, and yet he could not take his degree at college.

He was the sole prop and stay of the Tory Administration; he had obtained promotion for numbers in the Church, and yet could not compass for himself the only place he desired.

He was actuated by strong impulses of kindness and affection—upon one occasion hurrying into a closet to weep when he saw the pictures taken down at his friend Sheridan's, who was removing from him; yet this friend he arrested for debt, and broke the hearts of two amiable women, whom there is little doubt he sincerely respected, if not loved; for all those poems to Stella, and that constant journal, proclaim him to have been—for the time, at all events, and for a long time, too—a sincere man; or, indeed, he was an astounding and gratuitous hypocrite, a charge that no one will be hardy enough to file against him. But, in fact, no man was more wilful, and less patient of dictation; and this, it may be, was the dormant seed in his nature, which in latter life, fungus-like, overgrew and smothered his reason. We may feel for him in his secret thoughts—which at times must have

been awful, since he evidently anticipated for years his own mental decay. He told Dr. Young—pointing to the blasted summit of a tree—that that was the way in which he himself should decline. With all his wilfulness and impatience, however, he would frequently, as an author, yield upon the tenderest points—that of deferring to the opinion of others. He struck out forty verses, and added the same number to one of his poems, in compliance with a suggestion of Addison's. Upon another occasion he altered two paragraphs in a pamphlet in opposition to his own judgment; and when, after the publication, his adviser became sensible that the changes were to its detriment, and expressed his regret and surprise that they had been adopted, Swift, with all the indifference of conscious power, answered, "I made them without hesitation, lest, had I stood up for their defence, you might have imputed it to the vanity of an author unwilling to hear of his errors, and by this ready compliance I hoped you would at all times hereafter be the more free in your remarks."

He constantly manifests in his works—more especially in the latter ones—a bitter misanthropy; and yet in his "heart of heart" he was an enduring friend, a firm and devoted patriot, a foot-to-foot partisan, a bountiful patron. The fund he appropriated in small loans to assist needy traders and even the poor basket-women in the streets, which consisted of the first £500 he himself had saved, is a proof that his misanthropy was little more than a skin-deep irritation; and as sympathy begets sympathy, no man, perhaps (not even excepting the famous "Agitator" of our own day—need I say Daniel O'Connell?), possessed so absolute a dominion over the affections of the commonalty. When the Archbishop of Dublin publicly charged Swift with inflaming the people against him—"I inflame them!" retorted the triumphant dictator; "had I but lifted my finger they would have torn you to pieces." Oh! truly, and indeed, we may parody Marc Antony's eulogy of the great Brutus, and say of Swift—"This was the noblest 'Tory' of them all"—

> All the "party-mongers," save only he,
> Did what they did in envy of "Whiggery;"
> He only, in a general honest thought,
> And common good to all, made one of them.

I cannot pursue my parody, and say: "His life was *gentle*" (for it was anything but that); we may add, however:—

> The elements
> So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world: *This was a man.*

Truly may we exclaim with Hazlitt, "When shall we have another Rector of Laracor?"

ever to have omitted to repeat as often as is birthday came round, the lines of Job in which he cursed the day on which he was born. This story is probably apocryphal —a kind of invention to explain Swift's peculiar sardonic vein of wit. Of his early life and college career in Dublin not much very noteworthy has been collected to reward Mr. Forster's extraordinary pains. We must do him the justice to say he has spared none. Goldsmith and Swift were both *alumni* of Trinity College, and their university career was so undistinguished that it is still a question whether the one was "cautioned" and the other plucked, or whether both alike did not fail in their examinations. It is a fine satiric touch, as Swift would say, that monuments to these worthies have been now erected *outside* the walls of the University of Dublin, as if to indicate that they failed in their degree, and were still postulants for the honour on the roll of literati. Of Swift's residence under the roof of Sir William Temple, his ordination and settlement of a few years in the now celebrated parsonage of Laracor, enough has been written already. We hasten over these to consider his life in London, when, as the first pamphleteer of the age, he was alternately dreaded and courted by Whigs and Tories alike, passed over himself from the Whigs, and threw his powerful pen into the side of Harley and the Tories in 1707. It was a time for a pamphleteer. The balance of parties was such that a blow well struck on either side was almost decisive, and Swift's blows were those of a Gulliver. Mr. Forster's remarks on the power of the press in those times, and the way in which Swift was able to wield it, deserve to be recorded.

The Press after the Revolution.

How formidable a body they had become it hardly needs that I should say. The press, set free by the Revolution, had made itself the most powerful intermediary between the commonalty and the lower house of legislature, to which the Revolution had at the same time committed the highest authority in the State. At the critical moment, when the people were rising into the

tremes of Tory. O
him as a Whig ve,
was still more w
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enough; but he tal
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nothing in him c nl
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might fairly loo h irists.
immediate cond re l pro-
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familiar footing wh which
Whig and Tory ances
conversable" S orced
tion; and what Har-
to Pope was no it the
"I will tell you pro-
boy, to distingu ale of
a great title and iffer-
like a lord by th n truc-
parts; whether r that
and so the repu pears.
office of a blue with
horses." ates-
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peculiar tale it to
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her to a slavery has
far the woman cia-
helping them; ie
and Mrs. Freem
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policy which W
to its height
military genius
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taken, could not believe, and would not renounc

What indeed was wanting to
456 while he was Whig, and what
anting to him as a Tory when he
Harley, will soon be apparent
been was otherwise as far as possible
e taint of Grub-street. He had
deca f the hired scribe, and was never
that ny one's pay. The minister he
wilfu to hold him by other ties. He
k to future preferment; but the
yield dition of his party service was to
othe " with those he served, exacting
ased personal consideration. His
one with the leading men alike of
Upo and his exception to the "un-
oppo mers, have in this their explana-
in later life he laughingly wrote
advis without its gravity of meaning.
that all my endeavours from a
expr sh myself, were only for want of
with fortune, that I might be used
ose who have an opinion of my
with ight or wrong is no great matter;
have tation of great learning does the
ribbon, or of a coach and six
error

here as in parties, which opened
H for Swift, and gave his
ones nts that ascendancy which,
made him a power in the
was l of fourth estate of the
parti single person, is summed
loans owing account :—

stree **Defeat of the Whigs.**

is a he changes in those years. For
tatio f them the Tories retained the
into their hands by the King's
exce firmed to them, as they believed,
O'C of his successor, Queen Anne.
y had good reason for the belief
the religious fears would place her
Swift the power of the High Church
not yet discovered how much the
retor feebleness of mind would bind
more resistless and abject. Thus
woul -favourite she had chosen was
paro he Marlboroughs being still Tory,
"Th an not untender to the conscience
Mrs. Morley. But the spirit of
ives them; and, as the foreign
illiam had bequeathed was carried
by Marlborough's transcendent
not he and his wife only, but the
abinet in which Rochester and
ll sat, began to see the wisdom of
I on cause rather with those who
was victories than with those who
dismay. The battle of Blen-
not only put the seal upon
to the front a man who

made the important discovery, that Mrs. Morley (the Queen) was growing tired of her dear Mrs. Freeman (the Duchess), but he too prematurely made use of his valuable secret. Though his Abigail was ready, the Marlboroughs were too powerful, and Harley had to bide his time. Then came the general election of 1708, with its deci sive Whig majority. Somers was at last mad President of the Council, Wharton went to Ir land, and all further compromise with the Chur party closed.

As Harley and Swift were made each other — the one the plodd man of business, the other the da man of genius—it is essential to un stand Harley if we would know ho was that Swift obtained that ascenda over him.

Harley's Character.

Macaulay's judgment of the two statesm briefly summed up. He calls Harley a so trifler, and St. John a brilliant knave. All may be said in bar of the latter judgment not need to involve any direct contradiction but to the former large modifications are req It was more than solemn trifling which dozen years in the House of Commons h swayed the balance between two extreme se as to prevent either from making itself pred nant, and by which the Toryism of Nottin and Rochester was as much kept in check a Whiggism of Wharton and Sunderland. Puritan and Republican descent, Harley h family right to object to Crown expedient proposals; but, while every opposition pa its turn profited by his support, he was identified with any single section of malcon The Speaker in those days was practicall leader of the House; and when for the thir in succession Harley was chosen Speaker meeting of Willlam's last Parliament, cleverest had joined the stupidest in supp him, and St. John seconded what the Tory s began. He was not an orator, as Swift h admits; but he had the tact which eloquen often want—of getting himself listened every occasion; such talents as he possess had assiduously cultivated, and his knowle Parliamentary forms was unrivalled. Th was more than solemn trifling can be confi said without affirming it to be eloquence, or even statesmanship; but whatever it was a thing born of the Revolution. Th himself was one of its products; its pri were strengthened even by what he did in trary sense; his adroit management of pa a critical time, secured the Act of Sett against a time when his associates, if not h would fain have unsettled it, and as far a single man could represent the Revolution, ley did. As it trimmed between two partie

So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world: *This was a man.*

we exclaim with Hazlitt, "When shall we have another
racor?"

respectable rhyme, but so little true poetry which will live. Much may be said in favour of poetry of second and third rate quality. It gives pleasure of a very innocent and refining character to the friends of the writer, and not seldom to many beyond them. We imagine this will be the case with the volume before us. It is true to its title page, and contains some fifty poems, most of them of a comic and satirical cast, but with a few of a more serious purpose. "Winnie Gray" belongs to the latter; it is the longest poem in the volume, and exhibits pathetic and narrative power of considerable promise.

Many of Mr. Simpson's lighter poems are after the manner of Thomas Hood, and very successfully does he write in the style of that master in the art of punning. The following lines occur in a "nautical narrative," which describes the career of John Dubbins, a farmer's lad, who went to sea :—

But John a pretty damsel loved,
A maiden fair and slim;
So, being fond of *courtship*, found
A *ship* had soon *caught* him.

A parting sad and sore was theirs;
The maiden swooned with pain;
She feared, as he was off to *sea*,
She'd ne'er *see* him again.

With agony and bitter pain,
From Jane himself he tore;
She felt, when all his goods were *shipped*,
She *worshipped* him the more.

So of a poor tailor who had a worthless wife, we are told :—

He sometimes asked her if she'd stitch
In *linings* for a bit;
But haughtily she'd say, it was
Not in her *line* one whit.
She liked a fancy kind of trade,
Far more than his, she said;
So *trimmings* being in her line,
She *trimmed* herself instead.

And so to work more hard himself,
He quickly did decide;
Till *back-stitching* at length produced
A sharp *stitch in his side*.
Upon the board he had to work,
A lodging to afford—
His wife did nought to help, and yet
Claimed lodging and her *board*.

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is defective,
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and heart o
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I'm one
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Chorus.—

I learn
Or he
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Thus if
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I think
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would not believe, and would not renounce.

occasionally, too, the metre and the lines very pro-
theless, this is a volume
le to the skill, intelligence,
f the author, and which will
y amusement, but something
e reader. The following we
ave seen before, but it is
production :—

of those young urchins whom
often see about,
m the School Board officers
n the sharp look out.
o roam away from home
ay, and play the fool,
la fact, the recent Act,
riven me to school.

Moods and tenses worry my senses,
Adverbs, verbs, and nouns as well;
hey only vex me and perplex me,
ight from wrong I ne'er can tell.

o speak correctly now,
pe to do in time;
he grammar I can see
ason, rule, or rhyme.

es give place in many a case
me exception queer;
ny a word is made absurd,
u to rules adhere.

Chorus.—Moods and tenses, &c.

you *catch* a cold, you say
you a cold have *caught*;
person you have *scratched*,
ever say you *scraught*.
speak with sense in the past tense,
, to say I *flew*,
t of cry sounds all my eye,
u should say I *crew*.

Chorus.—Moods and tenses, &c.

if you a horse should *buy*,
d say a horse I *bought*;
hat horse you were to *try*,
wouldn't way I *trought*.
you'll own its plainly shown
past of *sink* is *sunk*;
a lady *winks* at you,
wouldn't say she *wunk*.

Chorus.—Moods and tenses, &c.

y's post if you should *stick*,
d rightly say I *stuck*;
our finger you should *prick*,
d never say I *pruck*.
me time, your gun you prime,
hoot, you say I *shot*;
've *rooted* up some plants,
say I *rot*.

[illegible] to the front a man who [illegible]

And say to all the world: *This was a man.*

ay we exclaim with Hazlitt, "When shall we have another
Laracor?"

THE SECOND WIFE.*

GERMAN literature is gradually atta
so wide a circulation through the e
of translators, that we are beco
almost as familiar with the leading
man works of fiction as with our
There is very much to be said in
of German novels. They introdu
new and unique vein of thought;
give a far better insight into the
ners and customs of the country
travels can do; and to those who
them in the original, they afford a va
and extensive field for the study
language as it is written and sp ke
daily life. It is, however, com
the privilege of the few to be ab
read German fluently. The many
fall back upon translations if they
to explore the rich mines of litera
which Germany contains, and of
years much previously quite unattain
has been placed within our reach.
to the well-known Auerbach, whose
the Heights" made so favourable an
pression some time ago, Marlitt ma
said to take the highest rank am
German novelists of the modern sch
The present work is certainly by
means inferior in graphic descrip
and dramatic power to either "On
Heights" or the "Landhaus an Rhei

There is a strange weirdness in
story, which is extremely fascinat
We have such a surfeit of English
lages, country towns, London soci
and insular prejudices in our own nov
that it is a refreshing change to be ta
for once into widely different scenes
circumstances, and to contemplate
from an opposite standpoint to t
which English novelists adopt. "T
Second Wife" breathes the air of G
many from the first page to the last, a
the author possesses the art of putti
us wonderfully *en rapport* with that me
physical tone of mind from which G
mans are never free, while still sust
ing our interest in the developmer
the plot and the delineation of
characters. We first find ourselves

SWIFT.

AFTER the lapse of nearly a century and a half, Swift still retains his place as the greatest of English prose satirists. Junius is the one writer who has, in a measure, achieved proportionate success; and Junius, it can hardly be doubted, owed much of his popularity at the time to the transcendent interest of the events on which he commented, and to the mystery which still shrouds his personality. Swift's most brilliant performances were on matters for which the public cared little, till he forced them into notice. The pamphlets by which he sustained Harley's ministry are cleverly argued and nervously written; but the world would willingly have let them die if the author had produced nothing of less perishable stuff. The satire of the *Tale of a Tub* and of *Gulliver's Travels* addresses itself to broad differences of thought, and to questions concerning the whole structure of society, just the matters on which men believe that nothing new can be written till the something new appears. The *Drapier's Letters* and the tracts on Ireland deal with the minute interests of an oppressed province, which statesmen scarcely regarded in their calculations. Swift himself cared so little for the first, and not the least, of these masterpieces that he left it eight years unpublished, and suffered it to appear at last with interpolations by a strange hand. But the world has estimated his works at their true value; and precisely those imaginative flights in which he rises above the petty turmoils of the day, those touches of cynical sympathy in which he scathes English misrule with none but the most general political purpose, are the passages which have embalmed his memory. Often, unconsciously to himself, he was aiming beyond the abuse at which he struck.

Swift's personal character has been less favourably judged than his works. To a certain extent the low estimate is a just one. A man whose relations with women have been conspicuously unfortunate through his own fault, a clergyman who writes profanely and filthily, a politician who begins life as a Whig, changes apparently for interest, and is unscrupulous in invective against his old patrons, is below the common standard of society in some matters which it can ill afford to disregard. Thackeray, whose heart was with Steele and Fielding, has brought other charges against Swift in a singularly unappreciative criticism, treats his irony upon Irish distress as "Rabelaisian," and imagines that throughout life he was "strangled in his bands"—haunted by the remembrance of vows which he had taken, could not believe, and would not renounce. Add these

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touches to the picture, and Swift is indeed irredeemably bad and base. Fortunately for mankind, the complete depravity of a whole life is seldom witnessed in any man, and is rare, perhaps unexampled, in men of genius. No one who has studied Swift conscientiously will acquit him of many weaknesses and much selfishness; no one who has followed him through the unguarded confidences of his writings will pass sentence upon him as dishonest or hard.

His failings, in fact, were as much those of an impulsive as of a calculating temperament; and so evenly was he poised between opposite influences that the course of his life seems to have been determined by accident. He had the vanity of a child; but it was combined with a strong will, which perpetually raised it into self-assertion and principle. As a boy, he bought a knacker's horse for the sake of a day's triumph over his school-fellows; and as a man he treated ministers and peers with such petulance as a royal mistress might have shown. He separated from the Whigs on a question of personal slight. But he lost the first preferment that came in his way, by declining to purchase it with a bribe; and, in a time of general venality, he never bartered his good offices for money. He was constitutionally cold, and for ever philandering. His satires on the infidelity of his times are caustic and earnest to the last degree, and express the profoundest scorn for fashionable scepticism. But the faith that was proof against all argument yielded without effort to the opportunity of an epigram; and there is scarcely a mystery of Christianity, scarcely a current tenet of faith, on which Swift has not jested. No man felt more strongly on the subject of clerical decency, and no man is more notorious for his flagrant offences against good taste. The only virtue to which he was never false was his kindliness, and even his love of money did not interfere with it. He lent money to Gay, gave it to Harrison, supported his sister, spent freely during his lifetime to improve his living of Laracor, and bequeathed almost all his property to public uses. During his short political reign he scattered good offices on all who had any claim on him, and especially upon men of letters. The man of established reputation and the rising genius—Congreve and Steele, Harrison and Parnell—were in turn befriended or pushed without thought of rivalry, and without superciliousness. The world forgives a good deal to a man of active and expansive good-nature; and Swift, who often complains of coldness and ingratitude, probably owed more than he knew to the general character he had earned for benevolence. The most caustic of satirists, he escaped with gentler retribution than Pope, or Dryden, or De Foe.

But Swift's character has, in fact, been sketched by himself; and, imperfect as the outlines are, they will serve to correct two or three general misconceptions. Take first a rather remarkable letter which he wrote to a friend in February 1691, being then about twenty-four years old, and already quartered with Sir William Temple as an amanuensis. His correspondent, Mr. Kendall, had heard some gossip from Leicester, where Swift's mother resided, of her son's entanglement with a young woman of the place, and writes to remonstrate with him lest he ruin his prospects in life. Swift answers at length:—"My own cold temper and unconfined humour is a much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter. The very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the University, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which, I am sure, will not be in some years, and, even then itself, I am so hard to please that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world. A person of great honour in Ireland used to tell me that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour which makes me so busy when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation it is all alike. This is so common that I could remember twenty women in my life to whom I have behaved myself just the same way, and I profess without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs." He goes on to say that he has heard reports against Miss Jones's character, and that if there is the smallest warrant for them, as is likely, that in itself would be a sufficient cause for him to hate any woman. He proceeds to say:—"I confess I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married and ruined themselves out of a maggot; but a thousand household thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, fright me from that; besides that I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects." This is not by any means a pleasant letter; and the calculating selfishness of its tone certainly speaks ill for so young a man as Swift. After all, the girl was his own connection, and had some expectations, though she seems to have been badly brought up, and spelled like a kitchen-maid. But we may probably take his words as conclusive evidence that he was determined to make his way in the world, and that his life was free from any stain of vice. A whole mass of legends and unpleasant conjectures, associating his conduct to Stella, and the indecencies of his later writings,

with the constitutional results of early profligacy, may be dismissed from consideration. No hypothesis of the kind will stand against the unsuspicious witness of a confidential letter to a friend, and the silent testimony of his enemies and libellers, who could not collect even a flying scandal of the kind during his long life.

Swift's prospects were in fact far more brilliant than the honourless graduate of Trinity, Dublin, the needy son of a widow, could have any reason to expect. He had now been more than a year with Sir William Temple; and even if his first position were only that of a clerk, as the Temple family insinuated, it is evident that his powers of mind soon made themselves felt. No mere underling would have been employed by a veteran statesman to argue William III. into compliance with the bill for Triennial Parliaments (1692), or would have received the promise of a prebend (November 1692) from a sovereign who was a little chary of rewards. Indeed, within a year of his residence at Moor Park, Swift had ventured to address complimentary verses to Temple, as a divine spirit, cast in the same mould with himself; and in three years more he addressed the first wit of the time as "My Congreve." It is probable that success turned his head. He believed, not quite unreasonably, that Temple found him too serviceable to part with, and was not really anxious to procure him preferment. A quarrel ensued, in which the patron seems to have behaved well, the protégé captiously. But it had the effect of deciding Swift's destiny. Being offered a small place in the Rolls, he declared that he was now able to gratify the wish of his heart, and take orders with a safe conscience, as no one could tax him with mercenary motives. He was ordained accordingly,[1]

[1] Thackeray says, "I do not know anything more melancholy than the letter to Temple, in which, after having broke from his bondage, the poor wretch crouches piteously towards his cage again, and deprecates his master's anger. He asks for testimonials for orders." Swift had undoubtedly quarrelled with Temple. Finding that he could not be ordained without his late patron's testimonial to character, he "appears to have paused nearly five months before endeavouring to procure it" (Sir W. Scott). Then, constrained by circumstances, he applied in a letter, which merits all that Thackeray has said of it. There are few spectacles more pitiable than the prostration of a proud man; and few, it may be added, are so apt to bow abjectly as those who bow seldom. But a single letter of deprecation from a young man to an offended patron during a quarrel surely does not prove that their relations at other times were those of tyrant and slave. That Temple was pompous and stately, Swift sensitive and passionate, may be granted. That Swift sometimes chafed at being treated "like a schoolboy" was only natural. All the more is it noteworthy that Swift rose in his patron's confidence, went back to him by request after a rupture, stayed with him till death, always mentions him with respect, and in the last years of his life wrote to his nephew and heir testifying an unabated regard for the family name.

and through Temple's interest, which was given him without solicitation, obtained the small benefice of Kilroot. If Temple had acted on calculation, the result proved that he knew his man thoroughly. Swift could not endure Irish exile, and was no longer too proud to return to a patron whose late conduct had atoned for his first shortcomings, and who now wrote to urge reconciliation. As hastily as he had left England, Swift arranged with his bishop that Kilroot should be bestowed on a poor and meritorious clergyman, and returned in less than a year to Moor Park. The next four years of his life were spent in his patron's service and society.

For a young and ambitious man the opportunities were good; and Swift carefully improved them. He tells us himself that "he was then a young gentleman, much in the world;"[1] and everything, in fact, proves that he was on the outskirts of the highest society. Yet it was an uncertain position; and the bitterness with which he attacked Dryden in the *Tale of a Tub* gives the measure of his resentment against a relative who had not helped him at need. Dryden's alleged criticism, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," was in fact disagreeably true; and the young man had not yet taught the world, or perhaps learned himself, where his strength lay. But he was pruning his wings for the highest flights. The wonderful *Tale of a Tub* was the work of his leisure hours in 1696; and its literary history is remarkable. Swift does not seem to have attached any great importance to it when he wrote it. The manuscript lay by him for years, and at last passed out of his hands into those of one who could better appreciate it, probably the cousin who afterwards tried to claim it. Swift's consent to the publication was obtained; some passages that seemed dangerous were either suppressed or altered; and the book came out anonymously in 1704. It is some evidence how completely Swift had already made his mark in London society, that no one hesitated to regard him as the author. So unmistakeable was its success that within five years he was able to say of it, that it seemed "calculated to live at least as long as our language." Four years later his "little parson cousin," as he calls him, Thomas Swift, published a key, and claimed the book as his own, impudently observing that the real author did not know enough theology to have written it. Swift scarcely cared to notice the attack, but suggested to his printer that Thomas Swift should be induced to set his name to his work: "I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce would carry him." Even the surmise that Thomas Swift had a hand in it, and supplied some of the learning, is

[1] *Apology for the Tale of a Tub*, vol. xi. p. 13. The references from Swift's Works are to Sir Walter Scott's edition.

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extremely improbable. It is not a work of any real erudition; and its most recondite illustrations are drawn, not from theology, but from authors like Paracelsus and Ctesias, whom Swift was likely to know as well as his cousin. As regarded the cardinal differences between Catholics, Anglicans, and Presbyterians, Swift must have been less than man if he had not mastered their principal points, in an age when controversy was in the air. In his *Apology*, he distinctly claims the undivided authorship. "The whole work," he says, "is entirely of one hand;" and he offered to resign the whole credit of it to any person who could establish a claim to three lines. The jealousy with which he asserted his rights, now proved so valuable, was only natural. "My God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book" was his criticism upon it in later years; and few will say that his estimate was excessive.

The *Battle of the Books*, another fruit of Swift's residence with Temple, is rather a jeu d'esprit than a serious piece. His heart was not in these matters; and it is difficult to credit him, at the expense of his good sense, with the furious pedantry which inspired his patron—probably the last educated man who wrote against Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, because it was not known to Aristotle. But the book shows that the young Irishman was already in friendly alliance with Atterbury and Boyle, both eminent among "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," and both wanting the essentials of greatness in character and reality in learning. The service to Temple was enormous. With a weakness not uncommon in public men, Sir William had believed that he could carry his official rank into literature, and was annoyed beyond measure when he found an obscure scholar like Wotton replying to him on equal terms as an adversary. When he died, two years later (1699), he rewarded Swift with a small legacy and the charge of bringing out a posthumous edition of his works. The old diplomatist had again mistaken his importance. The volumes of defunct treatises attracted no attention, and brought neither fame nor profit to the unlucky editor. Swift found in a moment that he was without a home, position, or prospects. The Temple family disliked him; and Lady Gifford, in particular, accused him, not quite justly, of tampering with the *Memoirs* to curry favour with public men.[1] King William refused to give him any preferment. After some months of fruitless expectation, Swift was glad to accept the post of chaplain and private secretary to Lord Berkeley. He was speedily supplanted in the latter employment by a Mr.

[1] Swift's answer was that he printed from a copy made by himself, in which Temple had inserted his last corrections, and in which some peevish passages reflecting on old associates had been omitted at Swift's suggestion.

Bush, who represented that the post was one in which a clergyman ought not to be placed. Before long the Deanery of Derry fell vacant, and was in Lord Berkeley's gift. Swift had been promised the first preferment, and applied for it. But he was baffled by opposition in two quarters. King, then Bishop of Derry, remonstrated against the appointment of a young man who would be "eternally flying backwards and forwards to London." Bush demanded a fee of £1000 for his good offices. Swift indignantly refused to bribe, and another man was made Dean. Swift wrote some humorous verses against Berkeley and Bush at the time, as two "blundering Kings of Brentford," but soon let the quarrel die; and it is to his credit that he afterwards befriended King when he gave offence to Harley by some unlucky words. Yet their relations were never cordial; and Swift complained, not without dignity, that King's enmity had extended over twenty-six years, and had never slept since the hour of the Queen's death. He ascribed it to the Archbishop's dislike of his independent bearing. From all we know of Lord Berkeley, he is more likely to have yielded to the Bishop's remonstrances than to have been the dupe of his secretary's intrigue. He retained Swift in his household (where the friendship with Lady Betty Germaine began), and in time presented him to the two livings of Laracor and Rathbeggan (1700). These, with the prebend of Dunlavin, which was given a little later, made up an income of nearly £400 a year. Swift was at last provided for, and independent.

But the humour for entertaining himself with flirtations, to which he acknowledges in his letter to Mr. Kendall, had been actively indulged during the last five years, and threatened to bring its possessor into serious complications. During his residence at Kilroot, he had become intimate with a Miss Jane Waring, the sister of one of his college friends. If we are to take his own words literally, it was the one genuine attachment of his life; for he tells Varina, in his last letter to her, that he never thought of marrying any one else, while his language to Stella, at a later date (1720), was equally distinct on the other side:

> "With friendship and esteem possessed,
> I ne'er admitted love a guest."

But the real difference probably was in the interval between eight-and-twenty and four-and-fifty. Swift, as a young man, was more warm-blooded in his own despite than he liked to acknowledge afterwards. He wrote from England, a year after his return (April 1696), and offered to give up England, and all his hopes of preferment, if Varina would marry him. The lady, it seems, hesitated. She had a little money of her own,

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and did not care to bind herself to a penniless lover. She was fond of dress and society; and her state of health was at one time so delicate that the physicians warned her she must regard marriage as impossible. But the correspondence went on intermittingly, though Swift was slowly passing under new influences. Esther Johnson, whose mother had been the dear friend of Temple's favourite sister, Lady Gifford, had come, when only a child, to reside at Moor Park (1691), and at sixteen was placed under the secretary for instruction. The companionship of Abelard and Eloise is always dangerous. The few months of separation that elapsed after Temple's death convinced Swift that Miss Johnson's society was indispensable to his happiness, and probably were not without effect on the lady. But the news of Swift's preferment to Laracor called out a letter from Miss Waring, in which she seems to have claimed performance of his promises. He answers with some dignity, as a man who is not wholly in the wrong, but also with some brutality, as a man who wishes to close a distasteful connection: "I singled you out at first from the rest of women, and I expect not to be used like a common lover." Will she marry him on less than £300 a year? (his income before he obtained the prebend of Dunlavin.) Can she give up dress and society in exchange for the quiet domesticity of a country parish? Is her health so much improved that she can marry safely? Altogether the impression left on the mind is that the lady had only trifled with Swift at the time when he was genuinely attached to her, and was now anxious to profit by his improved position. It would have been wiser if he had closed their acquaintance earlier, and better if he had now closed it frankly or renewed it cordially; but he was on the whole as much sinned against as sinning. If literal execution of a one-sided covenant was to be enforced, only literal compliance could be expected. The letter produced its desired result; and the correspondence with Miss Waring terminates.

Swift was now able to invite Stella to Ireland. The death of Sir William Temple had changed the situation at Moor Park; and, though Mrs. Johnson continued to reside with Lady Gifford, her daughter disliked living under a strange roof on sufferance. Swift, on his first visit to England, persuaded her that she would get better interest on her small fortune in Ireland, where ten per cent. was then a common rate, while all the necessaries of life were half as cheap. Mrs. Dingley, a connection of the Temples, and a friend older than herself, agreed to live with her; and the two went together to Dublin, and then to Laracor. Naturally there was some scandal on the subject. Stella was then only nineteen years old, a pretty black-haired

girl, with a little too much embonpoint, and with a good carriage. But the strictness with which she and Swift guarded against all appearance of excessive intimacy soon dissipated all rumours to her discredit; and society recognised the facts that she was only capable of one friendship, and that it was not adequately returned. Yet Stella was not in the least a woman of violent impulse and passionate warmth like her unhappy rival Vanessa. There is reason to think that she was not disinclined to accept the proposals of a Mr. Tisdal, five years after her settling in Ireland; and the rejected lover was probably right in ascribing his disappointment to Swift's influence, though Swift in a rather evasive letter denied it. From that time Miss Johnson no doubt regarded Swift as affianced to her, and only waiting till circumstances should allow him to marry. Under his counsels and guidance she became, not indeed a learned woman—for her spelling was never immaculate,—but well read, able to judge for herself, and a good critic of style. The verses in which she thanks the Dean for having taught her

> "how I might youth prolong,
> By knowing what was right and wrong,"

are creditable alike to pupil and teacher. Swift was too capable of power to have any jealousy of independence in women; and his whole training was directed to bring out the character. Miss Johnson startled society by her courage and self-assertion. She had read Hobbes, and studied anatomy. Personally fearless, she once fired into a party of burglars, and wounded one of them mortally. But the best instance of her moral courage is the reproof she administered to a coxcomb, who annoyed a company with several double-entendres. "Sir," said Stella, "all those 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 inquire at the door whether you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid you." Such a woman deserved a better fate than to have her life sacrificed to the calculating selfishness of a man of genius.

Nine years of Swift's life passed quietly, and we may believe not unprofitably, in the retirement of Laracor. A High-Churchman to the core, who admired Sancroft for nonjuring, and attacked Sherlock for what appeared an interested conformity, Swift was strict in all liturgical observances, and appeared to have settled down into a country parson whom George Herbert

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might have owned. It was his ambition at this time to excel as a preacher; but nature was too strong for him, and he discovered at last that he could only preach pamphlets. He watched the controversies of his day with keen interest. In 1708 and 1709 he produced no fewer than five treatises or pamphlets in defence of the Anglican religion or of Christianity. Of these, one, *The Sentiments of a Church of England Man*, is in praise of the moderation of the Church of England, and a vindication of the clergy against the charges constantly levelled at them by the Whigs, whom Swift still regarded as his own party. The *Letter concerning the Sacramental Test* is a defence of Irish Church supremacy against the Ulster Presbyterians; and the more tolerant spirit of the Anglican branch is given as the reason why Dissenters are not to be tolerated. On both these points Swift was manifestly Tory; and the circumstance must be borne in mind, as it is partly the excuse of his sudden change. The criticisms on Tindal are a keen dissection of fashionable freethinking, with a brutal attack on the author as "wholly prostitute in life and principles." But it would not be fair to pass severe sentence on the style of a book which was left unfinished, and never saw the light till the author was in his grave. Swift wrote more moderately, though not less decidedly, in the *Argument against Abolishing Christianity*, and in the *Project for the Advancement of Religion*. It is quite possible that his theological bias received a fresh impulse about this time from his political mischances. His relations with London were not improved, though he had done his best to maintain them. An essay on the political *Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome*, written with modern applications, in the style still novel in France, had enjoyed only that trifling success which is of no value to a rising man. A few barren introductions to great men had ended in nothing but disappointed hopes; and the Whigs kept their dangerous recruit under the cold shadow of aristocracy. Above all, the profligate Wharton, who was now Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (1708-1710), was Swift's avowed enemy, and may have done him ill service in London. Swift kept more than ever within his parish, and consoled himself with forming "long schemes of life" in Stella's society. But it was probably understood between them that he could not marry upon his actual income; and Stella does not seem to have perceived that she was sacrificing her life to her lover's selfishness.

Suddenly a change came in the political world, which no one had foreseen, whose greatness startled even those who had effected it, and which, as a peaceful coup d'état by the sovereign, is almost without a parallel in English history. The great Whig Lords, who had carried the nation triumphantly

through a difficult war, were forced to choose between resigning office and the breaking up of their party. Godolphin, Somers, Sunderland, Halifax, Walpole, were replaced by Harley, whose talents were essentially commonplace, and by Bolingbroke, whose splendid genius was scarcely yet as well known as his vices, and who had not even been elected to the last Parliament. To statesmen there could be no question that Marlborough's dismissal from the army was only matter of time. It is still difficult to understand how even with such watchwords as "the Queen, the Church, and the Peace," so great a change could be effected quietly. But several circumstances had impaired the Junto's prestige. The trial of Sacheverel had been taken up as a challenge by the High Church party. The Whigs, at once irritated by opposition, and too weak in the Lower House to carry any large measures of toleration, revenged themselves on the clergy by refusing to relieve them from patent grievances, and did nothing to conciliate the Nonconformists. Moreover, the war had lost some of its popularity. The last great victory of Malplaquet had rather given us a name to inscribe on banners than any solid advantage. It was generally believed that our allies reaped the larger profit of the bloodshed and taxation to which we contributed the greater share. Moderate men might well wish that our relations with the States should be watched by ministers who could be jealous as well as compliant. And no one supposed that Harley and Bolingbroke, who had served two years before in the Whig Cabinet, would be less careful of the national honour than their old friends and colleagues. Even the Queen's known wishes were no slight circumstance. It was then possible for a Cabinet to carry on government with a Parliamentary minority; and the great function of opposition was rather to criticise than to displace the ministry. It may be added that it was not Harley's fault if the change was so complete as to be little short of revolution. He was anxious to keep several of his predecessors in office. Pride and party feeling defeated his overtures. The Whigs could not yet believe in a government from which they were excluded; and no member of the party could honourably remain in place under men who had just defeated and expelled his leaders.

The change was just taking place when Swift (in September 1710) came over to London to press some claims of the Irish clergy on the Government. His first visits were to his old allies. Most of them were profusely civil, and apologized for their former neglect. But Godolphin received him with such coldness that Swift left the house, almost vowing revenge. He once hints that magnanimity was not one of Godolphin's

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virtues; and the words seem to imply that the satirist had already given some personal offence. He also had a private quarrel with Somers, whom he suspected of not backing him in Ireland. Somers now laid the blame upon Wharton; but Swift, who reckoned dissimulation among the Chancellor's "chief perfections," quietly refused to listen to his excuses. With Halifax his private relations were more friendly; and four months before he had begged a book of him as the only favour ever shown him by the Whigs. But he was not inclined to sacrifice his resentment to sentimental memories. The day after his interview with Godolphin (September 10), he was talking "treason heartily" with Lord Radnor "against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude." Not long after, he refused a toast to the resurrection of the party, unless their reformation were coupled with it. In less than a month he was having interviews with Harley, and had declined an invitation from Halifax. Within a fortnight Harley had convinced him that he desired his alliance and private friendship. Halifax alone of the Whigs still tried to retain him in the old allegiance. But the die was by this time cast. It was not the act of a man of stainless honour; but it was the most venial form of political apostasy. Harley's were still the tactics of compromise; and it was whispered that he did not wish the Tories to be too powerful in Parliament. He contrived to persuade Swift that he loved the Church. Swift's pride had been that he was "a Whig, and one who wears a gown;" but events had convinced him that the two characters could scarcely be reconciled. He could not foresee that the new Cabinet would in any way endanger political liberty; and he might fairly think that the Church was entitled to better treatment than it had received. After all allowance—for Swift's indiscretions, for Whig hauteur, and for the contempt with which men of rank might regard a political pamphleteer,—it is not improbable that Swift's Church principles had really stood in the way of his promotion. He himself believed that he had suffered from his strong advocacy of the Test Act. His party had in fact deserted him before he had deserted them, by claiming that unconditional obedience which men of first-rate capacity are never willing to bestow.

With a government as weak as Harley's, Swift soon discovered that he might make his terms; and he was only not in the Cabinet. One political triumph marked his influence. He procured the boons coveted by the Irish clergy,—the remission of a twentieth, and the application of the first-fruits to Queen Anne's Bounty. He himself attached such importance to this success that he wished a mention of it to be inserted in the deed by which he conveyed a glebe to Laracor. But, except in

this solitary instance, he never seems to have interfered with the measures brought forward in Parliament. He was eminently a partisan, not a leader, and brought his persuasive common sense and keen wit to the advocacy of all his party's policy. There is no reason to suppose that this involved any great sacrifice of principle. A man easily takes the tone of his society; and the Peace of Utrecht was not after all a measure that even a moderate Whig might not see grounds to approve. Harley assured Swift that our financial position was such as to make further wars impossible. Nor was this statement altogether unreasonable. There was even in 1710 a floating debt of ten millions; Exchequer bills were at a discount; and it had been necessary to borrow from the Swiss Cantons. Ten millions in Queen Anne's time impressed the public imagination as a hundred millions would now, and impressed it the more because many persons, and Swift among them, believed that the expenses ought to be paid year by year, and that the country could not support a national debt. The money had on the whole been well applied. It had delivered Europe from the fear of France, and had raised England to the first rank among nations. But a portion of it had clung to private hands, Marlborough and Walpole being among the offenders; and not a little had been spent in excess of the proportion which England was bound by an informal treaty to contribute. Peace was every way desirable. But the one difference between Godolphin's and Harley's ministry was that the Whigs made it a condition that Lewis XIV. should aid them against his grandson in Spain, while the Tories, in the end, sacrificed their Spanish allies. The claim of the Whigs might seem as if they wished the war to be perpetual. The Tory surrender of men who had trusted the national faith was wholly indefensible. A middle course would have been to restrict the war to Spain till honourable terms for the Catalonians had been obtained. Nominally this was done; and it is some excuse for the English Parliament, that it probably did not know, as our leading statesmen knew, how altogether illusory were the terms granted. Swift is nowhere weaker, nowhere more dogmatic and less argumentative, than when he defends this part of the treaty, and argues that we were justified in allowing our allies to be deprived of privileges "of which they never made other use than as an encouragement to rebel." Nevertheless, when this discount has been made, the treaty might be defended as a fair one for England, and not substantially unjust to Holland and Germany, who had certainly been more regardless of their engagements than England was of their interests.

From the moment when the fate of the treaty was decided,

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Swift ceased to be necessary to the ministers, and they were no longer necessary to one another. He was anxious to reap the reward of his services; and they were probably well disposed to pay and be rid of a partisan whom neither could quite trust to be in his own interests. Certain it is, that Swift for a time thought himself altogether thrown over, and was most annoyed with Harley as the more powerful patron. "Lord Treasurer told Mr. Lewis that it [the warrant for a deanery] should be determined to-night; and so he will say a hundred nights, so he said yesterday, but I value it not." And afterwards, "Much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's." Yet he was not altogether pleased when it was decided that he should go to St. Patrick's: "Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it" (April 18, 1713). Some of these complaints are well founded. It was Harley's weakness never to act openly; and he often inspired distrust where he did not deserve it. The chances are that he really desired and tried to serve Swift, but that he did not care to push his promotion as circumstances required that it should be pushed, and was not very sorry to provide for him out of England. In a few months, when it was too late, he succeeded in bringing him back to England, where Swift could only witness the break-up of the party, and when he was no longer inclined to serve Harley or able to follow Bolingbroke. The story of great men's ingratitude is too common to be very interesting. Much may be said in defence of the Tory ministers. Swift had taken out his pay in patronage and arrogance. Later in life he made out a list of more than forty persons whom he had befriended, mostly during his day of power. "I am so proud," he once writes, "I make all the lords come up to me." Tradition says that he did even more than this, that he once sent the Lord Treasurer to call Bolingbroke out of the House merely in order to fix the dinner-hour, and was rude to visitors at his own rooms in proportion as their rank was high. He boasted that he forced dukes to pay him the first visits. He made public criticisms on the wine at the Queen's table. He applied for the post of Royal Historiographer in such a manner as to insult Lord Kent, who had the patronage. When he paid visits, he claimed the right of choosing his bed-room before the rest of the company. The satire that served his friends did not always spare those whom it was inexpedient to provoke. Mrs. Cutts complained that her brother was attacked while he was still serving the Queen. The Duchess of Somerset, heiress of the proudest house, and married to the proudest man in England, was taunted with the murder of her first hus-

band, and, more unpardonably still, with her red hair. The Scottish Union was represented as the marriage of a person of quality to a woman much his inferior, and even as "an infamous proposal," to which nothing but necessity could have made England consent. Such a writer had only himself to blame if his old indiscretions were steadily brought up against him, and the coveted English mitre obstinately withheld. Somewhat better terms might, perhaps, have been made for him; but the difference between an English and an Irish deanery fairly gauges their extent. Windsor, which Harley tried to get for him, has always been treated as royal patronage. It is on the whole creditable to Swift, that he never attacked the Queen, whose dislike had blasted all his prospects in life, except by the epithet of "royal prude." Neither is it true, as has been said, that he deserted the Earl of Oxford in his fall. Harley's conduct at the time was so ambiguous that his friends generally believed he intended to make his peace at their expense; and Swift, of all others, may be pardoned if he had not a very confident trust in his patron. Erasmus Lewis, who took part against Bolingbroke, declared that Lord Oxford had done himself more harm by his own meannesses than any enemy could have done him. But if Swift did not interpose to support him—and it is doubtful whether such support would have been very valuable at the time—he never attacked him, and remained on easy, almost cordial, terms with him to the last.

Swift was not among those whom the new Goverment cared to molest. The Whigs had learned from the trial of Sacheverel that it was not safe to attack a clergyman; and indeed the general feeling of the Hanover Club was that the late ministry had been merciful, and ought to obtain mercy. It is doubtful whether there was any real ground even for Bolingbroke's flight. Still, after the Rebellion of 1715, public sentiment was in favour of strong measures, and would not have tolerated free discussion or sharp criticisms upon men in power. Swift's correspondence with his friends about this time is always so worded as to bear inspection; and it was two years before he ventured to write to Bolingbroke. His life was occupied with the cares of his new position, with paying off the debt of £1000 which went for first-fruits, patent, and his new house, and in quarrels with his bishop for patronage, and with his chapter for authority. He had other troubles, of a more delicate kind. The time had now come when he had visibly earned all that life could give him, and was bound by every honourable obligation to marry the woman to whom he was virtually, if not explicitly, engaged. The excuse of indebtedness, though he probably alleged it, will not hold. Stella's fortune would have relieved

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them from all temporary embarrassment; and Swift need not have scrupled to accept a small loan from his wife. It seems certain that his attachment had cooled. During his stay in London he had become intimate with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, the widow of a Dutch merchant, sometime commissary of stores at Dublin, and who was admitted to the best London society. Swift's unhappy faculty for "entertaining" himself with women soon brought him into intimate relations with the elder daughter, Esther; and under pretence of directing her studies, though she was then twenty, he saw her so constantly that within six months it was a joke to send for him in her name. She seems to have been a beauty of the Dutch type—"a white witch," as he once calls her, somewhat masculine (he represents Pallas mistaking her for a boy), though with what her detractors called "a baby face,"—clever, impulsive, and headstrong in character. She followed out her tutor's orders with enthusiasm, became a better French scholar than himself, studied Montaigne, and kept carefully behind the fashion in dress. So far nothing could be better than Swift's training. But it was among his doctrines that people were bound "to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say;" and he gave a dangerous latitude to this principle. It meant, as he explained it, that all conventions might be defied, if we were certain of our own intentions. He would not have dared to apply this doctrine himself. He had many little eccentricities of manner, such as biting paper, pulling his wig, and staring, and he gave free vent to his self-assertion and arrogance; but he was withal timidly sensitive to public opinion on all points where he was really vulnerable to ridicule. He was startled and annoyed when Vanessa, who could not understand his conduct, proposed to him (1711). She, a young and pretty woman, with a fortune of £5000, probably thought that the slovenly middle-aged clergyman was doubtful of his own right to address her. The circumstances were difficult, and Swift acted badly. Either he did not wish to close their connection, or he did not dare to explain his relations with Stella. He temporized, talked of his strong regard for Miss Vanhomrigh, put aside her proposal as a girl's fancy, and continued his intimacy. Meanwhile Stella's suspicions were excited; and Swift, whose journal exhibits a growing coldness, seems latterly to parade his friendship with the Vanhomrighs, which he at first concealed. There are nearly twenty allusions to them between January 30 and September 15, 1710. There had been only two in the preceding five months. It is noteworthy, too, that his letters latterly (February 1712 to May 1713) were addressed not to Stella, but to Mrs. Dingley. He did not, could not, meditate

an open breach with his old love; but it is doubtful whether he did not hope that distance and time would bring about a separation.

Matters were in this state when Swift was appointed to St. Patrick's. His first visit to Ireland was long enough to renew the intimacy with Stella, and not so long that Vanessa need despair of seeing him in England again. But after the Queen's death this prospect was at an end; and the Dean, just as he was about to return, learned to his horror that Vanessa, who owned property in Ireland, intended to go there, under colour of looking after it. This was an old project (*Journal to Stella*, August 1711); and it would be interesting to know whether Swift had opposed it some years before. Anyhow, he now wrote urgently to dissuade her (August 12, 1714): "If you are in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom: but it is where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. There are rigorous laws that must be passed through: but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or, if not, leave all to fate, that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you." "I would not answer your questions for a million, nor can I think of them with any ease of mind." One of the questions probably was whether or not Swift was engaged; and indeed, had he meant at this time to marry Miss Johnson, the announcement of his intention would have stopped Vanessa's journey. We may fairly assume that his purpose was to live again as at Laracor, enjoying Stella's society and worship, but not encumbering himself at forty-seven with a wife. Yet the reasons for marriage were so overwhelming that it is not wonderful if his reluctance has been the riddle of his biographers and the text of every probable conjecture. It was the one honourable and the one safe course, the only escape from a dangerous dilemma, and the certain way to silence scandal for the future. Nevertheless Swift's conduct is explicable, to those who have studied his life, from very simple though very mean motives. He was unblushingly selfish. To a man of his temperament and age marriage was only desirable as a social arrangement; and reflection seems to have convinced him that he should lose more than he should gain by it. Stella was indispensable to him; but he saw her through all the disenchantment of long and familiar acquaintance, and had probably learned to contrast her provincial manners with the refinement and cultivation of London society. It would have cost money to marry her: and even this motive had its weight with a man who was very jealous of his independence, and genuinely distressed by the prospect of

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money embarrassments. The fear of Vanessa's violence, and of some unpleasant disclosures, may have influenced him. But, lastly, it seems certain that he shrank from the ridicule of marriage. The satire of his times played freely upon husbands; and the marriage of a divine of nearly fifty to a lady of no great fortune or connection, who had been described as a servant in Temple's will, would have been a six days' topic to the small wits and gossips of a provincial capital. To Swift it seemed natural that he should only consult his own comfort; and he probably expected that Vanessa would in time weary of his coldness, and Stella acquiesce in a position which gave him all he wished without any drawbacks.

The issue proved that he had miscalculated his influence. Stella, justly indignant and jealous, insisted on the performance of his promises; and the Dean consented to be privately married to her in 1716. It is said that on the day of the marriage, not long after the final vows had been pronounced, he was seen by Delaney leaving Archbishop King's room in an agony of grief. "You have just seen," said King, "the most unhappy man on earth, but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Speculation, of course, has not been idle as to the reasons. One theory is that Swift and Stella were both the natural children of Sir William Temple, and had married within the prohibited degrees. This conjecture may be dismissed as absolutely untenable. There is no evidence that Temple, who was envoy at Brussels during the two years preceding Swift's birth, ever made surreptitious visits to Ireland; and no ground for supposing that Mrs. Swift was carrying on a criminal intrigue while her husband was on his deathbed. Temple had patronized Swift's cousin before himself on the score of relationship, and would scarcely have left a son uncared for during twenty years. But, above all, the discovery of this relationship would have given Swift the very argument he needed for confining his relations with Stella to friendly intimacy. A second and more possible supposition is that Swift, in a moment of weakness, had been married privately to a low woman, by whom he had a son, and who was pensioned to keep out of his sight. The evidence of an old servant is quoted, that a boy, believed to be Swift's son, was actually kept at school by an unknown father or friend. Of course at this distance of time it is not likely that this story can ever be absolutely disproved; but it is highly improbable. There is no date to which such a marriage can be referred: not to his residence at Kilroot, for he was then proposing to Miss Waring; not to his stay in Lord Berkeley's family, for he was then watched by enemies; least of all to the years at Laracor, when he was in the first fervour of inti-

macy with Stella. Had there been any real grounds for such a scandal, it must sooner or later have come before the world. On the other hand, Swift's suspicious visits to Vanessa may easily have given his servants the idea of a criminal intrigue; and, as the friend of many men of the world, it is not impossible that he may once in his life have been intrusted with the guardianship of a foundling. Of all men he would scarcely have chosen Ashe, his old tutor, to perform the marriage service, if he had been running headlong into bigamy. No men are greater recipients of floating rumours than those who live in the scandalous atmosphere of a common-room, and are always seeing and talking about former pupils. It is inconceivable, under any circumstances, that Swift would have confessed to a felony; but he certainly would not have made his shrift to King, whom he regarded with good reason as a private enemy. The story is most likely an exaggerated version of some very trifling incident. Swift may have thought it expedient to give his own history of the connection with Vanessa, at a time when he was united to Stella by a bond which any accident might make public. He probably represented himself as the victim of Miss Vanhomrigh's headstrong passion, and restrained by fear of public scenes and a distressing notoriety from acknowledging his marriage with Miss Johnson. No one hearing the story, however varnished, could fail to see something of its true meaning, or to predict the deepening shadow over Swift's life.

But the Dean would not or could not renounce his intimacy with Vanessa. That impracticable young woman had taken up her residence in Ireland, and, favoured by her father's former connections in Dublin, was admitted into the best society. The Archbishop was among her friends; and two clergymen of high position proposed to her. Swift himself interceded for one of them. He affected to treat her passion for himself as a joke. "One would think you were in love," he once writes to her, "by dating your letter August 29, by which means I received it just a month before it was written." But he was seriously annoyed by her perseverance. One of his letters is an angry complaint, because a note from her has been delivered to him in company. One of hers is a threat that she will fetch him, if he does not come to her of himself. Indeed, all barriers of reserve and delicacy had been broken down. "I was born," she says, "with violent passions, which terminate all in one,—the unexpressible passion I have for you." "Your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance." It is often said

that Swift tried gradually to break off the acquaintance. The letters are evidence to the contrary; and he seems rather out of sheer cowardice to have entertained her more and more with protestations of an affection beyond friendship. "Soyez assurée," he once writes, "que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée, par votre ami que vous" (July 1721), and again, as if for greater safety, in French, "Croyez que je serai toujours tout ce que vous desirez" (June 1722). But the vulgar selfishness of his nature is manifest everywhere. "If you knew how I struggle for a little health," is the constant burden of his excuses for not calling or writing. Sometimes his egotism dilates with something of a sublime pathos: "Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise to make Cadenus and yourself miserable? Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire." It is the one redeeming circumstance in Vanessa's self-abandonment, that she did not know of Swift's relations to Stella. That she had once entertained suspicions is more than probable: that they had been completely dissipated is the most emphatic evidence of Swift's duplicity. Accident seems to have brought the mystery to an end. One account represents Vanessa as calling Swift to a peremptory decision; the other and more probable one represents her as hearing a rumour of the secret marriage, and writing to Mrs. Johnson for an explanation. Both agree that the answer was delivered by the Dean in person, who flung a letter upon the table, left the house silently, and never entered it again. Miss Vanhomrigh did not long survive the shock. Dr. Berkeley, who was one of her executors, perused the whole correspondence with Swift, and pronounced him innocent of any criminal intrigue with her. As he soon afterwards was a suitor to Swift for an introduction to Lord Carteret, we may assume that he saw palliating circumstances in the Dean's conduct. Swift does not seem to have suffered for it in public estimation. Another of his female admirers told him pleasantly, some time afterwards, in a copy of verses, that she should "like Vanessa die," if he did not return to Ireland; and it is the single notice of the dead lady in his correspondence. Stella remembered her with some feminine resentment. In a party where the Dean's poem of *Cadenus and Vanessa* was discussed, some one remarked that a woman who could inspire such verses must have had great attractions. "Oh," said Stella, "every one knows that the Dean could write well on a broomstick."[1]

The annoyance of his relations with Vanessa had probably combined with his fear of Government to keep Swift from

[1] Alluding, of course, to the *Meditation upon a Broomstick.*

steady literary work. Anyhow he produced little between 1714 and 1724 except a *Proposal for the Use of Irish Manufacture*, which attracted a prosecution from the Government, and made him favourably known in Ireland. But in 1724, fortune gave the veteran pamphleteer an opportunity which no one else would have seen, and by which scarcely any one else could have profited. William Wood, an inventive and honest but unsuccessful man, procured a patent for introducing £100,000 of copper coin into Ireland. His offer was favourably reported on by Sir Isaac Newton, and was accepted by the Government. There was no question that a new coinage was wanted; and the only real objection to Wood's patent was that it was part of the vicious system by which Ireland was governed as a foreign dependency, and its Parliament not consulted about their own concerns. Swift had the sagacity to see, and the courage to expose, this flaw. Where he argues about the value of the coinage, he is simply an unscrupulous special pleader, making statements which could not have borne the test of a week's inquiry or a moment's consideration. But the undying interest of his work is in the thread of thought that runs through the whole: "Whatever liberties or privileges the people of England enjoy by common law, we of Ireland have the same." Here he touched the popular fibre. After the first rancours of civil war had died out, the Protestants of Ireland were the first to discover that they were the chief losers by the system which referred everything to England. It was not the oppressed peasantry who welcomed the Protestant Dean as an agitator. The yeomen and cottiers of the provinces were either too brutal to care for any misrule that did not actually endanger life and property, or too hopeless of a successful issue to think of agitating for any political reform. It was the squires, merchants, and professional men, the very classes on whom Protestant ascendency depended, who had become impatient of the restrictive system, which left them the least favoured nation of earth, even for their English trade. "I have not heard of any man," says the Drapier, "above mine own degree of a shopkeeper, to have been hitherto so bold as in direct terms to vindicate the fatal project."

Was Swift then a sincere Irish patriot? On the whole there seems to be evidence that he was. He was not eminently single-minded; and it is probable that he cared for himself more than for Ireland. A desire to thwart the ministry and to show his power were among the influences that first carried him into the contest. It is likely that he was quite willing to be bought if Walpole had been disposed to purchase him; and there is a letter of Lord Peterborough's, making an appointment for him

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with the Premier, which seems to show that negotiations were actually commenced. We may perhaps connect this with the offer once made him of a settlement within twelve miles of London. That no bargain was actually concluded may have been because Swift demanded too much for himself; but it is at least possible[1] that he also desired to make terms for Ireland or for the Church. His relations with Harley had not disposed him to accept the position of a mere Government hack. Yet, when all abatements have been made, it remains certain that Swift's thoughts constantly dwelt upon Irish grievances, that he was the first man of eminence who sturdily asserted the equality of the two countries, and that against one controversy which he may have undertaken for his own profit we may set a dozen pamphlets, sermons, or letters, in which he seems to glow with a divine anger against oppression. His political economy was often faulty. He believed, like most men of his day, that a country ought to export more than it imported; and he thought it politic to foster manufactures which were not native to the soil, or were dying off from it. He did not perceive that Ireland was even then, thanks to a long peace, recovering from the depression of its worst times. But his vision was all the clearer to see the transparent iniquities of foreign government, restrictions on native industry and trade, and a system which carried the upper classes out of the country. "My heart is too heavy," he once writes,[2] "to continue this irony longer, for it is manifest that whatever stranger took such a journey would be apt to think himself travelling in Lapland or Iceland, rather than in a country so favoured by nature as ours, both in fruitfulness of soil and temperature of climate. The miserable dress and diet and dwelling of the people; the general desolation in most parts of the kingdom; the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins, and no new ones in their stead; the families of farmers, who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness, upon buttermilk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hog-sty to receive them,—these, indeed, may be comfortable sights to an English spectator, who comes for a short time only to *learn the language*, and returns back to his own country, whither he finds all our wealth transmitted." This is not the language of a mere grievance-monger. It would be easy to cite instances where the nature of the criticism and the mode of its delivery are alike inconsistent with the hypothesis of an attack on Government. Take, for example, the following passage

[1] In the notes to the Dublin edition of the *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*, which the Dean either communicated or approved, it is said that Walpole's explanation of his Irish policy was the obstacle to a treaty of alliance.

[2] *Short View of the State of Ireland*, vol. vii. p. 330.

from a sermon on "the causes of the wretched condition of Ireland:"—"Lastly, a great cause of this nation's misery is that Egyptian bondage of cruel, oppressing, covetous landlords, expecting that all who live under them should make bricks without straw, who grieve and envy when they see a tenant of their own in a whole coat, or able to afford one comfortable meal in a month, by which the spirits of the people are broken and made for slavery, the farmers and cottagers, almost through the whole kingdom, being to all intents and purposes as real beggars as any of those to whom we give our charity in the streets. And these cruel landlords are every day unpeopling their kingdom by forbidding their miserable tenants to till the earth." Such language would not annoy an English Premier or a Lord-Lieutenant; but it must have given offence to the squires, whom Swift regarded with such hearty and just contempt. Yet the context shows that he was as little careful to flatter the peasantry as to conciliate the squires. He repeatedly dwells on the ignorance, sloth, barbarism, and vice of "the natives," as among the determining causes of their wretched condition. But he firmly believed that education and equal laws would civilize them. "The common objection," he once says,[1] "drawn from the laziness, the perverseness, or thievish disposition of the poor native Irish, might be easily answered by showing the true reasons for such accusations, and how easily those people may be brought to a less savage manner of life; but my printers have already suffered too much for my speculations. However, supposing the size of a native's understanding just equal to that of a dog or horse, I have often seen those two animals civilized by rewards at least as much as by punishments." Elsewhere, he expresses his belief that a system of good parish schools, in which English should be taught, would "in time bring the natives to think and act according to the rules of reason."[2] His opinions from first to last are consistent and sensible. They are those of a clear-headed man, who regards the connection with England as natural and necessary, but believes that misgovernment and injustice are crimes against the Divine order, and who already sees the beginning of retribution in the emigration of Protestant families to America. It may be added that Swift's private letters and writings bear strong testimony to the strength of his convictions. He mentions it among the praises of Stella that "she loved Ireland."[3] We may impute it to the irritation of self-interest, when he tells an English bookseller:[4]—"I do as a clergyman encourage the merchants

[1] *Answers to Letters from Unknown Persons*, vol. vii. p. 393.
[2] *Causes of the Wretched Condition of Ireland*, vol. viii. p. 125.
[3] *Character of Mrs. Johnson*, vol. ix. p. 500.
[4] *Letter to Mr. Benjamin Motte*, vol. xix. p. 38.

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both to export wool and woollen manufactures to any country in Europe, or anywhere else, and conceal it from the custom-house officers, as I would hide my purse from a highwayman if he came to rob me on the road, although England hath made a law to the contrary; and so I would encourage our booksellers here to sell your author's books printed here, and send them to all the towns in England, if I could do it with safety and profit." But he certainly had no private interest in remonstrating with a London company[1] against raising their rents, on the ground that corporations should be easy landlords, especially if it be true, as he asserts, that he acted on this principle himself, so that his own lands as Dean were let "four-fifths under their value." On the whole, there are not many men who have deserved better of Irish gratitude than Swift; and it is creditable to the popular instinct that it has recognised a friend in a cynic's garb.

But Swift's reputation culminated with the publication of *Gulliver*, some part of which appeared in 1726, and the remainder in 1727. That it was at first issued anonymously, and that Pope and Arbuthnot professed to be uncertain as to the authorship, though its plan had been foreshadowed in the Memoirs of Scriblerus, can only be due to the anxiety which Swift may for a time have felt lest it should obtain the honours of a political prosecution. Walpole, however, like the public at large, seems to have understood that it was something more than a mere party pamphlet, and that its personalities were its smallest part. Nor, in fact, should we lose much if we could not supply the key to the allusions. It is interesting, but not really important, to identify Lilliput and Blefuscu with England and France, Flimnap with Walpole, and the queen who would not forgive Gulliver for saving her palace from the flames at the expense of decency with Queen Anne, who forgot Swift's services to the Church in her indignation at the profane jokes that disfigure the *Tale of a Tub*. The parties of the Big-endians or Little-endians are the zealots of all time, even more than Whigs and Tories; and the more Swift advances in his narrative the more he seems to disentangle himself from the petty interests of his faction, and to rise to general principles of State polity. In fact, his story in the first two parts is so essentially creative, his plan throughout so entirely designed to show what a country should be rather than to ridicule its defects, that he explains away the Lilliputian choice of ministers by dexterity on the tight-rope as an innovation that had gradually crept into Lilliput. From this point of view his conception of Utopia is sufficiently remarkable. To use modern terms, it is democratic and socialist. He acknowledges no mys-

[1] *Letter to Mr. Alderman Barber*, vol. xix. p. 135.

teries of government, and believes that honesty and common sense, virtues in every man's power, are the great requisites for office. He is prepared to take children from their parents and intrust their education to the State, while the parents are chargeable with its cost. Women are to be "educated much like the males." Standing armies are to be replaced by militias. To reward merit is as much the State's function as to punish crime; and the great benefactors of mankind are those who add to the world's material wealth. With all the scorn of projectors and chemists which Swift afterwards exhibited in the voyage to Laputa, he yet gives a high place in Brobdingnag to the study of applied mathematics. In literature his chief contempt is for metaphysics, as in practical life for lawyers and politicians.

The *Voyage to Laputa* is its own commentary. Swift was not absolutely indifferent to the great discoveries of the day, and once went so far as to purchase a microscope; but he was not in the least competent to understand the great revolution in thought which Newton and his fellow-workers had inaugurated. The hypothesis that the diamond was only a form of carbon would seem to a man of his temperament about equal in value to the calcining of ice into gunpowder. Politically, he had a quarrel with Newton for his share in recommending Wood's patent; and it is not impossible that he viewed theories which even then had produced an outcrop of Arianism with the vague distrust of a theologian. As in politics, so in philosophy, he believed in common sense as the surest guide; and he saw no reason why the doctrine of gravitation should not be exploded when it had lived its day, like the doctrine of vortices.[1] Of scientific history he had, and perhaps could have, no conception. Well acquainted with the false estimates of men and measures that had been current in his own day, and having contributed his share to misleading public opinion, he could not understand that a time would come when the public acts of the past would have been tested by experience, and its statesmen judged on better evidence than pamphlets. An Englishman to the core, he detested as visionary and dangerous whatever could not be measured by plumb and line. This feeling explains the *Voyage to the Houyhnhnms.* Its strong and savage bitterness has often diverted attention from the real import of the satire. It is not merely the spleen of a discontented and morbid man against the human race. As Professor Brewer has pointed out, it is an answer to the philosophy which Mandeville had popularized in the *Fable of the Bees.* To

[1] It is curious that the Danish satirist Holberg, who published an imitation of *Gulliver*, expresses very similar views about Newton and Descartes in his Autobiography.

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Mandeville all society was founded on vice. Honour and decency were mere chimeras, without truth or being, which were counted hereditary, like the gout in great families. On the other hand, take away luxury and avarice, the vices that promote production and conserve wealth, and all arts and crafts will lie neglected. Mandeville desired to apply this principle in its most cynical extent. In his essay on charity-schools he denounces popular education as dangerous, but wishes attendance on church to be enforced, in the interest of innocence, sincerity, and other good qualities that conduce to the public peace. It may seem singular that Swift was not attracted by such a theory, which is even more contemptuous of mankind than his own satire. His good sense delivered him from its extravagances; and his literary skill enabled him to refute it with a lash that fell at once upon society and its critic. The natural man, whom Mandeville, like Rousseau at a later date, believed to be simple, veracious, and temperate, Swift saw as the savage or the Yahoo. Men who cannot use their reason to form an orderly society are in reality below brutes. On the other hand, destroy thought and literature, restrain natural affection within the narrowest limits, and reduce the science of life to the provision by simple instinct for common wants, and the most perfect exemplar of polity will be among beasts. Voltaire's remark after reading Rousseau, that "he did not wish to walk upon all-fours," is in fact the spirit of Swift's answer to Mandeville. It is a satire upon the Englishman of his time, "the reasoning, governing animal of his country;" but it is emphatically a vindication of humanity.

Stella lived to see her husband again honoured, and almost powerful. Once he offered to acknowledge her publicly as his wife. But she answered sadly that it was too late; and Swift easily acquiesced in her decision. If the date assigned to the incident be correct, she knew at the time that she had not long to live. So early as 1720 she had been seriously ill. Her weak constitution was gradually giving way, and her death was believed to be at hand in July 1726. Swift was then in England, and behaved characteristically. "Pray, write to me every week,"[1] he says to a correspondent, "that I may know what steps to take, for I am determined not to go to Ireland to find her just dead, or dying." "I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable." Let her know, however, that Swift has thought of her, and bought her a gold watch. But on no account must she die in the deanery; that would be "a very improper thing." Some con-

[1] *Letter to Mr. Worrall*, vol. xvii. p. 76.

sciousness of his own meanness seems to have haunted him while he wrote thus; and he "conjures" his correspondent "to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive." But it was not a mere paroxysm of baseness, such as will sometimes visit a generous man. Rather more than a year later (September 1727), under similar circumstances, he wrote again, repeating his cowardly directions, in Latin:—"Habeo enim malignos qui sinistre interpretabuntur, si eveniat (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur." As it happened, however, Swift was visited about this time with an attack of vertigo, and decided that it would be prudent to return to Dublin while he could yet travel. This, at least, is his own statement in a letter, before his departure, to Mrs. Howard; and there is the less reason to doubt it as he afterwards apologized to Pope for his abrupt flight from Twickenham, stating that he found it "more convenient to be sick" in Dublin, where, he observes, "I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command."[1] The last sentence seems to show that he came over, not to attend Mrs. Johnson's last moments, but in the belief that she would still be able to nurse him, as she had often done before, when she was ill herself. But his correspondence for that period is meagre; and he seems to have thought it "improper" to write freely about his wife. An opportune "sickness" hindered him from attending her funeral. But that his grief at her death (January 28, 1728) was genuine may readily be believed. In an intimacy of six-and-thirty years the heart acquires a certain habit of attachment from which it cannot be severed without pain. Swift undoubtedly felt more than mere selfish grief at the loss of a useful friend; and there is an endless pathos in the cynical superscription to the packet of "only a woman's hair." Yet those who knew him best had never given him credit for romantic attachment. "My wife," says Bolingbroke, just before Stella's last illness, "sends you some fans, just arrived from Lilliput, which you will dispose of to the present Stella, whoever she be."

But even to Swift's genius and vitality old age had at last begun, and another Stella was impossible. After her death he produced nothing of importance, except some pamphlets on the state of Ireland, in 1729. Of these the *Modest Proposal for making the Children of Poor People beneficial to the Public* is among the best known and the least understood. True, the humour is ghastly and Rabelaisian. Cannibalism is a sad subject for a jest, even though it cover a deep earnest; and Swift's peculiar literalness of execution brings every revolting detail before the reader's mind, and shows the children dressed, "hot from the

[1] *Letters to Mrs. Howard and Mr. Pope*, vol. xvii. pp. 178, 181.

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knife," and served up " seasoned with a little pepper or salt." But the state of Ireland which he describes might excuse strong colours. "Some persons of a desponding spirit," he remarks, "are in great concern about that vast number of poor people who are aged, diseased, or maimed. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young labourers, they are now in almost as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labour, they have not strength to perform it, and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evil to come." To a writer who had exhausted himself in recommending other expediences, it might well seem as if such a state of society were a gangrene that would only admit of the cautery. Something must also be allowed for the growing despondency of Swift's temperament, and to a certain morbid taint that began to show itself, and was perhaps connected with the brain-disease of which he at last died. He had been passionately fond of society; he began now to complain that he was alone in the world; and though the statement was certainly over-coloured, it seems he was really distrustful of his own ability to please. He had always been capable of coarse allusions; his mind now seemed at times to dwell lingeringly upon filthy images. One by one the friends of his manhood, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Harley, dropped into the grave before him. Little by little his bodily powers decayed. The strong, active, self-reliant man was becoming dependent on others for help and toleration. The change is painful to all men; to Swift it was indescribably bitter.

Yet he was now reaping the full harvest of his life; and the good and bad in him alike seemed to contribute to his well-being. He had sacrificed Stella to the exigencies of a small income; and his savings had made him a rich man. His wonderful conversational powers secured him an entry into every house he cared for; and the people of Ireland regarded him as a friend and patriot. No man insulting him could have walked Dublin safely; and the younger generation of peers and men of letters, Oxford, Orrery, and King, were eager to make his acquaintance. The burgesses of Cavan went out in procession to meet him when he visited Sheridan. His influence over women endured to the last; and he found fair correspondents to flatter him, and a faithful relative, Mrs. Whiteway, to live with him. Some of his letters to this lady when her son died are pleasant reading, for their earnest and thoughtful

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kindness. He seems also to have derived genuine enjoyment from his relations with Dr. Thomas Sheridan, whose wit had some affinities with his own, and whose coarse, simple, testy nature admirably fitted him to be the butt without being actually the slave of his overbearing patron. Sheridan was indebted to Swift for numerous good offices, and seems to have repaid him with a sincere attachment. But the Dean's visits must have been grievous inflictions to his friend's wife, whose relations with her husband were always bad, and whom Swift bullied, satirized, and thwarted in every possible manner, from the ordering of her dinners to her daughter's marriage. Altogether, the Dean might be a formidable guest. Lady Acheson must have been the most good-natured of women if she forgave him his countless railleries on her person, and the nicknames of "skinny and lean," or "snipe." Yet Swift was rather eccentric and inconsiderate than capable of giving pain wantonly. There is a pleasant story, how, once visiting in a country-house, he was told that a young officer had expressed his dread that the Dean would make fun of him. Swift at once went up to the alarmed guest, assured him that he never desired to give pain to men of honour, and so treated him during the whole time of his stay that the young man left the house absolutely fascinated.

At last the time came when Swift was incapable alike of friendship and of society. He had once sketched a ghastly counterpart to the legend of Tithonus, and painted the blank wretchedness of the man who was doomed to outlive friends and memory, to linger on without part in action and without hope of death, who was "least miserable" if he turned to dotage.[1] There can be little doubt that he wrote with a terrible anticipation of his own fate, the long years of growing impotence, and the slow approaches of the disease, which he had again prophesied when he said, pointing to a blasted elm, that he should die at the top. During the last nine years of his life (1736-1745) he was the Struldbrug his own fancy had foreboded. The quarrels with Sheridan (who incautiously taxed him with parsimony), the bickerings with Mrs. Whiteway, may in all charity and sincerity be excused as the workings of a diseased brain. Happily a few friends were left who rewarded his old kindness with pious care; and the brain-disease, which had at first been attended by frenzy and paroxysms of pain, passed into an almost unbroken stupor during the last three years of his life. He died in October 1745, and the unquiet heart at last rested where, in his own words, "bitter indignation could no longer torture it."

Swift's epitaph is the key-note of his character. A burning

[1] *Gulliver's Travels*, vol. xii. p. 274.

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abhorrence of falsehood and wrong is the one noble feature of a faulty life, the one immortal part of the works by which he is remembered. There are skilful mechanics of style in every age, who can mould language after the best fashion of the day, and be humorous or pathetic as the pamphlet or journal requires laughter or tears. Swift did work of this kind at times; and it is work only known to the professed student. But when he wrote from the heart he wrote for eternity. He was compounded of strange antitheses; and, as his private loves were so essentially forms of self-enjoyment that attachment and friendship were constantly sacrificed to calculation, his religion and patriotism were often curiously blended with self-interest. But he is in reality most genuine where he is most general. He could not face the discomfort of renouncing a pleasant acquaintance that ministered to his vanity, though it ended in the wreck of a woman's life; and there is not a line in evidence that he reproached himself for the unrequited sum of daily love which Stella laid at his feet. As long as the victim was uncomplaining, the Dean's profound egotism assumed that there was no cause for complaint; and the little murmurs that reached him from time to time seem only to have impressed him as unreasonable and capricious. In one of the prayers he drew up for Stella during her last illness, he implores God to make her sensible that, if she has been afflicted with weak health, it has been "largely made up to her in other blessings more valuable and less common." But his mental vision was keen, and as he saw he spoke, often passionately. "Ah, man," says Thackeray, "you, educated in Epicurean Temple's library, you, whose friends were Pope and St. John, what made you swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy, before the heaven which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence?" "May not a man," Swift has replied by anticipation, "subscribe the whole Articles because he differs from another in the explication of one?"[1] If he believes that "those who are against religion must needs be fools,"[2] if he is content to merge differences which he regards as small for the sake of the priceless interests at stake, are you to cry him down as a knave and hypocrite?

The question is not a simple one. "My doubts," says Bishop Blougram, "are great; my faith is greater." Swift might have used very much the same words, but more honestly. He unquestionably saw difficulties in the common doctrine of Christianity, and disliked the way in which it was set forth. "Divines of all sorts," he thought, "lessen God's mercy too

[1] *Remarks upon a Book*, vol. viii. p. 259.
[2] *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, vol. ix. p. 442.

much;"[1] and he objected particularly to the fashion of depreciating the Pagan philosophers. Their ethics, he said, wanted little but a Divine sanction.[2] Again, he believed that theological subtleties were a hindrance to the real union of Christians. And as he exalted the ethical above the dogmatic parts of Christianity, he certainly inclined to reject its supernatural dogmas. He would have allowed missionaries among Mussulmans to drop the article of Christ's divinity. The satire that spoke of holy water as universal pickle, and explained transubstantiation by the similes of a brown loaf and a sirloin, was as offensive to High Anglicans as to Catholics. There is other evidence of Swift's views on this point. "Religion," he wrote later in life, "seems to have grown an infant with age, and requires miracles to nurse it as it had in its infancy."[3] So far his scepticism is undeniable. But his faith was greater. "The Scripture system of man's creation," he writes, "seems most agreeable of all others to probability and reason."[4] "The whole doctrine [of the Trinity] is short and plain, and in itself incapable of any controversy, since God himself hath pronounced the fact, but wholly concealed the manner."[5] "I am apt to think that in the day of judgment there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, and to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. . . . But some scruples in the wise and some vices in the ignorant will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each."[6] Practically, therefore, he concludes that the right-minded man will keep his doubts to himself, and not attempt "to shake the walls of the world." "The want of belief is a defect that ought to be concealed, when it cannot be overcome."[7] But a previous passage shows that he only counsels reticence where the difference of opinion is not fundamental, though he certainly objects to schisms like that of Socinus, which have no real chance of success. All this, however, merely means that Swift was more a statesman than a metaphysician, and regarded tenets and forms of faith as comparatively unimportant. Two considerations will help to explain his position. As a High Churchman he attached peculiar importance to outward conformity. As a clear, strong-headed thinker, he believed that the attacks on Christianity were immeasurably weaker than the defence. In order to refute Collins, he simply published an abstract of

[1] *Thoughts on Religion*, vol. viii. pp. 174, 175.
[2] *Letter to a Young Clergyman*, vol. viii. p. 349.
[3] *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, vol. ix. p. 432.
[4] *Further Thoughts on Religion*, vol. viii. p. 178.
[5] *Sermon on the Trinity*, vol. viii. p. 39.
[6] *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, vol. ix. p. 434.
[7] *Thoughts on Religion*, vol. viii. p. 174.

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his discourse. The particular points which Collins attacked were "Providence, Revelation, the Old and New Testaments, future rewards and punishments, the immortality of the soul;" and on all these there is reason to believe that Swift was orthodox in the common sense of the word. No one can defend his logic by the light of modern philosophy; but no one can doubt that thousands have held views substantially resembling his in almost every particular. Half Scotland to this day believes the Bible, accepts the doctrine of the Trinity, and recognises a sterner form of Church-government than even Swift contended for; while it is just as incredulous as himself as to the supernatural graces of Baptism and the Eucharist. Considering, therefore, that his consistency is undeniable, that he damaged himself with the Queen by his doubts, and with the Whigs by his Churchmanship, and that many of his strongest expressions of faith occur in writings that were not published during his lifetime, it seems against all evidence to assume, as Thackeray has done, that he was a sceptic at heart, and put his apostasy out to hire.[1]

Thackeray adds elsewhere: "The Dean was no Irishman." Simple as the words seem, they cover a charge that Swift's patriotism was policy. The examination of his works has, perhaps, given us some reason to judge more charitably. It remains to appreciate how far Thackeray's statement expresses an actual fact. Swift's parents were English. He himself says that he was indeed born "by a perfect accident" in Ireland, but that the best part of his life, the years which gave him culture and the sense of power, had been spent in England.[2] He regarded his Irish promotion as sentence of exile. For many years he was on bad terms with the great men of the country. "There is not one spiritual or temporal lord in Ireland whom I visit or by whom I am visited," he writes in 1732. He hated and despised the Irish squires as enemies of the Church, oppressors of their tenants, jobbers, proud and illiterate.[3] To one who had mixed in the best London society, the change for such companionship must have been very bitter, especially as the distinction between Englishry and Irishry was still sharply defined; and Swift's position was that of a colonist rather than of a native. Moreover his mind, as Thackeray has

[1] Arbuthnot's evidence on this subject is worth quoting. He writes to Swift in 1732, congratulating him on living in Ireland: "Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer," vol. xviii. p. 133.

[2] *Letter to Mr. Grant*, vol. xviii. p. 254; *Letter to Mr. Windsor*, vol. xviii. p. 7.

[3] *Character of an Irish Squire*, vol. vii. p. 372.

finely pointed out, was cast essentially in the English mould. His style is grave, nervous, and self-restrained, never florid or circumlocutory; he writes, as it were, in "the tone of society." Grant all this, and the fact still remains that he gradually identified himself with the country of his adoption. "What I did for this country," he says to Mr. Grant, "was from perfect hatred of tyranny and oppression." But the burst of gratitude and love with which his efforts were welcomed by a warm-hearted people fairly carried him away. "Drown Ireland," says Pope, "for having caught you, and for having kept you; I only reserve a little charity for knowing your value and esteeming you." "What you tell Mr. P.," writes Alderman Barber, "of my speaking disrespectfully of the Irish, is false and scandalous; I love the Irish."[1] The Chevalier Wogan, an Irish refugee, corresponds with the Anglican Dean as a sympathizing patriot. Mr. Grant writes from Scotland to compliment him on "your public spirit and great affection to your native country." "As to this country," Swift writes mournfully in 1736, "I am only a favourite of my old friends, the rabble, and I return their love, because I know none else who deserve it."[2] Foreign as his intellect was, he was able, by force of genuine liking and sympathy, to understand the peculiarities of Irish wit. He several times intersperses bulls in his letters. He is the first Englishman who translated an Irish ballad.[3] Nor was he quite unaffected by Irish influences in his humorous poetry. From the petition of Mrs. Francis Harris to the verses exchanged with Sheridan, there are many among his light pieces which are thoroughly un-English in structure and sentiment.

"It was Pope," says Thackeray, "and Swift to aid him, who established among us the Grub Street tradition," that is, the fierce contempt of poverty, and especially of authors as poor. If by this be meant that Pope often, and Swift occasionally, make the squalid surroundings of an enemy their favourite topic of ridicule, and that their satire has been widely read and remembered, the charge is undoubtedly true. But the word "established" must be used in its most restricted sense; for Pope and Swift only copied the fashion of a preceding generation. Dryden's MacFlecknoe in his "drugget robe," Rochester's Otway who can kill his lice because his pockets are filled, Rymer satirized and engraved as the Garreteer Poet, are very literal types of the meaner men whom Pope pilloried in

[1] Vol. xviii. pp. 213, 219. [2] Vol. xix. p. 88.

[3] "O'Rourke's noble fare will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there, or those who were not," etc.
Vol. xiv. p. 134.

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the Dunciad, and Swift ridiculed in the coarse pamphlets which were probably written to please Pope. But the charge generally against Swift is of the lightest, for a few faulty passages in his works are nobly compensated by the generous acts of his life. His good services to struggling authors have been alluded to. They are traits of the strong feeling for poverty that seemed as it were burned into him by the early miseries of his own life, and which no license of his pen can disprove. He applied "the first five hundred pounds which he could call his own," says Scott, "to establishing a fund from which persons of small means might obtain loans; and, in spite of Dr. Johnson's criticism, the institution seems to have been successful. His next spare money went in purchasing a glebe for the parish of Laracor (Dec. 1716). This he bequeathed to succeeding vicars of Laracor, "as long as the present episcopal religion shall continue to be the national established faith." But if it should be supplanted by any other form of Christianity, as Swift sometimes feared it would be by Presbyterianism, the proceeds were to go to the parish poor, "excepting professed Jews, atheists, and infidels." From that time forward Swift's savings were dedicated to the object he carried out in his will, the establishment of an hospital for the mad. But he gave liberally to the poor as long as he lived, and owed part of his popularity among the lower orders of Dublin to his benevolence. Nor was he wanting when personal friends applied to him for assistance. "Could any man but you," writes Lord Bathurst, "think of trusting John Gay with his money?"[1] and would any other man, it may be asked, have befriended Mr. Pilkington and Mrs. Barber? He bought an annuity of £20 for the daughter of an old servant.[2] And when he wrote calmly, no man expressed a stronger feeling for poverty in the two classes he most cared for, the clergy and the peasantry. The pamphlet *On the Bill for Clerical Residence*, and the *Considerations on Two Bills*, show Swift in his true light, impatient of all that degraded an order to which he belonged, and so far only contemptuous of poverty as it implied loss of self-respect. In one of those outspoken sermons which would now be denounced as revolutionary, he calmly observes that it is "worth considering how few among the rich have procured their wealth by just measure," and winds up, in the spirit of Arbuthnot's epitaph on Chartres, by asking, if riches and greatness are essential to happiness, how is it that God suffers them "to be often dealt to the worst and most profligate of mankind"? Curiously enough, Swift was himself ridiculed in the very zenith of his reputation for living among "half-shirts and shams, rowlers, decayed night-gowns,

[1] Vol. xvii. p. 388. [2] Vol. xviii. p. 217.

snuff swimming upon gruel, and bottles with candles stuck in them." In fact there was a Dutch school, so to speak, in our literature, which delighted in coarse descriptions of sordid actualities; and Swift sometimes borrowed its style in the trifles flung out against ignoble enemies. But no man was less capable of charging poverty as a crime upon the profession to which he belonged, than the man who never forgot he had been poor, who was even ostentatious in his small economies, and whom no enemy ever accused of having forsaken a humble friend, or with want of sympathy for distress.

A reproach, however, rests upon Swift's literary memory, which cannot be explained away, and can only partially be extenuated. Most of his great works are disfigured by a coarse passage here and there; and some of his minor writings are simply disgusting. He would probably have replied that very nice people have very nasty ideas, and would have justified himself by the example of his contemporaries. The latter is the only valid excuse. He lived in the age when Walpole defended the practice of obscene conversation by the plea that it gave the only topics on which a mixed company could talk. Some of the worst letters in Swift's correspondence are from ladies. Some of the worst poems with which his name is associated were really written by Pope and Arbuthnot, and ought now to be excluded from his works. His *Diary* and his *Manual of Polite Conversation* alike show that the relations of the sexes were jested on in drawing-rooms by men and women with a surprising freedom. He once speaks of retiring at an early hour from Bolingbroke's dinners, because he finds his presence a restraint on the company.[1] Generally, the case against him may perhaps be thus stated: that he was coarse from the first; that his coarseness is peculiarly distasteful from the concentration of style and minuteness of detail; but that essentially he was no worse than his contemporaries during the first fifty-eight years of his life. The *Voyage to the Houyhnhnms* seems in this respect to mark distinct deterioration; and the apology of its philosophical significance has only a partial value. For some of the minor pieces even this plea is wanting; and we must either assume that the Dean's natural propensity ran riot when the restraint of Stella's criticisms was removed, or that disease of the brain had already begun (1730, 1731).

Yet with all his imperfections the man was a great man. Forget his coarseness, put aside the wretched egotisms of his

[1] "I give no man liberty to swear or talk bawdy in my company," etc. (*Letter to Stella*), vol. ii. p. 262. At a much later period Swift complains that four worse lines had been tacked on to his poem of Tim and the Fables, in the tenth *Intelligencer*.

private life, assume—what is surely true—that a man may be incapable of unselfish personal feeling, and yet upright, generous, and ardent in his general perceptions and sympathies; and then say if there be any man between Milton and Burke who is so essentially the Hebrew prophet inspired to detect and denounce wrong as Swift. Make every abatement for private piques and the partly venal services of the political writer; and when every tainted or doubtful passage is struck out, what remains is the terrible indictment against England in her Augustan age. It was the fashionable era of satirists. Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, De Foe, Addison, were men who might almost be matched with Swift for mere mastery of style; and their pages are repertories of graceful trifles, such as might amuse a Court in the hours that precede disgrace and death. Swift's stand out in fire, like the warning letters on the wall. Ignorant ministers, unrighteous laws, a corrupt upper class, and a degraded commonalty, were seen by him as no one else saw them; and his vision was thronged with images of national decline and ruin. So it was that after ten years' respite from work as a pamphleteer, he took up his old weapons for a nobler warfare. The women whom he sacrificed understood him; the people whom he despised, defended, and loved, rewarded him with an uncalculating attachment; his literary friends treated him with the old homage to the end. It would surely be without parallel in history if the man was no more than a counterfeit, genuine only in certain real powers of intellect, and with no other claim to a bitter indignation than that which the consciousness of his own hypocrisy might give.

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Forster's Life of Swift.

The Life of Jonathan Swift. By John Forster. Volume the First. 1667—1711. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1875.

The first volume of the late Mr. John Forster's *Life of Swift* is not only a most entertaining book, but one full of evidence of the peculiar faculty of its author for biographical research. The subject of Swift's Life having been many years in his mind, he had devoted much time and labour to the collection of materials; and the success which attended his efforts in that behalf is remarkable. He appears to have had the opportunity, over and over again, of acquiring documents of a most valuable character, and the result has been that we have an infinity of corrections authoritatively made in the received versions of the great Dean's diaries, &c., &c., and a great number of letters and other documents hitherto unpublished. At the close of his preface, Mr. Forster had to express his regret at the death of one who had been much interested in this work, and who rendered the biographer all the assistance in his power, Mr. Edward Wilmot Chetwode, a man of rare talents and enthusiasm; and it was with a very widely-felt regret that the news of the subsequent death of Mr. Forster himself, at no very advanced age, was received. There are, we believe, those among the great writers of England still living among us, who, not wholly sympathising with the biographical doings of Mr. Forster, indulged the hope that they might be permitted to outlive their friend, lest he might write their lives also; but this hope was of course one of long life for themselves, not of short life for him; and probably the desire to escape from his biographical manipulation was at once forgotten, wherever it may have existed, in the grief naturally ensuing on the demise of one who has moved so many years among circles so distinguished for genius, talent, and ability of all classes, as those in which the late Mr. Forster was wont to move. That the strangely prying and partial hero-worship exhibited in the *Life of Dickens*, and which failed to make a hero after all of that curious combination of the genius and the common-place man, should have inspired in certain minds some such dread as we have adverted to above, is not to be marvelled at; but in the case of a man gone out of the living world so long as Swift has been gone, and one so traduced, and of a life so wholly in need of elaborate investigation, Mr. Forster was the man of all men to take upon him the task of biographer. He has well said that "few men who have been talked about so much are known so little;" and it is perfectly true that "his writings and his life are connected

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so closely, that to judge of either fairly with an imperfect knowledge of the other is not possible; and only thus can be excused what Jeffrey hardily said, and many have too readily believed, that he was an apostate in politics, infidel or indifferent in religion, a defamer of humanity, the slanderer of statesmen who had served him, and destroyer of the women who loved him." Such were the kind of charges which Mr. Forster had to meet and dispose of; and we do not think he goes too far, when he says that "belief in this, or any part of it, may be pardonable where the life is known insufficiently, and the writings not at all; but to a competent acquaintance with either or both, it is monstrous as well as incredible."

If such a string of calumnies were not monstrous and incredible, it would surely be questionable whether Jonathan Swift, even as the author of the immortal *Gulliver's Travels*, were a worthy subject for a biography on such a scale, and involving so much research and labour, as Mr. Forster's. But certainly, as far as we have Mr. Forster's labours before us, the assumption is that there was no sufficient evidence to justify the eminent calumniator. The present biographer's main difficulty has of course been with the earlier part of Swift's life: the latter part was already, as Mr. Forster says, "broadly and intelligibly written; but to the work of dealing with his earlier life, no one has given till now the requisite patience, or brought the special kind of ability needed. Those who have been regarded as authorities on the life of Swift will not stand the test of careful and exacting scrutiny; and even such men as Johnson and Scott, who might have done almost what they would, do not seem to have done what they could,—Johnson from want of sympathy and admiration, and Scott mainly, it would seem, from over-occupation with other matters,—for the great fictionist of the nineteenth century was by no means wanting in admiration or sympathy for his predecessor the great satirist, fictionist, and man of multiform doings in literature and life.

It is to this unsatisfactoriness of previous lives, as regards the early career of Swift, that we owe the piling up of detail in this first volume of Mr. Forster's work; and this piling up of detail, documentary and narrative, not unfrequently becomes dry enough, and detracts from the entertaining character of the book at large. That it was necessary, however, no one acquainted with Swift literature will doubt; and no true lover of "the immortal Dean" will fail in gratitude to Mr. Forster for the mass of information he has got together. Of the merits, however, of the whole work, it is obviously impossible to form a trustworthy opinion from this instalment; and even this volume itself cannot be fairly judged in all respects in the absence of the succeeding portions of the biography, which are, as the author hints, to justify this very

great minuteness of detail in the account of the earlier years of Swift.

Of the new materials obtained by the biographer an account is given in the present volume, though of course a great part of them are not herein used. It appears that no less than one hundred and fifty unpublished letters by this great master of English letter-writing have been sought out and placed at Mr. Forster's disposal, nearly fifty of them being addressed to Archdeacon Walls after Swift had become Dean of St. Patrick's. Then we are promised great results from the collation which Mr. Forster has been enabled to make of the later portions of the *Journal to Stella*, with the original manuscript. "To later passages of the life," he says, "their contribution will be extremely important. Some special blanks in the printed journal, on which Scott remarks, are filled by them." Again, some additions are made "to the fragment of autobiography first printed by Mr. Dean Swift; and questions raised by that fragment in connection with Swift's university career, are settled by one of the Rolls of Trinity College," which fell accidentally into Mr. Forster's hands—so that he has been lucky as well as laborious. When Mr. Monck Mason's library was dispersed, Mr. Forster acquired Swift's note-books, books of account, letters of ordination, a large number of unpublished pieces in prose and verse interchanged between Swift and Sheridan, unpublished letters, and a series of contemporary printed tracts for illustration of Swift's life in Ireland. These last he was subsequently enabled to complete by the addition of all the very scarce Wood Broadsides. At the sale of Mr. Mitford's books, &c., the biographer obtained a copy of Hawkesworth's *Life of Swift*, with MS. Notes by Dr. Lyon who attended the Dean in his last illness; and these notes were only partially used by Nichols and Malone. The papers given by Mrs. Whiteway to Mr. Dean Swift, of great interest, comprising several of Swift's important writings in his own MS., and a copy of the *Directions to Servants*, with humorous additions, fell also into Mr. Forster's hands; and he likewise acquired an unpublished journal in Swift's autograph, "written on his way back to Dublin, amid grave anxiety for Esther Johnson, then dangerously ill:" and, finally, Mr. Forster was fortunate enough to procure the large paper copy of *Gulliver*, which belonged to Ford, the friend of Swift, who carried the MS. "with so much mystery to Benjamin Motte, the publisher." This copy is "interleaved for alterations and additions by the author," and contains, beside published changes, several interesting passages, mostly in the Laputa division of the work, never yet given to the world. We are not prepared to say, at this moment, that Mr. Forster's labours have produced a result as good as could possibly have been produced from the remarkably rich materials at his command: such a

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verdict would be premature with but one volume before us; but we may safely pronounce that one volume one of the richest and most interesting of recent additions to English biography.

Picciotto's Anglo-Jewish History.

Sketches of Anglo-Jewish History. By James Picciotto. London: Trübner & Co., Ludgate-hill.

There is probably no important section of the community of Great Britain concerning which the rest of the community is so ludicrously misinformed as the Jewish section. There are numerous reasons why this should be the case—reasons into which it is not necessary to enter at present; but the cause with which we are mainly concerned at present is the absence, hitherto, of a Hebrew demonstrator, able and willing to lay bare the inner life of the Jews, and to place it before English readers at large in a connected, unprejudiced, and exhaustive manner. The proverbial exclusiveness of the Israelites has operated to enhance the difficulties in the way of getting correct information on the details of domestic and other history within the Jewish community; and Mr. James Picciotto has done a real service to English Christians as well as to English Jews in making strenuous exertions to obtain access to facts, and in embodying those facts in a book available alike to the Jewish and to the Christian student of manners and minute history. The Jews themselves in Great Britain are, it seems, extraordinarily ignorant about their own history; while the records possessed by the community are of a quite exceptionally complete and interesting character. Mr. Picciotto points out that no chronicler has narrated the earlier struggles of the Jews, which took place on their return to Britain after prolonged banishment, and that no writer has attempted to depict their rise and progress in London. "The archives of the older Synagogues," he says, "which are treasures of curious information, remained until the present time buried in obscurity, their very existence being scarcely known. Some few of the elder officials had a glimmering of their contents, but to the vast majority of even the Jews themselves these books were as hidden and impenetrable as the Vêdas or the Zend Avesta. In addition to being jealously guarded, they were written in the Spanish and Portuguese languages, or in the Jewish-German dialect, which rendered them thus necessarily understood but by few." To the study of these valuable registers, Mr. Picciotto has been permitted to devote months of careful application; and, concurrently with this labour, he has been extending his researches in every direction where he thought his toil was likely to be rewarded. The result has been that, with a keen eye for facts and a quick intel-

*A BACHELOR FROM CONVICTION.**

'Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair;
But desire gratified
Plants fruits of life and beauty there.'
WILLIAM BLAKE, *Couplets and Fragments.*

'Il y a une prudence supérieure à celle qu'on qualifie ordinairement de ce nom, elle consiste à suivre hardiment son caractère, en acceptant avec courage les désavantages, et les inconvénients qu'il faut produire.' CHAMFORT.

'Anders
. . . . als sonst in Menschenköpfen
Malt sich in diesem Kopf die Welt.' SCHILLER.

ANTIQUITY, so rich in originals—we use the word here in its French and somewhat esoteric meaning—has probably no stranger characters to show than its philosophers. The collection bequeathed to us by Diogenes Laërtius is a real gallery of eccentrics. What, if not an eccentric, is that namesake of the antique author, that other Diogenes, who cynically rolls his domicile about the streets and market-place of Athens, flinging right and left his caustic apothegms to the passers-by? What, if not an eccentric, is Pyrrho, who, reducing scepticism to practice, cannot stir save escorted by a crowd of friends, obliged to watch over his safety? What is Socrates himself, the prototype of all *flâneurs*, with his irresistible mania for embracing people and whispering oracular counsel into their ears? What are they but eccentrics, humorists, if you choose to use a milder term, to whom the common rules of life cannot be applied? To meet with anything like them, or their strange modes of living and utterance in after times, we must either ransack the works of the Bollandists where they treat of the lives of the mediæval saints, or else go to the more modern book of Mr. Timbs on *Eccentrics and Eccentricities*. If we come in contact with them in our daily existence, we have a faint suspicion—no matter how consistent their strange acts may be with certain philosophical theories they enunciate—that their place is in Bedlam, not among ourselves. Even Mr. Timbs writes of them as it were under protest; he would by much prefer to call them madmen than give them the appellation he has.

Because, fortunately for us, whatever doctrines a man—philosopher or not—may profess, he is content to live outwardly at least as other people; to refrain from singularities, to be in act and demeanour a man of the world. Especially is this the case, and has been for some centuries, in England. With the exception of the members of one sect—and even they are gradually abandoning their antiquated costume—all Englishmen dress and walk alike. However God-fearing, they no longer stalk about as the typical Puritan, with their eyes in constant danger of darting upward from their sockets, or else tumbling into their uplifted nostrils. Yellow elongated

* From A. D. Vandam's *Amours of Great Men.*

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features are no longer ascribed to a pious tendency, but to an attack of bile or jaundice. *Very* closely cropped hair in a man bred, until the latest fashion set in, an uncharitable suspicion in the beholder that the individual had come out of gaol, not that he was sober, honest, and religious. We have no longer any means of distinguishing by the cut of a man's clothes whether he is a positivist or a metaphysician. This uniformity of appearance and outward behaviour has, however, its drawbacks. Accustomed as we are to see our fellow-creatures turn out like so many coins all stamped by one mint, to see them behave like so many automata pulled by one and the same string, we are apt to judge too hastily when the exception presents itself; because, as a rule, we have neither inclination nor time to inquire more closely. Even Swift's contemporaries, men of learning as they were, were not free from this reproach; they for some time stigmatised him as the *mad parson*, and posterity has, with regard to the most interesting episode in his private life, not as yet made up its mind whether to indorse this epithet, or whether to sift deeper into the cause, despite the fact that the great Irishman's other acts proved conclusively that if demented there was considerable method in his madness.

The most interesting episode in Swift's private life is, we think, his love affairs, anent which all his biographers have given their opinions, without, as far as we are aware, throwing much light upon the mystery wherein they are involved, contenting themselves to refute accusations too vile and baseless to require refuting.

We confess to a kindness for Swift. We are not blind to his faults, but to our thinking they are amply redeemed by two valuable traits in his character—namely, the courage he had of his opinions, and the unswerving honesty with which he clung to them. In those characteristics we may perhaps find the clue to the hitherto apparent cruelty with which Swift dealt with the affections of two such lovable women as Esther Johnson, otherwise Stella, and Esther Vanhomrigh, *alias* Vanessa.

'It seems rational to hope,' says Johnson, in his Life of Savage, 'that minds qualified for great attainments should first endeavour their own benefit, and that they who are most able to teach others the way to happiness should with most certainty follow it themselves; but this expectation, however plausible, has been very frequently disappointed.' The lexicographer's postulate is susceptible of modification. A great deal depends on the idea such minds, qualified for great attainments, have formed of happiness for themselves. They may have pointed out certain roads leading to happiness for the generality of mankind, the same as the shepherd drives his flock to the fold without sharing it himself, knowing well that ovine differs from human bliss. It is an old truism to compare ordinary mankind to the sheep of Panurge, following whither the bell-wether leads, and undoubtedly looking upon the shepherd or the refractory fellow-sheep who would go a way of his own as mad for not sharing their comfortable shelter and fodder. The sheep are incapable of surmising that their brother's body may, on the Pythagorean principle, contain a soul that prefers to think for itself, and brand what is indeed but individuality as madness, the same as mankind condemn everybody who differs from them. The world has done so with Swift. After groping in the dark as to the causes which made the Dean of

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St. Patrick's reject the happiness of married life, which made him scorn as it were the tenderness of women ready to sacrifice everything to his welfare, and not finding the clue, it has, for the sake of despatch, pronounced him mad, or else broached every theory but one —viz. that Swift remained a bachelor *on metaphysical principle;* that circumstances may have imbued him with a strange and profound doctrine, to which he conformed his whole life; that he wished to remain single to set an example; and that when he married, he did so contrary to his convictions. In how far this doctrine was tenable, matters little or nothing to the point under consideration, which simply aims at showing that he may have held such views.

'Life,' it has been said,

'. . . is a various mother; now she dons
Her plumes and brilliants, climbs the marble stairs
With head aloft, nor ever turns her eyes
On lackeys who attend her; now she dwells
Grim-clad up darksome alleys . . .
And screams in pauper riot.'

To Jonathan Swift she came much in the latter guise. A posthumous child, born under circumstances of the most pressing calamity, educated by the cold and careless charity of relations, denied the usual honours attached to academical study, and spending years of dependence upon the inefficient patronage of Sir William Temple, 'a frigid, selfish, and conceited pedant,' the earlier part of his history may be considered as a continued tale of depressed genius and disappointed hopes.* Indian poets represent life as a dream; to Swift its first years at least are a horrid nightmare, which nothing can dispel but the invincible resolution not to go to sleep at all, in other words, not to be betrayed into illusions with regard to the happiness of existence. But this is the resolution of the man; as yet he is a youth, hoping against hope, though already adopting the custom of observing his birthday as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow, and of reading, when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture in which Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his father's house, 'that a man-child was born.' It is the chuckling preceding the demoniacal laughter we shall hear by and by. Still he stretches out his hand for the sorcerer's vial—love. When man enters life, with that excess of confidence or want of courage which, in youth especially, often takes the dual form of inexperience, the most puissant of desires and instincts send him first of all in quest of the happiness of love. There are few, if any, able to evade this law; we are all bound to confess to the redoubtable truth of the apparently frivolous epigram written by Voltaire underneath the statuette of Cupid:

'Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître,
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être.'

Above all, when unhappy, does man by a natural instinct turn to woman for consolation. Her sympathy is more soothing than that of his own sex. Plato and all the others notwithstanding, the author would sooner be consoled in his sorrow by a woman ugly as Sycorax than by a man handsome as Adonis. The reason is obvious. The hearty grip of a male friend, his exhortation to cheer up and meet our trouble, presuppose an amount of energy which is the very thing we lack in our moments of despondency. A female caress or kindness, on the contrary, makes no demand upon our coöperation, it lulls us into momentary forgetfulness of our misfortunes. It is

* Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Swift*, from which I have borrowed the bare facts contained in this essay.

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the fable of the sun and the wind over again. The one is a stimulant, the other a sedative.

While at Trinity College, Swift made the acquaintance of Jane Waryng, the sister of one of his fellow-students. His passion, like all youthful attachments, seems to have been deep and serious. He pleads vehemently for a return, and offers to forego every worldly interest for her sake. But throughout the correspondence there runs, not a sportive mood like one in search of happiness, but the tragic tone of the weather-tossed mariner, eager to reach a rock whereto to cling, no matter how bleak and bare. The lady, however, was either coy or unwilling. The interchange of letters—fervent, though not with the fervency of a lover, on his part, on hers cold and measured, full of that good sense and prudence with regard to worldly affairs which, however useful, are apt to disgust a lover, because the wounds inflicted on self-love are never so incurable as when the oxide of gold or silver penetrates into them—continue for some time, but gradually there appears a change in the tone of Swift's epistles, plainly denoting a corresponding change in his sentiments.

Sooner or later there comes a period in the life of a thinker in which he begins to take himself to task as to his position, with regard not only to his fellow-creatures, but also with regard to the *rôle* he is to enact in that great mystery-play of Nature. As a rule this period of introspection is caused either by the sorrows and errors of unrequited passion, or else by the plenitude of indulgence, both of which he then discovers are incapable of satisfying a higher mystic craving which he feels within himself. His better nature becomes aware of the truth of Bossuet's sublime saying, 'that the intercourse with God alone can satisfy man;' and from this sentiment springs an imperious longing to turn his thoughts heavenwards, to investigate the obscure problem of his destiny face to face with his conscience. He seeks to pierce the clouds behind which is hidden the blind Power who distributes with so unequal a hand the good and the evil, and he asks of Fate the bold and melancholy question which, according to a great philosopher, 'even the merest hind, by the authority of his intellect—qualified and limited as it is supposed to be—has the audacity of propounding to his Creator: "Why have *You* made me, and what is the part I am to play here below?"' The answer will be interpreted by the questioner according to the traditions by which he was influenced in his youth, in accordance with the bent of his genius, according to the surroundings amidst which he has lived. But unless this answer take entire possession of his soul by plunging it into the depths and joys of mysticism, the questioner will be unable to keep his looks fixed so high for any length of time. 'Le soleil ni la mort,' said Rochefoucauld, 'ne peuvent se regarder en face.' We may add, 'nor God.' The inquirer will lower his eyes to the earth, and the spectacle of human vicissitudes, hitherto neglected, perhaps from a youthful disdain, will captivate his looks and rivet his attention. Life, with all its activities, interests, struggles, and heartburnings, will take possession of him. He will pursue the dream of his new ambitions with no less ardour than he pursued the dream of his loves. He simply changes his master, while he thinks to have emancipated himself.

There is no doubt that such a period of reflection came to Swift about this time. Having left the university under particularly un-

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favourable circumstances, thrown upon the bounty of a patron who excluded him as much as possible from his own society and that of his family, he was perforce, perhaps from inclination also, compelled to fall back upon his studies, which for eight years he unremittingly pursued for eight hours a day. We may easily imagine the answer that came back to him on the question what part he was to play here below: there is no difficulty in surmising through what prism it was vouchsafed to him to see the follies and struggles of this world. He had tasted none of the joys, but already many of the evils, of life; and fancy hears him exclaim, a hundred years before Heine is born,

'Das Glück ist eine leichte Dirne
Und weilt nicht gern am selben Ort;
Sie streicht das Haar dir von der Stirne
Und Küsst dich rasch, und flattert forth,
Frau Unglück hat im Gegentheile
Dich liebefest an's Herz gedrückt;
Sie sagt, sie habe keine Eile,
Setzt sich zu dir an's Bett und strickt.'

What more natural to such a mind under such circumstances than the conclusion that suffering of every degree, from the grief that kills to the *ennui* that silently saps, is the absolute law of this sublunary planet; that the universe, through the voice of every sentient being, emits a cry of pain or a sigh of *ennui*, that it 'were better not to be.' But at this point either reason or mysticism must intervene. The latter says, Life is the necessary though disagreeable preface to eternity, and a preface which you cannot skip; the former, Life is the first volume, complete in itself, of a work which the Author may expand at his pleasure. He may give us the continuation, but we know not that he will. This first volume contains many startling problems, only soluble by faith; if you have that faith by which to read it, the tome becomes sublime; if not, it becomes absurd. Still the mind goes on. I may have this faith, but others may not; consequently it behoves me not to put this book into the hands of those who may trust implicitly in my judgment, and may with myself find themselves unutterably disappointed. Or else it reasons thus: Life is a lie, a gigantic fiasco, a series of dramas like those of Gozzi, in which the plots and incidents vary and change in each piece, and are never reproduced again, though the spirit of those incidents is invariable, the catastrophe foreseen, the actors ever the same. Behold, in spite of all corrections and improvements, Pantaloon as heavy and avaricious as ever; Clown always at his tricks and scoundrelism; Harlequin, fair and pleasant to look on, but a coward at heart, who strikes from behind and then hides himself; Columbine frail, inconstant, and coquette, as she was from the beginning. The non-critical spectators, the pit and gallery, are there with their ready applause, because they take no dramatic notes, they forget what they have seen before; but I, with my more profound acumen, must not recommend it to my friends, though as a well-behaved person I am bound to sit out the performance, and not to interrupt by unseemly demonstration of disapproval.

This, if we understand Swift, is the conclusion he has come to; this the language he held to himself. Life is a mistake; but I am here and must make the best of a bad bargain, only I must not be instrumental in bringing other people here; in other words, I must not marry. If many follow my example the world will die out; meanwhile, let me assist to the best of my abilities my fellow-sufferers. I know my own worth, and I know my own genius.

'Je sais ce que je vaux et crois ce qu'on m'en dit.'

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I have weighed my duties towards the world in the balance with the natural gifts I am conscious of possessing, and arrived at the conclusion that a man gifted with genius, by merely working, sacrifices himself for all mankind; therefore he is free from the obligation of sacrificing himself in particular to individuals. On this account he may ignore many claims which others are bound to fulfil. He still suffers and achieves more than all the rest.*

The doctrine savours strongly of Buddhism. Such thoughts are bred by despair, they are the results of the teachings of Kapila. We fancy that we hear the dialogue which Sakya-Mouni holds with himself in the solemn stillness of the night, beneath the dense foliage of the fig-tree of Gaja:

'What is the cause of old age, death, pain?'

'The cause is birth.'

'What is the cause of birth?'

'Existence.'

'What is the cause of existence?'

'The attachment of one being to another.'

'And the cause of this attachment?'

'Desire.'

'The cause of this desire?'†

We need go no further. Swift's mind is made up there and then. Desire shall be combated by asceticism; virtually he shall remain a bachelor all his life. This is the index to the views with which henceforth he frequents female society; but female society knows nothing of these views. We have acted upon a lately evolved, though very ancient, dramatic theory; we have let the spectator into the secret upon which our comedy hinges; but the actors are as yet, and in this instance—contrary to the rule of theatrical art—may remain, ignorant of the secret. The play may finish with a catastrophe unexplained; the curtain may drop with, as in the ancient tragedies, an invocation to Destiny to solve the riddle to which the *dramatis personæ* have found no clue.

The immediate effect of this resolution on Swift's part shows itself in a letter to Jane Waryng. Though his prospects in a worldly sense have materially improved, it is, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, 'written in a very different tone from the first. Four years had now elapsed, an interval in which much may have happened to abate the original warmth of Swift's passion; nor is it perhaps very fair, ignorant as we are of what occurred in the interim, to pass a severe sentence upon his conduct.' The great Scotch novelist has not the least suspicion of what has happened. He does not think for a moment of attributing Swift's change of mind to aught but mortification at Jane Waryng's cruelty for so long a period. He ascribes Swift's coolness as the result of the lady's obstinate refusal to link her fate with one whose pecuniary position is precarious. He is of opinion that this has produced an aversion in the lover's mind, and inclined to indorse the axiom formulated by Rousseau, 'L'homme va de l'aversion à l'amour; mais quand il arrive à l'aversion, il ne revient jamais à l'amour.' In proportion, however, to Swift's growing coolness, the lady's affection increased; 'she became pressing and categorical in her inquiries what had altered the style of her admirer's letters.' Her late admirer found himself on the horns of a dilemma. It may no doubt appear easy to the male looker-on to refuse an offer of marriage; but in our existing state of civilisation Society has put her veto upon such a step by erecting

* Arthur Schopenhauer, quoted in his *Life and Philosophy*, by Helen Zimmern.

† E. Burnouf, *Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme Indien.*

a conventional barrier, which confines the privileges of each sex within its own domain, and which barrier, despite its merely imaginary existence, is none the less difficult to transgress. Society has said, I will give each sex a privilege, but one only. The man shall have that of offering, the woman of refusing, matrimony; but on no account shall these conditions be reversed or combined; they must be kept separate. He or she that acts contrary to my dictates shall be visited with my utmost displeasure; for the transgression of the one entails that of the other. Under such circumstances, what is a man to do when a woman says or intimates that she wishes to marry him. He is bound to have recourse to subterfuge; it is woman who makes him dishonest. We cannot blame Swift, therefore, when from necessity he has recourse to prevarication; when he charges Jane Waryng with want of affection and indifference, and avers that his income is insufficient; when he retracts his former opinion as to the effects of a happy union. Lastly, when all these delicate hints to be freed from his engagement prove unavailing, he assumes a peremptory and tyrannical tone; he paints his own character in the most odious colours; he assumes vices which he is far from possessing. It is entirely the woman's fault. She, in common with all her sisters, will or can not see that they would be happier, less apt to be deceived, if they could renounce their common maxim of preferring a man whom they love to a man who loves them. Swift did not absolutely refuse to wed Jane Waryng; but his conditions were so offensive to female dignity that a woman who could have accepted them must have been debased indeed. His tone throughout his letters is tyrannical to a degree. He demands to know 'whether she could undertake to manage their domestic affairs with an income of rather less than three hundred pounds a year; whether she would engage to follow the methods he should point out for the improvement of her mind; whether she could bend all her affections to the same direction which he should give his own, and so govern her passions, however justly provoked, as at all times to resume her good humour at his approach; and finally, whether she could account the place where he resided more welcome than courts and cities without him?' Jane Waryng took the only course open to her, consistent with womanly dignity and pride. She released Swift from his engagement. This is no doubt what he had speculated upon, and, despite the censure of many biographers, we think that his conduct, however offensive it may have been to the lady, was not without excuse. The usages of society debarred him from using the honest plea, 'I do not wish to marry you.' This frank avowal would, according to them, have been unbecoming a gentleman. If he descended to cynicism, to falsehood, to blacken his own character, society is to blame, not he. She has so long tolerated the devil's brood, with its hypocrisy that apes virtue, that God in self-defence has been obliged to come to the rescue with the cynicism that apes vice. Thus parted Swift and Jane Waryng. But our hero was fated to run the gauntlet of the world's false opinion in spite of himself, of being accused where he was innocent. Willingly would he have banished love for ever; but Shakespeare says truly,

'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

'Qui suit amour, amour le fuit;
Qui fuit amour, amour le suit,'

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remarks the French proverb more tersely. For even before Jane Waryng was dismissed from the scene, Swift had become acquainted with one of the women whose fate was henceforth to be inseparably linked with his.

During Swift's residence at Sir William Temple's, he became acquainted with Esther Johnson, immortalised to posterity under the poetical name of Stella. She, with her sister and mother, were inmates of Moorpark for several years, and was educated there. Half-ward, half-dependent, considerable interest was taken in her by Sir William; and, no doubt, to please his patron, and perhaps also from a brotherly friendship for a lovely and amiable girl, Swift willingly undertook Esther's mental training. This willingness of the young clergyman—Swift by this time had entered into holy orders—has been construed by nearly all his biographers into an attempt to win the affections of his pupil—an attempt, if we are to believe them, as deliberate as that of Abelard to win Héloïse's heart by means of frequent and secluded intercourse, in order to assist her in her studies. They hint, if they do not say, that Swift, then about twenty-six or seven, was in love with a child barely thirteen years old; for Esther could have been no more, seeing that she was between seventeen and eighteen when she joined her former teacher in Ireland, full five years after the acquaintance had commenced. Some go further still, and insinuate that Swift's nascent love for Stella—as for the future we will call her—was the cause of his desire to break off the engagement with Jane Waryng. We doubt this. Swift may have been another Molière, endeavouring to train another Armande Béjard into a future wife; but as for any evidence as to such intention, it does not exist. The feeling that Stella's companionship could brighten many a dark hour in his life may have insensibly grown upon him during the constant and habitual interchange of affectionate confidence between himself and pupil; but that he contemplated matrimony, or even desired to be more than a faithful and tender friend then or afterwards, we resolutely deny. He had formed a theory, rightly or wrongly, that life was a mistake; that the sooner it came to an end the better; and that he would not be instrumental in prolonging it by contributing to a future generation. This, however, did not prevent him from seizing the rare chances of happiness it might afford, and the affectionate communion with a bright unsophisticated girl seemed to him one of these chances. That his conduct was selfish, we fully admit. His experience should have foreseen the probability of a tenderer feeling than what he aimed at springing up in Stella's heart. His experience failed to perceive this. We must charitably remember that Swift's opportunities of mixing with and observing female society up till now had been very restricted. Even his way of looking at the darker side of life was caused by the absence of woman's softening influence. Hitherto he had mostly dealt with men, with college wise-acres, haughty patrons, and so forth; the brighter side of existence was entirely unknown to him; and few men derive their knowledge of it from books, least of all from such books as Swift is likely to have perused. Philosophers of all shades treat life at best as a *pis-aller;* as for the poets, such a positivist as Swift must have taken their rhapsodies for the wish of a happier lot here on earth, not for the reality of such. Nevertheless our plea does not altogether absolve him. Before long he must have been aware of the real nature

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of Stella's feelings, and it would have been generous and manly to separate there and then. Fate, however, intervened. Sir William Temple died (1699), leaving Stella, to whom he bequeathed a legacy of a thousand pounds, as it were, to the guardianship of his former secretary. Under ordinary circumstances the latter might have declined this trust; but the relations between him and his patron had changed in Sir William's last years. A feeling of profound friendship and mutual appreciation had sprung up between them, which made it, to say the least, difficult on Swift's part not to comply with Sir William's express wishes; and thus it happened that the tie between Stella and her tutor was involuntarily drawn closer.

In addition to a pecuniary legacy, Sir William rewarded his secretary's generous and disinterested friendship with what he, Sir William, doubtless regarded as of much greater consequence—the bequest of his literary remains. 'These,' remarks Sir Walter Scott, 'considering the author's high reputation and numerous friends, held forth to his literary executor an opportunity of coming before the public in a manner that should excite at once interest and respect.'

For by this time Swift had already resolved to make himself eminent as an author, probably for a twofold reason: first, because his ambition itself pointed that way; secondly, because he thought it the shortest way to preferment in the Church. King William had promised his late confidential adviser to bestow on his young *protégé* a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. This promise was never fulfilled, notwithstanding the reminder of it to his majesty accompanying the edition of Temple's works, which were dedicated to the king. Swift waited in vain, fully realising the disappointment so eloquently expressed by Spenser in his 'Mother Hubberd's Tale:'

'Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To loose good dayes that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
. . . . . .
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares,
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse despaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.'

This was scarcely calculated to soften Swift's feelings towards the world. He was, like many philosophers, disinclined to counterbalance his experience by that of others. In this instance, he acted much like the traveller who traverses a foreign town, and who, careless about the interests that move the inhabitants, takes it upon himself to describe its plan and character; like the painter who, in the country, observes not the various interconnected phenomena, such as corn-land, grazing meadows, vineyards, but a sombre or smiling, a grandiose or pretty, landscape.

After all, life is like a foreign language, which it is given to the philosopher to decipher, if he happen to hit upon the right key, if he succeed in applying to it an alphabetical system that forms syllables, words, phrases. And when these words have a constant, not a merely temporal, acceptation; when these phrases present a continuous and satisfactory sense—then, and then only, he may flatter himself to have met with the truth. Swift never found this key. He had entered the world by a back-door, as it were; seen the state apartments of the grand edifice by stealth; and, when there was a prospect of raising himself to a sufficiently high social level to live in them, been

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flung back into the servants' hall: it was no wonder that he misinterpreted, and continued to misinterpret, the sublime language of life. To this may be ascribed the contempt so abundantly flung at civilisation and its works; this theory of suffering so plainly discernible in his writings; this absence of all illusion, this too naked exposition of the truth.

After many months of weary waiting for the king's favour, Swift, sufficiently well known among the friends of his late patron to have his talents appreciated by them, accepted the post of chaplain and private secretary to Lord Berkeley, one of the lords justices of Ireland. This dual office he did not hold long. The intriguing of a certain Mr. Bushe, who had designs upon the latter office for himself, displaced him, Lord Berkeley justifying his ungenerous conduct by the plea that the duties attached to the secretaryship were incompatible with the character of a clergyman, but promising at the same time to make amends by providing Swift with the first good Church living that should become vacant. Much reason as he had to feel hurt, the chaplain remained in his single capacity; but when the rich deanery of Derry was at his lordship's disposal, and he refused it to Swift unless the latter would pay down a sum of a thousand pounds, his anger found vent in some personal abuse, and two or three keen satires, which plainly showed that it was dangerous to trifle with him. Lord Berkeley thought it more politic to pacify him by the presentation of the rectory of Agher, and the vicarships of Laracor and Rathbeggan. In a short time the prebendary of Dunlavin was added, and Swift found himself in possession of an income of about 400*l.* a year.

There was now no obstacle, if he had felt disposed, to his marrying Jane Waryng, with whom he was still in correspondence—for we have somewhat anticipated the termination of this connection in the preceding pages. But as we have already stated, he showed himself but too anxious to escape from the engagement. All his biographers, without exception, have ascribed this desertion of one woman to the growing attachment for another. We would willingly assent to this weight of opinion, entitled to much respect, but for one obstacle. If Swift was really in love with his former pupil, why did not he marry her? Nothing prevented him. His subsistence was assured; the young lady herself was not absolutely penniless. Yet what do we find? No sooner is the new vicar installed at Laracor than he takes steps to send for his ward; but instead of making her his wife, he establishes her at a mile's distance from his domicile, and, in order to give the world no cause for scandal, provides her with a chaperon in the person of Mrs. Dingley. And the reason of this apparently inconsistent behaviour? The answers, in this instance, are not so uniform as the cause advanced for Swift's rupture with Jane Waryng. Sir Walter Scott attributes it to prudential motives. We transcribe literally from his *Life of Swift.*

After commenting upon the precautions taken to instruct the world of the nature of the attachment to Stella, 'by every exterior circumstance which could distinguish a union of mere friendship from one of a more tender nature,' the biographer continues, 'it is, however, highly probable that between Swift and Stella there was a tacit understanding that their union was to be completed by marriage when Swift's income, according to the prudential scheme which he had unhappily adopted, should be adequate to the expense of a matrimonial establish-

ment.' Then follows the comment upon the, to us, altogether unfounded motives with which Sir Walter has credited Swift. 'And here it is impossible to avoid remarking the vanity of that over-prudence, which labours to provide against all possible contingencies. Had Swift, like any ordinary man in his situation, been contented to share *his limited income*—the italics are ours—with a deserving object of his affections, the task of his biographers would have been short and cheerful; and we should neither have had to record, nor apologise for, those circumstances which form the most plausible charge against his memory. In the pride of talent and wisdom, he endeavoured to frame a new path to happiness; and the consequences have rendered him a warning where the various virtues with which he was endowed ought to have made him a pattern.'

Surely Sir Walter's good sense and clear-headed arguing must have deserted him for the nonce when he penned those lines. Could Swift, who, as he himself proves, was economy personified, have had any doubt as to the prudence of living on an income of between four hundred and four hundred and fifty pounds? Stella was possessed of a thousand pounds, and interest was high in Ireland in those days. Was that sum a limited income at that period, and especially in Ireland? We leave the reader to form his own judgment.

Now let us turn to another biographer. After also attributing Swift's broken engagement with Jane Waryng to his love for Stella, he contradicts himself in his next sentence when accounting for her anomalous position at Trim. 'Of the softer and romantic qualities of the heart, which open the avenues of love, Swift was entirely devoid; his mind was bent on higher objects and interested in busier and more ambitious scenes.' Yet in another moment he destroys this theory also. 'I have no doubt but that he regarded the blooming and beautiful Stella with the most sincere friendship, and with something more than brotherly affection.' This is the Reverend John Mitford who speaks; and if the good clergyman were still alive, and had not expressly told us of having no experience in love himself and of being ignorant of the feelings and sensibilities of the female heart,* we should have applied to him to reconcile the two statements of an absence of 'the softer and more romantic qualities of the heart, which open the avenues of love,' and 'a more than brotherly fondness and affection.'

Yet a third biographer†—we must not weary the reader with any more—has accounted for Swift's doings in love as well as other affairs by the ingenious and cheap expedient of declaring roundly that, 'from the beginning to the end of his days, Jonathan Swift was more or less MAD.' All we can say to this last declaration is, that if Swift at this period of his life was mad, we wish that he had bequeathed us half of his complaint. It would have made our fortune. If anything, Swift was too sane, perhaps; and though this may approach to madness, it is certainly not the sort of insanity to which the *Times* writer alluded.

Did it ever strike these and other biographers that Swift may have held to himself some such argument as this? 'This world is a bad place to be in, *misera conditio nostra;* but it could not long

* The *Poetical Works of Jonathan Swift*, preceded by the *Life of Swift*, by the Rev. John Mitford. The Aldine Edition of the British Poets (Bell & Daldy), vol. i. p. xxvii.

† *Amours of Dean Swift*, the *Times*, Oct. 3, 1850.

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continue to exist without love. Hence love is the enemy. Make it a luxury or a pastime if you will, treat it as an artist; the "Genius of the Species" is a worker with but one aim, to produce. He has but one thought, positive and devoid of all poetry, the duration of mankind. Man is actuated neither by depraved desire nor by divine attraction, but works for the "Genius of the Species" without knowing it; he is at once his courtier, his instrument, and his dupe. Admire, if you will, the ingenious process of the Genius; but do not forget that he thinks of nothing else but to fill up the voids, to repair the breaches, to maintain the balance between supply and demand, to keep largely populated the stable, which we call the world, and whither come Suffering and Death to recruit their victims. It is for this, it is with a view to the species, that, previous to approaching the wheels of the machine, this cunning and treacherous Genius, who does not want to fail in his work, observes so closely, so carefully, the properties, the combinations, the reactions, the sympathies and antipathies of these wheels. Woman is his accomplice. She, aided by Christianity, chivalry, and poetry, accomplished a marvellous thing when between them they spiritualised love. Perhaps there would have been an end to love and the human race altogether; men, weary of suffering and seeing no means of escape for themselves or for their children from the misery and wretchedness that crush them, and to which they grow more sensible in proportion to growing more civilised, were perhaps on the way to salvation by renouncing love. Woman stepped in. She made an appeal to men's intellect, she brought into play all that was most spiritual in the feminine organisation, and consecrated it to the trifling and play they call love. Innocent dupes, gallant coxcombs that you are, who believe that by cultivating woman's mind you can raise her to your level, how is it that you have not perceived as yet that these queens of your society have wit sometimes, genius by accident, but intellect never, or that what little intelligence they have is to the intellect of men what the sunflower is to the sun, the king of light? Since you have admitted them into your deliberations, they have made of you a race of Chrysaldes, who, under woman's yoke, have forgotten the few virtues they ever possessed. Woman has been the instrument of inoculating the modern world with the disease that gnaws at it like a cancer. Too weak in body and mind to maintain by discussion the position she has usurped, too feeble physically to execute the projects engendered by a tyrannical mind, she must nevertheless have some weapon. The lion has his claws and teeth, the vulture his beak, the elephant his tusks and trunk, the bull his horns: woman has nothing of all this; the cuttlefish, which, to kill or to elude its enemy, spurts its sepia and darkens the water, is the only being in the animal kingdom analogous to her. Like the cuttlefish, she wraps herself in a cloud, and moves unrestrainedly amidst dissimulation. And who, subjugated by her, trained—tamed, I should say—in her school, who shall boast of being sincere and independent? If you did, woman would let you boast; but she would smile behind her fan or handkerchief if a fine lady, behind her apron or hand if of the lower classes. No, I will do woman the justice of acknowledging her share in civilisation; but I will also be careful to avoid the trap Nature has spread for me, and remain a bachelor. I profoundly believe in

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at least that part of Christianity which teaches continence, though her apostles, any more than the apostles of the other great religions, had no notion what makes of this virtue a sovereign one. They have often seen nothing more in it than the development of an energy without aim, the merit of obeying a fantastical law, of supporting a gratuitous privation, or else they have crowned celibacy as some incomprehensible purity. To me all this is of no account. I advocate celibacy because it leads to salvation, to prepare the end of the world; to indicate the means of accomplishing this end is the supreme utility of an ascetic existence. By dint of benevolence, of alms, of consolation, the apostle of charity saves from death some families whom by his very benevolence he dooms to a protracted agony; the ascetic does more by his abstinence, he saves the life of entire generations. Vincent de Paul snatches children from the streets and preserves their lives: the Indian law that immolates the female child is greater than he; she kills half of the mischief in this world. Yes, the ascetic is right; he gives the example which has nearly saved the world twice or thrice. Woman has pitted herself against him. See whether she shall pit herself against me.'

Let the reader remember that this is not ours, but Swift's argument, which we have lent him for the nonce, because we are profoundly convinced that some such thoughts must have been uppermost in his mind. It is the offspring of pessimism, bred from accidental suffering, or a wrong conception of life, such as Schopenhauer, Leopardi, Hartman, and others have professed; and Swift was a pessimist, not a misanthrope, as many have maintained.

It is not very wonderful that a young girl like Stella did not find this out, seeing that so many learned men have hopelessly struggled to find a motive for Swift's deliberate celibacy. There is a kind of attachment which it is difficult, above all for a woman, to distinguish from love; even such an experienced man of the world as La Bruyère has averred that friendship is impossible between man and woman. This, of course, applies when both or one are still young.

It may well be supposed that Stella, whom all the biographers have described as possessing rare beauty, a natural and ready wit, owing little to education, great powers of grave and gay conversation, and an independent, though very moderate, fortune, was not long before meeting with an admirer. She was then about eighteen, her hair of a raven black, her features both beautiful and expressive, and her form of perfect symmetry, though rather inclined to *embonpoint*. The Reverend Dr. William Tisdal, a friend of Swift, made her an offer of marriage. The proposal was addressed to the young lady's guardian, whom she consulted in all things, and to whom she, no doubt, referred her suitor. It was calculated to throw Swift into a great embarrassment. If he really loved Stella with 'more than a brotherly fondness and affection,' the time had come for declaring such a passion and for making her his wife; if not, he had to resolve upon resigning her to Tisdal. He did neither. At this juncture we are met by the conflicting statements of his various biographers. According to one, Mr. Dean Swift, the vicar of Laracor, insisted upon such unreasonable terms for his ward's maintenance and provision in case of widowhood, that Tisdal was unable to accede to them. On the other hand, if we are to believe Sheridan, the refusal came finally

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from the young lady herself, 'who, though she showed at first no repugnance to Tisdal's proposal, perhaps,' he insinuates, 'with a view to sound Swift's sentiments, yet could not at length prevail upon herself to abandon the hope of being united to him.' Both these gentlemen may be substantially correct, the one in his plain statement of facts, the other in his surmises as to the cause of Stella's refusal; but in either case great blame attaches to Swift's conduct. Whether he destroyed Stella's future by a mean subterfuge, or by feeding her illusion by hopes which he knew were never to be realised, he must be held equally guilty. For though we have attempted to explain Swift's deliberate intention to remain a bachelor—the reader will be pleased to recollect that we have not endeavoured to defend it—we cannot for one moment maintain that he was justified in compelling others to adopt a similar mode of life, nor do we imagine that he openly tried to influence Stella's mind that way, for unless we admit that the whole of Swift's life was one continued piece of falsehood, *de partipris*, we, for ourselves, cannot see his motives for dissimulation at this particular period and in this particular episode, and we have a letter from his own hand to Dr. Tisdal in which he distinctly repudiates the accusation made against him by that gentleman of having wished to frustrate his union with Stella. We give the epistle, dated 20th of April 1704, almost *in extenso:*

'I might with good pretence enough talk starchly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours. In answer to all which, I will, upon my conscience and honour, tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before, that if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state (the matrimonial), I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers; this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you, but I judged it would perhaps be a clog to your rising in the world; and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present; overtures to the mother without the daughter's giving, and by the assurances of Eaton's livings. I told you, indeed, that your authority was not sufficient to make me leave her under her own or her friend's hand, which, I think, was a right and prudent step; however, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advantages you deserve. But the object of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune, in losing so good a friend and companion as her, prevail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine,' &c.

In this letter Swift distinctly writes: 1st, that if his fortunes and humour served him to think of that state, he would choose Stella above all others; 2d, that his friendship and a delight in the charm of her conversation was the only feeling he ever gave way to; 3d, that this regard of his never once entered his head to be an impediment to

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Tisdal; 4th, that he did not think Tisdal sufficiently rich to make himself and Stella happy and easy. His fortunes and his humour are, if not the same thing, at least closely connected with each other. We will endeavour to show why. We have been too much in the habit to consider philosophical systems, in and by themselves, without taking sufficient count of the circumstances under which they were elaborated, of the particular genius who has produced or professed them, to treat them as the algebraical development, as it were, of a certain number of general principles. But it is not like this that a certain philosophical idea or set of ideas or entire system is formed in the mind; philosophy is not an impersonal science from which we can separate the name of the inventor; it is composed of great creations, answering to each other, interlinked, and each of which is the expression and outcome of a genius and a soul co-ordinating their ideas under the complex influence of temperament, education, and experience. One and the same system or theory may contract two different aspects in its application, according to the two temperaments of the two persons that apply. It was even so with Swift's pessimism, which was born, perhaps, from personal experience of life's misery, rather than the fruit of a deeply laid philosophical theory. He was convinced that the world was a 'vale of tears' and suffering; but he also suspected that much of this suffering might be alleviated by wealth; hence, without being in the least degree a miser, he may have come to the conclusion, that if his fortunes would in so far improve as to be in all probability above the ordinary vicissitudes, his humour, *i.e.* his obstinacy in not marrying, might also change, if by this acquired wealth he might guard his progeny from the miseries he had suffered. We do not say that it was so; for even later, when such a change actually took place, he held to his original determination; but he was of sober age then, and, as we have already once remarked, old age is the hostelry of languor; we merely give our theory for what it is worth. By the light of this, his second defence is sufficiently easy of explanation. That until his position would have assumed such stability, his friendship, and a delight in the charm of Stella's conversation, were the only feelings he ever gave way to, and that this feeling would never be made an impediment by him to Stella's union with Tisdal. This was not denying his tenderer feelings for Stella, for we believe in the truth of his statement, that 'he loved her better than his life, a thousand million times;' it was simply confessing that he would not allow these tenderer feelings to get the better of him, as long as money was his imaginary obstacle to their happiness. Under these circumstances, thinking money the best and only safeguard against the probable sufferings of this world, he would not allow Stella to be exposed to them on an income which may not have been as much as, but certainly was not more than, he, Swift, himself could offer.

Again, at the time that this letter was written (1704) Stella was of age, and could, had she felt disposed, have married Mr. Tisdal; nor do we imagine that Swift would have absolutely forbidden her to do so before her majority. It is also certain, if we read Swift's character aright, that he never openly declared his attachment to her. Her knowledge of it must have been entirely derived from that essentially feminine quality, intuition; and being assured of this

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affection, like a true woman she preferred unwedded misery with the man she loved to wedded contentment with one for whom she did not feel the same ardent passion. She preferred living in hopes of being united to Swift one day, and would no doubt have been satisfied, if not altogether happy, in this position of her own choosing, had not a mightier tyrant and destroyer than love stepped in—jealousy.

To such a mind as Swift's the company of woman, however charming, and the quiet happiness of undisturbed obscurity, were not sufficient. He was not content with 'the virtue that produces nothing.' During his stay at Sir William Temple's he had imbibed a taste for politics; and as absenteeism was not considered incompatible with the performance of the duties of a clergyman in those times, Swift was not long in making his way to London, where he became intimate with the political and literary celebrities of the day. His great talents soon procured him the friendship of the leaders of the Whig party, to which he rendered important services by the audacity of his writings and the keenness of his satire. During these frequent excursions, Stella and Mrs. Dingley occupied the house at Laracor, while on the return of the vicar they retired to Trim. A most affectionate intercourse was maintained, both when at home and away, but of marriage the *Journal to Stella*, as far as we have perused it, does not contain one word. Swift's celebrity soon reached its zenith. Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot became his friends; the *Tale of a Tub*, though published anonymously, obtained for its author universal renown, but it effectually prevented his rising to the highest dignity in the Church, the position of which his book aimed at consolidating. Swift's pen was put into requisition for his allies, the Whigs, until 1709, when, having assisted Steele in the establishment of the *Tatler*, he returned to Laracor, and to his clerical duties. His influence in the political world had become such, however, that he was not allowed to remain long at home. While waiting for the preferment which he reasonably expected at the hands of those whom he had served so well, a change came over the spirit of the nation; the Whigs had to retire, and were replaced by the Tories. Swift cast his lot with the new ministry, of which proceeding we do not give an opinion, first, because we are not sufficiently acquainted with politics; secondly, because the discussion of such topics does not enter into the scope of this essay. We are content to believe though, from what we know of Swift's character, 'that,' as Sir Walter Scott observes, 'unless addressing those who confound principle with party,' it would be easy to show that Swift remained uniformly consistent to the former, even if he changed the latter; that while with the Whigs he in many instances professed opinions which had up till then been the characteristic sentiments of the Tories. He appears to have been as zealous for those whom he joined as he had been for those whom he had left. The high promotion which he expected in England never came. By his bitter and personal satires upon those placed nearest to the queen he had effectually barred against himself the way to advancement in England. He who had generously helped others could not help himself an inch. The sole reward he ever received for his services was his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick in the beginning of 1713.

We need enlarge no further upon his political career, which left him

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a disappointed man, adding to the bitterness of his already haughty temper, aggravated by the ingratitude of his friends, whom, in justice be it said, he never violently accused. Nor was the consolation which he might have derived once from the sweet companionship of Stella open to him in its former unalloyed state. Circumstances, not of Stella's making, nor, we would fain believe, of Swift's seeking, had of late altered their relations, not outwardly, but by a something that was felt rather than seen.

In the society which he frequented during his various stays in London, Swift had met with Esther Vanhomrigh, the eldest daughter of a Dutch merchant who had been commissary of stores for King William during the Irish civil wars, and afterwards muster-master general and commissioner of the revenues. Her father was dead, and she lived with her mother, two brothers, and a sister. Of her personal charms we know little, but she possessed that which was sure to attract a man like Swift. To a lively and graceful manner were added a taste for reading and mental cultivation greater than fell usually to the lot of a young lady of those days. There is little doubt that these latter attributes brought Swift to Esther Vanhomrigh's side. He felt interested in a young accomplished girl, offered to direct and superintend her studies, without imagining in the least that the intimacy thus begun would lead to anything more than a sincere friendship. After all, it is very hard that a man may not seek the company of a talented woman without the world accusing him of an *arrière-pensée* in so doing. For what was probably an act of pure kindness on Swift's part he has been universally blamed. It should be remembered that he was past forty, and that his pupil was barely twenty; also that he was particularly free from that coxcombry which sees in every woman a mistress for the asking. It has been said that there is an evident desire in the *Journal to Stella* to conceal from the latter the growing familiarity with Esther Vanhomrigh —whom henceforth we will call by the poetical name he gave her, Vanessa. Did the biographers think that Swift was so ignorant of the world's ways as not to know that Stella would judge of that intimacy the same as every one else? And can he be blamed for not having inflicted unnecessary pain upon her? From this concealment Sir Walter argues that 'there was therefore a consciousness on Swift's part that his attachment to his younger pupil was of a nature which could not be gratifying to her predecessor, although he probably shut his own eyes to the consequences of an intimacy which he wished to conceal from those of Stella.' With the first part of that sentence we cordially agree: there probably was 'a consciousness on Swift's part that Stella would misinterpret his attachment to Vanessa;' for jealousy is so demonstrative a passion that it needs no personal experience to become acquainted with its effects; but that Swift 'shut his eyes to the consequences of this intimacy' we deny, because he did not apprehend any consequences. Swift was either an honest man or a scoundrel. If the former, he would not have remained wilfully blind to the consequences of a passion which a girl like Vanessa was at no pains to conceal; if the latter, his subsequent conduct would not have been what it was; for there is no doubt that Vanessa would have gone to any length with him, even if he had refused to marry her; and that if he had wanted to marry her, no scruples such as actuated

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him would have had much weight. But we will not forestall the course of events. Consequently, not suspecting the hopes fostered by Vanessa, he was not bound to declare his peculiar position with regard to Stella, even if we admit that this peculiar position existed. If he had revealed this position, he would have been in honour bound to marry Stella, and we may take it for granted that if such an idea ever took shape in Swift's mind it had been abandoned long ago. Under these circumstances Vanessa's regard ripened into passionate love; conventionality was discarded by her avowal to Swift of the state of her affections, she following a favourite maxim of her tutor, 'of doing that which in itself seems right without respect to the common opinion of the world.' We have it on Swift's own authority that he felt ashamed, disappointed, nay guilty and surprised, at the avowal. Would he have written thus if he had 'wilfully shut his eyes' to Vanessa's growing passion?

'Cadenus is a subject fit,*
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caressed by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.
Cadenus many things had writ,
Vanessa much esteemed his wit,
And called for his poetic works;
Meantime the boy in secret lurks,
And while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierced the feeble volume through,
And deep transfixed her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierced her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increased her smart.
Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind;
Cadenus now no more appears
Declined in health, advanced in years;
She fancies music in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decayed?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase she brighter shines,
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sighed and languished, vowed and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit;
But books and time and State affairs
Had spoilt his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew,
She hourly pressed for something knew;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagged behind;
She reasoned, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought;
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amazed to find
Such marks of a distracted mind;
For, though she seemed to listen more
To all he spoke than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guessed not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tired with lectures,
Which helped to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide;
But in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventured to complain:
Said she should be no longer teased,
Might have her freedom when she pleased;
Was now convinced he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That every nymph with envy owned
How she might shine in the *grand monde*;
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloistered like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme;
He waked, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill,
For nature must be nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters,
Thus tutors often treat their betters;
And since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.

* *Cadenus and Vanessa:* Cadenus (Swift) has been selected by Cupid to thwart the projects of Pallas to make Vanessa insensible to love, in revenge for the deceit practised upon the Goddess of Wisdom by Venus at Vanessa's birth, whom she had represented as a boy, in order that the child might be endowed with the learning usually given to men.

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Vanessa, filled with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.
Had he employed his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She owned the wandering of her thoughts,
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remembered to her cost
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use:
That virtue, pleased by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes;
That common forms were not designed
Directors to a noble mind.
"Now," said the nymph, "to let you see
My actions with your rules agree,
That I can vulgar forms despise
And have no secrets to disguise,
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous were men of wit;
You cautioned me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part—
Aimed at the head, but reached the heart."
Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style;
And yet her words were so exprest
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confined
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place
Without distinguishing her face;
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget;
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say he made a treacherous use
Of wit to flatter and seduce.'

If we have given this somewhat lengthy extract it is because Swift paints the situation far better than we could have done, and because, allowing for the unavoidable poetic license, we believe the version to be substantially true. That the position was a trying one, no one with the least amount of imagination—for we sincerely hope that the actuality has never befallen any of our male readers—will be prepared to deny. Whatsoever claims we may advance to be unfettered by conventionality, we are all more or less its slave. To seriously refuse a woman who offers you the greatest honour she possibly can confer—namely, to make you the arbiter of her future life—requires an amount of courage of which few we fear are possessed. Nor is the refusal made more easy if one have the excuse of a previous engagement, for inconstancy is only blamed in others when we ourselves are its victim; when we happen to be the gainers by it, we are charmed, inasmuch as it tickles our vanity. We should say that this, and not Scott's reason, 'that he was conscious that the explanation had been too long delayed,' induced Swift to conceal, even at the eleventh hour, his engagement—if there was an engagement—to Stella. He took the only course open to a man of the world under the circumstances. He professed to treat Vanessa's avowal as a joke. What else could he have done? He knew full well by this time that Vanessa was serious; but in order not to humble her pride he pretended to regard the matter as the whim of a young girl. 'Neither love nor friendship should receive aught they cannot return,' says Perdican, in *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour;* and once more we maintain that Swift was too honest a man to accept Vanessa's love, knowing he could not return it. That the girl herself was dissatisfied is not surprising. *Il n'est rien d'être admiré, l'affaire est d'être aimé;* short of love there was henceforth no peace for her.

With these fresh troubles, added to his ungratified ambition with regard to preferment in England, Swift returned to Ireland and to Stella, the latter conscious of a change of tone in her guardian's correspondence, and suspecting its cause, if we are to believe that the feelings of jealousy and displeasure

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which Swift ventured to appease were produced by Stella's knowledge of having a rival in his affections. Again we must be permitted to doubt that the coolness visible in the altered tone of the *Journal to Stella* was produced by Swift's affection for Vanessa. No one, if we have read his character aright, up till this time, would have been more careful to betray signs of a waning affection, which he knew must cause pain, unless this were done with the deliberate purpose of paving the way for a rupture that might leave him free to marry Vanessa; and that such a thought never entered Swift's head will be sufficiently evident by and by. Would it not be more just to suppose that the worry of politics, the anxiety about his personal affairs, left him neither time nor inclination to indulge in those soft endearments which Stella had been accustomed to regard as a *sine quâ non* of their correspondence? Nay, if the old proverb be true, 'that a burnt child dreads the fire,' may we not suppose that Swift grew chary at this time of using these soft expressions, which in all probability had worked such dire mischief in his intercourse with Vanessa? Under the influence of strong excitement man is apt to forget his logic; and though we think it inconsistent that Swift should have withheld his 'little language' from Stella just when the absence of it might arouse suspicion, we must remember that we are the lookers-on, not the actors in the play. That Stella grew jealous was in the nature of things; nor can we withhold our sympathy with this feeling from which she prays the gods to guard her.

'O shield me from his rage, celestial Powers!
This tyrant that embitters all my hours.
Ah, Love! you've poorly played the hero's part;
You conquered, but you can't defend my heart.
When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monster banished from your train;
But you would raise him to support your throne,
And now he claims your empire as his own;
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed
That where one reigns the other shall succeed?'*

Despite this feeling, perhaps because of it, Stella consented to take up her abode in Dublin as soon as Swift was settled in the deanery-house. The intercourse was continued with the same circumspection that had saved it from scandal at Laracor. All this tends but to confirm the opinion we have expressed, that Swift did intend neither to marry Vanessa nor Stella. At any rate it would have been easy for him to keep the latter, if not the former, at a distance.

With Vanessa his position was extremely awkward. She had the decided advantage over her rival, not, as Scott remarks, 'in being the more important victim from her social position,' but, as he afterwards corrects himself, of 'having in a manner compelled Swift to hear and reply to the language of passion. There was in her case no Mrs. Dingley, no convenient third party, whose presence in society and community in correspondence necessarily imposed upon both restraint, convenient perhaps to Swift, but highly unfavourable to Stella.' It is very evident, however, that he meant to confine his connection with both within the limits of the platonic. The circumstances that compelled him to give that connection with Stella a different character were such as no man could have combated.

Mrs. Vanhomrigh, Vanessa's mother, and her two sons, had died within a short period of each

* Sir Walter Scott is of opinion that in these, as well as other verses, Stella received assistance from one of Swift's literary friends —'Dr. Delany probably,' he says.

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other, leaving the survivors, Vanessa and her younger sister, sufficiently embarrassed in money affairs to afford the former a plausible excuse for retiring to Ireland, where their father had left a small property near Celbridge. Their arrival in Dublin increased the jealousy of Stella, and consequently augmented the embarrassment of Swift, leading him to reiterated remonstrances, and when these were of no avail, to downright unkindness in his reproaches. The intimacy which had passed without comment in London would naturally evoke gossip in Dublin, and this the new dean was determined to prevent.

But in that kind of intimacy the proverb is reversed: *Ce n'est pas le premier pas qui coûte*, but *le dernier*. Vanessa would not take 'no' for an answer, and an *escalandre* had to be avoided at all risks; for it was obvious that any decisive measure would be attended with some such tragic consequence as that which, though late, at length concluded their story. Swift found himself in a situation somewhat similar to that of the celebrated Captain Macheath, with this difference, that it would have made him happy to have both charmers away instead of one. He willingly offered friendship to both, but *les femmes cependant demandent autre chose*, observes a character in one of Alfred de Musset's plays. Meanwhile Swift continued to visit Vanessa, hoping that time would cure her infatuation, cheering her with lively and witty conversation, treating the matter lightly, though well aware of the sufferings he had involuntarily inflicted upon the young girl. However much his biographers have accused him of want of heart, to us the heart peeps out every now and then from behind his bitter satire; we hear his dumb cries of anguish amidst the strident laughter; we do not doubt that he knew himself guilty and innocent at the same time, though in truth he was as much sinned against as sinning. The world may call him perjurer, executioner; we call him victim. To us it matters not that those who suffered at his hands were women, that they suffered as much as he did; we look at the fact that he had never breathed a word of love to either of them, and that their martyrdom arose from misapprehension of his character, for which they, not he, was to blame. We have never been able to see why woman should reap the benefit and man the blame of her mistakes. It is not God's law. Adam and Eve were equally driven out of Paradise.

In Vanessa's case it was not only Swift who suffered, but Stella also, who, in this instance, was far more excusable in her error with regard to the nature of her former tutor's affections. For the attentions exacted by Vanessa provoked in Stella a jealousy neither unreasonable nor dishonourable, which, secretly preying upon her mind, undermined still further her health, already on the decline. She had sacrificed to a hope, delusive perhaps, but from her standpoint not altogether unfounded, all but her virtue and honour; the best part of her life had faded away amidst unfulfilled expectations; nay, while she had the satisfaction of knowing that her conduct had remained irreproachable, this satisfaction was embittered by the consciousness that in the eyes of the world she had jeopardised her reputation. Though not absolutely holding aloof from her—very few persons of rank visited her—at least very few ladies. There is no severer judge of woman than woman herself. The rapidity of her self-promotion to the judicial bench is truly marvellous. Nor is it surprising.

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She has instituted a court of law in which the advocate, if such can be found amongst her own sex, is classed with the criminal as an abettor; and besides, the judicial functions are so easy to fulfil, the jury are generally so unanimous; for they know that a divergence of opinion would ruin once for all their prospect of a place on the judgment-seat, for which all are fit, because there is no need of weighing evidence, of determining the degree of guilt, of adjudicating the amount of punishment. Every offence is a capital one, punishable with *civil death*, as the French have it; consequently every jury-woman is a hanging-judge in prospective. Stella had been arraigned, the verdict (exceptionally mild this time) a Scotch one, 'Not proven,' which, as every one knows, is as damning in its effects as the severer 'Guilty.' Swift felt deeply and bitterly the slights to which his conduct had exposed her. Stella's melancholy increased daily. He employed the Bishop of Clogher, his tutor and early friend, to inquire the cause, and received the very answer he could have anticipated. Her sensibility to his recent indifference, and to the discredit which her character had sustained from the dubious and mysterious connection between them. 'To convince her of the constancy of his affection, and to remove her beyond the reach of calumny, there was but one remedy.* To this Swift replied that he had formed two resolutions with regard to matrimony. One, that he would not marry till possessed of a competent fortune; the other, that the event should take place at a time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence he proposed he had not yet achieved; and, on the other hand, he was past that time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. It may be observed that Swift undoubtedly had a right to lay down these or any other rules for the regulation of his own conduct, and the supposed safeguard of his own happiness; but these very rules obliged him to act with great circumspection and caution in his intercourse with females, and not to keep his maxims of prudence in reserve while he was engaging the affections of the artless and the inexperienced by a tenderness and gallantry that were the forerunners, according to their ideas, of more intimate and lasting connections. Swift, however, made one concession, the least that could be granted, and of itself an imperfect remedy of the evils that he had caused.'

The reverend gentleman has summed up the situation carefully, and upon the whole justly. It but proves that Swift still adhered to his original resolution, though he pretended to modify it. The excuse of an incompetent fortune, the plea that the time of life was past in which he could reasonably hope to see his children settled in the world, are but the echoes of the conclusions arrived at in his younger days. We may sum them up once more, and again in words borrowed from the tenets of Buddhism, the source whence flows all theoretical or practical pessimism. 'Existence is the evil. Existence is produced by desire; desire is born from the perception of the illusionary forms of the human being. All this is but the effect of ignorance; hence ignorance is in reality the primary cause of everything that appears to exist. To know this ignorance is at once to be capable of destroying

* Rev. John Mitford, *Life of Swift*, from which, subject to our own deductions, are borrowed the following extracts, relating to Swift's *supposed* marriage and subsequent events, ending with the deaths of Vanessa and Stella.

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its effects.* Conclusion: Man is born with this ignorance, which is simply the potent deceit of the "Genius of the Species." I have fathomed this deceit, and shall virtually not yield to it, though I may contract a nominal marriage.'

This nominal marriage is the concession alluded to by Mr. Mitford 'as the least that could be granted,' and which he rightly designates as being 'of itself an imperfect remedy of all the evils that he (Swift) had caused.' For though yielding to the pressure brought to bear upon him, the conditions he imposed were in strict accordance with the principles already enunciated, rendering the union one in name only. Hence there is no need on our part to inquire whether the marriage really took place, or whether it was an invention of some of the biographers. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that Swift and Stella continued to live apart. Her consent to these humiliating conditions was no doubt given for two reasons: first, because the union cleared her reputation in the eyes of the world; secondly, because it disarmed all further attempts of Vanessa to legitimise her fancied claims on the dean.

From contemporary accounts it would appear that Swift's state of mind was very unhappy about the time the union is supposed to have taken place. The theories to account for this unhappiness are so various, that it would be a difficult matter to sift the truth from the fiction with which they have been mixed. If some had any real foundation, the whole of Swift's former relations with the female sex would become enveloped in such a cloud of mystery, that it would be more charitable not to attempt to rend the veil. To our thinking, however, there is not a particle of evidence to justify these assertions. Nor is the surmise of the Reverend Patrick Delany, that Swift had discovered too near a consanguinity between Stella and himself—that, in fact, both were illegitimate children of Sir William Temple—worthy of a moment's consideration. All these undoubtedly honest endeavours to find a cause for Swift's gloom and melancholy appear to us like the act of a man who throws a paving-stone at his friend to dislodge the fly that is tickling his nose and irritating him. In trying to free him from the aspersions that disfigure his memory, but which at the worst would be venial faults, Swift's biographers and friends have launched an innuendo which, while common decency forbids us to enlarge upon it, would at once disprove their own asseverations that he could have ever sought to seriously engage the affections of any woman. But enough. It is surely more reasonable to attribute his hypochondria to the first symptoms of the madness which a few years afterwards beclouded his sublime intellect, which carried him to the grave a hopeless lunatic, and the appearance of which symptoms might have been accelerated by the trying situation in which he found himself at this period. For, despite his rebuffs, he could not prevail upon Vanessa to abate one iota of her pretensions. In vain did he try to moderate her passion, and even to direct it into another channel, by introducing a friend, Dean Winter, as a candidate for her hand. She rejected this, as well as other proposals, in peremptory terms. Meanwhile the intimacy with Stella continued on the same, if not on a more guarded, footing, because, if their nominal union had indeed been legalised, it was under conditions of the strictest secrecy, though there is no doubt that the secret leaked out eventu-

* Max Müller, *Essay on the Religions.*

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ally. She continued his beloved and intimate friend, the regulator of his household on public occasions, but merely as an ordinary guest. The cause of this secrecy enjoined upon Stella has never been satisfactorily elucidated, nor can we suggest any reasonable explanation. If, as Sir Walter Scott hints, the world would have expected Swift to live with Stella as his wife when their union was made public, and that this natural union was impossible, the secret of such impossibility would have been safer in his wife's keeping than in any other. 'This much at least is certain,' continues the biographer, 'that if, according to a saying which Swift highly approved, desire produces love in man, we cannot find any one line in Swift's writings intimating his having felt such a source of passion; nor would the sense of decency, which uniformly gave way before the slightest temptation to exercise his wit, have restrained him from expressing voluptuous as well as disgusting ideas.' That he has never done so is the strongest confirmation of our own doctrine with regard to the absence or suppression in early youth of such passion, and his consequent aversion to marriage. *En passant*, be it said, that this callousness to love was the only thing that he lacked to become a poet in the best sense of the word. For nothing is truer than what Alfred de Musset sings:

'Celui qui ne voit pas, dans l'aurore empourprée,
Flotter les bras ouverts, une ombre idolâtrée ;
Celui qui ne sent pas, quand tout est endormi,
Quelque chose qui l'aime errer autour de lui ;
Celui qui n'entend pas une voix éplorée
Murmurer dans la source, et l'appeler ami ;

Celui qui n'a pas l'âme à tout jamais aimante,
Qui n'a pas pour tout bien, pour unique bonheur
De venir lentement poser son front rêveur
Sur un front jeune et frais, à la tresse odorante,
Et de sentir ainsi d'une tête charmante
La vie et la beauté descendre dans son cœur;

. . . . .

Que celui-là rature et barbouille à son aise
Il peut, tant qu'il voudra, rimer à tour de bras,
Ravauder l'oripeau qu'on appelle antithèse,
Et s'en aller ainsi jusqu'au Père-Lachaise,
Traînant à ses talents tous les sots d'ici-bas ;
Grand homme si l'on veut ; mais poëte, non pas.'

To all these softening influences Swift was proof. What he praises most in his celebrated favourites are those attributes very frequently found in the other sex. After the first years of his life woman was only valuable to him when content to forego the most womanly qualities. His temperate predilection is best pleased when it meets with an equally temperate attachment:

'With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted love a guest.'

His own lines are the best defence of the accusations against him. He considered his regard for Vanessa as no breach of his faith to Stella, 'until taught by the unrestrained declaration of the former, as well as by their mutual rivalry, that the coldness of his own temper had prevented him from estimating the force of passion in those who became his victims.'

The rest of the story is soon told. The relations between Swift and the two women never changed. In 1717, despite his entreaties and warnings, Vanessa retired to her property near Celbridge, to nurse in seclusion her hopeless passion. He did the utmost in his power to soothe her grief by a regular and affectionate correspondence, continually advising her to seek society, even exhorting her to leave Ireland altogether. During the next three years they only met when she was occasionally in Dublin; but about 1720 her sister died,

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and this sad event, which left Vanessa alone in the world, induced Swift to pay her a visit at her country house, and to repeat it from time to time. The renewed meeting, added to the consciousness of her isolation from the bereavement she had sustained, seemed to have increased the energy of her fatal passion; and ignorant as she still was of the irrevocable tie that bound Swift to Stella, she ventured upon addressing the latter, requesting to know the nature of their connection. Whether she hoped to bring about a rupture between Swift and her rival, and by those means to force him into a union with herself, we know not; certain is it that she succeeded partly in her aim. Stella, in answer, informed her of her marriage; and incensed against Swift for having given another woman such rights as Vanessa's inquiries implied, she sent him the letter, and immediately retired to a friend's house in the suburbs of Dublin, without seeing her husband or awaiting his reply. Two circumstances, however, frustrated Vanessa's scheme. The tie that bound Swift was indissoluble. Stella's retirement did not provoke pique against herself, but anger against the cause. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury that were habitual with him, rode instantly to Marley Abbey, strode into the apartment, flung Vanessa's letter on the table, and, without saying a word, mounted his horse and returned to Dublin. She felt that all hopes were at an end. The chords of the fond but misguided heart had snapped. She survived but a few weeks, and died uncheered by the presence of him to whom her life was sacrificed.

Whatsoever pain the passions may cause, we must not compare the sorrows of life with those of death. Swift, agonised, rushed from the world. For two months subsequent to the death of Vanessa, his place of abode was unknown. The period of self-communion seems to have calmed his mind. Upon his return, Stella was easily persuaded to forgive, judging that his own anguish was sufficient punishment for what had become irreparable. He again devoted himself industriously to affairs of state, but especially to rescue Ireland from the absolute thraldom in which she was held by England. Single-handed he fought and vanquished the English Government. His popularity in the country, not of his love, but of his birth and adoption, became so great that it remains unparalleled up to this day, in a land where the indiscriminate worship of the agitator is, unfortunately, part of the national religion; where the 'popular idol' is more often a Thersites than a Nestor. Swift was justly worshipped, and every hair of his head was sacred to the people who adored him.

In 1726 Swift revisited England, and published anonymously, as was his wont, the famous *Gulliver's Travels*. Its immediate success was but the shrill piping, however loud, of the piccolo, compared with the sonorous and sustained trumpet-blast of admiration which it has evoked ever since. Once more he mingled with the literary world, the subject of homage from the greatest. Yet, courted on all sides, he was doomed again to bitter sorrow. Stella fell ill. Alarmed and full of self-reproach he hastened home, to be received in triumph by the people of Ireland, and to be met with the improved and welcome looks of his convalescent wife. It was but a brief respite. A twelvemonth after, he was anew summoned from England to find her upon the verge of the grave. He remained at her bedside to the last moment, evincing the tenderest consideration and

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performing what consolatory tasks he might in the sick-chamber. Shortly before her death, a conversation between the melancholy pair was overheard by Mrs. Whiteway. It related, no doubt, to the secret of their marriage. Swift is reported to have said, 'Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned.' Stella's reply was given in a few words, '*It is too late.*' 'On the 28th of January 1727-28, about eight o'clock at night,' writes Sir Walter Scott, 'Mrs. Johnson closed her weary pilgrimage, and passed to that land where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.'

'Et tu mourus aussi . . . l'âme désolée
Mais toujours calme et *bonne*, sans te plaindre du sort,
Tu marchais en chantant dans ta route isolée;
L'heure dernière vint, tant de fois appelée
Tu la vis arriver, sans crainte et sans remord,
Et tu goutâs enfin, le *charme de la mort*.'

Some years ago, reader, we were at Strasburg, and they showed us the daughter of a former Count de Sarvenden, embalmed and buried in her bridal dress; the bony finger was still encircled by the wedding ring, the hollow sockets of the skeleton head stared from under the orange-blossom, the crumbling dust was still impregnated with a subtle perfume that made one shudder. The Swiss told us the history of the unhappy girl, and he wound up his recital with his own comments. 'Her husband left her on her wedding-day,' said the matter-of-fact personage, 'and she gradually pined away. Ah, but that was three hundred years ago; women do not love like that nowadays, and it is well they shouldn't.' We involuntarily thought of Stella, and devoutly echoed the man's wish, 'It is well they should not.' For there exists not in creation a law which is not counterbalanced by a contrary law; everything in life is determined by the equilibrium of two contending forces. Even so in love, it is certain that he or she who gives too much will not receive sufficient in return.

Swift stood now, as it were, alone in the world, already afflicted by many of those calamities that warn us of the end. The gradual decay of nature, accompanied by disease; the death and estrangement of many friends; the keen sensations of remorse—everything combined to darken his future prospects, despite the gleams of cheerfulness and satisfied literary ambition which still brightened his downward path. The applause of the public, the appreciation of his countrymen, still remained; but the busy life could afford no compensation for the absence of her whom, despite his many offences against her, he tenderly loved, not as a lover, but as a father and friend. Well might he have said,

'If sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade.
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And Sorrow unobserved may pour
The plaint she dared not speak before.'

Henceforth Swift's life is like that serenade which Don Juan, disguised, sings under a balcony, a melancholy and piteous song, breathing sorrow, distress, misjudged love, but the accompaniment to which is lively, strident, *staccato;* still the song struggles on, wailing, making itself heard above the false instrument, whose mocking tones want to turn it into derision, and seem to jeer at being obliged to go so slowly and mournfully. Nay, in a measure Swift becomes Don Juan himself, with whom the marble statue, just returned from the graves of Vanessa and Stella, sits down to supper. The dean remains calm, collected, for some time, but the statue asks his hand; and when, with an as-

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sumed indifference, he has given it, the man is seized with a mortal chill, and falls into convulsions. They get more frequent, and at last send him raving mad, the intervals of frenzy leaving him a mere pitiable idiot. He is like the man who boasted of being inaccessible to superstitious fear, and dreading nothing. One night his friends placed a skeleton in his bed, then went into an adjacent apartment to watch the effect. They heard nothing; but the following morning, when they entered the room, they found him seated playing with the bones. He had lost his reason. Swift had been insensible to all the softer feelings. Memory placed their skeleton in his bed, he played with the bones for more than three years, unconscious of what passed around him. Upon the 19th of October 1745, God mercifully removed the terrible spectacle, and released the sufferer from his misery, degradation, and shame.

'Meddle not with the isthmus there, nor cut it through. Jove would have made a channel had he wished it so,' said the Oracle to the Cnidians. 'Do not attempt to triumph over the love of life by asceticism and mortification methodically practised; had I wished it so, I could have found a means to accomplish it,' says God; 'for life is salvation, despite your protests. Myriads of my creatures daily proclaim with millions of voices that existence must not be trifled with. Consider well that if man be good, Nature is beneficent and lavish; astonishment mingled with anger you will provoke in daring to prove the chance exception to this universal goodness. Consider the indignation that will arise at the least mistake, the slightest inconsistency, the most trifling prevarication of those who wish to cheat the laws of Nature in appropriating her benefits. How will you contrive in order not to perpetually quarrel with destiny? Know that in man there are two occult powers, which combat each other until death: the one clear-seeing and cool, attaching itself to the reality, calculating, weighing it, and judging the past; the other thirsting for the future, and eager for the unknown. When Passion carries away man, Reason follows him weeping, and warning him of the danger; but the moment he halts at the sight of Reason, the moment he says to himself, "It is true, I am a fool; whither was I going?" Passion cries out loudly, "Am I then doomed? must I then die?"' This latter cry Swift ventured to disregard. He threw to the winds the divine maxim, that

'Love is the happy privilege of mind;
Love is the reason of all living things.'

Hence, when too late, there arose within him a revolt against the conclusions of his youth; his own instinct—that which drives man to action, to belief, to happiness, and against which cannot prevail the most subtle philosophical doctrines that accuse life of falsehood and blindness—proclaimed him wrong. He was forced to ask,

'Hélas! dans une longue vie
Que reste-t-il après l'amour?'

And the melancholy answer came:

'Ce qu'il reste à la voile vide
Quand le dernier vent qui la ride
S'abat sur le flot assoupi!
Ce qu'il reste au chaume sauvage
Lorsque les ailes de l'orage
Sur la terre ont couché l'épi.'

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MY LILY-PETALLED ROSE.

In love's parterre I planted
A lily-petalled rose;
In hope's bright glow I panted
And delved till evening's close;
For I had long been haunted
With fear of unseen foes,
And my lone heart long had wanted
A sharer of its woes.

Arm-folded, o'er the paling
Leaned Cupid, watching me;
I heeded not his railing,
But toiled on steadily,
My courage never failing,
My glad heart sorrow-free,
Cupid's banter unavailing
To chase away my glee.

My young rose throve, perfuming
Love's garden as it grew,
In rarest beauty blooming,
Sun-brightened—tipped with dew;
I saw no signs of glooming
In skies of softest blue;
But I saw hope's sun illuming
Those skies of azure hue.

My care was well requited,
My lily-petalled rose
Grew stronger; love-delighted,
I feared no unseen foes.
Time passed. The earth was whited
With falsehood's chilling snows;
Then my lily-rose was blighted
And died ere evening's close!

LETO.

DEAN SWIFT'S CATHEDRAL

THE Cathedral of St. Patrick's presents many attractions worthy of observation and remembrance. As we enter it, the bust of Dean Swift commands us to look at this effigy of departed genius, greatness, and eccentricity. As I gaze upon that simple monument, what shadows of the past arise before my mental vision! I can fancy one chill autumn midnight in the eventful year 1745. A solemn procession paces that dimly-lighted central aisle. The funeral is a very quiet one; but he who is buried to-night goes to his grave lamented by all Dublin. The wild fitful soul has found its repose at last, and Jonathan Swift, too strange a being ever to be fairly understood on earth, goes to be judged at the Great Tribunal. That his own proud spirit was bowed very low at the dismal close of his feverish life seems clearly expressed by some of his last words. After a whole year of helpless idiocy and utter silence, a gleam of the old light came back to him on his birthday, when his housekeeper told him of the bonfires and illuminations in honour of that event. "It is all folly," he replied; "they had better let it alone." And then in another brief interval he said, "I am what I am—I am what I am." And these words he repeated two or three times. Is there not something very touching in his reply to Mr. Delany's "How do you do, Mr. Dean?" "I am not the Dean," replies Swift; "I am not what I was. Pity me, and pray for me."

The monument to the memory of Stella is likewise interesting; it is near that of the Dean. Both of the mementoes adjoin the door that leads to the robing-room of the clergy. It is a singular fact in reference to Stella, that she left a sum of money to endow a vicarage the possessor of which should be a bachelor; and upon a recent occasion the candidate who succeeded in procuring the office was in that position, with this apparent impediment—an intention of taking a wife. This, however, did not vitiate his claim to seek the office.

There are many memorials of the Dean about the cathedral. Of these, the slab erected by him to his servant, Alexander Magee, in commemoration of his discretion, fidelity, and diligence, is one of the most interesting. When the Dean published the *Drapier's Letters*, a reward was offered for the discovery of the author. At this time the Dean, who had quarrelled with Magee, and discharged him, was apprehensive

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that he would betray him. However, the young man was faithful. He afterwards returned to the Dean's service, and in that service died; whereupon Swift erected the slab to his memory. Many are the stories told of the brusque and sometimes violent manner of the Dean. Two of these are in my mind as I write. For a long while he endeavoured to induce the descendants and representatives of Duke Schomberg, who was killed at the Battle of the Boyne, to erect a monument to his memory. This they refused or neglected to do; whereupon he raised one himself, a black slab, on which he inscribed high praise of the gallant dead and low abuse of the ungenerous living. It is said that the body of the great General never was removed from the cathedral. The other story told of the Dean is as follows: George Falkner, his publisher, went to London to collect subscribers for his (the Dean's) works. When he returned to Dublin, he presented himself before the Dean dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag-wig, and other fopperies. The Dean turned him out as an impostor. Again he waited on the Dean, attired in another manner; and on this occasion he received him cordially; thus: "My good friend George, I am heartily glad to see you. An impudent fellow in a laced waistcoat was here, and would fain have passed for you; but I dismissed him with a flea in his ear." It was this Falkner who was instrumental in dedicating the bust and tablet to the memory of the Dean. Near the bust of Swift is the little chapel in which is placed the baptismal font. Few children have been baptised in it. I have heard of one only, and he was said to be an *odd* child; a single child, I presume, was meant, not an eccentric one. The bust of John Philpot Curran is full of character; the eye, the nostril, the mouth bespeak the fire of genius. The pictures of the orator do not flatter him. He has in them a very mean ostler-like look. In the bust he appears the gifted and courageous man, with brilliant thoughts and daring soul. A principal object of interest is the monument to the memory of Captain Boyd, R.N., who lost his life at Kingstown on the 9th of February 1861, in an attempt to rescue the crew of a sinking vessel. The attitude of the statue is bold and striking. The gallant sailor stands firmly on a rock. A rope is wound about a fragment of rock and his own body; this rope he extends to the struggling sailors. On the pedestal are poetical lines, but not very descriptive. The concluding lines describe the event and picture:

> "The Christ-taught bravery that died to save—
> The life not lost, but found beneath the wave."

The noble statue of the Duke of Buckingham arrests the attention. That of the Right Honourable George Ogle is but a poor and inelegant work of art, depicting the worthy senator as a finikin dancing-master. The memorials to the 18th Royal Irish who fell in China in 1840-2, with the torn flags on the wall above, are touching in the extreme. One

of the most interesting memorials in the cathedral is that which, as I have said, was erected by Dean Swift to Frederick Duke Schomberg. Anyone who has read Macaulay's vivid description of the death of Schomberg at the Battle of the Boyne will view the monument with veneration. In a dark corner, near the place in which the colours of the 18th Royal Irish have been deposited, near also to the beautiful monument to the late Archbishop Whately, the unassuming slab to the memory of Schomberg will be found; indeed, it is as plain a tablet as was ever erected to commemorate the achievements of a great general. But it was scarcely requisite. The obelisk on the Boyne, erected where he fell, is sufficient to keep his image in the minds of Irishmen while the spot endures. It is very likely that the mural souvenir would never have been erected at all had not the Dean felt indignant at the indifference and neglect evinced towards the memory of the great commander. After the battle the remains of Schomberg were deposited in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and on the 10th of July 1690 were placed under the altar. Till the year 1731 (forty-one years after) no memorial was erected; the relations of Schomberg, who derived all his wealth and honour, having treated his memory with an indifference bordering on contempt.

In the month of May 1725, Swift wrote to Lord Carteret in the following plain terms: "The great Duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral," he says. "My Lady Holderness is my old acquaintance, and I wrote to her about a small sum to make a monument for her grandfather. There was also a letter from the Dean and Chapter with the same request. It seems Mildmay (now Lord Fitzwalter), her husband, is a covetous fellow, or, whatever is the matter, we have no answer. I desire you will tell Lord Fitzwalter that if he will not send fifty pounds to make a monument for the old duke, I and the Chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for ten pounds, wherein it shall be expressed that the posterity of the duke (naming particularly Lady Holderness and Mr. Mildmay) not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have done it ourselves. And if for an excuse they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and rather than send it, I will take up the bones and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my registry-office, to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity." The fifty pounds was never sent. And here am I, in the year 1867 (just one hundred and forty-two years after Swift wrote his manly letter), deciphering the inscription on this slab, which, compared with other monuments erected to do honour to illustrious men, resembles the lid of a parish-coffin. The inscription is as follows:

"Hic infra situm est corpus Frederici Ducis de Schomberg, ad Bubendam occisi, A.D. 1690. Decanus et capitulum maximopere etiam atque etiam petierunt, ut hæredes Ducis monumentum in memoriam parentis erigendum curarent. Sed

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postquam per epistolas, per amicos, diu ac sæpe orando nil profecere; hunc demum lapidem statuerunt; saltem ut scias, hospes, ubinam terrarum Schombergenses cineres delitescunt. Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.* A.D. 1731."

The sentence commencing *saltem ut scias*, &c. first ran thus:

"Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus, quantilla cellula tanti ductoris cineres delitescunt."†

But the Dean altered it, as it was considered too severe.

It was quite clear that there was some misunderstanding amongst the family. The Prussian envoy at the court of England had married a granddaughter of the great duke, and it was considered expedient to allow his name "to rest in the shade." The envoy was irate at the transaction, and complained to Queen Anne that the intention of the Dean in erecting the slab was to foment a quarrel between his master and the crown of England.

This monument to Schomberg brings us back to the Boyne. The battle is over. The body of Schomberg has been placed in a leaden coffin for interment in Westminster Abbey. King James has reached Dublin Castle in safety, and prepared for further flight. The witty Tyrconnell again beholds him flying for his life. The hills of Wicklow have been crossed, Waterford has been reached, Kinsale gained, a vessel carries him to Brest. Tyrconnell has retreated, and conducted his broken army by the road that leads from the city to "the vast sheep-walk which extends over the table-land of Kildare." The friends of William have recovered the panic of uncertainty. What a revolution the electric telegraph has worked in *our* day! what a tranquilliser, what a soother! what evils and misconceptions does it not prevent or allay! William has arrived at Finglas; his dragoons have entered Dublin and fraternised with the citizens in College Green, and now the conqueror is coming to be crowned in the grand old Cathedral of St. Patrick. This is the point at which I return to my subject. If you have ever sat in the chair in Westminster Abbey in which the ancient kings of England have been crowned, you must have felt history infusing itself into the palms of your hands, and tipping your fingers'-ends as with an electrical rod. If you have ever sat in Buonaparte's coach in

* "Here, underneath, lies the body of Frederick Duke of Schomberg, who was slain at Boyne in the year of our Lord 1690. The Dean and Chapter again and again earnestly requested the Duke's heirs to provide for the erection of a monument in memory of their father; but when—after lengthened and frequent entreaties by letters, by friends—they found their efforts unsuccessful, they set up this slab, that, at all events, you, O stranger, may know what spot of the globe hides the ashes of Schomberg. The renown of valour availed more among foreigners than proximity of blood among his own kin."

† "That, at all events, the traveller may know, while resenting the same, in what a pigeon-hole (cranny) the ashes of a chieftain so illustrious are entombed."

Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, you likewise felt a very novel and all-absorbing sensation; but when I sat in the chair in which William was crowned, I felt more intensely than on either of the occasions; local associations, I presume, being the cause. Visions of the battle came upon me: the sickly and wounded but unflinching soldier crossing the Boyne, his sword in the left hand, his horse's rein in the right, bandaged and almost useless though that hand was; the battle won; the entry into Dublin; the crown worn by James on state occasions at the king's inns, placed, if I mistake not, by his own hand upon his head. As Napoleon crowned himself in Italy, so William crowned himself in Ireland, in the choir where now are waving the banners of the Knights of St. Patrick. The chair is now in the chapter-room, its back to the scene of that day's rejoicings, Sunday the 6th of July 1690. The ceremony over, the victor marched back to Finglas, where he had pitched his camp; not to the castle—the atmosphere there savoured too much of the fallen Stuart king so newly departed—but to the soldiers' bivouac in that classical ground which a graceful river (a pleasant playground for sweetest trout), the royal Tolka, now irrigates with its refreshing waters—to old Finglas, haunt of Swift and Tickel, Drennan and Delany, Sheridan and Addison, and, "though last not least," the head-quarters of the jolly old Tolka Club. Macaulay tells us that "the king's resolution to attack the Irish was not, it appears, approved of by all his lieutenants; Schomberg in particular pronounced the experiment too hazardous, and when his opinion was overruled retired to his tent in no very good humour. When the order of battle was delivered to him, he muttered that he had been more used to give than to receive such orders. For this little bit of sullenness, very pardonable in a general who had won great victories when his master was still a child, the brave veteran made on the following morning a noble atonement." When the grand crisis in that great struggle arrived, "Schomberg, who had remained on the northern bank, and who had thence watched the progress of his troops with the eye of a general, now thought that the emergency required from him the personal exertion of a soldier. Those who stood about him besought him in vain to put on his cuirass. Without defensive armour, he rode through the river and rallied the refugees, whom the fall of Caillemot had dismayed. 'Come on,' he cried in French, pointing to the squadrons of James, 'come on, gentlemen; there are your persecutors.' Those were his last words. As he spoke, a band of Irish horsemen rushed upon and encircled him in a moment. When they retired, he was on the ground. His friends raised him, but he was already a corpse. Two sabre-wounds were on his head, and a bullet from a carbine was lodged in his neck."

Near the memorial to Schomberg, and pendent from a chain, is the cannon-ball that struck St. Ruth at the Battle of Aughrim. You may

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here observe that there is nothing of exclusive party in the preservation of these mementoes. St. Ruth was the star of the Irish, Schomberg was the veteran soldier of William the Third. Many have asked, when they observed the ball, what it was. The reply is, that it is the identical ball, mentioned by Macaulay, as that which struck the intrepid general. Thus writes the historian: "The fight had lasted two hours; the evening was closing in, and still the advantage was on the side of the Irish. Ginkel began to meditate a retreat. The hopes of St. Ruth rose high. 'The day is ours, my boys,' he cried, waving his hat in the air; 'we will drive them before us to the walls of Dublin.' But fortune was already on the turn. Mackay and Ruvigny with English and Huguenot cavalry had succeeded in passing the bog at a place where two horsemen could scarcely ride abreast. St. Ruth at first laughed when he saw the Blues in a single file struggling through the morass, under a fire which every moment laid some gallant hat and feather on the earth. 'What do they mean?' he asked; and then he swore that it was a pity to see such fine fellows rushing to certain destruction. 'Let them cross, however,' he said; 'the more they are, the more we shall kill.' But soon he saw them laying hurdles on the quagmire; a broader and safer path was formed; squadron after squadron reached firm ground; the flank of the Irish army was speedily turned. The French general was hastening to the rescue, when a cannon-ball carried off his head." The distant is brought near, and words are converted into objects when we look up and behold the ball. We see the fearless soldier in the thickest of the fight, trying to rally the soldiery. We see him stricken to the earth, and we almost realise the concluding passage of the historian: "Those that were about him thought that it would be dangerous to make his fate known. His corpse was wrapt in a cloak, carried from the field, and laid with all secrecy in the sacred ground among the ruins of the ancient monastery of Loughrea." From the sublime to the ridiculous is certainly only a step; and I confess I never think of the hero without recalling a historical drama that was the charm of my boyhood before I read *Macbeth*, namely, *The Fall of Mons. St. Ruth.* How like a strain of Beethoven's these lines fell upon my boyish ears:

> "Secure, brave Sarsfield, in our camp we lie,
> And from our lines the British force defy"!

Then, as the dramatist began the business of the play, we had "the horn sounding without," and St. Ruth exclaiming:

> "Hark! a post arrives, who does some message bear. [*Enter a* Post.
> *Post.* With important news I from Athlone am sent;
> Be pleased to show me to the general's tent.
> *Sarsfield.* Behold the general there; your message tell.
> *St. Ruth.* Declare your message; are our friends all well?
> *Post.* Athlone is lost without your timely aid;
> At six this morning an assault was made, &c.

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St. Ruth. Dare all the force of England be so bold
To attempt to storm so brave a town, when I
With all Hibernia's sons of war are nigh?
Return, and if the Britons dare pursue,
Tell them that Ruth is near, and *that will do.*
Post. Your aid would do *much better than your name.*"

Coupling the grandiloquent words "that will do" with the memory of the ball now pendent in the old cathedral, and which truly *did* for the military saint, no one could avoid a smile. I cannot resist the temptation to say that the play of the *Battle of Aughrim* comes next in serious humour to that of *Bombastes Furioso.* The poet thus describes the fate of St. Ruth:

"Aughrim is now no more; St. Ruth is dead,
And all his guards are from the battle fled;
As he rode down the hill he met his fall,
And died a victim to a cannon-ball."

How touching these words of Sarsfield! The boundary-line of the light of St. Ruth's genius is here nicely drawn:

"There lies the man whose deeds shall ever shine
In Flanders, France, and *all along the Rhine.*"

That the reader may fully understand the genius of the dramatist, I shall quote another passage; it is to be found in the scene in which Sir Charles Godfrey has, like Hamlet, a colloquy with the ghost of his father. He (the ghost) has told his son that he has "hovered down to let him know his fate," for having been "prompted by love to fight against his king." Sir Charles, addressing him, says, in language grave as any to be found in Butler's *Analogy,*

"Could such vain trifling thoughts as these entice
A ghost for to abandon Paradise?
Answer me this, if it be no offence—
When thou'rt at rest, where is thy residence?
For mortal men on earth are prone to say,
Were ghosts in heaven, in heaven *they would stay;*
Or if in hell, they could not get away."

The object that next attracts the spectator in this part of the cathedral is the memorial dedicated to the worth and genius of the late archbishop (Whately). The figure is recumbent on a couch, a pillow under the head, the right hand crossed upon the breast, the left by the side. The prelate is represented as in tranquil repose. The statue is by the same sculptor (Farrell) that produced the noble figure of Boyd. The style is different; in each the style and execution are masterly; action and repose, life and death, have been boldly or softly delineated. The following inscription, a translation of which is affixed, appears upon the monument:

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IN MEMORIAM
RICARDI WHATELY, S.T.P.
Archiepiscopi Dublinensis,
Pro Christi veritate,
Pro ecclesiæ salute,
Pro hominum bono
Indefessa per
Annos XXXII. solicitudine
Episcopatu functus,
Obdormivit in Domino
VIII. Idus Octob. 1863,
Anno ætatis 77.
In ecclesia SS. Trinitatis altera hujus Diœcesis Cathedrali
Jacet pulvis.
"Etiamsi mortuus fuerit vivet." Joan. xi. 25.*

While gazing on this monument I am forcibly reminded of the Dean of Emly's exquisite lines on the illustrious dead. Describing the funeral, the Dean asks, "Why do men lament? What prince or great man has fallen?" and he answers:

"Only an old archbishop, growing whiter
Year after year; his stature, proud and tall,
Palsied and bowed, as by his heavy mitre;
Only an old archbishop—that is all.

Only the hands that held with feeble shiver
The marvellous pen (by others outstretch'd o'er
The children's heads) are folded now for ever
In an eternal quiet—nothing more."

At the close of this fine poem the Dean says, as if addressing the crowd that thronged the aisles of Christ Church, in one of the vaults of which Whately has been buried,

"Ye mourning thousands, quit the minster slowly,
And leave the great archbishop with his God."

So well has the sculptor executed his work, that the effigy, the marble similitude, the perishable memorial, looks like the archbishop himself wrapt in profound slumber; the hand that held the marvellous pen, and the brain within whose mysterious convolutions were treasured the wonders of eloquence, wit, and wisdom, quiet for a while, to be again awakened.

* To the memory of Richard Whately, Professor of Sacred Theology, Archbishop of Dublin. For the truth of Christ, the safety of the Church, for the good of men, having for a space of thirty-two years, with unwearied anxiety, discharged the duties of his episcopal office, he fell asleep in the Lord on the 8th of October 1863, aged 77. In another cathedral church of this diocese, the Holy Trinity, his ashes repose.

"Even though he were dead yet shall he live." John xi. 25.

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Only one monument do I remember as perfect in its truth to nature, and that is the effigy of some distinguished ecclesiastic in the Cathedral of St. Bavon at Ghent—a monument which will no doubt be remembered by every tourist through the quiet cities of Flanders.

The more I consider this splendid cathedral the more I love it. I do not agree with those who say that cathedral worship is not solemn and impressive, and that they would as willingly go to a theatre as to such a church. If there be a fault, it is in the hearts of the congregation, not in the cathedral. There is no grander form of worship, none older than the chant, the anthem, and the chorale; and if the feelings are reverential, the spectator or devotee must be impressed with the solemnity of the ceremony. I admit that there may be certain people to whom those solemn aisles seem only a convenient arena for elegant flirtation, or the exhibition of the last eccentricity in the way of bonnets; but I trust these frivolous spirits are in the minority. To the really devotional mind there can be surely nothing more sublime than the swelling peal of anthem and canticle, when the voices of the singers and the deep-toned thunder of a fine organ resound beneath the vaulted roof of an old Gothic cathedral.

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HOW MY DEBTS WERE PAID

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY FLAVIA," ETC.

It was the accident of birth—so I was vehemently assured by a very energetic Chartist lecturer with whom I travelled from Kenmare to Killarney, on one of Bianconi's jaunting-cars; it was the accident of birth that gave my name a place in *Debrett* and on the Lord Lieutenant's list of aides-de-camp. And I am sure that it was the accident of fortune—which in my case meant the not having any—that kept me, the Hon. Augustus Mildmay, after eight or nine years unprofitably spent, still a subaltern in Her Majesty's Brigade of Guards.

My story was a common one enough, so far. I was a younger son, brought up to indulge expensive tastes and to form expensive habits, and then suddenly cut adrift to sink or swim as best I might, with the lifebuoy of a very modest patrimony in addition to my lieutenant's pay. It is not easy for a guardsman to practise thrift; and our battalion, in particular, had a reputation for ultra extravagance. There were rich men among us, and there were poor men; but we all spent more than we had, and with the usual result that attends such a seed-time of wild oats. There had been all sorts of complicated bill transactions, playfully known as kite-flying—dangerous playthings are those same kites, soaring high and proudly only to topple down with an ugly crash upon the luckless wight that launched them—and the collapse had come. What was the exact amount or nature of our indebtedness no one seemed to know. We were all liable for one another, in the most intricate maze of mutual obligation; but a scapegoat was necessary, and I was, somehow or other, more deeply dipped in the quagmire of impecuniosity than the rest of us.

Corker, the knowing wine-merchant of Conduit-street—(we always went to Corker when perplexed by legal difficulties: he was pleasanter than a regular lawyer, and had indeed been an attorney himself before taking to the wine trade)—Corker, the most good-natured of men, hard-headed as he was, and who always gave us a very tidy tap of sherry during these consultations, was decidedly of opinion that I must leave London, if I wished to avoid an arrest. "Mr. Mildmay," such was the opinion of our Anacreontic adviser, "would very likely find himself in Queer-street, which in this case meant Whitecross-street prison, unless he went abroad for a time, till a composition could be effected."

Too true. Before long, lawyers' letters of the most alarming character, closely followed up by ominous bits of stamped paper, the

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reached Folkestone, there was still an hour and a half to spare before the steamer left. It was six o'clock; the pale October daylight nearly gone; and, after leaving their luggage at an hotel, Steven proposed that they should saunter out on the beach, to make the time pass.

"Ah—yes!" said Dot, not fond of walking at any time, and thinking especially at present of the dainty boots, the violet velvet, in which her journey to Paris was to be made. "It—it won't rain, I hope?" Then she put her hand, for the first time, under her husband's arm, and, somewhat silently, they went away together for their walk.

There had been rough winds for two or three days before in the channel; and, though it was dead calm now, the tide rolled in with heavy breakers on the beach. Nothing can well be mournfuller than the neighbourhood of the sea in weather like this; oppressive silence for a minute; then, one prolonged wild sob along the shore; then, silence again;—and a grey sky overhead! an expanse of grey, cold water stretching before you, dim and spectre-like, in the twilight! When they had walked some distance—miles it seemed to Dora, who was tortured by the shingle, and almost running to keep pace with Steven's long stride—"I—I don't like the sound of the sea at all," she cried. "It looks calm, but I'm certain there is a heavy swell somewhere, and nothing makes me so ill as a swell." Dot entertained true French horror of the sea and sea-sickness. "Now, do you think I shall suffer dreadfully, Steven?"

Steven had not heard the first part of what she said, and stopped short. "Suffer? my dear, you shall never suffer, if I can help it!" he said, stooping down over her, and with a new, pitying kindness in his tone. Something at this instant; the pressure of her hand, perhaps; her faltering voice, for she was really tired and out of breath, had, for the first time to-day, reminded him that Dora was not merely a puppet in the wedding-show, but a poor, helpless, little woman, dependent on his affection for the happiness or misery of her future life! And all the manliness of his nature was stirred by the thought. *She* was his wife. *She*, Dora Fane—not Katharine—had had the courage to love him before the world; to cast in her lot, for good or for evil, with his. "If I can shield you, Dora, you shall never know what it is to suffer again!" And he caught her: for it was dark, and they had wandered far away from houses: and held her almost passionately to his breast.

"Oh—dear Steven!" cried Dora, in a stifled voice. "I know you will be everything that is good to me, only——"

"Only?" said poor Steven, still holding her to his side. "Tell me, Dora; let there be no secrets between us from the first."

"Only my feather," said Dora, putting her hand up to the velvet toquet. "You know, dearest, this is the hat I have got to travel in to Paris!"

Temp. Jan. 6d 67

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Thackeray on Swift.

By JAMES HANNAY.

It has always appeared to me peculiarly unfortunate that Thackeray, who did so much for the revival of an interest in the Queen Anne men, should have been so severe upon the greatest of them all. That revival has done some good already, and it is to be hoped that it will do still more. A generation has passed away since the great romantic and classical controversy; and we now see that the degeneracy of the one school is just as bad as the degeneracy of the other. Nay, in some respects, where the romantic school declines, the result is worse than in the case of the classical school; for the dregs of the former are apt to be positively offensive, while those of the latter are only tasteless and insipid. The poems of Hayley and Shenstone's elegies are mawkish and tedious enough, but they are better than spasmodic verses, sensation novels, and the leading articles of penny newspapers. The turbulence, the neglect of style, the general literary dissoluteness —so to speak—of this epoch, have amply avenged the critics who used to be indignant at the contempt expressed half a century ago for Pope, Boileau, and Racine. The popularity of the Queen Anne men is a sign that the tide has turned; for all their characteristic excellences are those that the classical school always respected. Their admirable commonsense, their sound taste in diction, their wit, neatness, pungency, grace, are all such qualities as were exhibited by the ancients, and have been ever praised by those who think the ancients the true models of literature. No doubt there is a deficiency amongst them of that high spiritual element—the *soul* as distinct from the *mind* of literature—which we find in the Caroline, and still more in the Elizabethan, writers. But, then, neither does that appear in any great force in the works of those who have flourished since the reaction against the Queen Anne men began. We have lost the best points of one school without acquiring those of the other; whereas it ought to be the aim of the nineteenth century to combine what is highest and most admirable in both.

Now, that Swift was the first man of that brilliant group which Thackeray himself thought the most brilliant the world had ever seen, is not a point left for this age to settle. It was settled long ago by the suffrages of his own age, speaking through the mouths of all its highest persons; and they had the man before them with a fulness

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which we, seeing after all only a part of his power in his writings, may well envy. Such being the case, it becomes a question of great moral and historical importance what manner of man he was—good or bad—generous or mean—noble or ignoble? Thackeray was painfully confident on the darker side of the dispute—not in his Lectures only, but in his conversation. And it always seemed to me that, unlike ordinary men, it was his very generosity that made him ungenerous to the great Dean. He had been a satirist himself, and by no means satisfied with the usage he had met with in the world. But he was one of the kindest of human beings, and the sunshine of his last years not only dissipated all that, but inspired him with a certain remorse for the severities of an earlier time, which also took the form of a dislike of *all* the severer and sterner satirists. He professed to hate Juvenal. He underrated Churchill. And he came to the task of painting Swift prejudiced by Swift's ferocity, just as to that of painting Steele and Goldsmith, prejudiced by their kindliness, helplessness, and general weakness. This tendency was not confined to Thackeray. There seems to come a change over certain satirists which may be compared to that which used to come over the French beauties of the old world. They give up satire for tenderness, as these used to give up gallantry for devotion. Jeffrey, of the "Edinburgh Review," one of Swift's most unscrupulous calumniators, was a comic instance of the tendency in question. His youth had been all vitriol—his old age was all butter. But we need not bring *him* into the controversy at this time of day. His writings were always overrated; are now (by the admission of Edinburgh Whigs themselves) little read; and will soon be forgotten.

Let us rather open the "Lectures on the Humourists" of the illustrious and lamented author of "Vanity Fair," and go through his Swift, seeing whether the Dean really gets the fair play which he deserves from a brother genius. "Would we have liked to live with him?"—that is the question with which Thackeray commences the attack. My answer is, that those who knew him best in his lifetime *did* like to live with him. Addison, Pope, Bolingbroke, Prior, Gay, Arbuthnot, and countless others, saw as much of him as they could. He was, indeed, an eminently social man—an eminently friendly man. He hardly ever dined alone when in London; and this was not because he was distinguished or amusing only, for we find him taking long rambles with his friends, dropping in upon them, or receiving them when they dropped in; and their letters breathe not kindness only, but affection—tender affection, such as only a few inspire outside their family circle. As for women, it was Swift's misfortune that they did not wait for him to court them—they courted him. Vanessa, for instance (on whom a word presently), threw herself at his head. His house in Dublin, as that pedantic and ungrateful

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coxcomb, Lord Orrery, tells us, was "a seraglio of virtuous women." There must have been some loveable as distinct from merely shining qualities about such a man. But Thackeray goes on: "If you had been his inferior in parts, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and, years after, written a foul epigram about you. . ." Where is the evidence for all this? Did he bully Parnell, whom he introduced to Bolingbroke, and helped on (as he did scores of others) in the world? Did he bully Gay, who loved him like a brother? Did he bully "little Harrison," to whom he was so good, and whose early death he bewails so touchingly? He rebuked forwardness and impudence, no doubt, as all men do, or ought to do; but there is no tittle of evidence of his doing more than this. As for his "pluck," a man who had chid Bolingbroke for sulkiness, while Bolingbroke was Secretary in the palmy days of the Tory ministry, was not likely to be afraid of ordinary opponents. Besides, we know how he put down the "booby Bettesworth," when Bettesworth tried to overawe him; and how, during the dangerous days of the "Drapier's Letters," he turned a butler out of the house who, he thought, was presuming on his power of betraying him to the authorities. His want of "pluck" is as absurd a charge as the charge of "servility" in the next page.

Swift fought for his party, and followed its leaders; but he exacted from them the most thorough respect, and was respected and courted by all the great society of his age as perhaps no other man of letters ever was in England. A careful perusal of his correspondence with people of rank long after the days of his chief importance—the days of the Harley and Bolingbroke administration—were over, will satisfy any wavering reader on this point.

Thackeray next goes on to compare Swift to a "highwayman"—to treat him as a merely ambitious man, without principle, and caring only for success in the world. At this stage one would have liked a little examination of Swift's political career, and its results; but that was not in Thackeray's way. He was stronger in portraiture than analysis—only, unfortunately, when the right or wrong of human conduct is in question, criticism of what a man's conduct was, and led to, is demanded by common decency. Swift did a very great service to England. He helped to bring about the Peace of Utrecht—a peace which, with all his Whiggery, Macaulay was forced to approve. He relieved the Irish and sustained the English Church. Ambitious! Of course he was ambitious, and had a right to be; and the result of his ambition was his getting into a position to do his country these good offices. From a small preacher one expects commonplaces against ambition, but a great humorist ought to have been above them.

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Is a man's ambition noble or ignoble? that is the interesting question. Swift's was noble. He knew he was a great man, and he wished the world to treat him as one; but how did he employ his greatness? In the very best way in which any man could have employed it—in the pacification of Europe; the protection of the institutions of his country; the general discharge of the duties which came to his hand. Of what importance is it, if, along with such a use of his talents, he had also a wish that his talents should be appreciated and rewarded? Was there ever anybody in this world, except an idiot, without such a wish? Did the pure-hearted, lofty-minded Berkeley (who, by the way, owed his first rise in life to Swift) refuse the bishopric of Cloyne, or Butler the bishopric of Durham, or Locke his commissionership, or Addison the secretaryship of state? Why, Addison (who was one of Thackeray's pets) had as steady an eye to his own advancement throughout life as any man that ever lived, and rose to one of the highest posts in the kingdom without having exerted a tithe—a twentieth part—of Swift's political influence. But he was a conventional, discreet, easy-going man; so of his "ambition" and his "taking the road" we hear nothing. Swift in all probability desired to be a bishop, and would have made an excellent bishop, as he made an excellent dean. And what then? The "Tale of a Tub," some people will say—nay, Thackeray joins in that objection himself. But to have written a satire on the corruptions of Christianity is no proper disqualification for preferment in the Christian Church; and Swift's life and conversation were quite as blameless, his zeal for Christianity and the Church quite as strong, as those of the bulk of the prelates of his time. Apart from his genius altogether, he stood, in learning and in general loftiness of aim, far above the average clergy of that age. Swift was a scholar—not a belles-lettres scholar only, skilled in Latin poets and French memoirs, but one who had carefully studied historians, philosophers, and fathers. He was as great in serious as in playful composition, which none will deny who know his "Sentiments of a Church of England Man" (Scott's "Swift," 2nd ed. vol. viii. pp. 248-280), his "Letter to a Young Clergyman," and other pieces of the same kind, such as his "Project for the Advancement of Religion" (Scott's "Swift," vol. viii. pp. 78-107). These are masterpieces of exposition and reasoning; and if at other times he brought in his marvellous humour to assist these qualities, that ought not to have detracted from their merit since it added so much to their effect. His "Argument against abolishing Christianity," for instance, is such a specimen of murderous irony as will be vainly sought for in all other English satirists. Compared with it, Defoe's "Short Way with the Dissenters" is clumsy; and Pope's famous "Guardian" on Philipps' Pastorals, or Chesterfield's papers in the "World," or even Byron's "Letter to the Editor of my 'Grandmother's Review,'" are mere

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teasing and tickling. Why should such a faculty not have been quite legitimately employed in the "Tale of a Tub" against Popish, Lutheran, or Calvinistic absurdities? Such paltry squeamishness would have been unintelligible to the ancients, and would have been despised by the grand feudal ages, which thought none the worse of Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, for writing a jolly drinking song. But during the seventeenth century the poison of puritanical cant spread upwards from the baser parts of the social body, and infected parts which ought to have been ever free from it.

Having indicated that Swift was a mere bullying adventurer, Thackeray goes into a sketch of his life. His portrait of Temple, Swift's early patron, is admirable, for who in our time could paint like him? But though Thackeray had a vein of reflection and a range of knowledge quite beyond the reach of the Trollopes, Collinses, &c., with whom we have had to content ourselves since his death, he was always apt to view things rather as a novelist than as a scholar. Nobody would suppose from his picture of Temple, the fine gentleman and the literary dilettante, that Temple had written anything so valuable as his "Observations on the United Provinces of the Netherlands," which is a text-book in Holland to this day. Again, it was a little shabby in him (must one say it?) to bring into such prominence the verses about Temple which young Swift wrote when in his household; or the "penitential letter" which he addressed to the somewhat cold-hearted and over-punctilious big-wig. In those days there was a deference paid to men of rank by inferiors and dependents—even when these were, as Swift was, gentlemen by descent*—such as we have little experience of now, but such as some people (myself for one) much prefer to the loose, irreverent, sham independence of modern times. Swift wrote and acted precisely as any other man of genius of the same years, and in the same status, would have written and acted under the circumstances. This satire, however, against a greater satirist, is harmless compared with what follows regarding "the sincerity of Swift's religion." For once, at this point, Thackeray "condescends," as the Scotch say, on a detail:

"I know of few things," he writes, "more conclusive as to the sincerity of Swift's religion than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the bench. Gay, the author of the 'Beggar's Opera'—Gay, the wildest of the wits about town: it was this man that Jonathan Swift advised to take orders—to invest in a cassock and bands—just as he advised him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest."

Who would not suppose from this that the advice in question sprang from a grave theory of the Dean's as to his friend's best chance of

* A fact which Swift never forgot for an hour, and which contributed to form and to prove the sincerity of his political creed.

getting on in the world? But we have more than a dozen letters of Swift's to Gay, and the only passage corroborating Thackeray's view comes in at the fag end of one of them, obviously as a joke, and as a side sarcasm at the Irish bishops. It is a letter written from Dublin in January, 1722-3, full of satirical hits, and easy though acrid fun; and after expressing a wish that Gay would come and settle in Ireland, Swift concludes:

"Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson, and get a bishopric here. Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!" (Scott's "Swift," 2nd ed. vol. xvi. pp. 400-1).

The great writers of that day lived in an element of comedy and jolly raillery, as everybody really intimate with their correspondence knows. And this suggestion, about which Thackeray makes such a solemn pother, is only a characteristic sample of their fun. The Dean wanted his friend to live where he could see him, so he tells him to turn parson and get an Irish bishopric, having a gird meanwhile (*more suo*) at the Irish bishops already existing. To suppose Swift in earnest is to suppose that he thought Gay (who never got anything, in an age when almost everybody got something) capable of obtaining a preferment which he, with his mighty powers and reputation, had never been able to obtain for himself. And it supposes, also, that he was in earnest when he advised him, in the preceding clause of the sentence, to be "less modest."

What makes it more extraordinary that Thackeray should have impeached the Dean's religious sincerity, is that he had a favourite theory that hypocrisy in religion was something too awful to charge anybody with. I have heard him maintain this doctrine, when he must have forgotten what he had said of Swift in the lecture before us. The charge, however, rests on mere conjecture. Nobody *can* know what Swift believed in his heart of hearts. Locke was as hard-headed a man as Swift, and he believed. Fielding was nearly as great a humorist, and he believed. What primâ facie presumption is there that Swift may not have believed likewise? Since he chose to enter the Church, and to profess belief, the onus of proof that he was a hypocrite lies on those who dare to bring that awful imputation. And it must be *proof*—not guess-work, not inference from general facts, and facts which may be interpreted in more ways than one. But proofs Thackeray had not to bring—only such vague speculations as the following: "He says of his sermons that he preached pamphlets; they have scarce a Christian characteristic; they might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffee-house almost: there is little or no cant—he is too great and proud for that; and, in so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest. But having put that cassock on, it poisoned him; he was

strangled in his bands." As far as the first statement about the sermons is true—for it is exaggerated—it is true of whole libraries of the sermons of the eighteenth century, when, as all reading men are aware, sermons were constantly mere moral essays; even in Scotland, where daily fanaticism has always been as much in demand as daily bread. Burns has a famous passage on one of these "moral" preachers. So Swift's conformity to a growing custom of his time establishes nothing as to his faith one way or the other; while the "badness" of his sermons is an absurdity, that on the Trinity being considered excellent by good judges, and that on Sleeping in Church (Scott's "Swift," vol. viii. pp. 17-27) being at least as readable as the best of Thackeray's own "Roundabout Papers." A still more extraordinary error of Thackeray's, however, follows immediately on this unfounded charge against his spiritual honesty. Thackeray, a humorist himself—the best humorist, as distinct from a caricaturist, of his age—absolutely brings forward the Dean's "Modest proposal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents or country" as an illustration of his want of feeling and "rage against children." If a dull humbug, if a puzzle-headed scribbler, a twaddling essayist, and ex-bagman, had made such a mistake, nobody would have been surprised. On the very face of it, the essay is a satire upon the misgovernment which had filled Ireland with beggars, and no more proves that Swift hated children than Lamb's toast to the memory of King Herod proves the same thing of him. The only conclusion is that Thackeray was under the baneful spell of a prejudice against Swift, and could not see straight when the Dean was to be looked at. Yet—as I once took the liberty of telling him—he and the Dean of St. Patrick's had a great deal in common, and resembled each other in certain important points more than we should find many humorists do if we viewed them in couples. They had both a certain austerity, gravity, and religiousness *au fond* which made their comedy more piquant—just as the grapes you gather during a ride in a Syrian lane * seem more sweet because you pull them out of hedges full of the prickly pear. They both, on account of this, passed for cynics among dunces, who did not penetrate to their interior and essential tenderness. And they both, as writers, were singularly simple in their most effective passages, and combined a great nicety and delicacy of humour with the power of producing very broad and roystering humour when they pleased.

On the Stella and Vanessa question Thackeray is somewhat fairer than in treating other aspects of Swift's life. He contradicts himself, no doubt, by talking of his "cold heart" and "bad heart," while obliged to admit that his letters to Stella are "more manly, more

* I am thinking of the lanes near Beyrout.

tender, more exquisitely touching" than any "sentimental reading" in the world. But he sees that the "brightest part of Swift's story" is "his love for Hester Johnson;" that "to have had so much love he must have given some;" and so forth. However, Thackeray was under great difficulties in this part of the performance. It is an arduous task at any time—it is an impossible task in addressing an audience of both sexes—to touch on the only rational explanation which can be given of the mysterious reserve with which Swift shrank from the δᾳδες, the ὑμέναιος, the θάλαμος.* That he even went through the form of marriage with Stella is open to doubt; that it was only a form if he did is certain; but in either case pity rather than hate is the feeling which his position must inspire in every generous mind. Stella lost only what it was not in his power to give; all the rest—his tenderest friendship, his affectionate homage, the regard of his society, the place of honour at his table—were hers; and Thackeray well asks in speaking of "her hard fate," "Would she have changed it?" Why, then, all this lamentation and objurgation, as if thousands of women did not go down to their graves, each of whom might bewail herself like Antigone as being—

> ἄλεκτρον, ἀνυμέναιον, οὔτε τοῦ γάμου
> μέρος λαχοῦσαν οὔτε παιδείου τροφῆς.

That the Vanessa episode caused Stella uneasiness is too clear; but let us be a little accurate in apportioning to the Dean his precise amount of blame in that matter. When he began his acquaintance with his neighbours the Vanhomrighs in Bury Street, he could not possibly foresee that the eldest daughter would make a dead set at a man who was more than twice her age, and with regard to whom she had abundant opportunities of knowing that one beautiful and gifted woman had already gone over to Ireland for the purpose of living near him and seeing him often:

> "Vanessa, not in years a score,
> Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
> Imaginary charms can find
> In eyes with reading almost blind." †

It was some time before Swift saw the state of her feelings, and knew that she loved him for more than the wit and other social

* See it handled with admirable delicacy by Sir Walter (Scott's "Swift," vol. i. p. 241, *et seq.*). Sir Walter has written better—more wisely, kindly, intelligently—on Swift than any man, Dr. Johnson by no means excepted, from Lord Orrery to Dr. Wilde. Anybody who pretends to write a new Life of the Dean must have new facts, or his work will be superfluous.

† "Cadenus and Vanessa" (Scott's "Swift," vol. xiv. p. 487).

qualities which made so many women fond of him. He did not seek her attachment:

> "His conduct might have made him styled
> A father, and the nymph his child.
> That innocent delight he took
> To see the virgin mind her book,
> Was but the master's secret joy
> In school to hear the finest boy."

Undoubtedly, when he discovered that it was by no means a paternal relation that the young lady contemplated, he ought to have avoided her society once and for all. But she was not the kind of woman to be so easily shaken off. So, when Swift had the weakness to shrink from that process, and to offer her his "friendship" (for there is no sign of his ever having deceived her by holding out any prospects of matrimony), she still went on making violent love to him, and settled in Ireland to be in his neighbourhood as Stella had done. The unlucky Dean "temporized" as long as he could in his difficult position—not because he was hard-hearted, but because he was too good-hearted to throw overboard a woman that had a passion for him. We all know the end: Vanessa died—her death accelerated by the disappointed feeling which she had nourished at all risks.* And this "hard-hearted" man, smitten with anguish, hid himself in the south of Ireland for two months. The great, lonely, unhappy soul! He had keener feelings and more profoundly poetic depths in his nature than any genius of his age—than all but the highest men of the more poetic ages before. It may be that in the meads of asphodel and the amaranthine bowers, Swift and Thackeray have met and loved, and smiled with a tender pity at the errors which make us ignorant of each other in this world of darkness and sorrow.

* Bishop Berkeley, one of her legatees and executors, naturally knew her whole story; but it does not seem to have altered his feelings towards Swift, of whom he speaks affectionately long afterwards as "the poor dead Dean."

Jonathan Swift.

Mr. Forster, by his life of Oliver Goldsmith, placed himself in the foremost rank of English biographers. He has now given to the public the first volume of the long-expected 'Life of Swift,' on which he has evidently spent the most laborious and enthusiastic care. He has amassed an abundance of new material, which he has sifted with diligence and interpreted with judgment. He has destroyed many a hallowed tradition, and has exposed many a falsehood. He has, however, as yet given us but few fresh facts of importance. Mr. Forster's new work, in elaborate conception and execution, surpasses all the author's earlier books, but it is wanting in that grace and charm which makes the life of Oliver Goldsmith an English classic. The work is not so much a Life of Swift as a masterly essay on what other people have said and written about Swift. There is a want in it of artistic form and regularity. The biographical notes from the letters to Esther Johnson contained in the first section of the Sixth Book ought to have been introduced into the general course of the narrative, and the new and corrected readings of the Journal ought to have been reserved for a special edition of that work. We also think it was a grievous error on the part of Mr. Forster not to publish the biography as a complete whole. The plan of publishing one volume at a time may have its advantages, but we protest against it as an inartistic and most inconvenient mode of writing biography.

Mr. Forster, in his preface, says, "The rule of measuring what is knowable of a famous man by the inverse ratio of what has been said about him is applicable to Swift in a marked degree. Few men who have been talked about so much are known so little." This is in a great measure due to Swift himself. By his own confession he lived "a life by stealth." That the famous Dean has been hardly dealt with, few will deny. Johnson did him no kind of justice because of too little liking for him. Scott accepted the statement of others because he had too much work to do. Jeffrey, caring more for fine writing than truth, said of him, that he was "an apostate in politics, infidel or indifferent in religion, a defamer of humanity, the slanderer of statesmen who had served him, and destroyer of the women who loved him." Thackeray did not understand the Dean. He could not appreciate the passion and tenderness which agitated that rough Irish heart. Swift did not win love to outrage and waste it, but a terrible malady prevented him from enjoying it. Physical weakness and

disease cast a deep gloom over that character, but at times it was lighted up by a generous and sincere emotion. In his writings are exhibited a contempt and hatred of men very different to the playfulness and gentleness of touch which charms us in the Diary to Stella. In some of his moods Swift resembles a demon, and yet those who knew him best, and who saw deepest into that soul, loved and clung to him with devotion to the last. Of Swift's power as a writer there is no question. In biting satire and sarcasm no man surpasses him. He gave to English prose a new force. When he first set about writing he formed the resolution "to proceed in a manner that should be altogether new, the world being already too much nauseated with endless repetitions upon every subject." To this resolution he adhered, and to it his writings owe their chief value.

"If to owe nothing to other men is to be original, a more original man than Swift never lived; but, with the wonderful subtlety of thought so rarely joined to the same robustness of intellect which placed his wit and philosophy on the level of Rabelais, he had the same habit as the great Frenchman of turning things inside out, and putting away decencies as if they were shows or hypocrisies. In both it led to an insufferable coarseness. Replying himself to the charge, he said very earnestly that no lewd words would be found in the book, and that its severest strokes of satire were levelled against the prevailing fashion of employing wit to recommend profligacy. This was true, but it did not touch the imputation of indecency, for which he could only partially plead the example of contemporaries; and he might have been better guided by one of his own wittiest illustrations in the 'Tale.' You do not treat nature wisely, he says, by always striving to get beneath the surface. What to show and to conceal, she knows; it is one of her eternal laws to put her best furniture forward; and in making choice between the inside and the outside, though it be but skin-deep, better follow her suggestion. 'Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse.' Under the process of flaying applied by himself so indiscriminately, he altered much for the worse, and did not get really nearer to the innermost depth of things."

Jonathan Swift was born in a small court in Dublin, adjoining the Castle enclosure, on Saint Andrew's Day (30th of November 1667). There is a great deal of pathos in the manner in which he always regarded the 30th of November. To him the day was an anniversary of unmitigated sadness. While conscious of anything, he is alleged never to have omitted, as surely as his birthday came round, to repeat the words of Job in which he wished the day to have perished wherein he was born, and the night in which it was said a man child was conceived. "It is a day you seem to regard though I detest it," he wrote to Mrs. Whiteway three years before darkness closed upon his mind; "and I read the third chapter of Job this morning." Swift's father had died eight months before he saw the light, and left a wife and daughter with the scantiest maintenance. A positive union always exists between a grandly-natured man and his mother. His

relationship to her is a positive reality. The great man ever has a mother. The little that is known of Swift's mother accounts for the admiration as well as the strong affection uniformly shown her by her famous son. "Character, honour, uprightness, and independence are in all the traditions concerning her." When she resided at Leicester, Swift is said to have travelled to see her rarely less than once a year by coach when he could afford it; by the waggon or on foot in his poorer days. When he was deprived of the sunshine of a mother's smile, he wrote the following touching record (April 24th, 1710): "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." A strange incident separated Swift from his mother when he was but a year old. To the English nurse who had charge of him he had so endeared himself, that upon the occasion of a relative's death calling her suddenly to her native place of Newhaven, she "stole him on ship-board unknown to his mother and uncle," says Swift himself, and did not take him back to Ireland for more than two years. But before his return, Swift had learnt to spell, and by the time he was three years old he could read any chapter in the Bible. Ireland has always honoured the memory of Swift, but of the country of his birth he has used many hard words. He was descended from a good old Yorkshire family, and he never called himself nor permitted others to call him an Irishman. He was in the habit of saying frequently to others what he wrote to the second Lord Oxford in 1737. "He happened to be dropped there, was one year old when he left it first, and to his sorrow did not die before he went to it again." However, Pope in the dedication of the 'Dunciad' does not shrink from calling Ireland his country.

> "Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
> Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
> Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
> Or thy *grieved country's* copper chains unbind," etc.

Swift was three years old when he was taken back to the country which he detested, and at the age of six he was sent to a school at Kilkenny. In his autobiographical fragment we have the following passage:

"After his return to Ireland, he was sent at six years old to the school of Kilkenny, from whence at fourteen he was admitted into the university at Dublin, 'a pensioner, on the 24th April, 1682;' where, by the ill treatment of his nearest relations, he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirits that he too much neglected his academic studies; 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 dulness and

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insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted in a manner, little 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."

To this passage is due the many errors which have arisen with regard to Swift's university career. M. Taine, in his 'History of English Literature,' has drawn a highly imaginative picture of the scene of Swift receiving his degree in the great hall of the university. Swift is painted as the odd and awkward scholar with hard blue eyes, who barely gets his degree by special grace, while the professors who examined him "went away, doubtless with pitying smiles, lamenting the feeble brain of Jonathan Swift." Mr. Forster destroys this picture by publishing a facsimile of the college roll for Easter Term 1685, which proves the fact that the degree examination passed by Swift was not as discreditable as he himself made it out to be. Mr. Forster also clearly shows that the way in which the degree was conferred upon him implied no stigma of any sort. Swift was never a profound or exact scholar, but it is probable that his classical acquirements were of as much service to him as if they had been more thorough. The time which he spent in reading history and poetry may have injured his degree, but it bore good fruit afterwards. Swift's knowledge of books was great, and he made good use of his book knowledge in the 'Dissentions in Athens and Rome.' The miscellaneous reading which he indulged in at college better fitted him for the first post he was to fill in life.

Swift was little more than twenty-one when Tyrconnell let loose the Celtic population on the English settlers in Dublin, and he found his way to his mother's house in England. Swift had now to look round for means of support. His mother suggested that he should apply for employment to Sir William Temple, whose wife was a distant connection of the family. The application was successful, and before the close of 1689 Swift joined the retired statesman at Moor Park, near Farnham. He continued with him, not without intervals of absence, for five years. Macaulay's picture of Swift at Moor Park is well known. "An eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable Irishman," says the noble historian, "who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William Temple as an amanuensis for board and 20*l.* a year, dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a pretty dark-eyed young girl who waited on Lady Giffard." Sir William's secretary was Jonathan Swift: Lady Giffard's maid was poor Stella. There is in this, as in most of Macaulay's pictures, a large admixture of falsehood. There is no evidence that Swift was uncouth or coarse in appearance. The portrait of him painted by Jervas proves the contrary. "Features regular, yet striking; forehead high and temples broad and massive; heavy-lidded blue eyes, to which his dark

complexion and bushy black eyebrows gave unusual capacity for sternness as well as brilliance; a nose slightly aquiline; mouth resolute, with full-closed lips; a handsome dimpled double chin, and over all the face the kind of pride not grown of superciliousness or scorn, but of an easy, confident, calm superiority." His position at Moor Park was less menial than Macaulay has represented. He was a gentleman filling the post of private secretary. Swift was essentially in mind and spirit an independent man, and no doubt he had much to bear from his patron. His proud spirit sometimes placed him in a false position, and in trying to be dignified he sacrificed dignity. "I called," he wrote long after leaving Moor Park, "at Mr. Secretary's, to see what the d—— ailed him on Sunday. I made him a very proper speech, told him I observed he was much out of temper, that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a school-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already; that I expected every great minister who honoured me with his aquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my Lord Keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, and that they might use me accordingly."

At first Swift did not like his post at Moor Park, and returned to Dublin before he had completed a year's residence. Temple's behaviour to him was considerate. He wrote recommending him to his friend Sir Robert Southwell, who was going as Secretary of State to Ireland. Temple says:

"He was born and bred there (though of a good family in Herefordshire), was near seven years in the college of Dublin, and ready to take his degree of Master of Arts, when he was forced away by the desertion of that college upon the calamities of the country. Since that time he has lived in my house, read to me, writ for me, and kept all accounts as far as my small occasions required. He has Latin and Greek, some French, writes a very good and current hand, is very honest and diligent, and has good friends, though they have for the present lost their fortunes, in Ireland, and his whole family having been long known to me obliged me thus far to take care of him. If you please to accept him into your service, either as a gentleman to wait on you, or as clerk to write under you, and either to use him so if you like his service, or upon any establishment of the college to recommend him to a fellowship there, which he has a just pretence to, I shall acknowledge it as a great obligation to me as well as to him."

Temple would not have written in this strain concerning an uncouth servant who, according to Macaulay, spent his time flirting in the servants' hall. However, nothing came of the letter. Swift writes, "He soon went back to Sir William Temple, with whom, growing into some

confidence, he was often trusted with matters of great importance." One matter of great importance was the mission to the King on which Swift was sent by Temple to explain to his Majesty the proposed Triennial Bill. "Mr. Swift," says the Dean in his autobiography, "who was well versed in English history . . . gave the King a short account of the matter, and 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."

Swift had at this time another help to cure his vanity. He had written some verses. These he showed to his great kinsman, Dryden, who on reading them said to him, "Young man, you will never be a poet," or, as Johnson reports it, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." The verdict was not quite just, and Swift never ceased to resent it. "The war he waged against the triplet was no real distaste for it, but only part of his quarrel with its most consummate master." Swift was now twenty-seven, and he began to wish to escape from dependence. He found that the church was his only refuge. There was nothing in his religious views to interfere with his conscientiously taking orders. He felt it was the best career for an ambitious man. He wrote that "it was easier to provide for ten men in the church than one in civil employment." He was always desirous of combining clerical duties with political employment. On the other hand, Swift refused to adopt the clerical profession as a mere means of support. He writes in the Anecdotes:

> "Although his fortune was very small" (a remark that seems to show he had thus far been able to save something) "he had a scruple of entering into the church merely for support; and Sir William Temple, then being Master of the Rolls in Ireland, offered him an employ of about 120*l.* 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."

Swift and Temple parted not the best of friends. After leaving Moor Park Swift went to Dublin, and resided there till his ordination. Before the Bishops would consent to ordain him, they required a certificate of behaviour during his absence. Swift spent a month in trying to evade the demand, as he was reluctant to write to Temple for it. On the 5th of October the Archbishop of Dublin declared that nothing would serve but a certificate from Temple, and Swift wrote to him on the following day. Scott, following, and followed by all subsequent commentators, declares it to have been written after five months' agonizing delay. Swift begins, "May it please your honour," admits that he must have fallen low in his honour's thoughts, and repeats the phrase more than once. Macaulay calls this the language of a "lacquey

or beggar." But it was only the language of solemn courtesy, which Mr. Forster points out was not then unusual between persons of the respective rank of Swift and Temple. Temple sent the certificate. Swift was ordained deacon on the 28th of October, 1694, and priest on the 18th of January, 1694–5. He entered the church as men enter any profession from which they hope to gain advantage. This from a moral point of view was wrong, as in a worldly sense it was a failure. It was his orders that kept him from getting a civil post, such as Addison enjoyed. The coarseness of his invention in the 'Tale of a Tub' prevented his promotion in the church.

A few days after being ordained priest, Swift was presented with the small living of Kilroot, in the north of Ireland, by Lord Capel. The living was worth a little more than one hundred pounds a year. Kilroot was a dull place, and Swift did what many people do in dull places, he relieved the monotony of life by making love. The young lady who won his affections was a Miss Waring, sister of an old college chum. Swift changed her name to the more poetical Varina. Although Swift protested he resolved to die as he had lived, all hers, Varina did not listen to his love. After he had been absent from Moor Park little more than a year, Temple wrote to ask him back again, and Swift suddenly left Kilroot. Mr. Winder, whose aquaintance he had made at Oxford, undertook the duty of the prebend until the prebendary should return. A year afterwards Swift resigned Kilroot, and obtained the succession for his friend Winder. Swift was now a second time established at Moor Park; the Hetty Johnson whom he had first known there as a child little more than seven years old, was become a girl of fifteen. Swift spent his time in reading hard, taking long walks, and writing. He says himself that (1697) was the time when he wrote the greater part of the 'Tale of the Tub,' and it certainly is the date of the 'Battle of the Books.' The controversy respecting the comparative merits of ancient and modern writers was then raging. Temple took up the cudgels for the ancients. "Swift came to the protection of Temple with the 'Battle of the Books'; and of all that constituted once the so famous controversy, its prodigious learning and its furious abuse, this triumphant piece of humour alone survives. It was circulated widely before Temple died, and not until four years later appeared in print, as portion of a volume which weakened the side on which the writer had engaged as much as it strengthened that of the enemy. Swift could not help himself. The ancients could show no such humour and satire as the 'Tale of a Tub' and the 'Battle of the Books.'" Mr. Forster also observes:

"If a single word were to be employed in describing it, applicable alike to its wit and extravagance, *intensity* should be chosen. Especially characteristic of these earliest satires is what generally will be found most aptly

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descriptive of all Swift's writing: namely, that whether the subject be great or small, everything in it from the first word to the last is essentially part of it; not an episode or allusion being introduced merely for itself, but every minutest point not only harmonizing or consisting with the whole, but expressly supporting and strengthening it."

"The death of Sir William Temple closed," Mr. Forster says, "what without doubt must be called Swift's greatest and happiest time." Swift records the death of his patron in the following touching words: "He died at one o'clock this morning, the 27th of January, 1698–9, and with him all that was good and amiable among men." Macaulay, in his essay, writes: "Temple is one of those men whom the world has agreed to praise highly without knowing much about them." Unfortunately, Temple is one of those men whom Macaulay sneers at without knowing much about them. Temple, like every man born of woman, had his defects. But his good qualities far outbalanced his defects. He possessed a remarkably sound understanding and a rare fund of common sense. In his writings he displayed, along with much literary cleverness, cool judgment and deep thought. Temple left to Swift the care and advantage of publishing his posthumous writings. Swift was in his thirty-second year, when, upon the death of his patron, he removed to London. He believed in the royal pledge for the first prebend that should become vacant at Canterbury or Westminster. It was at this period of his life that his famous paper of resolutions, "When I come to be Old," was probably written. The first resolution is "*Not* to marry a young woman." When a man writes this we may feel certain that he is deeply in love with some young person. Esther Johnson had now grown up to be a marriageable young lady of eighteen years of age. The seventh resolution is "Not to be fond of children or let them come near me hardly." He had known her from a child, and his fondness for her had begun at Moor Park. He himself writes:

"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 country, with a family where she contracted an intimate friendship with another lady of more advanced years. Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation."

Soon after Swift's removal to London Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, a kinswoman of Temple's, took lodgings at Farnham. Swift employed himself in editing Temple's works. After waiting in vain

for the promised prebend he accepted an invitation from Lord Berkeley, one of the Lord Justices of Ireland, to attend him to that kingdom as chaplain and private secretary. However, he never got the private secretaryship, and he lost by bribery the deanery of Derry, which was vacant. Swift's rage at this treatment was very great, but he was obliged to content himself with being made vicar of Laracor. He retained his chaplaincy; continuing his service, for political as well as personal reasons, to two later viceroys. About this time Varina re-enters the scene. The old lover had now got church preferment, and Miss Waring was willing to marry him. But her lover's passion had cooled. Varina expressed in her letter some suspicion of "thoughts of a new mistress," but at once he declares upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman that it is not so: neither had he thought of being married to any other person but herself. In spite of what Swift wrote, we cannot help thinking that his affection for Esther Johnson, which biographers may call Platonic, influenced his conduct.

At the close of 1700 Lord Berkeley was recalled, and Swift resolved upon a return to England. Before leaving, he went down to take possession of his livings at Laracor. He found a barn-like church, a dilapidated parsonage-house, and a glebe of one acre. He spent the greater part of the first year's income in making the house habitable. He afterwards increased the glebe from one acre to twenty, and endowed the vicarage with tithes which he had himself bought, and which by his will he settled on all future incumbents, subject to one condition, of which Mr. Gladstone gave an imaginative interpretation in one of the debates on the Irish Church Bill.

In 1701 Swift went to London. Parliament had been dissolved in November 1700, and the Tories were successful in the general election. On parliament re-assembling in the February following, almost the first act of the Tories was to impeach the four Whig Lords, Portland, Somers, Oxford, and Halifax, who were implicated in the Partition Treaties. A few weeks after reaching London, Swift published a pamphlet on the impeachment under the title of 'The Contests and Dissentions of the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome,' with the consequences they had upon the States. The subject-matter of the impeachment of the modern statesmen receives hardly an allusion; and the pamphlet is only a homily on the evils of civil dissension. There is a wise protest against blind and unreasoning subservience to party. Somers is likened to Aristides, Oxford to Themistocles, the Earl of Portland to Phocion, and Halifax to Pericles. The pamphlet obtained for its author the friendship of the leading Whigs. "This discourse," writes Swift, "I sent very privately to the press, with the strictest injunctions to conceal the author, and returned immediately to Ireland." Before

leaving England he took a step which gave a lasting influence to his private life. He persuaded Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley to remove not only to Ireland but to Laracor. The following is Swift's account of the transaction, written on the day of Stella's death, 28th January, 1727–28:

"I prevailed with her, and her dear friend and companion, the other lady, to draw what money they had into Ireland, a great part of their fortunes being in annuities upon funds. Money was then ten per cent. in Ireland, besides the advantage of returning it, and all necessaries 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. 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 in the year 1700, and they both lived together until this day."

There was a want of worldly wisdom in this step. The censure so readily invented was not blown off so easily. And the step gave rise to much idle gossip, in spite of Swift's precautions to guard against injury to the character of either of the ladies. During his frequent absences in London they resided at the parsonage house; on the eve of his return they retired to their own lodgings in the neighbouring town. Mr. Forster has devoted much labour to tracing the relation between Swift and Stella, but he has not been able to throw any new light on it. He has discovered no evidence of a secret marriage. We think that Swift made the rash experiment of trying how far a permanent friendship could go on between persons of different sexes—excluding the thoughts of love. But that Stella loved Swift we think there can be no doubt. In her love there was no alloy of selfishness. For the man she loved she dared the harsh judgment of the world. The nature of Swift's affection was tested shortly after the ladies removed to Ireland. In 1704 a friend of his, Mr. Tisdall, proposed for Stella. Swift, regarded as the guardian of Stella, was consulted. He was not favourable to the marriage, but he distinctly stated that his inclination could be no bar to Tisdall's. "Nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune of losing so good a friend and companion as her, prevail on me against her settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry, and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine." Mr. Forster remarks:

"Written when Esther Johnson was in her twenty-second year and Swift in his thirty-sixth, the letter describes with exactness the relations that, in the opinion of the present writer, who can find no evidence of a marriage that is at all reasonably sufficient, subsisted between them at the day of her death, when she was entering her forty-sixth year and he had passed his sixtieth. Even assuming it to be less certain than I think it,

that she had never given the least favourable ear to Tisdall's suit, there can be no doubt that the result of its abrupt termination was to connect her future inalienably with that of Swift. The limit as to their intercourse expressed by him, if not before known to her, she had now been made aware of: and it is not open to us to question that she accepted it with its plainly implied conditions, of Affection, not Desire. The words 'in all other eyes but mine' have a touching significance. In all other eyes but his, time would take from her lustre; her charms would fade; but to him, through womanhood as in girlhood, she would continue the same. For what she was surrendering, then, she knew the equivalent; and this, almost wholly overlooked in other biographies, will be found in the present to fill a large place. Her story has indeed been always told with too much indignation and pity. Not with what depresses or degrades, but rather with what consoles and exalts, we may associate such a life. This young friendless girl, of mean birth and small fortune, chose to play no common part in the world; and it was not a sorrowful destiny, either for her life or her memory, to be the star to such a man as Swift, the Stella to even such an Astrophel."

Mr. Forster represents Swift as acting towards Stella the part of a father rather than that of a lover, but few who read the early letters of the Journal to Stella will believe that the feeling was fatherly or Platonic. It was after his intimacy with the Vanhombrighs had begun that the Journal assumes a different tone. Mr. Forster points out that there was no attempt on Swift's part to conceal from his correspondent his acquaintance with the family, but during the period in question we can find only one reference to Vanessa herself. We must wait for Mr. Forster's other volumes for his explanation of the sad story of Vanessa and her tragic end. The immortal series of letters to Stella are now given as Swift wrote them. Mr. Forster exposes the errors of former editors, and gives us a key to the "little language." The "little language" dates from Esther's girlhood at Sir William Temple's, when Swift imitated the broken words of the child. "Do you know what," he tells his correspondent, "when I am writing in our little language I make up my mouth just as if I were speaking it." In one of his letters he writes, "I have sent to Holland for a dozen shirts, and design to buy another new gown and hat. I will come over like a Zinkerman." The former editors supposed Zinkerman to mean some outlandish or foreign distinction, but it is, as Mr. Forster points out, the little language for gentleman.

However much Swift was thinking of and writing to the ladies, he was now always busy in Cabinets and Courts. His visits to England became more frequent and lengthened, and he became known as the great political champion of the Whigs. In the autumn of 1704 he published the 'Tale of a Tub.' Voltaire said of it "C'est Rabelais perfectionné." Johnson considered it incomparably his best work. He wrote: "There is in it such a vigour of mind, such a swarm of thoughts, so much of nature, art, and life." "These words exactly describe it," says Mr. Forster. "Swift could have desired no better to vindicate

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the claim of authorship which was disputed by Johnson himself." On one of the days of the dark closing of his life, Swift was seen by his kinswoman and nurse turning over the leaves of the copy he had given her, and overheard to mutter to himself as he shut them up, unconscious of any listener, *Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book.*

Whatever service was done by the satire, in all probability it lost Swift a bishopric. The church was offended at the manner in which their champion defended them from danger. The Whigs might have persuaded George I. to give him a bishopric, but after the publication of 'The Tale of a Tub,' no one could have persuaded Queen Anne. In 1708 Somers tried to get Swift the see of Waterford and failed. A year after the appearance of 'The Tale of a Tub,' was published Addison's 'Travels in Italy.' In 1706, Swift wrote the charming poem of 'Baucis and Philemon' of which Mr. Forster gives the original version uncurtailed by the improvements suggested by Addison.

Swift now spent the time writing and working in London. He wrote his 'Argument to prove the Inconvenience of Abolishing Christianity,' and his 'Project for the Advancement of Religion and the Reformation of Manners.' The 'Argument' is full of wit and irony, and in it the author displays his contempt for the shallow and noisy form of scepticism of his day. The 'Project' is not inferior to the argument in design and spirit. It is the only book to which Swift put his name. Later on he launched his joke against Partridge, the almanack maker, under the guise of Isaac Bickerstaff. He also published his 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man.' Johnson says of this tract that it is written with great coolness, moderation, and ease. In this Swift states "I believe I am no bigot in religion, and I am sure I am none in government. I converse in full freedom with both parties; and if not in equal number, it is purely accidental, and personal, as happening to be near the Court and to have made acquaintance there more under one ministry than another." Swift had, from his first entrance into public life, tried to obtain a great boon for the Irish clergy—namely, the remission of the tenth and first-fruits. The Whigs refused to do this except on condition that the Irish Test Act should be remitted. Swift rejected the proposal of the ministry. In December, 1708, he published 'A Letter from a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland, to a Member of the House of Commons in England concerning the Sacramental Test.' After fifteen months of suspense, Swift left London for Ireland, in April, 1709, and spent two months with his mother at Leicester on the way. He reached Ireland on the 30th of June, and did not leave it till the 10th of September of the following year. A little more than a month after his arriving in town, the

dissolution of Parliament was announced. In the general election which followed the Whig party was routed. The Sacheverell impeachment dealt the death blow to their popularity. Swift now found himself courted by both parties. The Whigs had neglected him. Halifax's gift of a volume of French religious poetry was, as Swift afterwards wrote on the fly-leaf, the only favour he had ever received from that statesman or party. In joining Harley's administration, there can be but little doubt that his first strong motive was resentment against the former ministry. In November, 1710, we find Swift writing the Examiner Papers. He is already recognized as a Tory chief, and admitted practically as a minister without office to the Cabinet dinner. In his new friends he had not perfect trust, for the present volume ends with the following remarkable words from his Journal: "They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said I believe they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a ministry do anything for one whom they made companion of their pleasures, and I believe you will find it is so, but I care not." Here we must, for the present, leave Swift. Every lover of English literature will look forward to the publication of the remaining volumes which are to complete the life of one of the greatest of English humourists.

G. W. F.

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Her Dearest Foe.

Chapter XXVI.

It was a few days before Easter, when Galbraith found himself at L——s Hotel. The town was full and busy, yet he had never, even in the dreariest of outposts, felt so desolate as when he began "to take his walks abroad." Society he found, to a certain amount, at his club, but he was rather an uncommunicative man; he had never given or received much sympathy until accident had placed him within the influence of the first woman who had ever made a real impression upon him. Now he missed the quiet, home-like comfort and care which had surrounded him for the last two months. His full strength had not quite returned, though he found he could manage his own correspondence, now that the occupation of dictating had been robbed of all the charms which pervaded it at Pierstoffe.

Of course, as soon as his return to the haunts of civilisation became known, invitations poured in. His sisters were quite kind in their attentions, having found him much more endurable than he used to be.

"I really think Hugh has been more seriously injured than he believes," said Lady Lorrimer to her younger sister, as they sat together after a friendly little dinner of about a dozen dear friends, which Galbraith had been persuaded to join. "He is as silent and morose as if he had lost a fortune instead of coming into one. Now, he was not like that last summer, when he first came back. He was wonderfully bright, and amiable, for *him*. I really thought I had never seen any one so improved by good fortune before. Now he is worse than ever. He often does not seem to hear what you say."

"Deafness," said the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt, arranging the lace on her upper skirt, "often proceeds from concussion of the brain. Poor Hugh! some one really ought to induce him to make his will. The life of a hunting man is so precarious."

"Oh, he is exceedingly likely to follow us to the grave!" said Lady Lorrimer, sharply; "but I wish he would stand for Middleburgh. Lorrimer says there will be a vacancy before the session is over, and it would be well for him to represent what used to be a family borough. The more members of a family are in the House the better. In short, the tendencies of the present age are such, that, politically speaking, peers are nobodies."

"Of course he will stand!" cried Mrs. Harcourt, thinking of the

And this increased conscientiousness in judging is not the only moral gain which this habit will bring to its cultivator. A faithful consideration of our own moral claims in the light of our inner life is not only likely to make us careful when called on to judge others, but will also supply us with material for framing the judgment. For other men's conduct has, after all, to be interpreted by our own feelings and experience, and unless we have accustomed ourselves to reflect very carefully on the springs of our own conduct, we shall often miss the real clue to the actions of others. The more we have tried to detect and weigh in the moral balance the ingredients of our own character, the better fitted we shall be to understand and do justice to the complexity of a human action when it happens to be another's.

Finally it may be remarked, that the practice of estimating one's self carefully and accurately will serve to render one much more tolerant in judging of others. There is a natural bias to condemn others just as there is a natural bias to approve ourselves, and the cultivation of severe self-restraint in estimating ourselves will tend to counteract the first bias no less than the second. For to have gained a just and adequate insight into our own characters, with their defects as well as their merits, is to have placed ourselves on a lower pedestal in relation to others, and so to have raised others proportionately. Not only so, but the clear recognition of personal incompleteness which a rigid self-valuation necessitates, will temper one's feeling towards another's fault, by suggesting the possibility of our own lapse into it. In this way the most conscientious judge of his own character will become the most ready recogniser of the naturalness of moral error. Another's demerit will appear understandable, human, and so less shocking, to such a one, because it can be brought into a conceivable relation to his own motives and impulses.

There is, however, one characteristic danger in this habit of judicial self-scrutiny which needs to be pointed out. We refer to the possibility of a conscientious performance of this task developing a certain unhealthy degree of anxiety with respect to one's self. All reflection on self, if carried very far, is apt to pass into morbid self-consciousness, and the moral investigation of one's own conduct and character has often led, as the history of religious asceticism abundantly shows, to the most miserable form of this self-consciousness. Wise concern passes into morbid anxiety, and then the person is afflicted with constant fears respecting his real desert. When this state of mind is fully developed, the wretched subject of it is unable to see any good in himself, and discerns demerit where others perhaps find the highest worth. Many of us probably have in the course of our observations met with some sad illustration of this morbid form of conscientiousness in reference to individual character. Yet happily we may look on such a gloomy condition of spirit as exceptional, and due to certain latent tendencies of individual temperament. In the vast majority of cases the habit of searching self-scrutiny is attended with little if any risk of nourishing this unhealthy anxiety, and its effect can safely be regarded as exclusively beneficial.

The Youth of Swift.

In former times great men were allowed to die without the fear that their most private thoughts and actions would be at once exposed to public curiosity. Yet a century or two ago there were not wanting writers anxious to turn to account their reminiscences of celebrated contemporaries. They related such anecdotes as they could remember, collect, or devise. Some were authentic; others involved a confusion of different dates and times; some had grown in distinctness of detail in the same ratio as the memory of the relater had faded; many were patched up by conjectural emendations delivered as certainties; and many belonged to that class of floating anecdote which descends from one age to another, and in each age attaches itself to the most conspicuous names of the day. The task of the later biographer is to separate by internal evidence and by help of his intuitive perceptions the false from the true, and from the few scattered touches to frame the most credible portrait of the original. The result must in all cases include an element of pure conjecture. Different interpretations may fairly be put upon each isolated fragment of evidence, and the truth must often be divined rather than logically demonstrated. A man of true imaginative insight sees that this or that must have been the significance of a given fact; but he cannot prove his conclusions to men who lack his instinct. The true method is perverted by the writer who aims above all at being what is called "graphic." Such a man accepts the anecdotes which strike him as most picturesque, confounds guesses with certainties, adds a touch or two unconsciously, makes the shadows pitch black, converts defects into absolute deformities, and ends by constructing a likeness which may possibly resemble the truth as a drawing by Gillray may resemble a portrait by Reynolds. Next comes the judicious Dr. Dryasdust. He calls upon the graphic writer to give chapter and verse for every statement; he rejects one witness as ill-informed, another as partial, a third as only speaking in jest, and ends by proving to his intense satisfaction that we know next to nothing of the original. He calls the process a vindication of the great man's character. Too often it is like that kind of picture-restoring which removes the genuine with the spurious. We may sympathise with him as destroying the exaggerations of the graphic school; but when his heavy hand sweeps away even legitimate conjectures, we feel that he is exceeding his duty. A theory as to the character of a great man who died a century ago can never be demonstrable—as, indeed, theories about the characters of our contemporaries are sometimes fallacious—but it may easily be the best that we can get.

Swift is a striking case in point. No character in our whole literary history is more interesting. It is interesting not merely because parts of it seem to be involved in impenetrable mystery, but from the intrinsic power of the man. What—such is the problem which naturally suggests itself—what was the secret of Swift's intense bitterness? How did a nature full of powerful and generous emotion become so strangely soured? Where did he learn the secret of that satire which resembles the stroke of a knout—cutting through skin and flesh by a single downright stroke, without preliminary flourishes or tentative blows? Where was the heart schooled which burnt so keenly against injustice, and could yet frame such hideous indictments against human nature? How did any man's imagination become so foul as invent such nightmare horrors as the Struldbrugs or the Yahoos? We think of Swift, taking a childish disappointment for the type of his whole history, regularly lamenting the day he was born, describing himself as "dying like a poisoned rat in a hole," and finally sinking into the grave, where, and where only, fierce indignation could cease to lacerate his heart; and we ask, what was the poison which made every scratch fester? Why did his noblest feelings become torments to him? A single phrase of Swift gives us often a more terrible picture of wrath against mankind and himself than whole volumes of Byronic raving or of the feebler declamation of modern would-be misanthropes. There is nothing like it in our literature. Mr. Foster, to whom all students of that literature should be unfeignedly grateful for many services, has spent time and industry in examining the materials of our judgment. He has followed Swift already to the age of forty-five—a time at which a man's character is pretty well fixed—and his account of his hero seems so far to come to this: that Swift was a man of vast abilities, and as amiable, honest, and well-conditioned a person as ever put on a clergyman's bands, or taught little girls their catechism.

Mr. Foster's design was clearly most amiable; but one chief result is to deprive Swift of all excuse for his bitterness. If Swift's satire be not bitter, no such thing as bitter satire exists; if bitter satire is not the outpouring of an embittered nature, no man's character can be inferred from his utterances; if Swift had had nothing to embitter him before the age of forty-six, and was, in fact, a good-natured easy-going man at that period, we can neither explain nor forgive the ferocity of his later utterances. The harder the trials through which he had passed, the more possible it is to believe in his original kindness of heart. To suppose that the intense pride and passion of Swift's nature were latent during his youth and till far through his middle age is to accept a moral paradox which would require the very strongest evidence. Surely it is against Horace's first rule of art to make a charming young curate with a pretty taste in conundrums end abruptly in the creator of the Yahoos. The graphic writer who transfers to Swift's college days the bitterness of his age makes the inverse error. The two theories are equally incredible. Nothing can explain the whole phenomenon but the assumption of

a powerful and generous nature gradually tortured into misanthropy. But such presumptions must be backed by external evidence. To go through all Mr. Foster's arguments would be impossible; but I will venture to consider briefly the evidence as to two periods—Swift's college days and his life at Moor Park. Is it probable, as his biographers have hitherto argued, that Swift chafed both against the college authorities and his dependent position with Sir W. Temple, or must we, with Mr. Foster, regard him as fairly contented in both positions? The materials for judgment are limited, and may be nearly all found in Mr. Foster's careful and candid pages.

The anecdote about Swift's university career which has been found most convenient by graphic writers comes from his biographer, Sheridan. Swift told Sheridan—so Sheridan reports—that on entering college he tried to read the old treatises on logic written by Smeglesius, Keckermannus, Burgersdicius, &c.; that he could never get through three pages of them, and declared that he could reason very well without the old forms; and that when examined for his degree, he answered the arguments of his opponents in his own fashion. He played the part of Nicole in the *Bourgeois-Gentilhomme*, when she would not give M. Jourdain time to parry according to the rules of art. Scholars thought him a "blockhead." M. Taine has dressed up this account in the true graphic fashion, and makes a very pretty story of it. Other biographers, who had known Swift, introduced variations of their own. Lord Orrery says that at college he laughed at all studies except history and poetry; Doctor Delany, that he considered Greek and Latin to be pedantry; and Deane Swift, that he could never understand "logic, physics, metaphysics, natural philosophy, mathematics, or anything of that sort." It is admitted that Swift received his B.A. degree by "special grace," a phrase which implied some, though an uncertain, amount of discredit; and the fact gave rise to another demonstrable misstatement. At Oxford, it is said, the "special grace" was supposed to be a term of honour, and Swift did not expose an error so much to his advantage. As the phrase did not appear at all in Swift's testimonials, this cannot be true as stated. Is there a kernel of truth in these various anecdotes, or may they all be swept aside?

Mr. Foster ridicules Sheridan's authority, because Sheridan was only nineteen when Swift became imbecile, and only sixteen (? seventeen) when the death of his father, the elder Sheridan, cut off all intimacy between the families. Sheridan's *Life*, moreover, did not appear till 1784, whereas the conversation on which the story is founded must have taken place some forty-five years earlier. We may fully agree that this fact deprives it of all independent weight. It has obviously been touched up, and the details are utterly unreliable. Yet, something is to be said on the other side. Sheridan's father was one of Swift's most intimate friends for many years. When he died, in September 1738, Swift wrote a "character" of him, and in it speaks of the son as a promising youth

who has been admitted on the foundation at Dublin. Now, no two things can be more likely than that Swift should talk to the son of his old friend, then at his old college; and that Sheridan should be impressed by the conversation of his father's friend, then the most celebrated man in the kingdom. If, moreover, we were to speculate on the subject likely to be discussed between a Dean of St. Patrick's and a student at Dublin, we might bet two to one that it would turn upon the old gentleman's university experiences. There seems, then, to be no reason for supposing that Sheridan was simply lying, or that he did not report the substance of what Swift said to him, subject to some "embroidering."

But Swift, as it happens, has given us his own story. He says, in his Autobiographical Anecdotes, that, being discouraged by the ill-treatment of his nearest relations, he had neglected his academical studies and turned to history and poetry; that he was consequently "stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency, and at last hardly admitted in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratiâ*." Do not the witnesses agree in substance? Ah, says Mr. Foster, Swift generally wrote ironically about Dublin, and he was then so famous that the discredit of the *specialis gratia* would all fall upon the college instead of himself. Swift certainly loved irony. In these anecdotes, indeed, intended to serve as the basis of a posthumous biography, he is evidently anxious throughout to give a favourable account of himself.* Still, if he had merely said that the college thought him a dunce, Mr. Foster's version would be admissible. When, however, he explains that the authorities thought him a dunce because he neglected his studies, he relieves the college of all discredit. Newton would be plucked to-morrow at Cambridge if he refused to read mathematics. Ignorance produced by neglect incurs the censure of examiners as rightfully and necessarily as ignorance due to stupidity. Swift was too good a reasoner and too skilful a satirist to make so blundering an attack upon the college as Mr. Foster imputes to him.

But Mr. Foster has discovered a very curious paper, which refutes these presumptions. It is a record of a quarterly examination at Easter 1685, Swift taking his degree in the following February. In this list it appears that he did well in classics, though badly in philosophy (the "logic, metaphysics," and so on, of Sheridan), and negligently in theology. The list is drawn up roughly enough to scandalise a modern examiner. About a third of the 175 students named are not examined at all; nearly a third are lumped together as moderate in everything; and the epithets recall the reports of a lady's finishing school, rather than the accurate marks of a modern examination. It is, moreover, the report only of one, and that not the final, examination. Taking it, however, as the sole evidence, it still falls in with our previous accounts. A modern under-

* See especially his account of his scruple about taking orders.

graduate would describe the result by saying that Swift was in the first class in classics, but had a "narrow shave" in theology, and was nearly plucked in logic. I do not know on what principle degrees were then conferred at Dublin; but it is likely enough that failure in one department was taken to counterbalance excellence in others. Swift's case might so far resemble Macaulay's, who (if I am not mistaken) failed, from his mathematical incapacity, to get a fellowship at Cambridge, though enjoying a far higher reputation as a classical scholar than Swift ever possessed.

It is easy to fancy the scene. "We can hardly pass Swift," says the professor of philosophy; "he does not know the difference between *Barbara* and *celarent*." "I am not surprised," adds the professor of theology; "he talked sheer Arianism without knowing it." "He must be passed, though," says the professor of classics; "he really construed his Virgil better than five men out of six." So a compromise is agreed upon, and poor Swift is let through by "special grace." All the accounts agree fairly, if we only suppose that in "history and poetry," Swift meant to include, whilst Dr. Delany thought that he meant to exclude, the classical poets and historians.

Swift, as he says himself, resented the neglect of his relations. His uncle Godwin, he says, gave him "the education of a dog." He revenged himself with true schoolboy logic by neglecting his studies. The censure under which he fell did not increase his respect for the authorities, and he took to breaking disciplinary rules.* It induced him, however, to take the worthier revenge of applying himself more vigorously to his studies, or at least to the studies congenial to his taste. He resolved, one may guess, to win fame by poetry or literature which should shame the academic pedants. Swift's contempt for the learning most in vogue in Dublin is vigorously expressed in his writings. The University was in fact dominated at that period by an effete scholasticism, already exploded in the outside world. The battle between the mediæval philosophy on one side, and Descartes or Locke on the other, was still undecided in academical retreats. Molyneux, Locke's friend and disciple, lived at Dublin, and whilst Swift was an undergraduate was founding a kind of offshoot from the Royal Society, destined to propagate the new ideas. The leaven worked powerfully, as we know by its effect on Berkeley, the acutest assailant of old assumptions, and a distinguished student at Dublin, a very few years afterwards.† Swift, though he loved Berkeley, did not understand Berkeley's metaphysics; but his shrewd sense taught him to despise the old pedantry. He regarded the scholastics much as a clever lad with a disposition ripe for revolt

* "Swift" was frequently censured after his B.A. degree; but it cannot now be known whether Thomas or Jonathan is intended. As Thomas was a commonplace youth, the presumption is, perhaps, that Jonathan was most to blame; but we need not quarrel with Mr. Foster for dividing the blame equally.

† See Prof. Fraser's *Life of Berkeley*.

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would now regard a master who insisted on Latin verse and despised chemistry. This temper is shown in the wretched ode to the Athenian Society written two years after he had left Dublin. There he tells us how "philosophy" has become a "medley of all ages," and is tricked out in modern farthingales, topknots, and ruffs, with a long sweeping train

Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain.

The Athenian Society is to strip her of her "lumber and her books;" that is, as we may venture to expound the passage, of the obsolete logical forms of Smeglesius, Keckermannus, and Burgersdicius. We have the germ of the metaphor elaborately worked out soon afterwards in *The Tale of a Tub*, and see that Swift had found out one humbug.

Swift was no misanthrope at twenty-one. Nobody is: the most perfect misanthrope least of all. A man may be a Byron in his boyhood; to make a Swift a longer and more trying process is required. The time necessary for souring a man to the core is in proportion to the strength of his nature, the buoyancy of his self-confidence, and the intensity of his affections; and so is the intensity of the ultimate result. Hopes deferred through years and finally disappointed, friendships deceived and powers wasted, must be all infused in the poisonous draft. All that we should expect, and all that the evidence suggests, is that at twenty-one Swift had learnt a dangerous lesson or two. No position is more trying than that of a lad dependent on grudging relations—Mr. Foster might remember how bitterly Dickens resented a similar neglect of his childhood—and, though a man's teachers may be pedants and humbugs, the discovery of such a fact has often a bad effect on the pupil. In age when he should be a hero-worshipper he is already taught to be a cynic. That Swift had tasted the first kind of bitterness is admitted; that he had been censured by his teachers, and resented the censure and ridiculed the learning in which they chiefly trusted, is at least highly probable. At present we may conjecture that the sense of past vexations only stimulated his ambition.

But how was it to be gratified? By another long period of dependence, due to poverty. Swift's life with Sir W. Temple (1689–94 and 1696–99), between his twenty-second and his thirty-second year, has generally been described as the seed-time from which sprang the later harvest of misanthropy. Mr. Foster again dissents. Let us first look at the facts. That Swift was ambitious is undeniable. That he hoped that Temple would help him in his career is certain. Everybody, he says, approved of his leaving Temple; because Temple, though very angry at his departure, would make him no definite promise. Swift took orders, obtained a living of about 100*l.* a year, became heartily tired of it, and returned to Temple and his promises. William III. had promised Temple to give Swift a prebend at Canterbury or Westminster. On Temple's death, however, Swift could not obtain a fulfilment of the

promise, and was once more thrown upon the world. Ten years, and the ten years when a man is most sanguine, had thus provided for him only the "chameleon's dish." It is not a very wild conjecture that Swift was a good deal vexed. Mr. Foster, however, denies that he was either made savage or that he revolted against Temple's treatment. The evidence, again, is not voluminous; but it all points one way.

Swift's pride was mortified, according to the common view, in his ambiguous position of semi-servile dependency. Impossible, says Mr. Foster, for Swift's pride was "the reflection or consciousness of power." He must have had a perception of his strength, and therefore every pang inflicted at Moor Park "must have been lightened or consoled." This argument may be left to itself. It proves that consciousness of wasted power can never be mortifying. But Mr. Foster has another reason. Whatever Swift thought of Temple, he loved Temple's park. "It is a fact not insignificant" to Mr. Foster that he imitated Temple's gardens in his little garden at Laracor. This may be significant to Mr. Foster; but I have known a man who had left a college in utter disgust, just at Swift's age, who was yet exceedingly fond of the college gardens. It never occurred to him or to his friends that this fancy proved his love of the University authorities. And did not Swift associate Stella as well as Temple with Moor Park? Swift, too, spoke kindly of Temple on the day of Temple's death. People are sometimes kindly on such occasions. What he really thought of his employer may be doubtful; but all the references to him are at least consistent with a very uncomplimentary opinion. He expressly disavows to the family that he had received any obligations from Temple. He had given full value for all that he got. Other references to Temple in the "Journal to Stella" are familiar. Admiring Bolingbroke's youthful vigour and success, he exclaims, "I have often thought what a splutter Sir W. Temple makes about being Secretary of State; whilst this young man has been Secretary for a year." They used to reverence Sir William, as he says in another letter, because he might have been Secretary at fifty. When Bolingbroke is inclined to bully, he tells him that he won't be treated like a schoolboy; he had felt too much of that in his life already (meaning Sir William Temple). And the next day he recalls with obvious exultation how he used to be in pain for three or four days if Sir William looked cold and out of humour. "I have plucked up my spirit since then. Faith! he spoilt a fine gentleman." Such references are not much; but they certainly seem to imply that whatever veneration once existed had pretty well vanished and had left a distinct sense of humiliation. Swift may have reverenced Temple; unluckily, every recorded phrase is contemptuous.

Meanwhile Swift's opinion of Temple is only important as illustrating his sentiments during this period of his life. He might have been thoroughly discontented with his position and yet have exonerated Temple, though such generosity was hardly characteristic. We have some other

evidence of his feelings. Swift's first ambition was to be a poet. He wrote some execrable odes, which fully excuse Dryden's remark, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." Swift so resented this over-candid criticism that he hated Dryden and—according to Mr. Foster—even Dryden's favourite "triplets" ever afterwards. Other poems remain, and are more significant. One, addressed to his friend Congreve, shows traces of his satirical genius. He speaks prophetically of

> My hate, whose lash just heaven has long decreed
> Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed.

He reviles a wretched cockney upstart who had stirred his bile, and describes his muse amongst the critics as a country virgin amongst unclean animals—

> But, with the odious smell and sight annoyed,
> In haste she does the offensive herd avoid.

There spoke the creator of the "Yahoos." Another poem, written in 1693, celebrates Sir W. Temple's recovery from an illness. After commonplace compliments, he turns to reproach his muse. She has deluded and got him into difficulties, though she should have scorned to look

> On an abandoned wretch by hope forsook.

He dwells upon this strain of thought, surely singular in a congratulatory poem, with a vigour contrasting with the previous feebleness. His muse means himself, and therefore, thinks Mr. Foster, he finds fault rather with himself than others. And what fault does he find? Why, that his muse has endowed him with

> That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride;

that it has made his virtues causes of misfortune and disgrace, and has ordered him not to stoop to "interest, flattery, or deceit," or mercenary arts. Self-reproach of this kind is not apt to be very deep, for it is wonderfully like self-applause. He does not reproach Sir W. Temple, it is true, when writing a congratulatory poem on his recovery; but he says, in so many words, that he is a madman for being too honest, truth-telling, and pure in his conduct. The two poems, in short, express the characteristic sentiment of the full-blown satirist, though both are in the complimentary vein, and both are written about his twenty-sixth birthday. He manages to express a hearty contempt for London critics, for fools in general, and for the world at large. Is it not probable that he was slightly discontented with his lot? But as poor Swift had asked in an ode about Sir W. Temple—

> Shall I believe a spirit so divine
> Was cast in the same mould with mine?

he must have admired him.

One other touch is too characteristic to be omitted. In a list of resolutions headed "When I come to be old," and written in the year of

Temple's death, is the following :—"Not to be fond of children, *or let them come near me hardly.*" The last words are now first published, having been erased by someone who desired, says Mr. Foster, to shield his memory from "an apparent coldness of nature implied." On this Mr. Foster adds one of his sage aphorisms—"We do not fortify ourselves with resolutions against what we dislike, but against what in our weakness we have too much reason to believe we are inclined to." If Swift had resolved to love and cherish children, would Mr. Foster have inferred that he naturally hated them? These ambidextrous arguments may prove anything and everything. The simple truth is that no man of "cold nature" would have needed such a resolution; no man entirely tender would have made it. Would Goldsmith, or Reynolds, or Johnson have regarded fondness for children as "a weakness" to which they might be "too much inclined?" This resolution illustrates once more the true satirist creed; the creed, that is, that our virtues are, in this bad world, the sources of our sufferings. A man, indeed, may play with such sentiments, and convert them into a smart epigram or two, without proving himself to be a thorough-paced cynic. But the doctrine is curiously characteristic of Swift, and becomes more marked as he grows older. "I am of opinion," as he wrote later when he was expecting Stella's death, "that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship which must always leave the survivor miserable." Any one not soured feels that to express such a thought in dread of a cruel separation is to commit a kind of unpardonable treason to friendship. The affectionate are most thankful for their affections at the crises when those affections are the causes of the deepest suffering. The opposite sentiment, however, came naturally to Swift; and we see that it was already familiar to him in his early years.

The resolution may very likely apply to Stella, and, though Swift's love story is beyond my purpose, it may suggest one remark upon Mr. Foster's treatment of it. Mr. Foster is always defending Swift against some mysterious assailants who appear to have charged him with coldness of nature. Surely the trouble is rather wasted. The very thing by which Swift is remembered is the force and fire of his passions. Mr. Foster might as well defend Marlborough from the imputation of cowardice, or prove that Burns was not a teetotaller. The "Journal to Stella" is one continued outpouring of intense fondness, the general character of which was sufficiently clear before Mr. Foster had restored much that has hitherto been omitted. The "little language," the quaint childish prattle which Swift uses in writing to Stella, had scandalised former editors. They unjustifiably omitted much of it. Mr. Foster regards it simply as a fresh proof of Swift's "manly tenderness." The tenderness is obvious, and was always to some extent obvious. It is harder to see the manliness. When a clergyman of forty-two writes to a lovely and brilliant young woman of twenty-nine in the language which he used when he was twenty and she was seven (e. g. "So flap ee hand

and make wry mouth ooself, saucy doxy"); when we remember the anomalous terms of intimacy which they occupied for many years; when we further remember that the clergyman was receiving the addresses of another beautiful young woman, whose name seems to be the one name omitted in the letters to the first—we must admit that there is something anomalous and not exclusively edifying in this queer billing and cooing, this fondling and petting—rather maudlin, we would say, than manly—which for some unknown reason never led to marriage, though far beyond the ordinary demonstrations of a courtship. Mr. Foster has proved, what no one ever doubted, Swift's extraordinary tenderness. What he has to explain in a future volume is, why such tenderness evaporated in these hyper-sentimental caresses. Why did Swift's love, like his patriotism, and his friendship, and his genius, become a source of suffering! To vindicate him from "coldness of nature" is indeed a superfluous task! It is proving that a lava-stream is not a glacier.

We must return to Swift's writings at Moor Park. *The Tale of a Tub* and the *Battle of the Books* were his principal performances. Of the last little need be said. It has ceased to be very amusing, though there are some touches of the genuine Swift. But *The Tale of a Tub* is clearly one of Swift's most vigorous performances. It does not show the bitterness of later writings; but it is such a satire as no other Englishman has written. The book was intended as a defence of the Church of England against Rome on the one side, and the dissenters on the other; and, according to Mr. Foster, the English clergy were too dull to recognise their champion. He was only, it seems, attacking the abuses of theology, and they were foolish enough to think that he was laughing at theology itself. The more curious fact is that Mr. Foster cannot understand the objections of the clergy. If a schoolboy were to throw stones at a Roman Catholic procession, and smear the walls of a dissenting chapel with filth, he might be astonished that the clergy of the Established Church did not recognise the value of his services. Nobody else would be much surprised. The simple fact is that there are some weapons the use of which in theological warfare is fully as damaging to friends as to enemies. Queen Anne seems to have understood this, though Mr. Foster fails to see it. One of these weapons is sheer filth. Swift's love of the physically nasty is so strange as to suggest actual mental disease. It is not the reckless outpouring of a coarse buffoonery, but absolute delight in dwelling upon images which turn other men's stomachs. Though he is fouler elsewhere, he is foul enough in *The Tale of a Tub*; and surely it is not strange that the clergy were shocked at an advocate who could dabble in such mire. Throwing filth is a game at which both sides can play, and a good deal of it is sure to fall back upon the thrower. Let Mr. Foster read the eighth section of *The Tale of a Tub*, which deals with the pretensions of fanatics to spiritual influences, and try to fancy it written

by any sincere and reverent believer—say, by Swift's contemporary, Bishop Wilson—and he may understand better the force of the objection.

Swift no doubt was a sincere believer. We can trace his opinions by his antipathies. He must have been a Christian, for no human being ever expressed such scorn for the deists; a Protestant, for no man has more keenly ridiculed the beliefs of Catholics; a member of the Church of England, for he hates a dissenter as bitterly as the bitterest of those high-flying churchmen whom, again, he so heartily despised. His various quasi-theological writings define his position with perfect clearness. He despises rationalism, for he holds that nearly all men are as capable of flying as of reasoning. The same dangerous argument serves him in *The Tale of a Tub*, and in his sermons. Nobody has ever more forcibly expressed contempt for the whole principle and practice of theological dogmatism. He only attacked the abuse, says Mr. Foster, not the use. Every satirist always attacks the abuse and not the use. But anybody except the writer or a biographer can see that Swift's assault upon Catholic dogmas is just as applicable to Anglican dogmas. What fools and knaves are all the theologians who have wrangled over dogmas for the last thousand years! that is the gist of his argument. Why, then, was not Swift a sceptic? First, because he was a man of intense prejudices. Secondly, because he had the profoundest conviction of the value of religion in a world which he held in no mere phrase to be hopelessly corrupt. Some religion was absolutely essential to prevent all men from becoming Yahoos. That is the substance of one of his most cutting satires, the argument against abolishing Christianity. Further, like all his contemporaries, he heartily despised what was called "enthusiasm" and "superstition"; that is, any creed which was likely to embarrass statesmen instead of simply supporting the police. This view of religion is common enough, perhaps it is the commonest view amongst politicians and what are called "practical" men, and nobody ever gave it more forcible expression than Swift. And, finally, like all men of strong natures, he felt the need of utterance for those deep emotions which habitually express themselves in religious language. So far, Swift was doubtless a genuine believer. But no man could enjoy *The Tale of a Tub*, and certainly no man could write it, in whom reverence, tenderness, and love formed the most essential element of religious feeling.

We have now taken Swift's principal utterances during the Temple period; though we have omitted the strange and rather unpleasant episode of Varina. The whole history of that episode is contained in two letters—the first passionate, the second brutal; but we do not know enough of the facts to infer more than that this love-affair was hardly likely to improve Swift's temper. To what do his published sentiments amount? They show that, between the ages of twenty and thirty, Swift had already become a most vigorous satirist; that his pride had been wounded by the critics of the "town," then the sole centre of literary criticism, and that he had retorted by calling them

Yahoos; that he had early been accustomed to talk of himself as doomed to a hopeless position by reason of his virtues; that he had bitterly resented his failure in the more ambitious kind of poetry; that he had resolved to guard against the purest and tenderest affections, because they might become a source of torture; that he resented his employer's disposition to treat him like a schoolboy; that his reading had taught him a hearty contempt for oldfashioned philosophy and theology; that he thought Catholicism ridiculous, and Protestant dissenters the fit objects of filthy ribaldry; and that, though he could pay formal compliments on occasion, he turned spontaneously to railings against all classes of men with whom he had hitherto come in contact. We know further that he was anxious—as what clever youth is not anxious?—for a start in life; that he had once left Temple in disgust without a start, and that he finally received only a useless promise. On the other hand, we are told that he was fond of Temple's gardens, and never said in so many words that Temple was a "lying deceitful rascal"—the phrase which he applied to Somers, though, as Mr. Foster thinks, without its modern meaning. Remembering, however, what Swift became after some further disappointment—the ablest exponent who ever wrote in English of the sentiment of disgust with life—may we not infer that his position had already sown the seeds of future bitterness, and indeed given rise to much present bitterness? And, moreover, is not that belief the only mode of reconciling the admission that Swift was originally a man of generous character with the admission that he was afterwards the bitterest reviler of humanity?

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La Bella Sorrentina.

CHAPTER I.

THE district that forms the southern horn of the Bay of Naples, with its orange-groves and vineyards, its aloes, olives and palms, its rocky hills, its white, glittering towns, its deep blue sea, its bare-legged fishermen and graceful, dark-eyed girls, has always been the very Paradise of tourists. The faint, heavy scent of the orange blossoms is wafted to you, as you sit in your balcony above the sea, on warm, moonlight nights; the tinkling of a guitar is heard from the distance, where somebody is singing "Santa Lucia" or "La Bella Sorrentina" before the door of one of the hotels; a long line of smoke is blown from Vesuvius towards the horizon; the lights of Naples wink and glitter on the other side of the bay; and presently (if you are inclined to pay for it) a little company of young men and maidens will come and dance the Tarantella for you, till you are weary of watching so much activity in such a slumberous atmosphere.

There is no disappointment about this part of Italy. Pictures, poetry, books of travel—all that one has heard, seen, or read of this country—cannot have exaggerated its loveliness or idealised its perfection. The sky and sea are as blue and deep, the mountains as softly purple, and the vegetation as luxuriant as the most fervid imagination can have pictured them; the people are laughing, dancing, singing and chattering from morning till night; even when they work they seem to be only playing at toil, dragging up their nets, or tending their vines, as if only to make a pretty foreground to a picture. Life at Sorrento and Castellamare is, to quote the opinion of an enthusiastic French lady, as beautiful as a perpetual scene at the Opera, and even more agreeable, as being free from the inconvenience of gas.

Tourists generally are apt to fall in, in some sort, with this way of thinking. Everything in this charming, perfumed, sensuous land is so full of pleasure, so fairylike and unreal, that it is difficult to believe that the cares and troubles of the world can have any place there, or that the inhabitants can have anything to do but to look picturesque and dance and sing from the cradle to the grave.

Nevertheless, the Piano di Sorrento is a country in which people love, hate, weep, struggle, pinch, and suffer in the same way as mortals do in other parts of this planet. Here is the history of a man and a woman, born and bred in Sorrento, to both of whom want and suffering

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ART. I.—*Jonathan Swift.*

The Life of Jonathan Swift. By JOHN FORSTER. Vol. I. London: John Murray.

MR. FORSTER'S long looked for life of Swift has at last appeared, and the completeness of this, its first volume, is enough to console us for the delay. The life of Swift was at first written incompetently by Delany and Dean Swift, afterwards hurriedly by Johnson; and a whole mass of misconceptions, repeated from hand to hand, had to be cleared away before his character could be reconstructed as it required to be. Popular opinion readily accepted the rough and ready estimate of Swift as one utterly dark and repulsive in life and genius; and where it took the trouble to verify this second-hand estimate, it found the estimate confirmed by the untested and rash assertions of one after another of his biographers. Mr. Forster has not brought help before it was greatly needed, and the niche of English literary biography which his book will fill is not less palpably vacant than those which he has already so ably occupied. The volume before us is perhaps chiefly valuable for the mass of new information which has been brought together either for the testing or the illustration of the facts asserted of Swift. We perhaps miss in the narrative something of succinctness and of thorough digesting of the matter; and it would be no very high compliment to the author of the Life of Gold-

smith and of the monograph on Defoe to say that he has here surpassed or even equalled himself. But our knowledge of that part of Swift's life which is here chiefly dealt with is at the best fragmentary, and in itself perhaps incapable of any very clear or succinct narration. It is enough that this book gives us for the first time much that is of incalculable value for a knowledge of the life of Swift, and that to the judgment of this new material Mr. Forster brings his own sound experience and fine literary tact.

Whatever the objections that an editor or a biographer of Swift may have to meet in our day, there is one from which he is probably exempt. He is not likely to be told that the works of Swift want interest, that his genius has been eclipsed, and that the study of his writings may well be laid aside, as not 'entering necessarily into the institution of a liberal educa-'tion.' And yet something like this is the verdict pronounced by Jeffrey in his critique on Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift's works in 1816. He tells us how he remembers the time when every boy was set to read Pope, Swift, and Addison, as regularly as Virgil, Cicero, and Horace ; when all who had any tincture of letters were familiar with their writings and their history ; and when they and their contemporaries were placed without challenge at the head of our literature. He congratulates himself that this is no longer the case, and that these writers have been deposed from their pedestal ; that their genius has been surpassed, and that they have no chance of recovering the supremacy from which they have been deposed. The language in which he goes on to speak of them is somewhat astonishing. They were remarkable, he says, for the fewness of their faults rather than for the greatness of their beauties. Their laurels were won by good conduct and discipline, not by enterprising boldness and native force. They had no pathos, no enthusiasm, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality ; but were for the most part cold, timid, and superficial. Their inspiration is little more than a sprightly sort of good sense. They may pass well enough for sensible and polite writers, but scarcely for men of genius.

As we read the estimate of the Edinburgh reviewer, we feel that not only does that estimate differ from our own, but that

the standpoint from which it is made is one with which we are essentially out of sympathy. The generation for which Jeffrey wrote had no small share of self-complacency, and it was a self-complacency fortified by circumstances. It was a generation of very considerable force and earnestness, and that force and earnestness had a very strong bias in one particular direction. Such biassed force has its advantages, but a wide-stretching sympathy, or a quick sensibility to the genius of another age, is not one of these. What is good in itself it prizes, but it does so to the exclusion of that which an age possessing perhaps less stringent characteristics of its own may be ready to appreciate. For us, rivalry has not made appreciation impossible. Our own generation has sought other objects, and achieved a bias in a different direction; but while the force of literary genius may be thereby dulled, the absence and hopelessness of literary emulation may make our criticism none the less disinterested. Our laurels are not chiefly won in the fields where we may find Swift and Addison and their contemporaries for rivals, and we may content ourselves with our power of judging the more calmly of the merits of different competitors. We can no longer flatter ourselves with the complacent optimism upon which the Edinburgh reviewer bases his judgment of literary progress; we can no longer assent with him to the proposition that in literary taste every generation is better than its predecessors. Instead of believing with him that such taste 'is of all faculties the one most sure 'to advance with time and experience,' we are more likely to be impressed with the extreme delicacy of its growth; with the dangers to which it is exposed of being blinded or formalized by every twist and turn of popular fanaticism or prevailing pedantry; with the likelihood that development in other directions may only disarrange the equable balance, the 'sweet reasonableness,' as the chief critic of our generation has it, of literary judgment. What the Edinburgh reviewer feels to be 'little capricious fluctuations,' we may often be disposed to think serious aberrations, and we may see in them the loss of that quick appreciativeness which only the stirring of a new birth in literature could restore. But if we lose the gratification of believing in this comfortable natural law of progression in literary taste, we escape the risk of being

blind to the beauties of a state of less complete and perfect evolution. We relinquish the claim of rivalry, but we can solace ourselves with the recovery of the power of unbiassed judgment.

The generation for which Jeffrey wrote had undoubtedly much reason for self-congratulation. Not only were its literary creations great, but its literary criticism, too, was keen, energetic, and incisive. It fairly claimed a great inheritance of reawakened life, and we need not be surprised if the strength that shook off slumber had little delicacy of touch for the beauties which belonged to the state of repose. But the qualities which gave brilliancy to its creations and energy to its criticisms were not those to inspire a subtle sympathy. It was a generation which left little room for doubts and waverings, for efforts at penetrating meaning, for tender and careful searching after hidden beauties. It could spare no time to learn excuses for faults that were apparent on the surface; it had a rough and ready justice, which was much more fit to draw clear lines of demarcation between what it believed good and bad, than to temper its condemnation of that with which it happened to disagree. Above all, one vice tainted every part of its criticism. Not only was distinction of political party made the gauge of literary merit, but all literary criticism was steeped in the strong wine of a political creed. The Edinburgh reviewer turned from a discussion on reform to apply, of set purpose, all the tools of his trade to literature. He proceeded upon the same maxims and he set to work in the same way. 'Whiggism is the one god, and the "Edinburgh Review" is its 'prophet,' was the foundation of his system, and that system was untroubled by any qualms or doubts. It afforded a ready recipe for dealing with any question. If a judgment on any subject could not, like that of the German philosopher on the white elephant, be evolved by the Edinburgh reviewer from the depths of his own inner consciousness, it was yet easy to procure it from the repertory of that storehouse of dogma whose key was held by his own clique. Whatever the brilliancy of its creation, whatever the energy of its criticism, the generation was penetrated to the very core with the political spirit, and had no very great patience with any other. The

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very masterpieces which gave lustre to the age were gauged by the same criteria, and misjudged with the same rashness, until certain coincidences between these and the prevailing spirit led to their recognition on the ground of such accidental harmony rather than of their intrinsic worth.

But if the spirit of Jeffrey's generation, or at least of his section of it, was above all political, the spirit that moved Swift and Addison was essentially literary. The one man amongst all English writers who was most deeply affected by the literary spirit, was Pope, and Swift and Addison were only one step behind him. The constant reference to political questions, the prevalence of political subjects, the bitterness of political controversy, in their writings, afford only superficial evidence to the contrary. Accident determines what a man shall write about, but it does not determine how he shall write. To the protégé of Sir William Temple a fantastic and fruitless controversy might divide with politics the claims on his attention, and give the accidental bias to his career; to the young aspirant after Whig patronage the victories of Marlborough gave a fitting opportunity to attract attention by his 'Campaign;' to Pope, the connections of his own intimates with political parties gave an incidental interest in the Whig and Tory strife; but none of them had a soul framed for political discussion, nor found a sphere that suited them in the political arena. To Swift, party spirit is the great plague-spot in English life, for which no bitterness of vituperation can be too strong, and no image of ridicule too mean or degrading. It is but the dispute between high heels and low heels, or big-endians and little-endians, over again. Just as little in sympathy with the accidental distinctions of party spirit was the calm judgment of Addison. They can only remind his worthy knight of his schoolboy adventure, when he was called a popish cur by one for asking his way to St. Anne's Lane, and a prickeared cur by the next passenger for asking to be guided to plain Anne's Lane. 'There cannot a greater judgment,' goes on the Spectator, 'befal a country than such a dreadful spirit of division 'as rends a government into two distinct peoples.'—'The 'influence is fatal both to men's morals and their understand-'ings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but 'destroys even common sense.' There is something deeper

than ordinary sadness in the words with which he speaks of a period of exaggerated party spirit. 'It is very unhappy for a 'man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season.' So it is with Pope: his verdict on political disputes is summed up in the often-quoted words:—

> 'For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administered is best.'

Each felt, as they could not avoid feeling, the angry onset of the contending factions. We cannot rest in contemplation or follow the bent of our own fancy amid the tumults of the arena, however we may despise the object of the dispute and the spirit of the combatants. All three were drawn into the contest: it laid its fetters on their genius and forced that genius to do its work: it twisted and perverted it, but could not take away its distinctive character. Swift, Addison, and Pope were, for their own day, the types and examples of the purely literary spirit; and what they were for their own day, they are still more distinctively for ours. The verdict of the Edinburgh reviewer on their eclipse and supercession is the one-sided judgment of a man judging those with whom he has no sympathy, and finding in the blindness of a self-assumed superiority ground for an easy and systematized optimism. Without shutting our eyes to his merits, we can yet see the limitations of these merits, and find room for others. Many may be disposed to think that 'into the institution of a liberal education' the study of our literature at all does not 'necessarily enter,' and that other subjects, calling for more technical ingenuity and holding out incentives of more practical expediency, may with advantage take its place; but those of us who do believe in the all-embracing scope and training implied in a study of that literature, and who would not readily see it eclipsed by the most perfect technical education, or the most complete discipline of the observing faculties, will not be willing to study it in less than its entirety, to look upon it as reaching its fruition only 'in 'each successive generation,' to seek in it *only* the qualities of energy and 'serious emotion,' or *only* those of balanced judgment, clear and luminous exposition, and unrivalled wit. The palm in the former qualities we may grant to the genera-

tion in which the Edinburgh reviewer wrote, and for which he claims them, but they do not bound the range of our English literature. 'Serious emotion,' more perhaps than any other characteristic of a literature, is apt to have its vagaries, often fluctuating and accidental only. The same review that contains Jeffrey's critique of Swift, in which he expresses his firm trust in the progressing literary taste of his age, contains a review of Coleridge's 'Christabel,' in which the writer speaks with a 'serious emotion,' hardly disguised under an affectedly flippant style. But what is the judgment of this writer for an age of 'serious emotion' and advanced literary taste? That 'the 'publication of "Christabel" is one of the most notable pieces of 'impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty'—'one 'of the boldest experiments that has yet been made on the 'patience or understanding of the public!'—'The thing before 'us ("Christabel") is utterly destitute of value!' and so on. If the sure advance of literary taste, upon which Jeffrey congratulates himself and his generation, could lead to such a judgment on contemporary genius, can we wonder that it should be slow to recognise the distinctive merit—so entirely different from its own—of the age of Addison and Swift and Pope? A limit in one direction too often implies a limit in another; and the judgment which can find in Swift's genius only that of 'a sensible and polite writer,' which can estimate him as for the most part 'cold, timid, and superficial,' is so oddly constituted, that we can hardly wonder if its Whiggish 'serious emotion' fails to appreciate an emotion which, though possibly not without seriousness, is, like that of Coleridge, hardly so exclusively Whiggish as its own.

Those who come to Swift then—and in our day it is they who must be his chief readers—as one of the standard examples of the literary spirit, are not likely to find much ground for dispute as to the completeness with which he realises that spirit. The part he took, by the 'Battle of the Books,' in the controversy between the Ancients and the Moderns, was no doubt partly forced upon him by the attitude of his patron, Sir William Temple. Temple had committed himself very fatally indeed on the subject of the Pseudo-Phalaris. In the courtly and learned leisure of Moor Park, Temple had ornamented his commonplaces with the fashionable dilettante

scholarship of the day. He had imbibed a sort of aristocratic respect for the literature of the dead languages as that which was closed to the vulgar, and open only to those whose life had always been surrounded with intellectual as well as physical appliances. But the depth and extent of the scholarship which flattered the exclusiveness of the master of Moor Park may be gauged by his citing, as specially distinctive of the spirit of antiquity, the epistles ascribed to Phalaris, and written by some sophist very likely a thousand years after his day. The mistake was speedily and not very tenderly put right by Bentley, and it behoved Temple and Temple's adherents to muster all their forces for the fight, to turn off the attack by an inroad into the enemy's domain. Thus came the 'Battle of the Books,' by which Swift stepped into the arena, with weapons of a finer temper and with a longer reach of arm than any of his fellows in the fray. The criticism was no longer verbal; the assertions were no longer those of courtly commonplace. Instead of that, the whole contest was placed in such a light, that not to the eyes of critics and scholars merely, but to all the risible faculties of human nature, Bentley and his adherents became ridiculous. The vast, but pedantic and arid, scholarship of Bentley is hit off to perfection in the picture of him as he marches in armour, patched of a thousand fragments, that clangs loud and dry with every step, like the fall of a sheet of lead. The dispute has passed out of the arena of Christ Church and Moor Park: there is no longer room in it for the schoolboy conceits of Boyle, for the rasping scholarship of Bentley, for the courtly dilettanteism of Temple. The defence of the Ancients is no longer a defence of aristocratic learning against popular and vernacular literature: it has taken its foundation on the broad basis of humour. Temple's need, no doubt, suggested to his dependant the assumption of his defence; but it did not limit his sympathies, or assign his position in the fight. He is bound to identify himself with Temple's mistake to some extent, and so he describes (doubtless forming his own opinion on the case all the while) the discomfiture of a scholar such as Bentley by a *petit maître* such as Boyle; yet he is unable to repress the covert sneer implied in Temple's being caught with his back turned, and being 'lightly grazed' with Wotton's

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shaft. But Swift had a larger share in the dispute than that of a dependant, however valuable to his master he might, as a dependant, be. To us it seems quite evident that, however his advocacy is marred by its personalities and distorted by the necessities of his position, his place was naturally on the side of the Ancients in the dispute. Stript of its accessories, that side represented the protest against the anarchical element in literature. It maintained the standard of classic taste, as opposed to the erratic flights of over-strained originality. To Temple this might be a defence of aristocratic intellectual exclusiveness: to Swift it was the defence of that on which he felt the very existence of literature, as a great force, to depend. That, with all its varieties, a certain adherence to some classical standard, be it ancient or modern, is necessary, was the first principle of his creed, as it is of that of every man impressed with the literary spirit. If we fix upon the finest passages in the book, which are those where there is least of personal reference, we shall find that this is precisely the point upon which Swift insists. The Moderns are ambitious, but they have a 'tendency towards 'their own centre.' Their short-lived triumph is marked 'by 'a strange confusion of place among all the books in the 'library.' The episode of the dispute between the spider—with his web carefully constructed in that corner of the ceiling which he imagines to be the centre of the universe, its material drawn out of his own bowels—and the bee who chances by ill-luck to trespass, to his own detriment, amid the filthy mass, contains the gist of the dispute. Labour as you may, says the bee, after all, yours is merely the 'task 'which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an 'overweening pride feeding and engendering on itself, turns 'all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but 'flybane and a cobweb.' What you want is the 'universal 'range which, with long search, much study, true judgment, 'and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax.' These words extend the range of the dispute far beyond the merits or defects of this or that Ancient or Modern. They apply not merely to the fray between Temple and Wotton, or Bentley and Boyle; they express the very marrow of the truth which literature must always maintain, that excel-

lence depends not on accidental coincidence with the taste of a day or a clique, but upon permanence of duration, upon harmony with the calmest judgment, and, at the same time, the most 'serious emotion' which even the Edinburgh reviewer could achieve.

It is this predominance of the literary spirit which gives to the writings of Swift the most characteristic part of the interest they possess for us. It is this which rescues them as a whole from the danger that besets some amongst them, in the fact that the interest attaching to their subjects is only a passing one. Swift does not interest us as the adherent of Temple in a flimsy controversy, but because he showed how literary merit rested upon no maxims reposing *in gremio magistratûs*, but upon the broad lines that separate what is sound from what is ridiculous in all spheres and for all times. We are not attracted by the political discussion in the tracts with which he pierced the only too chinky armour of the Whigs, or strove to bolster up a decaying government, and preserve them from the ills of quarrels within and discontent without; but because he was the first to show how political disputes could be conducted after a literary fashion, and yet not lose any practical force, or be affected by any of that pedantic spirit which, up to his time, had been held to be the characteristic of the literary politician. We do not need to accept his allegorical picture of the religious attitude of the Roman Catholic, the Dissenter, and the Church of England man, as just, in order to appreciate the marvellous genius of the 'Tale of a Tub:' what holds us and commands our admiration is the ease with which the allegory succeeds for the time in achieving its object, be that what it may, and in making all but its own standpoint seem utterly ridiculous.

But although we do not apprehend that there is much dispute as to the position which Swift holds in our literature, and the peculiar qualities that entitle him to it, yet his is a name about which abundance of disputation is likely to gather hereafter, as it has done in the past. Granted, it may be said, that Swift was a brilliant exponent of the literary spirit, did he employ that spirit well? Was it not made the tool of faction, so as to degrade it? Was it not made the vehicle of coarseness so intense as almost to disgust people into a reaction

against that from which ordinary and uneducated, but in this case better judging, taste recoiled? Did it not cover a spirit of hypocrisy, and give a permanence by literary excellence to that which does not really have existence in the human breast? Was he not false to his own heart, false to his political ties, false to the religion he professed? And of writings whose subject-matter is so composed, can any literary excellence allow us to condone the evil and the untruth?

Part of the assumption upon which this accusation is made we may admit to be true, but we must do even this with some reservations. It is true that the highest literary excellence is not consistent with the expression of that which is deliberately and altogether hypocritical and unreal. The most consummate art cannot master or mould to its purposes any but a frenzied partisan or a blind disciple if it refuses to appeal to something naturally and truly, however deplorably, existing in the human heart. It is this want that has broken the force of Bolingbroke's writings, and which, but for the genius which refused, in spite of itself, to be tethered to insincerity by the platitudes of Bolingbroke, might have broken the force of the 'Essay on Man.' But we must go no further than this. In the first place literary excellence does not accept the limitations that may fitly be placed upon us in our social responsibilities. If what it expresses be true, it has fulfilled all we can demand of it. We may regret that it expresses feelings that would be better veiled, or we may regret that human nature is subject to such feelings at all. We may stand aghast at the darkness of the prospect that it opens to us; we may long for some lighter influence to make the shade less deep; but we cannot question its truth because we question its expediency. Besides this, we must beware of the standpoint from which we judge of insincerity. Before we accuse a man of insincere acquiescence in conventionality or custom, we must know exactly the weight which that convention and his acquiescence bear to him. With his estimate of the results of that acquiescence we may disagree; we may believe him to argue wrongly, and we may pronounce his conduct to be socially wrong, and productive of enormous evil. But we are not therefore justified in denying him the merit of sincerity, or at least in laying upon him the accusation of a thorough

insincerity permeating his whole life and distorting his vision. But it is only the insincerity that permeates a man's whole spirit that can affect him in the sphere of literature. As a member of society a man may have no right to put his own interpretation upon conventionalities: his acquiescence, if insincere, may be a political crime. But as an author, all we have to ask is whether his acquiescence has so clouded his vision as to leave him without the power of discerning whether what he speaks comes from his own heart or no. We have nothing to do with the relative degree of moral guilt belonging to social and literary insincerity. We only assert that they are not identical. Voltaire showed little respect for any conventionality which did not command his acquiescence; yet it may be doubted whether an undercurrent of affectation does not more or less mar the effect of everything he has written. Dryden veered round with every change of the political compass, and yet he never lost an honest grasp on what, in his own erratic fashion, he believed for the moment to be true.

But besides this broad distinction which must be drawn between social and literary insincerity, there is another consideration to be met before we can pronounce against the truth and sincerity of any writer. We must not only know the estimate formed by him of the conventionalities in which he acquiesced, and the degree to which that acquiescence affected his judgment of truth generally, but we must also carefully weigh the general tenour of his life. We must seek for any connecting links that may give consistency to that which would otherwise appear ground for a charge of apostasy. We must examine the evidence for such scandals as exist; we must not be blind to palliations; we must sift such facts as may alter the complexion of apparently well-established charges. Our task then is a double one: we have to examine evidence, and we have to put an interpretation, as just as we may, upon the facts which that evidence shall establish.

The views of Swift's life are various, but may be summed up in not many words. Let us see how, when classified, they contrast with one another. Let us begin with the most repulsive picture. Swift, it is said, was born in poverty, and educated by an uncle, to whom his only return was ingratitude and abuse. He went to college only to waste his time in idleness

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and foul abuse of those in authority. From Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree with difficulty, he was compelled to fly, owing to rustication. Thence he went to England, where he found an almost menial employment in the household of Sir William Temple, in whose service he ate, in rage and silence, the bread of 'a beggar or a lackey.' Quarrelling with his patron, he left Moor Park for Ireland, to take orders; but finding Temple's assistance necessary, he wrote a servile and fawning letter of repentance, which procured him the service he wished for. Discontented with the drudgery or the tedium of a remote Irish parish, he returned to Moor Park, and remained there till Temple's death. The patronage he had received from him he returned in words of flattery, as insincere as were the offices of literary hack which he had before performed for him; and the stifled hate and scorn he nourished were allowed to appear only in secret, and as it were by stealth. Disappointed in schemes of ambition in England, he left for Ireland, where he settled in a new and somewhat more lucrative charge. To amuse his leisure he invited to reside in Ireland a young woman who had been, like himself, a dependant on Sir William Temple's bounty, and whose heart he had stolen, while he had the opportunity, at Moor Park, but stolen only that he might keep it in a galling and exasperating bondage till she sank to the grave. He returned only to become a political renegade and the tool of those whose patronage, or promises of patronage, had attracted his ambition, or whose friendship flattered his toadying propensities. While their triumph lasted, he bullied and browbeat and toadied: when it came to an abrupt conclusion he retired to Ireland, 'nursing his wrath to keep it warm,' a pitiable object of baffled greed and ambition, requiting mankind for their neglect of his claims by hounding on rebellion and by outraging decency—an apostate to religion, to morality, to his country, to his friends. Before his life came to an end the darkness closed in on an intellect which had been a prey to unsated anger, passion, and disappointment, and his death was a fitting moral for such a tale.

Vulgar deception and hypocrisy, commonplace scepticism, political apostasy of the kind which the weakest and most slavish of the tools of Harley or of Walpole might have

practised, are thus charged upon Swift. This, in some places word for word, is the glib verdict of the Edinburgh reviewer. It is confirmed by some phrases of careless rhetoric in which Macaulay indulges in his essay on Temple. At the very outset we may say that some of these charges had no assignable basis whatever, while the falsity of most of the remainder has now been abundantly proved by Mr. Forster. Misfortune, doubtless, was prepared for Swift before his birth; his father had died seven months before. The widow was left with two children; but in spite of wealthy and influential connections on both sides, Jonathan and Abigail Swift had not been able to make provision during their brief married life for the future. The churlish charity of his uncle Godwin, which grudged what, no doubt, he found it impossible with decency to withhold from his brother's widow, was certainly resented by Swift; but what was given him kindly from the lesser resources of another uncle, he repaid by abundant gratitude. The story of his college career is nonsense; that of his service with Temple, and its terms, exaggeration run mad. On Temple's death he expresses himself in the conventional terms of a decent sorrow; he performs dutifully the thankless task of editing the works of his patron, which no one would read, or, at least, whose readers would not buy them. But in the freedom of private correspondence he does not conceal the fact that Temple was not a little prosy and pompous, and that at times he had had hard work to bear with his humours. He had known and taught Esther Johnson when an infant; she had learned to admire, and had grown up to love him; and what their relation implied, she, open-eyed, accepted. For his political career we shall put forward an entirely different explanation, and one for which it is not necessary to impute to him any ignoble or selfish motive. His misanthropy, modified and tested in the light of well-established facts, will be found to wear an entirely different complexion. But the Edinburgh reviewer not only rests his estimate upon what is false and exaggerated; he never seems to have paused to ask himself if what he assumed was even likely or probable in itself—never to have allowed his imagination to draw a picture of Swift as he was, or even as he might have been.

The picture Johnson gives us, although it is drawn with little sympathy, is yet far different from this. He sees nothing very blamable in his conduct, either as a political partisan or as a clergyman. It is only in the slighter points that he seems to bear heavily on him. His criticism shows not the rancour of one determined to see nothing good, but the impatience of one who sees flaws with which he has, or fancies he has, no sympathy. Swift's parsimony in money matters, his uncouthness or brusqueness of manner, his whims and fancies, his rather ostentatious display of that arrogance to the great which may easily cover a not very dignified self-gratulation on their intercourse—these are the foibles rather than the vices for which Johnson has least patience. Perhaps it was that he felt in himself something akin to them, and in the very nervousness of his determination to avoid them, viewed them with the greater dislike.* The very resemblance which, as Scott remarks, Johnson bore to Swift in 'morbid temperament, political opinions, and habits of domination in society,' might help to stimulate his impatience with foibles so akin to his own. But Johnson does not stoop to the vulgarity of making the tales of slander appear the history of a life, or forget the awe due to misfortune by gibing at the tortures of genius.

Another view is that which we find within bounds in Thackeray, and exaggerated in M. Taine's History of English Literature. With the former it occurs in an estimate of Swift as a man; and perhaps in a sketch professing only to catch the salient points of character, for presentation to the audience at a lecture, it is as true as any other. With M. Taine it becomes the basis of a literary criticism, the soundness of which it irretrievably perverts. In the picturesque but lurid glare that he throws round Swift, M. Taine reads all his

* Johnson bears heavily on Swift in little things. The story of a college career, in many respects so like his own, he exaggerates. He sees the evident motive of Swift in lodging in the commonest inns, that of 'surveying human life through all its varieties;' but he cannot deny himself the pleasure of hazarding the guess that it may have been from 'a passion deep fixed in his heart, the love of a shilling.' He omits to record the common story of Swift's education to parsimony. He records the charge of plagiarism brought against the 'Battle of the Books,' as borrowed from a volume of Coutray's, whose title he quotes quite inaccurately, and of whose contents Mr. Forster's knowledge of the original enables him to show that he (Johnson) was entirely ignorant.

works, which wear to him the aspect, not of specimens of consummate literary art, as we have been wont to regard them, but of the careless and disjointed utterances of a sort of devil-inspired misanthropy. It is strange that the quick tact of a Frenchman did not save M. Taine from the ludicrous disproportion of the opening words of his sketch to the superstructure he raises upon them. He describes the common, but—as Mr. Forster shows—mistaken view of the circumstances under which Swift took his degree. The degree was taken *speciali gratiâ;* and this Swift himself interprets, perhaps partly as a joke, partly with the common affectation of youthful idleness, to mean that which in Oxford phrase would be, 'He only just got through.' But at its worst, granting that Swift hardly felt a deep sympathy with the studies in vogue at Trinity College, and did not bear in his college career the character of a very exemplary student, it seems a circumstance hardly capable of preparing us for a crash of stage thunder like this:—

'This was his first humiliation and his first rebellion. His whole life was like this moment, overwhelmed and made wretched by sorrows and hatred. To what excess they rose, his portrait and his history can show. He had an exaggerated and terrible pride, and made the haughtiness of the most powerful ministers and most mighty lords bend beneath his arrogance.'

All this may be true, we are tempted to reply; but before assenting to it we should like to hear something worse than the story of a boy of eighteen finding himself troubled by a little irksome labour in taking his degree, even if the story itself had any good foundation. Whatever the *specialis gratia* involved, it did not prevent Temple at a later day from recommending Swift as a Fellow of the College, which was granted. Indeed, both the story and the use that has been made of it illustrate admirably the fashion after which most of those who have written about Swift have chosen to deal with him. Assertions have seldom been tested, and little judgment has been shown in the inferences which have been drawn from them. These writers have pictured to themselves a man whose whole nature was a compound of gloom and rage and distempered passion; at war with human nature, trampling on all that others revere, and making a boast of

doing so; and what they have found inconsistent with the picture they have readily slurred over. Let us take one or two instances of this. We might imagine that few could read the Journal to Stella without feeling that here at least the misanthrope can smile, the gloom break, and the universal rage be for a time at least lulled to rest. But hear M. Taine. 'Swift in his gaiety is always tragical; nothing unbends 'him; even when he serves, he pains you. In his Journal to 'Stella there is a sort of imperious austerity; his compliments 'are those of a master to a child.' M. Taine, we fancy, is the first who has felt them so. Again, in the 'Modest Proposal 'for preventing the children of the poor in Ireland from becom-'ing a burden on their parents and their country, and for 'making them beneficial to the public,' in which Swift with mock solemnity advocates the eating of them, we should have thought that only the lighter side of his humour was shown. The paper is not perhaps quite in the present taste; its illustrations are free, and its language is not always that of the drawing-room of to-day. We might imagine some very weak and very prosaic mother finding the recipe very, very wicked, and thinking the dean a sad, sarcastic, dangerous writer, and one who should certainly never be made a bishop. But that a critic of M. Taine's acuteness should gravely argue that it gives evidence of a deep-rooted melancholy; should call it 'the 'last effort of his despair and his genius;' should find in it 'a 'cry of anguish' deeper than any in literature, appears hardly credible. The self-conscious strut of a mock solemnity is never for a moment absent. The outside gravity of tone is only preserved enough to keep the humour; it is never for a moment allowed to become real. In others of Swift's treatises we see the ever-recurring gleam of a real and not merely an assumed hate and anger; we have glimpses of a gloom and melancholy so far-reaching that they strike home; but this one, chosen by M. Taine to illustrate his theory of Swift as a despairing misanthrope, appears to us of all the most free from these darker traits. The language, which studiously reproduces the pained but comic earnestness of a butcher or ham-curer recommending his wares, is the very essence of humour. The joke may be ill chosen, and the miseries of the Irish were no very fitting subject for their idol's laughter; but a joke it cer-

tainly was, and we can most easily account for it as a laugh for once at the expense of the Irish, whose lavish worship Swift never accepted with more than half-jocular scorn.

That there are vast depths of melancholy in Swift's character and in his literary genius, we do not for a moment deny. That the picture of human nature which he himself sees, and to which he opens our eyes, is often one of awful gloom; that there are parts of his history which can only be explained through some terrible mystery, and that that mystery affected his genius, we readily agree. But there are few days so black that they show no rifts in the clouds, and the blue beyond is softer than the clouds, and yet more enduring and more real than they. In Swift's horizon the clouds were thick and dense, but they were often opened to a very clear and very tender light. The picture given us by M. Taine is a very powerful one. He draws in vigorous touches a whole chamber of the human mind which Swift, perhaps more than any one else, explored. But when he bids us believe that Swift dwelt for ever in that chamber himself, we must refuse him our belief. The human brain is not strong enough, the human heart is not tough enough to breathe that atmosphere without rest and without change. To ask us to believe that Swift's character was summed up in those few lurid strokes, is to bid us accept a figment of imagination for a reality, an abstract of one side of human nature for a real man; it is to call upon us to acquiesce in an account to which neither the facts of Swift's life nor the characteristics of his writings give credibility.

In his first volume Mr. Forster does not give, as indeed it was not fitting that he should, a general estimate of Swift's character. But he lets us see quite enough of his method of testing facts, and of his manner of drawing inferences from them, to indicate in what direction his estimate will lie. 'The 'graver time' in Swift's life, as Mr. Forster well calls it, hardly falls at all within the period dealt with in this volume. The volume ends with the beginning of 1711, when Swift was still rising in the political world, when he was the chosen confidant of the ministry, and all but a cabinet minister without office. It leaves to be still dealt with, the fall of the ministry to which he had linked his fortunes, and the disappointment of his own hopes. There is still the long exile—for such he held it—in

Ireland, and the dark story of his love and its ending. We have still to see him the idol of the nation that was his only by accident of birth, and whose defence he assumed by little more than the accident of opportunity. The pay for that defence was an unquestioning worship which hardly any other nation could have rendered, and which grew no colder by the insulting scorn with which it was received. Mr. Forster has not yet had to review the work of greatest range that perhaps Swift ever wrote, in which his satire was no longer against a certain literary clique, or against certain religious vagaries, but against human nature itself. The Travels of Gulliver were not published till fifteen years after the date at which Mr. Forster leaves us. The most distinctive parts of Swift's life, therefore, in each direction—the cloud that deepens round the story of Stella near her death, the period of his most concentrated and sustained political effort, and the publication of the book in which he has penetrated most deeply into the dark places of the human mind—are left untouched. But the groundwork for that graver time is here laid. The circumstances of Swift's early life are investigated, and the exaggerations and mistakes that have prevailed regarding it are dispelled. We see him, not as he might have been had he fulfilled the lurid imagination of some of his biographers, but as he actually was. And though Mr. Forster has here given us no comprehensive summary of his judgment on Swift, yet we have enough to enable us to conjecture more. That Swift had neither an unkindly nature, nor an unkindly introduction to the wider spheres of life, he is at some pains to show. He is the first to give prominence to the character of Swift's mother, and to show that in her there was no exception to the common rule, that the mothers of great men are often women of marked ability and force. He describes Swift's life with Sir William Temple, and shows that neither his continuance there argued so much servility, nor his abandonment of the post so much angry discontent and repining, as has often been supposed. He shows how he refrained from entering the Church till certain scruples were removed, and upholds his sincerity to her cause after he had entered her service. He shows how his first step into the arena of political controversy did not commit him to such personal attachment to and admiration

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of the Whig leaders as might make his subsequent desertion of them involve the deep political apostasy which has sometimes been attributed to him. He shows how his change of sides was preceded by a grave doubt of the wisdom of prolonging the war, as the Whigs were doing; and that when the change was made, the less purely national interests that guided him were those that belonged to the cause of the Church he served rather than such as were selfishly his own. He shows that the friendship for Harley and St. John which he cultivated was neither prompted entirely by the gratification given to his pride and vanity, nor wanting altogether in an object worthy his pursuit from motives of higher sympathy. He shows how slowly, and as it were rather by the exigency of party than from any wish of the men themselves, the friendship between Swift and Addison was drawn asunder. He touches, too, upon the early phase of Swift's connection with Esther Johnson. He has shown us already how Swift was not unlike other young men in that boyish attachment that means nothing but shows no unkindly heart. His mother's fears of an unwise marriage were apparently aroused, but Swift's sound sense put an end to all such apprehensions. A more serious attachment was made the occasion of much impassioned language; but it, too, died out, whether by neglect on the part of the lady, or by 'the expulsive power of a new affection,' because by this time that attachment for Esther Johnson, whom he had first known and taught as a child of seven or eight in Sir William Temple's house, was formed. It was an attachment which lasted till his death. From about his thirtieth year Stella was Swift's type of all women. Of the darker clouds that passed over the story at a later day, Mr. Forster has now nothing to say. But he does give us so far his view of that connection, and in doing so, to a certain degree, is forced to anticipate. To the belief that there never was, according to the much-disputed story, any marriage, Mr. Forster distinctly states that he adheres; but as his narrative has not reached the year to which tradition fixes the marriage, if it took place, he is not called upon as yet to give us all the evidence for such a belief. But with regard to the whole relation between Swift and Stella Mr. Forster is very clear.

'The limits as to their intercourse expressed by him, if not before known to her, she had now (when her residence in Ireland began) been made aware of, and it is not open to us to question that she accepted it with its plainly implied conditions of Affection, not Desire. The words, 'in all other eyes but mine,' have a touching significance. In all other eyes but his time would take from her lustre; her charms would fade; but to him, through womanhood as in girlhood, she would continue the same. For what she was surrendering, then, she knew the equivalent; and this, almost wholly overlooked in other biographies, will be found in the present to fill a large place. Her story has indeed been always told with too much indignation and pity. Not with what depresses or degrades, but rather with what consoles and exalts, we may associate such a life. This young friendless girl, of mean birth and small fortune, chose to play no common part in the world; and it was not a sorrowful destiny, either for her life or her memory, to be the Star to such a man as Swift, the Stella to even such an Astrophel.'

Upon such a theory as this, little remains of that charge of being 'the destroyer of the women that loved him,' which has been so often and so lightly brought against Swift.

Thus, although Mr. Forster has not yet had to deal with those parts of Swift's life which have been the chief stumbling-blocks to his biographers, it is easy to see what the character of his verdict on these will be. They may well be stript of much exaggeration, and from what remains inferences by no means fatal to Swift's honour and honesty may be drawn. For an estimate of the whole of Swift's life, Mr. Forster's guidance in the early stages may at least serve to set us on the right road.

The first question that arises about Swift is one to which much importance has been attached, viz., how far he adhered to the religious opinions professed by him as a clergyman of the Church of England. On the one hand it has been asserted that his whole life was one unbroken hypocrisy; that he was, as Thackeray puts it, strangled in his bands and poisoned by his cassock, which was to him a sort of Nessus-shirt. On the other hand much has been said to show that Swift reverently held the dogmas which he professed, and having entered the Church, after carefully overlooking his position, devoted himself to the maintenance of her creed. It requires no deep search into Swift's writings to discover both themes and treatment likely to shock the religious feelings of most of mankind. But, on the other hand, he has in more than one treatise brought the whole weight of his sarcasm to bear upon the pro-

fession of scepticism and atheism ; and for those who ventured to dissent from the discipline or doctrine of his own Church he professed a genuine hatred, and forcibly attacked the weak points in their position. He wrote a scheme for the advancement of religion, of which it was said that the author was a man acquainted with the world, who would go to heaven with a very good grace. But in truth it would perhaps be more reasonable to ask whether Swift deserves or would have regarded either the praise of common orthodoxy or the blame of vulgar scepticism. 'Swift's,' says Thackeray, 'was a reverent, 'was a pious spirit, because Swift could love and pray,' and, we might add, could think. Thus far we may know of his relation to religion in its simplest form. But who shall decide what was the binding force on Swift's conscience of the doctrines of the English Church, held, as he saw them held, by the bulk of the clergy of his day. The Church was to him, as to his contemporaries, far more of a political corporation than of a religious body. Such had been the effect of a century of political attitudinizing, such the outcome of the alliance struck first between James I. and the High Church party. We are not concerned to defend or to discuss the policy of such an establishment: it is enough to point out the character it bore, and the way in which that character loosened its hold on the consciences of thinking men. Swift attacked the Dissenters, but rather because of what he saw in them that outraged decorum or common sense, than because he was speculatively opposed to their tenets. In the 'Tale of a Tub' he is not concerned to consider the grounds of Jack's action: he errs, as Peter errs, in not holding to the golden mean that Martin chooses, a mean so consonant with common sense, so politically convenient. 'The want of a belief is a defect which 'ought to be concealed,' he plainly says, 'when it cannot be 'overcome.' He defends the Christian religion, but it is from a contempt for the vulgar and blatant forms of popular infidelity, in all its utter vanity and misconception, rather than from a sincere feeling for the doctrine he defends. It was the wretched weakness, the inflated conceit, the inherent cowardice that this infidelity covered, which stung his sarcasm. It is only a varied form of conventional religious hypocrisy, and for both Swift feels a consuming hatred. In the True and Faithful

Narrative,* the lady who in her consternation sends for the prophet Whiston, although she had before 'been addicted to 'all the speculative doubts of the most able philosophers,' is described in the lines just preceding those where we have the lady who, having made up her mind to the institution of prayers in her household, puts it off till the next day, 'reasoning that it 'would be time enough to take off the servants from their 'business (which this practice must infallibly occasion for an 'hour or two every day) when the comet made its appearance.' Swift's religion, in truth, stood above and outside of the doctrines which contained the not very sincere creed common in his day. The degree of blame which attaches to acquiescence in these forms, it must be for each to determine; to us it does not, in all the circumstances, seem very great. Religious hypocrisy he saw through and scorned, and the trammels of religious narrowness never greatly galled him. But the main force of his attack is directed against what he found common in his day, political intrigue which took the form of religious dissent—and shallow vanity which took the form of free-thinking. Yet though a mind like Swift's might stand above doctrinal forms of religion, there are times when the darkness gathers round, and perforce even minds like his seek refuge in the kindly ways that bring consolation to their fellow-men. Swift never neglected religious exercise, but as far as possible he resorted to it by stealth. Partly perhaps he dreaded the growth of conventional hypocrisy; partly he felt that his religion was only outwardly that of the bulk of his fellow-worshippers. And yet he craved for sympathy. In his later years, foreseeing the approach of madness, he used to pray to be taken from the evil which he saw must come. Who shall presume to gauge what religious feeling underlay the unutterable sadness of that despairing, lonely prayer?

From Swift's religion we pass to the question of his political career. Here too he has been accused of inconsistency that amounted to absolute breach of faith. After adhering to the Whig party he basely deserted them, and, a political turncoat, sought the patronage of the Tories, which he was prepared to

* 'A true and faithful narrative of what passed in London during the general consternation of all ranks and degrees of mankind, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday last,' &c.

pay for with writings whose bitterness evinced the genuine rancour of a renegade. Now it would be rash to assert that Swift's political career is in any way very creditable. Were the conduct of public men regulated on the principles which he followed, the result would be of the kind for abundant illustration of which we would not have to go beyond his own age. But before we pass a sweeping denunciation, we must look at all the circumstances. What were the ties of party, to which he was expected to show such allegiance, to a man like Swift? How far did they comprise his views of politics? No more than the doctrines upheld by the bench of bishops comprised his religious views. From beginning to end of his political career nothing is so often repeated as his hatred of the curse of party. Grave expostulation, indignant invective, contemptuous sarcasm, are all poured out against it. He feels that it has disjointed the age, that it breaks the ties of friendship, and makes men blind to justice or to common sense. But a man cannot always choose the tools with which he has to work, and few are high-minded or scrupulous enough to abstain from the fray because its instruments are not those he would himself most reverence or admire. Swift had to serve as a partisan or stand aloof altogether. He chose the former, and in this, as in all else, he followed no half measures. It was not in his nature not to throw that intensity which Mr. Forster justly considers one of the chief characteristics of his satire, into all that he did. In a hand-to-hand struggle we don't measure the weight of our blows, we don't distinguish greatly upon whom they fall. The struggle may bring out the worst part of our nature, but for that it is not our nature that is most to blame. In judging of Swift's political career, therefore, we are not careful to estimate the degree to which he sincerely felt the wrong done to Ireland when he wrote the 'Drapier's 'Letters;' we are not anxious to assign his change from Somers and Halifax to Harley and St. John to purely patriotic motives. It is enough if we can prove that he found, or imagined he found, some basis for the bitterness of his invective; that he never pursued a personal attack merely for itself rather than for the question that hinged upon it; and that if his motives for change were not altogether those of the most exalted patriotism, they were yet far removed from the ignoble selfishness of the servile renegade.

Let us look to a few of his political utterances. The first was that on the Dissensions at Athens and Rome, which was undoubtedly written, and was just as undoubtedly accepted, as a manifesto in favour of the chief leaders of the Whig party, attacked by the rancour of the Tory faction. So much we may admit. But it is further asserted that in it Swift lavished upon these Whig leaders the most flattering comparisons, and wrote of them under the thin disguise of the most respectable names of antiquity. This present flattery, as well as his subsequent attacks, were prompted merely by a selfish ambition, and the sudden transposition is held effectually to dispose of his claims to political integrity. We are concerned now only with the first part of the accusation, that which relates to the tract itself. Did it involve the direct flattery that is implied, or was Swift's object in that flattery one of personal aggrandizement?

For ourselves, we can find in the tract little beyond a calm but indignant protest against the excess of party spirit. The warning that is drawn from the political life of Athens and Rome is one which has its lesson for Whig as well as for Tory. It has no special Whiggishness of tone. That which the writer appears to dislike most is what he calls the *dominatio plebis*. Undoubtedly the lesson bore most heavily at that moment upon the tactics of the Tory majority; but there is no special attack upon their principles, only upon their present factious prosecutions. Next, with regard to the personal identification of the names drawn from antiquity with the prominent leaders, whose purpose it served, Mr. Forster says most conclusively:—

'The charges which have been based upon it, of having afterwards turned against the men whom it had compared and identified with such faultless heroes as Aristides, Themistocles, Pericles, and Phocion, are simply not true. It has no such strained comparisons, for its applications are in no respect personal. With perfect truth Swift says in it: "I am not conscious that I have forced an example or put it in any other light than it appeared to me long before I had thought of producing it."'

To this we may add that the number of names is not even identical with that of the Whig leaders, and Swift's accusers have been sorely put to it to distribute six names over four persons. Nor is the description itself entirely flattering.

Themistocles, who is taken to represent the Earl of Orford, had 'somewhat of haughtiness in his temper and behaviour.' Pericles, the representative of Halifax, was accused of 'misapplying the public revenues to his own private use.' 'His accounts were confused, ... and merely to divert that difficulty and the consequences of it, he was forced to engage his country in the Peloponnesian war.' The exact identification must have been embarrassing both to the flattered and to the flatterer. Add to this that any set comparison is only introduced apparently as an afterthought in the close of the chapter on Athens; that in what is said of Rome there is not one word of personal reference at all; and the meaning which it has been attempted to fix upon this tract appears to have amazingly little foundation except in the imagination of Swift's accusers.

Let us take another tract, perhaps even more characteristic, and written when Swift's position was entirely changed. It was not published till after its occasion had gone by, but it can still serve to show how far there was an identity of political feeling between the earlier and the later times, however much the outward relations of Swift had changed. In judging of this we must not lose sight of a point which is distinctive of the bulk of Swift's political tracts, and of this among them, that they were really not so much objurgations of political opponents as admonitions to political friends. If we keep this in mind in judging of them, the bitterness, nay, the injustice of the invective appears as nothing but the dress which was to make unpleasant advice more palatable by abuse of others.

The sum of the piece is this. Party spirit is no doubt an unmitigated evil. We have never concealed our opinion that it is false and vain: it fosters the worst passions and it prevents the free action of talents which might serve the nation usefully. But because party spirit is bad, we have not on that account the power to disregard it. Having chosen a line of policy we must keep to it, only let that policy be in the first place clear and decided. Let there be no doubt as to its intention, no darkening of counsel to adherents who have a right to know it. Do not believe that you will gain more by stratagem than you will lose by having a reputation for

chicane. Nay, more than this, your action must be firm. You must not encourage opponents, nor attempt their conciliation. You will gain only their ingratitude and contempt. 'Let all schisms, sects, and heresies be discountenanced, and 'kept under due subjection, *as far as consists with the lenity of 'our constitution.* Let the open enemies of the Church (among 'whom I include at least Dissenters of all denominations) not 'be trusted with the smallest degree of civil or military power.'* Let the army too be regulated and made amenable to the dictates of your policy, and so mended as to be fit for the trust reposed in it. But while you are clear and decided in policy and firm in action, while you shape your tools to your purposes and give no encouragement to your opponents, you must at the same time be moderate. The exaggerations of high Tories are only less dangerous than the schisms of intriguing Whigs; but the former may be dealt with, the latter cannot without injuring our own self-respect. Above all, let us have no tampering with the Protestant succession, let us be steady in our support of the Hanoverian family. Let us offend no scruples by loudly proclaiming that succession to be necessary and desirable on any abstract principle, and in order to destroy any notions that are dear to many who might help us; but let us maintain it only on the ground that it is necessary for the maintenance of the Protestant faith. 'Let us,' and these are the most pregnant words in the whole treatise, 'put those we dispute with as much in the wrong as 'we can.'

These doctrines may be not only inexpedient but absolutely dangerous. They may involve, as Jeffrey thought the proposal about the army did involve, an appeal to civil war. But in the first place they are no more extreme than those to which many of the opposite party were ready to resort. The remodelling of the army was not one hundredth part as dangerous a use of faction as the proposal of the Whigs to give the command of it to the Duke of Marlborough for life. But however that may be, we fail to see how they could not honestly be held by the same man who wrote the 'Dissensions 'in Athens and Rome.' They are the words and the opinions of one who had accepted the galling bonds of party when these

* Works, by Scott, vol. v. p. 246.

bonds were worst. His judgment may be thereby perverted, his genius may be given to the support of that which his calmer reason would have condemned; but, save in the proof of such partisanship, we see in them nothing of moral turpitude, nothing of renegading rancour.

And now let us consider the circumstances of the actual change, on account of which the charge of political apostasy has been laid upon Swift. 'We do not believe,' says Jeffrey,* 'that there is anywhere on record a more barefaced avowal 'of political apostasy, undisguised and unpalliated by the 'slightest colour or pretence of public or conscientious mo-'tives. . . . His only apology, in short, for this sudden 'dereliction of the principles which he had maintained for 'near forty years is a pretence of ill-usage from the party 'with whom he had held them—a pretence which, to say 'nothing of its inherent baseness, appears to be utterly with-'out foundation.' Now, in the first place there is, we believe, a considerable distinction between a dereliction of principles and a desertion of party, which the Edinburgh reviewer chooses here to confound. Unless the former be based on an honest change of opinion, it stamps a man with shame. But desertion of party is a very different thing. Party may find in itself an embodiment of principle which others fail to see in it. Unrequited service may not be the highest, but it may be a very reasonable, motive for deserting the party responsible for it. A man may find himself able to adhere with tolerable consistency to his opinions outside the sphere of the party whose ingratitude he has felt, and whose entire representation of his own principles he may have cause to doubt. Were Marlborough and Godolphin, or even Somers and Halifax, the be-all and end-all of politics to Swift? But what proof have we that a consideration of ill-usage entered strongly into Swift's motive for a change of position? Except what arises from his own common habit of exaggerating what might tell against himself, and from the rancour of the hirelings of the other party, absolutely none at all. It is strange to find a man's dishonour based upon words of his own, spoken half in playfulness half in sulkiness. But this is what is done by Jeffrey. It is strange that he should not see

* 'Edinburgh Review,' vol. xxvii. p. 12.

the effect of the words which he himself quotes, and which show us just what Swift thought of this charge of ratting. 'The Whigs think I came to England to leave them? And 'who the devil cares what they think?' Are these the words of a conscious renegade, or of one who thought party a sham in which, to his misfortune, he had acquiesced, and whose ties shall as little fetter his action as its tenets comprised his own principles? Had Swift read the attack of the Edinburgh reviewer, who can say what his answer might have been?

But granting that Swift did, to some extent, change his views as to Whig principle, and not merely shift his position in the confused and ill-regulated fray, had he no other ground for doing so than selfishness or caprice? What were his views towards the Whigs and their views of him before this? They had ill-used him 'because I refused to go certain lengths 'they would have me.' Their violence had disgusted him. They had pursued certain measures which he had distinctly discountenanced. The removal of the Test in Ireland may have been expedient, but Swift had not thought so, and he had openly stated his disapproval. The appointment of Lord Wharton as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland Swift had looked upon as an insult to that country, and an outrage upon all decency; and Repeal of the Test for the sake of soothing tender consciences had not been more palatable to him from the advocacy of one stained by every vice beyond all others in a most profligate age. The expediency of continuing the war Swift had early begun to doubt. 'We must have peace, let it 'be a good or bad one,' he says, some time after, in his journal. But the Whigs stood committed to war. Lastly, what were his views of the crisis? Did he leave honesty and the Whigs for dishonour and reward among the Tories? 'The nearer I 'look upon things,' he says,* 'the less I like them. . . . 'The ministry (of Harley and St. John) is upon a very narrow 'bottom, and stands like an isthmus, between the Whigs on 'one side and the violent Tories on the other. They are 'able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship is too 'rotten, and the crew all against them.' Is this the language that a man would hold in his own closet who had deserted

* Works, by Scott, vol. ii. p. 196.

the party to which his principles bound him, and had linked himself with that which offered him patronage and reward instead of sympathy and honour?

We believe that, however mistaken and disastrous Swift's political career may have been, the charge of profound political apostasy is absolutely baseless. But even were we to set aside all the difficulties he had found in adhering to the Whigs in these last years of their supremacy, and look only to motives of a less purely political kind for the change, yet were these motives selfish? Distinctly not. The main ground upon which Swift's discontent with his own treatment by the Whigs rested was not a personal one. That he could not have got preferment for himself, had he studiously sought it, is incredible. But he chose to throw all his political influence into a demand for the remission of the First Fruits to the Irish Church. In answer to that demand he was met by evasions, and delays, and delusive hopes, doomed from the first to disappointment. On his joining himself to Harley and St. John, this was his first demand. Obtrusive offers of personal reward he steadily and with even overdrawn brusqueness refused. Into the claim for the First Fruits he merged, for a time at least, all his efforts. No doubt a certain amount of personal pride was concerned in the result, and not quite unnaturally. But he cared little to obtrude his own part in the success of the application, and the ingratitude with which it was rewarded he meets philosophically in his letter to Stella. 'So goes the world,' he says, 'and so let it go.' The vast influence which soon fell to Swift's share no doubt gave him gratification: he would not have been human had it not. But what surprises us throughout the whole of this, the most brilliant epoch in his career, is not the greed or ambition that he shows, but the little he asked, and the still less he got. Jeffrey speaks of his preferment in the Church as what far exceeded his first expectations or his deserts: it is surprising that he did not add his abilities. The ablest service that any political party ever received was rewarded with a post worth about £600 or £700 a year; the greatest genius that the Church of England ever counted amongst her clergy was banished to an Irish deanery, while Tenison was archbishop of Canterbury. Truly it is not surprising that the Edinburgh reviewer should

'really recollect no individual less entitled to be either discon-
'tented or misanthropical than Swift.'

Passing from these more or less personal questions, we come to one which affects more directly our estimate of Swift's writings. These, it is said, express a misanthropy so black and gloomy as to argue a heart at war with all humanity. By recording such feelings he has given them a permanence which they did not deserve, and which makes his writings a curse rather than a blessing. We do not mean to rebut this by asserting, as has been asserted, that in these writings, in the black picture of human nature which he draws, Swift meant to work any great reform and to purge mankind. Genius seldom cares to write directly with a purpose, and of all men Swift has least of the reformer about him. But to appreciate the misanthropy that runs through his writings, and an exaggerated view of which has produced the estimate of M. Taine to which we have referred, we must understand the peculiar qualities of Swift's humour.

The words in which Mr. Forster speaks of the 'Battle of the 'Books' describe, not unfitly, one side of all Swift's humour.

> 'There is not in short a line in this extraordinary piece of concentrated humour, however seemingly filled with absurdity, that does not run over with sense and meaning. If a single word were to be employed in describing it, applicable alike to its wit and its extravagance, intensity should be chosen. Especially characteristic of these earlier satires is what generally will be found most aptly descriptive of all Swift's writings, namely, that whether the subject be great or small, everything in it, from the first word to the last, is essentially part of it; not an episode or allusion being introduced merely for itself, but every minutest point not only harmonizing or consisting with the whole, but expressly supporting and strengthening it' (p. 95).

This intensity and concentration which are such characteristic excellences of Swift's humour, are at the same time the parts of it most dangerous to him who wielded them. Swift's was not the genial easy humour that accompanies the quiet laugh, or the grave half-pathetic smile of Addison or Steele. He had none of the gaiety that makes Goldsmith's humour a source of pleasure to himself and others. He knew nothing of those 'sentiments which,' as the Edinburgh reviewer tells us, 'it is 'usually thought necessary to disguise under a thousand pre-

'tences'—or of the truths 'which are usually introduced with 'a thousand apologies.' Intellectually, Swift could not be blind to reality and truth however hidden; by temperament, to hide what he saw was utterly impossible to him. Human nature stood before him stript of all its seemly trappings, hideous, contemptible, in utter nakedness. To his consummate clearness of vision there was no deception that could prove a veil. It was pierced through with the ease of the lancet laying bare the nerves, and the stupid uselessness of the subterfuge only added to the mockery of the show. And he had the gift besides of unrivalled clearness of language, which served to lay before his reader the whole truth of the vision that he saw, unexaggerated by any false rhetoric, unsoftened by any drapery of words. His style is calm, cold, unimpassioned as a piece of sculpture; with no tawdry ornament, no mannerism, no slovenly ambiguity. Human nature was not flattered by the sight presented; but, in truth, her shocked recoil was the best tribute to the genius that laid her vices bare.

No, there is nothing of the moral teacher in the hand that wields that pitiless scalpel. The reformer draws the hope that nerves him to his work from a sanguine blindness that was denied to Swift. The view of human nature, savage amid civilisation, with all her possibilities of unmeasured ill softened, but not uprooted, by centuries of philanthropy and toil, is not what animates those who struggle for only a little good. To feel the littleness of the good and the vastness of the evil ever before him, would shake the nerves of the most steadfast martyr, and make the tongue of the most fervid preacher dumb. But upon this sight Swift could never close his mind's eye; and, sleepless himself, he could not suffer others' sleep.

The power that could create real humour, which the world would know for such, out of this grim material, was even more marvellous than the clearness of vision itself. And yet it is unquestionably there. Gulliver's Travels contain the intensest tragedy the world has ever listened to, and yet perforce the world must laugh at its own pitiful discomfiture. For a century and a half it has amused our children and given food for laughter to our men. The movement of the whole is so easy and so light, that we hardly notice that, with

the writer, we are actually scorning ourselves, casting down our cherished idols and trampling them under foot. He never loses our sympathy for one moment. He leads us step by step, till we actually admire his majesty of Brobdingnag when he passes this verdict on us: 'I cannot but conclude the bulk 'of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious 'vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the 'earth.' When we have seen ourselves in the Yahoos (who still want the crowning malady of reason), how ready we are to recognise the good sense of the Houyhnhnm's reflection, 'How 'vile, as well as miserable, such a creature, with a small propor-'tion of reason might be.' How proud we feel when the superior Houyhnhnm honours our race in Gulliver by gently raising his hoof for him to kiss! Human nature does not learn to amend itself, but it cannot avoid knowing itself through humour like this. Take again the True and Faithful Narrative to which we have before referred. Here is human nature in expectation of the immediate summons to the Judgment Seat —not so much as it might be, but as Swift persuades us he actually saw it. What does this laughter tell us? Miserable wretches, what is your religion? A rag, for which the most drivelling imposture, the most insane superstition serves you just as well. What is your virtue? The coward fear of ill, that bade the miser, in prospect of the comet's advent, refund half-a-crown apiece to those he had cheated, and appear for the nonce a true penitent in all but charity to his neighbour. What is your boasted reason? Nothing but the obstinacy of Zachery Bowen the Quaker, who refuses to believe the common dissolution, only because none of the brethren have had a manifestation of it. Like slaves, you are only cowed by fear. Once that is gone, 'the world went on in the old channel: they 'drank, they whored, they swore, they lied, they cheated, they 'quarrelled, they murdered.'

The humour is there, but it is not the kind that brings its possessor happiness. That clear pitiless insight seared the eyeballs that gazed as much as it shamed that they gazed upon. Swift was a misanthrope, but after his own sort. He did not hate men so much as mankind. It was not envy so much as the shadeless perspicuity of his vision that was the basis of his misanthropy. It is not the misanthropy of a

Caliban or a Mephistopheles. It is that which finds a response in the heart of every man who thinks or feels at all. Thackeray was himself accused of cynicism, but he was a cynic only as genius is cynical in its sympathy. Swift's misanthropy was cynicism grim even to despair, but his hatred of mankind was bitter only because he felt what love for his kind might be.

He has not told the world how he felt this last. Genius rarely turns to us all its facets; it vouchsafes a heedless glimpse of one aspect, the rest it carelessly withdraws. But have we no means of knowing that other side? Was the boon companion of St. John always a cloudy misanthrope? Could the friend of Pope in the weakness and fretfulness of ill-health, know nothing of tenderness or gentle care? The man whom Addison calls the 'most agreeable companion, the 'truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age,' was he always a hater of his kind? Steele knew him otherwise when he describes that 'turn of conversation' that made his company 'very advantageous.' Pope knew his gentler mood when he saw that 'uncommon archness' in his eyes, 'quite azure as 'the heavens'—those eyes in which poor Hester Vanhomrigh saw a look 'so awful that it struck the gazer dumb.' Stella must have known that gentlest mood of all when he shaped his mouth, as he tells her, to chat with her in the little language that she prattled to him as a child of six, and that he never forgot when he had the fate of an empire almost in his hands. And we too may see him as he was when the fits of misanthropy were gone, when he was no longer the merciless satirist, the imperious dictator of his party, but the lover, genuine and simple as lover that has left us his story never was before. Intrigues of court, atttendance on this or that great man—what are they all to him? He wearies for the little garden at Laracor, for a sight of Stella, for the simple occupations of his own garden, his canal, and his willow walks. He is tired to death of the hurry and the bustle, the wretched ambition, that only disappoints the hopes that it creates. When he returns home at night, wearied and fagged, the excitement of the strife left behind, then it is that the clouds part and the light of a pure sky shines in on Swift. 'Come and appear, little letter,' says he, as he slips it from under the pillow. 'Here I am,' says he, 'and what say

'you to Stella this morning, fresh and fasting?' Whig and Tory, Harley and St. John, Churchmen and Dissenters, fall into the background: the hand that was strong for the scalpel could be very tender now.

But this was a glimpse which we have, as it were, only on sufferance. Swift did not care that the world should know him as Stella did. The bias of his intellect and his temperament lay towards that so-called misanthropic humour which forms the staple of his work. But such work as this had its natural effect of reacting on its author. However great the gain to us, his genius was to himself a curse rather than a gift. This clear vision and its forced employment were no kindly task. He feels angry and surprised at men's indifference to what appears so clear to him, and yet he craves for sympathy. He would fain cease from working, but 'a person 'of great honour (who was pleased to stoop so low as my 'mind) used to tell me that my mind was like a conjured 'spirit, that would do mischief if I could not give it employ-'ment.' He curses what, in the fashion of the day, he calls his muse—what we might call the bent of his genius. To her he owes his restlessness.

> 'To thee, what oft I vainly strove to hide,
> That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride;
> From thee whatever virtue takes its rise
> Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice.'

'Do not,' he said to Delany, 'the corruptions and villanies of 'men eat your flesh and exhaust your spirit?'* The gloom and the anger increased together as years went on. 'I find 'myself disposed every year, or rather every month,' he writes to Bolingbroke in 1728, 'to be more angry and revengeful.' The Edinburgh reviewer is surprised that 'born a beggar,' and endowed with a comfortable income, the like of which he had no right ever to expect, he should have had the audacity to be misanthropical or gloomy. But, alas! there is a sort of gloom that even the comforts of respectable maintenance cannot lighten, and we doubt Harley might have made Swift His Grace of Canterbury without clearing away the despair that

* Delany denied it, with a text of Scripture for his authority; but we are not told what Swift's answer was.

settled heavier and heavier upon him, and into the depths of which, perhaps, even the Edinburgh reviewer could not penetrate.

The exercise of humour so grim as Swift's was of itself no cheering task, but it met a temperament which was only too ready to accept its colouring of gloom. Underneath all that misanthropy, underneath the guise of bitter sarcasm, there lay some hidden cause which is, and must remain, in great part a mystery. Throughout his life something presaged to Swift that time of hopeless madness, with its alternate rage and fatuity. For years before his death he was under a keeper, and at times it required six men to keep him from tearing his eyeballs from his head. Even here the pitiless rancour of accusation pursues him; the chief feature of his madness was, it is said, hatred of the sight of his fellow-men, proving, as is assumed, the truth of the allegations as to his misanthropy. The awe that is due in sight of reason dethroned may well spare apology, even though it does avert slander. These later years belong neither to the accuser nor to the apologist; but that which at last resulted in utter madness, we believe to have affected the whole course of Swift's life. Those lighter maladies, which Swift mentions with such evident fear, must have covered something more fitted to excite that fear than anything his words convey. To this mysterious bane of his life we attribute the dark and sad mystery of Swift and Stella; much, at least, of the restless discontent which pursued him throughout life; and, above all, that utterly loathsome coarseness that stains his works. His coarseness is not that of his own or of any other age. It contains no suggestive allurement, no images of pleasure. It is the coarseness of the man himself; the suggestion of his incipient madness, or its cause, and of that alone.

We have endeavoured to estimate Swift's character and writings, neither hiding the darker traits, nor forcing facts into conformity with a preconceived, although picturesque, idea of unrelieved and lurid gloom. To Mr. Forster's later volumes we must look for the completion of the work he has begun in that now before us, the clearing away all that dust-heap of scandal that has gathered round the name of Swift, and the placing on the pedestal which justly belongs to him

one who, in his own peculiar line, was the greatest genius which England ever produced. When fully known, we may expect that the greatness of that genius may command our reverence; its sadness, not our sneers and wasted diatribes, but rather our pity and our awe.

Art. II.—*Ignatius—His Testimony to Primitive Conceptions of the Christian Religion.*

The paucity of writings which may with any degree of certainty be ascribed to Christians living contemporaneously with, or immediately after the latest of the Apostles of Christ, naturally invests the Epistles of Ignatius, written so early as A.D. 107—or ten years later, as Pearson supposes—with an interest and authority that cannot well be overrated. It is not the design of the present remarks to discuss the genuineness of the seven Greek Epistles of the shorter recension, as compared with the larger Vulgate or the still shorter and less numerous Epistles of late discovered in Syriac. Interesting and important as this question is, our present concern is with the now commonly accepted Greek Epistles. The object we are mainly concerned with is to examine the testimony of Ignatius on questions of Christian doctrine. It cannot but be a matter of the utmost interest to observe in what form the Christian faith, as handed on by the Apostles, not only in their written remains, but also in their oral communications, presented itself to the minds of their immediate followers. If the result of such observation is to show that no important element of belief, beyond the particulars of the Christian faith which are to be found in the New Testament, was held by these, this result tends largely to confirm our persuasion that the New Testament contains a complete and sufficient record of Apostolic teaching. If we find the New Testament writings continually cited as authorities, and that *memoriter*, and with the familiarity of acquaintance with them which a belief in their authoritative character would naturally produce, we have in this an important historical proof of the claims which they have on our acceptance, and their right to the place they occupy in the sacred canon. Dr. Newman indeed in his Essay,

to be noticed presently more particularly, says that in the shorter genuine Epistles there are only six quotations from the New Testament, and these consisting only of a few words each. This entirely depends on what is meant by a quotation. Formal citations by name, and reference 'to chapter and verse,' as Dr. Newman says, we cannot find, as it was notoriously not the custom of the early Christian writers to make citations in this way. But the Epistles of Ignatius are full of allusions to Apostolic sayings, full of phrases and thoughts borrowed from the New Testament, not by direct copying, but by the writer having his mind full of the sacred writings. One cannot long read Ignatius without being struck by many evidences of this pervading atmosphere of New Testament thought. And if at the same time matters of ecclesiastical organization appear to have received a permanent settlement, which, from whatever causes, had remained in a certain unsettled state during the period of the founding of the Church in different places, and while the newly-planted communities enjoyed the spiritual superintendence of the Apostles themselves or their immediate assistants, such a settlement must justly claim our most profound respect. For we may feel assured that arrangements would be adopted which, if not in accordance with positive provisions, were in the spirit of Apostolic guidance, and as nearly as might be after the example of such arrangements as the Apostles themselves may have adopted. And this is the more probable in proportion as we find a general uniformity in the organization which was soon adopted throughout the Church at large.

Considering how important the testimony of a writer like Ignatius must therefore necessarily be, such an inquiry as we propose to make would under any circumstances be worth the care that might be devoted to it. It is of the greater moment in so far as attempts may have been made by the advocates of different opinions to find countenance for their views in these documents. In particular those who allege primitive tradition as an authority for opinions that are far enough from the views of Christian doctrine presented by Ignatius, and the few authentic writings of others belonging to that early period, are naturally disposed to enlist their testimony on their side, if by any means it may be possible. They are tempted to catch at

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SWIFT.

Few men have been the object, during their lifetime, of more profound respect, warmer friendship, or more devoted attachment, than was Jonathan Swift, Dean of St Patrick's. Of none has the memory been assailed by more unmitigated and virulent abuse—a "low-bred underling," a "base understrapper," a "lackey," a "beggar," a "tiger caught, chained, and starved," a "humble menial," "the most vindictive, the most despotic of men," an "apostate politician," a "ribald priest," a "perjured lover," "a heart burning with hatred against the whole human race, a mind stored with images from the dunghill and the lazar-house," "a poor wretch, crouching piteously towards his cage," an "outlaw," a "Macheath," a "social highwayman," a "monster, gibbering shrieks and gnashing imprecations against mankind." * Such are a few of the expressions which have been bestowed by the most powerful pens of the present day — by Jeffrey, Macaulay, and Thackeray—on the chosen friend of Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, the adviser of Harley and St John in the days of their power, and their faithful and undaunted adherent in adversity and danger,—on the man who was declared by Addison to be "the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age;" and who was worshipped by a grateful nation, as the first and boldest champion of their freèdom and their rights.

Born a posthumous child, and educated by the charity of an uncle, Swift took refuge from the disturbances which threatened the University of Dublin in the year 1688, at the house of his mother at Leicester. Much pains, with very little result, has been bestowed on the investigation of this early part of Swift's life, the real interest of which commences with his introduction to Sir William Temple, in the year 1689. The

* Edin. Review, Sept. 1816; Lord Macaulay, History and Essays, *passim;* review of Lord Mahon's War of the Succession, Works, vol. v. p. 680; Thackeray, English Humourists, Lect. I.

mother of Swift was a connection of Lady Temple, and it was at her instance that he was admitted an inmate of the house at Sheen, where Temple resided previous to his removal to Moor Park.

Sir William Temple was the most accomplished man of his day—a statesman, a diplomatist, and a scholar. Advancing age and failing health had caused his retirement from public life; but he continued to be the personal friend and adviser of the king.

The picture drawn by Lord Macaulay of the relation which existed between Temple and Swift is equally unjust to both, and we happen to have the very best evidence—the testimony of Temple himself—to its falsehood. Before a year had elapsed from the commencement of Swift's residence at Moor Park, the state of his health rendered it desirable that he should try a change of air. Sir Robert Southwell was then Secretary of State for Ireland; and to him Sir William Temple recommended Swift, as what would now be called, a private secretary, in the following words:—

"He was some seven years in the college of Dublin, and ready to take his degree of Master of Arts, when he was forced away by the desertion of that college upon the calamities of the country. Since that time he has lived in my house, read to me, writ for me, and kept all accounts as far as my small occasions required. He has Latin and Greek, some French, writes a very good current hand, is very honest and diligent, and has good friends, though they have for the present lost their fortunes in Ireland, and his whole family having been long known to me obliged me thus far to take care of him." *

These are the words in which Sir William Temple speaks of one whom Lord Macaulay would persuade his readers was a "humble menial" of "ungainly deportment," a "lackey" and a "beggar,"† and whom Thackeray describes as dining at the servants' table, and 'wearing a cassock which was only not a livery.'‡ Swift did not remain long in Ireland. He returned to Moor Park. His intimacy with, and the confidence shown him by, Temple continued steadily to increase; and it was shortly after his return that Temple, being prevented by ill health from attending the king in person upon the occasion of his being consulted on the subject of the Triennial Bill, deputed Swift to the performance of that duty. It is impossible to suppose that had he been the ungainly savage he has been represented, he could have been selected by the courtly Temple for such an office.

Swift remained at Moor Park until the year 1694, when a yearning for independence induced him to leave its shelter and to enter into orders in Ireland. Temple was reluctant to part with one whom he had found so useful and so agreeable an inmate, and tried in vain to induce him to remain by offers of pecuniary advantage greater than he was likely to attain by leaving him. The love of independence prevailed, and Swift adhered to his resolution. This produced a temporary estrangement, attended by a circumstance which must have caused bitter mortification to the proud spirit of Swift. He was refused orders unless he could produce testimonials in regard to his conduct during the time that had elapsed since he had taken his degree. This period had been passed

* See Forster's Life of Swift, p. 57. It must be mentioned, in justice to Sir Walter Scott and other biographers of Swift, that this letter was not published until the year 1854.

† Hist. vol. iv. p. 370.

‡ English Humourists, p. 16.

entirely under the roof of Temple, and to him he was consequently compelled to apply. After a long delay he wrote at last reluctantly requesting this bare act of justice.

Temple's reply was prompt and generous. Swift was forthwith ordained, and presented by Lord Capel, the then Lord-Deputy (we are disposed to think through the good offices of Temple), to the small living of Kilroot, near Carrickfergus. He did not long retain this preferment. Temple's displeasure cooled. He felt the want of assistance and companionship; and at his request, Swift returned to Moor Park, where he remained until the death of Temple, which he records in the following words: "He died at one o'clock this morning, the 27th of January 1698-9, and with him all that was good and amiable amongst men." No interruption had taken place in their mutual atachment, and Temple made Swift his literary executor—a trust which showed the high estimation with which he regarded him.

Upon the death of Temple, Swift removed to London, and soon afterwards accompanied the Earl of Berkeley to Ireland as private secretary and chaplain.

Disappointed of the Deanery of Derry (the appointment to which he had a just right to expect), Swift, in the month of February, 1699-1700, accepted the vicarage of Laracor, which, with the rectory of Rathbiggan and the prebend of Dunlavin, put him in possession of an income of between two and three hundred a-year; and this was all the preferment that Swift received until his appointment to the Deanery of St Patrick.

We visited Laracor not many years ago. A few miles south of Trim, about half-way between that place and Dangan Castle, the road crosses a small stream, fringed by a few ragged willows, which, from their apparent age, may possibly have been some of those so frequently and so lovingly alluded to by Swift. On the left of the road, which rises gradually after passing the brook, stands the church of Laracor, a modern building, which has replaced the one in which Swift addressed his congregation of ten or a dozen. On the opposite side is the ragged fragment of a broken wall, all that remains of the abode of Swift, a fitting memorial of the ruin of the Church he loved so well, and whose fate he foreshadowed with the same dark forebodings with which he predicted his own tragical end. The garden extended from the house down to the stream before-mentioned. The canal so often referred to in the Journal, and now called "The Dean's Bathing-pond," may still be traced; and a pure and sparkling spring, shadowed over by an ash tree, bears the appropriate name of "Stella's Well."

Anything more desolate than the aspect which Laracor must have presented to the eye of Swift, when he took possession of his preferment, it is impossible to conceive. He set to work at once with hearty goodwill to fit the church for its sacred uses and to make the vicarage habitable. It is a singular circumstance that while Swift, in his letters and journals, constantly refers to his garden, his fruit-trees, and his canal with its willows, we have been unable to find any allusion to the beauties of the scenery which was close at hand. We know few scenes of greater loveliness than those which are to be found on the banks of the Boyne as it flows past the stately castle of Trim, and the graceful remains of Newtown, down to the beautiful Abbey of Bective.

After a residence of about a year at Laracor, Swift, in April 1701, returned to England; and at this time, as Mr Forster says, "his

public career began with his plunge into politics, and a visit now made to Esther Johnson, at Farnham, gave lasting influence to what remained of his private life." *

It would far exceed the limits of this paper to attempt even an outline of the political life of Swift; but we must notice in passing that his first essay as a political writer was a "Discourse on the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome." This tract was published anonymously in the year 1701. The object of it was, in the first place, to expose, by argument and illustration, the evils consequent upon the popular branch of the legislature obtaining an undue share of power, and the dangers which attend the tyranny of a majority; and in the second, to show the tendency which such a majority has to follow blindly some favourite demagogue until the tyranny of many ripens into the despotism of one. It might be the work of any moderate Conservative or sound constitutional lawyer of the present day; and would have been well adapted to the circumstances which arose a few years ago, when Mr Gladstone, backed by a servile majority and a popular outcry, rode rough-shod over the House of Lords, and advised an exercise of the Royal prerogative unexampled since the Revolution of 1688.

It is upon this pamphlet (why we cannot understand) that Swift's reputation for Whiggism rests. It is true that it suited the purpose of the Whigs of that day to adopt for the time many of the doctrines so ably propounded, and consequently Swift was much courted by the leaders of that party. In fact, Swift never was either a Whig or a Tory, but, as he often expressed it, thought that no true lover of liberty could unite with the extreme Tories, and no true lover of the Church could join the extreme Whigs. Steering thus a middle course, he shared the fate which has always awaited men of moderate opinions. Each party in turn courted and caressed him; each in turn deserted him; and he was the victim of the ingratitude of both. Sir Walter Scott has dealt fully and justly with this subject. His generous sympathy with Swift, and cordial admiration for his genius, contrast strongly with the acrid animosity of Jeffrey, the reckless vituperation of Lord Macaulay, and the sarcastic flippancy of Thackeray.

The present paper must be confined to challenging the judgment which has been generally passed upon the conduct of Swift with regard to the two celebrated women whose memory, under the names of Stella and Vanessa, is eternally linked with his.

Before entering upon the examination of this part of the life of Swift, we must allude shortly but distinctly to a circumstance difficult to treat, but hinted at, not obscurely, by Sir Walter Scott, and which to us affords the key to much that is otherwise utterly inexplicable. A careful and long-continued examination into the life and writings of Swift has convinced us that he was denied by nature any knowledge of that passion which lies at the root of the domestic affections. Capable of the most devoted attachment and the warmest friendship, he was as insensible to the passion of love as a man born blind to the beauties of colour, or born deaf to the charms of song. In the whole of his writings not one word occurs, in the whole course of his life there is not

* Forster's Life of Swift, p. 125. It may be worth notice that Stella's name as it appears on her monument was Hester; Vanessa's was Esther. See her will, Scott's Swift, vol. xix. p. 379. Mr Forster transposes the two names.

an act recorded, indicative of passion.

In judging of a character so abnormal, we may find much that may be explained, much that may be palliated, much that may be pardoned.

We must now return to the earlier part of the life of Swift, during his residence at Moor Park.

One of the inmates of that household was a little girl of six or seven years of age, the daughter of a widow lady of the name of Johnson, who resided there as companion to Lady Gifford, the sister of Sir William Temple. Swift at that time was five or six and twenty years of age, and upon this child all the wealth of suppressed affection in his nature was poured forth. He taught her to write; and as her mind, which proved to be of a superior order, developed, he superintended her education. He was her playfellow as well as her tutor; and then (as Mr Forster in his recent life of Swift has well shown) commenced that "little language," the playful prattle of childhood, which has become famous in the celebrated 'Journal to Stella.' The care thus bestowed by Swift met with an ample return. The history of the world contains no record of a purer or more devoted attachment than that with which Hester Johnson repaid the affectionate teaching of Jonathan Swift.

We must ask the reader to pause for a moment,—to cast his eye forward over a period of forty years; to leave the child playing and prattling with her tutor by the side of the formal canals, or under the spreading beeches of Moor Park, or spelling out her lesson at his knee, —and to enter a room in the Deanery of St Patrick, where "an old man, broken with the storms of state," sits solitary at a table and traces the following words:—

"This day being Sunday, January 28, 1727-8, about eight o'clock at night a servant brought me a note 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." *

He writes on till past midnight, and then "his head aches, and he can write no more."

The pen is resumed on the 30th of January, and he goes on:—

"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 bedchamber."

To us these are as pathetic words as ever came from the heart of man; and the few and simple pages which accompany them are a higher tribute to the virtues of Stella than all the antithetical eloquence which drew tears from the audience of Mr Thackeray.

On that night the mortal remains of Stella were placed in the grave which, eighteen years after, was opened in order that the wreck of that frame, which had once been animated by the genius of him upon whom she had bestowed so devoted and so pure a love, might be laid by her side. Above that tomb he has recorded, in burning words, his indignation at the baseness and ingratitude of mankind,—an indignation which may well be roused in our own minds by the calumnies which have been heaped upon his memory.

* Vol. xv., p. 444,—Hawksworth's edit.

Having thus marked the commencement and the end of this celebrated attachment, we shall now proceed to fill up the intermediate space with such materials as are afforded by the evidence. There is much rubbish to be cleared away before we arrive at any sound foundation upon which we can rely.

Lord Macaulay says that Swift, "when he had become a clergyman, began, after the fashion of clergymen of that generation, to make love to a pretty waiting-maid, who was the chief ornament of the servants' hall."* It is not our present business to deal with the sneer at the clergymen of that generation. It is on a par with an observation we once heard made to a young barrister at a party when he excused himself for breaking off a conversation by saying that his wife was waiting for him to take her home. "What! are you married? I thought you lawyers never married till you were fifty, and then always married your cooks!" Stella was not a waiting-maid, and Swift never made love to her. When Swift went to Ireland with the Earl of Berkeley, Hester Johnson continued to reside at Moor Park with her mother and Lady Gifford. On his return to England, in 1701, he found that Lady Gifford was dead, that Mrs Johnson had married a second husband, and that Stella (as we shall henceforth call her) was residing at Farnham with Mrs Dingley, a lady seventeen yeas older than herself, whose name constantly occurs from this time in connection with her own. Their united fortunes hardly enabled them to live with decency and comfort in England; and Temple having bequeathed a small property in County Wicklow to Stella, the cost of living being less, and the interest of money higher in Ireland than in England, Swift, moved by these considerations, and also, as he frankly owns, "very much for his own satisfaction, who had but few friends or acquaintances in Ireland," prevailed upon her, "and upon her dear friend and companion," to remove to Ireland.

"They complied," says Swift, "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."—Vol. xv. p. 446.

The years following his taking possession of Laracor, until 1710, were passed by Swift partly in London, and partly between Dublin and Laracor. When Swift was absent, Mrs Dingley and Stella took up their abode at the Vicarage of Laracor, or at his lodgings in Dublin. When he returned, they removed to the residence of Dr Raymond, the Vicar of Trim, or to separate lodgings. Sir Walter Scott says:—

"Every exterior circumstance which could distinguish an union of mere friendship from one of a more tender nature was carefully observed, and the surprise at first excited by the settlement of Mrs Dingley and Stella in a country to which they were strangers seems gradually to have subsided." —Scott, p. 71. "This," he adds, "may be considered as the happiest term of Swift's life, which was passed in the society of Stella and the retreat to his willows at Laracor, varied by frequent excursions to England, and a ready reception into the society of the great and the learned. It was then he formed that invaluable

* History, vol. iv. p. 270.

acquaintance with Addison, which party spirit afterwards cooled, though it could not extinguish, with Steele, with Arbuthnot, and with the other wits of the age, who used to assemble at Button's coffee-house."—P. 81.

It was at this time too that Swift stamped his title to immortality by the publication of 'The Tale of a Tub.'

The second of September, 1710, is a memorable date in the life of Swift. On that day he wrote from Chester the first of that series of letters (known under the name of The Journal to Stella), which, continued day by day with hardly an intermission, form the most interesting and curious autobiographical record in any language. In the morning, before he leaves his lodging, or in the evening, when he returns from the society of Harley or Bolingbroke, of Arbuthnot, Addison, or Prior, he notes down the occurrences of the day; and with the same pen with which he vindicated the policy of Harley and St John in restoring peace to Europe, pours forth terms of childish endearment, as if he were still writing to the little girl who was his playfellow at Moor Park. Autobiographies, from the Confessions of Rousseau to those of Mr John Mill, are apt to be tinged by that importance of a man to himself, which Swift satirised in the 'Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish.' The writer is posturing before a glass, and considering what the world will think of him.* From this fault the Journal to Stella is entirely free. It was never intended to meet any eyes but those of the two friends—for it is addressed equally to Mrs Dingley as to Stella—for whom it was written; and it is owing to a piece of singular good fortune that it has been preserved, Swift having obtained a return of the letters from Stella when he was writing his history of the last years of the reign of Queen Anne.

The early editors of Swift mangled this Journal after the most cruel fashion, considering the fond and playful expressions of the "little language," which throw so much light on the inner character of Swift, as beneath the dignity of biography.

Mr Forster has done excellent service by a careful collation with the MSS. still remaining in the British Museum, and restoring the

* Mr John Mill, in his autobiography, asserts that before he was eight years of age he had read in Greek, without the help of a Lexicon, Æsop's Fables, the Anabasis, the whole of Herodotus, Xenophon's Cyropædia and Memorials of Socrates; part of Diogenes Laertius, part of Lucian and Isocrates, and six dialogues of Plato; besides Robertson's, Hume's, and Gibbon's Histories; Watson's Philip the Second; Hooke's Rome; two or three volumes of a translation of Rollin's Antient History; Langhorne's Plutarch; Burnett's Own Time; the Historical Part of the Annual Register, up to 1788; Millar on Government; Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History; M'Crie's Life of John Knox; Sewell and Rutty's Histories of the Quakers; Beaver's African Memoranda; Collins's South Wales; the Voyages of Anson, Drake, Cook, and Bougainville; Robinson Crusoe; the Arabian Nights; Cazotte's Tales; Don Quixote; the Popular Tales; and Brooke's Fool of Quality. This is perhaps the most monstrous fabrication ever concocted by human vanity. Major Longbow and Baron Munchausen sink into insignificance beside it. Mr Mill rivals the famous Vincent Quirino, who at the same age pasted up four thousand five hundred and sixty different theses on theology in the public schools of Rome, and dumbfounded his opponents; and Alphonso Tostatus, who learned all the sciences and literal arts whilst in his nurse's arms—to say nothing of Ferdinand de Cordova, "who was so wise at nine, that it was thought that the Devil was in him." Our readers are doubtless familiar with that famous conversation between my Father, my Uncle Toby, and Yorick, wherein these and other similar instances are recorded. Alas! there is no Sterne to hold up the impostors of the present day to ridicule.

uncorrupted text. We may take this opportunity of expressing our deep regret at the untimely event which has arrested his hand in the middle of a task to which he had devoted so large a share of time and labour, and of which the part he has been allowed to complete gives, in addition to the valuable materials which it contains, the promise of further contributions to the history of Swift of equal worth.

Swift's stay in England was prolonged until the early part of the year 1713; and it was during this time that he became acquainted with a widow lady of the name of Vanhomrigh, who resided within a few doors of his lodgings. This lady had two daughters, the elder of whom, at that time about nineteen years of age, has become celebrated under the name of Vanessa. She was a girl of considerable ability, and unhappily of warm sensibility. Swift was more than twenty years her senior, but he was possessed of every quality except youth that was calculated to turn the head of an enthusiastic girl; he was eminently handsome, he had genius and fame, he was flattered and carressed by all that was great and noble,—was it any wonder that he should awaken a passionate attachment in the heart of a girl whose studies he superintended, and to whom he paid a degree of attention and regard which he refused to the highest in the land?

From the time of Apuleius the fate of the luckless intruder who, entering the study of a magician, tampers with spells he does not understand, and evokes a power he cannot control, has been the common theme of fiction. This was the fate of Swift. He called up the demon Love, and the busy devil forthwith took possession of the heart and brain of poor Vanessa, from whence no power of exorcism could from that moment expel him. At what precise time Swift became conscious of the passion he had aroused it is impossible to say, but whenever that occurred his duty was clear. Knowing that it was impossible for him to return her love, he should at once, at whatever cost of present suffering to her or to himself, have broken off all intercourse. The only plea that can be urged on his behalf for not having done so is his ignorance of the power with which he was dealing. Bitter has been the penalty which Swift has paid in consequence. When the full consciousness dawned upon him, and Vanessa announced her intention of removing from London to Ireland, he remonstrated with her strongly, but in vain, on the danger which must attend so imprudent a step. She arrived in Ireland in 1714, and from that time until her death, in 1723, resided either in Dublin or at Celbridge, at which place she had inherited a small property from her father. The perplexities of Swift during these years must have been great—residing alone at The Deanery, with Vanessa in Turnstile Alley, on one side, and Stella, in Ormond's Quay, across the Liffey, on the other.

Less is known of this than of any other portion of his life; but the correspondence contained in the 19th vol. of Sir Walter Scott's edition gives ample proofs of the violence of the passion of Vanessa, and of the coldness with which it was met by Swift.

It was during this period that an event, which has been assumed as a fact by most of the biographers of Swift, is alleged to have taken place; and as it is one upon which the charges most deeply affecting his character solely rest, the evidence by which it is supported deserves the most careful examination.

It has been stated and very generally believed that, in the year 1716, Swift went through the ceremony of marriage with Stella. As no change took place in their mode of life, as all the precautions which had been adopted to prevent any suspicion of the existence of a more intimate connection between them were still observed, the proof of such marriage having taken place must necessarily rest upon extraneous evidence, and the burden of that proof must lie on those who assert the fact.

The charges which bear most heavily against Swift are,—first, that the brutality of his conduct to Vanessa upon her discovery of his marriage was the immediate cause of her death; and, secondly, that Stella pined and died in consequence of his cruelty in refusing to acknowledge her as his wife. If no marriage ever took place, both these charges necessarily fall to the ground.

Before entering upon this inquiry, we must request the reader to bear constantly in mind the elementary axiom of the laws of evidence, that a story told by A acquires no additional validity by being repeated by B, C, and D. This axiom is frequently forgotten; and it is assumed that a tale must be true because it has been often repeated, as Mopsa "loved a ballad in print, because then she was sure it was true."

The marriage is said to have taken place in 1716. Stella died in 1728; Swift in 1745. The first trace of the report of the marriage appears in Lord Orrery's 'Remarks,' in 1751—thirty-five years after the event is said to have taken place, and six years after the death of the last survivor.

Lord Orrery's statement is as follows:—

"Stella's real name was Johnson. *She was the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward*, and the concealed but *undoubted* wife of Dr Swift. Sir William Temple bequeathed her in his will one thousand pounds, as an acknowledgment of her father's faithful services. I cannot tell how long she remained in England, or whether she made more journeys than one to Ireland after Sir William Temple's death; *but, if my informations are right, she was married to Dr Swift in the year* 1716 *by Dr Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher.*" *

We have not been able to ascertain the precise date of the commencement of Lord Orrery's acquaintance with Swift, but it certainly did not begin until late in the life of the latter. Lord Orrery himself says, "he was in the decline of life when I knew him;"† and his own statement shows how ill he was informed with regard to earlier events. Stella was not the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, nor did Temple leave her any legacy "in acknowledgment of her father's faithful services." It was after Temple's death that Stella's mother married a man of the name of Morse, who had been his steward. We shall find, as we proceed, that the general belief in the marriage having taken place rests almost entirely upon this statement of Lord Orrery; and we must ask, not only whether he had any sufficient ground for what he stated, but whether he himself believed his own assertion. He gives, as we have seen, no authority for his statement that Stella was the *undoubted wife* of Swift; and adds the words, "if my informations are right."

In the month of June, in the year 1742, at a time when Swift had fallen into a state of hopeless insanity, a strange circumstance is

* Remarks, page 15.

† Ibid., page 3.

said to have occurred, as to the truth of which it is impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. It is stated, on the one hand, that Swift having refused the solicitation of Dr Francis Wilson, prebendary of Kilmactolway and rector of Clondalkin, to turn out Dr Wynne, the sub-dean of St Patrick, in order to give him the place, Dr Wilson seized the Dean by the throat and beat him severely. Dr Wilson, on the contrary, asserts that Swift, in a paroxysm of insanity, made a furious attack upon him, and that he used no violence whatever. This certainly appears the more probable story; but the affair gave rise to a letter from Lord Orrery to Mr Deane Swift, which is very material with regard to the subject as to which we are now inquiring. Lord Orrery writes as follows:—

"While he" (Swift) "continues to breathe, he is an example, stronger and more piercing than he or any other divine could preach, against pride, conceit, and vain glory. Good God! Dr Swift beaten, and marked with stripes by a beast in human shape, one Wilson. But he is not only an example against presumption and haughtiness, but in reality an incitement to marriage. Men in years ought always to secure a friend to take care of declining life, and watch narrowly as they fall the last minute particles of the hour-glass. A *bachelor* will seldom find among all his kindred so true a nurse, so faithful a friend, as one tied to him by the double chain of duty and affection—*a wife* could not be banished from his chamber, or his unhappy hours of retirement. Nor had the Dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, *had he been married*, or, in other words, had Stella lived." *

Now this letter can bear but one construction. The writer assumes that Swift was a bachelor, that he had no wife, and that he had never been married, but expresses his opinion that had Stella lived he probably would have married her. It is important to keep the dates constantly in mind. The marriage is alleged to have taken place in 1716. The letter we have just quoted shows conclusively that up to 1742 Lord Orrery did not entertain the idea that any marriage had taken place. Swift was in a state of hopeless derangement. Stella had been dead more than fifteen years. If Lord Orrery knew of the marriage, it is impossible to suggest any reason for his mystifying Mr Deane Swift by a false and wholly useless assumption that Swift was a bachelor and had never been married. He might naturally have expressed his regret that Swift should have failed to acknowledge his marriage, but the letter contains no hint of the kind. Swift died in 1745; six years afterwards Lord Orrery published his 'Remarks.'

It is difficult, if not impossible, to suppose that between the time of writing the letter we have referred to in 1742, and the publication of the 'Remarks,' he had received any evidence of the marriage. Had he done so his language would have been very different; yet we find that he there asserts that Stella was "the undoubted wife" of Swift. In those years a change had taken place in the feelings of Lord Orrery. He had treated Swift with the most fulsome adulation during his life, and immediately upon his death defiled his grave with the obscene malignity of a Yahoo. His vanity had been mortified by some slighting observations found amongst Swift's papers; and he wreaked his ven-

* Scott's Swift, vol. xix. p. 258. We must request the reader to keep in mind, for reasons which will subsequently appear, that this letter was addressed to Mr Deane Swift.

geance by heaping the foulest slanders on the man his intimacy with whom had been his only title to consideration. It is difficult to say whether malice or hypocrisy is the more distinguishing characteristic of Lord Orrery's 'Remarks.' The book is one which might have been the joint production of Sir Benjamin Backbite and Dr Cantwell, and has fallen into deserved contempt. Yet we shall find as we proceed that the main imputations against Swift rest upon this most questionable testimony. Lord Orrery's 'Remarks' gave rise to Dr Delany's 'Observations,' published anonymously in 1754. Swift was unfortunate in the champion who came forward to vindicate his character. Delany had no one quality that fitted him for the task, and he had a most holy horror of contradicting a Lord. He accepted Lord Orrery's statement as to the marriage without giving any reason for so doing, but expressing at the same time the surprise which the conduct of Swift, in never acknowledging a wife of whom he might have been so justly proud, and submitting to the comfortless and expensive mode of life which he practised, justly excited. This would have induced most persons to make some inquiry into the grounds of the statement; but Dr Delany not only passes it over, but adds what would appear like a confirmation of it, that Swift "earnestly desired that she should be publicly owned as his wife," which she *refused*, saying it was *too late*, and therefore better that they should live on as they had hitherto done."* For this statement he gives no authority, and does not profess to speak from any knowledge of his own.

Delany's 'Observations' were followed in the next year, 1755, by Mr Deane Swift's 'Essay on the Life, &c., of Dr Jonathan Swift.'

After describing the precautions taken, by means of separate residence and the constant presence of Mrs Dingley, to prevent any imputation from arising with respect to the conduct of Stella, he says:—

"In this manner the lovely Mrs Johnson spent her whole life with her friend Mrs Dingley, in all parties, and at all hours, perpetually at her side, as well before as after the sanction of her marriage. For that she was married to Dr Swift in or about the year 1716 *I am thoroughly persuaded*, although it is certain they continued to live in separate houses in the same manner they had usually done before."

He gives no reason for his belief, and the only fact he states—namely, that no change took place in their mode of life—would naturally lead to an opposite conclusion, and his "thorough persuasion" of the marriage is certainly inconsistent with his correspondence with Lord Orrery, before cited.

In the Life of Swift prefixed to Hawksworth's edition of his works, in the year 1754, the statement of the marriage is repeated, almost in the words of Lord Orrery, and no doubt on the authority of that very untrustworthy witness, to whom the writer constantly refers. We now come to Johnson, whose Life of Swift was published in an edition of British Poets about the year 1780, and whose statement is as follows:—

"Soon after (1716), in his forty-ninth year, he was privately married to Mrs Johnson by Dr Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, as *Dr Madden told me, in the garden*. The marriage made no change in their mode of life; they lived in separate houses as before; nor did she ever lodge in the Deanery but when Swift was seized with a fit of giddiness." †

* Obs., p. 56.

† Johnson, vol. iii. p. 384.

He adds subsequently :—

"In some remarks lately published on the life of Swift, this marriage is mentioned as fabulous or doubtful; but alas! poor Stella, *as Dr Madden told me*, related her melancholy story to Dr Sheridan when he attended her as a clergyman to prepare her for death, and Delany mentions it, not with doubt, but only with regret. Swift never mentioned her without a sigh."*

It will be observed that Johnson's informant was the eccentric Dr Madden who, in the eighteenth century, wrote and published a history of the events which had been revealed to him as having taken place in the nineteenth and twentieth, and after issuing 1000 copies of the work, recalled and suppressed 890 of them! He adds to Lord Orrery's statement the assertion that the marriage was solemnised "in the garden," which certainly does not add to the probability of the story; and he asserts that Stella told her story to Sheridan on her death-bed, but he does not, as Sir Walter Scott has erroneously stated, say that he received this account from Sheridan himself, nor is there any reason to suppose that he did.

We now come to the Life of Swift by Thomas Sheridan, written in the year 1784, forty years after the death of Swift. He expands the story somewhat, and adds that Swift assented to the marriage, which was pressed for by Stella, upon two conditions. The first "was that they should continue to live separately, exactly in the same manner as before; the second, that it should be kept a profound secret from all the world, unless some urgent necessity should call for the discovery." This story (which, it will be observed, is in distinct contradiction to that told by Dr Delany, who states that Swift was desirous that the marriage should be owned) he says he derived from Mrs Sican. It certainly acquires no additional weight from her testimony. †

But at a later page, when speaking of the circumstances attending the death of Stella, the same writer makes a statement which bears, at first sight, the appearance of being trustworthy evidence, and which therefore deserves careful examination.

The following is the passage :—

"A short time before her death a scene passed between the Dean and her, *an account of which I had from my father*, and which I shall relate with reluctance, as it seems to bear more hard upon Swift's humanity than any other part of his conduct in life. As she found her final dissolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the presence of Dr Sheridan, she addressed Swift in the most earnest and pathetic terms to grant her dying request: That as the ceremony of marriage had passed between them, though for sundry considerations they had not cohabited in that state, in order to put it out of the power of slander to be busy with her fame after death, she adjured him by their friendship to let her have the satisfaction of dying at least, though she had not lived, his acknowledged wife.

"Swift made no reply, but, turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, nor ever saw her afterwards during the few days she lived."

A tale so strange, so utterly inconsistent with all that is known with regard to the conduct of Swift towards Stella during the whole of her

* Johnson, vol. iii. p. 398.

† Mrs Sican was the lady to whom (under the name of Psyche) the Dean addressed the lines beginning—

"At two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on and her smock at the fire;
So loitering, so active, so busy, so idle,
Which has she most need of, a spur or a bridle?"

life, would require little consideration, were it not that it is said to have been derived from information given by Dr Sheridan to his son. The occurrence is supposed to have happened in the month of January 1728, when the narrator was seven years old. At the death of Dr Sheridan in 1738, Thomas Sheridan was a boy of seventeen years of age. He tells the story fifty-six years after the event, and forty-six years after the death of his informant. This alone is sufficient to warrant us in exercising extreme caution before giving our assent to so improbable a tale. Is it likely that Dr Sheridan would have confided such a secret—so deeply affecting the character and reputation of his dearest friend, who was then alive, for Swift survived until 1745, and in 1738 was still in possession of his faculties—to a boy? Had he been guilty of such an indiscretion, would that boy have been the only person admitted to his confidence? Would the story have remained untold for half a century? On the contrary, would it not have been the current talk of all the thousand tongues that were busy with the reputation of Swift? How then has this story arisen? Must it be regarded as a deliberate fabrication, or is there any other mode in which it may be accounted for?

Sir Walter Scott, on the authority of Mr Theophilus Swift, who received his information from Mrs Whiteway,* relates that shortly before the death of Stella, the Dean, sitting by her, held her hand and addressed her in the most affectionate manner, that they conversed together in a low tone of voice, too low for Mrs Whiteway, who paid no attention, to hear, "but at length she heard the Dean say in an audible voice, 'Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned,' to which Stella answered with a sigh, 'It is too late.'" Mrs Whiteway stated the word "marriage" was never mentioned. But Sir Walter Scott, without, as it seems, any sufficient reason, says, "there can remain no doubt that such was the secret to be owned." This assumption appears to us to arise from a foregone conclusion. Even supposing that Mrs Whiteway's recollection of the words was strictly accurate, there might be many things to be "owned" besides a marriage, and many things to be done with regard to which Stella might express her dying wishes to Swift, which would afford a very probable solution of the whole mystery. We fully agree with Sir Walter Scott in preferring Mrs Whiteway's narrative of this interview to that of Mr Thomas Sheridan. We all know how strangely circumstances alter in our minds in the course of years, and how little confidence ought to be placed in a narrative given by a man of fifty-seven, of a conversation which, if it even took place at all, must have done so before he was seventeen years of age, relating to a matter of which he has heard various accounts in the intervening years.

In 1789 we come to Mr Monk Berkeley's 'Literary Relics.' His information, as he tells us, was derived from Mrs Hearn, the niece of Stella, and may therefore be fairly assumed to contain the family tradition. After describing the position occupied by Stella in the family at Moor Park, she says:—

"Here it was that Dr Swift first became acquainted with Stella, and com-

* Mrs Whiteway was a first cousin of Swift, and the kind friend and guardian of his latter years; Mr Deane Swift married her daughter by her first marriage; Theophilus Swift was her grandson, the son of this daughter.—See Scott's Life of Swift, p. 440, note.

menced that attachment which terminated in their marriage. The cause why that marriage was not owned to the world has never been thoroughly explained. It is the opinion, however, of her own family, that their finances not being equal to the style in which the Dean wished to move as a married man, could be the only one. . . . *It was Dr Swift's wish at last to have* owned his marriage; but finding herself declining very fast, Stella did not choose to alter *her mode of life, and besides fully intended coming over to England to her mother.*" *

It must be observed that Mrs Hearn, as well as Dr Delany, states that it was the earnest wish of Swift at a period long antecedent to the death of Stella to declare the marriage publicly, and that it was in consequence of objections on the part of Stella that this was not done.

This no doubt was the belief of Dr Delany, and was also the family tradition. It is of value as showing that no charge of unkindness or cruelty was credited by them. Mr Berkeley then copies the account of the marriage as related by Sheridan on the authority of Mrs Sican, and adds, "In 1716 they were married by the Bishop of Clogher, who *himself related* the circumstance to Bishop Berkeley, by whose relict the story was communicated to me." †

With regard to this it is sufficient to say that Bishop Berkeley was absent from Ireland, having been abroad the whole of the time between the supposed marriage and the death of the Bishop of Clogher, who could not by possibility have "related the circumstance to him." ‡ Mrs Sican's gossip, therefore, derives no support from Mrs Berkeley's. We have now completed the whole of the evidence in proof of the marriage.

The peculiar mode of life adopted by Stella and Mrs Dingley gave rise, as Swift himself states in the paper we have above referred to, to various rumours, and very probably to that of a secret marriage. Upon this Lord Orrery grounds his positive assertion that Stella was "the undoubted wife of Dr Swift," and gives the date of the marriage as 1716, and Dr Ashe as the officiating clergyman. Dr Delany accepts it, Mr Deane Swift repeats it, Dr Hawksworth reiterates it, Dr Johnson adopts it, Sheridan expands it, Mrs Sican and Mrs Berkeley gossip over it—and thus it becomes matter of history, and affords Mr Jeffrey and Lord Macaulay a subject for abuse of the man who was the terror of the Whig party a hundred and fifty years ago. As the tale passes on from hand to hand, it receives an addition from each narrator; though frequently such additions are contradictory to each other. As in the case of the duel in 'The School for Scandal,' nobody denied that Sir Peter was wounded; the only dispute being whether it was by "a sword through the small guts," or "a bullet lodged in the thorax," when in walks Sir Peter alive and well. The duel rested on the assertion of Sir Benjamin Backbite—the marriage depends on that of his prototype, Lord Orrery.

Having now traced the report from its origin, and given the reader every scrap of evidence in its support, we might fairly ask whether so improbable a story could be accepted on evidence so weak and contradictory. We need not, however, stop here, for it happens that the negative evidence in this case, though it lies in a small compass, is unusually strong.

In 1819, Mr Monk Mason published the first volume of a work entitled, 'Hibernia Antiqua et Hodierna,' containing an account of the Cathedral of St Patrick, in

* Berkeley, Literary Reliques, vol. xxix.

† Reliques, p. 36.

‡ Bishop Berkeley's Works, 4to, vol. i. viii.

which is comprised a very valuable and careful life of Swift. He cites (p. 304) the authority of "Dr John Lyon, the intimate friend of Swift, who was entrusted with the chief care of him during his last illness," who treats the account of the marriage as "a hearsay story very ill founded." Mrs Dingley, who was never separated from Stella for a single day from the time of their arrival in Dublin until the death of the latter,—who could not, by possibility, have been ignorant of the marriage had it taken place,—"laughed at it as an idle tale founded only on suspicion." Neither Mrs Brent, who was the Dean's housekeeper from the time he arrived in Ireland, nor her daughter, Mrs Ridgeway, who succeeded her, ever believed the story. Had it been the fact, it is impossible that these parties—especially Mrs Dingley—could have been ignorant of it. But the strongest evidence is that of Swift and Stella themselves. Had he been married to her, and had Sheridan, as asserted, been cognisant of that marriage, it is morally impossible that Swift could have addressed to him the letters which he wrote during the illness of Stella in August and September 1727.* The prayers which he composed and read at her bedside would have been a monstrous and unnatural combination of profanity and hypocrisy. The verses they addressed to each other on their successive birthdays would have been mutual insults, and the beautiful and tender address, on her visiting him in sickness in October 1727 (which only preceded her death by two months), a bitter mockery.†

We have already indicated what we believe to have been the reason for Swift never having sought a more intimate connection with Stella.

The attachment of Stella was that of a devoted daughter or sister. She had known and worshipped Swift from her childhood, and no dream of passion ever troubled the pure depth of her love. We doubt not she was happy in that love. The notion of her pining under the unkindness of Swift is a fiction utterly unsupported by a single tittle of evidence. The Journal to Stella, which extends over three years, teems with proofs of the kindness and generosity of Swift. It also shows that Stella, so far from being lonely and secluded in Dublin, was constantly in society, principally that of the higher rank of clergy and their wives—probably the best that the city afforded. We are not of those who think that marriage is absolutely essential to the happiness of a woman. With such public examples of voluntary celibacy as Miss Edgeworth, Joanna Baillie, the Miss Berrys, Miss Mitford, and many others, and the instances which must occur to every man, unless he has been singularly unfortunate, of maiden aunts and sisters who have been the delight of his own circle, it would be absurd to maintain such a doctrine. The truth was probably hit by the shrewd old bachelor who, when one of his nieces expressed her regret that he had never married, replied, "It is of no consequence, my dear, whether you marry or not. You are sure to repent whichever you do."

The mode of life practised by Mrs Dingley and Stella was by no means so inconsistent with the ordinary habits of the world as that which a few years later was adopted by Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, when they fled from the world to enjoy the pleasures of mutual friendship in what was then the secluded valley of Llangollen.

* Vol. xii. p. 123,—Hawksworth's edit.

† Vol. vi. p. 286.

We hold, then, that—so far as Stella was concerned—the conduct of Swift was blameless, and we must now return to the history of Vanessa.

Upon the death of Mrs Vanhomrigh, Vanessa and her sister removed to Ireland, and resided, as we have seen, first in Dublin, and afterwards at Celbridge, a village about ten miles to the west, where Vanessa died, in the year 1723, having survived her sister about two years.

Her correspondence with Swift, published by Sir Walter Scott, extends from about the year 1712, up to the time of her death. Her letters are instinct with the most devoted passion, and are full of reproaches for his coldness. His indicate the utmost perplexity. He alternately remonstrates, reasons, and scolds; he soothes and flatters. He adopts every device that ingenuity can suggest to bring her to reason. Two unexceptionable suitors make proposals of marriage to her. Swift seconds their addresses. All is in vain: the devouring passion still consumes her, and she expires, like the Queen of Beauty in the Eastern story, who died exclaiming, "I burn, I burn!" Through the whole of this most curious correspondence there is nothing from which it can be inferred that Swift ever addressed her with the language of a lover. She reproaches him with coldness and unkindness, but not with inconstancy; and there is not a single syllable in the whole of the correspondence that can give colour to Lord Orrery's foul assertion, that she was "happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine."* It is difficult to account for the virulence of Lord Orrery's attack upon Vanessa; and it is impossible to read his remarks on her conduct, her character, and her fate, without feelings of the deepest indignation and disgust. His account of her concluding interview with Swift is as follows:—

"Unable to sustain her weight of misery any longer, she writ a very tender epistle to Cadenus [Swift], insisting peremptorily upon as serious an answer, and an immediate acceptance or refusal of her as his wife. His reply was delivered by his own hand. He brought it with him when he made his final visit to Celbridge; and throwing down the letter upon her table, with great passion hastened back to his horse, carrying in his countenance the frowns of anger and indignation."†

Lord Orrery states that on opening this letter—

"She found herself entirely discarded from his friendship and conversation. Her offers were treated with insolence and disdain. She met with reproaches instead of love, and with tyranny instead of affection."‡

It must be observed that Lord Orrery does not say that this letter contained any statement of his marriage to Stella. Indeed, the terms in which he speaks of it are entirely inconsistent with such a supposition.

The first question which arises is, From what source could Lord Orrery have derived his information?

The account of an interview between two persons when no third party was present must always be received with caution. The only persons who could have narrated the facts were Swift and Vanessa. It cannot be supposed that Swift was the informant, and Vanessa had been dead many years before Lord Orrery's acquaintance with Swift began. When we consider the unscrupulous malice which pervades every page of Lord Orrery's 'Remarks,' we shall feel justified in disregarding altogether his assertion respecting an occurrence of which he could know nothing personally, and for

* Orrery, p. 73. † Ibid., p. 78. ‡ Ibid., p 79.

his account of which he cites no authority.

Sheridan, who is followed in the main by Sir Walter Scott, gives a much more detailed and entirely contradictory account of this supposed interview. He says, after referring to the correspondence which had taken place between Swift and Vanessa :—

"She therefore concluded that some reports which had just then reached her of his being married to Mrs Johnson were but too well founded, and that this was the real obstacle to their union. Impatient of the torments this idea gave her, she determined to put an end to all further suspense by writing to Mrs Johnson herself upon this head. Accordingly she sent a short note to her, only requesting to know from her whether she was married to the Dean or not. Mrs Johnson answered her in the affirmative, and then enclosed the note she had received from Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift. After which she immediately went out of town without seeing him, or coming to any explanation, and retired in great resentment to Mr Ford's country seat at Wood Park.

"Nothing could possibly have excited Swift's indignation more than this imprudent step taken by Miss Vanhomrigh. He knew it must occasion great disturbance to Mrs Johnson, and give rise to conjectures fatal to her peace. Her abrupt departure without so much as seeing him already showed what passed in her mind. Exasperated in the highest degree, he gave way to the first transports of his passion, and immediately rid to Celbridge. He entered the apartment where the unhappy lady was, mute, but with a countenance that spoke the highest resentment. She, trembling, asked him, would he not sit down? 'No!' He then flung a paper on the table, and immediately returned to his horse.

"When on the abatement of her consternation she had the strength to open the paper, she found it contained nothing but her own note to Mrs Johnson. Despair at once seized her as if she had seen her death warrant; and such indeed it proved to be. The violent agitation of her mind threw her into a fever, which in a short time put a period to her existence. Swift, on receiving the tidings of her death, immediately took horse and quitted the town, without letting any mortal know to what part of the world he was gone.* . . . Two months elapsed without any news of him, which occasioned no small alarm amongst his friends, when Dr Sheridan received a letter from him to meet him at a certain distance from Dublin." †

We must examine this statement —which, be it remembered, was not made until more than sixty years after the event—in detail.

We must first ask the question, If Stella so frankly avowed her marriage to Vanessa, how did it happen that it remained a secret for years afterwards, and that no trace whatever either of the letter itself or of the report is to be found amongst the papers left by Vanessa with a direction to her executors for their publication?

We next come to the assertion, that Stella left Dublin for Wood Park to show her resentment at the conduct of Swift.

It is true that a visit of some months paid by Stella to Mr Ford at Wood Park was coincident in point of time with the death of Vanessa, but the two events had nothing to do with each other. Swift alludes to this visit in his letters and in the verses which he addressed to Stella on her return, in terms which are utterly inconsistent with the suggestion that it was occasioned by any feeling of displeasure on her part; indeed it would seem probable from a letter, dated 11th May 1723, that she was accompanied on the visit by Swift himself. ‡

* Sheridan's Life of Swift, p. 324. † Ibid., p. 325.

‡ "My last stage as well as my first was at Wood Park with Mr Ford."—Vol. xi. p. 226—Nichol's edit.

The account of Swift's precipitate flight on receiving the news of Vanessa's death (which has unhappily been copied by Sir Walter Scott, who has overlooked the letters which prove its falsehood) is a pure fiction.

So far from Swift's "quitting the town without letting any mortal know to what part of the world he was gone,"* or as Sir Walter Scott expresses it, "retreating in an agony of self-reproach and remorse into the south of Ireland, where he spent two months, without the place of his abode being known to any one,"† he wrote, some time before his departure, to Mr Cope: "I have for some years intended a southern journey, and this summer is fixed for it, and I hope to set out in ten days."‡ He then requests his correspondent to tell Dr Jenny, "who had promised to be his companion," the day on which he intended to commence his journey, and speaks of his intention to visit the bishop at Clonfert, where, he says, "it is probable he may be by the beginning of July."

A few days later he speaks of his journey having been delayed, and of his intention to start on the Monday following, and to get to Clonfert in five or six weeks; and he adds, in reference to the visit of Stella and Mrs Dingley to Wood Park: "Your friend Ford keeps still in Ireland, and passes the summer at his country house with two sober ladies of his and my acquaintance."§

On the 3d of August he writes from Clonfert to Dr Sheridan, and says: "When I leave this I shall make one or two short visits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month."

Anything more deliberate, more unlike the "abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit" of Sheridan's melodramatic narrative, cannot be conceived, and we may judge from this how little faith can be placed in the rest of his account.

Neither Mr Deane Swift nor Dr Delany say anything of this interview. The former expresses an opinion that a hopeless passion for Swift "was in all probability the remote cause" of the death of Vanessa; he states that she languished for some years, and fell into a consumption, and "was at last carried off by a fever in the year 1723, in the thirty-seventh year of her age."‖ Delany intimates, on what foundation we know not, that her end was hastened by her having fallen into intemperate habits. He states also that he had frequent conversations with her executor, Dr Berkeley, in regard to the letters which had passed between her and Swift. His silence as to any such occurrences as those related sixty years afterwards by Thomas Sheridan is strong to show that they never took place.

We consider, therefore, that we are justified in discarding this story (notwithstanding its adoption by Sir Walter Scott) as wholly apocryphal.

Nevertheless, we cannot altogether acquit Swift from blame in regard to his conduct to Vanessa. His ignorance of the nature of the passion by which she was possessed,—his reluctance to give pain to one whose only offence was her unreasonable attachment to himself—the strange concurrence of unfortunate and improbable circumstances in which he was placed,—may all fairly be pleaded in extenuation of his conduct.

We believe that we have now laid before the reader the whole of the evidence that is accessible on the subject: we have greatly exceeded the limits we had proposed to ourselves, and must postpone to a future occasion an examination of the charges which have been made against Swift on other grounds than his conduct to Stella and Vanessa.

* Sheridan, p. 324.
† Scott's Life of Swift, p. 258.
‡ Vol. xi. p. 216,—Nichol's edit.
§ Ibid., p. 225.
‖ Ibid., p. 264.

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SWIFT AND LORD MACAULAY.

Paradoxical as it may appear to many of our readers, we have been much struck during our persual of Mr Trevelyan's life of his distinguished relative with the similarity of character in not a few respects which existed between the subject of that memoir and the celebrated Dean of St Patrick, and no less so with the contrast afforded by the fate in life which attended each.

The career of Lord Macaulay, from the time when he entered the University of Cambridge, was one of uninterrupted and brilliant success. At the age of four-and-twenty he was elected a Fellow of Trinity. In the same year his article on Milton appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and proved that he had already struck upon that rich vein of mental gold which he afterwards worked with such eminent success.

Article followed article in brilliant succession. In four years more the Tory Lord Lyndhurst, generously disregarding his Whiggish proclivities for the sake of his literary merit, appointed him a Commissioner of Bankruptcy. In the summer of 1830, when he was nine-and-twenty, he was returned to Parliament by the Marquess of Lansdowne for the pocket borough of Calne (there are no such keys now to open the House to future Macaulays), and at once took his place in the first rank of orators, if not of debaters. Holland House, that Holy of Holies of the Whigs (a paradise the hidden charms of which we confess his letters have somewhat served to dispel from our imagination), was thrown open to him. He was surrounded by all the enchantments of genius, fame, wit, fashion, beauty, rank, and wealth.

Calne was doomed to extinction, but Macaulay (who had shortly before been appointed Secretary to the Board of Control) was returned for Leeds in December 1832. In less than twelve months he was appointed member of the Supreme Council of India, with a salary of £10,000 a-year. After a residence in India of little more than four years, he returned to England with a fortune which made him independent for life. The same course of unvaried success still attended him. In 1839 he was re-

turned to Parliament for Edinburgh. In September of the same year he was appointed Secretary at War, and became a member of the Cabinet and a Privy Councillor. All this was accomplished before he had completed his 39th year. His defeat at Edinburgh in 1847 could hardly be considered a misfortune. It enabled him to devote uninterrupted attention for some time to his literary pursuits. On this occasion he gave vent to his feelings in some very beautiful lines, in which he pictured a vision surrounding the cradle in which he had lain—

"Sleeping life's first soft sleep."

The queens of gain, power, fashion, and pleasure pass scornfully by, when another appears whom he addresses as follows:—

"Oh glorious lady with the eyes of light,
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow;
Who by that cradle's side didst watch that night,
Warbling a sweet strange music, who wert thou?"

The lady replies somewhat enigmatically that she stood by the side of Bacon "in the dark hour of shame," that she "smoothed the bed" of Clarendon during his banishment and sickness, that she had "cheered the cell" of Raleigh, and "lighted the darkness" of Milton. She might therefore be the genius of science, or law, or medicine, or history, or poetry, or religion. Whoever she was, she promised the child her choicest gifts. It is satisfactory to know (and it would have been more gracious in the poet to have acknowledged) that the haughty queens who passed the infant by in scorn had made ample amends by showering their favours in abundance on its head in after-years. That the queen of gain, besides giving him an appointment worth ten thousand a-year, had from time to time sent him cheques on Coutts for untold sums. That the queen of power had given him control over millions of his fellow-subjects, and associated him in the government of the greatest country in the world. That the queen of fashion had introduced him to the most brilliant society of London; and the queen of pleasure had secured him a place at the banquets of Holland House, which we presume was in fulfilment of the promise implied by the "stray rose-leaf" which she had scattered on the infant's pillow.

In 1852, Edinburgh made ample amends by again returning him to Parliament. In 1857 he was raised to the peerage; and in December 1859, his brilliant and happy life was terminated, in his 60th year, by a peaceful and painless death. He retained his marvellous vigour of mind to the last. The sister to whom he was so fondly attached, and the only friend for whom he appears to have entertained any very warm affection, survived him; and he was followed to his grave in Westminster Abbey by all that was highest in rank and most distinguished in literature amongst his contemporaries. Such was the career of the greatest political pamphleteer of the age of Queen Victoria.

We now turn to that of his prototype in the reign of Anne. Born a posthumous child, in an obscure lodging in Dublin—receiving the "education of a dog" from the reluctant charity of an uncle—admitted to a degree by the grudging justice of his college—lingering out long years in the dependent position of a private secretary or at a beggarly vicarage in a wild and remote corner of Ireland — Swift, whose pen had swayed the fate of Europe, was consigned, when nearly fifty, to exile at an Irish deanery worth

about four hundred a-year. He saw the friends to whom he was devoted in prison or in exile. He outlived all to whom he was most tenderly attached, and long survived his own mighty intellect. The last years of his life present a picture too terrible to contemplate. His memory has been the object of the bitterest vituperation and the foulest calumny—his most malignant slanderer being the man most resembling him in character and genius.

A more striking contrast between the fates of two men it is impossible to conceive; and we now come to the consideration of the points of resemblance which existed between them.

Swift left Moor Park a Temple-Whig. His first pamphlet might have come from the pen of Somers, and was for some time attributed to Burnett. He became in after-life the most powerful supporter of Harley and St John. Macaulay entered Cambridge a Wilberforce-Tory, and soon distinguished himself by a glowing panegyric on King George III., and a rattling Tory ballad which would have done honour to the pen of Theodore Hook and the pages of the 'John Bull.' He became in after-life a member of the Government of Grey and Althorp, and one of the most powerful supporters of the Reform Bill.

Swift, as we have shown in a former article, was an entire stranger to the passion of love; nor can we trace in the diary or letters of Lord Macaulay, or in the very minute memoir by which they are accompanied, that he ever had any experience of those feelings which, for good or evil, have the most powerful effect on the character and career of the vast majority of mankind. Yet both entertained the warmest friendship for persons of the opposite sex. And their private letters written when they were immersed in the stormiest sea of politics, overflow with playful tenderness, and bear the strongest testimony to the amiable and affectionate character of both these very eminent men.

Swift and Macaulay resembled one another almost as much in their hatreds as in their loves. Both were good haters, and neither was scrupulous as to the language with which he assailed his adversaries. The objects of Swift's especial aversion were mostly obscure. Dick Tighe and Sergeant Bettesworth would have been utterly forgotten but for the unenviable immortality which has been conferred upon them by his pen. He appears, however, to have felt no personal animosity against those to whom he was opposed in public. He mitigated the virulence of the attacks on Marlborough ;* he treated Addison with uniform respect, and was deeply pained by the temporary suspension of their intimacy, which arose from their political differences; and he protected Steele until his reckless and intemperate insolence rendered the continuance of such protection impossible.

The generous patronage which Swift extended to his opponents forms one of the most amiable traits in his character. Writing to Stella in December 1712, he says:—

"I met Mr Addison and pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terribly dry and cold. A curse on party! And do you know, I have taken more pains to recommend the

* "As to the great man [Marlborough] whose defence you undertake, though I do not think so well of him as you do, yet I have been the cause of preventing five hundred hard things to be said against him."—Swift to Steele, May 27, 1713, vol. xvi. p. 41.

Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the Ministers than any other people! Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I should certainly have provided for if he had not run party-mad, and made me withdraw my recommendation. I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has; yet I am worse used by that faction than any man."—(Journal to Stella, Dec. 27, 1712).

We find no such catalogue of generous services performed towards political opponents by Lord Macaulay. He made no distinction between his personal and his political animosities. The intense vindictiveness with which he pursued Mr Croker originated in the fact that they had crossed swords on the floor of the House of Commons, where, as in the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu, the rapier had proved more than a match for the broadsword, and had inflicted wounds which rankled ever after.

We have not space to enter upon the history of this celebrated quarrel; and even if we had, we are relieved from the necessity of doing so by the extremely able manner in which the conduct and character of Mr Croker have been vindicated in the pages of a contemporary upon whom the duty of his defence more especially devolved ('Quarterly Review,' July 1876). We pass on to a still more eminent object of Macaulay's aversion.

In 1830 the most prominent figure in the front rank of the Liberal party was Henry Brougham — by universal consent the most powerful orator of the day—endowed with a genius whose very versatility was its defect. On every subject towards which the mind of the nation was directed at that time — emancipation, reform in Parliament, amendment of the law on education—the first name that presented itself was that of Henry Brougham. Macaulay desired to write an article for the 'Edinburgh Review' on the events which were taking place in France. Mr Napier, then the editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' very naturally preferred one which he was offered from the pen of Brougham. Macaulay never forgave Brougham the precedence which he was thus compelled to yield to him. Considering the relative position of the two men at that time, the irritation he felt was simply ridiculous, and Mr Trevelyan would have acted more wisely for the reputation of his uncle if he had refrained from publishing the peevish letter in which he gave vent to his feelings of vexation. From that hour Macaulay pursued Brougham with relentless animosity.

Brougham and Croker, as public men, may be considered fair objects of attack, and Mr Trevelyan may be excused for having given us an insight into the feelings with which Macaulay regarded them. But there were others with whom the case was very different. Mr Trevelyan says: "It must be remembered that whatever was in Macaulay's mind may be found in his diary. That diary was written throughout with the unconscious candour of a man who freely and frankly notes down remarks which he expects to be read by himself alone" (ii. 242). A similar observation is true with regard to his letters. They were addressed to those in whom he felt the most unbounded confidence. He was a man of impetuous feelings and strong impulse, and it was in his diary and his letters that the passion of the moment found vent. It was therefore the bounden duty of his biographer to guard from the public passages which could only have been intended for the perusal of the writer

himself, or for the loving eyes of those to whom they were addressed.

The publication of scandals of the dead—which, whether true or false, may wring the hearts of affectionate survivors who have no remedy except that well-deserved horse-whip, the use of which would unfortunately subject them to the penalties of the law—is becoming a common offence; and in the commission of this social treason Mr Trevelyan is an offender of the worst kind.

The interest naturally felt in everything relating to Lord Macaulay must insure Mr Trevelyan's book an extensive circulation, and the calumnies it contains are thus scattered far and wide. We have only space to notice one or two. Writing to Mrs Cropper from Calcutta (i. 383), Macaulay announces the engagement of his sister to Mr (now Sir Charles) Trevelyan, on whom he pronounces a warm eulogium, extolling his moral and physical qualities, and especially his proficiency in the great Indian sport of "pig-sticking." This is all very well: but why, unless for the gratification of hereditary revenge, should Mr Trevelyan publish in the year 1876 the statements, damnatory if true, calumnious if false, which Lord Macaulay, writing in unreserved confidence to his sister, made as to transactions which took place half a century ago between Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Edward Colebrooke? Sir Edward Colebrooke has been in his grave nearly forty years, but there are surviving members of his family on whom this letter may inflict infinite pain. We know nothing of the facts. Like the vast majority of the readers of Mr Trevelyan's book, we had never even heard the name of Sir Edward Colebrooke. For anything we know, the charge may be utterly groundless; but true or false, what right has Mr Trevelyan to hold up to execration the name of a man who is dead and cannot answer, merely because he happened to have a quarrel with his father half a century ago?

If Sir Charles Trevelyan deserved and retains the high and chivalrous character which Lord Macaulay attributed to him, bitter indeed must have been his feelings when he came upon this passage in his son's book.

Again, and still prompted as it would appear by his filial animosity against Sir Edward Colebrooke, Mr Trevelyan publishes a private letter from Lord Macaulay to Lady Trevelyan, in which he gives an account (ii. 153) (very amusing certainly) of his being bored on the deck of a Dutch steamer by an "elderly gentleman" (whom he afterwards qualifies with the title of an "old villain") and his "ill-looking vulgar wife." Here the name is left in blank, but no one who is conversant with Indian transactions at that date can find any difficulty in supplying the omission; and accordingly we have seen a copy lying on the table of one of the largest clubs in London, in which it has been filled in (whether correctly or not we cannot say) in pencil.

But even this is not the worst instance of reckless cruelty on the part of Mr Trevelyan. On the departure of Macaulay for India, his father applied to him for a recommendation on behalf of some relative in whom he took an interest. Macaulay thereupon writes to his sister as follows:—

"My father is at me again to provide for P——. What on earth have I to do with P——? The relationship is one which none but Scotchmen would recognise. The lad is such a fool that he would utterly disgrace my recom-

mendation. . . . Why cannot P—— be apprenticed to some hatter or tailor. . . . The next time my father speaks to me about P——, I will offer to subscribe twenty guineas towards making a pastry-cook of him. He had a sweet tooth when he was a child."

Now this was written in 1834, when P—— was probably a youth of seventeen or eighteen, so that, if living, he is now a man of about sixty. He may be alive or dead—distinguished or obscure—we know nothing of him. But no friend or relative he may have can feel the slightest difficulty in supplying the blank. He was a relative of Lord Macaulay, and consequently is a relative of the very man who has had the cruelty to publish these contemptuous expressions uttered by Lord Macaulay forty years ago. Up to the present time he may have regarded his relationship to Macaulay with pride and satisfaction. He has, or had, as it appears from this very letter, sisters, who may be as warmly attached to him as Mr Trevelyan's own mother was to Lord Macaulay. What must be their feelings when they open this page of the memoir of their illustrious relative? Has Mr Trevelyan had a personal quarrel with this far-away Scotch cousin? We are sorry to be obliged to suggest the possibility of such a motive; but it is the only one we can conceive to account for what is otherwise an act of simply wanton cruelty. In these cases, it is not Lord Macaulay but Mr Trevelyan that is the offender.

This leads us naturally to Mr Trevelyan's treatment of the relations which subsisted between Lord Macaulay and Professor Wilson. They stood opposed to each other as the great literary chiefs of the Whig and Tory parties. This is neither the time nor the place to discuss the genius of Christopher North. Mr Trevelyan thinks it becoming to sneer at the man who has stirred the heart of the Scottish nation more deeply than any writer (with the exception of Burns and Scott), as a "personage who, by the irony of fate, filled the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh; and who considered the production of twenty columns a month of Bacchanalian gossip a worthy and becoming occupation of his power" (i. 137).

Mr Trevelyan's mind may very possibly be so constituted as not to enable him to understand or relish the infinite humour, the pathos, the poetry, and the creative imagination which adorn 'The Noctes.' There is mental as well as physical colour-blindness. We shall not trouble ourselves about Mr Trevelyan's opinions or criticisms; but what shall we say to the treachery (for we can use no milder term) to the memory of his uncle of which he has been guilty in publishing a private note addressed to Mr Macvey Napier, in which Macaulay, smarting under an article which had appeared in the columns of this Magazine, says: "I thought a contest with your *grog-drinking, cock-fighting, cudgel-playing Professor of Moral Philosophy* would be too degrading"! (i. 249). Now this letter was written in 1832, when Macaulay had just received severe blows from the "cudgel" of the Professor. No man would have been more ready than the Professor himself to pardon hard blows or hard words used in the heat of battle. But Mr Trevelyan deliberately publishes these words forty-four years afterwards! Words, be it remembered, written in evident irritation, and in the full confidence of privacy which existed between the writer and the receiver of the letter! *

* The pain which would have been inflicted on Lord Macaulay could he have

Now mark the sequel. In 1852 Edinburgh redeemed the disgrace it had incurred by the rejection of Macaulay in 1847, and again returned him to Parliament, this time at the head of the poll. On that occasion, this "grog-drinking, cock-fighting, cudgel-playing Professor of Moral Philosophy" rose from a bed of sickness at the house of his brother, drove several miles into Edinburgh, and, supported by two friends, walked up to the poll, and recorded his vote for Macaulay. It was a generous tribute from the noble old man to his former adversary, and a gallant protest against popular bigotry and intolerance. For this, perhaps the highest compliment that his uncle ever received, Mr Trevelyan can find no fitter words than the sneering observation, that Professor Wilson "performed the last public act of his bustling and jovial existence by going to the poll for Macaulay" (ii. 314).

The Lion is dead, and his memory is exposed to the insolence of any self-satisfied prig who would have been annihilated by a single pat of his paw when living.

Immediately before Macaulay's departure for India, an unfortunate incident occurred which had been consigned to an oblivion desirable for all parties concerned, and especially for Macaulay, until Mr Trevelyan, with his usual want of judgment, has thought fit to revive it.

The late Mr Hill, then member for Hull, addressing his constituents in justification of the support he had given to the Coercion Bill of the Whig Government, stated that he had good reason to believe that some of the Irish members who had opposed the Bill by their votes and speeches in the House of Commons, had expressed very different opinions in private, and had even gone so far as to express to the Government of the day their opinion that the Bill was a necessary measure.

O'Connell took an early opportunity of asking Lord Althorp whether such was the fact. Lord Althorp denied that any such communication had been made to the Cabinet, but added that he had reason to believe that such opinions had been expressed by some of the Irish members.

The Speaker interfered, stating that O'Connell had no right to put the question, and that Lord Althorp ought not to have answered it. But it was too late. O'Connell demanded to know if he was one of the members alluded to. Lord Althorp said he was not. One after another, each Irish member in the House rose and received a similar answer, until it came to the turn of Shiel, when Lord Althorp said that he was the member alluded to. Shiel, in the most solemn and emphatic manner, denounced the statement as a falsehood. A Committee of Privileges was moved for, Mr Hill seconding the motion for its appointment. The Committee met. Macaulay was called, and vouched by Mr Hill as his witness. He at once refused to answer any question. The Committee decided that they either could not or would not compel him. Everybody knows the inference which arises when a witness refuses to answer a question which may criminate himself. The conclusion universally arrived at was, that Macaulay had made some statement to Mr Hill which he either could not substantiate, or feared the con-

anticipated the gross breach of confidence which his nephew has been guilty of in publishing these strictly private and confidential letters, may be estimated by what he endured from the unauthorised publication of a letter addressed to one of his constituents at Edinburgh in 1846. See vol. ii. p. 170.

sequences if he did so. Abandoned by his witness, Mr Hill took the only course open to him as a gentleman and a man of honour. He tendered an ample apology to Mr Shiel for having made a statement on information upon which, as it turned out, he ought not to have relied, and expressed his full belief that the imputation upon him was groundless. Everybody felt that Macaulay had left Mr Hill in the lurch, and opinions were divided as to whether the charge against Shiel was true or false. Such were the simple facts, as any one may satisfy himself by a reference to Hansard and the 'Annual Register.' Mr Trevelyan introduces an absurd and utterly groundless statement that "Mr Hill withdrew the charge in unqualified terms of self-abasement and remorse"! There is not the slightest foundation for this gratuitous insult to the memory of Mr Hill, who expressed his regret in the manly terms of one who felt he had been led into an error by placing confidence where confidence was not due.

It is difficult to say whether Swift or Macaulay was the greater master of the language of scorn and hatred; but in the power of inflicting torture, the palm, we think, must be awarded to the latter. When, in 1845, Sir Robert Peel proposed an increased grant to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, he acted, as Macaulay must well have known, under a stern sense of responsibility—

> "That heaviest word
> In all our language! The imperious lord
> Of Duty, and to him who rules a State,
> Strong in proportion as its slave is great."

It cannot be doubted by any one that Peel on this as on other even more important occasions was influenced by convictions which had gradually forced themselves upon his mind:—

> "Till all old questions merged afresh in one,
> Should for the good of England *this* be done?
> . . . . . .
> And when conviction was from doubt evolved,
> It filled, it ruled him, and he stood resolved,
> Prepared for ills the bravest dread to see,
> As is the Turk for what the Fates decree.
> . . . . . .
> The taunt which stings the honour to the core;
> The look which says, 'False friend we trust no more;
> The pangs of chiefs who 'mid their foes' applause
> Resign their standards and renounce their cause.
> In ills like these, more bitter than the grave,
> Show me a fatalist more calmly brave!"*

Upon this occasion Macaulay showered upon the head of the proposer of the measure, which he himself supported in one of the most brilliant speeches he ever delivered, a torrent of the bitterest invective that even his rich vocabulary of vituperation could afford. Eighteen years afterwards, when his great adversary was in his grave, when

> "England felt what light of temperate day
> Faded from earth when Peel had passed away"—

when it might have been supposed that "time's large apology" would have cooled the heat of personal warfare, Macaulay, revising his speeches for publication, exults with savage delight on the torture he had inflicted. "How white poor Peel looked while I was speaking! I well remember the effect of the words, 'There you sit——'"

We can only compare this to the enjoyment felt by a Red Indian as he gloats over the memory of the tortures endured by the victim he had tied to the stake. Mr Trevelyan,

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* St Stephen's. By the late Lord Lytton.

however, thinks that he does honour to the memory of his uncle by reproducing, after nearly a quarter of a century more has passed, not merely the passage in the speech, but also the entry in the diary, which shows that the object of his blind idolatry was totally wanting in those feelings which in all generous minds mitigate the ferocity of political no less than of actual warfare. Certainly no man ever wielded the scalping-knife with more skill or greater gusto than Lord Macaulay.

Neither Swift nor Macaulay appears to have derived much enjoyment from works of art or from the wilder beauties of nature, whilst the willows at Laracor and the thorns and rhododendrons at Holly Lodge were respectively objects of attachment to each. Both were stout walkers, and Swift was a horseman. In his day he was so from necessity, as the habit was to travel on horseback. Macaulay could neither ride, nor swim, nor skate, nor shoot, nor play cricket; and this is the more extraordinary, as his health until towards the close of his life was uniformly good, and his *physique* vigorous.—(ii. 404.)

Another singular instance of the incompleteness of his nature was his dislike of dogs. "How odd," he says, "that people of sense should find any pleasure in being accompanied by a beast who is always spoiling conversation!" and he gives an amusing account of the pains he took to relieve himself from the embarrassing attentions of a too sociable dog.

Lord Melbourne once expressed, in the vigorous language he was in the habit of using, his distrust of "those gentlemen who are so cocksure of everything." No man was ever so cock-sure of everything as Macaulay. He never doubted, and a man who never doubts is not likely to arrive at the truth. But, as was once observed, "he had no *taste* for truth." What he desired was effect, and if he produced that he was careless of the means. He was the greatest of scene-painters and the most vigorous of caricaturists. His portraits bear the same relation to the originals that those of Gilray do to Fox, Burke, or Sheridan. He painted with the gorgeous colour of Rubens, but his *chiaro-oscuro* was that of Caravaggio. Every character that he draws is "horned as a fiend or haloed as a saint." As in the representations of the last judgment by the masters of the old Cologne school, on the one side stood a troop of virgin martyrs in all their maiden purity, with golden glories round their heads; on the other, demons duly horned and tailed are haling gluttonous friars, dissolute monks, and tyrannical popes, into the fiery jaws of hell.

Lord Macaulay dealt with facts as the late Colonel Wyndham dealt with fences. When the obstacle was not negotiable in any other way, the colonel was in the habit of trusting to the combined weight of himself (not less than eighteen stone) and his horse, and smashed it. In like manner, when the evidence of a fact was conclusively against Macaulay, he simply denied its existence, reiterated his assertion, and trusted to the weight of his authority to carry him through, denouncing all who dared to question his decision in much the same terms as Lord Peter applied to those who denied that his brown loaf was "good, true, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall market." He has unfortunately been very generally successful, and it is probable that the characters he has drawn will go down to posterity as true portraits with other fictions. Richard III. is remembered as the "bloody dog" of Shakespeare and the "bristled boar" of Gray, in spite of Horace Walpole's 'Historic Doubts;' and

Macaulay may exult in having branded Marlborough as a murderer, Penn as the servile huxter of a savage tyrant, Dundee as "the Chief of Tophet," and Swift as the possessor of every vice that can disgrace human nature, though every one of those charges has been demonstrated over and over again to be false.

Lord Macaulay's portrait of his great prototype is in the following words. After a warm and somewhat exaggerated eulogy of Addison he says: "In the front of the opposite ranks appeared a darker and fiercer spirit, the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover—a heart burning with hatred against the whole human race, a mind richly stored with images from the dunghill and the lazar-house." *

In a former Number (in May last) we showed how groundless was the charge of being a "perjured lover;" we now propose to inquire what foundation there may be for the remainder of the charges. The first we will select is that of political apostasy. All the relations of political life, all the subjects of political interest, all the names of party, have changed so completely in the course of the last 170 years, that it is extremely difficult to place one's self in such a position as to obtain any fair view of political events in the reign of Queen Anne, or to form a just estimate of the conduct and character of the actors on the political stage.

Lord Macaulay possessed in the highest degree the power of calling up the spirits of past ages and endowing them with the semblance of actual life, but unfortunately the phantom which he evoked acquired forthwith a fatal control over the magician by whom it had been summoned, who immediately imbibed and intensified all the passions, prejudices, loves and hatreds which it had entertained or was subject to during its mortal career.

Not only has the charge of political apostasy been brought against Swift by the Whig Lord Macaulay, but even in greater detail and in equally strong language by the Tory Lord Mahon:—

"We find him," he says, "bred as a Whig under Sir William Temple—patronised as a Whig by Lord Somers—boasting himself as a Whig in his writings [iii. 240]—and then, without a pretence of principle, without the slightest charge against his friends on public grounds, and merely on an allegation of personal neglect, turning round to the Tory leaders at the very moment when those leaders were coming into office; and having evidently no better reason for deserting his cause than that he thought it in danger." †

We trust that before the conclusion of this paper we shall succeed in satisfying our readers that there is no foundation whatever for this charge, that the conduct of Swift was consistent throughout, and has been truly described in the words of Sir Walter Scott:—

"As the *élève* of Sir Wm. Temple, he had been carefully instructed in the principles of the English constitution. As a clergyman of the Church of England, he was zealous for the maintenance of her rights and her power. These were the leading principles which governed him through life. Nor will it be difficult to show that he uniformly acted up to them, unless in addressing those who confuse principle with party, and deem that consistency can only be claimed by such as, with blindfold and undiscriminating attachment, follow the banners and leaders of a particular denomination of politicians."—(Scott's Life of Swift, p. 76.)

* v. 679—"Review of Lord Mahon's Wars of the Succession."
† Lord Mahon's History of England from the Peace of Utrecht, i. 68.

The "Discussion on the Contests in Athens and Rome" was published anonymously in 1701. It was to this tract probably that Swift alluded when writing to Steele in May 1713, at the time when he was most strongly supporting the peace policy of Harley. He says :—

"I think *principles* are at present quite out of the case, and that we differ and dispute wholly about persons. In these last, you and I differ; but in the other I think we agree, for I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly called a Whig."—('Swift,' xvi. 41.)

It was upon his acknowledgment of the authorship of this pamphlet that Somers, Halifax, and Burnett, the leading Whigs, "desired his acquaintance with great marks of esteem and professions of kindness."—('Memoirs relating,' &c., xv. 25.)

"It was then," he says, "I began to trouble myself with the difference between the principles of Whig and Tory, having formerly employed myself in other, and, I think, much better speculations. I talked often upon this subject with Lord Somers; told him that having been long conversant with the Greek and Roman authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they called a Whig in politics; and that, besides, I thought it impossible upon any other principle to defend or submit to the Revolution. But as to religion, I confessed myself to be a High-Churchman, and that I did not conceive how any one who wore the habit of a clergyman could be otherwise."—(*Ib.*, p. 24.)

It was whilst the Whigs were still in the plenitude of their power, and not, as Lord Mahon has represented, in consequence of the accession of Harley and the Tories to office, that Swift published the pamphlets in which he most strenuously opposed the policy of the Whig Ministry, and upon which the charge of apostasy, if it has any foundation at all, must rest.

"I mention," he says, "these insignificant particulars, as it will be easily judged, for some reasons that are purely personal to myself; it having been objected by several of those poor pamphleteers, who have blotted so much paper to show their malice against me, that I was a favourer of the low party. Whereas it has been manifest to all men that, during the highest dominion of that faction, I had published several tracts in opposition to the measures then taken;—for instance, 'A Project for the Reformation of Manners, in a letter to the Countess of Berkeley;' 'The Sentiments of a Church of England Man;' 'An Argument against abolishing Christianity;' and lastly, a letter to a member of Parliament against taking off the Test in Ireland, which I have already mentioned to have been published at the time the Earl of Wharton was setting out to his government of that kingdom. But those who are loud and violent in coffee-houses, although they generally do a cause more hurt than good, yet will seldom allow any other merit; and it is not to such as these that I attempt to vindicate myself."—(Mem., &c., xv. 30.)

Little did Swift anticipate that the slanders of the "poor pamphleteers," whom he treated with such merited scorn, would be repeated a hundred and fifty years afterwards by men entitled to assert a place in the same rank as himself!

Swift's deep feeling of religion has been admitted even by one of his bitterest assailants. Mr Thackeray says, Swift's was "a reverend, a pious spirit—for Swift could love and pray," and adored heaven "with zeal, wonder, humility, and reverence." Yet he upbraids him with the privacy of his devotions—with having, in obedience to the directions of his Divine Master, "entered into his closet, shut the door, and prayed to his Father which is in secret;" and appears to prefer the rollicking religion of Harry Fielding and Dick Steele, who, as he says, "were especially loud and fervent in their expression of belief; who belaboured free-thinkers and stoned imaginary atheists on all sorts of occasions, going out of their

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way to bawl their own creed and persecute their neighbours." Getting drunk, and then "crying '*peccavi*' with a most sonorous orthodoxy, and hiccupping Church and State with fervour."—(Humourists, 30.)

It was not because he considered (as Mr Gladstone did) the State to be under a moral obligation to support the truth that he advocated the exclusion of all but members of the State Church from political power, but because he believed such exclusion to be essentially necessary to the safety of the State itself. He regarded Catholics and Dissenters, —not as objects of divine wrath, whose bodies were to be tortured in this world to save their souls from perdition in the next,—but as dangerous members of the Commonwealth. He considered the Dissenters the more dangerous body of the two, likening the Catholics to a chained lion, whose teeth had been drawn and whose claws had been cut; whilst the Dissenters resembled a wild cat at liberty and in vigour, and ready at any moment to spring at the throat. He entertained, besides, a deep and not ill-founded contempt for the Dissenters as an ignorant, illiterate, and narrow-minded race, who only wanted the opportunity and the power to become the most tyrannical of persecutors.

It was in this spirit that in his tract, "Of Public Absurdities in England" (xv. 209), he lays down as a maxim that "it is absurd that any person who professes a different form of worship from that which is national should be trusted with a vote for electing members in the House of Commons," and gives as a reason the danger which the State would thereby incur; and in 'The Examiner,' No. 39, he ridicules the idea of "Brownists, Famulists, Sweet-singers, Quakers, Anabaptists, and Muggletonians" being employed in places of trust; and adds, "I have been sometimes imagining how diverting it would be to see half-a-dozen *Sweet-singers* on the bench in their ermines, and two or three Quakers with their white staves at Court."

We have lived to see Catholics and Dissenters take their seats on the judicial bench, side by side with High-Churchmen—the most pugnacious of Quakers a Privy Councillor and a member of the Cabinet—and one who is said to have aspired in his youth to the honour of occupying a Presbyterian pulpit, successively Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, and (seated on the woolsack) presiding over the deliberations of the House of Lords as Lord Chancellor; yet no one of the evils anticipated by Swift has arisen. The law is better administered and more promptly obeyed, the Constitution more respected, and the Crown regarded with warmer feelings of loyalty and devotion, than at any former period of our history.

Never was the standard of political morality lower than during the years which followed upon the death of William III. The frank, or rather, we ought to say, shameless avowal of Bolingbroke, was equally true of both parties. "The principal spring of our actions," he says in his letter to Sir William Wyndham, "was to have the government of the State in our hands; our principal views were the conservation of this power, great employments to ourselves, and great opportunities of rewarding those who had helped to raise us, and of hurting those who stood in opposition to us. It is, however, true that with these considerations of private and party interests there were others intermingled which had for their object the public good of the nation—at least, what we took to be such." *

* Bolingbroke's Works, i. 114.

The great question which divided England during the last four years of Anne's reign was the continuance of the war, and on this question Lord Macaulay says, "The Tories were in the right and the Whigs in the wrong"—(v. 679).

Properly it was a national and not a party question; but, as we have seen in more recent instances, it suited the purpose of both sides to make it a question of party. The Whigs, backed by the mercantile interest and the Dissenters, were eager for the continuance of the war. The Tories, supported by the landed interest and the Church, were the advocates for peace. His attachment to the Church and his friendship for Harley threw Swift into the ranks of the Tories. He became the most powerful auxiliary of Harley and Bolingbroke, and, by the influence exercised by his writings on public opinion, contributed perhaps more than any other man to the success of their policy, to the termination of the war, and to the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht. But in thus acting he never abandoned those constitutional principles which he had advocated in his earlier writings, and his conduct was throughout consistent with the opinions he had avowed to Somers during the time of his intimacy with the leading Whigs. The Whigs themselves acted very differently. They turned their backs on all their former professions, betrayed their friends the Dissenters, and purchased the support of the Tory Lord Nottingham by agreeing to assist him in passing the bill against occasional conformity which they had themselves defeated only a few years before. "This intolerant bill, carried through the House of Lords by the active assistance of the Whigs, was received with enthusiasm by the Tory majority in the House of Commons, and quickly passed into a law."* It remained for years a disgrace to the statute-book. In pursuance of this base bargain, the resolution against the peace was moved in the House of Lords by Lord Nottingham, and carried by a small majority. Swift, writing to Dr Sterne on the 29th of December 1711, says:—

"You know what an unexpected thing fell out the first day of the session by the caprice, discontent, or some worse motive of the Earl of Nottingham. In above twenty years that I have known something of Courts I never observed so many odd, dark, unaccountable circumstances in any public affair. A majority against the Court, carried by five or six depending lords, who owed the best part of their bread to pensions from the Court, and who were told by the public enemy that what they did would be pleasing to the Queen, though it was openly levelled against the first minister's head. . . . A lord, who had been so far always a Tory as often to be thought in the Pretender's interest, giving his vote for the ruin of all his old friends, caressed by those Whigs who hated and abhorred him — the Whigs all chiming in with a bill against occasional conformity; and the very Dissenting ministers agreeing to it, for reasons that nobody alive can tell. A resolution of breaking the treaty of peace without any possible scheme for continuing the war; and all this owing to a doubtfulness or inconstancy in one certain quarter, which at this distance I dare not describe."—(Swift to Sterne, Dec. 29, 1711, xviii. 142.)

The history of this transaction is told with admirable humour by Arbuthnot in his 'History of John Bull,' chap. xiii., where he relates how "Jack hanged himself up by the persuasion of his friends, who broke their word, and left his neck in the noose."

The strong attachment to the Church which induced Swift to advocate the exclusion of all but members of that Church from the

* Lord Stanhope's History of Queen Anne, p. 502.

privileges of citizenship, appears to a politician of the present day inconsistent with his love of liberty and his Whig principles; but it would be well to remember, before admitting the charge of "apostasy," that the Achilles of the Liberals has displayed the same apparent inconsistency to even a greater extent; and, in obedience to what no doubt appeared to him the exigencies of the times, has struck down the very institution which in earlier years he considered so closely united with the State that they could not be severed without destroying the vitality of both.

There remains the charge founded on the coarseness which disfigures much of the writings of Swift. That there is a sound foundation for this charge, it is impossible to deny. But it must be remembered on his behalf that no line ever fell from his pen calculated to arouse licentious passion or to weaken the bonds of morality. In an age when 'The New Atalantis' was the fashionable novel,* when Congreve and Vanbrugh were the most popular of dramatists, and Prior was read by young ladies as Tennyson is now,† this should be remembered to his credit. Swift's offence consisted not in licentiousness, but in grossness and indecency. Decency is the child of passion, and of passion Swift knew nothing. In his desire to expose the hideousness of vice, he overshoots his mark, and excites disgust more at his treatment of the disease than at the disease itself. The prescription is so nauseous that it is rejected, and fails of its object. But it should not be forgotten how great a change in manners has been taking place year after year, ever since Dioneo was required to tell his stories at the end of the day in order that Philomena and the other ladies might, if they chose, withdraw (a kind of conscience clause, of which they seem never to have availed themselves); and the Miller, the Sumpner, and the Reeve told their tales unreproved by the Prioress or the Nun. There are stage directions for the conduct of the actors in Ben Jonson's plays which would make the hair of the Lord Chamberlain stand on end. The heroines of Shakespeare are the types of female purity, yet they listen without disapproval to what in the present day would be considered the most offensive ribaldry. In the last century 'Roderick Random' was the most popular of novels, yet it contains passages which we have no hesitation in saying are more objectionable than any that can be found in the writings of Swift; and, coming still nearer to our own time, Gray's 'Long Story' would certainly have excluded him from the table of Lady Cobham, had it been addressed to her at the present day. It is hardly fair to make Swift the scapegoat for an offence so common at that time as to be considered no offence at all, and for which he has paid a severe penalty in the exclusion of his writings from the perusal of the better half of creation.

Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of Swift is the warmth and constancy of his very numer-

* "As long as Atalantis shall be read."—"Rape of the Lock."

† There is a curious passage in one of Mrs Delany's letters published by Lady Llanover, vol. i. p. 397. She says: "All the while I have been writing, Don and Kelly [two young ladies, the latter the pretty Miss Kelly] have read with an audible voice 'Hans Carvell' and some other pretty things of that kind; and how can one help listening?" We give Lady Llanover full credit for being in entire ignorance of 'Hans Carvell' and all such other "pretty things"! Otherwise, no doubt she would have suppressed this passage.

ous friendships. It seems as if the affections which were denied their usual exercise in the relations of domestic life had expanded in the direction of friendship. Pre-eminent was his attachment to Harley. Bound to him by ties of gratitude on behalf of his Church, he steadily refused to be placed under personal obligation, and always asserted that proud independence which is essential to genuine friendship.

During the quarrel between Harley and Bolingbroke, Swift maintained his friendly relations with both, and used every endeavour to effect a reconciliation. When Bolingbroke, assisted by the intrigues of Lady Masham, had succeeded in displacing his rival, his first object was if possible to secure the adhesion of Swift: he wrote to him in the warmest terms—he addressed every argument that was likely to be of avail. He held out prospects of brilliant preferment.* Lady Masham implored him to remain, in compassion for the Queen (xviii. 495). Swift's reply may be gathered from his letter to Vanessa:—

"I am wrote to earnestly by somebody to come to town and join with those people now in power; but I will not do it. Say nothing of this but guess the person. I told Lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out, and now he begs it of me I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state, but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all other men whilst he was great, and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable."—(xviii. 506.)

"To Swift's immortal honour," says Sir Walter Scott, "he paused not a moment, but wrote to solicit a renewal of his licence for absence, then on the point of expiring—not that he might share the triumph and prospects to which he was invited by the royal favourite and the new prime minister, but in order to accompany his beloved friend and patron to neglect and seclusion."—(Scott's Life of Swift, 309.)

It is a remarkable fact, and a striking proof not only of the independence and honesty but of the amiable and affectionate character of Swift, that although during the course of this bitter quarrel he never scrupled to tell disagreeable truths in plain language to both the combatants, he never forfeited the esteem or affection of either. The death of the Queen soon changed the aspect of affairs. Bolingbroke's triumph lasted less than a week. The Whigs seized the reins of government, and proceeded to wreak their vengeance after the fashion of the day. Ormond and Bolingbroke fled. Harley remained to abide the storm, and was thrown into prison. Mrs Masham was succeeded in her backstairs' influence by others as servile and unprincipled and more disreputable, and Swift retired to Ireland, where, until the dark cloud which obscured his closing years descended upon him, his time was passed in vindicating the wrongs of his country, in a voluminous correspondence with his distant friends, in the production and correction of works which will last as long as the English language, and in the practice of his favourite maxim of "vive la bagatelle" in the society of Sheridan and other men of congenial habits and pursuits.

"On a changé tout cela," and

* "Lord Bolingbroke told me last Friday that he would reconcile you to Lady Somerset, and then it would be easy to set you right with the Queen, and that you should be made easy here, and not go over [to Ireland]. He said twenty things in your favour, and commanded me to bring you up, whatever was the consequence." Barber to Swift, Aug. 3, 1714 (xviii. 509).

much for the better. When Mr Gladstone is succeeded by Mr Disraeli, he is not incarcerated in the Tower, but passing Traitor's Gate in perfect safety proceeds a little farther down the river, and makes a speech to admiring thousands on Blackheath. Even Mr Lowe's head is safe from the vengeance of deputations whom he has snubbed into desperation, and foes whom he has stung to madness by his sarcasms; and he may ride his bicycle along the Strand without any risk of halters being thrown at him, if he chooses to brave the other dangers attendant on such an undertaking.

Besides Harley and St John, Swift numbered amongst his friends the decorous Addison, the sensitive plant Pope, "kind Arbuthnot," who "knew his art but not his trade," and whose figure looks out from the distinguished group with a mixed expression of wit, good-humour, sham misanthropy, and real benevolence—the knight-errant Peterborough, Ormond, Atterbury, Gay, Prior, and a host of others, led by careless, learned, witty, affectionate, henpecked Sheridan, and brought up in the rear by "honest Cromwell in red breeches." All these united in their love and admiration for Swift. They quarrelled amongst themselves. Harley and St John from hollow friends became bitter foes; Addison insulted Pope, and Pope lampooned Addison; but, with the exception of the short suspension of intimacy which arose from the party-feeling of Addison, and disappeared after Swift's removal to Ireland,* not one of these men ever wavered in his attachment to Swift. When Ormond and Bolingbroke were in exile, it was from the friendship of Swift that their wives sought comfort and consolation. When Harley's head was in peril, it was Swift who shared his retirement, and would have shared his prison. Is it consistent with human nature that the man so loved and honoured, and who had inspired such warm and devoted attachment in the hearts of men so various and so distinguished, should have had a "heart burning with hatred against the whole human race;" and that it should be left to Macaulay, Jeffrey, Thackeray, and Lord Mahon, to discover, more than a century after his death, that he was an epitome of everything that is vile and contemptible in human nature?

We have now gone, one by one, through all the charges that have been brought against Swift; and we cannot conclude this paper better than in the words of Dr Delany, a man of high character and pure life, who knew Swift well, and who sums up his observations as follows:—

"All this considered, the character of his [Swift's] life will appear like that of his writings; they will both bear to be reconsidered and re-examined with the utmost attention; and will always discover new beauties and excellences upon every examination. They will bear to be considered as the sun, in which the brightness will hide the blemishes; and whenever petulant ignorance, pride, malice, malignity, or envy interposes to cloud or sully his fame, I will take upon me to pronounce that the eclipse will not last long.

"To conclude. No man ever deserved better of any country than Swift did of his. A steady, persevering, inflexible friend; a wise, a watchful, and a faithful counsellor under many severe trials and bitter provocations, to the manifest hazard of both his liberty and fortune.

"He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour, to Ireland."

* See a Letter from Addison, June 20, 1717-18. Swift's Works, xix. 64—Hawheath Edition.

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plicated than the Government thought good to divulge. For it was the character of this minister to discourage severity, and not drive the guilty to desperation by excluding them from all hope of repentance and forgiveness. If there is any exception to this remark, it is to be found in his treatment of the Roman Catholics, but even here his inclination to tolerance is remarkable. 'For the matter of priests,' he wrote to James, 'I condemn their doctrine, I detest their conversation, and I foresee the peril which the exercise of their function may bring to this island; only I confess that I shrink to see them die by dozens, when at the last gasp they come so near loyalty; only because I remember that mine own voice, amongst others, to the law [for their death] in Parliament was led by no other principle, than that they were absolute seducers of the people from temporal obedience.' *

The world knew him merely as a statesman, and his abilities as a statesman few will deny. But he was not so exclusively a politician or a statesman as his father. 'He was a man,' as Dr. Birch justly remarks, 'of quicker parts, a more spirited writer and speaker than his father.' His correspondence shows that he had more wit and liveliness, and a more general and genial culture. Weighed down by the cares of State, brought up in more terrible times, Lord Burghley was seldom seen to smile. He never unbosomed himself until the gates of Theobalds were closed upon him. Then, in the companionship of his children, he found himself a child again, entering into their romps and amusements without a thought beyond them. But Robert, his son, though equally attached to his children, unbent himself more freely in the circle of his immediate friends; was warm, generous, and constant in his attachments, and sociable in his companionship; now drinking a friendly glass with Sir George Carew, now smoking with Sir Roger Ashton, the King's Chamberlain, a friendly pipe, in spite of 'The Counterblast against Tobacco.' But, to do adequate justice to his merits, to set his character in its true light, is the province of the biographer and historian, not of the reviewer. What is here said, and much more might be said, may possibly contribute to a juster estimate of this great statesman.

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* Bruce, p. 34. From the Hatfield Papers.

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ART. II.—*The Life of Jonathan Swift.* By John Forster. Volume the First. 1667–1711. London, 1875.

OUR old friend Christopher North, in one of his convivial sallies, altogether disclaimed being 'that faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw,' and claimed, on the contrary, to be a faulty monster, seen by all the world. That faulty monster Swift will now, we hope, be shown to all the world in his true dimensions, though he cannot be washed exactly white. Mr. Forster has some more than ordinary qualifications for the task he has set himself. He is not 'suspect' of Toryism, nor consumed with the zeal of retrospective Whiggism to the pitch of regarding apostasy from Godolphin to Harley, in the days of Queen Anne, as deserving a political *auto da fe* in those of Queen Victoria. He has spared neither time nor pains in research of documents and materials from all quarters; and brings in his present volume, and promises for his future volumes, much fresh information on points of Swift's career and character, which have hitherto been made matter of controversy rather than of careful investigation. And finally, he has that 'hearty liking' and 'generous admiration' for his subject, which he justly attributes to his great precursor Scott, and which are indispensably requisite to render biography a labour of love. That Swift was, in his sane and manly years, loveable, seems sufficiently proved by the fact that he was more or less loved, or liked, by every woman of intelligence, and every man of genius, with whom he came in personal contact and intercourse. He was loved in tragic earnest by poor Esther Johnson and poor Hester Vanhomrigh. He was loved by Pope, Gay, Steele, Congreve, Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot, Addison; and lastly, and posthumously, his memory is loved by Mr. Forster.*

Independently of 'evil times and evil tongues,' the sources of Swift's doubtful reputation, from his own days to ours, may be said to have been, in a manner, identical with those of his glory.

* Mr. Courtenay, in his 'Memoirs of Sir William Temple' (vol. ii. p. 243), drew from very narrow premises very broad conclusions as to the general *unpopularity* of Swift's manners with women. 'Of the offensive manners of Swift,' he says, 'and his consequent unpopularity with the ladies of the families in which he was intimate' [we will trouble any one to be *intimate* in families where he is unpopular with the ladies!], 'we can speak upon the authority of a daughter of his friend, the first Lord Bathurst: this lady was particularly disgusted with his habit of swearing.'

The occasional *brusquerie* and eccentricity of Swift's manners, especially in his later years, is not denied in any quarter. He could make himself disagreeable, but he could make himself exceedingly agreeable, both to men and to women. See Mr. Forster's volume, p. 226, and in other places, for the extraordinary social charm possessed by Swift in his better years.

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His 'Tale of a Tub' was a declaration of war against half Christendom, and his 'Gulliver's Travels' little short of an indictment against all mankind. His political trophies were the depopularisation of Marlborough, the preparation of the public mind for the Peace of Utrecht, and the exasperation of Irish patriotism against English halfpence. A new Prometheus, he must be owned to have brought upon earth more heat than light, and his final misanthropy purveyed his own vultures for his own heart in exile.* It is, indeed, a passion which, if it does not begin in madness, almost certainly ends there.

The late great French critic, Sainte-Beuve, laid down, with immediate reference to Chateaubriand, the following canon of criticism, which is not less applicable to our present subject :—

'For me, literary production is not distinct—is, at any rate, not separable—from the producer, the man himself, and his individual organisation. I may find pleasure in a work, but it is difficult for me to pronounce a judgment on it, independently of all knowledge of the writer. I should be disposed to say—Such as the tree, such the fruit.

'In order to know a man—that is to say, to know something more about him than pure spirit—one cannot go to work in too many ways, or from too many sides. Till one has asked and answered to oneself a certain number of questions about an author, one is never sure of having completely seized his character. What were his religious views? How was he affected by natural scenery? *What was his behaviour towards women?—what in money matters?* Was he rich?—was he poor? What was his regimen, his mode of living? Finally, *what was his vice or weakness?* since every man has one. None of the answers to these questions are immaterial in forming a judgment of an author, or even of his book,—unless, indeed, that book is a treatise of pure geometry.'

In no instance more distinctly than in that of our present subject is the character of the author traceable, in its main lines, to the character of the man. It might be said of Jonathan Swift as of John Bunyan—whom, by the way, he prized more highly than theologians of higher pretensions—that it was because he was such a man as he was he wrote as he did. What set the stamp of permanence on the writings of both was no study of form, no care of composition, but downright force of expression prompted by strength of purpose. Bunyan became a great author without knowing it, because he had a faith to propagate. Swift became a great author without caring about it, because he had passions to wreak, ambitions to gratify, and insights into

* Swift always regarded his Dublin deanery as an exile, and always refused to regard Ireland as his country, merely because he was 'dropped' there.

life,

life, character, and opinion to bring out in forms which, however fantastic, however frequently repulsive, have won for themselves a permanent place in the modern mind, which they will no more lose with any generation of intelligent readers than the world will 'willingly let die' Pantagruel's history, or the Pilgrim's Progress.

In applying to Swift Sainte-Beuve's personal and, as he conceived it, physiological method of criticism, it would be necessary to start with the subject from birth, or even before it. A posthumous child, born of a mother labouring under a load of anxieties, much that was otherwise inexplicably morbid in Swift may be traceable to congenital sources, and the painfully dependent circumstances of his boyhood and youth.

His brief autobiography, reproduced in Mr. Forster's first chapter, and which stops at the epoch of Swift's final settlement in Ireland, begins by stating that the family of the Swifts are ancient in Yorkshire. After commemorating one or two notable members of that family, the writer comes to his paternal grandfather, Thomas Swift, whose services and sufferings in the cause of the First Charles obtained recognition and promise of preferment from the Second, then in exile, 'if ever God should restore him.' Thomas Swift's life ended, however, before Charles's exile, and 'Mr. Swift's merit,' observes his grandson, 'died with him.'

His father's marriage is recorded as follows by Swift, with a curious and characteristic mixture of pride in his mother's remote ancestry, and regret for his father's 'indiscreet' marriage:—

'He married Mrs. Abigail Erick, of Leicestershire, descended from the most ancient family of the Ericks, who derive their lineage from Erick the forester, a great commander, who raised an army to oppose the invasion of William the Conqueror. . . . . This marriage was on both sides very indiscreet, for his wife brought her husband little or no fortune; and his death happening suddenly, before he could make a sufficient provision for his family, his son, not then born [Swift himself], has 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.'

Swift's only prosperous relative settled in Ireland was an uncle, Godwin Swift, to whom, says Mr. Forster, as the acknowledged head of the family, Jonathan's [his father's] widow had turned naturally in her trouble. With exception of a small annuity of twenty pounds, which her husband had been enabled to purchase at their marriage, she was wholly dependent on this supposed wealthy relative, who took on himself the charge of the young Jonathan's schooling, and defrayed it in what seemed a niggard

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niggard and grudging manner, which was never forgiven by the distinguished object of his reluctant bounty. Four marriages, however, had provided Uncle Godwin with fifteen children, and he left at his death a crippled estate, altogether inadequate for his survivors.

Swift says of himself that

'By the ill-treatment of his nearest relations [meaning chiefly Uncle Godwin], he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirit, that he too much neglected his academic studies, 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 dulness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college [Trinity College, Dublin] *speciali gratiâ*, on the 15th February, 1685, with four more on the same footing.'

'These autobiographical records,' observes Mr. Forster, 'show not only the sense of worldly disadvantage that even during childhood and at school marred his enjoyment and chilled exertion, but the temperament which at a later time fitted him as little to receive obligation as to endure dependence.'

'Dr. Barrett [we still quote Mr. Forster] taxes all his energies to establish that after his bachelorship Swift became reckless of hall or lecture-room, violent and quarrelsome, a stranger to the chapel, a lounger in the town, and for ever falling under fine or censure. Walter Scott not inaptly remembered, when he came to this picture by Barrett, how Johnson described his Oxford life to Boswell. "Ah, sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness that they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority." But there was a written sentence of Johnson more nobly applicable both to Swift and to himself, when, in the Life of the Dean, he said that the years of labour by which studies had been retrieved which were alleged to have been recklessly or negligently lost, "afforded useful admonition and powerful encouragement to men whose abilities have been made for a time useless by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair."'

Swift's mother, notwithstanding the 'indiscreet' marriage, at which the black drop in her son's blood, when tinging his thoughts, made him repine chiefly because it had brought himself into being, appears always to have been regarded by that son with affection and admiration. 'Character, humour, uprightness, and independence,' says Mr. Forster, 'are in all the traditions respecting her.' During her life, which lasted twenty-

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two years after he left College, Swift rarely missed visiting her once a year at least at Leicester, where she had finally fixed her home—travelling by waggon or on foot in his poorer, by coach in his more opulent days. In his earlier journeys to and from that place—when, seeing written over a door 'Lodgings for a penny,' he would hire a bed, giving an additional sixpence for clean sheets—he had opportunities of observing the ways and speech of the common people, which must have much helped to form his popular style and turn of thought.

'Swift,' says Mr. Forster, 'was little more than two months past his twenty-first birthday, when Tyrconnel let loose the Celtic population on the English settlers in Dublin; and quitting the College with a crowd of other fugitives, he found his way to his mother's house in England.' His visit to Leicester on this occasion lasted some months, and his watchful parent became alarmed on his account 'because of the daughters of Heth'—one Betty Jones in particular, who afterwards married 'a rogue of an innkeeper' at Loughborough.

'Hardly had he escaped this Betty Jones,' says Mr. Forster, 'when there began to be talk of another; and long before the "some months" passed which he describes as the duration of this visit to Leicester, his mother must have been convinced of the truth of what her son already had been told by "a person of great honour in Ireland," who was "pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind; and used to tell me that it was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment."'

Under these circumstances, it was his mother's suggestion that he should apply to Sir William Temple. Lady Temple was a relation of hers, and was still living when Swift's application for admission to Sir William Temple's house and patronage was made and received favourably.

'He joined,' says Mr. Forster, 'the retired statesman at Moor Park, near Farnham, before the close of 1689, and continued with him, not without intervals of absence, until just before Lady Temple's death in 1694. These five years are to be regarded as the first residence with Temple.'

Swift's great intellectual development, especially in the direction of politics, may be dated from the period of his two protracted sojourns under the roof of a veteran statesman of such experience and capacity as Temple. We ourselves have no doubt that Swift's moral character, so far as still pliable, must also have been improved by having set before him so accomplished a model of qualities which he could not but respect, albeit he could not emulate—his own natural temper being not less restless and ambitious than Temple's was the reverse.

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If the pen of Swift, at a later period, inflicted the first defeat of Marlborough in the battle-field of English public opinion; if the pen of Swift first taught Ireland to 'adventure resurrection,' and commenced and carried to a triumphant issue the first successful Irish agitation, the school in which he learned to wield such a pen was Temple's house at Moor Park.

'Every judicious reader,' says Lord Macaulay, 'must be struck by the peculiarities which distinguish Swift's political tracts from all similar works produced by mere men of letters. Let any person compare, for example, the Conduct of the Allies, or the Letter to the October Club, with Johnson's "False Alarm," or "Taxation no Tyranny," and he will be at once struck by the difference of which we speak. He may possibly think Johnson a greater man than Swift. He may possibly prefer Johnson's style to Swift's. But he will at once acknowledge that Johnson writes like a man who has never been out of his study. Swift writes like a man who has passed his whole life in the midst of public business. It is impossible to doubt that the superiority of Swift is to be, in a great measure, attributed to his long and close connection with Temple.'*

It is curious to remark that the man whose pen so powerfully and effectively contributed to bring to a 'most lame and impotent conclusion' that great European league against France—the foundations of which had been first laid by Temple—was Temple's political pupil. It is not too much to say that the long struggle with Louis XIV., in which the dauntless persistency of William of Orange engaged England and Europe—which was carried on with such triumphant success by Marlborough, and closed, if not too soon, yet too regardlessly of national and European interests, by Harley and St. John, at the Peace of Utrecht—might have been averted at the outset by honest adherence, on the part of England, to the policy of the Triple Alliance, concluded by Temple between England, Holland, and Sweden, in 1668. De Witt, the other wise and honest man employed in forming that alliance, relied on the continued adherence of England to its objects and policy, because he relied on England continuing to see her own interest in them. What he did not know, or, at any rate, did not sufficiently take into account, was that the Lady England had then a Lord, whom the most frivolous and adulterous counter-interest too easily seduced at any time from that of his lawful spouse. The temptress France came with gold in her hand—with Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans (sister of Charles II.), for emissary, who opened her batteries against

* Macaulay's 'Essays,' vol. iii. p. 96.

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the Anglo-Dutch alliance by unmerciful ridicule of the insular cut of English *vests.** Without notice—without pretext or provocation—Charles and his shameless councillors of the 'Cabal' rushed at once from alliance with Holland, in resistance to the encroachments of France, to war on Holland, in improvised alliance with France. The suddenness of the witch-brewed hurricane threw the Dutch Republic on its beam-ends, and precipitated a revolution in its federal democracy in favour of Orange and fatal to De Witt, as a similar revolution in the preceding generation had been to Barneveldt. But the storm of perfidiously-planned hostilities against Holland subsided as suddenly as it had risen. She sought refuge in brave despair, and found succour in fresh alliances. The sole permanent product of the shamelessly treacherous league between Charles and Louis was the life-long direction of the policy of William of Orange in antagonism to France. And the sole result which the Grand Monarque reaped at last from the costly and corrupt purchase of two English monarchs was the accession, by grace of Revolution, of a third and true monarch, whose policy prepared—if it left for another reign to consummate—the most crushing overthrows the arms of France had sustained since Crecy and Agincourt.

Lord Macaulay, who, while doing full justice to Temple's intrepid and patriotic diplomacy, seemed, in his 'Essay on Temple,' to have got tired of hearing Aristides always called 'The Just,' describes him in that essay as having 'transferred to the new settlement after the Revolution the same languid sort of loyalty which he had felt for his former master'—Charles II. How, may we ask, could any honest man have felt more for such a master than a very languid sort of loyalty? 'In spite,'

* The Duchess of Orleans, according to the author or authors of the 'Character of a Trimmer' (of which lively and telling political tract the credit of authorship is divided between Sir William Coventry and the Marquis of Halifax), 'was a very welcome guest here; and her own charms and dexterity, *joined with other advantages, that might help her persuasions*, gave her such an ascendant, that she could hardly fail of success. One of the preliminaries of her treaty, though a trivial thing in itself, yet was considerable in the consequence, as very small circumstances often are in relation to the government of the world. About this time a general humour, in opposition to France, had made us throw off their fashion, and put on *vests*, that we might look more like a distinct people, and not be under the servility of imitation, which ever pays a greater deference to the original than is consistent with the equality all independent nations should pretend to. France did not like this small beginning of ill-humour, at least of emulation, wisely considering that it is a natural introduction first to make the world their apes, that they may be afterwards their slaves. It was thought that one of the instructions Madam brought along with her was to laugh us out of these *vests*, which she performed so effectually, that in a moment, like so many footmen who had quitted their masters' livery, we all took it again, and returned to our old service.'

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the great historian goes on to say, 'of the most pressing solicitations, he refused to become Secretary of State. The refusal evidently proceeded only from the dislike of trouble and danger.' Might it not have partly proceeded from Temple's sixty years, well told, and his gout? Lord Macaulay himself states that William was in the habit of consulting Temple in his Surrey retreat on all political emergencies. On one important occasion, the King having sent to ask his opinion on the Triennial Bill, which he was very reluctant to pass, Temple's confidential secretary, Jonathan Swift, had the honour to be made the mouthpiece of the veteran statesman's prudent counsel to the monarch.

'The sequel,' says Mr. Forster, 'may be told by Swift himself. What had weighed heavily with William was that Charles I. had passed such a Bill. But Swift explained that Charles's ruin was not owing to his passing a Bill which did not hinder him from dissolving any Parliament, but to the passing another Bill which put it out of his power to dissolve the Parliament then in being without its own consent. "Mr. Swift, who was well versed in English history [here the autobiography is quoted], gave the King a short account of the matter, and 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." One may guess from this, the confidence in himself with which the young scholar had stepped into the closet of the King.'

When Swift first became an inmate at Moor Park, Esther Johnson (Stella) was living there under the same roof with her mother, whom Macaulay degrades into a waiting-woman, and whom Scott and Mr. Forster describe as a governess or companion of Temple's sister, Lady Giffard, with whom she continued in that connection till the death of Temple. Esther Johnson was then a little girl in a pinafore. 'I knew her,' says Swift, '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.' Contrast this simple statement, placed in a perfectly clear light by Mr. Forster, with the following broad caricature by Lord Macaulay:—

'An eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William as an amanuensis for board and 20*l.* a-year, dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and *made love to a very pretty, dark-eyed young girl who waited on Lady Giffard.*'

This 'very pretty, dark-eyed young girl,' was a poor little thing of six or seven years old, of whom Swift relates that 'she was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen,' and of whom he installed himself as the early instructor in reading and writing—self-evidently without the remotest possible motive of making love to her. Many years afterwards, Swift writes to Esther Johnson:—

'I met Mr. Harley in the Court of Requests, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself. He had seen your letter through the glass case at the coffee-house, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr. Ford, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have formerly said so too. *I think I was little M. D.'s writing-master.*'*

In his History, Macaulay returned to the charge on Swift's position at Moor Park. The temptation recurred irresistibly to wield his usual weapons—hyperbole and contrast. The lower he could make the degradation of Swift in his years of dependence, the more striking the effect of contrasting that degradation with his after-eminence. It was a trick of style, and Macaulay's immense success has been a snare to lesser men.

It was in the interval between his first and second sojourn with Temple that Swift took orders; and he would seem to have done so in despair of his patron ever getting him any lay promotion worth taking. Temple, indeed, as we have seen, had put him in personal communication with King William III., and William had obligingly offered him a troop of horse. Afterwards there was some promise, which was never fulfilled, of the first prebend that might fall vacant. It must be remembered that so great a gulf was not fixed between clerical and secular functions before as since the Hanoverian succession. 'Important diplomatic service,' says Mr. Forster, 'was still rendered by Churchmen; secretaries' places were often at their disposal; a bishop held a cabinet office in the succeeding reign; and when the rumour went abroad, during Anne's last ministry, that St. John was going to Holland, Swift was generally named to accompany him in that employment.' We may add to these instances of the then not unusual employment of clergymen in secular offices, that one of the plenipotentiaries nominated to conclude the Peace of Utrecht was the Bishop of Bristol—the last instance, we believe, of an ostensible position in diplomacy or politics being held by an ecclesiastic in England.

* M. D. (My Dear) was part of the 'little language' which Swift adopted in his correspondence with Esther Johnson, who, as Mr. Forster observes, is usually designated by those initials, though they occasionally comprise Mrs. Dingley as well.

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The death of Sir William Temple, in 1698–9, 'closed,' says Mr. Forster, 'what without doubt may be called Swift's quietest and happiest time.'

'In the three peaceful years of that second residence he had made full acquaintance with his own powers, unconscious yet of anything but felicity and freshness in their exercise; and the kindliest side of his nature had found growth and encouragement. The soil had favoured in an equal degree his intellect and his affections. More than one feeling of this description, we may be sure, contributed to his pathetic mention of the day and hour of Temple's death. "He died at one o'clock this morning, the 27th of January, 1698–9, and with him all that was good and amiable among men." There was afterwards some natural disappointment at the smallness of the legacy left for editing the writings, but it never coloured unfavourably any other of his allusions to Temple. The opinion now expressed he never changed. He continued, speaking rather with affection than judgment, to characterise him as a statesman who deserved more from his country, by his eminent public services, than any man before or since, and as the most accomplished writer of his time.'

To the studious leisure of Swift's years at Moor Park is due the production of two of his works most written about, if not, both of them, most read, the 'Battle of the Books,' and the 'Tale of a Tub;' the latter of which was not published, however, till some years afterwards. The 'Battle of the Books' was a *pièce de circonstance*, having for its main motive to come to the aid of Sir William Temple and his Oxford allies against Wotton and Bentley (himself a host), in the obsolete controversy on the comparative merits of ancients and moderns. Swift's patron does not seem to have shown himself particularly obliged to him for turning a matter of absurd gravity into grotesque satire. Authors are seldom very grateful to volunteer auxiliaries who make fun of their earnest. Addison gave Pope no thanks for his 'Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.' He probably felt, as Temple had probably felt towards Swift, that his volunteer champion had more gall for others than balm for him. Swift was more intent on decrying Dryden than on defending Temple; and Pope on wounding Dennis than on shielding Addison. The 'Battle of the Books' is a piece which we confess we have never had much pleasure in reading, though we are not disposed to question the intensity of mind and meaning which Mr. Forster finds in its apparent absurdity and extravagance.

Swift described himself, shortly after the epoch of his taking orders, as 'a Whig and one who wears a gown.' His gown, however, which he donned in the last resort about the age of

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twenty-seven, seemed fated to bring him no satisfactory amount of Whig preferment. He went to Ireland in 1699 with Lord Berkeley, who was appointed one of the Lords Justices of that kingdom, in the double capacity during the journey of chaplain and private secretary, but was soon superseded, on the Earl's arrival in Dublin, in the latter of those offices by 'another person [we quote his autobiography] who had insinuated himself into the Earl's favour by telling him that the post of secretary was not fit for a clergyman.'

'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. The excuse pretended was his being too young, although he were then thirty years old.'

This second *passe-droit* (for so Swift considered it) put him in a towering passion, and Sheridan has preserved for posterity his very unclerical apostrophe thereon, meant for the Earl and secretary—'. . . confound you both for a couple of scoundrels!' 'Not till he had gibbeted both in some satirical verses,' says Mr. Forster, 'did his anger begin to subside.' He had formed what proved a life-long intimacy at the Castle with the Countess of Berkeley and her daughters. One of these—the lively Lady Betty, afterwards Lady Elizabeth Germaine, who continued a correspondent of Swift till old age—had picked up in the chaplain's room some unfinished verses of his, descriptive of the card-playing and other ponderous levities of the Castle, and straightway put the following tack to them, which had more of truth than of poetry :—

'With these is Parson Swift.
Not knowing how to spend his time,
Does make a wretched shift
To deafen them with puns and rhyme.'

Punning became an inveterate habit of Swift's, much aggravated by his intercourse with a subsequent Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Pembroke, and of which his tract, entitled 'God's Revenge against Punning,' was but a mock-expiation.

Not many weeks after the explosion of wrath which has just been narrated, and probably not without female influences to bring him back to the Castle (which he had momentarily quitted in disgust) Swift—as his autobiography above intimates—discontentedly accepted the vicarage of Laracor; the new Dean of Derry being required to resign to him this and the

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the other livings which had previously been held with the deanery.

'Swift,' says Mr. Forster, 'increased the glebe from one acre to twenty, and endowed the vicarage with tithes which he had himself bought, and which by his will he settled on all future incumbents subject to one condition. Language more eloquent than mine may be here interposed. "When Swift was made Vicar of Laracor," said Mr. Gladstone to the House of Commons in March 1869, "he went into a glebe-house with one acre, and he left it with twenty acres improved and decorated in many ways. He also endowed the vicarage with tithes purchased by him for the purpose of so bequeathing them; and I am not aware if it be generally known that a curious question arises on this bequest. This extraordinary man, even at the time when he wrote that the Irish Catholics were so down-trodden and insignificant that no possible change could bring them into a position of importance, appears to have foreseen the day when the ecclesiastical arrangements of Ireland would be called to account; for he proceeds to provide for a time when the episcopal religion might be no longer the national religion of the country. By some secret intimation he foresaw the shortness of its existence as an establishment, and left the property subject to a condition that in such case it should be administered for the benefit of the poor." Not quite so. The incumbents were to have the tithes for as long as the existing Church should be established; and Mr. Gladstone having withdrawn that condition, the living loses the tithes. But it is "whenever any other form of Christian religion shall become the established faith in this kingdom," that the condition arises handing them over to the poor, securing that their profits shall be given in a weekly proportion "by such other officers as may then have the power of distributing charities to the parish," and excluding from this benefit Jews, Atheists, and Infidels.

'It is a bequest which certainly raises a "curious question," whether we regard it with Scott as a mere stroke of Swift's peculiar humour, or with Mr. Gladstone as a quasi-forethought for the "down-trodden" Irish Catholics.

'Shortly after his institution to Laracor, Swift received from the Archbishop of Dublin (then Marsh, the founder of the Library) the Prebend of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's Cathedral, entitling him to a seat in the chapter; and a few months later, on the 16th February, 1700–1701, he took his Doctor's Degree in Dublin University. At the beginning of April, he set sail with the Berkeleys for England; where for the present, notwithstanding his professional preferments, the most memorable portion of his life is to be passed. But let the reader disposed to be severe on such abandonment of clerical duties, remember always what the Irish Church then was, and that when the Vicar of Laracor turned his back on Ireland he left behind him "a parish with an audience of half-a-score." '

The one insurmountable obstacle to Swift's professional promotion

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motion was raised by himself. He published anonymously in 1704 the 'Tale of a Tub,' which appears to have lain some half-dozen years in MS. The credit of joint authorship of this celebrated tale seems to have been claimed by Thomas Swift, whom he used to call his 'little parson cousin,' and who, at the time of its composition, was an inmate along with Jonathan at Moor Park, and very possibly may have rendered him some slight assistance on points of scholastic detail. It was the sort of masterpiece, however, which inevitably affiliated itself on the right parent, and Swift, observes Mr. Forster, though he never adventured to put his own name to it, took very good care that no one else should.

Atterbury, after saying that nothing could please more than the book did in London, added the shrewd remark that

'if he has guessed the man rightly who wrote it, he has reason to continue to conceal himself, because its profane strokes would be more likely to do harm to his reputation and interest in the world than its wit could do him good.'

But when did wit ever put his candle under a bushel on such cool calculation? Swift never did; and then he marvelled that his friends at Court, whether Whig or Tory, never could contrive to make him a bishop—even an Irish bishop. Somers accordingly came under the secret lash of his pen as 'a false deceitful rascal,' and Wharton as 'the most universal villain he ever knew.' Wharton's was a character to which no license of invective could do much injustice. But it was precisely his profligacy that rendered more intensely exasperating the exceptional scruples he is said to have pleaded, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, against admitting Swift's claims to the highest church preferment. He was reported to have said that the Whig party had no character to spare, and could not afford to make such an appointment to an Irish bishopric:—

'Says Clarinda, though tears it may cost,
'Tis high time we should part, my dear Sue!
For *your* character's totally lost—
And *I've* not got sufficient for *two*.'

To be assigned the part of 'Sue' by such a 'Clarinda' would have provoked a saint. How much more must it have provoked a Swift!

The 'Tale of a Tub' is, in its main drift, with many digressions, a 'show-up' of superstition and fanaticism, as embodied, to Swift's eyes, in Romish Catholicism and English and Scottish Puritanism. Voltaire gave Swift the palm over Rabelais, and styled him 'Rabelais dans son bon sens, et vivant en bonne compagnie.'

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compagnie.' Good company, in our days, would object to a good deal in the 'Tale of a Tub,' if indeed it were much in the habit of looking there for its ideas of what Mr. Gladstone re-christens 'Vaticanism.' The age has certainly gained in delicacy, though perhaps not in vigour, since Swift gave so piquant an air of originality to so old an apologue as that of the father with three sons, and his last bequests to each. Swift was not so ordurous as Rabelais, but he could not plead Rabelais' excuse for wrapping up grave meanings in grotesque and disgusting disguises. The *curé* of Meudon might have risked vivi-cremation had he made perfectly plain what he meant with his 'Ile Sonnante,' his 'Papegaux,' 'Papimanes,' and the rest. The Vicar of Laracor only risked getting a deanery instead of a bishopric. In this unparalleled satire, as in everything Swift wrote, each stroke told. Lord Peter's 'purchase of a large continent, lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita*'—his 'sovereign remedy for the worms'—his 'erecting of a whispering office for the public good'—his 'famous universal pickle' and 'powder pimperlimpimp'—his roaring and rapacious bulls—his 'abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies on all occasions,' and invoking 'the D—l to broil them eternally that will not believe me'—all these traits hit the humour of the Protestant public in the days of Queen Anne; Popery, only some sixteen years before, having been pulled off the throne, and the loaves and fishes of the Church snatched from its greedy grasp. Again, Swift's description of 'The Almighty North,' a Deity 'whose peculiar habitation was situated in a certain region, well-known to the ancient Greeks, by them called Σκοτία, or the land of darkness'—of the origin of tub-preaching—of Brother Jack's bibliolatry and predestinarianism—of his affected differences in habit and behaviour from the rest of Christendom—'in winter he always went loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let in the ambient heat; and in summer lapped himself close and thick to keep it out'— of his 'tongue so musculous and subtile that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence'—of a disease with which he was troubled, 'reverse to that called the stinging of the tarantula,' so that he 'would run mad at the noise of music'—of his fearing no colours, but mortally hating all, and bearing, 'upon that account, a cruel aversion against painters; insomuch that, in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaded with stones to pelt at the signs'—above all, of the provoking involuntary resemblance Jack retained to Peter, though he had torn his coat to rags to get off the embroidery, on purpose to remove every vestige of such

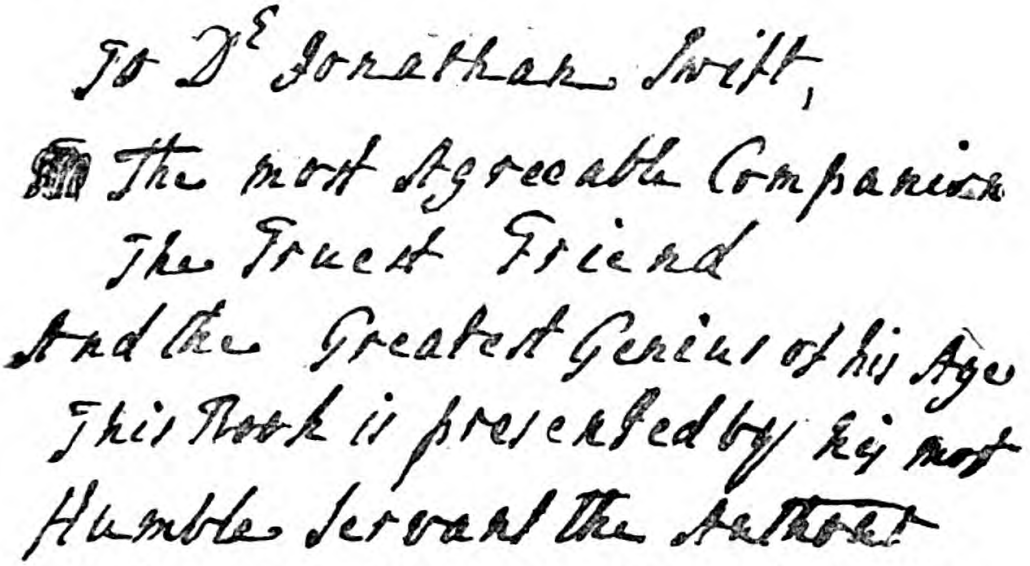
such resemblance—all this could not but be read with keen relish in all quarters where English Churchmen's kibes had so lately been galled by Scotch Presbyterianism, revenging with rival bigotry the hard usage it had had at their hands under the last Stuarts.

It may here be remarked that Swift was equally master of three different prose styles—that of broad Rabelaisian burlesque; that of dry and bitter irony; and that of sober and serious public instruction or public business. Of his *pulpit*-style, expressly as such, we should hesitate to accept, without reservation, Dr. Johnson's favourable opinion. There is an old story of his Satanic Majesty, once on a time, having delivered a most harrowing sermon, in the garb of a monk, on the eternity and intensity of hell torments. Some familiar asked him how he could think of preaching so dead against the interests of his own establishment. 'You are quite mistaken,' replied the sable party addressed. 'Did you not observe that there was *no unction* in my sermon?' To our humble thinking there is in Swift's sermons no unction. He himself acknowledged that, from the time of his political controversies, he could only preach pamphlets.

Amongst the foremost examples of Swift's three prose styles are those successively published during the years of his residence (and non-residence) at Laracor. Three or four years after his Rabelaisian escapade—the 'Tale of a Tub'—appeared his gravely-ironical 'Argument against the Abolishing of Christianity.' Shortly after followed, apparently by way of atonement, two perfectly serious tracts, 'The Sentiments of a Church of England Man with respect to Religion and Government,' and the 'Project for the Advancement of Religion, and the Reformation of Manners.' Amongst the proposals put forth in this latter tract, written in 1709, and published, after the fashion of that age, as 'By a Person of Quality,' was the appointment of 'itinerary commissioners to inspect everywhere throughout the kingdom into the conduct at least of men in office, with respect to their morals and religion.' Under 'so excellent a Princess as the present Queen,' and under 'a ministry where every single person was of distinguished piety, the empire of vice and irreligion,' according to Swift, 'would be soon destroyed in this great metropolis, and receive a terrible blow throughout the whole island.' Swift proposes, amongst other things, that clergymen should be dispensed from wearing their clerical habits, unless at those seasons when they are doing the business of their function, as 'whoever happens to see a scoundrel in a gown, reeling home at midnight (a sight neither frequent nor miraculous)

miraculous) is apt to entertain an ill idea of the whole order, and at the same time to be extremely comforted in his own vices.' He observes 'that the corruptions of the theatre, peculiar to our age and nation [since Charles II.], need continue no longer than while the Court is content to connive at or neglect them.' He proposes (and the legislation and police of our orderly age have bettered the instruction) that 'all taverns and ale-houses should be obliged to dismiss their company at twelve at night;' and complains of 'so little care taken for the building of churches, particularly here in London, that five parts in six of the people are absolutely hindered from hearing divine service.' This complaint of Swift gave the first impulse to raising the fund for building Queen Anne's fifty new churches in the metropolis.

If the 'Tale of a Tub' did Swift harm with Queen Anne and her ecclesiastical councillors, it did him honour with the 'little senate' of wits which sat at Will's, and took laws from Addison. 'Swift's note-books,' says Mr. Forster, 'fix the year 1705 as the beginning, not of his acquaintance, but of his more intimate intercourse with Addison. That most pleasing of writers and zealous of Whigs, who was next year to have his party reward by appointment as Under-Secretary of State, had this year (1705) published his "Travels in Italy;" and I possess a large paper presentation-copy with an inscription in Addison's hand, which is itself an emphatic memorial of one of the most famous of literary friendships.'


To Dr Jonathan Swift,
The most Agreeable Companion
The Truest Friend
And the Greatest Genius of his Age
This Book is presented by his most
Humble Servant the Author

During the five years intervening between the date above given and the accession of (and Swift's accession to) the Tory ministry

ministry of 1710, his intimacy with Addison, Steele, and the other Whig wits continued close and convivial. That it suffered interruption from Swift's change of party colours was against his will and wish, and in spite of his efforts to serve such of his old friends (Steele for example) as needed to be served by his good offices with the new ministry. These intervening five years were, indeed, a lustre of sparks struck from wits warmed by wine, for wherever Addison was, wine was, notwithstanding his well-sustained reputation for morality and piety.

'Swift's note-book,' says Mr. Forster, 'contains entries of dinners to or with them all, and of frequent coaches to the houses of Halifax in New Palace Yard or at Hampton Court. We trace them dining at the "George," with Addison for host, at the "Fountain" with Steele, and at the "St. James's," where Wortley Montagu entertains. Nor did they fail to see each other frequently even in such intervals of their not coming together as are mentioned by Swift to Ambrose Philips. "The triumvirate of Addison, Steele, and me, come together as seldom as the sun, moon, and earth; but I often see each of them, and each of them me and each other." Just before March, Swift had launched his joke against the astrological-almanac-makers; and all the town was now laughing over the relation of the accomplishment of the first of Mr. Bickerstaff's predictions.'

Bickerstaff was a name Swift had happened to see over a locksmith's shop, and which he assumed, writing in Steele's 'Tatler,' in the character of a genuine astrologer, against the chief offender amongst vulgar almanac-makers, John Partridge, bred originally a cobbler. Mr. Bickerstaff's first gravely-worded prediction was that of the death of Partridge at a specified day and hour—followed next day by a most circumstantial narrative of the fulfilment of that prediction within a few minutes of the exact time specified.

Partridge, who had no mind to have his ill-gotten gains as an almanac-maker consigned with him to the tomb, in putting forth his almanac for 1709, informed his loving countrymen that—

'Squire Bickerstaff was a sham name assumed by a lying, impudent fellow, and that, blessed be God, John Partridge was still living, and in health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise. To this Mr. Bickerstaff lost no time in retorting with a "Vindication" more diverting than either of its precursors, rebuking Mr. Partridge's scurrility as very indecent from one gentleman to another for differing from him on a point merely speculative. This point was, as he went on to explain, whether or not Mr. Partridge was alive; and with all brevity, perspicuity, and calmness, he proceeded to the discussion. First he pointed out that about a thousand gentlemen, having bought Mr. Partridge's almanac for the year merely to find what

what he said against Mr. Bickerstaff, had been seen and heard lifting up their eyes and crying out at every line they read "they were sure no man alive ever writ such damned stuff as this!" But the proof that no man alive wrote it appeared in his own very language of denial, that "he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March which it was foretold he should die on"; whereby his opinion was plainly announced that a man *may be* alive now who was not alive twelve months ago. And here lay in truth the whole sophistry of his argument. "He dares not assert he was alive ever since the 29th of March, but that 'he is now alive *and was so on that day.*' I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death, in a letter to a lord; and whether he be since revived, I leave the world to judge."'

'The jest,' continued Mr. Forster, 'had by this time diffused itself into so wide a popularity that all the wits became eager to take part in it; Rowe, Steele, Addison, and Prior contributed to it in divers amusing ways, and Congreve described, under Partridge's name, the distresses and reproaches Squire Bickerstaff had exposed him to, insomuch that he could not leave his door without somebody twitting him for sneaking about without paying his funeral expenses. The poor astrologer himself, meanwhile, was continually advertising that he was *not* dead;' and advertising in vain. The Stationers' Company, it is added, applied for an injunction against the continued publication of almanacs put forth under the name of a dead man; and Sir Paul Methuen wrote to Swift that Mr. Bickerstaff's predictions had been condemned to the flames by the Portuguese Inquisition.

Mr. Forster cites the following amusing illustration which Young gave to Spence of Swift's figure and person (it might be added, and humour) in the latter years of his Whig connection, when Swift had reached about the sober meridian of forty:—

'Mentioning that Ambrose Philips was a neat dresser and very vain (Pope laughed at him for wearing red stockings), he says that in a company where Philips, Congreve, Swift, and others were, the talk turned on Julius Cæsar. "And what sort of person," said Ambrose, did they suppose him to be?" To which some one replying that the coins gave the impression of a small, thin-faced man, "Yes," rejoined Philips, proceeding to give an exact likeness of himself, "for my part I should take him to have been of a lean make, pale complexion, extremely neat in his dress, and five feet seven inches high." Swift made no sign till he had quite done, and then with the utmost gravity said, "And I, Mr. Philips, should take him to have been a plump man, just five feet eight inches and a half high, not very neatly dressed, in a black gown with pudding sleeves."'

Among the interesting discoveries made by Mr. Forster at Narford,

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Narford, the family seat of Mr. Andrew Fountaine, descendant of Swift's friend, Sir Andrew Fountaine, is the first draft of Swift's well-known and most amusing modern version of the ancient legend of Baucis and Philemon, immortalised by Ovid. This little poem Swift made 'beautifully less,' at Addison's suggestion; and the un-authorlike facility with which he struck out, added, or altered, just as Addison decreed, is a fine trait of carelessness of his literary offspring which Mr. Forster contrasts with Pope's sensitive and suspicious vanity on a like occasion.

We must hasten on to the epoch of Swift's change of party, upon which rest the charges that have weighed most heavily against his memory. We do not find it possible to ascribe that change to pure public principle. Such purity of principle was scarcely to be met with in the politics or politicians of Queen Anne's reign. 'I am afraid,' says Bolingbroke, in his well-known 'Letter to Sir William Windham' (referred to by Mr. Forster),

'that we came to Court in the same dispositions as all parties have done; that the principal spring of our actions was to have the government of the State in our hands; that our principal views were the conservation of this power, great employments to ourselves, and great opportunities of rewarding those who had helped to raise us, and of hurting those who stood in opposition to us. It is, however, true, that with these considerations of private and party interest, there were others intermingled which had for their object the public good of the nation, at least what we took to be such.'

We find pretty much the same mixture of motives (the personal, it must be owned, predominating) in Swift's adhesion to the Harley-St. John ministry, as in Bolingbroke's account of his own part in its formation. The personal neglect with which he had found, or fancied, himself treated by the Whigs was—his letters to Stella leave not the slightest doubt—the main source of Swift's readiness to transfer his talents, thus, as he thought, undervalued, to Tory service. But it is not less evident that his political sagacity, clerical professional bias, and pronounced preference of the landed to the moneyed interest (which at the epoch before us, was rejoicing in war and war-loans), intermingled in his case, as in St. John's, considerations of public good with those personal views and personal resentments which were avowed by both, with about equal frankness, as the principal spring of their actions.

The belligerent Whig cause, according to so good a Queen-Anne's-Whig authority as Lord Stanhope, turned from right to wrong when the High Allies, in 1709, refused to accept from Louis

Louis XIV. terms of peace which really included all the legitimate objects of the war. At the conferences of Gertruydenberg, Torcy, in the name of Louis, and much swayed by the wise counsels of Marlborough, went—we quote Lord Stanhope—

'to the farthest limits of his powers to obtain a peace. He was willing to admit the several demands of England. He was willing to give up ten fortresses in Flanders as a barrier to the Dutch. He was willing to yield Luxemburg, STRASBURG, and Brisach to the Empire; and, moreover (subject to further instructions), Exiles and Fenestrelles to the Duke of Savoy. Above all, he consented to relinquish the whole of the vast inheritance of Spain. But he paused at the further demand, that Louis should promise or enforce abdication of the Spanish crown by his grandson. He could only promise to withhold every succour of men and money, and leave Philip to his fate.' *

But the party of war, or peace on the hardest terms, was still ascendant at the Hague; and Marlborough—who, like other great English commanders, was no passionate partisan of war—was overruled in his dispositions for peace by his instructions from England. Upon the Whig Ministry, therefore, in 1709, and their continental allies, rests, according to the unimpeachable authority of Lord Stanhope, the grave charge of protracting a bloody and costly conflict, which, even in the judgment of the great general who conducted it, might then have been brought on fair terms to a close. 'The High Allies have been the ruin of us,' exclaimed Swift, two years before the date of his alleged apostasy from Whig to Tory principles. If Lord Stanhope, as above cited, is right, wherein was Swift wrong? And how, may we ask with unfeigned respect for the lamented historian,† could Lord Stanhope, in his 'History of England from the Peace of Utrecht,' say of Swift that—

'bred as a Whig, under Sir William Temple; patronised as a Whig by Lord Somers; boasting of himself as a Whig in his writings;

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* 'History of the Reign of Queen Anne,' p. 385.

† As these pages are passing through the press, we have to lament the death of the accomplished historian. This is neither the time nor the place to pay a fitting tribute to the important services which Lord Stanhope rendered to literature, not only by his various historical and biographical works, but also by his advocacy in public of the claims of literature, and by his kindness in private to men of letters. But it may be permitted us to mark our sense of the loss which this 'Review' has sustained by the death of one of its warmest friends and most valued writers. His first contribution was an article on 'The French Revolution,' which appeared as long ago as March, 1833; and from that time to our last number he continued to take a lively interest in the 'Review,' constantly giving us the benefit of his advice, and frequently contributing some of the most valuable articles to our pages.

without a pretence of principle, without the slightest charge against his friends on public grounds, and merely on an allegation of personal neglect, he turned round to the Tory leaders at the very moment when those leaders were coming into office, and having evidently no better reason for deserting his cause than that he thought it in danger.'

What cause? The cause of war *à outrance* with France? Swift thought, as we have seen Lord Stanhope also thinks, that cause a bad one. The cause of Whig church-politics? Swift had stated to Lord Somers, and set forth in print, two or three years before the fall of the Whig Ministry, his reasons for taking exception to those politics. So early as 1708, he had told the Whig Ministry plainly that they might have carried the majority of the clergy with them, if they would but have veiled or bridled their contempt of the claims and sentiments of the clerical order, and shown the Church as a body the same respect and consideration as they showed its eminent members individually. Whatever may be thought of that view at the present day, in Queen Anne's time its emphatic expression by Swift rang true.

On the accession of the Tory Ministry of 1710, the scene instantly changed for Swift, as well as for his Irish ecclesiastical constituents—that is, for the authorities of the Irish Church, who had entrusted him with the advocacy at Court of the claims of that Church to the remission of 'First-Fruits,' which the good Queen Anne had lately remitted in England, thus affording ground for hope that her piety would extend the same boon to Ireland. Harley at once saw the importance of securing to the side of the ministry such a political proselyte and literary auxiliary as Swift. He writes to Esther Johnson, of the First Minister: 'I am told by all hands he has a mind to gain me over.' At his first interview with Harley, the latter listened patiently to the Vicar of Laracor's whole history of the Irish First-Fruits' grievance, which Swift had pressed to no purpose on the Whigs, and, when he had heard it through, promised to do the business at once with the Queen, and kept his word. He should bring Swift and the Secretary of State, Mr. St. John, acquainted; he called him by his Christian name, Jonathan; and he 'spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem,' that the other was half inclined to believe what some friends had told him, that the Ministers were 'ready and eager to do anything to bring him over.'

Upon Swift's first dinner with Mr. Secretary St. John, better known to fame in after-years as Bolingbroke, he writes to Esther Johnson:—

'I am

'I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for Sir William Temple, because he might have been Secretary of State at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's Coffee-house and the chocolate-houses; and the young son is principal Secretary of State. Is there not something very odd in that?'

Swift informs his correspondent that, when he supposed the First-Fruits' business to be finally settled, he told the Minister that he would very shortly be intending for Ireland; on which Harley frankly told him that

'his friends and himself knew very well how usefully he had written against measures proposed by the late ministry, to which on principle he had been opposed; and this had convinced them that he would not feel bound to continue to favour their cause simply because of his personal esteem for several among them. There was now entirely a new scene; but the difficulty to those who directed it was the want of some good men to keep up the spirit raised in the people, to assert the principles and justify the proceedings of the new Ministers. He then fell into some personal civilities which it will not become me to repeat, and closed by saying that it should be his particular care to represent me to the Queen as a person they could not be without. I promised to do my endeavour in that way for some few months. To which he replied, that he expected no more, and that he had other and greater occasions for me.'

'One thing,' adds Mr. Forster, 'the First Minister had not said, but Swift knew it very well, and St. John afterwards characteristically confessed it to him. "We were determined to have you," he said. "You were the only one we were afraid of."'

If it were necessary to say anything more in extenuation of Swift's so-called political apostasy, we might ask, as Swift himself asked in one of the first 'Examiners' he wrote for the Harley Ministry—how certain great men of the late ministry (Marlborough and Godolphin) came to be Whigs; and by what figure of speech certain others, put lately into great employments (Shrewsbury and Somerset), were to be termed Tories? What, indeed, was Marlborough himself but a military convert from Toryism, caught by the baits held out to his love of fame and love of money by a Whig Government, and who now gave some signs of being willing enough to apostatise back again to his original party, if they would have kept him in possession of that supreme command of the army which he had endeavoured in vain, under the late Administration, to get granted him by royal

royal patent for life? What was Harley but a politician of early Whig antecedents, who took, chameleon-like, any colours which promised best at the moment to serve his turn? Political leaders who wavered in their allegiance, as Marlborough and Godolphin did, between two dynasties, could scarcely be entitled to throw the first stone at political writers who carried theirs from one to the other of two parties. In reviewing an epoch of which '*Nusquam tuta fides*' might have been the motto and cognizance, where is the political justice of singling out for special animadversion one individual instance, like Swift's, of alleged literary faithlessness? Faithlessness, we again ask, to what cause? If to the cause of war with France till her ruin as a first-rate Power was accomplished, to persist in lavish expense of blood and treasure to effect such an end was no wiser than the effort of one eye of Europe to put out the other. Again, if the principle represented by Whig colours in 1710 was the principle of religious equality in the eye of the law, that principle was not adhered to by any party as regarded at least one communion, and, besides, was not a principle to which Swift had ever pledged himself, but the contrary.

At this epoch Mr. Forster says very truly of the subject of his biography:—

'He had nothing in him of the hired scribe, and was never at any time in any one's pay. The Minister he supported had to hold him by other ties. He might fairly look to future preferment; but the immediate condition of his party service was to "grow domestic" with those he served, exacting from them increased personal consideration. His familiar footing with the leading men alike of Whig and Tory, and his exception to the "unconversable" Somers, have in this their explanation; and what in later life he laughingly wrote to Pope was not without its gravity of meaning. "I will tell you that all my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrorg is no great matter: and so the reputation of great learning does the office of a blue ribbon, or of a coach and six horses."'

Queen Anne had only one public principle, that of zeal for the Church, and adhered to it with a tenacity which must be regarded as honourable. That one principle Godolphin had clumsily contrived to array in opposition to the Whig Ministry of which he was chief, by the impolitic solemnity he chose to give to the trial of Dr. Sacheverell. Harley and St. John, for whom that impolicy had furnished the first stepping-stone to power, were, it must be admitted, rather curious representatives of

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of church principles. They had both received their early education amongst the Dissenters, and the two were pretty much on a par in sincere churchmanship. But the really decisive motive with Queen Anne for changing her confidential councillors would seem to have been the intolerable temper and tyranny of the Duchess of Marlborough—the 'dear Mrs. Freeman' of her 'unfortunate faithful Morley.' The Queen had been sufficiently alarmed already by the Duke's insistance on his Captain-Generalship for life; but she was daily disgusted by the overbearing advantage taken by his shrew of a wife of her own weak spirits and apparently inexhaustible patience. There needed only an adroit waiting-woman, and a crafty councillor brought up the back-stairs, to instruct her Majesty how to shake herself free at once from domestic and political thraldom. And the pusillanimous temper of the Prime Minister Godolphin conspired for the overthrow of his own party, with the new-born self-assertion of the sovereign. 'If Lord Treasurer can but be persuaded to act like a man!' wrote Sunderland to Marlborough. But Godolphin and his colleagues tamely suffered the Queen to break up their cabinet one by one, like the old man's bundle of sticks in the fable. And the Duchess of Marlborough's violence and insolence completed the ruin of her party, by finally exasperating her long-suffering mistress against herself.

Our life-like acquaintance with the Harley-Bolingbroke ministry we owe entirely to Swift's Journal to Stella:—

> 'That wonderful journal,' says Mr. Forster, 'that unrivalled picture of the time, in which he set down day by day the incidents of three momentous years; which received every hope, fear, or fancy in its undress as it rose to him; which was written for one person's private pleasure, and has had indestructible attractiveness for every one since; which has no parallel in literature for the historic importance of the men and the events that move along its pages, or the homely vividness of the language that describes them; and of which the loves and hates, the joys and griefs, the expectations and disappointments, the great and little in closest neighbourhood, the alternating tenderness and bitterness, and, above all, the sense and nonsense in marvellous mixture and profusion, remain a perfect microcosm of human life.'

Where would Swift now be, as a living memory among men, but for his Journal to Stella? It may be too much to say where Johnson would have been but for Boswell's 'Life.' Captain Gulliver would have sufficiently secured his creator from oblivion, as Robinson Crusoe did Defoe. But what manner of man Swift was individually, as well as in relation to his most dis-

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tinguished contemporaries, must have been gathered from sources of very imperfect or very untrustworthy information, had he not himself put on record, for sympathetic eyes, in the minutest detail, his daily life in London at an epoch of intense interest as well for himself as the public. The curious thing is, that Mr. Forster has made the discovery that the Journal to Stella has no right to be called the Journal to Stella, though it be so entitled in every edition of Swift hitherto published. 'At the time when the letters composing that journal were addressed to Esther Johnson and her companion, the name which eternally connects her with Swift had not been applied to her. Most certainly it was not used in any part of the letters themselves, nor had been previously in any known piece of writing concerning her.'

Another meritorious feat of Mr. Forster is the discovery of the origin of the 'little language' which forms so large and whimsical an ingredient in Swift's letters to Esther Johnson, and the restoration, in his Appendix, of the passages written in that language, so far as recoverable from the partially preserved original MSS. of those letters in the British Museum. 'There can be no doubt,' says Mr. Forster, 'that what he called "our own little language," hitherto all but suppressed by those who have supplied the materials for his biography existing in his journals, began at Moor Park, and began in the man's imitation of a child's imperfect speech. The loving playfulness expressed by the "little language" had dated from Esther Johnson's childhood; it in some way satisfied wants of his own nature, or he would not have continued so lavishly to indulge it.'

Amongst the earlier entries in what we must crave leave still to call the 'Journal to Stella,' we find the following minute item to satisfy the curiosity of his correspondent about his London lodgings:—

'I lodge in Bury Street, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; *plaguy deep*, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet, after all, it will be expensive.'

Presently he writes:—

'You must know it is fatal to me [I am fated] to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for being to see him [Harley] at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke [his publisher], to give him a ballad and dine with him; but he was not at home: so I was forced to go to a blind chophouse, and dine for ten pence upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the First Minister of State.'

Another

Another specimen of the small economies of Swift's 'Life in London:'—

'I have gotten half a bushel of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I picked off the coals before I went to bed.'

It is only due to Swift to say that he was not less minutely attentive to prudential calculation for others than he was for himself:—

'To-day I was all about St. Paul's, and up at top, like a fool, with Sir Andrew Fountaine and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy: this is the second time he has served me so; but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me; unconsidering puppies! There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, about a year or two come from the University,—one Harrison, a pretty little fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things. He has nothing to live on but being governor of one of the Duke of Queensberry's sons for forty pounds a-year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and *make him pay his club.* A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night. I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teasing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a Whig, and I will put him upon some of my cast Whigs; for I have done with them, and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time.'

O cæcas hominum mentes! In little more than three years the Whigs were back again in power, and the Tories the proscribed party under a new dynasty.

The 'little language' of infantine and affectionate jargon in Swift's Journal to Stella contrasts rather piquantly with what we may call the large language, also to be found in that Journal, of opprobrious epithets on all who thwarted his humour or crossed his personal purposes. 'Grave mistakes,' says Mr. Forster, 'have been made by giving importance to such chance words as these, which are as frequent as they are meaningless in the speech of Swift.' Mr. Forster instances Swift's description of the Duke of Ormond's daughters, when he met them in London in 1710, as 'insolent drabs, coming up to his very mouth to salute him'—'the epithet of course meaning nothing

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but that, being fond of them, he was free to call them what he pleased.' In like manner, he writes to Stella that he had 'supped with "the ramblingest lying rogue on earth," as with a not unloving familiarity he calls Lord Peterborough.' We cannot, however, go along with Mr. Forster in saying that when Swift calls 'the Irish bishops insolent, ungrateful rascals, and Lord Somers himself a rascal, the words ought not to be credited with meanings such as would be given them in present ordinary use.' We are, for our part, of opinion that when Swift called Lord Somers 'a false, deceitful rascal,' and said of the Whigs collectively, 'Rot them for ungrateful dogs!'—he quite meant what he said. He meant to express a bitter sense of having been ill-used by them, and put off with fair words instead of buttered parsnips. In his age of unpublished debates in Parliament, literary services were more indispensable to public men and political parties than they are at present, and Swift had seen Addison paid for his, not with empty praise, but with the solid pudding of an Under-Secretaryship. But Swift had made the mistake of entering a profession whose graver members were scandalised by the satires he penned in its cause. A priest without vocation, a politician loaded with clerical odium, what can be said but '*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*'

That Swift was in earnest in abusing all who failed to help him forward, we cannot ourselves doubt. But perhaps it is hardly enough remembered that his large language about them chiefly occurs in his confidential letters to Stella, and in his marginal notes to his copy of Burnet's 'History of his Own Time.' Those of his readers who are most disposed to inveigh against Swift's invectives may take blame to themselves as parties to the publicity of those invectives—so far as participating in that insatiable curiosity for everything that dropped from that prolific and careless pen, which his successive editors, from Mr. Deane Swift to Mr. Forster, have done their utmost to satisfy. But for that curiosity, Swift's most exorbitant epithets on foes and false friends might have met no other eyes than those they were meant to meet, or, at most, no others than of those who might come into possession of his copy of Burnet.

Much less easily excusable than Swift's conduct to parties was his conduct to women. Upon the general judgment to be passed on that conduct we shall have more to say presently. Meanwhile we may remark, in closing the chapter of his connection with English politics, that as Swift sinned most signally against two women — poor Stella and Vanessa — so by two women—the Queen and the Duchess of Somerset—he was most signally punished. The same wayward temper which marked his

his personal relations with the sex prompted his public attack, in the interest of his Tory patrons, on the one woman in England of whom he himself said, in a lucid interval, that she had more personal credit than all the Queen's servants put together. In the 'Windsor Prophecy,' which Lady Masham's prudence just withheld him from publishing, but which his own prudence did not withhold him from distributing printed copies of among the sixteen symposiac members of the October Club, Swift, in the coarsest terms the language would afford him, charged the Duchess of Somerset, the Queen's new Whig favourite (whom she seems to have chosen, with the policy of conscious weakness, to maintain a balance of power in her closet against her Tory one), with two crimes—the having been privy to the murder of her second husband, and the having red hair. The first charge was the mere reckless fabrication of party malice; the second must have sunk deeper, because it was true. The consequences to Swift are recorded in rhyme by himself as follows:—

> 'Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
> On Swift's reproaches for her murder'd spouse:
> From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
> And thence into the royal ear distils.'

It is certain that Harley and Bolingbroke, if agreed in nothing else, were agreed in the desire to keep Swift in England, and therefore to make his position in England tenable in point of personal dignity. Not less certainly some superior power or influence withstood their wishes, so that Swift's patrons, in an age when Cabinets were compelled to bow submissively to Court influences, found themselves unable to provide, even by a prebend at Windsor, for their most politically effective and most personally valued partisan. To the very last, he confesses, he thought the ministry would not have parted with him, and could only conclude that they had not the option of making a suitable provision for him in England. In order to vacate the Deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, for Swift, the Prime Minister, who had now been raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Oxford, with the concurrence of the Duke of Ormond, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, procured the removal of Swift's friend Dr. Sterne from that deanery by appointment to the bishopric of Dromore. 'Sterne,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'had no apparent interest of his own, and was rather obnoxious to the Duke of Ormond. The circumstance, therefore, of his being promoted to the higher dignity, while Swift, with all his influence, only gained that from which Sterne was removed, indicates a sort of compromise

compromise between the Queen and her ministers;' the former remaining resolute not to put a mitre—even an Irish mitre—on the head of Swift. 'This affair,' he says in one of his last letters to Stella, 'was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here [in London] it is much to my reputation that I have *made a bishop*, in spite of all the world, to get the best deanery in Ireland.'

In Jeffrey's Essay on Swift, republished from the 'Edinburgh Review,' some good indignation is expended on the monstrous greed of the new Dean of St. Patrick's, importuning a Ministry whom his writings had first floated, and kept afloat for years, in English public opinion, to pay the expenses (which he found would amount to about 1000*l.*) incurred on his induction into his Irish deanery—the discharge of which, if thrown (as they were) on Swift himself, must involve him in debt, of which he had always a wise horror. We are reminded of the impeachment of the Ass, in the fable, before the High Court of Beasts, for having indulged—not, like the Beasts of high degree, in wholesale ovicide, but in a single sacrilegious nibble at the parson's glebe-grass.

It is a pleasing trait in the character of Addison, and a strong testimony to the personal qualities of Swift, that at the epoch of definitive Tory prostration and Whig triumph, on the accession of George I., Addison, whom that sudden shifting of the political scene replaced in office, hastened to intimate, through the Bishop of Derry, to Swift his wish to renew with him those former friendly relations which had been cooled to some considerable degree by party warfare. Swift met his old friend's overture in the spirit in which it was made, and, congratulating Addison on his new-fledged honours as Secretary of State, added, 'Three or four more such choices would gain more hearts in three weeks than the harsher measures of government in as many years.' Had Swift's change of party-colours under the Tory Ministry dishonoured him personally in the eyes of contemporaries, can it appear probable to candid readers that Addison, of all men, would have volunteered renewing their old habits of friendly correspondence?*

The unfortunate manner in which the opposite fates of Swift and Addison put and kept, in each instance, the wrong man in the wrong place was well hit off in the following few words

* 'The death of Addison,' says Sir W. Scott, in his Memoir of Swift, 'broke off their renewed correspondence, after some kind letters had been exchanged. Swift found a valuable successor in Tickell, the poet, surviving friend and literary executor of Addison. He was secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, an office of high trust, and he often employed the interest which it gave him in compliance with Swift's recommendations.'

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(referred to by Mr. Forster) of Sir James Mackintosh, 'What a good exchange of stations might have been made by Swift and Addison! Addison would have made an excellent Dean, and Swift an admirable Secretary of State.'

In the career of the two great clerico-political humorists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—Jonathan Swift and Sydney Smith—there are traits of resemblance worth noting. Of these the most salient one is that both wanted to be bishops, and that neither could ever completely realise what malign influence frustrated him of a mitre.*

However little Swift's enemies, lay or clerical, might be disposed to recognise his title to be considered a good Christian, he placed beyond doubt his title to boast himself a good Churchman. His ecclesiastical politics, notwithstanding (or including) his 'Tale of a Tub,' were, from first to last, those of a staunch and somewhat (politically) intolerant Anglican. His methods, indeed, of serving, or saving, the sacred institution, with whose interests he had come to identify those of his own ambition, might naturally be regarded by a religious queen, or represented to her by less religious councillors, as disqualifying Swift for the highest dignities of the Church. But in all his ecclesiastical politics, whether English or Irish, his efforts were *bonâ fide* devoted to ecclesiastical interests. Here, again, is a striking point of resemblance between the great Dean of St. Patrick's, in the eighteenth century, and the scarce less renowned, in his day and generation, Canon of St. Paul's, in the nineteenth. Each of them took up the cudgels for the Church in his different age and fashion, with a thoroughly congenial spirit of antagonism against its immediate assailants, the worst assailants being by each regarded as within its own pale. And to each (both being frustrate of mitres) these appeared naturally to be the reforming or rapacious members of the Irish or English Episcopal bench. Swift's, like Sydney Smith's, tracts on ecclesiastical subjects were mainly devoted to the defence of the inferior clergy against episcopal encroachments. Some passages in his 'Considerations,' written in 1731, on two bills carried by the Irish bishops through the (Irish) Upper House, but defeated (mainly by Swift's exposure of them) in the Commons, are such exact prototypes of Sydney Smith's

* The late Lord Holland wrote to Sydney Smith, in 1809, 'I did not fail to remind Lord Grenville, that the only author to whom we both thought "Peter Plymley" could be compared in English, lost a bishopric for his wittiest performance; and I hoped that if we could discover the author, and had ever a bishopric in our gift, *we should prove that Whigs were both more grateful and more liberal than Tories.*' Mitres came to be in Whig gift, but not one for Peter Plymley.

'Letters

'Letters to Archdeacon Singleton,' directed against the doings of the Ecclesiastical Commission of *his* day, that we cannot resist the temptation of placing them in juxtaposition. Swift's vehement deprecation of measures for multiplying a poor clergy, and his description (*in terrorem* of Irish landlords and farmers) of the 'little, hedge, contemptible, illiterate vicar, from twenty to fifty pounds a-year, the son of a weaver, pedlar, tailor, or miller,' at once recall to recollection Sydney Smith's portraiture of the parson of the future after the carrying out of the Church-reform scheme of Bishop Blomfield and the Ecclesiastical Commission of 1840. He painted that parson in unforgettable traits, as

'obese, dumpy, neither ill-natured nor good-natured, neither learned nor ignorant, striding over the stiles to church, dusty and deliquescent, with a second-rate wife and four parochial children, full of catechism and bread-and-butter.'

But Swift's following suggestion is still more curiously anticipatory of the sarcastic incisiveness of our later humoristical Church-champion :—

'Another clause should be that none of these twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty pounders may be suffered to marry, under the penalty of immediate deprivation, their marriages declared null, and their children bastards: for some desponding people take the kingdom to be in no condition of encouraging so numerous a breed of beggars.'

'Others would add a clause of indulgence, that these reduced divines may be permitted to follow any lawful ways of living, which will not call them too often or too far from their spiritual offices. For example: they may be lappers of linen, bailiffs of the manor; they may let blood, or apply plasters for three miles round; they may get a dispensation to hold the clerkship and sextonship of their own parish *in commendam*. Their wives and daughters may make shirts for the neighbourhood; or, if a barrack be near, for the soldiers; in linen counties they may card and spin, and keep a few looms in the house: they may let lodgings, and sell a pot of ale without doors, but not at home, unless to sober company, and at regular hours.'

Compare the above-cited passage of Swift with the following extract from Sydney Smith's Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton :—

'The whole plan of the Bishop of London is a ptochogony—a generation of beggars. He purposes out of the spoils of the Cathedral to create a thousand livings, and to give to the thousand clergymen 130*l.* per annum each. A Christian bishop proposing, in cold blood, to create a thousand livings of 130*l.* per annum each!—to call into existence a thousand of the most unhappy men on the face of the earth—the sons of the poor, without hope, without the assistance of private fortune, chained to the soil, ashamed to live with their inferiors,

inferiors, unfit for the society of the better classes, and dragging about the English curse of poverty, without the smallest hope that they can ever shake it off! At present such livings are filled by young men who have better hopes—who have reason to expect good property—who look forward to a college or a family living—who are the sons of men of some substance, and hope to pass on to something better—who exist under the delusion of being hereafter Deans and Prebendaries—who are paid once by money, and three times by hope. Will the Bishop of London promise to the progeny of any of these thousand victims of the *Holy Innovation* that, if they behave well, one of them shall have his butler's place; another take care of the cedars and hyssops of his garden? Will he take their daughters for his nursery-maids? and may some of the sons of these "labourers of the vineyard" hope one day to ride the leaders from St. James's to Fulham? Here is hope—here is room for ambition—a field for genius, and a ray of amelioration! If these beautiful feelings of compassion are throbbing under the cassock of the Bishop, he ought in common justice to himself to make them known.'

It is due alike to Swift and Sydney Smith to say that both were exemplary in the performance of the duties annexed to their ecclesiastical dignities, and that both considered those duties to include something more than mere formal observances. Swift appears to have given much attention to the business of his cathedral, and at length to have surmounted the prejudices of his Archbishop (King) and the resistance of his Chapter, 'as the rectitude of his intentions, and his disinterested zeal for the Church, became more and more evident. He soon,' adds Sir Walter Scott, 'obtained such authority that what he proposed was seldom disputed.' To the like effect the late Dean Milman testifies with regard to Sydney Smith at St. Paul's: 'I find traces of him in every particular of Chapter affairs; and on every occasion when his hand appears, I find stronger reason for respecting his sound judgment, knowledge of business, and activity of mind; above all, the perfect fidelity of his stewardship.' Both Swift and Sydney Smith were large in their charities, though both (Swift to an extreme point of parsimony) strict in their economy. The source of that economy was the same in both—a determined spirit of independence, struggling, at the outset, with narrow and adverse circumstances. Both were capable of acts of rare generosity, and both, as regarded personal bearing and oratorical powers, would have detracted nothing from the dignity of the episcopal bench, had they attained that object of their equal ambition. All this is incontestable; yet, when all has been said, the 'Tale of a Tub,' and the 'Letters of Peter Plymley,' somehow don't read episcopal. But we cannot doubt that many less worthy than Jonathan Swift, or Sydney Smith,

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Smith, to wear mitres have 'exalted their mitred fronts in courts and parliaments,' whether in England or Ireland.

'Sydney Smith,' says Lord Houghton, in his pleasant little volume of 'Monographs,' 'often spoke with much bitterness of the growing belief in three Sexes of Humanity—men, women, and clergymen; but for his part, he would not surrender his rightful share of interference in all the great human interests of his time.'

'It needs,' says Lord Houghton, 'no argument to prove that susceptibilities on the score of irreverence increase in proportion to the prevalence of doubt and scepticism. When essential facts cease to be incontrovertible, they are no longer safe from the humour of contrasts and analogies. It is thus that the secular use of scriptural allusion was more frequent in the days of simple belief in inspiration than in our times of linguistic and historical criticism. Phrases and figures were then taken as freely out of sacred as out of classical literature, and even characters as gross and ludicrous as some of Fielding's clergy were not looked upon as a satire against the Church. Thus when Sydney Smith illustrated his objections to always living in the country by saying that "he was in the position of the personage who, when he entered a village, straightway he found an ass,"—or described the future condition of Mr. Croker as "disputing with the recording Angel as to the dates of his sins"—or drew a picture of Sir George Cornewall Lewis in Hades, "for ever and ever book-less, essay-less, pamphlet-less, grammar-less, in vain imploring the Bishop of London, seated aloft, for one little treatise on the Greek article—one smallest dissertation on the verb in $\mu\iota$,"—it never occurred to him that he was doing anything more than taking the most vivid and familiar images as vehicles of his humour.'

There can be no question that 'the prevalence of doubt and scepticism' constrains the defenders of positive creeds to close their ranks, and desist from friendly chaffing at outposts with vedettes of the enemy. But is there not sometimes another effect of 'the prevalence of doubt and scepticism'? When these are in the air, are they not apt to infect, to a greater or less extent, the livelier spirits among the consecrated champions of orthodoxy? Voltaire calls Swift 'le Rabelais d'Angleterre,' and says of him, 'Il a l'honneur d'être prêtre, et de se moquer de tout, comme lui.' The incomparable irony of Swift's 'Argument against abolishing Christianity' could only have found scope at a period when the audacity of unbelief might be considered as legitimatising the audacity of irony with which Swift encountered it. But it may be questioned whether a good deal of the spirit of the assailants does not animate such defenders, and whether the popular instinct is not, after all, right, which, even on the plea of saving the Ark from falling, will not have it so handled.

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One remaining marked resemblance between Swift and Sydney Smith was that each in his time stood forth a clerical champion of the political cause of Ireland. That cause in Swift's time included no recognition of even the existence of two millions, or thereabouts, of Irish Roman Catholic population; and that non-recognition has most absurdly been numbered amongst the political sins of Swift. But in Swift's day Irish Roman Catholics *had* no existence as a factor in English politics. James II. and Tyrconnel had annihilated for generations to come all chance of civil equality for Roman Catholics, whether in Ireland or England, by their insane conspiracy to use the wild Irish as armed auxiliaries against English Protestant liberties. Swift stood forward as champion of parliamentary and administrative autonomy for 'the English settled in Ireland,' drawing a hard and fast line of demarcation between them and the native 'Papists,' whom he described as being 'as inconsiderable, in point of power, as the women and children.' Not the less did the publication of his 'Drapier's Letters' raise for all Irishmen the first standard of self-assertion against mere Helot subjection to the selfish sway of English politicians and monopolists. Swift did not call the Irish Roman Catholics to his side; but they came without calling. The populace of Dublin were as warmly his allies as the parliamentary patriots of Stephen's Green. The ostensible cause of quarrel with Walpole's administration—Wood's halfpence—was, indeed, a trumpery one. But a government which could impose even a new copper coinage on its Irish subjects, without consulting their representative and administrative authorities, could impose anything else. That was the substantial and, in the later 'Drapier's Letters,' the avowed ground of Swift's resistance to Walpole in the name of the constitutional rights of Irish subjects. And the cause that triumphed in 1724 by the sole power of Swift's pen was the cause that again triumphed in 1782, when backed by the whole formidable armed force of the Irish volunteers. Alike at both epochs the rights or wrongs of Irish Roman Catholics, as such, were left altogether out of account. But not the less was the Irish Roman Catholic cause indirectly included in what appeared the exclusively Protestant agitations of the eighteenth century. And the first successful Irish agitator was Swift. No Irishman, by his own avowal, though born in Ireland, but not the less an idolised Irish popular leader. No advocate of 'Catholic emancipation' (such advocacy would have been an anachronism), but not the less a precursor of Sydney Smith and Daniel O'Connell.

And now, what are we finally to say of Swift, the Writer and the

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the Man, so far as the materials at present in our hands will carry us?

The first of Swift's critics whose judgment is of weight—Johnson in his 'Lives of the Poets'—while more lenient than some of those who have followed to his character as a man, appreciates less adequately his distinctive qualities as a writer. Boswell remarks that his 'guide, philosopher, and friend' showed also some disposition to depreciate Swift in conversation; and suggests as a possible, perhaps unconscious, source of prejudice against him, that Swift failed to exert, or at least exert successfully, his influence to obtain for Johnson an honorary degree of Master of Arts from Dublin University, when he was seeking, in his early struggles, an appointment as the head of a school. However that may have been, his inadequate appreciation of Swift seems sufficiently accounted for by the genius of the two men having had more points of mutual repulsion than attraction. Johnson finds Swift's distinguishing quality to have been good sense, rather than wit, humour, poetical fancy or imagination! Such was his own distinguishing quality, and Swift doubtless also possessed it in large measure. But the wit and humour—we may add, the fancy and imagination, which Johnson was himself deficient in, he seems to have been unable adequately to appreciate in another. Swift never would have made (as Goldsmith said Johnson would have done) his 'little fishes talk like great whales;' and Johnson, who spoke slightingly of 'Gulliver's Travels,' as if their main merit consisted in having hit on the idea of little men and big men, would have been incapable of carrying out that idea, had he himself hit on it, with that curious felicity which imparts such truth to fiction in the minute touches of Swift. There was not much more of poetry in Johnson's soul than of humour. His verse, vigorous as it was, might be described as rhetoric in rhyme.

A biographer with far other power of sympathy (as being himself a poet) with the poetical sides of Swift's genius was Scott. There is a tradition that Dryden, who was a kinsman of Swift, once said to him on some early attempts of his at high Pindaric flights, 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet!' One can imagine Rubens saying to his pupil, the elder Teniers, ere the latter deserted 'high art,' and devoted himself to 'Dutch drolleries:' 'Pupil David, you will never be a painter!' But David made himself and his son into most effective painters, though neither of them painted fleshy Flemish Madonnas or fleshy Flemish chivalry. Swift could not have written 'Alexander's Feast;'—granted. Could Dryden have written 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' or the 'Humble Petition of Frances Harris'? Had Swift

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Swift stuck to Pindaric odes, and panegyrics in pompous rhyme on Sir William Temple, it may be admitted that he never would have been a poet. When he struck into his own peculiar vein of fancy and humour, he became one. It is not the choice of subjects familiar or elevated that confers the title of poet; it is the inspiration of the poetical breath of life into the subjects chosen, whatsoever they may be.

Sir Walter Scott suggests the only possible circumstance which, 'as at present advised,' we can conceive admissible in part excuse of Swift's conduct to women. He suggests that disease, rather than selfishness, may have been, partly at least, to blame for that conduct. 'The continual recurrence of a distressing vertigo was gradually undermining his health. . . . He might seek the society of Vanessa, without the apprehension of exciting passions to which he was himself insensible; and his separation from Stella after marriage might be a matter equally of choice or of necessity.'

It may here be observed that Scott assumes the fact of Swift's marriage to Stella. Mr. Forster sees no evidence for that marriage, and Scott admits that there is no direct evidence of it. All the evidence is circumstantial and traditionary. For our own part, we attach less importance to the fact, as hitherto accredited, of a merely formal marriage, than to the question of motive of Swift's entire conduct towards the other party—and a third party concerned—previously and subsequently to that supposed event. We are not amongst those who regard marriage as an imperative part of the whole duty of man. But we are amongst those who think that men who abstain from marrying should abstain from philandering.* Had Swift been a Roman Catholic priest, his *rôle*, as regarded women, would have been easier. Some Spanish or Italian mother (we forget at this moment who) said to her son that, 'if he remained a layman, he must beware of women; if he became a priest, they must beware of him.' Swift sought to cumulate the priestly privilege with the lay license. Not license in the sense of profligacy, but, as we have said, of philandering. It was a license he had allowed himself from early manhood. Following out Sainte-Beuve's personal and physiological method of criticism, we should say that Swift's 'vice or weakness' (the great French

* We must admit that 'philander' is a verb unrecognised by Johnson or Webster. We turned, therefore, for it to a quarter where the most out-of-the-way English words are sure to be found—an English-German Dictionary. In Flügel's Dictionary, 'to philander' is Germanised as '*Den Schäfer spielen, liebeln, den Vertrauten machen*'—precisely the ways with women of which we complain in Swift.

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critic adds, 'every man has such') was the not uncommon one of a self-indulgent propensity to engage female sympathy, without making the return for that sympathy demanded by female affection. And on that point, *habemus confitentem reum.* In a letter written before he took orders, Swift replied as follows to some advice of a Leicester clergyman, whom he calls his 'good cousin,' referring to certain recent passages of love-making with one of his female acquaintances there. He wrote that

'As to marriage, he does not belong to the kind of persons, of whom he has known a great number, that ruin themselves by it. A thousand household thoughts always drive matrimony out of his mind whenever it chances to come there; and *his own cold temper and unconfined humour* are of themselves a greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the subject of his friend's letter. "I am naturally temperate; and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects." At the same time he admits he has failings that might lead people, in regard to such matters, to suppose him serious, while he had no other design other than to entertain himself when idle, or when something went amiss in his affairs: a thing, indeed, so common with him, that *he could remember twenty women in his life to whom he had behaved himself just the same way.* "I shall speak plainly to you," he added. And then came words which certainly foreshadow, if they do not make intelligible, the fate that was to join his name so strangely, through all future time, to that of her who then lived under the same roof with him, a child of ten years old. "The very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the University have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and *even then I am so hard to please myself, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world.*"'*

That habit of indecisive, inconclusive gallantry to amuse idle time—which, as we have seen, Swift wrote that 'should he enter the Church, he would not find it hard to lay down in the porch'—he did not lay down in the porch, but carried into years of mature clerical manhood, when it had lost the excuse—whatever that might be worth—of thoughtlessness. Swift, like Goethe, was exceedingly susceptible of female influences, but, like Goethe, reserved an interior self, which remained impassible to them. Each exerted the powers of pleasing which each possessed to attract female affections, which neither was prepared to reciprocate to the extent of undivided devotion to one object; and the result in both cases was what we must call tragical. Swift had to complain, in his later joyless years, that

* Forster's 'Life,' pp. 64, 65.

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his female friends had forsaken him,* and Goethe—after tearing himself loose from an honourable love on very small motives—suffered a woman every way his inferior, whom he himself acknowledged to be a 'poor creature,' to throw herself into his arms unconditionally, and fasten for life her vulgarity on the ultra-refinement of his studiously composed existence.† Such were the fruits, in each case, of over-calculation or over-fastidiousness—in short, selfishness. In Swift's case there is still an element of mystery, for the solution of which, if any more complete solution is possible, we have some right to look, and shall look with curiosity and interest, to the sequel of Mr. Forster's vigorous and sympathetic Apologia for the genius and character of the extraordinary man he has made his subject.

In the meanwhile let us just remind those who, while enjoying Swift the writer, are unmeasured in their denunciations of Swift the man, that had not the man been what he was, the world never would have possessed the writer. If Swift had been a model of clerical decorum, the 'Tale of a Tub' must have remained unwritten; as, for that matter, so must 'Gulliver's Travels,' had Swift continued a staunch and satisfied Whig. The popular resurrection of Ireland would not have dated from the 'Drapier's Letters,' had not Walpole held Swift, like Bolingbroke, at arm's length, under the first Georges. 'Prince Posterity' must take the lot with all faults, and perhaps has no bad bargain.

We may say in conclusion, that Mr. Forster is almost the first of Swift's biographers or critics who takes real pains to explore all the sources of fresh information on his subject which have been opened to him by others, or which personal research and inquiry have opened for himself. Johnson slighted Mr. Deane Swift's offer to aid him with family traditions and documents. Scott worked up very readably into his short Memoir all the materials which came readily to hand, but does not seem to have thought it worth while to look far afield for more matter

* In one of Swift's later letters to Pope (February 7, 1736) we find the following passage, which is not without its pathos:—'What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen c' years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them as I formerly was; which I can prove by arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not.'

† Of all who have written, and written well on Goethe's relations to women, the only one we have met with who performs fearlessly the whole moral anatomy of the man is Mr. R. H. Hutton, in his 'Literary Essays.' Mr. Hutton is of opinion that Goethe really loved Christiane Vulpius, whom, after cohabiting with her seventeen years, he married. If he did love her, it was a love compatible with slight esteem, and with tolerance of slight esteem of others for its object. The 'poor creature' took to drinking.

than he could bring within the compass of that Memoir. Jeffrey in his essay on Swift, which he twice reprinted from his Review, did his worst to wash on again the party blacking which he thought Scott had been rather too disposed to wash off the character of a Whig convert to Toryism. Macaulay and Thackeray had their own political and literary humours to vent at Swift's expense; and both, as regarded facts, were content with that *à-peu-près*, which was Sainte-Beuve's special horror, and with which, we may add, Mr. Forster is much too thorough-going in his championship of Swift's good fame to content himself. We must refer our readers to the preface of his present volume for the long list of tributaries, noble, reverend, collegiate, lettered, and bibliopolic from whom Mr. Forster acknowledges aids, or access to aids, in the shape of original documents illustrative of his subject which had hitherto been buried from the public eye in private repositories. Of these a portion only was available for the present volume; enough, however, to whet our appetite for more in the volumes which will complete the work. If finished with the industry and literary discrimination with which it has been begun, this new 'Life of Swift' will be the most valuable of the many services which Mr. Forster has already rendered to lovers of English literature.

Swift has undergone the fate of all men whose characters have exhibited very pronounced features, rendered more pronounced, and more unpleasing, by age. He has been viewed at his worst. After his death, as before it, his genius has suffered sorrowful eclipse in misanthropy and mania. There seems to have been something the matter with his head almost all through his life; and the final autopsy revealed hydrocephalus. But, as inveterate readers of Swift, we are grateful to Mr. Forster for reminding the world that in his better days there was something else than water on his brain, or misanthropy in his heart. Swift, the author, must ever rank amongst the perennial honours of English literature; and the work before us, when completed, will, we are confident, place Swift the man—if not on so lofty a moral pedestal as seems designed for him by his biographer—at least in a position to engage a larger share of human sympathy than has hitherto been accorded him by the common run of readers; a generation of whom it may be said, at the present day, that they know not Jonathan.

The Association has largely contributed to that thoughtful formation of opinion which is in itself an education of the people, by its frequent discussions on questions of large social importance. Mr. Chamberlain in the first instance brought his scheme of Public House Reform before the "Committee of the 600"; and it was debated for three evenings with keen interest. Explanations were given, questions asked, difficulties raised, weak and strong points fairly searched out, in frank and open debate. The debate itself was an education in the various problems involved. The control of the liquor traffic by the direct representatives of the inhabitants in the Town Council, was generally felt to be in singular harmony with the tone and temper of a community trained to regard self-government as the greatest of blessings and to fill offices of authority with men upon whom no shadow of personal distrust can fall. The giving adequate compensation for vested interests; the improvement in the character of public houses, to be effected by taking away the inducement to force sales of drink and rendering them more properly and pleasantly houses of refreshment than they now are; the lessening of the temptations to coarse and brutal vice by restricting the number of houses in which intoxicating liquors can be obtained, as well as by their better management under a responsible authority, were points which were found greatly to commend the scheme to the greater number of the working men on the committee, as also to those temperance reformers who have been long anxious that something should be done, but who have been unable to see any door of escape from the tremendous evils resulting from existing arrangements.

A resolution was ultimately passed (by so large a majority as closely to approach unanimity) in favour of the general principles of the scheme submitted by Mr. Chamberlain. As the result of the debate in the "Liberal Association," the whole subject was discussed throughout the town at large, preparatory to its being brought before the Town Council, in which body, upon January 2nd, Mr. Chamberlain formally moved the following resolution:—

"That in the opinion of this Council, it is desirable that local representative authorities should be empowered to acquire, on payment of fair compensation, on a principle to be fixed by Parliament, all existing interests in the retail sale of intoxicating drinks within their respective districts; and thereafter, if they think fit, to carry on the trade for the convenience and on behalf of the inhabitants, but so that no individual shall have any pecuniary interest in, or derive any profit from, the sale."

After a prolonged discussion the resolution was carried by 46 votes to 10.

The "Liberal Association" has been vaguely termed a "tyranny" by the minorities it has defeated, and the only general criticism of any noteworthiness I have heard applied to it, is that its tendency may be to produce too great a uniformity of public life by placing too much power in the hands of one party.

My reply is that the "*Liberal Association*" *is the organisation of the people themselves for the purpose of self-government;* and that its forms permit the free play of individual convictions. Its policy will change as the people change. It has no stereotyped creed of liberalism.

Large social and political reforms can only be effected by a representative body when it is guided by a majority sufficiently large and sufficiently determined to conquer the petty obstructions which in this world's history have so often been able to check the doing of great good.

As long as preventible causes of ignorance, misery, and crime exist in a great town, effective organisation for their removal is an imperative duty, because it is an indispensable necessity. The Birmingham Liberal Association is not adequately described or understood when it is regarded as an ingenious piece of mechanism for massing voters at threatened points and conveying them to the poll. Its power depends upon the living intensity of the political convictions of its members. Its principles are not the product of its organisation; but its organisation has sprung from an abiding faith in the first principles of a free representative government.

HENRY W. CROSSKEY.

SWIFT'S LOVE-STORY IN GERMAN LITERATURE.

NOTHING, it may perhaps be convenient to observe at the outset of this brief paper, could be further from its author's intention than to advance or discuss any theory concerning the true history of Swift and Stella. The hand which would have at least arrayed in lucid order the whole of the evidence existing on the subject, and which had already dispelled some of the most inveterate and perverse legends obscuring it, has been arrested in the midst of its labours. Had the late Mr. Forster lived to complete the last and most interesting of his biographies, the substance of what follows might perhaps have served as a note illustrating the strange kind of immortality which even fictions destined to be refuted by research may secure to themselves in fields of literature not exposed to the criticism of facts. Should any future writer ever complete Mr. Forster's fragment, I hope he will not neglect to note in wider circles than I shall attempt even to approach, the traces not only of a particular legend concerning Swift's life, but also of the influence of his genius in other literatures besides our own.

The period of German literature lying between the years of bondage to French models and the times of emancipation and of independent achievement is known to have been both deeply and variously affected by English influences. The writers of this transition period severally followed models more or less congenial to themselves; but these examples were to a large extent English. Even Gottsched, whose feet still rested upon a French *parquet*, was at least fain to imitate an English imitation of Racine, and to let another *Dying Cato* teach propriety to the German theatre. Bodmer, the chief of the rival school, sought happier examples in the real masterpieces of Addison and Steele, the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, and did honour to the great name of Milton which Addison had recalled to his countrymen. Klopstock, the real herald of the change which was to come over German poetry, drew his inspiration for his most sustained flight—if flight it can be called—from the same source. Even Gellert's homespun genius delighted the sentimental of both sexes with an imitation, rivalling the original in length if not in any other respect, of *Clarissa Harlowe*. But in Lessing, the representative proper of the transition period which was to end by liberating German literature from its bonds and by opening its own classic age, the love of English literature went hand in hand with the desire for rational freedom, and may be almost said to have coincided with it. Lessing emancipated German literature, and more especially the literature of the German drama; and in accomplishing this task one of his chief aids was the power of appealing to English examples.

The critic who, gifted with strong but not transcendent creative genius, seeks himself to translate theory into practice, and to furnish examples of what is better after exposing what is bad, is ill-advised if he attempts to take the public by storm. Nearly all Lessing's dramatic works must, however, be described as noteworthy, and while some will be enduringly treasured by the student, some justly retain on the national stage a popularity which is not a mere popularity of esteem. *Minna von Barnhelm*, even if Frederick the Great wrote the best part of it (as the King says in Grillparzer's amusing dialogue of the dead), or in som degree perhaps for that very reason will always remain a true national

comedy. Of Lessing's tragedies *Emilia Galotti* mingles genuine passion with rhetorical reminiscences of the student's lamp; in *Nathan the Wise* the drama is lost in the dialogue, but that dialogue preserves the inmost spirit of its author's intellect. In both *Minna* and *Nathan*, however, Lessing had freed himself from the conditions of mere passing efforts; in the one he had a nation, in the other humanity, in view. He began his career as a dramatist with a humbler aim, though he would never allow it to be a false one. In *Miss Sara Sampson* his immediate object was to break the fetters which in choice of subject as well as in form still held the German theatre; and on this occasion he did not scruple to seek to reproduce a dramatic species—that of domestic tragedy—of which the contemporary English stage furnished examples no longer treasured among the glories of our literature. Lessing, who was as little respectful to the tearful twin-sister of domestic tragedy—sentimental comedy—as Goldsmith or Piron themselves, had intended to defend, in a preface, the species to which *Miss Sara Sampson* belongs; at all events it must be allowed that this tragedy, whatever its defects, surpassed its more immediate English model.

That model one must maintain to be no other than Lillo's *London Merchant*, better known to the shilling galleries of many generations by its *alias* of *George Barnwell*. This circumstance, notwithstanding the protests of Professor Caro, is to my mind rendered certain by a comparison of the two plays, even were it not a fact (cited by Hettner) that Lessing declares he would rather be the author of the *London Merchant* than of the *Dying Cato*. Of course there is a considerable difference between Lillo and Lessing; but the resemblance is not confined to the second syllables of the names of the monstrous Millwood and the monstrous Marwood; it extends to the very principle thus formulated by the worthy tradesman-poet, that "the more extensively useful the moral of any tragedy is, the more excellent that piece must be of its kind." The difference which interests us, however, in connection with the subject of this paper, is of a special kind.

In Lillo's "Pathetic Drama," which, according to Cibber, speedily met its reward by "being patronised by the mercantile interest," the infatuated hero learns only at the last moment, when he and his ruthless but declamatory tempter are preparing for the gallows, that a virtuous love might have been his. Lessing's Sara, on the other hand, falls a victim to the vengeance of her fiendish rival; but this vengeance has been made possible (though not, as in a better-constructed plot it might have been, actually brought about) by the fatal irresolution of her miserable lover. In this irresolution lies the real dramatic conflict of Lessing's play. When it is added that some of the names and something in the situation are clearly derived from *Clarissa Harlowe*, and that in the plot much turns on the (pretended) delay of an inheritance, in order to obtain which Mellefont continually postpones his marriage with the unhappy Sara, enough has been said about the play for my purpose. It was produced in the year 1755.

More than twenty years after this date Lessing was involved in the heat of theological controversy; and in the year 1778 published the last and "the boldest and strongest" of the *Wolfenbüttel Fragments*, in which he contrasts the developments of Christianity with the teachings of its Founder. In this very year 1778, when he had just discontinued his *Antigoeze*, not so much from want of breath as from the absence of articulate opposition, it occurred to him to try whether he would be allowed to "preach a sermon from his old pulpit, the stage." "An odd fancy," he writes to his brother, "occurred to me last night. Many years ago I sketched a drama, the contents of which have a kind of analogy with my present controversies, of which I probably never dreamt in those days." This play he now proposes to print by subscription; of the plan he merely reveals that it is

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taken from the story of the Jew Melchisedec in the *Decamerone* (i. 3), and that he has invented a very interesting episode in addition. Boccaccio's story is the apologue of the three rings, there, as in Lessing's play, told to the Sultan Saladin. Lessing, as is well known, makes use of the narrative to express in brief the moral of his drama, the essentially didactic object of which was avowed by himself and is manifest to every reader. The plot of the play, as distinct from its idea, is adapted from another story in the same inexhaustible treasure-house of dramatic materials; and yet a third novel in the *Decamerone* supplies the name and one of the most characteristic features—the unsurpassable generosity—of Nathan himself.

The plot of Lessing's *Nathan the Wise* is, as every admirer of this immortal work will be ready to concede, its weak side. In Boccaccio Lessing had found the story (v. 5) suggesting the main points in the adventures of his heroine Recha, with differences on which it is here unnecessary to dwell. Recha, who lives in the house of Nathan as his daughter, has been rescued from a fire by a Knight Templar, for whom she thereupon conceives an affection of which her faithful attendant Daja is the confidante. The Templar returns her passion, and at one time designs to carry her off. In the end, however, it is discovered that they are brother and sister, the children of the same father; and with this *dénoûment* (including the discovery that this father was the brother of Sultan Saladin) the drama closes—lamely enough it must be confessed, so far as dramatic interest is concerned.

Three elements are therefore blended in this play. Its central idea is that of religious tolerance based on a philosophical indifference to the accidentals of creeds. Its hero is a philosophical Jew of unboundedly generous character. Its plot turns upon the love of a brother and sister unaware of their true relations to one another. What had suggested to Lessing the strange association of these apparently heterogeneous elements? The second of them was a mere addition to the first, and may be neglected for our purpose; the paradox of making the representative of tolerance a Jew was not paradoxical in a follower of Spinoza and a friend of Moses Mendelssohn; it was suggested by the story in Boccaccio, and commended itself by the nature of the situation of the period in which that story plays—the period of the Crusades, when Christians and Mussulmans contended, and the representative of a third creed was therefore placed between the representatives of theirs. But what association of ideas connected the moral of *Nathan the Wise* and its plot in Lessing's mind?

To this curious question the ingenuity of Professor Caro has suggested a not less curious answer. Lessing, as has been seen, had first sketched his play "many years" before he executed it. At the time when he was actively engaged as a dramatist and was writing his *Miss Sara Sampson*, Lord Orrery's *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift* had recently made their appearance (1752). In 1754 followed Delany's *Observations*, in 1755 Deane Swift's *Essay on the Life* of his namesake. In this very year (1755) when *Miss Sara Sampson*, the woeful story of Sir William Sampson's daughter and her fatally irresolute lover, appeared, was published Hawkesworth's memoir of Swift, and his edition of Swift's works was issued in that or the following year. Swift's works, doubtless including the *Tale of a Tub*, were for the first time translated into German in 1756-7. Lessing might have seen any or all of these publications. It is certain that he not only saw, but constantly read and studied the *Dictionary* of Bayle, and that the edition he used (for he actually published a review of it) was that of Chaufepié, containing supplements. Of this edition the fourth volume, which includes an article on Swift, was published in 1756.

Now, the *Tale of a Tub* may or may not have struck Lessing's fancy and prepared his mind to seize with avidity upon the story of Boccaccio. Hettner, in his admirable History of the Literature

of the Eighteenth Century, has shown what hardly needed showing, that the resemblance between Swift's and Lessing's apologues is after all only a superficial resemblance; and many readers of Swift may, like myself, have long been in the habit of contrasting in their minds, rather than comparing, the morals of the two stories. Hettner points out that not only had Lessing in two of his juvenile comedies already treated similar themes, but that in his *Rehabilitation of Hieronymus Cardanus* he introduces a disputation between three representatives of Paganism, Judaism, and Christianity which takes a strictly dramatic form. Now, this disputation, taken from Cardanus, but defended by Lessing and supplemented by him with a speech in which a Mahometan defends his own religion, occurs in an essay which, as Caro remarks, was in all probability suggested to Lessing by his studies of Bayle, whose life of Cardanus (in vol. i. of the *Dictionary*) contains, it must be confessed, matters for "rehabilitation" of another kind than those which interested Lessing. In any case, there can be no doubt that Lessing was a diligent reader of Bayle and Chaufepié, and that the article on Swift in the *Dictionary* could not have escaped his attention.

Now, this article (which is at present before me) not only contains a reference to the *Tale of a Tub* as one of Swift's well-known productions, but gives a life of the Dean, entering at some length into those episodes in which we are here more especially interested. Lord Orrery's *Remarks* had been consulted by the author, and the account which that solemn gossip furnishes to his "dear Ham" is reproduced in its essential features. Chaufepié mentions in a note the rumour that Swift and Stella were both the natural children of the "Chevalier Temple," and that this circumstance accounted for Swift's treatment of Stella, to whom the secret had become known as it had to himself; though he also quotes Lord Orrery's refutation of the story as to Swift's relation to Temple. In another note he gives an account of Swift's treatment of Vanessa, to whose money difficulties he refers in passing. Here again he follows Lord Orrery; and in his text he states as a fact that Swift married Stella, without ever recognising her as his wife. This is the account given by Lord Orrery of the relation between Stella and Swift, "who scorned, my Hamilton, even to be married like any other man"—an account which was afterwards accepted by Dr. Delany, and of the truth of which Deane Swift expressed his conviction. The story of Esther Vanhomrigh's treatment by Swift is likewise given by Lord Orrery (who teaches us to pronounce her name "Vannumery"), though not with all the details which afterwards accumulated around it.

The reader may now be left to draw his own inferences from the above materials, and to judge in how far the story of Swift, Stella, and Vanessa suggested to Lessing the main dramatic motive of *Miss Sara Sampson*, a drama which, as the first German tragedy of domestic life, exercised a most noteworthy influence upon the history of German literature; and secondly in how far the story of the original relation between Swift and Stella, together with the influence exercised upon Lessing's intellectual fancy by the apologue of the *Tale of a Tub* (strengthened and modified by his study of Cardanus), gave the first impulse to Lessing's conception of the noblest and maturest, though as a drama by no means the most perfect, of the creations of his genius. In arriving at a conclusion on the subject, such coincidences as "Sir William Sampson" and "Sir William Temple" or as "Temple" and "Templar," will probably only weigh with a peculiar class of minds; but the entire association of ideas will hardly be placed in the same category of critical hallucinations.

The story of Swift's life, with its attendant fictions, necessarily spread with the fame of his works. In 1766 Hawkesworth and others added to these the bulk of Swift's correspondence, including the later part of the so-called *Journal to Stella*, from some of which

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a series of extracts had been previously published by Deane Swift. The earlier letters were published shortly afterwards, in 1768. No new biography attempted to apply the tests of historical criticism to the current story of Swift, Stella and Vanessa, and even at a later date than is of value for our purpose, Johnson and Sheridan essentially accepted it. Thus, about the year 1775 the story remained in the eyes of the literary and sentimental world—and the two epithets to a great extent coincided in those days—the psychological problem which it has since continued for generations of readers. Meanwhile in Germany the love of English literature (though chiefly directed into channels with which we have no concern here) continued and increased. Goethe's youth fell in the period of the most extravagant Shakspere worship which perhaps even Germany has ever known; and in this as in other matters Lenz was Goethe's caricature. But the youthful poet had enthusiasm to spare for more than one species and period of English literature. His Sesenheim adventures were, as he tells us, Goldsmith's idyl translated into life; and Goldsmith's pretty ballad of *The Hermit* afterwards (in 1774) furnished Goethe with the idea of the charming pastoral opera of *Erwin and Elmira* (where Erwin is Edwin). And as it was in this period of his career that Goethe was so greatly under the influence of Herder, who taught him to love Goldsmith and to worship "Ossian," and as Herder was so ardent an admirer of Swift that his friends jestingly called him "the Dean" in allusion to this predilection, it would be wonderful if Goethe had not been attracted to the study of a genius with whom his own had at least one pre-eminent characteristic in common—directness of reproductive power. Nor was the vigour or even the frequent coarseness of Swift's manner likely to repel a young author who had not yet wholly freed himself from the influence of the *Kraftgenies*, who as late as 1775 undertook, much to Merck's disgust, a journey to Switzerland with two such "*Burschen*" as the Counts Stolberg, and who in the previous year, 1774, produced two *jeux d'esprit* very much in the poetic and prose manners of Swift himself—*Plundersweilen Fair*, and the *Prologue to Bahrdt's Revelations*, in which the sceptical theologian holds a "polite conversation" with some of the strangest guests who have ever entered a professor's study.

But it was something very different from literary admiration or sympathy which about this time could not but interest Goethe in Swift's unhappy love-story. That he was acquainted with it, may in any case be assumed as a matter of course; and it is a mere coincidence that in 1774 Goethe too (as we know from his studies of Spinoza) was reading Bayle's *Dictionary*. Goethe was in this period of his life—the period which he spent at Frankfort previously to his removal to Weimar—what Mr. Lewes calls "the literary lion" of his day. In 1771 he had published his *Götz von Berlichingen*, and in 1774 his *Sorrows of Werther*. For a season he was not engaged upon any work of primary importance, though he was already composing fragments of his *Faust*—more especially some of the Margaret scenes. His productivity was at the same time intense; and among his minor works belonging to the year 1774 is the tragedy of *Clavigo*. If, however, at no time was Goethe's personal life absorbed in his literary pursuits, except in so far as these reflected that personal life itself, least of all was such the case in these years of buoyant self-consciousness. At no other time was he with more royal certainty the favourite of the society in which he moved. All men thought him irresistible; and hundreds would have echoed what one of his friends, Frederick Henry or "Fritz" Jacobi (whose name is of significance for us), expressed, that "one needs be with him but an hour to see that it is utterly absurd to expect him to think and act otherwise than as he does." It need hardly be added that what many men felt for Goethe, and something more than this, was felt by many women. This was the period

his life in which, as he afterwards stated in his *Autobiography*, he conceived the first, and also the only, true love of his life—his love for Lili, to which the most exquisitely beautiful perhaps of all his lyrics owe their origin. He was, however, at or shortly before the time of this passion in relations of indefinitely varying kinds with more than one other woman. With Countess Augusta Stolberg he was engaged in a correspondence which begins with a declaration to the effect that the names "friend, sister, beloved-one, bride, wife," are individually or collectively inadequate to express the sentiment he entertains towards her. In 1774 he wrote his *Clavigo* for Anna Sibylla Münch. There was a Christiane R.—of name unknown—to whom he addressed one of the most jocund (as Herrick might have called it) of his love-lyrics. And it was early in the same year that Maximiliana Laroche had gradually obscured in his heart the memory of Lotte Kestner, to whom he was at that time giving immortality in his *Werther*: "it is," he writes in his *Autobiography*, "a very agreeable sensation, when a new passion begins to rise in us before the old has quite died away. It is thus that at sunset-time one likes to see the moon rising on the opposite side, and rejoices in the double splendour of the two heavenly luminaries."

I am not discussing the psychological problem, if it be such, of Goethe's loves any more than that of Swift's; but what some may call blameworthy irresolution, and others a saving power of self-emancipation, and neither will perhaps call by a wholly wrong name, was certainly a characteristic feature of this more than of any other season of his life. That he was keenly alive to the possible consequences, as well as to the ethical bearing, of the concurrent or conflicting relations in which he found himself, is beyond question. Many times in his life, and by no means only in the case of Frederica, he showed himself capable of efforts which, whether tardy or not, were made from motives which only ignoble minds will glibly stigmatise as ignoble. Perhaps it was the enduring remembrance of the fact that in Lili's case "the maiden bowed to circumstances sooner than the youth," which in his later manhood gave so exceptional a significance to this passion. That irresolution may be fatal to the happiness of the beloved as well as the lover, was a truth which was very distinctly present to his mind. In *Götz von Berlichingen*, Weislingen is the victim of his miserable unmanliness; in *Clavigo* it is Marie whose heart is broken, and whose life is sacrificed.

Thus there would seem no antecedent difficulty in accounting for the impression which such a story as that of Swift must have made upon Goethe, and more especially upon Goethe at this period of his career; and the problem of which in his drama of *Stella* (1775) he attempted a poetic solution, is one which might seem naturally enough to have suggested itself to him in connection with Swift's story, even without the addition of any such "biographical element" as Mr. Lewes is unable to discover in the play. Such an element, however, or one which may be fairly so described, has recently been discovered, or thought to be discovered, by a German literary scholar. Professor Urlichs holds that the correspondence of Goethe and F. H. Jacobi, and the more recently published correspondence between Goethe and Jacobi's aunt, Johanna Fahlmer, furnish the desired clue. His arguments and conclusions have been rigorously, but respectfully criticised by two of the most eminent German authorities on such questions, Professors Scherer and H. Düntzer, and a lighter but equally skilful lance, that of Julian Schmidt, has likewise touched what to some may be not the least interesting part of the subject.

It would carry me too far were I to obey my inclination and endeavour to pursue the course of that controversy in its details. It must therefore suffice to say that Goethe was engaged upon his *Stella* immediately after a visit which Jacobi paid him at Frankfort

early in 1775, and that the play was communicated during its progress to Johanna Fahlmer and (either in its completed state, or with its fifth act still wanting) to her nephew. Jacobi had already, at an earlier point—probably through his aunt—become acquainted with its plan or progress—as Düntzer thinks, up to the close of the third act, and had signified his liking of it. When, however, the play itself—whether with or without its fifth act—had been sent to Jacobi, the latter, to Goethe's great disappointment ("It almost makes me wild, though not angry, with Fritz"), signified his strong disapproval of the play, which the author besought him to return, in a letter containing the curious exclamation—"If you but knew how I love it, and love it for your sake." The good feeling between the friends was for a time restored, till Jacobi in his turn began the composition of a novel (*Aus Eduard Allwill's Papieren*), which Goethe in his turn heartily disliked. The hero of this novel had certain features of which it was easy to recognise the original in Goethe; or rather, in the manner of the youthful master himself, Jacobi had in the character of Allwill, as he afterwards did in that of the hero of another novel, *Woldemar*, mingled features taken from the author, and others taken from the author's friend. Their intimacy after this slackened, and gradually grew into an estrangement which lasted for some years.

F. H. Jacobi, whose life was in some respects as typical of the age in which it fell as was what Gœdeke calls his "philosophical dilettanteism," had led an irregular youth, but was now happily married, though he had recently lost a child. His aunt, Johanna Fahlmer, who was two years younger than her nephew, was for four years an inmate of his household, until (in 1770) she quitted Jacobi and his wife, and for a time stayed with a female companion at Aix-la-Chapelle for the waters. Here she was taken seriously ill, and she describes this period of her life "as a great crisis, of sufferings which were not all bodily." Not long afterwards (in 1772) she settled at Frankfort, remaining, however, on terms of intimacy and interchange of visits with Jacobi's wife, who in 1773 writes to Goethe, "that my aunt and I go our even and straight way by the side of one another without hobbling or stumbling, is a fact, although it still remains a riddle for the worshipful Doctor Goethe." These, together with certain coincidences of detail (of local description in particular), to which I am certainly inclined to think with Scherer and Düntzer that Urlichs attaches quite undue importance, are the circumstances which suggested to him the following conjectures:—The triple relation between the rather erratic Jacobi, his amiable and true-hearted wife, and his more romantically and sentimentally disposed relative, was, in Urlichs' opinion, the personal basis of Goethe's dramatic conception; the outward change in these relations which occurred when Johanna left the family, is to be explained by the gradual growth of sentiments between her and Jacobi which rendered her departure advisable; and lastly, Jacobi's confidences to Goethe on the occasion of the visit of the former to Frankfort turned on this subject; all of which explains Goethe's subsequent declaration that he loved the drama of *Stella* "for the sake" of his friend.

Of this series of conjectures the first alone seems entitled to anything like serious consideration. The second is a possibility indeed, but one which cannot justifiably be advanced in the absence of all evidence to support it, while the third is a possibility resting upon a possibility. That, on the other hand, the relation between his triad of friends presented itself to Goethe's eager imagination as a more or less actual type of the situation which, suggested by the story of Swift, fascinated him by its resemblance to dangers he must at times consciously or half-consciously, have seen before himself, appears a not improbable supposition. It seems, however, to be demonstrable that Johanna Fahlmer, after the first four acts of the play had

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been communicated to her, had not the slightest suspicion of any reference being intended in it to her own life. Nor is it at all clear that Jacobi's objections to *Stella* were grounded on any personal feeling. And they might well both be free from any such thoughts, for there is not a jot or trace of proof that Jacobi and Johanna Fahlmer ever entertained any affection for one another beyond that of friendship and kinship. The reason for which she separated from him and his wife in 1770 has been satisfactorily explained by Scherer; it was the discovery of an early error of Jacobi which had given rise to an outburst of anger against him on the part of his father, and which—though totally unconnected with Johanna—may very probably have rendered it expedient for her to leave his house. Her subsequent mental sufferings might seem sufficiently accounted for by the same cause; but they admit of other explanations at least as probable as the quite unproved one suggested by Urlichs; thus it is known that Johanna differed from her mother on religious matters. At the same time the relation between Johanna and Jacobi, united in affection after their separation, was peculiar enough to strike an imagination prepared to find problems in such a situation as theirs—so much so that Jacobi himself afterwards appears to have given it a literary expression (of a perfectly innocent kind, be it observed) in his later novel, *Woldemar*. It may be added that in an age such as this there was nothing unnatural, though there might be something striking, in the relation Goethe may have supposed to exist, or dreamt of as existing, between Jacobi, Betty, and Johanna. How much stranger—and yet it was a reality attested by his own confession—was the relation between the poet Bürger and Molly Leonhardt and her sister, his first wife, after whose death he married Molly, whom he was fated so soon to lose. The wildest legends which have gathered round the history of Swift's life are hardly more improbable than this authentic record, from which charity itself seems forced to turn aside.

Such, with the possible addition of a contemporary piece of fashionable scandal of an ordinary type,[1] were the antecedents of the strange "drama for lovers," as he called it, which after its completion Goethe laid at Lili's feet, and which he thought would prove to Augusta Stolberg that he was still the same that she had always known him to be. Its design was, in a word, that of finding a poetic solution for the problem of a double love. Fernando, married to Cecilia, has deserted her and her child without—little as he knows it—having ceased to love her. After, not before this, he has conceived a passion for the beautiful Stella, but her also he has quitted in order to seek his abandoned wife. Unsuccessful in his search, he has returned to Stella, when accident brings his wife and daughter into the very village where Stella dwells. The difficulty thus brought about is intensified by Fernando's affections being now altogether distracted between the devoted and innocent Stella and his suffering and faithful wife. The original solution was not—as the public insisted because of the daring recital of the legend of the Count of Gleichen—bigamy but a resignation of her lover by Cecilia to Stella, with a claim for herself to an equal share of his affection. I think that on this head Scherer has fully vindicated Goethe from a coarse misinterpretation of his meaning, pardonable only in readers of incurably restricted imaginations. "We will part," she says "without being separated. Your letters shall be my only life, and mine shall seem dear visitors to you. . . . And thus you will remain mine, and not be banished with Stella in a corner of the world." She is willing to resign all but his love; for she has "learnt much in suffering," and she has solemnly prayed to Heaven to look down upon her, and

[1] "Eh, mais c'étaient des femmes," the Don Giovanni of this adventure (it took place in Portugal, though its central figure was a German, which perhaps accounts for Goethe calling his German hero Fernando) is said to have apologetically observed of his victims, as if brutally to parody the tenderest of all Swift's cynicisms: "Only a woman's hair."

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strengthen her. Surely it is time that the stigma thoughtlessness has cast upon Goethe's strange but not ignoble idea should be declared to be what it is—utterly and radically unjust.

The poet had thus ventured to suggest a solution for a not impossible difficulty wholly irreconcilable, not only with the moral traditions of society, but with the realities of human life. He had dared everything, without taking into careful consideration even the necessary artistic conditions of success. For though *Stella* is in many respects a production of true genius—lightly, but effectively constructed, written with the fresh flow of natural sentiment and even humour which Goethe in these days of his most abundant poetic creativeness had at his command, and in some of its passages rising to a picturesque beauty of dialogue recalling the loveliest parts of *Egmont* itself—it has two radical faults as a drama. In the first place, the hypothesis of Ferdinand's first abandonment of Cecilia is left unnecessarily obscure; sympathy with the hero is thus effectively destroyed at the outset, and he becomes not only despicable, but absurd. Secondly, as Julian Schmidt well observes, this is a domestic drama; and a solution which the author himself could not regard as other than ideal was thus as it were advanced as a practical expedient for the use of men and women in actual society. The matter-of-fact public, and the matter-of-fact critics, who at all times best represent the public, judged and condemned the drama accordingly. One anonymous wag immediately produced a sixth act, and another a *Stella Number Two;* and even one of Goethe's most judicious advisers, the sturdy-minded Merck, wrote an epigram in which he doubted the blessings likely to result from this exposition of bigamy following in the wake of the same author's exposition of suicide. And many years afterwards, Canning tickled English morality into one of its heartiest laughs by his famous parody upon poor Cecilia's proposal to Stella—"A sudden thought strikes me. Let us swear an eternal friendship."

Under such circumstances, it must have been small consolation to Goethe that Lenz, according to his wont, sought to outbid his friend by producing a drama of his own, entitled *Friends Make a Philosopher*, designed to exhibit the converse of Goethe's theme. *Stella* itself, when many years afterwards produced on the Weimar stage, was, as Goethe with his usual imperturbability informs us, found to contain a situation irreconcilable with "our manners, which are quite essentially based on monogamy." "The endeavour of the sensible Cecilia to harmonise the difficulty" was found to prove "fruitless;" and the play was turned into a tragedy, by the death of Stella and the suicide of Fernando being added. The public was satisfied, and, as a contemporary observed, the *xenion* had been realised:—

> "Œdipus tears out his eyes; her own hands hang Iocaste,
> Innocent both; and the play finds a harmonious close."

Such is in brief the history of a play which no lover of Goethe can afford to neglect, and the literary and theatrical fate of which is full of lessons for the student of that very difficult and delicate question, too large for discussion here, of the relations between the drama and ethics. I have rather been desirous of indicating, with the help of such materials as were at my command, the use made in Goethe's *Stella*, as well as in two of Lessing's dramas (of one of which, *Miss Sara Sampson*, it should be by the way noted that *Stella* again contains at least the reminiscence of a name), of the story of Swift, Stella, and Vanessa, in the form in which tradition, and something besides tradition, had brought it to the knowledge of two great German authors. For that Stella in Goethe is the dramatic embodiment of Swift's Stella, and that Cecilia's unexpected appearance is the appearance of Vanessa in Ireland, there can be as little doubt as that the changes introduced by Goethe into the situation are not such as essentially affect its moral significance. I am well aware that such

inquiries as the present are regarded by many as mere idle pedantry; but they seem to me worth pursuing even when they lead only to imperfect or approximate results. In a work of art much depends on the choice of subject, more on the treatment. To watch different minds at work upon the same, or upon parts of the same, theme, is to obtain a clue to the differences in their methods, and the differences in their idiosyncrasies. The attempt to separate accidental elements from essential, to distinguish between the various sources of the various motives which contribute to an artistic composition, may often prove unsuccessful, and at times futile. But if conducted with sobriety and candour, it can never prove a wholly useless exercise to those who engag in it, and will be regarded by th unthinking only as impugning thos prerogatives of creative genius which i is the supreme object of all true criticisn to vindicate.

A. W. WARD.

NOTE.—It is unnecessary to cite the gen rally accessible authorities which have bee used in this paper; but it is right, and may b convenient for those who may desire to pursu the subject further, to state that most of th special materials for the inquiry will be foun in Caro, *Lessing und Swift* (Jena, 1869); i two essays on Goethe's *Stella* by Urlichs an Scherer published in the *Deutsche Rundscha* (July 1875, and January 1876); in a thir on the same subject, by H. Düntzer in th *Allgemeine Zeitung* (January 5th, 1876); an in the biographies by Stahr, Viehoff, an Lewes.

Swift and Ireland.

THOSE who read Mr. Matthew Arnold's collection of Burke's papers on Ireland may remember Burke's testimony to his great predecessor, the Dean of St. Patrick's. No two minds could be less in sympathy than these two, yet Burke could say of Swift's Irish letters:—

> The tracts relating to Ireland are those of a public nature, in which the Dean appears in the best light, because they do honour to his heart as well as to his head; furnishing some additional proofs that though he was free in his abuse of the inhabitants of that country, as well natives as foreigners, he had their interest sincerely at heart, and perfectly understood it. His 'Sermon upon Doing Good,' though peculiarly adapted to Ireland and Wood's design upon it, contains perhaps the best motives to patriotism that ever were delivered within so small a compass.

In spite of their merits, however, Swift's papers on Ireland are very little known or appreciated. There are perhaps few acknowledged English classics who are so seldom read in the present day as Swift. Of course everybody knows, or pretends to know and understand, 'Gulliver's Travels,' and the 'Tale of a Tub,' and there are people who have dipped into the 'Journal to Stella,' and the 'Battle of the Books;' but whether from the unfortunate vein of coarseness which runs through most of his writings, or on account of the dark sayings which abound in subtle satire, it is more common to hear opinions about Swift deliberately quoted from Thackeray's essay, than to find judgment based upon independent study. Everyone can talk about Swift, especially in connection with Stella and Vanessa, but not one in a hundred takes the trouble to gain a first-hand knowledge of the dispenser of wormwood and gall.

If Swift in general is neglected, his writings on Ireland are particularly ignored. It is often considered enough to remember that the 'Drapier's Letters' are a contribution by Swift to Irish polemical literature. But the 'Drapier's Letters,' though they have an importance and a charm of their own, are not the most valuable of Swift's Irish papers from the historical point of view. For the history of Irish distress and of the schemes for its alleviation many of the less famous pamphlets which the Dean fulminated from his throne in the Liberties of St. Patrick stand much above the 'Drapier's Letters;' and a very considerable collection of facts and theories about the state of Ireland, and the remedies therefor, might be gathered from Swift's private correspondence. Mr. Lecky in an early work has done something towards placing the Dean in his true position, as a 'Leader of Public Opinion in Ireland;' but he devotes more space to the well-known facts and friendships of Swift's life than to his views

as an Irish politician. These views, however, are so often and so clearly expressed in the public pamphlets and the private letters which are included in Swift's works, that it is surprising that they have not been analysed and abstracted before.

The last twenty-five years of Swift's sane life may be called his Irish period. During this time he was almost continuously resident in Ireland, and his pen was almost wholly devoted to Irish concerns. His friends were out of power, Oxford was no longer at Court, Bolingbroke was in exile; the hated Walpole and his Whigs carried all before them; and Swift found himself powerless for good or evil in London. It was then that he submitted to his fate, and resolved to busy himself with the affairs of his deanery and the interests of his own countrymen. He submitted, but he was never reconciled to the change. The man who had been for awhile the real ruler of England, the adviser and controller of Harley and St. John, the friend of Pope and Gay and the choice circle of wits that surrounded them, could not easily content himself with superintending the petty details of a chapter and revising the leases of his deanery. Swift never pretended to like his work or his place. Frequent and bitter are his complaints that he should be consigned to die 'like a poisoned rat in a hole' among a nation of slaves. His letters are full of contempt for the land he was born in; it is a miserable, an accursed country, only tolerable to visitors who have shut their eyes to all other lands; the worst of going to England, he says, is that you have to come back to Ireland.[1] It was certainly from no affection or partiality that he took upon himself to champion the cause of his nation. It is perhaps hardly too much to say that he positively hated the land and its inhabitants—Celts and Saxons, Catholics, Presbyterians, and Churchmen, without distinction of persons. After his London life, with its friendships and brilliant intercourse of mind, the society of Dublin was hardly to be endured. In urging upon Pope (July 1733) the improbability of his digestion suffering from a proposed visit to Dublin, Swift describes his neighbours in no very glowing colours:—

> I believe there are in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment who are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in employment of Church or State are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year. Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight

[1] 'You all live in a wretched dirty doghole and prison,' he writes to Dr. Sheridan, 'but it is a good place enough to die in;' and in a letter to Pope he goes further in uncomplimentary comparisons: 'You are an ill-Catholic,' he says, 'or a worse geographer; for I can assure you Ireland is not Paradise, and I appeal even to any Spanish divine whether addresses were ever made to a friend in hell or purgatory.'

friends at dinner, and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess either in eating or drinking.

This is a letter of invitation! But the end is better than the beginning, and in it we see that even Swift himself saw something of the other side of his shield. He goes on to say, that 'there are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good humour, and taste, able and desirous to please you, and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you;' and then, in explaining why he cannot visit Pope or come to London, he gives some of the advantages of his position in Dublin:—

I hate the thought of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney coaches, carts, and carriages, round this town, who dare not insult me like your rascally waggoners and coachmen, but give me the way. Nor is there one lord or squire, for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road or run over me with their coaches-and-six. Thus I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reasons for what I once wrote, why I choose to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then I walk the streets in peace without being justled, nor even without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am lord-mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the lord-mayor of the city, and the Archbishop of Dublin; only the latter, like the king of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominion, as old Lewis did upon Lorraine.

A couple of years before he was appointed to St. Patrick's, he rated the 'thousand blessings' very cheaply: 'it is my comfort,' he wrote to Archbishop King, 'that contempt in Ireland will be no sort of mortification to me.' But when the reverse came to pass, and honour and reverence instead of contempt came upon him, he was not insensible to the tribute of a nation, though he treated his admirers in his usual cavalier fashion. After the 'Drapier' campaign, the people recognised their champion, and each subsequent paper only fastened the Dean closer to their hearts. A Drapier's Club was founded at Cavan; letters and inquiries on all subjects poured in for the Drapier's counsel, and Swift became the most popular man in Ireland. The Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Carteret, wrote to him in 1733:—

I know by experience how much that city [Dublin] thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's. . . . You can give anyone law and capacity in half an hour; and if by chance a rake should get these faculties any other way, you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you can sustain any machine in a furred gown.

Everyone knows Lord Carteret's answer when asked how he governed Ireland. 'I pleased Dr. Swift;' and the question, which was put to Walpole when he wanted to arrest the Dean, whether he had

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ten thousand men handy for the purpose. But perhaps one of the strongest testimonies to Swift's reputation in Ireland is the correspondence which took place between him and the Mayor of Cork, on the occasion of the Dean's receiving the freedom of that city in a silver box, which box was uninscribed, and the parchment accompanying it destitute of any reasons for conferring the honour. Swift returned the box and document with a very haughty letter, in which he requested the mayor either to give on box and parchment the grounds on which the freedom had been conferred, or else to bestow both on some more worthy person. One would have imagined that the good citizens of Cork would have resented such injurious treatment; but the following letter from their mayor shows how Swift was reverenced in remote parts of Ireland, and how agreeable humble-pie may be to the palate if flavoured by our hero:—

Cork: September 14, 1737.

Reverend Sir,—I am favoured with yours by Mr. Faulkner, and am sorry the health of a man the whole kingdom has at heart should be so much in danger.

When the box with your freedom was given the Recorder to be presented to you, I hoped he would, in the name of the city, have expressed their grateful acknowledgments for the many services the public have received from you, which are the motives that induced us to make you one of our citizens; and as they will ever remain monuments to your glory, we imagined it needless to make any inscription on the box, and especially as we have no precedents on our books for any such. But as so great and deserving a patriot merits all distinction that can be made, I have, by the consent and approbation of the council, directed the box to you, and hope what is inscribed upon it, although greatly inferior to what your merit is entitled to, will, however, demonstrate the great regard and respect we have for you, on account of the many singular services your pen and your counsel have done this poor country; and am, reverend sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS FARRELL, Mayor.

Surely humble-pie was never eaten with a better grace! And, assuredly, no man ever won such unquestioned popularity with so little conciliation. But this very coldness and want of sympathy —Swift had none, except perhaps for three or four friends like Harley and Pope—give an additional value to the estimates and judgments of the man who enjoyed so exceptional a vantage-ground from which to form his diagnosis of the disease of Ireland. The king of St. Patrick's might have allowed himself, figuratively speaking, to be chaired by his admirers, till his mind became elevated to those hazy regions where the objects of popular enthusiasm are too apt to float. Swift never let himself be carried away by his followers. It was his reason, not his heart,[2] moved him to defend them, and as he

[2] It is worth noting, that Swift could be very kind and charitable in his own way. It is known from his own statement in self-defence that he used to lend small sums to poor industrious tradesmen in Dublin, without interest, and that he thus recovered above two hundred families from ruin, and placed most of them in comfortable position.

had no cause to trouble about his heart, he was the better able to keep his head cool.

It is true that there are passages in Swift's writings which speak of his 'sincere passion for the natives;' his compassion for their misery and wretchedness; but this softer feeling had little to do with his championship of the cause of Ireland. The real reason he gives himself in a letter to Francis Grant (1734): 'What I did for this country was from perfect hatred of tyranny and oppression.' 'Corruptions are apt to make me impatient and give offence.' It was in fact that very 'sæva indignatio,' which he described in his own epitaph, that sacred wrath against wrong, that stirred him to his country's aid. We hear a great deal of Swift's bitterness and misanthropy, but we do not always recognise the noble qualities which counterbalanced the misfortunes of his disposition. The stern sense of right and justice, which prompted him to lay bare the wrongs of Ireland, is one of the most salient points in his character. Perhaps personal pique may have sometimes thwarted his judgment and made it unjust in private matters; but in public affairs he put justice in the forefront of all other considerations. The misrepresentation of Wood's coinage in the 'Drapier's Letters' is supposed to be an argument against Swift's impartiality: but it is probable that he believed what he said of the defects of the coins, and did not wilfully pervert facts. Swift would push a party advantage to the utmost limit, and would hawk a party cry till he was hoarse, but we do not believe he would make his advantage or get his cry out of a falsehood.

There was indeed enough in the state of Ireland to move Swift's indignation—the 'mixture of rage and compassion' which he describes in the 'Intelligencer'—and the misery of the people was the more painful to him, since certain 'vile betrayers and insulters' of the country 'insinuate themselves into favour by saying it is a rich nation . . . by which, as I apprehend, they can only mean themselves, for they have skipped over the Channel from the vantage-ground of a dunghill, upon no other merit, either visible or divinable, than that of not having been born among us.' Swift loses no opportunity of contradicting the report of these betrayers: and in letters, pamphlets, and sermons, insists again and again on the miseries and disabilities of the Irish, till his fertile tongue can find no new words, and he has to repeat what he has said in almost identical phrases. These pictures of the state of Ireland in the first third of the eighteenth century contain many curious parallels with what we have been reading lately from 'our own correspondent' in the disturbed parts of Ireland. Of course there are references to grievances which no longer exist—as is the case with Burke's papers;—the restrictions on trade, the penal laws, and other heavy burdens, are happily removed. But there are many long-standing evils which are not much better now than they were in Swift's day. There were absentees then as now, rack-renting landlords were no tenderer in 1730 than in 1881, tenants' improvements were as much a dead loss of

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capital in the time of Swift as in the time of Lord Bessborough, and rents were raised on every change of tenant as regularly then as to-day. Swift's picture of Ireland is a melancholy study, before which Englishmen must stand ashamed: very little of its shadow has been lightened, and some of the darkest blots still testify to our neglect.

From the mass of these papers on Irish affairs, it is not easy to select in reasonable brevity, and it is impossible to give more than an outline of the main subjects, leaving minor matters altogether out of consideration. Swift wrote upon everything connected with Ireland, political, social, or scientific. At one time it is Irish trade or no-trade that engages his attention; at another, he urges his fellow-countrymen to patronise Kilkenny coal. Banks, currency, agriculture, fisheries, grazing, making roads, reclaiming bogs, and planting groves, the abolition of the Irish language, and infants as an article of food, are among the subjects he discusses. In all these are the essential virtues of Swift's style: they are all treated in his inflexibly logical fashion, reduced to absurdity, or laughed out of existence, driven home with a sledge-hammer, and accompanied by a dispersing of sharp splinters into the soft places of many onlookers. But in spite of their sharp-set wit and the clearness of the issues, many of these papers possess small interest to a latter-day reader. Others, however, are of a more general and permanent character, and show plainly the unhappy condition in which the country was plunged when the fierce Dean took up his invincible cudgels in its behoof.

Swift's Irish papers were principally written between 1720 and 1733, and the first of any importance, published in 1720, was 'A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture,' in which the cruelty of the prohibitive laws against exportation was forcibly exposed, and the people were urged to restrict themselves wholly to home manufactures; to wear Irish clothes, and furnish their houses with Irish furniture, and to buy nothing of foreign make that could possibly be done without; whilst the pretended impositions which 'poor England' suffered from Ireland were laid bare to the sting of Swift's heaviest whip. It is one of his happiest satires, and even here there is an indication of what was to follow, in the denunciation of 'our country landlords, who, by unmeasurable screwing and racking their tenants all over the kingdom, have already reduced the miserable people to a worse condition than the peasants in France or the vassals in Germany and Poland; so that the whole species of what we call substantial farmers will soon be utterly at an end.' The consequences of this bold attack have been described by Swift himself in a letter to Alexander Pope, dated Dublin, January 10, 1721:—

> I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England; this treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief-justice, and informed him of a sedi-

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tious, factious, and virulent pamphlet lately published, with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance, directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. The chief-justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved if possible to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were practised effectually with, to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial, the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry. The chief-justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the chief-justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that that author's design was to bring in the Pretender, although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until upon the Duke of Grafton, the Lord-Lieutenant's, arrival, his grace, after mature advice and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.

In referring to this incident on another occasion, Swift remarked, that the judge had then 'gone *to his own place*,' and printed it in grim italics.

The seven 'Drapier's Letters' which appeared (like almost all Swift's works, anonymously) in 1724–5 were, however, the first to exercise that wide influence over the people which his writings ever afterwards retained. Their precise object, the rejection of a copper coinage supposed to be base, issued by a private contractor in England under royal patent, presents little permanent interest; though the intended fraud, if fraud there was, stirred up the vials of Swift's wrath tempest high. The real importance of these letters lies in their effect upon the nation. For the first time an Irish public opinion was brought to bear upon the Government as a force in politics. Swift's vehement warnings and denunciations created public opinion in Ireland. Hitherto the Irish had either submitted like 'dumb driven cattle,' or had broken out into useless revolt. Henceforward they possessed a stronger weapon—the persistent battery of public opinion. It was a revolution in resistance, which did more for the cause of Ireland than fifty rebellions.

The 'Drapier's Letters' won the day; Wood's halfpence were countermanded, and the Dean, with an ineffectual offer of 300*l.* for the discovery of the Drapier over his head, became the idol and saviour of his countrymen.

But there is something in these Letters besides their effect and success which demands notice. They do not deal wholly with halfpence. Swift takes up in them the strong and liberal line of defence which he always afterwards maintained. In the famous Fourth Letter, side by side with some of the finest satire in the language,

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and with an admirable specimen of Swift's serious humour in his treatment of the fire-ball threat, we come upon a magnificent vindication of Irish liberty, and a firm repudiation of the doctrine of Irish dependence. Wood had asserted, among other charges, that those who opposed his coinage were 'going to shake off their dependence upon the crown of England.' Swift seizes the statement in his usual manner, by the throat, and throttles it remorselessly. 'I have looked over all the English and Irish statutes without finding any law which makes Ireland depend upon England, any more than England does upon Ireland;' and in a spirited appeal to the Irish people to use the remedy which lies in their own hands, he declares: 'By the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are, and ought to be, as free a people as your brethren in England.' In the Seventh Letter, after a great deal on the inexhaustible subject of Wood's halfpence, Swift enters upon a general outline of the causes of the poverty of Ireland, and animadverts with peculiar force upon the misery produced by absentee landlords who carry the wealth of Ireland to London, 'so that Ireland may justly say what Luther said of himself, Poor Ireland makes many rich.'

The arguments contained in the Seventh Letter of the Drapier are substantially those which reappear in the numerous short papers which Swift now put forward from time to time, to the grievous discomfort of the English Government, and the infinite delight and gratitude of the Irish. The 'Short View of the State of Ireland, 1727,' 'Maxims controlled in Ireland,' 'Two Letters,' 'Present Miserable State of Ireland,' and the sermon on 'The Causes of the Wretched Condition of Ireland,' all tell the same tale and urge the same arguments, albeit with some skilful variety; and the same story is revealed in Swift's private letters. The 'Short View,' which also appeared separately with a preface by Dr. Sheridan, and 'The Present Miserable State of Ireland' are the most important of these shorter papers, and indeed of all Swift's writings, for the delineation of Ireland as it was in the early part of the eighteenth century; but scarcely less valuable materials are found in the private correspondence. It was Swift's disposition to make the worst of a thing, but there is too much probability in favour of his melancholy descriptions of the country to leave much room for questioning. Writing of Tipperary to the Rev. John Brandreth, Dean of Emly, in June 1732, he says:—

> It is like the rest of the whole kingdom—a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations; filthy cabins, miserable, tattered, half-starved creatures, scarce in human shape; one ignorant, insolent, oppressive squire to be found in twenty miles' riding; a parish church to be found only in a summer day's journey, in comparison of which an English farmer's barn is a cathedral; a bog of fifteen miles round; every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath, and marsh; and every male and female, from the farmer inclusive to the day-labourer, infallibly a thief, and consequently a beggar, which in this island are terms convertible. . . . There

is not an acre in Ireland turned to half its advantage; yet it is better improved than the people: and all these evils are the effects of English tyranny—so your sons and grandchildren will find to their sorrow.

Although the Dean adds that he has 'not said all this out of any malicious intention,' there is something of the long-bow, and a good deal of dyspepsia in it; but the following extract from the 'Intelligencer,' 1730, headed characteristically *O patria, O divum domus*! is written in more serious and earnest tone and evidently describes the country as the writer saw it:—

Last year I travelled from Dublin to Dundalk, through a country esteemed the most fruitful part of this kingdom, and so nature intended it. But no ornaments and improvements of such a scene were visible—no habitations fit for gentlemen, no farmers' houses, few fields of corn, and almost a bare face of nature; without new plantations of any kind, only a few miserable cottages at three or four miles' distance, and one church in the centre between this city and Drogheda. . . . I have been at the pains to render a most exact and faithful account of all the visible signs of riches which I met with in sixty miles, through the most public roads, and in the best part of the kingdom. First, as to trade: I met nine cars loaden with old, musty, shrivelled hides; one car-load of butter; four jockeys driving eight horses, all out of case; one cow and calf, driven by a man and his wife; six tattered families flitting to be shipped off to the West Indies; a colony of one hundred and fifty beggars, all repairing to people our metropolis, and by increasing the number of hands to increase its wealth, upon the old maxim that people are the riches of a nation, and therefore ten thousand mouths, with hardly ten pair of hands, or hardly any work to employ them, will infallibly make us a rich and flourishing people. Secondly, travellers enough, but seven in ten wanting shirts and cravats; nine in ten going barefoot, and carrying their brogues and stockings in their hands; one woman in twenty having a pillion, the rest riding barebacked; above two hundred horsemen, with four pair of boots among them all; seventeen saddles of leather (the rest being made of straw), and most of their garrons only shod before. I went into one of the principal farmer's houses out of curiosity, and his whole furniture consisted of two blocks for stools, a bench on each side the fireplace made of turf, six trenchers, one bowl, a pot, six horn spoons, three noggins, three blankets, one of which served the man and maid servant, the others the master of the family, his wife, and five children; a small churn, a wooden candlestick, a broken stick for a pair of tongs. In the public towns, one-third of the inhabitants walking the street barefoot; windows half built-up with stone to save the expense of glass; the broken panes up and down supplied by brown paper, few being able to afford white; in some places they were stopped with hay or straw. Another mark of our riches are the signs at the several inns upon the road, viz., in some a staff stuck in the thatch with a turf at the end of it; a staff in a dunghill with a white rag wrapped about the head; a pole, where they can afford it, with a besom at the top; an oatmeal cake on a board in a window; and at the principal inns of the road, I have observed the signs taken down and laid against the wall near the door, being taken from their post to prevent the shaking of the house down by the wind. In short, I saw not one single house in the best town I travelled through, which had not manifest appearances of beggary and want.

How it came to pass that Ireland fell into this state is thus described in 'Maxims Controlled':—

Forty years are now passed since the Revolution, when the contention of the British Empire was, most unfortunately for us and altogether against the usual course of such mighty changes in government, decided in the least important nation, but with such ravages and ruin executed on both sides, as to leave the kingdom a desert, which in some sort it still continues. Neither did the long rebellions in 1641 make half such a destruction of houses, plantations, and personal wealth in both kingdoms, as two years' campaign did in ours, by fighting England's battles.

By slow degrees, as by the gentle treatment we received under two auspicious reigns, we grew able to live without running into debt. Our absentees were but few; we had great indulgence in trade, and a considerable share in employments of Church and State; and while the short leases continued, which were let some years after the war ended, tenants paid their rents with ease and cheerfulness, to the great regret of their landlords, who had taken up a spirit of opposition that is not easily removed. And although in these short leases, the rent was gradually to increase after short periods, yet as soon as the terms elapsed, the land was let to the highest bidder, most commonly without the least effectual clause for building or planting. Yet by many advantages, which this island then possessed and has since utterly lost, the rents of lands still grew higher upon every lease that expired, till they have arrived at the present exorbitance; when the frog, overswelling himself, burst at last.

With the price of land of necessity rose that of corn and cattle, and all other commodities that farmers deal in; hence likewise, obviously, the rates of all goods and manufactures among shopkeepers, the wages of servants, and hire of labourers. But although our miseries came on fast, with neither trade nor money left, yet neither will the landlord abate in his rent, nor can the tenant abate in the price of what that rent must be paid with, nor any shopkeeper, tradesman, or labourer live at lower expense for food and clothing than he did before.

In the 'Short View of the State of Ireland,' after enumerating the chief sources of a nation's prosperity, Swift proceeds to apply them to the case of his own country, and to point out how natural advantages have been thwarted by tyranny and misrule.

Ireland is the only kingdom I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern story, which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities and manufactures wherever they pleased, except to countries at war with their own prince or state; yet this privilege, by the superiority of mere power, is refused us in the most momentous parts of commerce,—besides an act of navigation, to which we never consented, pinned down upon us and rigorously executed; and a thousand other unexampled circumstances, as grievous as they are invidious to mention. . . . We are in the condition of patients who have physic sent them by doctors at a distance, strangers to their constitution and the nature of their disease.

He goes on to enumerate other grievances, the want of improvements in lands, the non-residence of the viceroy for four-fifths of his time, the exclusion of Irishmen from state employments, the spending of a third of the rents of Ireland by absentees in England, &c.; and then he adds:—

But my heart is too heavy to continue this irony longer, for it is manifest that whatever stranger took such a journey would be apt to think himself travelling in Lapland or Ysland rather than in a country so favoured as ours both in fruitfulness of soil and temperature of climate. The miserable dress, and diet, and dwelling of the people; the general desolation in most parts of the kingdom; the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins, and no new ones in their stead; the families of farmers who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness upon buttermilk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hogsty to receive them.

The whole paper is an answer to those who (like some of our own time) were always assuring the Government that Ireland was a rich country, the rents easily paid, and the tenantry satisfied.

There is not one argument (retorts Swift) used to prove the riches of Ireland which is not a logical demonstration of its poverty. The rise of our rents is squeezed out of the very blood, and vitals, and clothes, and dwellings of the tenants, who live worse than English beggars. The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is in us a proof of misery; there being no trade to employ any borrower. Hence alone comes the dearness of land, since the savers have no other way to lay out their money; hence the dearness of necessaries of life, because the tenants cannot afford to pay such extravagant rates for land (which they must either take or go a-begging), without raising the price of cattle and of corn, although themselves should live upon chaff.

Swift always places the restrictions upon trade as the prime grievance of Ireland, but he has plenty to say about the relations of landlords and tenants. In his striking sermon 'On the Causes of the Wretched Condition of Ireland,' he says:—

Lastly, a great cause of this nation's misery is that Egyptian bondage of cruel, oppressing, covetous landlords, expecting that all who live under them should make bricks without straw; who grieve and envy when they see a tenant of their own in a whole coat, or able to afford one comfortable meal in a month; by which the spirits of the people are broken and made fit for slavery. The farmers and cottagers almost through the whole kingdom being, to all intents and purposes, as real beggars as any of those to whom we give our charity in the streets. And these cruel landlords are every day unpeopling the kingdom, by forbidding their miserable tenants to till the earth, against common reason and justice, and contrary to the practice and prudence of all other nations; by which numberless families have been forced either to leave the kingdom, or stroll about and increase the number of our thieves and beggars.

Again, in 'The Present Miserable State of Ireland,' we find the same complaint of rack-renting, which might have been written in 1880:—

Another great calamity is the exorbitant raising of the rents of lands. Upon the determination of all leases made before the year 1690, a gentleman thinks he has but indifferently improved his estate if he has only doubled his rent-roll. Farms are screwed up to a rack-rent—leases granted but for a small term of years—tenants tied down to hard conditions, and discouraged from cultivating the lands they occupy to the best advantage,

by the certainty they have of the rent being raised on the expiration of their lease proportionably to the improvements they shall make. Thus it is that honest industry is restrained; the farmer is a slave to his landlord; it is well if he can cover his family with a coarse home-spun frieze. The artisan has little dealings with him; yet he is obliged to take his provisions from him at an extravagant price, otherwise the farmer cannot pay his rent.

Absentee landlords are a frequent subject of Swift's wrath. In 'Maxims Controlled,' after alluding to the harm done to English country life by the universal flux to London, he writes:—

The case in Ireland is yet somewhat worse, for the absentees of great estates, who if they lived at home would have many rich retainers in their neighbourhoods, have learned to rack their lands and shorten their leases as much as any residing squire, and the few remaining of those latter, having some vain hopes of employments for themselves or their children, and discouraged by the beggarliness and thievery of their own miserable farmers and cottagers, or seduced by the vanity of their wives on pretence of their children's education (whereof the fruits are so apparent), together with that most wonderful, yet more unaccountable, zeal for a seat in their assembly, though at some years' purchase of their whole estates; these and some other motives have drawn such a concourse to this beggarly city, that the dealers of the several branches of building have found out all the commodious and inviting places for erecting new houses, while 1,500 of the old ones, which is a seventh part of the whole city, are said to be left uninhabited and falling to ruin.

So in the 'Present Miserable State,' he says:—

Another cause of the decay of trade, scarcity of money, and swelling of exchange, is the unnatural affectation of our gentry to reside in and about London. Their rents are remitted to them, and spent there. The countryman wants employment from them; the country shopkeeper wants their custom. For this reason he can't pay his Dublin correspondent readily, nor take off a great quantity of his wares. Therefore, the Dublin merchant cannot employ the artisan, nor keep up his credit in foreign markets.

And in his Seventh Letter, the Drapier asks what it is that induces the gentry of Ireland, who 'have lost all regard for their own country, further than upon account of the revenues they receive from it,' to 'be preceded by thousands and neglected by millions, to be wholly without power, figure, influence, honour, credit, or distinction,' in a foreign country, when they might 'live with lustre' in their own, and that at less than half the expense which they strain themselves to make 'without obtaining any one end, except that which happened to the frog when he would needs contend for size with the ox.'

Swift has put the case as between Ireland and England with his finest irony in the parable called 'The Story of the Injured Lady' in which one mistress (Ireland) of a deceitful and perfidious lover (England) complains of the preference shown by him for her 'tall, lean, ill-shaped, bad-featured, sluttish, poor, beggarly, pilfering, scolding, and cursing' rival (Scotland); and tells her own history:—

I was reckoned to be as handsome as any of our neighbourhood until I became pale and thin with grief and ill usage. I am still fair enough, and

have, I think, no very ill-features about me. They that see me now will hardly allow me ever to have had any great share of beauty, for besides being so much altered, I go always mobbed, and in an undress, as well out of neglect as indeed for want of clothes to appear in. I might add to all this, that I was born to a good estate, although it now turns to little account under the oppressions I endure, and has been the true cause of all my misfortunes.

Some years ago this gentleman, taking a fancy either to my person or fortune, made his addresses to me, which, being then young and foolish, I too readily admitted; and to dwell no longer upon a theme that causes such bitter reflections, I was undone by the common arts practised upon all credulous virgins, half by force and half by consent, after solemn vows and protestations of marriage. He soon began to play the part of a too fortunate lover, affecting on all occasions to show his authority and act like a conqueror. First, he found fault with the government of my family, which I grant was none of the best, consisting of ignorant, illiterate creatures, for at that time I knew little of the world. In compliance to him, therefore, I agreed to fall into his ways and methods of living; I consented that his steward [3] should govern my house, and have liberty to employ an under-steward,[4] who should receive his directions. My lover proceeded further, turned away several old servants and tenants, and supplying me with others from his own house. These grew so domineering and unreasonable, that there was no quiet, and I heard of nothing but perpetual quarrels, which, although I could not possibly help, yet my lover laid all the blame and punishment upon me, and upon every falling out still turned away more of my people, and supplied me in their stead with a number of fellows and dependents of his own, whom he had no other way to provide for. Overcome by love and to avoid noise and contention, I yielded to all his usurpations, and finding it in vain to resist, I thought it my best policy to make my court to my new servants and draw them to my interests. I fed them from my own table with the best I had, put my new tenants on the choice parts of my land, and treated them all so kindly that they began to love me as well as their master. In process of time all my old servants were gone, and I had not a creature about me, nor above one or two tenants, but were of his choosing, yet I had the good luck by gentle usage to bring over the greatest part of them to my side. When my lover observed this, he began to alter his language, and to those who inquired about me, he would answer, that I was an old dependent upon his family whom he had placed on some concerns of his own, and he began to use me accordingly, neglecting by degrees all common civility in his behaviour. I shall never forget the speech he made me one morning, which he delivered with all the gravity in the world. He put me in mind of the vast obligations I lay under to him in sending me so many of his people for my own good and to teach me manners; that it had cost him ten times more than I was worth to maintain me; that it had been much better for him if I had been damned or burnt, or sunk to the bottom of the sea; that it was reasonable I should strain myself as far as I was able to reimburse him some of his charges; that from henceforward he expected his word should be a law to me in all things; that I must maintain a parish watch against thieves and robbers, and give salaries to an overseer, a constable, and others, all of his own choosing, whom he would send from time to time to be spies upon me; that to enable me the better in supporting these expenses, my tenants

[3] The King of England.

[4] The Lord-Lieutenant.

should be obliged to carry all their goods across the river to his own town-market, and pay toll on both sides, and then sell them at half value. But because we were a nasty sort of people, and that he could not endure to touch anything we had a hand in, and likewise because he wanted work to employ his own folks, therefore we must send all our goods to his market just in their naturals: the milk immediately from the cow, without making it into cheese and butter; the corn in the ear, the grass as it was mowed, the wool as it comes from the sheep's back; and bring the fruit upon the branch, that he might not be obliged to eat it after our filthy hands; that if a tenant carried but a piece of bread and cheese to eat by the way, or an inch of worsted to mend his stockings, he should forfeit his whole parcel; and because a company of rogues usually plied on the river between us, who often robbed my tenants of their goods and boats, he ordered a waterman of his to guard them, whose manner was to be out of the way till the poor wretches were plundered, then to overtake the thieves, and seize all as a lawful prize to his master and himself. It would be endless to repeat a hundred other hardships he has put upon me: but it is a general rule that whenever he imagines the smallest advantage will redound to one of his foot-boys by any new oppression of me and my whole family, he never disputes it a moment. All this has rendered me so very insignificant and contemptible at home, that some servants to whom I pay the greatest wages, and many tenants who have the most beneficial leases, are gone over to live with him, yet I am bound to continue their wages and pay their rents; by which means one-third part of my whole income is spent on his estate, and above another third by his tolls and markets; and my poor tenants are so sunk and impoverished that, instead of maintaining me suitably to my quality, they can hardly find me clothes to keep me warm, or provide the common necessaries of life for themselves.

Swift's own remedies for the evils he describes are summed up, near the end of his humorous 'Proposal for rendering Poor Children beneficial instead of burdensome' (by eating them, to wit):—

Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at 5*s.* a pound: of using neither clothes nor household furniture except what is of our own growth and manufacture: of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury: of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness and gaming in our women: of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence, and temperance: of learning to love our country, in the want of which we differ even from Laplanders and the inhabitants of Topinamboo: of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken: of being a little cautious not to sell our country and conscience for nothing: of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy toward their tenants: lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers, who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our negative goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us the price, the measure, and the goodness; nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore, I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he has at least some glimpse of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice.

So hopeless was Swift of any improvement in Ireland that he regarded the increasing emigration to America with unmixed satisfaction; proposed to pay for sending emigrants across; and rejoiced in

> a mortality in any country parish or village, where the wretches are forced to pay for a filthy cabin and two ridges of potatoes treble the worth —brought up to steal or beg, from want of work—to whom death would be the best thing to be wished for on account both of themselves and the public.

No measure of land reform seems to have presented itself to Swift's mind as a possible remedy for the distress of the farmers, nor was it probable that it should. His wildest scheme is the tax upon absentees, and he does not venture to do more than enjoin upon landlords 'at least one degree of mercy' towards their tenants. He did personally all that lay in his power to induce the landowners to use their legal rights with moderation; and how great his influence was may be gathered from the correspondence he had with John Barber, Alderman of London, in 1737, in regard to the extortionate raising of rents by the London Society which owned Coleraine. Swift writes like a man of the world, indulges in no heroics or appeals *ad misericordiam*, but exposes the folly of the increase of rents from the point of view of the Society itself:—

> All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, that they may depend upon receiving their rents, and thereby be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. . . . Although my own lands, as dean, be let for four-fifths under their value, I have not raised them a sixth part in twenty-three years, and took very moderate fines. . . .

And so on, showing the danger of the tenants all leaving the estate, and recommending a smaller increase than the tremendous change from 300*l.* to 1200*l.* a year, which had well-nigh ruined the town. Alderman Barber replies three months later:—

> As the society have always had the greatest regard for your recommendation, so in this affair they have given a fresh instance of their respect; for they have resolved to relieve their tenants in Colrane from their hard bargains; and to that end have put it in a way that is to the entire satisfaction of the bearer.

This is probably but one of many instances in which Swift used his great influence for the benefit of the oppressed tenantry. His correspondence abounds in indications of similar protection afforded in other directions.

But it was not in Ireland alone that Swift worked for its improvement. When he was in England in 1726 he had several interviews with the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, and obtained her promise to employ her influence in favour of his unhappy country, and in the same year he had an interview with Sir Robert Walpole, which has been the occasion of much controversy, but which, according to Swift's own account (given in a letter to Lord Peterborough, April 28, 1726) was arranged 'with no other design than to represent

the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light.' None of these interviews however bore fruit. Queen Caroline resolutely forgot the promise of the Princess of Wales, and Swift vainly appeals to his friend the Countess of Suffolk to recall it to her memory:—

> I wish her Majesty would remember what I largely said to her about Ireland, when before a witness she gave me leave and commanded me to tell her what she spoke to me on that subject, and ordered me, if I lived to see her in her present station, to send her our grievances, promising to read my letter, and to do all good offices in her power for this miserable and loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never so near as now.

But it was crying to deaf ears. Swift's day was over with the British Court. Sick at heart with the misery he can do so little to help, he declares he must give up the fight:—

> I have done some smaller services to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many years upon me, and have too much sickness. I am out of favour at Court, where I was well received during two summers six or seven years ago. The governing people here do not love me. For, as corrupt as England is, it is a habitation of saints in comparison of Ireland. We are slaves, and knaves, and fools; and all, but bishops and people in employment, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to 200,000*l.*; the few honest men among us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

This was written in 1734: and though Swift lived to do many more services for his people, this letter marks the end of his public championship of Irish wrongs in print and petition. It is a sad conclusion to a great work, and Swift took, as usual, a more melancholy view of the case than was needful. His work in Ireland ought to have given him more satisfaction than any other phase of his varied life. There are many who would question the public value of his services to the Tory Government; there are people who see more bitterness and disappointment in his satires than instruction and guiding; but no one can dispute the worth and disinterested sincerity of his work for Ireland. He was not always right in his judgments; he was very seldom pleasant in his counsel; he told the people unpalatable truths in the roughest tones he could command; he spared no man, still less a woman, in the cause of justice; he scrupled no virulence of abuse when he had oppression and fraud to chastise. And in spite of his rude manner and contemptuous tone, the people worshipped him. He taught them that their opinion was a power, that the passive resistance of men's minds could withstand a bad law and turn aside the purpose of a government. He created a public opinion in Ireland, and he guided it. Finally, when it grew strong he left it to take care of itself, till Grattan and O'Connell came to lead it, in a different way, but towards the same goal of freedom and equal justice.

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is impossible. Compromise of any sort between the two adverse parties, is impossible also; for they simply contradict one another. Codd. B and ℵ are either among the purest of manuscripts,—or else they are among the very foulest. The text of Drs. Westcott and Hort is either the very best which has ever appeared,—or else it is the very worst; the nearest to the sacred autographs,—or the furthest from them. There is no room for *both* opinions; and there cannot exist any middle view. The question will have to be fought out; and it must be fought out fairly. It may not be magisterially settled; but must be advocated, on either side, by the old logical method. If Continental Scholars join in the fray, England,—which, in the last century, took the lead in these studies,—will, it is to be hoped, maintain her ancient reputation and again occupy the front rank. The combatants may be sure that, in consequence of all that has happened, the public will be no longer indifferent spectators of the conflict; for the issue concerns the inner life of the whole community,—touches their very heart of hearts. Certain it is that—'GOD defend *the Right*'! will be the one aspiration of every faithful spirit among us. THE TRUTH,—(we avow it on behalf of Drs. Westcott and Hort as eagerly as on our own behalf,)—GOD'S TRUTH will be, as it has been throughout, the one object of all our striving. *Αἴλινον αἴλινον εἰπὲ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.*

ART. II.—1. *The Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.* Edited, with Notes and a Life of the Author, by Walter Scott, Esq. Eighteen volumes. Second edition. Edinburgh, 1824.

2. *The History and Antiquities of the Collegiate and Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, near Dublin.* Collected chiefly from sources of original record, by William Monck Mason, Esq. Dublin, 1819.

3. *The Life of Jonathan Swift.* By John Forster. Volume the First. London, 1875.

WE know Swift as we know no other of those eminent men who have made the first four decades of the eighteenth century memorable in literary history. A mere glance at the materials to which his biographers have had access will suffice to show that our information regarding him is of such a kind as to leave scarcely anything to be desired. In the first place, we have his own voluminous correspondence—a correspondence which is, from a biographical point of view, of peculiar value. For as the majority

majority of his letters are addressed to intimate friends, and were intended only for the eyes of those friends, they exhibit him at times when the mask falls off, even from the most guarded. They were, moreover, written in all moods, without premeditation, without reserve, with the simple object of unburdening his mind, in no case with a view either to publication or to display. 'When I sit down to write a letter,' he used to say, 'I never lean upon my elbow till I have finished it.' Again, in the Journal to Esther Johnson, he has not only left a minute record of his daily life during a space of nearly three years, but he has with unrestrained garrulity given expression to whatever happened at the moment to be passing through his thoughts. Nor is this all. He appears, like Johnson and Coleridge, to have found an eccentric pleasure in communing with himself on paper. Many of these soliloquies accident has preserved. They throw the fullest light on his innermost thoughts and feelings. They enable us to determine how far as a Churchman he was honest, how far as a Politician he was consistent. His Memoir of himself remains unfortunately a fragment, but enough was completed to illustrate that portion of his career during which his correspondence is most scanty. If to this mass of autobiographical matter be added the innumerable passages in his public writings which elucidate his personal history, the evidence which is of all evidence the least open to suspicion may be regarded as ample even to superabundance.

But if we owe much to the communicativeness of Swift himself, we owe much also to the communicativeness of his friends. Seven years after his death appeared the famous Letters by John Lord Orrery. The indignation which this work excited among Swift's admirers is well known. The picture which Orrery drew of the Dean was certainly not a pleasing one, and he was accused of having malignantly endeavoured to indemnify himself for the long and not very successful court he paid to Swift when alive by a series of calumnious attacks upon him when dead. We have not much respect for Orrery either as a writer or as a man, but we believe him to have been guiltless of any such intention. Careful study of the letters has satisfied us that they are on the whole what they profess to be. Orrery was, as we learn from other sources, no favourite with Swift. He saw him, therefore, not as he presented himself to the fascinated eye of friendship, but as he presented himself to the impartial eye of critical curiosity. It should be remembered too that he knew him only in his decadence. Had Orrery's object been detraction, he would have withheld praise where praise was due, and when direct censure

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censure was hazardous he would have resorted to misrepresentation. There is nothing of this spirit discernible. He fully admits the greatness, he fully admits the many virtues, of the man whose portrait he has delineated in such harsh and disagreeable colours. What he painted was what he saw, and what he saw were those features in Swift's character which Delany and Deane Swift have piously done their best to soften or conceal. The truth is, that the Swift of Orrery is the Swift of the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms, and of the Verses to the Legion Club. The Letters of Orrery elicited two years afterwards the observations of Delany. Few men were better qualified to speak of Swift than Delany. He had been on terms of intimacy with him for upwards of a quarter of a century. He had been his companion in business and recreation. He had been acquainted with those who had known him from early youth. But Delany's object was eulogy, and for this due allowance must be made. He is, however, one of those witnesses whose loquacity forms a perpetual corrective to their prejudice, and his observations are so rich in reminiscence and anecdote, that a shrewd reader is in little danger of being misled. On the whole, we are inclined to think him the most trustworthy and valuable of all the original authorities. Delany's observations were succeeded, at an interval of a year, by Deane Swift's Essay. This is a very disappointing book, though, as the writer was the son-in-law of Mrs. Whiteway, and had as a young man frequently conversed with Swift, what he says of the Dean's character and habits is of importance, and we are moreover indebted to him for many interesting particulars not preserved elsewhere. In Mrs. Pilkington and the compiler of the 'Swiftiana' we are not inclined to place much confidence. Hawkesworth's Memoir, which was published in 1755, and Johnson's Life, which was published in 1781, added little or nothing to what was already known. But in 1784 came out the Memoir by Thomas Sheridan, not, of course, the Thomas Sheridan who was the friend of Swift, but the son of Swift's friend. As Sheridan professed to have derived information from his father, and has on the authority of his father contributed new biographical matter, his name stands high, much higher than it is entitled to stand, among Swift's biographers.

Then came the era of original research. This may be said to date from Dr. Barrett's Essay on the College Days of Swift, which appeared in 1808. A few years afterwards Scott undertook to embody in a comprehensive narrative the information which lay scattered through the publications to which we have just referred. He did this, and he did much more. Indeed he

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he produced a work which still remains, with all its defects, the best complete biography of Swift in existence. Scott had many advantages. His editorial labours peculiarly fitted him for the office of biographer, and those labours had been greatly facilitated both by Hawkesworth and Nichols, whose valuable editions of the Dean's collected writings had appeared at intervals between 1784 and 1808. Scott's own distinguished position in the world of letters gave, moreover, something of a national importance to his work. All who could in any way assist him eagerly proferred their services. Escritoires were ransacked, family archives explored. One gentleman placed at his disposal the correspondence between Swift and Miss Vanhomrigh; another lent him the memoranda of Dr. Lyons. Every year augmented his treasures, and on the completion of his task in 1814 he could boast that he had been able to add upwards of a hundred letters, essays, and poems to those which had already seen the light. In fine, had Scott made the best of his opportunities, had his information been as accurate as it was comprehensive, and had his patience and industry been equal to his genius and literary skill, any other Life of Swift would have been a mere work of supererogation. But unhappily his biography of Swift is marred by the same defects which marred his biography of Dryden. It is essentially unthorough—the work of a man,—of a very great man,—who was contented with doing respectably what with a little more trouble he might have done excellently. Hence, though he is always interesting and always instructive, he is seldom altogether satisfactory. We doubt very much whether any reader, after closing Scott's memoir, would have any clear impression of Swift's character. Indeed, to speak plainly, we doubt whether Scott had himself taken the trouble to form any clear conception of that character. But his most serious defect is his careless credulity. To the relative value of testimony he appears to attach little importance. He places, for example, the same implicit confidence in statements which rest on no better authority than that of Theophilus Swift and the younger Sheridan, as he places on statements which rest on the authority of Swift's own intimate associates. The result is, that what is authentic and what is apocryphal are so interwoven in his narrative, that it is never possible to follow him without distrust and suspicion.

While Scott was busy with Swift, another writer was similarly engaged. In 1819 Monck Mason published his History and Antiquities of St. Patrick's Cathedral, a goodly quarto of some five hundred pages. More than half of this formidable volume is devoted to an elaborate biography of Swift. But Monck Mason's

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Mason's quarto never succeeded in gaining the ear of the world, and is now almost forgotten. Indeed it may be questioned whether even among professed students of our literature two in twenty are aware of its existence, still less of its rare merits. Nor is this difficult to account for. A more unreadable book was probably never written. It is arranged on that detestable method which originated, we believe, with Bayle; a method the distinguishing feature of which is the combination of the greatest possible prolixity with the greatest possible confusion. The style is equally repulsive; it is at once harsh and diffuse, as dull as the style of Birch, and as cumbersome as the style of Hawkins. But if Monck Mason possesses none of the qualifications of an attractive writer, he possesses everything which constitutes an invaluable authority. The extent, the variety, the minuteness of his researches, his patience and acuteness in sifting evidence, his exact acquaintance with the writings of Swift himself, and with the writings of those who have in any way thrown light on Swift's public and private life, his accuracy, his conscientiousness, his impartiality, are above praise. But our obligations to this modest and laborious scholar extend still further. It was he who first proved, and proved in our opinion conclusively, that no marriage was ever solemnized between Swift and Esther Johnson. To him we owe the first full and satisfactory account of that long and important period in the Dean's career, which extends between the publication of the pamphlet on the Use of Irish Manufactures and the controversy with Boulter.

Such were the principal works bearing on Swift which had, up to 1875, been given to the world. In that year appeared the first volume of a biography which would probably have superseded all that had preceded it, but which was unhappily destined to remain a fragment. Of Mr. Forster's enthusiasm and industry it would be superfluous to speak. His devotion to Swift resembles the devotion of Lipsius to Tacitus, and of Basil Montague and Mr. Spedding to Bacon. It amounted to a passion. To link his name with the name of a man whom he had persuaded himself to believe one of the monarchs of human-kind was, till the last hours of his life, his most cherished object. To zeal such as this we owe perhaps nine-tenths of what is best in Biography and History. But Mr. Forster's zeal was not always a source of strength. It led him, in the language of Shakspeare, to monster nothings, to attach undue importance to the most trivial particulars. Nothing that Swift did or said was in his estimation too unimportant to be chronicled. He pounced with ludicrous avidity on matter which was not merely worthless in itself, but

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of no value in its bearings on Swift. The fact that a document had never before appeared in print was, in his eyes, a sufficient justification for its appearing in his pages. The fact that preceding biographers had in any portion of their narrative been concise, is the signal for Mr. Forster to become preposterously diffuse. We need scarcely say that a biographer can never be too full when he is treating of anything which has reference to what is in his hero distinctive and peculiar. But there are many things in which great men and little men must necessarily act alike. There is much in the constitution even of the most exalted personages which is common to all mankind. On these points a judicious biographer will be least communicative; but on these points Mr. Forster dilates at insufferable length. That Swift played at cards and made bad puns may possibly be worth recording, but what man on earth cares to know the exact cards he held, or the exact bad puns he made? We have no wish to detract from the merits of Mr. Forster's book, but we are assuredly guilty of no injustice to him when we say that, had he paid more attention to the art of suppression and selection, it would have been better for the world and better for Swift's fame. But this is not the only blemish in his work. It is animated throughout by an unpleasantly polemical spirit. He appears to have regarded the biographers who preceded him as jealous lovers regard rivals. He is continually going out of his way to exalt himself and to depreciate them. Here we have a digression on the incompetence of Deane Swift, there a sneer at Orrery. Now he pauses to carp at Delany; at another time he wearies us with an account of the deficiencies of Sheridan. He must himself have admitted that his own original contributions to Swift's biography were as a drop in the river, compared with those of Scott and Monck Mason, and yet Scott rarely appears in his pages, except in a disadvantageous light, and to Monck Mason's work,* though he draws largely on it, he studiously refrains from acknowledging the slightest obligation. But let us not be misunderstood. Mr. Forster's fragment is a solid and valuable addition to the literature of Swift. If he has added nothing of importance to what was known before, he has scrutinized with microscopic minuteness all that was known; he has thus accurately distinguished between what was fiction and what was fact. He has confirmed and illustrated what was established; he has for ever set at rest what was doubtful; and

* The only allusion which Mr. Forster makes to Monck Mason's work is, we believe, in a few words on page 36:—'The well-informed historian of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mr. Monck Mason, makes the following statement in his elaborate chapter on Swift.'

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he has rendered it impossible for even the suspicion of error to attach itself to any portion of Swift's early history. But it is time to turn from the biographers to the Dean himself.

The popular notion about Swift, simply stated, we take to be this: that he was a gloomy and ferocious misanthrope, with a heart of stone and a tongue of poison; that if not exactly a libertine, he revelled in impurity and filth; that he was an apostate in politics, a sceptic in religion, and a tyrant in private life; that he wrought the ruin of two women who passionately loved him, and that he paid the penalty for his inhumanity and selfishness by an old age of unutterable misery. Now the facts of Swift's life are, as we have already stated, matters of certain knowledge. In estimating his character a critic has at no point to resort to conjecture; his appeal lies to authentic evidence. That evidence, which is voluminous, few have leisure to survey; but that evidence we have thought it our duty to survey; and our scrutiny has satisfied us that the popular picture of Swift has not even the merit of being a caricature, but that it is a mere reckless daub, produced pretty much in the same way as Protogenes is said to have produced the foam on the mouth of his wearied hound.

In the first place, nothing is more certain than that Swift's life, from the time he appears on the stage of history to the time he ceased to be a responsible being, was a long course of active benevolence. While still a struggling priest, more than one-tenth of what he expended he expended in charity. As his fortune increased, his generosity grew with it. When his political services gave him influence, his first thought was for his friends. To his recommendation, Congreve, Gay, Rowe, Friend, Ambrose Philips, and Steele, owed remunerative offices. 'You never come to us,' said Bolingbroke, on one occasion, half angrily, 'without bringing some Whig in your sleeve.' He obtained for King, who had libelled and insulted him, a post which relieved that facetious writer from the pressure of want. His kindness to young Harrison and poor Diaper would alone suffice to prove the goodness of his heart. He made the fortune of Barber. He went out of his way to serve Parnell and Berkeley. How greatly Pope profited from his zealous friendship, Pope has himself acknowledged. He was never known to turn a deaf ear to sorrow or poverty; nay, it is notorious that he denied himself the common comforts of life that he might relieve the necessities of the paupers of Dublin. His correspondence teems with proofs of his kindness and charity. At one time we find him pleading for an old soldier, at another time, when almost too ill to hold the pen, for a poor parson; here he is soliciting

soliciting subscriptions for a volume of poems, there he is stating the case of a persecuted patriot. His large-hearted philanthropy extended itself in all directions. He was the first who drew attention to the inadequacy of religious instruction in London, and suggested the remedy. He organized a club for the relief of distressed men of letters, and, visiting them personally in their cocklofts and cellars, dispensed with his own hand the money which his generous importunity had wrung from opulent friends. With the first five hundred pounds which he had been able to put by he established a fund which, advancing money without interest, saved many humble families from distress and ruin. He founded a charity school for boys, and at a time when he could ill afford it he built, at his own expense, an almshouse for aged women. Of that noble hospital which owes its existence to his munificent philanthropy we need scarcely speak. But had he been in private life all that his enemies would represent him, his public services to Ireland would alone suffice to make him the peer of Burke and Howard. With regard to the charge of scepticism, which involves also the more serious charge of hypocrisy, there is not—and we say so positively—a tittle of evidence to support it. His real attitude towards Religion he has himself, with characteristic candour, accurately defined. In one of his private memoranda —the 'Thoughts on Religion'—he writes:

'I look upon myself in the capacity of a clergyman to be one appointed by Providence for defending a post assigned me, and for gaining over as many enemies as I can. I am not answerable to God for the doubts that arise in my own breast since they are the consequence of that reason which He has planted in me, if I take care to conceal those doubts from others, if I use my best endeavours to subdue them, and if they have no influence on the conduct of my life.'

And what sentence ever came from his pen, or what word is authentically recorded as ever having fallen from his lips, inconsistent with this statement? More than one-third of his voluminous writings, including the work on which the charge of infidelity is based, were in defence of the Protestant Church —the Church in which he believed Christianity to exist in its purest form. It is certain that he devoted a portion of each day to religious exercises. It is certain that no scandalous or immoral action was, during his lifetime, ever seriously imputed to him. The ridiculous fable, circulated by a poor lunatic at Kilroot, was probably invented long after Swift's death.* Into

* The curious volume published in 1730 entitled 'Some Memoirs of the Amours and Intrigues of a certain Irish Dean,' is, as we need scarcely say, a mere romance.

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the question of his apostasy from the Whigs, and into the history of his relations with Esther Johnson and Miss Vanhomrigh, it is our intention to enter at length on another occasion.

That the world, however, should misjudge Swift is not surprising, for he has had the misfortune to number among his assailants four writers who have done more than any writers who could be named to mould public opinion on matters relating to the literary and political history of the last century. We allude, of course, to Jeffrey, Macaulay, Lord Stanhope, and Thackeray. Jeffrey's article on Swift, or, to speak more accurately, Jeffrey's libel on Swift, appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' for September 1816. It is a work which makes no pretension to impartiality. It is a mere party pamphlet. Its undisguised object was to render the great Tory satirist odious and contemptible. And the method employed is simple. The Reviewer begins by attributing everything that Swift did to the lowest motives; he suppresses all mention of such actions in his life as were indisputably laudable; he puts the worst possible construction on such actions as admitted of misrepresentation; and he paints him as being during the whole course of his existence what he was only in his last sad years. Macaulay followed, and —we are transcribing Macaulay's own words—'the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover, the heart burning with hatred against the whole human race,' was again held up to the scorn and loathing of the world. Then came Lord Stanhope. We have no doubt whatever that that amiable and candid historian weighed well the bitter words in which he expressed his opinion of Swift's character; but we believe him to have followed too implicitly what he found in Jeffrey and Macaulay, and to have been too ready to think the worst of the enemy of Cowper and Somers. Of Thackeray's lively and eloquent lecture we shall only remark, that it abounds, as Mr. Hannay pointed out long ago, in erroneous statements, and in utterly unwarrantable conclusions. It is shallow, it is flighty, it is unjust. We think, therefore, that a review of Swift's life and works, succinctly and temperately written, is still a desideratum; and we venture to hope that the sketch which we are about to submit to our readers may in some slight measure serve to supply the deficiency.

The country in which Swift first saw the light, and with whose history his name will be for ever associated, is not entitled to number him among her sons. Of unmingled English blood, he was descended on his father's side from an old and gentle family. The elder branch of that family had for many years been in possession of considerable estates in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, had intermarried with the Mulgraves

graves and Creightons, and had, in the person of Barnam Swift, been ennobled by Charles the First. The younger branch had settled in the Midland Counties, and from this branch sprang Swift's immediate ancestors. His great-grandfather, William Swift, was a divine of some distinction. He married a woman of large property, but of an irritable and malignant temper. The issue of this marriage were two daughters and a son, Thomas. The misfortunes of Thomas—and his long life was destined to consist of little else than misfortunes—originated in his mother's capricious cruelty. She began by disinheriting him, while still a schoolboy, for robbing an orchard; and a few years later insulted him so grossly that he was unable to remain under the same roof with her. At last, having taken orders, he obtained from his friend the Bishop of Hereford the vicarage of Goodrich, in Herefordshire. During the civil troubles he distinguished himself by his chivalrous devotion to the Royal cause. Indeed, his loyalty cost him his fortune and his liberty. For, after being repeatedly plundered by the Roundheads, who on one occasion sacked his parsonage and half murdered his family and servants, he was in 1646 deprived of his preferment, stripped of his patrimony, and flung into prison. Some years before these events had occurred, he had formed an alliance which unites by the tie of kindred the two most distinguished names in political satire. The wife of Thomas Swift was Elizabeth Dryden, the sister, not of the poet's father, as the earlier biographers suppose, but of the poet's grandfather. She bore her husband ten sons and four daughters. Of these sons two only were, it seems, regularly educated and provided for. The eldest, Godwin, a clever and pushing youth, settled in Dublin, practised at the Irish bar, married a connection of the Marchioness of Ormond, and prospered. Thither at various times four of his brothers, attracted doubtless by his success, followed him; and Godwin, to do him justice, appears to have exercised all his influence to aid them. One of these brothers must, however, have sorely tried the patience of the kind-hearted but worldly-minded lawyer. This was Jonathan. Without any regular profession, without prospects, and with nothing but a miserable pittance of about twenty pounds a year to depend upon, this thoughtless stripling had taken to wife a young woman as poor as himself. Jonathan's bride was Abigail Erick. She came of an ancient but decayed family in Leicestershire, which claimed as its founder that wild Saxon patriot, whose ferocity and courage were long the terror of our Norman rulers; for in the veins of Swift's mother ran the blood of Eadric the Forester. The imprudent couple soon experienced the folly of the step they had taken. Mrs. Swift had already

already a baby in her arms. Poverty, and the sordid miseries which followed in its train, were staring them in the face. At last an opening occurred. The stewardship of the King's Inns fell vacant, and Jonathan, who had occasionally assisted in the office, was fortunate enough to obtain the post. This was in January 1666. In the spring of the following year he was in his grave.

He left his wife in deplorable circumstances. As steward he had out of his scanty income been compelled to advance money for commons, but the members of the Inns now refused to refund it. He had died in debt to the Benchers, and his widow was unable to meet the claim. She owed money to the doctors who had attended him; she owed money to the very undertaker who had buried him. He had been taken from her before she was aware that she was again to become a mother. Every week her distress and embarrassment increased. Her health was wretched, her heart was breaking. In the midst of these miseries her hour of agony drew on. On November 20th, 1667, at number 7, Hoeys Court, Dublin, was born the child who was to make the name of his dead father immortal.

Swift was always slow to confess obligations, but there seems no reason for doubting that both Godwin and William behaved kindly to their sister-in-law. Indeed, it is stated on very good authority, that it was at his uncle Godwin's house that Jonathan's birth took place, and that the first months of his infancy were passed there. However that may be, an event occurred while he was still a baby, which for some years cast doubt on the country of his nativity. It chanced that the nurse, a woman from Whitehaven, to whose care he had been confided, was summoned home to attend a dying relative from whom she expected a legacy. But the good soul had become so attached to her charge that she could not bear to part with it. Without saying a word, therefore, to Mrs. Swift, she stole off with the baby to England, and there for nearly three years the little fellow remained with his tender-hearted foster-mother. He was sickly and delicate, but she watched over him with maternal fondness; and she took such pains with his education, that by the time he was three years old he could read any chapter in the Bible. Under what circumstances he rejoined his mother in Ireland we have no means of determining, but in his seventh year he was placed in the Foundation School of the Ormonds at Kilkenny. One of his playmates in this obscure Irish seminary was in a few years destined to enter on a career of unusual brilliance, and to leave a name as imperishable as his own; for his playmate at Kilkenny was the future author of the 'Way of the World' and 'Love for Love.' A few unimportant particulars

particulars are all that have survived of this period of Swift's life. It seems, however, pretty certain that there was nothing to distinguish him either at school or college from the general body of his class-fellows. Parts like his are, indeed, rarely remarkable for their precocious development. In his fifteenth year he commenced residence at Trinity College, Dublin, being supported, no doubt, by his uncles Godwin and William. He was entered as a pensioner on the 24th of April, 1682; and here he remained during those years which are perhaps of all years the most critical in man's life.

His career at Trinity was not creditable to him. Between the period of his matriculation and his degree, though he lived, he tells us, with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he turned a deaf ear to his teachers, neglected the studies prescribed by the college, and reading just as whim or accident directed, found himself, on the eve of his examination, very ill-qualified to face it. The subjects then required for a degree in arts were, it must be admitted, sufficiently repulsive. Those noble works which form in our day the basis of a liberal education had had no place in the curriculum. The poetry, the oratory, the history of the ancient world, were alike ignored. Plato was a dead letter; Aristotle held the post of honour, but it was not the Aristotle who is familiar to us—the Aristotle of the Ethics, of the Politics, of the Poetics, of the Rhetoric—but the Aristotle of the Organon, the Physics, and the Metaphysics. Next in estimation to these treatises stood the Isagoge of Porphyry, and the writings of two pedantic casuists whose names have long since sunk into well-merited oblivion, Smeglesius and Burgersdicius. Swift presented himself for examination, and failed. The examining Board pronouncing him to be dull and insufficient, refused at first to pass him. Finally, however, they granted a degree *speciali gratiâ*, a term implying in that university that a candidate has gained by favour what he is not entitled to claim by merit. With this slur upon his name he resumed his studies, his object being to proceed to the higher degree of Master. His former irregularities were now aggravated by graver misdemeanors. He absented himself from chapel and from roll-call, neglected lectures, was out late at night, and became associated with a clique of youths who were not merely idle but dissolute. Indeed he seems to have been in ill-odour everywhere. Mr. Forster manfully endeavours to prove that Swift's college life has been greatly misrepresented. He is willing to admit that it was not all a fond biographer could wish, but he is, he says, convinced that it was by no means so discreditable as it has been painted. He produces, for example, a college-roll, dated Easter, 1685, in which

which Swift is entered as having at a recent examination acquitted himself satisfactorily in Latin and Greek. From this Mr. Forster infers that neither incompetence nor idleness could be justly imputed to him, He is well aware that in later years Swift never questioned, or to speak more accurately, that he tacitly corroborated the unfavourable verdict passed on him by the Examiners at Trinity. But this Mr. Forster interprets as a touch of sarcastic irony. 'Famous as Swift then was,' he says, 'any discredit from the special grace would, as he well knew, go to the givers. In attempting to fix a stigma upon him, they only succeeded in fixing a stigma upon themselves.' Mr. Forster next points out that the most serious of Swift's alleged delinquencies during these years are purely supposititious; that he has been confounded with his cousin Thomas; and that it is to Thomas, not to Jonathan, that the entries in the College Registry may in many cases refer. This is undoubtedly true. Thus we have no means of determining whether the Swift who was, in November 1688, suspended for insubordination and contumacy was Thomas or Jonathan, though the biographers have in all cases assumed that the culprit was Jonathan. That Jonathan was, however, publicly censured in March 1687, is certain, as in the entry which records the censure—censure for 'notorious neglect of duties' and for 'tavern haunting'—the names of the two Swifts occur together. Whether he had any share in the composition of a scurrilous harangue, in which some of the principal members of the Trinity Common Room are treated with gross disrespect, and for the delivery of which, in the character of Terræ Filius, one of his College acquaintances narrowly escaped expulsion, is still open to debate. Dr. Barrett is convinced that it was Swift's production. Mr. Forster sees no traces of his hand in any portion of it. Scott is of opinion that it received touches from him, and in that opinion we entirely coincide. The heroic poem, for example, in the third act of the piece, is very much in the vein of his maturer years; the doggerel Latin recals exactly the jargon in which throughout his life he delighted to indulge; and though we search in vain for his peculiar humour, we find, we regret to say, only too much of his peculiar indecency. But the subject is scarcely worth discussing.

Whatever may have been the measure of his delinquencies at College, it is not difficult to account for their origin. His life had been poisoned at its very source. Everything within and everything without combined to irritate and depress him. He was miserably poor, he was inordinately proud; he was daily exposed to contumely and contempt, he was sensitive

even to disease. The wretched pittance which was his sole support, and for which he was indebted to the charity of relatives, was bestowed in a manner which stung him to the quick. Of these cruel benefactors, his uncle Godwin was probably the chief, and the patronage of Godwin he repaid with an energy of hatred which no lapse of years could impair. Ill-health and hypochondria added to his sufferings. The solace of human sympathy was during the whole of this dismal period unknown to him. His mother, who was in England, he never saw. There is no evidence of his having been on affectionate terms with any of his associates. He sought at first some alleviation for his miseries in the perusal of light literature, and he gave to poetry and history the time which should have been devoted to severer studies. The result of this was that, at an age when youths are peculiarly sensitive about anything which casts aspersion on their parts, he found himself branded as a blockhead. What followed was natural. Angry with himself, with his relatives, and with his teachers, he became reckless and dissolute. His misfortunes were brought to a climax by the failure of his uncle Godwin, who had for some time been in embarrassed circumstances, and was now on the verge of ruin.

Meanwhile events were occurring, which terminated in his abrupt departure for the mother-country. Ireland was in the throes of a dreadful crisis. Tyrconnel, at the head of the Celtic Catholics, was hurrying on a revolution which threatened to end in the extermination of the Saxon Protestants. The English, who held their lives in their hands, were preparing to abandon their possessions and fly. At the close of 1688 a report was circulated, that there was to be a general massacre of the Saxons. A panic ensued. The ports were crowded. Many who were unable to obtain a place in commodious vessels embarked in open boats. Among these terrified emigrants was Swift. On arriving in England he at once made his way to his mother, who was residing near her relatives at Leicester. She was not, as he well knew, in a position to offer him a home, but he found what he sought, affection and guidance. The glimpses which tradition gives us of this admirable woman suffice to show that the respect and love with which her illustrious son never ceased to regard her were not undeserved. An unassuming piety pervaded her whole life. Though her fortune was scanty, even to meanness, she was, she used to say, rich and happy. Her spirit was independent, her mind cultivated, her manners gentle and refined. Her polite and sprightly conversation was the delight of all who knew her, and she

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was endowed with what is perhaps the rarest of all the qualities possessed by her sex—the quality of humour. From her Jonathan inherited no doubt many of the gifts which were to make him famous: it was unfortunately not given her to transmit to him the gifts which would have made him happy. He remained at Leicester for some months, dividing his time between forming plans for the future and toying with rustic beauties. His attentions to one of these young women, an intelligent but portionless girl, became so marked that Mrs. Swift, remembering the miseries of her own ill-advised union, was greatly alarmed. She found, however, some consolation in the fact that her scapegrace was amenable to reason.

The necessity for his quitting Leicester, where if not dependent on herself, he was dependent on her relatives, and where he had no chance of obtaining employment, was obvious. But where that employment was likely to present itself, was a problem on which the good lady was not able to throw much light. In truth the future of a young man whose sole distinctions were a character for idleness and insubordination, a gloomy temper, an uncouth exterior, and the possession of a degree obtained under circumstances notoriously discreditable to him, might well have puzzled a far more experienced adviser. In this perplexity it occurred to her that the best course for Jonathan to take would be to consult Sir William Temple. That eminent man, though moving in a sphere very different to her own, had married one of her connections. His father, Sir Richard, had moreover been on terms of intimacy with Godwin Swift, and she thought it not unlikely therefore that Temple would, out of consideration for his father's friend, do what he could to assist that friend's nephew. Nor was she mistaken. Temple received him not merely with kindness but offered him a home, and at the beginning of the summer of 1689 we find him domesticated at Moor Park. The nature of Swift's connection with Temple and the circumstances of his residence at Moor Park have been very variously related. Macaulay describes it as a period of unmingled humiliation and wretchedness, and represents his position as little better than that of an upper servant. Mr. Forster draws a different conclusion. There is, he contends, no evidence to show that Temple treated his young dependent in any manner calculated to wound his pride; and he is, he says, convinced that, whatever may have been the exact position held by Swift in Temple's household, it involved nothing which compromised either self-respect or independence. Swift's own account of the matter certainly corroborates Mr. Forster's view. 'I hope,' he

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wrote many years afterwards, in a letter to Lord Palmerston, 'you will not charge my living in Sir William's family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpose, if I retired to his house on any other motive than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies.' Nothing, too, is more certain than that Temple introduced him to his most distinguished guests, an honour to which he would scarcely have been admitted, had his place been, as Macaulay represents it as being, at the second table. Twice, indeed, during this period of alleged ignominious vassallage, we find him in conversation with no less a person than his Sovereign, who, on one occasion, condescended to teach him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way, and on another occasion listened to his arguments in favour of the Triennial Bill.

We believe, however, that the conclusions of Macaulay and the conclusions of Mr. Forster may in a manner be reconciled. Macaulay was no doubt right in asserting that the years passed by Swift under Temple's roof were years during which his haughty and restless spirit suffered cruel mortification. Mr. Forster is no doubt right in denying that Temple regarded him as a mere parasite. The truth probably is, that he entered Moor Park as Temple's amanuensis and secretary; that in return for these services he was boarded and paid; that his patron, at first, treated him not indeed with indignity, but with the reserve and indifference which a man of the world would naturally maintain towards a raw and inexperienced youth of twenty-three. But as his genius developed, and as his extraordinary powers began to display themselves—neither of which would be likely to escape so acute an observer as Temple—his relations with his employer assumed a new character. Temple grew every day more condescending and gracious. He discoursed freely with him on public affairs; he gave him the benefit of his own vast experience as a diplomatist and as a courtier; and he entrusted him with business which he would assuredly have entrusted to nobody in whose tact and parts he had not full confidence. It was not in Temple's nature to feel or assume that frank cordiality which puts dependents at their ease and lightens the burden of obligation, for his constitution was cold, his humour reserved. Partly also owing to ill-health, and partly to congenital infirmity, his temper was often moody and capricious. Of his substantial kindness to Swift there can however be no question. Indeed, we are convinced that Temple behaved from first to last with a generosity which has never been sufficiently appreciated. When, for example, in the spring of 1690, the state of the young secretary's health rendered a change to Ireland necessary,

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necessary, Temple at once exercised his influence to procure employment for him in Dublin. Two years afterwards he helped him to obtain an *ad eundem* degree in Arts at Oxford, and in 1694 he offered him a post—the only post it was in his power to bestow—in Ireland. He had already recommended him to the notice of the King, who had, as early as 1692, promised to assist him.

But unhappily the mind and body of the youth on whom these favours had been bestowed were so diseased, that what was intended to benefit served only to irritate and distress him: the more indulgence he received, the more exacting and querulous he became; the brighter appeared the prospect without, the deeper and blacker grew the gloom within. All that had haunted his solitude at Dublin with unrest and wretchedness now returned to torment him in scenes of less sordid misery. His pride amounted almost to monomania. Fancied slights and imaginary wrongs ulcerated his soul with rage and grief. No kindness availed either to soothe or to cheer him. What would in gentler spirits awake the sense of gratitude, awoke nothing in him but a galling sense of obligation. In an honourable employment his jaundiced vision discerned only derogatory servitude. The acute sensibility which had been his bane from childhood, kept him constantly on the rack. A hasty word or even a cold look sufficed to trouble him during many days; and the inequalities of his patron's temper caused him pain so exquisite that it vibrated in his memory for years. Nor were these his only miseries. The first symptoms of that mysterious malady which pursued him through life, and which was, after making the world a pandemonium to him, to bring him, under circumstances of unspeakable degradation, to the tomb, had already revealed themselves. His chief solace during the earlier portion of this dismal time lay in scribbling verses and in teaching a little delicate, pale-faced, dark-eyed girl to read and write. The child was a daughter of a poor widow in the service of Temple's sister, Lady Giffard, and when Swift first saw her she was in her seventh year. Such were the circumstances under which he first met Esther Johnson, and such was the commencement of one of the saddest and most mysterious stories which have ever found a place in the records of the domestic history of eminent men. To poetic composition he appears at this time to have devoted himself with great assiduity; but his success was by no means proportioned to his efforts. In truth, anything worse than the Pindarics of Swift would be inconceivable. They are not merely immeasurably below the vilest of Cowley's or Oldham's, but they are immeasurably

measurably below the vilest that could be selected from Yalden, Flatman, or Sprat. Indeed they are so bad that, if we wish to judge of them relatively, we must judge them in relation to each other. If, for example, there is anything more insufferable than the 'Ode to Archbishop Sancroft,' it is the 'Ode to Sir William Temple;' and should the reader be inclined to wonder whether anything worse than the 'Ode to Temple' could possibly exist, he has only to turn to the 'Ode on the Athenian Society.' This last poem he submitted to his kinsman Dryden, requesting an opinion as to its merits. 'Cousin Swift,' was the old man's blunt reply, 'you will never be a poet.' As Dryden's literary judgments were held to be without appeal, and carried among the wits of these times the weight and authority of oracles, this was a severe blow. And Swift felt it keenly. Its effect on him was characteristic. He recognized, with the good sense that always distinguished him, the justice of the criticism, and he wrote no more ambitious verses. But he indemnified himself for the blow his vanity had received by seizing every opportunity to ridicule and vilify his critic. To the end of his life he pursued the memory of Dryden with unrelenting hostility.

He now determined to strike for independence. His thoughts pointed towards the Church, for in the Church he saw prospects such as no other walk in life opened out, and the King had in the event of his taking orders promised him preferment. But Temple was very unwilling to part with him. He counselled delay; it would be wiser, he thought, to wait until the King had offered what he promised. Swift was, however, not to be evaded, and his importunity appears to have ruffled his patron's temper. At last, after some haggling, he boldly demanded what Temple was prepared to do for him. 'I shall not,' said the old statesman, 'pledge myself to anything; but you may, if you please, take a clerkship in the Irish Rolls.' 'Then,' replied Swift, 'as I have now an opportunity of living without being driven into the Church for a maintenance, I shall go to Ireland and take orders.' And he quitted Moor Park in a pet.

He had however, in all probability, fully considered what he was about to do; and though after events must have caused misgivings as to the prudence of what he now did, it is remarkable that he never, so far as we can discover, expressed, either in writing or conversation, regret for having taken a step which, from a worldly point of view, he had assuredly ample reason to repent. He was ordained by the Bishop of Derry; his deacon's orders are dated October the 28th, 1694, his priest's orders, Jan. 13th, 1695. In his autobiography he is careful

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careful to tell us that it was not for the mere sake of gaining a livelihood that he sought ordination, but his correspondence makes it quite clear that expectation of preferment was, if not his only, at least his primary motive. However that may be, he accepted his position, with all its responsibilities. If the yoke galled him, none saw the sore. If he had scruples, he concealed them. It would be absurd to say that Swift was at any time a model clergyman, but it is due to him to acknowledge that, from the moment he entered the Church to the moment disease incapacitated him for action, he was the indefatigable champion of his order. Few ecclesiastics have, indeed, in any age, done more for the body to which they belonged. To his efforts the Irish Church owed the remission of First Fruits and Twentieths. It was he who suggested, and it was he who pleaded for, the erection of those churches which still keep the memory of the Good Queen fresh among Londoners. For upwards of thirty years he fought the battles of the Church against the Catholics on the one hand, against the Nonconformists and Free Thinkers on the other, with a vehemence and intrepidity which savoured not merely of zeal but of fanaticism. The meanest of his brethren, when persecuted and oppressed, was sure of his protection. Any attempt on the part of the laity to tamper with the rights of the clergy never failed to bring him into the field. It was this which envenomed him against the Whigs. It was this which involved him in a lifelong feud with the Dissenters. It was this which inspired the last and most terrible of his satires. Nor did his solicitude for the interests of his order end here. We have no hesitation in saying that the respectability of the inferior hierarchy dates from him. What the position of an unbeneficed priest was in those days we know from innumerable sources. His existence was, as a rule, one long struggle with sordid embarrassments. Though he belonged to a learned profession, he was not permitted even by courtesy to place himself on an equality with gentlemen. He subsisted partly on charity, and partly on such fees as his professional services might accidentally enable him to pick up. He officiated at clandestine marriages, he baptized unfortunate children. He negociated here for a burial, and there for a sermon. In one family he undertook to say grace for his keep; in another he contracted to read prayers twice a day for ten shillings a month. The result of this was that the minor clergy, as Macaulay justly remarks, ranked as a body lower than any other educated class in the community. To Swift belongs the double honour of having been the first to kindle in his degraded brethren a new spirit, and

and of having done more than any single man ever did to vindicate for them that rank in society which they now happily hold. He strove to impress on them a sense of the dignity of their calling. He pointed out to them that to obtain the respect of the world they must respect themselves. He taught them to feel that a Christian and a scholar was in the truest signification of the word a gentleman; that there need be nothing servile in dependence, nothing derogatory in poverty. How minutely he had studied the requirements of his profession, and how bitterly he felt the degradation of that profession, is evident in his 'Essay on the Fates of Clergymen,' and in his 'Letter to a Young Clergyman on taking Orders,' an admirable treatise which well deserves a place in the library of every candidate for ordination. Few things probably gave him more pleasure than the reflection, that his own social distinction had in a manner contributed to raise Churchmen in popular estimation. What is certain is, that the more famous he became the more studiously he identified himself with his order. At Court, at the levee of the Lord Treasurer, in the drawing-rooms of noble houses, he carried this peculiarity to the verge of ostentation. It was observed that whenever he went abroad, or gave audience to a stranger, he was careful to appear in cassock and gown. He would never permit even his most intimate friends to forget the respect due to his cloth. If at social gatherings festivity exceeded the limits of the becoming, it was his habit to leave the table. Immodesty and impiety he regarded with abhorrence, and he was once so annoyed at the levity of the conversation at Bolingbroke's table, that he quitted his host's house in a rage. In his anonymous writings he allowed himself, it is true, a licence which seems scarcely compatible with this austerity; but his anonymous writings must not be confounded with his personal character. No profane or licentious expression was ever known to proceed from his lips. His morals were pure even to asceticism. His deportment was remarkably grave and dignified, and his conduct, though often singularly eccentric, was never such as to compromise him in the eyes of inferiors. The least charitable of his biographers admit that he performed his duties, both as a parish priest and as head of the Chapter of St. Patrick's, with exemplary diligence. He regularly visited the sick, he regularly administered the Sacrament, he regularly preached. For twenty years he was never known to absent himself from Early Morning Prayer. Though he had personally no taste for music, he took immense pains with the education of the choir at St. Patrick's. At Laracor he instituted, in addition to the ordinary Sunday services,

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services, extraordinary services on week-days; and these services, whenever he was in residence, he conducted himself. If between 1701 and 1714 he was frequently absent from his parish, it must be remembered that his congregation scarcely ever numbered more than twenty, and that for this congregation, scanty though it was, he not only provided an incumbent, but took care, even during his busiest time in London, to be regularly informed of all that took place in his absence. He rebuilt at his own expense the parsonage; he laid out at his own expense the grounds; he increased the glebe from one acre to twenty.

But to return from our digression—a digression which we have been tempted to make because of the erroneous notions which, arising partly from apocryphal anecdotes, and partly, no doubt, from presumptions formed on Swift's own writings, appear to prevail so generally touching his character as a clergyman. That there was much in the temper and conduct of this singular man, which ill became an apostle of that Religion the soul and essence of which are humility and charity, we must in justice acknowledge. But no such admission shall induce us to withhold the praise to which he is righteously entitled. And that praise is high praise. Preferment, such as it was, was not long in coming. A few days after he had been ordained priest he was presented with the small prebend of Kilroot. It was in the diocese of Connor, and was worth about a hundred a year. Of his residence at Kilroot few particulars have survived. One passage of his life in this dismal solitude is, however, not without interest. At Kilroot Swift sought, and sought with passionate importunity, to become a husband. For the last time in his life he addressed a woman in the language of love. For the last time in his life he was at the feet of a fellow-creature. The lady who had the honour of inspiring him with this passion was the sister of a college acquaintance. Her name was Waryng, a name which her suitor, after the fashion of gallants of those times, transformed into the fanciful title of Varina. The correspondence between the two lovers extended over a period of four years. Of this nothing remains but two letters of Swift's, and from these two letters must be gathered all that can now be known of the woman whom Thackeray absurdly describes as Swift's first victim. Now these letters seem to us conclusive in Swift's favour. He had, it is easy to see, acted in every way honourably and straightforwardly. He offered to make great sacrifices; he expresses himself in terms of chivalrous devotion. Miss Waryng, on the other hand, appears to have been a sensual but politic coquette, who held out just so much hope

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as sufficed to keep her lover in expectancy, and just so much encouragement as sufficed to make him impatient. For a while he submitted to all the indignities which female caprice can devise for the torture of men in his unhappy condition. At last the spell was broken; he grew first languid and then indifferent. What followed was what usually does follow in such cases. As the lover cooled, the mistress melted. As he wished to dissolve the tie, she wished to draw it closer. Their correspondence terminated with a letter on which we forbear to comment, but which we would recommend to the perusal of any of our fair readers who may, like Varina, be tempted to abuse the prerogatives of wit and beauty. It would not be true to say that Swift ever became a misogynist, but nothing is more certain than that from this time the poetry of the affections ceased to appeal to him. Henceforth love lost all its glamour. Henceforth the passion which religion and romance have ennobled into the purest and holiest of human bonds awoke only nausea and contempt. He never afterwards sought to marry. He never afterwards permitted woman to be more to him than a sister or a friend.

Meanwhile his patron was anxious to have him back again at Moor Park. Temple was, it seems, busy preparing his Memoirs and Miscellanies for the press, and wanted assistance. Accordingly, at the beginning of 1696, he wrote to Swift inviting him to return. Swift, weary of Kilroot and influenced no doubt by the hope of preferment in England, complied at once with the request. He completed his arrangements, indeed, with such expedition, that gossip was busy with conjectures as to the reason of his sudden departure. Two legends, one to his credit, and one to his discredit, but both equally unfounded and equally absurd, have been preserved by biographers. They are, however, scarcely worth a passing allusion.

Swift's second residence at Moor Park may be regarded as the turning-point of his life. During this period his character became fixed; the habits which ever afterwards distinguished him were formed; his real education commenced; his extraordinary powers first revealed themselves. The biographers tell us that ever since his failure at the University he had vowed to devote at least eight hours in every day to study. Of this industry we find no very decisive proofs, either during his first residence with Temple or during his stay in Ireland. But between 1696 and 1700 it is certain that his application was intense. In one year, for example, he had, in addition to several English and French works, perused the whole of Virgil twice, Lucretius and Florus three times, the whole of the 'Iliad' and the

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the 'Odyssey,' the whole of Horace and Petronius, the 'Characters' of Theophrastus, the Epistles of Cicero, much of Ælian: and had not only read but analysed Diodorus Siculus, Cyprian, and Irenæus. His classical attainments were never, we suspect, either exact or profound. Of his acquirements in Greek he has, it is true, given us no opportunity of judging; but of his acquirements in Latin we can only say that, if they are to be estimated by his compositions, they were not such as to give him a place among scholars. His Latin prose is, as a rule, ostentatiously unclassical; his verses habitually violate the simplest laws of prosody. But whatever may have been his deficiency in the technicalities of scholarship, his general acquaintance with the writers of antiquity was undoubtedly considerable. Of his familiarity with Homer there can be no question. We think, too, that he must have studied Demosthenes with great diligence. It may sound paradoxical, but we will venture to assert that there is nothing in our literature more Demosthenean in style and method than the 'Drapier Letters' and such pamphlets as the 'Conduct of the Allies' and the 'Public Spirit of the Whigs.' Lucretius was always a favourite with him, and the Roman satirists he knew intimately. Indeed, he was so sensible of the value of such studies, that, when political duties had for a while suspended them, his first care, on becoming master of his time, was to betake himself to the 'History of the Persian Wars' and to the 'De Rerum Naturâ.'

While he was thus storing his mind with the treasures of Temple's library, an incident occurred which gave birth to the first characteristic production of his genius. For some years a most idle controversy as to the relative merits of ancient and modern writers had been agitating literary circles both in England and on the Continent; and in 1692 Temple had, in an elegantly written but silly and flimsy dissertation, taken up the gauntlet in favour of the ancients. In this dissertation he had selected for special eulogy a series of impudent forgeries which some late sophist had attempted to palm off on the world as the 'Epistles of Phalaris of Agrigentum.' Competent scholars had long treated them with the contempt they deserved. But Temple, with a dogmatism which was the more ludicrous as he was unable to construe a line of the language in which they were written, not only pronounced them to be genuine, but cited them as proofs of the superiority of the ancients in epistolary literature. Nothing which bore Temple's name on the title-page could fail to command attention, and the treatise speedily became popular. The reading public, who knew little more about Phalaris than that he roasted people in a brazen

a brazen bull and was afterwards roasted himself, grew curious about these wonderful letters. As there was no accessible edition, Aldrich, the Dean of Christ Church, induced his favourite pupil, Charles Boyle, a younger son of the Earl of Orrery, to undertake one, and in 1695 the volume appeared. The book was as bad as bad could be, and would have been forgotten in a fortnight, but it chanced that in the preface the young editor had taken occasion to sneer at Richard Bentley, then fast rising to pre-eminence among scholars. Bentley, in revenge, proved the letters to be what in truth they were, the worthless fabrication of a late age. To the public expression of this opinion he had been urged by his friend Wotton, who had already broken a lance with Temple in defence of the moderns, and was only too glad to find so weak a point in his opponent's armour. Temple, naturally angry at the aspersion thus cast on his taste and sagacity, and the dignitaries of Christ Church, feeling that the reputation of their College was at stake, made common cause. Temple prepared a reply, which he had the good sense to suppress. Boyle, or rather Boyle's coadjutors, Atterbury and Smalridge, united to produce a work now only memorable for having elicited Bentley's immortal treatise. Some months, however, before the Christ Church wits were in the field, Swift had come to his patron's assistance. The 'Battle of the Books' has always appeared to us the most original and pleasing of Swift's minor satires. The humour is in his finest vein, austere and bitter, but without any of that malignity which in later years so often flavoured it. Every sentence is pregnant with sense and meaning. The allegory throughout is admirably conducted, full of significance even in its minutest details. Nothing could be happier than the apologue of the Spider and the Bee, nothing more amusing than the portrait of Bentley, and assuredly nothing more exquisitely ludicrous than the episode of Bentley and Wotton. For the idea, but for the idea only, of this work, Swift was perhaps indebted to Coutray, a French writer, whose 'Histoire poétique de la Guerre nouvellement déclarée entre les Anciens et les Modernes' appeared in 1588, and is now one of the rarest volumes known to bibliographers.

Swift soon discovered where his strength lay. His genius developed itself with astonishing rapidity. In 1696 he had not, so far as we know, produced a line which indicated the possession of powers in any way superior to those of ordinary men. In the following year he suddenly appeared as the author of a satire of which the least that can be said is, that it would have added to the reputation of Lucian or Erasmus; and before the

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the year was out he had written the greater part of a work which is allowed to be one of the first prose satires in the world. The 'Tale of a Tub' was composed immediately after the 'Battle of the Books,' and it forms, as Mr. Forster rightly observes, part of the same satirical design. In the 'Battle of the Books,' he had satirized, in the person of the Moderns, the abuses of learning. In the 'Tale of a Tub,' he satirizes in the body of the narrative the abuses of religion, and in the digressions he returns to his former theme. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the immediate object of this inimitable satire was to trace the gradual corruption of primitive Christianity, to ridicule the tenets and the economy of the Church of Rome, to pour contempt on the Presbyterians and Nonconformists, and to exalt that section of the Reformed Church to which he himself belonged. None of his satires is so essentially Rabelaisian, but it is Rabelaisian in the best sense of the word. In the phrase of Voltaire, it is Rabelais in his senses; in the still happier phrase of Coleridge, it is the soul of Rabelais in a dry place. Without the good canon's buffoonery and mysticism, it has all his inexhaustible fertility of imagination and fancy, all his humour, all his wit. But it has them with a difference. The humour of Rabelais is that of a man drunk with animal spirits: the humour of Swift is that of a polished cynic. The essence of Rabelais' wit is grotesque extravagance; the wit of Swift is the perfection of refined ingenuity. In the 'History of Gargantua and Pantagruel' there is no attempt at condensation; the ideas are, as a rule, pursued with wearisome prolixity to their utmost ramifications. But the power manifested in the 'Tale of a Tub' is not merely power expressed, but power latent. Its force is the force of self-restraint. Every paragraph is novel and fresh; every page teems with suggestive matter. There is much in Rabelais which conveyed, we suspect, as little meaning to Du Bellay and Marot as it conveys to us. There is nothing in Swift's allegory which would puzzle a schoolboy who has Scott's notes, brief though they are, in his hand. The 'Tale of a Tub' is, in the opinion of many of Swift's critics, his masterpiece. 'It exhibits,' says Johnson, 'a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness and vivacity of diction, such as he never afterwards possessed, or never exerted.' It is curious that it should have escaped all Swift's biographers and critics, that he was probably indebted for the hint of this famous work to a pamphlet written by Archbishop Sharpe, the very prelate who succeeded a few years later in persuading Anne that, as the author of such a satire as the 'Tale,' Swift was not a proper person for a bishopric. Sharpe's pamphlet is entitled 'A Refutation

'A Refutation of a Popish argument handed about in manuscript in 1686,' and may be found in the seventh volume of the duodecimo edition of his collected works.*

Swift's indifference to literary distinction, at an age when men are as a rule most eager for such distinction, is curiously illustrated by the fate of these works. For eight years they remained in manuscript, and when they appeared, they appeared not only anonymously, but without receiving his final corrections.

At the beginning of 1699 Temple died. 'He expired,' writes Swift, with mingled tenderness and cynicism, 'at one o'clock this morning, January 27th, 1699, and with him all that was good and amiable in human nature.' When the will was opened, he found that his patron's provision for him, though not liberal, was judicious. In addition to a small pecuniary legacy, he had appointed him his literary executor, with the right to appropriate such sums as the publication of his posthumous papers—and they were voluminous—might realize. These papers Swift published in three instalments, the first appearing in 1701, and the last in 1709.

During the next fourteen years his life was one long and fierce struggle for pre-eminence and dominion. To obtain that homage which the world accords, and accords only, to rank and opulence, and to wrest from fortune what fortune had at his birth malignantly withheld, became the end and aim of all his efforts. In those days literary distinction was not valued as it is valued in our time. If a man of letters found his way to the tables of the great, he was treated in a manner which offensively reminded him of the social disparity between himself and his host. The multitude regarded him, if he was poor, as was only too likely, with contempt; if he was well to do, with indifference. Hence men ambitious of worldly honour and worldly success shrank from identifying themselves with authorship, and employed their pens only as a means of obtaining Church preferment or political influence. This perhaps accounts for Swift's carelessness about the fate of his writings, and for the fact that, with two or three unimportant exceptions, nothing that came from his hand appeared with his name. Indeed, on no body of men have the shafts of his terrible scorn fallen so frequently, as on those whom we should describe as authors by profession. But if distinction in literature was not his end, he knew well its value as a means. Many adventurers with resources far inferior to his had fought their way into the chambers of royalty and to the Episcopal

* This was first pointed out by a writer in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for July 1814.

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Bench. With what patience under disappointment, with what long-protracted assiduity, with what tact and skill, with what tremendous energy, with what unscrupulous versatility, with what vast expenditure of genius and ability, he pursued this object, is now matter of history.

The death of his patron found him without preferment and without a competency. As the King had, however, on the occasion of one of his visits to Moor Park, promised to confer on him a prebend either of Canterbury or of Westminster, he was by no means inclined to despond; and he hastened up to London to remind William of his promise. His request took the form of a petition, which one of the Lords of the Council promised to present. This, however, he neglected to do, and Swift, weary of hanging about Kensington, and angry no doubt at the King's neglect, accepted an invitation from the Earl of Berkeley, then one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, to accompany him as chaplain and secretary to Dublin. Berkeley, little knowing the character of the man with whom he had to deal, attempted at first to treat him as superiors are wont to treat dependents. Finding it convenient on his arrival in Ireland to bestow the private-secretaryship on a layman, he suddenly informed Swift that his services as a chaplain were all that would be henceforth expected from him. The deprivation of this office was, however, accompanied with a promise of ecclesiastical preferment. In a few months the rich deanery of Derry chanced to fall vacant. It was in the disposal of Berkeley, and Swift at once applied for it; but the person, one Bushe, who had superseded him in the secretaryship, now prevailed on Berkeley to confer the deanery on another candidate. Swift's rage knew no bounds. Thundering out to the astonished secretary and his no less astonished principal, 'God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels,' he abruptly quitted the castle. Nor did his wrath end here. He gibbeted his patron in a lampoon distinguished even among his other lampoons by its scurrility. Whether this came to Berkeley's ears is not known. We are very much inclined to believe that it did, and that Berkeley's subsequent conduct is to be attributed, not to a sense of justice, nor, as Mr. Forster supposes, to the influence of Lady Berkeley and her daughters, but to a sense of fear. He had probably the sagacity to see that no public man could afford to make an enemy of a writer so powerful and so unscrupulous as Swift. What is certain is, that his excellency lost little time in appeasing his infuriated chaplain. In a short time Swift was again an inmate of the castle, and in a few weeks he was in possession of preferment, not indeed equivalent

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equivalent in value to the deanery, but sufficient to maintain him in decency and independence. In March, 1699, he was presented with the rectory of Agher and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan in the diocese of Meath. In the following year the prebend of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's Cathedral was added to his other preferments. A few months later he took his Doctor's degree in the University of Dublin. For the present, however, he continued to reside as domestic chaplain at the Castle.

In the spring of 1701 Berkeley was recalled, and Swift accompanied him to England. He found the country convulsed with civil discord; the unpopularity of the King was at its height; a disgraceful feud divided the two Houses; a war with France was apparently imminent. This latter disaster the Tories attributed to the Partition Treaties, and, as the Tories had just won a great victory, they were determined to indemnify themselves for their recent depression by giving full scope to resentment and vengeance. With this object they were hurrying on impeachments against the four Whig Ministers who had most prominently connected themselves with the obnoxious treaties. Swift was not the man to remain a mere spectator where he was so well qualified to enter the arena, and in the summer of 1701 appeared his first contribution to contemporary politics. It was a treatise in five chapters, entitled 'A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and the Commons in Athens and Rome;' and it was written to vindicate the Whig Ministers, to defend the King's foreign policy, and to allay the intemperate fury of party. It points out that what ruined States in ancient times is quite as likely to ruin States in modern times, and it selects from the political history of Rome and Athens incidents analogous to the incidents then occurring in England. The tone is calm and grave, the style simple, nervous, and clear. What distinguishes it from Swift's other political tracts is, that it is without humour and without satire. The work at once attracted attention. Some ascribed it to Somers, others to Burnet; but Swift, for a time at least, kept his own secret, and returned to Ireland. Next year, however, he acknowledged the authorship, and was received with open arms by the Whig leaders, who, confessing their obligations to him, promised to do all in their power to serve him. In 1704 appeared a volume which at once raised him to the highest place among contemporary prose writers. It contained the 'Tale of a Tub,' the 'Battle of the Books,' and the 'Discourse on the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit,' a singularly powerful satire on hypocritical fanaticism, written in his bitterest

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bitterest and most cynical vein. From this moment he became a distinguished figure in literary and political circles. Somers, indeed, contented himself with being civil, but with the more genial Halifax acquaintanceship soon ripened into intimacy. The very remarkable words in which Addison inscribed to him a copy of his 'Travels in Italy' sufficiently prove in what estimation the Vicar of Laracor was, even as early as 1705, held by those whose praise was best worth having. 'To Dr. Jonathan Swift'—so runs the inscription—'the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age.'

The next five years form perhaps the most unsatisfactory period in Swift's life. They were spent partly in Ireland, where he divided his time between Laracor and Dublin, and partly in London, where he passed his mornings in scribbling pamphlets which he never published, his afternoons in dancing attendance on the Whig Ministers, and his evenings in gossiping with Addison and Addison's friends in coffee-houses. The preferment which his new patrons had promised never came, though it appeared to be always on the way. At one moment it seemed probable that he would be promoted to the see of Waterford, at another moment he had some hope of Cork. Then he expressed his willingness to accompany Lord Berkeley as Secretary of the Embassy to Vienna, and at last talked half-seriously of going out as a colonial bishop to Virginia. But nothing succeeded, and the fact that nothing succeeded he attributed neither to the cross accidents of fortune, nor to the obstinate opposition of the Court, but to the treachery and ingratitude of his friends. Though he still continued to jest and pun with Pembroke and the Berkeleys, to discuss the prospects of the Whigs with Somers, and to lend an additional charm to the splendid hospitality of Halifax at Hampton Court, his temper grew every day more soured; every day he became more suspicious and sore.

In truth a breach with the Whigs was inevitable. Even apart from motives of self-interest — and it would be doing Swift great injustice to suppose that motives of self-interest were the only, or indeed the chief, motives which at this time guided him—he had ample cause for dissatisfaction. If there was one thing dear to him, it was the Established Church. To preserve that Church intact, intact in its ritual, intact in its dogmas, intact in its rights, was in his eyes of infinitely greater importance than the most momentous of those questions which divided party from party. As a politician, he found no difficulty in reconciling the creed of Halifax and Somers with the creed of St. John and Harcourt. He was at one with those who dethroned

James and set up William; he was tender with those who spoke respectfully of the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance. He figures in history, indeed, as a furious partisan, but nothing is more remarkable than the moderation and tolerance which he always displays in discussing the principles of political opinion. In his own creed he shunned all extremes; it was of the essence of compromise. 'No man,' he says in one of the most admirable of his minor tracts, 'who has examined the conduct of both parties for some years past, can go to the extremes of either without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding.' Again he writes, 'In order to preserve the Constitution entire in Church and State, whoever has a true value for either would be sure to avoid the extremes of Whig for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory for the sake of the latter.' But all traces of this moderate spirit disappear the moment the Church is in question. As an ecclesiastic, he was intolerant even to ferocious bigotry. The Reformed Protestant Church was in his eyes the only religious institution which civil authority should recognize; its doctrines the only doctrines which should be held to constitute the faith of Christians. The depth and sincerity of his convictions on this point are strikingly illustrated by the fact, that when as leader of Irish opposition to England it was plainly his interest to unite men of all religions against the Government, his hostility to such as lay outside the pale of the Protestant Church was as obstinate and uncompromising as ever. In his writings he makes no distinction between Papists and Atheists, between Presbyterians and Free Thinkers. He was in favour of the Penal Laws. He upheld the cruellest of those statutes which excluded Nonconformists from the rights of citizens. On these points his opinion was at variance with the party to which he was politically attached, and entirely in harmony with that held by the party to which he was politically opposed. It was not, however, till 1708 that Swift began to realize that the interests of his order and the interests of his party were irreconcilable. In that year it became evident that the Church was in danger. The Whigs were, in truth, more and more identifying themselves with her enemies. They had already agitated a repeal of the Test Act in favour of the Protestant Dissenters in Ireland, and its repeal would probably soon be moved in England. The contempt in which many of them held the religion of the State was notorious. Indeed Cowper, the Chancellor, and Somers, the President of the Council, were popularly regarded as little better than infidels. Nor was this all. In the Whig ranks were to be found that odious clique—at the head of which were Toland, Tyndal, and Collins—

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Collins—a clique whose avowed object was the demolition of orthodoxy. Under these circumstances Swift published in 1708 his 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man,' a pamphlet in his best manner, temperate in tone, forcible and luminous in style. He here defines his position, and here for the first time his dissatisfaction with his party is discernible. This was succeeded by that inimitable satire on the Free Thinkers, entitled, 'An Argument against Abolishing Christianity.' It may be questioned whether pure irony has ever been carried to greater perfection than in this short piece.

But it was not as a satirist only that he designed to combat the enemies of Christianity. He had gathered materials for an elaborate refutation of one of the most obnoxious of Tyndal's publications, an interesting fragment of which may be found in the eighth volume of his collected writings. Meanwhile the Whigs in Ireland were pushing on the repeal of the Test Act, and in December appeared Swift's famous letter concerning the Sacramental Test. The defeat of the bill followed. It was believed that Swift's pamphlet had turned the scale against Repeal; and from this moment all cordiality between himself and his party was at an end. In his next treatise, a 'Project for the Advancement of Religion,' there was, we suspect, as much policy as piety. It appears to have been written partly to ingratiate himself with the Queen, and partly to insinuate that Whig dominion was inimical alike to morality and religion. Such at least is the impression which this singular work makes upon us. No man who knew the world as Swift knew it, could have seriously entertained many of the schemes which he here gravely propounds.

While he was busy with these works, his humour and drollery were convulsing London with laughter. Though astrological quackery had long been on the decline, it still found credit with the uneducated. Its most distinguished professor at this time was John Partridge, a charlatan who was in the habit of publishing each year an almanack, in which he predicted, with due ambiguity, what events were in the course of the year destined to take place. In February 1708 appeared a pamphlet of a few pages, informing the public that Partridge was an impostor, that a rival prophet was in the field, and that it was the intention of that rival prophet to issue an opposition almanack. The writer then proceeded with great gravity to unfold the future. He scorned, he said, to fence himself, like Partridge, with vagueness and generalities; he should be particular in everything he foretold; he should in all cases name the day; he should often be enabled to name the very hour. 'My first prediction,' he goes on to say, 'is but a trifle;' it relates to Par-

tridge, the almanack-maker. 'I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the twenty-ninth of March next, about eleven o'clock at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it and settle his affairs in time.' The pamphlet was signed Isaac Bickerstaffe, but it was soon known in literary circles that Isaac Bickerstaffe was none other than Jonathan Swift. The thirtieth of March arrived, and out came 'The accomplishment of the first part of Bickerstaffe's Predictions, being an account of the death of Mr. Partridge upon the 29th instant.' Here we read how, towards the end of March, Mr. Partridge was observed to droop and sicken; how he then took to his bed; how, as the end drew near, his conscience smiting him, he sorrowfully confessed that his prophecies were mere impositions, and that he himself was a rogue; and how finally he breathed his last just as Bickerstaffe had predicted. To this, in his almanack for 1709, Partridge was fool enough to reply, 'thanking God that he was not only alive, but well and hearty,' and unluckily adding that he was alive also on the day of his alleged demise. Upon that Bickerstaffe, in an exquisitely humorous pamphlet, proceeded to assure Partridge that if he imagined himself alive, he was labouring under hallucination; alive he may have been on the 29th of March, for his death did not occur till the evening, but dead he most assuredly had been ever since, for he had himself virtually admitted it. 'If,' added Bickerstaffe, 'an uninformed carcase still walks about, and is pleased to call itself Partridge, I do not think myself in any way answerable for that.' The jest had now become general. The life of the unhappy almanack-maker was a burden to him. At home facetious neighbours pestered him with questions as to whether he had left any orders for a funeral sermon, whether his grave 'was to be plain or bricked.' If he appeared in the street he was asked why he was sneaking about without his coffin, and why he had not paid his burial fees. So popular became the name assumed by Swift in this humorous controversy, that when in April 1709 Steele started the 'Tatler,' it was as Isaac Bickerstaffe that he sought to catch the public ear.

But controversies of another kind were now fast approaching. The latter half of 1709, and the greater part of 1710, Swift spent in sullen discontent in Ireland. Meanwhile every post was bringing important tidings from London. At the beginning of February came the news of the impeachment of Sacheverell. In the summer arrived a report that the Ministry were to be turned out. By the 15th of June Sunderland had been dismissed. By the 23rd of August Godolphin had resigned, the Treasury

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Treasury was in commission, and the ruin of the Whigs imminent. In less than a month Swift was in England. The business which carried him thither was business which had for two years been occupying him. At the suggestion of Bishop Burnet, Anne had, shortly after her accession, consented to waive her claim to the first fruits and tenths. The remission extended only to the English clergy, but the Irish Convocation, thinking themselves entitled to the same favour, had petitioned the Lord Treasurer to lay their case before the Queen. With this object they had, in 1708, appointed Swift their delegate. Session after session he had pleaded and importuned, but he had been able to obtain nothing but evasive answers. It was now hoped that an application would be more successful, and this application Swift, in commission with the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe, was directed to make.

On his arrival in London he found everything in confusion. The Whigs were in panic, the Tories in perplexity. Harley was at the head of affairs, but on which of the two parties Harley intended to throw himself, was as yet known to no man. Many believed that few further changes would be made. Others were of opinion that a coalition ministry would be formed. What seemed certain was, that no Tory government would have the smallest chance of standing for a month. By the majority of the Whigs, the appearance of Swift was hailed with joy. 'They were,' he writes to Esther Johnson, 'ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning.' But by Godolphin he was received in a manner which bordered on rudeness, and when he called on Somers, it was plain that all he had to expect from the greatest of the Whigs, was cold civility. And now he took a step of which he probably little foresaw the consequences. With Harley he was already slightly acquainted, and at the beginning of October he called on him explaining the business which had brought him to town, and requesting the favour of an interview. The interview was granted, and in less than a fortnight Swift was the friend and confidant of the leader of the Tories, was assailing his old allies, was fighting the battles of his former opponents.

No action of his life has been so severely commented on as his defection from his party at a crisis when defection is justly regarded as least defensible. But what are the facts of the case? In deserting the Whigs he deserted men from whom in truth he had long been alienated, who were in league with the enemies of his order, who were for factious purposes pursuing a policy eminently disastrous and immoral, and who had treated him personally not merely with gross ingratitude, but with unwarrantable

warrantable disrespect. He was bound to them neither by ties of duty nor by ties of sentiment. He owed them nothing, he had promised them nothing. Nor did his apostasy involve any sacrifice of political principle. On all essential points he was, as we have seen, a moderate Whig, and in all essential points a moderate Whig he continued to remain. Whoever will take the trouble to compare what he wrote under the administration of Godolphin, with what he wrote under the administration of Harley, will perceive that he was never, even in the heat of controversy, inconsistent with himself. What he declared to be his creed in his 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man,' he declared to be his creed in his contributions to the 'Examiner,' in his 'Free Thoughts on Public Affairs,' and in a remarkable letter which, six years after Anne's death, he addressed to Pope.* Who ever accused Godolphin and Marlborough of treachery, when they deserted the Tories and identified themselves with the Whigs? And yet there is nothing which tells against Swift which does not tell with infinitely greater force against them. He went over to Harley, it is true, at a time when the Whigs were in trouble, but it ought in justice to be remembered that he went over to him at a time when there were probably not ten men in London who believed that the new Ministry would stand. In truth his correspondence amply proves that, when he cast in his lot with Harley, he fully believed that his patron was playing a losing game, and that the Whigs would in all probability speedily recover themselves. This is not, we submit, the conduct of a vulgar renegade. But here apology must end. The rancour and malignity which mark his attacks on his old associates, many of them men to whose probity and disinterestedness he had himself given eloquent testimony, admit of no justification. He had, we are satisfied, honestly persuaded himself that it was his duty, both in the interests of the State and in the interests of the Church, to break with the Whigs, but it would be absurd to deny that his hostility on public grounds was sharpened by private animosity.

No man of letters has ever occupied a position similar to that which Swift held during the administration of Harley. Ostensibly a mere dependent, the power which he virtually possessed was autocratical. Without rank, without wealth, without office, rank, wealth, and authority were at his feet. The influence which he exercised on all with whom he came in contact resembled fascination. Men little accustomed to anything but

* This important letter, which is dated Dublin, Jan. 10, 1720-1, is an elaborate exposition of Swift's political creed.

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the most deferential respect submitted meekly to all the caprices of his insolent temper. Noble ladies solicited in vain the honour of his acquaintance. The heads of princely houses bore from him what they would have resented in an equal. Indeed, the liberties which he sometimes took with social superiors are such as to be scarcely credible. On one occasion, for example, he sent the Lord Treasurer to fetch the principal Secretary of State from the House of Commons, 'For I desire,' he said, 'to inform him with my own lips, that if he dines late I shall not dine with him.' On another occasion, when informed that the Duke of Buckinghamshire—a nobleman whose pride had passed into a proverb—was anxious to be introduced to him, he coolly replied, 'It cannot be, for he has not made sufficient advances.' By Harley and St. John, the one the Lord Treasurer, the other the principal Secretary of State, he was treated not merely as an equal, but as a brother. He was their companion at home and in business. They indulged him in all his whims. They bore with patience the sallies of his sarcastic humour. They allowed him a licence, both of speech and action, which they would never have tolerated in a kinsman. When we remember that at the time Swift attained this extraordinary dominion over his contemporaries he was known only as a country priest with a turn for letters, who had come to London partly as an ambassador from the Irish Clergy and partly to look for preferment, it may well move our wonder. But it is not difficult to explain. No one who is acquainted with the character of Swift, with his character as it appears in his own writings, as it has been illustrated in innumerable anecdotes, and as it has been delineated by those who were familiar with him, can fail to see that he belonged to the kings of human kind. Everything about him indicated superiority. His will was a will of adamant, his intellect was an intellect scarcely inferior perhaps to that of a Richelieu or an Innocent. And to that will and to that intellect was joined a spirit singularly stern, dauntless, and haughty. In all he did, as in all he said, these qualities were conspicuously, nay, often offensively, apparent, but nowhere were they written more legibly than in his deportment and countenance. Though his features had not at this time assumed the awful severity which they assume in the portrait by Bindon, they were, to judge from the picture painted about this time by Jervis, eminently dignified and striking. Need we recal the lofty forehead, the broad and massive temples, the shapely semi-aquiline nose, the full but compressed lips, the dimpled double chin, and the heavy-lidded, clear

clear blue eyes, rendered peculiarly lustrous and expressive by the swarthy complexion and bushy black eyebrows which set them off? He was, we are told, never known to laugh; his humour, even when most facetious, was without gaiety, and he would sit unmoved while his jest was convulsing the company round him. The expression of his face could never even in his mildest moods have been amiable, but when anger possessed him it was absolutely terrific. His manner was imperious and abrupt. His words—few, dry, and bitter—cut like razors. In his conduct and in his speech lurked a mocking irony, which rendered it impossible even for those who were familiar with him to be altogether easy in his society. What he felt he seldom took pains to conceal, and what he felt for the majority of his fellow-men was mingled pity and contempt.

The biography of Swift between the winter of 1710 and the summer of 1714 is little less than the history of four of the most eventful years in English annals. For during the period which began with the triumph of Harley and ended with the discomfiture of Bolingbroke nothing of importance was done with which he is not associated. So fully, indeed, did he enter into the political life of those stirring times, that a minute history of the administration of Oxford might without difficulty be constructed from his correspondence and pamphlets. To one portion of that correspondence a peculiar interest attaches itself. Twenty-one years had passed since Swift first saw Esther Johnson at Moor Park. She was then a child of seven, he a young man of twenty-two. In spite of this disparity in years the little maid and himself had soon grown intimate. Her innocent prattle served to while away many a sad and weary hour. He would babble to her in her own baby language. He would romp and play with her, and, as her mind expanded, he became her teacher. From his lips she first learned the principles which ever afterwards guided her pure and blameless life. By him her tastes were formed, by him her intellect was moulded. For a while their intercourse was interrupted. Time rolled on. Temple died in 1701. Esther had settled down with a female companion at Farnham. She was then on the eve of womanhood, and rarely has woman been more richly endowed than the young creature who was about to dedicate her life to Swift. Of her personal charms many accounts have survived. Her pale but strikingly beautiful face beamed with amiability and intelligence. Neither sickness nor sorrow could dim the lustre of her fine dark eyes. Over her fair and open brow clustered hair blacker than a raven.

raven. Though her figure inclined, perhaps, somewhat too much to *embonpoint*, it was characterized by the most perfect grace. Her voice was soft and musical, her air and manner those of a finished lady. But these were not the qualities which in the eyes of Swift elevated Esther Johnson above the rest of her sex. What he dwells on with most fondness, in the description which he has left of her, are her wit and vivacity, her unerring judgment, her manifold accomplishments, the sweetness and gentleness of her temper, her heroic courage, her large-hearted charity. Few men would have been proof against charms like these. But to Swift Esther Johnson was at eighteen what she had been at seven. To her personal beauty he was not, indeed, insensible, but it formed no link in the chain which bound him to her. Many of the qualities which attracted him were qualities not peculiar to woman, and of the qualities peculiar to woman those which attracted him most were those which form no element in sexual love. Coleridge has conjectured with some plausibility that the name Stella, which is a man's name with a feminine termination, was purposely selected by him to symbolize the nature of his relation with Miss Johnson. That he was more attached to that lady than he was to any other human being seems clear, but the love was purely Platonic, and there is not the shadow of a reason for believing that a marriage was ever even formally solemnized between them. Of marriage, indeed, he scarcely ever speaks without expressions indicative either of horror or contempt. He delighted in the society of women; he even preferred their society to that of men, but his object in seeking it was merely to enable him to escape from himself. The truth is that, with all his austerity and cynicism, no man was more dependent on human sympathy. That sympathy he found in woman: he sought nothing more. To approach him nearer was to move his loathing. Of the poetry of passion he knew nothing. The grace and loveliness, over which an artist or a lover would hang entranced, presented themselves to him as they might present themselves to a thoughtful physician. Where the rest of his sex saw only the blooming cheek and the sparkling eye he saw only the grinning skull behind. Where all else would be sensible of nothing but what was pleasing, he would be sensible of nothing but what was disagreeable. His imagination grew not merely disenchanted but depraved. He appears, indeed, to have been drawn by some strange attraction to the contemplation of everything which is most offensive and most humiliating in our common humanity. But it was the fascination of repulsion. It was of the nature of that morbidity which tortured the existence

existence of Rousseau.* His fastidious delicacy was such, that the conditions of physical being seemed to him inexpressibly revolting, and his mind, by continually dwelling on noisome images, became so polluted and diseased, that he looked upon his kind pretty much as the Houyhnhnms of his terrible fiction looked upon the Yahoos.

It was probably with the understanding that she could never be more to him than a sister that, at the beginning of 1701, Miss Johnson consented to settle near him in Ireland; and now commenced that curious history, the particulars of which have excited more interest and elicited more comment than any other portion of Swift's biography. What he desired was to establish free and affectionate relations with his young favourite, without compromising either her or himself. It was agreed, therefore, that she was to continue to reside with her companion Mrs. Dingley, and with Mrs. Dingley she continued to reside till her death. The rules which regulated their intercourse never varied. When Swift was in London, the two ladies occupied his lodgings in Dublin; when he returned, they withdrew to their own. At Laracor the arrangements were similar: he never passed a night under the same roof with them. At all his interviews with Miss Johnson, Mrs. Dingley was present. It would, says Orrery, be difficult if not impossible to prove that he had ever conversed with her except in the presence of witnesses. With the same scrupulous propriety, what he wrote he wrote for the perusal of both. If Miss Johnson nursed hopes that she might some day become his wife, these hopes must have been speedily dispelled. As early as 1704 the nature of his affection was submitted to a crucial test. One of his friends, a Mr. Tisdall, sought Esther in marriage. He consulted Swift with the double object of ascertaining whether Swift had himself any idea of marrying her, and, in the event of that not being the case, of soliciting his assistance in furthering his own suit. Swift replied that he had no intention at all of entering into such a relation with her, and, on being assured that Tisdall was in a position to support a wife, expressed his willingness to serve him. It seems to us highly probable that the whole of this transaction was a stratagem of Miss Johnson's. A bright and vivacious girl, in the bloom of youth and beauty, is scarcely likely to have adopted by choice the mode of life prescribed by Swift. She wished—who can doubt it?—to be bound to him by dearer ties. If anything could win him, it

* The subject is not a pleasing one, but if the reader will turn to the second volume of the 'Confessions,' part ii. book vii. p. 210 seqq., he will find a passage which seems to us curiously illustrative of Swift's peculiarities of temperament.

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would be the fear of losing her. If anything could induce him to make her his wife, it would be the prospect of her becoming the wife of another man. She now knew her fate. She accepted it; and Swift was never again troubled with a rival. In Swift's conduct in this matter we fail to see anything disingenuous; he appears to have acted throughout honourably and straightforwardly. Each year drew the bonds of this eccentric connection closer. In Ireland the three friends were daily together, and though, as we have seen, Swift was frequently absent in England, it was always with reluctance that he set out, as it was always with impatience that he looked forward to returning. At last the friends were destined to be separated. From the time of Swift's arrival in England at the beginning of September 1710, till his return to Ireland as Dean of St. Patrick's in June 1713, he saw nothing either of Esther or of her companion. But absence was not permitted to interrupt their communion. A correspondence as voluminous as that which passed between Miss Byron and Miss Selby was exchanged. Of this correspondence the portion contributed by Swift is extant, and constitutes, as we need scarcely say, the 'Journal to Stella.' Of the value of those letters, both as throwing light on the political and social history of the early eighteenth century and as elucidating the character and conduct of their writer, it would be superfluous to speak. We know of no other parallel to them but the parallel which immediately suggests itself, the Diary of Pepys. Like Pepys, Swift writes with absolute unreserve. Like Pepys, he is not ashamed to exhibit himself in his weakest moments. Like Pepys, he records—and seems to delight in recording with ludicrous particularity—incidents trivial even to grotesqueness—how he dined and where he dined, what clothes he bought and what they cost him, what disorders he was suffering from and what disorders his friends were suffering from, what medicine he took and how that medicine affected him, what time he went to bed and on what side of the bed he lay. Side by side with these trivialities we find those vivid pictures of Court and City life in which, as on a living panorama, the world of Anne still moves before us. Nothing escaped his keen and observant glance, and nothing that he saw has he left unrecorded. Indeed, these most fascinating letters reflect as in a mirror all that was passing before his eyes, and all that was passing in his mind.

On his accession to power, Harley found himself beset with difficulties. The war with France was raging. That war had now become the touchstone of party feeling. The Tories were bent on bringing it with all expedition to an end. The Whigs, in

in league with the Allies, were furious for its continuance. It was obvious that without a peace the Ministry must collapse. It was equally clear that to conclude a peace, except on terms highly advantageous to England, might cost Harley not his place merely, but his head. The task before him was therefore twofold. He must take measures to prosecute the war with vigour, that France might be induced to offer such terms as would satisfy the pride and cupidity of the English, and he must at the same time render the war and the war party unpopular. In this embarrassing position, he was surrounded by colleagues in whom he could place little confidence, and who were divided among themselves. Every day as it passed by increased his perplexity. A great schism had already torn his party into two sections. With the moderate Tories he knew how to deal, and could rely on their hearty co-operation. Over the extreme Tories—and the extreme Tories were in the majority—he had little or no control. Nor was this all. The finances were in deplorable confusion; there was a panic in the City; and so bad was the credit of the new Government, that he found it impossible to negociate a loan sufficient even for the pressing necessities of the moment. Such was the position of affairs when, in November 1710, Swift undertook the editorship of the 'Examiner.' This famous periodical, which was the organ of the Tories, was published weekly. Thirteen numbers had already appeared. Though written by men whose names stood high both in literature and politics, none of the papers had made much impression on the public mind. Indirectly, indeed, the papers had done more mischief than service to the Tory cause, for they had provoked the Whigs to set up an opposition journal, the 'Whig Examiner,' and the superiority of the papers in the 'Whig Examiner' was so striking, that it was admitted even by the Tories themselves. But in Swift's hands the 'Examiner' rose to an importance without precedent in journalism. It became a voice of power in every town and in every hamlet throughout England. It was an appeal made, not to the political cliques of the metropolis, but to the whole kingdom, and to the whole kingdom it spoke. In a few months Swift had attained his purpose. He had turned the tide against the Whigs, he had made Harley popular, he had rendered the policy of the Ministry practicable. No one who will take the trouble to glance at these famous papers will be surprised at their effect. They are masterpieces of polemical skill. Every sentence, every word, comes home. Their logic, levelled to the meanest capacity, smites like a hammer. Their statements, often a tissue of mere sophistry and assumption, appear so plausible,

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plausible, that it is difficult even for the cool historian to avoid being carried away by them. At a time when party spirit was running high, and few men stopped to weigh evidence, they must have been irresistible. To one part of his task it is evident that Swift applied himself with peculiar zest. He had now an opportunity for avenging the slights and disappointments of years, and he made, it must be admitted, the best of his opportunity. Nothing can exceed the malignity and bitterness of his attacks on his old allies. He assails them sometimes with irony, sometimes with damning innuendo, sometimes in the language of ribald scurrility, and sometimes in the language of fleering scorn. Descending to the grossest personalities, he charges Somers with immorality and atheism; he holds up to contempt the low tastes of Godolphin; he taunts Cowper with libertinism and bigamy. Then, spurning meaner adversaries under his feet, disposing of one with an epithet, of another in a parenthesis, he strikes full at the towering crest of Marlborough. One paper enlarges on his avarice, another on his unprincipled ambition; here he reproaches him with being the slave of a harridan consort, there he lashes him as a traitor to William and an ingrate to Anne. But his onslaughts on these distinguished men are mercy compared with those terrible philippics in which he gave vent to his rage against Wharton. Of all the Whigs, Wharton was the most odious to him. It was Wharton who had deprived him of his place at the Court of the Lord Lieutenant; it was Wharton who had spoken lightly of his personal character; it was Wharton who had agitated the repeal of the Test Act. In his second 'Examiner' Swift was at the throat of his victim, and with each number his satire gathers animosity and venom. Every crime which can load a public man with obloquy, every vice and every folly which in private life sink men in contempt and infamy, are described as uniting in this abandoned noble. He is the Verres of Ireland, with a front more brazen, with a nature fouler and more depraved, than that of the arch-villain of Cicero; he is a poltroon, a liar, an infidel, a libertine, a sot. The merciless satirist then goes on to accuse him of atrocities too horrible to specify. With these charges he dealt at length in a separate pamphlet; for, not content with flaying his enemy in the 'Examiner,' he published at the end of November 1710 'A Short Character of Thomas Earl of Wharton,' a satire absolutely appalling in its malignity and force.

It was not likely that the Whigs would suffer their leaders to be thus maltreated with impunity. Though the 'Whig Examiner'

Examiner' had died, the 'Medley' and the 'Observator' were in vigorous activity. The staff of both papers was a powerful one, and Swift soon found himself front to front with assailants as rancorous and as unscrupulous as himself. During seven months the paper war raged with a fury never before known in the history of political controversy, and during seven months Swift engaged single-handed with the whole force of the Whig press; wielding, like Homer's Agamemnon, the polished weapon and the crushing weight—

'ὁ τῶν ἄλλων ἀπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν
Ἔγχεϊ ἄορι τε, μεγάλοισι τε χερμαδίοισι.'

In the middle of July 1711 his contributions to the 'Examiner' ceased. A series of pamphlets now flowed from his pen in rapid succession. In his 'Remarks on a Letter to the Seven Lords' he retorts with great asperity on certain Whig journalists, who had in a recent publication accused him of circulating calumnious reports against the Committee who examined Greg in 1708. In 'A New Journey to Paris'—a pleasant *jeu d'esprit*—he managed, by throwing public curiosity on a false scent, to save Harley from the embarrassing complications which would in all probability have arisen from the unfortunate arrest of Prior at Deal. At the end of November appeared 'The Conduct of the Allies.' It appeared anonymously, but in forty-eight hours the first edition had run out; in five hours a second edition was exhausted, and within a few days no less than five editions were in circulation. Its influence was co-extensive with its popularity. It touched the nation to the quick. From that moment the fate of Marlborough and the Allies was sealed. 'The Conduct of the Allies' was immediately followed by the 'Remarks on the Barrier Treaty,' a piece in which he points out how completely England had, by the machinations of Whig statesmen, been made the dupe of Dutch cupidity. But he never did his patron more service than in the Letter which he addressed to the October Club. This was a clique of country gentlemen who belonged to the extreme section of the Tory party, and who, having long expressed dissatisfaction with the moderate policy of Harley, were now assuming a very menacing attitude. To pacify, and, if possible, to gain the confidence of those politicians, was, however, a matter of great moment; but how to do so, without at the same time making concessions which it was of equal moment not to make, was a problem by no means easy to solve. It was solved by Swift in a pamphlet which Scott justly describes as a masterpiece of political tact. The 'Letter to the October

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October Club' well deserves to be studied by all who would see with what rare skill Swift could perform the nicest offices of diplomacy.

Up to this time the writings of Swift had, since the publication of the 'Tale of a Tub,' dealt almost entirely with subjects of ephemeral interest. In pure literature he had produced little or nothing. A few copies of occasional verses—such verses, for example, as 'Baucis and Philemon,' and a 'Description of a City Shower' a few unimportant contributions to the 'Tatler,' * and one or two short trifles scarcely intended, perhaps, for the public eye, would, we believe, exhaust the list. But in the summer of 1711 an incident occurred, which recalled him for a moment from politics to letters. That incident was the foundation of the famous Brothers' Club, one of those institutions which shed peculiar lustre on the reign of Anne. It was a club founded by the leaders of the Tory party, and it numbered among its members the most distinguished Tories then living. Its object was, in the words of Swift, to encourage literature by the judicious dispensation of patronage, to improve conversation, and to temper party ardour with humanity and wit. In its meetings all those artificial distinctions, which separate caste from caste and man from man, were ignored. Its members met and mingled on terms of fraternal equality. As brothers, indeed, they addressed each other. Among the brethren were—in addition to Swift, Arbuthnot, Friend, and Prior—the heads of two ducal houses, Ormond and Beaufort, the Lord Treasurer Oxford, the Lord Keeper Harcourt, St. John, then leader of the Lower House, the Lords Arran, Duplin, Lansdowne, and the Earls of Orrery and Jersey. Nothing illustrates more pleasingly than this society the most charming feature in the social life of that age. Never, since the symposia at which Augustus and Mæcenas gathered on the Palatine the wit and genius of Rome, had the alliance between the class

* As none of Swift's editors and biographers have accurately distinguished his contributions to the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,' it may be well to give a list of them. In the 'Tatler' his only entire paper was No. 230, on 'Popular Corruptions of Language.' He contributed to No. 9 the verses on 'A Morning in Town;' to No. 32 the 'History of Madonella;' to No. 63 the letter ridiculing the college for young damsels; to No. 35 the letter signed 'Eliz. Potatrix;' to No. 59 the letter signed 'Obadiah Greenhat;' to No. 66 the remarks on pulpit oratory in the first part of the paper; portions of Nos. 67 and 68; to No. 70 the letter on pulpit eloquence; to No. 71 the admonitory letter to the vicar and schoolmaster; to No. 238 the verses on the 'City Shower;' to No. 258 the letter on the words 'Great Britain'—this he wrote in conjunction with Prior and Rowe. In the 'Spectator' he supplied hints for No. 50, and was, perhaps, the author of a paragraph in No. 575. See Drake's 'Essays on the "Tatler" and "Spectator,"' vol. iii.

which

which governs and the class which adorns a nation been so close and so honourable. From the reigns of Elizabeth and James men of letters had never, it is true, lacked patrons, either in the Ministry or among the aristocracy. At the Revolution, and during the early years of Anne, they had grown in favour and reputation. Some of the leading Whig statesmen, Somers, for example, and Halifax, had prided themselves on their connection with Letters. Indeed, at no period had literary merit been so munificently rewarded. But the relative position of the two classes had never changed. The barriers which fortune had placed between them had always been jealously guarded. The language in which Addison addresses Halifax and Somers differs in no respect from the language in which Spenser addressed Leicester; Shakspeare, Southampton; and Dryden, Dorset, or Rochester. It is the language of respectful homage; it sometimes savours of servility; it is in all cases that of an inferior addressing a superior. We very much doubt whether any of the Whig nobility condescended to associate, even with the most distinguished of their clients, as friend with friend. To the members of the Brothers' Club belongs the honour of having been the first to recognize in men of parts and genius, not objects of patronage merely, but companions and equals. Though Swift was not, as Scott erroneously supposes, the founder of this society, he was undoubtedly one of its most influential members. He was treasurer; he dispensed its charity; he proposed candidates for election; he prevented the election of candidates proposed by others.

In his conversations with the brethren, he had often discussed a scheme which had long been in his mind. This was the foundation of an academy for fixing and correcting the English language. He was, he said, convinced that, if some stand was not made against the tide of corruption which was from all sides pouring in upon our language, that language would in less than two centuries be an unintelligible jargon. From the time of the civil struggles its pollution had been systematic. First it had been invaded by the cant of the Puritans, then by the still more offensive cant of the Cavaliers. Later on it had been vitiated by licentious abbreviations. It fluctuated, in fact, with every colloquial fashion; and with every colloquial fashion it would, unless proper measures were taken, continue to fluctuate. He proposed, therefore, that a committee should be formed, composed of such persons as should be generally admitted to be most qualified for the task, that they should meet at an appointed place, that their expenses should be defrayed by the State, and that they should be formally authorized to ascertain and fix our language.

language. This proposal he embodied in a letter to the Lord Treasurer, which was published in May 1712, and was much discussed in literary circles. The Lord Treasurer professed to be greatly interested in the scheme. He would give it, he said, his most serious consideration. But his encouragement extended only to words, and the project fared as such projects always have fared at the hands of English statesmen.

Out of the Society of Brothers sprang the still more famous Scriblerus Club. This undoubtedly owed its origin to Swift, though Arbuthnot was, we believe, the creator of the hero who gave the club its name. The Scriblerians, like the Brothers, had no settled place for assembling. When they met they met at each other's houses. The topics discussed were as a rule purely literary, and seldom have men so well qualified to shine in such discussions gathered together at the same table. First in reputation, and first in colloquial ability, stood Congreve, who, though comparatively young in years, had already taken his place among English classics. He had won his laurels when Dryden still presided at Will's, and he had lived among the flower of an age now fast becoming historical. With a weakness not uncommon among men of his class, he affected in general society to attach more importance to his reputation as a man of fashion and gallantry, than to his fame as a writer. But Congreve as he revealed himself to the world, and Congreve as he revealed himself in the Scriblerus meetings, were very different persons. The wit which blazes in his comedies sparkled in his discourse. He overflowed with anecdote and pleasantry. His mind had been assiduously cultivated. He was not only an accomplished Latinist, but he was one of the few Englishmen then living who were familiar with the poetry of Greece. Sixteen years junior to Congreve was Pope, whose 'Essay on Criticism' and 'Rape of the Lock' had given fine promise of the great future before him. He was now busy with the second edition of the 'Lock' and with the translation of the 'Iliad.' Under what circumstances and at what period he became acquainted with Swift, we have now no means of knowing. They were certainly on intimate terms in the winter of 1713. Another distinguished Scriblerian was Atterbury. In Atterbury the Universities of that day recognized their most finished product. His graceful scholarship, his refined taste, his varied acquirements, his polished and luminous eloquence, had placed him in the first rank of literary churchmen. The part he had played in the Phalaris controversy, and the part he had played still more recently in the controversy with Wake had proved that his superior in polemical skill was not to be found. His learning, indeed, if we may

judge from his dissertations and sermons, was neither exact nor deep, but it was elegant, curious, and extensive. French he both spoke and wrote with Parisian purity. In the vernacular and Latin poetry of modern Italy, he was probably better versed than any man in England. But it was not as a scholar or as a controversialist that Atterbury was most valued by those who knew him. On all questions pertaining to the niceties of criticism, he was an unerring guide, for his judgment was clear and solid, his perceptions fine, and his taste pure even to fastidiousness. In no contemporary critic had Pope so much confidence. Atterbury's approving nod relieved his mind of any doubt he might have about the excellence of a verse. It was at Atterbury's advice that he committed to the flames a work on which he had expended great labour, and on which he had himself passed a more favourable verdict. Of a very different order were the genius and character of John Gay. The early part of his life had been passed behind a linen-draper's counter. He had received no regular education, and had, on emerging from obscurity, been too indolent to remedy the defect. A smattering of Latin and a smattering of French constituted all his stock as a scholar; but if he owed little to the schools, he owed much to nature—a rich vein of genial humour, wit less abundant, indeed, and less brilliant, than that of his friends Congreve and Pope, but scarcely less pleasing native grace, and a larger share of lyrical spontaneity than any of his contemporaries possessed. His first experiment had been made in serious poetry, and in serious poetry Gay never rises, even in his happiest moments, above mediocrity. But this poem he had judiciously dedicated to Pope, then fast rising into reputation; and Pope, charmed with his young admirer's unaffected simplicity, sprightly conversation, and amiable temper, took him under his protection. The favourable impression which he made on Pope, he made on Swift; and when the Scriblerus Club was formed, Gay, though he had as yet produced nothing which entitled him to so high an honour, was invited to join it. Next came Thomas Parnell. Few things in literary history are more remarkable than the fate which has befallen this once popular poet. The eulogies of his personal friends, though these friends were Pope and Swift, may be suspected of partiality; but so late as 1760 Hume placed Parnell among the very few poets whom a reader of mature taste would delight in reperusing for the fiftieth time. His biography was written in a laudatory strain by Goldsmith, and the praises of Goldsmith were repeated by Johnson. Since then, however, his fame has been rapidly declining, and is now almost extinct. We are by no means inclined to set undue value

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value on the poetry of that age, but in our opinion modern criticism has treated Parnell with conspicuous injustice. His 'Hermit' is, in point of execution, as near perfection as any work of that kind can be. His 'Fairy Tale' is delightful, and we feel quite sure that no reader of taste and sensibility could peruse such poems as the 'Night Piece' and the 'Hymn to Contentment' without feeling that he was in communion with genius, if not of a high, certainly of a fine order. To his brother poets Parnell owed nothing. He chose his own themes, he treated those themes in his own way. His versification—and his versification is peculiarly his own—is singularly soft and musical.

But the member who fills the largest space in the history of Swift's Club remains to be mentioned. This was Dr. John Arbuthnot. Arbuthnot is one of those figures on which the memory loves to dwell. If we are to credit the testimony of men little prone either to exaggeration or delusion, his character approached as near to perfection as it is possible for humanity to attain. His charity, his benevolence, his philanthropy, were boundless. He possessed, says Swift, every quality and every virtue which can make a man either amiable or useful. Ill-health and adverse fortune were powerless to ruffle his gentle and equable temper. But the beauty of his character was equalled by the vigour and amplitude of his mind. His literary and scientific attainments were immense. While a mere youth he distinguished himself in a controversy with the veteran geologist Woodward. His tables of ancient coins, weights, and measures, long remained a standard work, and though his medical writings have, like all the medical writings of past time, been superseded, they entitle him to an honourable place among the fathers of his profession. To one of his treatises particular praise is due, for in his 'Dissertation on the Regularity of Births in the Two Sexes' he may be said to have laid the foundation of the science of Vital Statistics. But it is not as a physician, nor as a writer on science, that the world is most familiar with Arbuthnot's name. The lustre of that name is still indeed untarnished by time, but it shines now rather with reflected light than with light emanating from itself. By modern readers he is remembered chiefly as the friend of Pope and Swift; to modern readers he lives, not so much as the author of the 'History of John Bull,' as the hero of the 'Prologue to the Satires.' Very different was the position he held among those who knew him, and among those who had inherited the traditions of those who knew him. Of his wit and humour both Pope and Swift speak in terms of extravagant praise. 'He has,' said Swift, 'more wit than we all

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have.' 'In wit and humour,' observed Pope, 'I think Arbuthnot superior to all mankind.' Half a century later Johnson rated him almost as highly. And in our own time Macaulay has not hesitated to pronounce the 'History of John Bull' the most ingenious and humorous satire extant in the English tongue. The truth is that Arbuthnot's literary fame has suffered from causes which must sooner or later preclude any writer from permanent popularity. With two exceptions, the first book of the memoirs of Scriblerus and the inimitable 'Epitaph on Chartres,' his satires must be unintelligible to a reader not minutely versed in the politics of that time. No satire in itself so intrinsically excellent is so little capable of universal application. His wit, his humour, his sarcasm, exhausting themselves on particular persons and on particular events, now require an elaborate commentary. There is, moreover, nothing either striking or felicitous in his style. The 'History of John Bull' and the 'Art of Political Lying' will probably not find half-a-dozen readers in as many years, but we venture to think that out of these readers there will be one or two who will have no difficulty in understanding the position which Arbuthnot once held. Such were the men in whose society Oxford and Bolingbroke forgot the cares of State, whose gatherings have been immortalized by Pope, and whose diversions have enriched literature with compositions which the world will not readily let die. For out of these diversions grew many years afterwards 'Gulliver's Travels' and the fourth book of the 'Dunciad.'

The project with which the Scriblerians sought to amuse themselves was the production of a comprehensive satire on the abuses of human learning. These abuses were to be satirized in the person of one Martinus Scriblerus, a foolish and conceited pedant who, with a head replete with learning, was entirely devoid of taste, discrimination, and good sense. To this satire, which appears to have been suggested by 'Don Quixote,' each Scriblerian was to contribute a portion. Pope, Gay, and Parnell, undertook to depict Martin in his relation to polite letters, Arbuthnot in his relation to science, and Swift in his relation to the world. Whether Atterbury and Congreve had any share in the design we have now no means of knowing. The work was unfortunately never completed. What remains of it first appeared in the 'Miscellanies' published by Pope between 1727 and 1732, and in the quarto edition of Pope's Prose Works published in 1741. The exquisitely humorous memoir of Martin, which furnished Sterne with a model for Mr. Shandy, and Lord Lytton with a model for Mr. Caxton, was written mainly if not entirely by Arbuthnot. To Pope, assisted perhaps by Gay and Swift,

Swift, we owe the amusing treatise on the 'Bathos' and the 'Virgilius Restitutus;' to Gay and Pope the 'Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of the Parish.' The essay on the 'Origin of the Sciences' was, if we are to believe Spence, the joint production of Pope, Arbuthnot, and Parnell.

Fourteen months had yet to elapse before the war with France was finally terminated. They were months of storm and trouble. The Whigs, conscious that they were fighting a losing battle, fought with the fury of despair. The Tories, thwarted and on their mettle, fought with like passion for victory. During the whole of this period Swift's pen was busy. He produced, indeed, nothing which is of permanent interest, but of those ephemeral trifles, which in agitated times operate so directly and so powerfully on the public mind, he was a prolific author. Many of these trifles, some in verse and some in prose, find a place in his collected writings. But a great portion of them have, we suspect, escaped the diligence of his editors, and lurk unidentified among the broadsheets preserved in the British Museum. We think we could point to many in these collections which bear his sign manual. What is certain is that he was engaged, as we know from his correspondence, on pieces of which in his published works not a vestige remains.

If the measure of a man's importance be the measure of the influence he exercises on contemporaries, it would be no exaggeration to say that, at the beginning of 1713, no Commoner in England stood so high as Swift. He dictated the political opinions of half the nation. He had turned the tide of popularity against the Whigs. He had done more than any single man then living, to confound the designs of Austria and Holland, to crush Marlborough, to paralyse Marlborough's coadjutors. A war, splendid beyond parallel, he had rendered odious. At two perilous junctures he had saved the Ministry. For every step in the negociations with France, for every measure in the domestic policy of Oxford, he had paved the way. He had indeed done more for his party and for the leaders of his party, than any man of letters had ever done for any patron or for any cause. And what he had done he had done gratuitously.* All this had been acknowledged in terms flattering even to fulsomeness. Nothing therefore was more natural than that he

* It is remarkable that Swift, though he was one of the most voluminous and popular writers of his age, never troubled himself to negociate with publishers. 'I never got a farthing for anything I writ,' he says in a letter to Pulteney, dated May, 1735, 'except once, about eight years ago, and that by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me.' A fact which Jeffrey, when taxing him with sordid avarice, found it convenient to suppress.

should

should expect some substantial mark of ministerial favour. Both Oxford and St. John were profuse in promises. Everything would be well, they said, in due season. Brother Jonathan should certainly be provided for, if brother Jonathan would for the present be patient. But two years had passed away, and brother Jonathan still remained a country priest. In November 1712, the death of Dr. Humphrey Humphreys left the see of Hereford vacant. For a moment it seemed not unlikely that Swift would be selected to fill it. There is reason to believe that he was strongly recommended to the Queen. But the Queen, whose natural dislike to him had been sharpened by the Archbishop of York, and by the Duchess of Somerset whom he had recently libelled, turned a deaf ear to the recommendations of her Ministers. She probably thought, as a pious and sensible woman might reasonably think, that the author of such a treatise as the 'Tale of a Tub,' and of such verses as the 'Windsor Prophecy,' was scarcely the man for a place among the Fathers of the Church. This feeling appears to have been understood and respected by Swift himself, for, though he was well aware that Anne had been the only obstacle between himself and the prize he most coveted, it is remarkable that in speaking of her—and he often has occasion to speak of her—he never betrays the smallest ill-will or vindictiveness. Other disappointments followed. Swift grew tired of waiting, and was on the point of leaving London in disgust. At last it was arranged that Sterne, the Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, should be promoted to the see of Dromore, and that the Deanery, thus vacated, should be conferred on Swift. It is clear that his friends made every effort to obtain preferment for him in England. There was indeed some talk of a stall at Windsor. But the Queen was inexorable. Under these mortifying circumstances, he accepted what he was not in a position to refuse, and, swallowing his chagrin, set out early in June for Ireland. His reception in Dublin was not calculated to raise his spirits. He was grossly insulted as he passed along the streets, and on the morning of his installation a copy of verses, which is still extant, taunting him with apostasy and infidelity, is said to have been posted on the door of the cathedral.

In a few weeks he was again in London. He had been summoned to mediate between Oxford and Bolingbroke, whose internecine feuds were now causing grave alarm. He soon found, however, that the differences between them were not such as admitted either of reconciliation or compromise; for who can reconcile rivals, or who negociate compromise when the struggle is for supremacy? But what it was possible to do he did,

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did, and his correspondence amply shows that he acted at this unhappy crisis in a manner that reflects the highest credit both on his heart and on his judgment. Meanwhile he had not permitted those terrible weapons which had already done so much execution among the Whigs to rust in idleness. Of all the Whig journalists none were at that moment carrying scurrility and intemperance to greater length than Richard Steele. In an evil hour he had abandoned literature for politics, had dropped the 'Spectator' to set up the 'Guardian,' and had recently entered Parliament. Between Swift and himself there had existed for some years cordial friendship, a friendship which political differences had subsequently cooled, but which both had, even in the heat of controversy, been careful to respect. To Swift he was under great obligations. At Swift's intercession he had been permitted to retain a lucrative office under Government. He had been assisted by him in his literary ventures; he had on more than one occasion been protected by him from slander and insult. But shortly before Swift's departure from Ireland, Steele, now drunk with party spirit, had so far forgotten himself as to insert in the 'Guardian' a coarse and ungenerous reflection on his old friend. Upon that, Swift sought through Addison an explanation. Steele's reply was pert and rude. Swift in spite of this double provocation displayed at first singular forbearance. Nothing indeed could be more dignified and becoming than his conduct at the beginning of this rupture. A reference to the correspondence which passed between the two men will show how greatly Mr. Forster has, in his Essay on Steele, misrepresented the facts. The letters of Swift are those of a man calm, just, and candid. The letters of Steele are those of a blustering egotist, who, without reason himself, will listen to reason in no one else. Swift was, however, seldom insulted with impunity. The castigation which Steele now received was due no doubt immediately to his prominence as a party writer, but it is easy to see that private animosity glows in every paragraph of that cruel pamphlet—'The Importance of the "Guardian" considered'—in which the Member for Stockbridge was held up to the mockery of his constituents. While busy with Steele, he was busy also with Burnet. That bustling Prelate, who was on the point of bringing out the third volume of his 'History of the Reformation,' had, with the double object of whetting public curiosity and of gratifying his own ludicrous vanity, published by anticipation the Preface. In this preface he had taken occasion to taunt the Tories with Jacobitism and Popery. Swift's reply, which assumed the form of a parody on the Bishop's

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Bishop's Preface, is one of the most amusing, as it is assuredly one of the most severe, of his polemical pieces. He had long suspected, he said, that Steele and the Bishop were working in co-operation, for 'though that peculiar manner of expressing themselves which the poverty of our language forces us to call their style' presented points of difference, their notions were precisely similar. 'But I will confess,' he goes on to say, 'that my suspicions did not carry me so far as to conjecture that this venerable champion would be in such mighty haste to come into the field and serve in the quality of an *enfant perdu*, armed only with a pocket pistol before his great blunderbuss could be got ready, his old rusty breastplate scoured, and his cracked headpiece mended.' But the whole pamphlet is inimitable. Its irony, its humour, its drollery, are delicious. In the spring of 1714 appeared Steele's 'Crisis.' Swift at once replied to it in the 'Public Spirit of the Whigs.' Nothing which ever came from his pen appears to have exasperated his opponents so much as this tract. The attention of the Legislature was directed to it. The Scotch Peers, with the Duke of Argyle at their head, complained personally to the Queen. The bookseller and the printer were arrested. A proclamation offering a reward of three hundred pounds to any one who would reveal the author was issued. Swift, with the fate of Tutchin and De Foe before his eyes, became alarmed and meditated flight. But the finesse and tact of Oxford averted discovery, and the danger blew over.

And now the catastrophe which he had long feared was fast approaching. The feud between Oxford and Bolingbroke was about to terminate in the ruin of both. In May he met his two friends for the last time under the same roof, and he made a final effort to recal them to reason and duty. He pleaded, he argued; but expostulation, warning, counsel, were vain. He now saw clearly that all was over, and he hurried away sick at heart to hide his sorrow and chagrin at Letcombe. Two troubled months passed by. Though he was out of the world, numerous correspondents kept him fully informed of all that occurred. Each step in the rapid decline of Oxford, each step in the fallacious triumph of Bolingbroke, was at once communicated to him. Indeed, his correspondence at this period forms the best account extant of the momentous weeks which preceded the death of Anne.

The history of that crisis reflects indelible infamy on the leaders of Swift's party: it is pleasing to add that the conduct of Swift himself may be regarded with unalloyed satisfaction. When political immorality, in the worst type it can assume, was epidemic among the statesmen of his faction, his patriotism and integrity

integrity remained without taint. It is certain that he had no share in the intrigues with James. It is certain that he resolutely opposed all attempts to tamper with the Act of Settlement. He expressed with great courage his disapprobation both of the conduct of Oxford and of the conduct of Bolingbroke, and he sought in a powerful pamphlet—one of the very best he ever wrote—to repair the mischief which their quarrels had inflicted on the common cause. But the manuscript unfortunately found its way into the hands of Bolingbroke, who, having his own purposes to serve, made in it certain alterations which were more calculated to benefit himself than his party; and Swift, justly annoyed, withdrew it from publication. Had this pamphlet, 'Free Thoughts upon the present State of Affairs,' appeared a few weeks earlier, and had the policy prescribed in it been carried out, the ruin of the Tories might, we think, have been averted. But that was not to be. On the 27th of July Oxford resigned, and the reins of government were in the hands of Bolingbroke. Nothing we know of Swift is more honourable to him than his behaviour at this juncture. Of his two friends, the one was at the summit of political greatness, the other was not merely under a cloud, but ruined beyond possibility of redemption. Both sought his presence. Bolingbroke, inviting him with eager importunity to share his triumph, held out hopes at once the most splendid and the most plausible. He would undertake, he said, to reconcile him with Lady Somerset, he would introduce him to the Queen, he would provide and provide amply for him in the English Church. Oxford, pathetically appealing to ancient friendship, had nothing to offer him but the opportunity of proving that that friendship had been sincere and disinterested. Without a moment's hesitation Swift chose the nobler course.

As he was on the point of setting out for Oxford's country seat, he received a letter announcing the death of Anne. It was an event which for some days had been almost hourly expected, but its effect on the Tories was the effect of sudden and unforeseen calamity. It found them without resources, without fixed plans, in the midst of internecine strife. Bolingbroke indeed continued to bluster about the miracles which a little judicious management could still work, and he hoped, he said, that his old friend would lose no time in assisting him 'to save the Constitution.' To this fustian Swift replied in a letter written with great calmness, dignity, and good sense. He dwelt sadly on the efforts he had made to save from self-destruction the friends who had been so dear to him, and he spoke with some bitterness of the folly and infatuation which had made those efforts nugatory. In the present condition of affairs he

he was, he continued, unable to discern any favourable symptom. The wreck of the Tories was complete. All that remained for Bolingbroke to do was to maintain his post at the head of the Church party. 'You are,' he went on to say, 'still in the prime of life. You have sustained, it is true, a heavy defeat, but you will no doubt learn, like a prudent general, to profit from disaster.' He added in conclusion that he had a lively sense of the favours which his patron had purposed to confer on him, that he hoped before the end of the year to be again at his side, but that for the present he must, he feared, take leave of a scene which would however be seldom absent from his thoughts. And he took leave of that scene for ever. By the middle of August he was in Dublin.

From this moment the biography of Swift assumes a new complexion. During the last few years circumstances had, in a manner, enabled him to escape from himself. Incessant activity had left him no time for gloomy reflection. The position which he most coveted he had attained. His genius and force of character had extorted from society the homage which society is as a rule slow to pay to any but the opulent and noble. In literary circles his pre-eminence was acknowledged. On politics the influence which he had exercised had been without parallel in the history of private men. Now all was changed. He found himself suddenly reduced to obscurity and impotence. He was no longer the counsellor of great ministers, he was no longer in communion with the flower of a polished and luxurious capital. He was an exile, and an exile with little to do and with nothing to hope, in a place which was of all places in the world the most odious to him. The only society with which he could mingle was the society of inferiors. What followed, followed naturally. He became the prey of that constitutional melancholy which had been his bane from childhood. The fierce and gloomy passions, which prosperous activity had for a while composed, again awoke. Each month as it passed by added to his irritation and wretchedness. Ill health, the loss of friends, his own unpopularity, and, above all, the condition of the unhappy country in which his lot was cast, alternately maddened and depressed him.

On that mysterious malady we flatter ourselves that we may be able to throw new light, while reviewing, on a future occasion, his whole career in Ireland. We hope then to fulfil our purpose of breaking a lance with Jeffrey and Thackeray in defence of his conduct to Esther Johnson and Esther Vanhomrigh; and to estimate his place in English literature and the influence which he exercised on subsequent writers.

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on which others enter with the utmost publicity, and under every guarantee that there shall be no question of mistaken identity. On the other hand, Swift could enter with almost repulsive minuteness into details which men shrink from alluding to. There are writers who are lascivious without being obscene. Swift, on the other hand, was obscene without lasciviousness. He cannot be said to stir the passions; on the contrary, by trampling down that hedge which we put about virtue, he seems to suggest that his was a virtue which needed no such quick-set fence. The following illustration of his character is an instance of that kind of abruptness, in which we do not know whether to admire most the wit or the eccentricity. It illustrates how he earned the epithet of

The Mad Parson.

A story is told of his first entry into one of the haunts of the wits, which we may take to have seen the St. James's Coffee House. Those who frequented the place had been astonished day after day by the entry of a clergyman, unknown to any there, who laid his hat on a table, and strode up and down the room with a rapid step, heeding no one and absorbed in his own thoughts. His strange manner earned him, unknown as he was to all, the name of the "mad parson." On one evening in particular, Addison and the rest were watching him, when he was observed to cast his eyes on a country gentleman who had just entered the tavern. At length he approached, and abruptly addressed him, within earshot of the listening circle. "Pray, sir," said Swift, "do you remember any good weather in the world?" The countryman stared, but recovering himself, presently answered, "Yes, sir, I thank God, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," said Swift, "than I can say: I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold: too wet, or too dry: but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well:" and with these words he left the astonished crowd as usual. The story is told on the authority of Ambrose Philips: and anticipating as it does, the wayward humour, and impetuous eccentricities of Swift's later days, it serves to tell something of the impression that Swift left amongst his friends of these early and little known days.

The story of his parody of Boyle's "Moral Meditations" is better known. We quote it here as an instance of the way in which Mr. Craik touches on a well-known trait of humour:—

ed the estimate that Swift had e discourses clearly enough to re- m the drudgery of reading them.

elations of landlord with tenant the standing Irish grievances and Bill is intended to remedy, cable to note how quick-witted o strike his finger on the real

vift on Irish Tenants.

e whole of 1706, and down to the of 1707, Swift remained in Ireland. ner, 1706, John Temple, writing onsult him about his Irish estates, him to Moor Park. Swift replies ries in a tone that shows how much dy considered the evils of Ireland. mple to avoid rack rent; and goes ot to tell you that no accounts from s can be relied on. If they paid eppercorn a-year, they would be k abatement than to offer an ad- s the universal maxim throughout . I have known them fling up a ext day give a fine to have it back as not been known in the memory an Irish tenant ever once spoke landlord." He turns aside, rather , the invitation.

ctremely obliged," he says, "by vitation to Moor Park, which no ake me forget and love less. If I better than I did, it is because we elated, for I am deeply allied to My little revenue is sunk two ee, and the third in arrear. There- ne to Moor Park, it must be on nen comes another difficulty, that I the flesh you saw about me at which I have no manner of title, her purchased it by luxury, nor ur. . . . . Whig and Tory has hat was tolerable here, by mixing e friendship and conversation, and h; though it seems to me full as o quarrel about Copernicus and as about my Lord Treasurer, and ster; at least for any private man, lly in our remote scene. I am sorry resemble England only in its de- t seven years ago frogs were im- , and thrive very well; and three a certain great man brought over Tory, which suit the soil admir-

tics have pointed out what a luence on the development of nius was exercised by the step ook when he moved over from to the Tories. All Swift's early s a Whig of the Whigs. He the same position in the balance of parties in his hand. As a pamphleteer, his unrivalled power was held in such awe, that finding that Somers and Wharton would not pay him his price, which was a mitre, he made overtures to Harley, was secured to the Tory cockade, and as such, wrote that unrivalled pamphlet on the conduct of the Allies which may be said to have decided the fate of the Whigs. The following account of his relation to the Tories is noteworthy.

Harley and Bolingbroke.

Harley's moderate Toryism might still have been overshadowed by Toryism of another hue. The leader of this more rigid school was Lord Rochester; but on the 3rd of May, Lord Rochester's death freed Harley from a powerful rival. It was followed before long by visible signs of Harley's increasing power. On the 24th of May, he became Earl of Oxford and Mortimer and Baron Wigmore. A week later, the new Earl was advanced to the dignity of Lord Treasurer.

In Swift's own words, Harley had grown "by persecution, turning out, and stabbing." All helped to give him a hold on Swift's affection, and to win from Swift a respect which was strangely high. Harley had an unquestionable skill in the lesser arts of statesmanship; he had some tact in parliamentary management; he had, what was more, a certain keenness of appreciation for national necessities. All these many of his contemporaries probably rated too low; but with an estimate much more certainly wrong, his apathy was mistaken by Swift for philosophy, his hesitation for calculating wisdom. "The Treasurer," says Swift, "is much the greatest Minister I ever knew; regular in life, with a true sense of religion, an excellent scholar, and a good divine; of a very mild and affable disposition, intrepid in his notions, and indefatigable in business, an utter despiser of money for himself, yet frugal, perhaps to an extremity, for the public." We might be surprised at the estimate, did we not recollect the strong and healthy admiration that Swift, like all the best amongst literary men, felt for those whose power lay in practical, rather than in theoretic work, and proved itself by the tangible evidence of success in affecting men.

Side by side with Harley stood another, whose meteor-like genius also attracted Swift. But the genius of St. John, finer as as it was in grain and fibre, yet carried with it always, for Swift, something of distrust. It is thus, for instance, that Swift speaks of the new Secretary when all world was running after him.

"I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness

A TOUR IN GREECE.*

ALL the civilised world is interested in Greece. Our poets, our artists, our orators could hardly exist without it, and only this month one of our most accomplished novelists commences what promises to be not one of the least interesting of his performances, with a Maid of Athens for a heroine. Yet often it is to be questioned whether English people know much about Greece. It is true that, within the last few years, it has obtained a large increase of territory—an arrangement heartily endorsed by Conservatives and Liberals alike. Yet practically Greece is an unknown land. It seems to have been more frequently visited before the War of Independence than at the present day. Thus M. Laurent, in his work published in 1820, observes that "the crowd of English tourists who have been in Greece have, as in many other parts of Europe, rendered the expenses of travelling much greater than they were formerly"—a remark, as our author observes, irresistibly suggesting that the Turkish authority inspired strangers with a sense of security afterwards unknown. The fact is, it is not safe to travel in Greece. Brigandage exists in the interior, with which the Government lacks either the will or the power to cope. Even Athens, lying outside the track ordinarily taken by the steamers from Alexandria to Constantinople, receives fewer visitors than many places more remote. Hence the Greeks suffer, for there is no land where British gold would be more lavishly expended if the people were sufficiently civilised to receive the tourist in a fitting manner. Accordingly we get erroneous ideas of Greece; and people of other countries are deceived by Greeks, who are much given to setting forth in eulogistic terms the progress and enlightenment of their race. And yet there is much to see in Greece,—"the abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn," as the poet sings; and such names as Marathon and Salamis — the Acropolis and the Parthenon, Eleusis and Platæa, Helicon and Olympia, never fail to touch and fire the human heart. Mr. Richard Ridley Farrer, however, does not let his

no means pleasant. The dis-
ween Athens and Corfu is accom-
ominally in forty-four hours, but
le gain of time is a poor set-off
ie certainty of discomfort, and,
e new and improved system of
cation be established, Mr. Farrer
to be unadvisable to approach
y way of the Isthmus. Arrived
, the troubles of the tourist are
. Greece can only be done in
either by a land journey, or by
yacht of one's own. It is true
e steamers touch at all the little
Athens and Patras are the only
the mainland possessed of habi-
s. To the ordinary tourist the
is to travel under canvas, and
rable time of year. But even
recommendations of our author
uggestive of comfort. Here is
hem, "Always have a revolver
and. Of course weapons are use-
encounter with brigands, who, like
never attack except from a
of vantage, and with a nume-
riority over their victims of at
to one. But the sight of an
ade pistol will overawe the
of many an amateur robber, and
wholesome check upon the
nsolence of the population."
e are told, "never to bargain
with the natives," and "never
any of their statements."
ealth resort our author does not
ommend the country. His ad-
ie traveller is always to sleep in
The stimulating properties of the
ce feverishness, resulting in pro-
piration during the night; and
ers of the consequent suscep-
o chill are largely increased
nnumerable draughts that per-
e walls and roofs of all Greek

fu our traveller notes with pride
essions left by England. The
touched since our departure, are
the best in the Greek kingdom.
le, as was to be expected, regret
ture, and hint that Mr. Glad-
have any regard for their
had better keep out of

providentially built to the north and east of the more famous quarters of the ancient city. It is the fashion to run down the vandalism of Lord Elgin in bringing to England the friezes of the Parthenon; but, remarks our author, Lord Elgin's spoliation has been the means of preserving that little which had escaped the ravages of gunpowder and the round shot of Turkish engineers and Hellenic patriots. Modern Athens soon destroys the associations of the past. Politics engage the attention of the Athenians exclusively, whose dislike of manual labour and whose restless mental activity are the main root of all the evils of the country. The Chamber of Parliament consists of 204 members, divided into two parties, between whose policies it is naively confessed that there is no difference of principle, so that each member attaches himself to that side from which he has the most to expect. There is always a crisis. The present constitution has lasted nineteen years, and during that time there have been more than fifty changes of ministry. The Athenians are not given to hospitality; but it was carnival time, and our author was invited to a masked ball. "But," he writes, "oh, shade of Byron, what disappointment to gaze upon the maids of Athens unmasked!" How many a tender illusion, nursed carefully for the last two hours, was dispelled all in a moment! The fact is, in Greece woman is still a beast of burden. Accordingly, a stunted figure, a toil-worn expression, and a tanned complexion are the general characteristics of Greek womanhood. Our author affirms that Greece altogether is in a poor way: "Native arts would seem to be non-existent; native music is almost confined to the military bands; native literature does not rise above the level of journalism; native drama there is none, except a few open-air performances in the summer." It is no wonder King George is fond of visiting his relations; and it must be owned it must be dull work for any one in search of amusement to have to sit all day in the *cafés* in the square listening to the strains of the band, or to drive or walk along the dusty Patrissa road. The Greek passion for gambling is intense, and thus

Athenaeum
July 28. 83.

SWIFT'S MARRIAGE.

A WRITER in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, in discussing the disputed question of Swift's marriage, gives the following note:—"We have read with care Mr. Craik's elaborate discussion in favour of the marriage. We can only say that we are greatly surprised that Mr. Craik should, on such evidence as he there adduces, think himself justified in asserting confidently that the marriage took place."

I have no wish to trouble you by a renewal of the general argument, having nothing to add to what is stated in my book. But perhaps you will allow me to show how far this writer is justified in saying that he "has read my discussion with care," and what are his claims to have affected the argument either way.

1. "The first writer," he says, "who mentions it [the marriage] is Orrery, and his words are these: 'Stella was the concealed, but undoubted, wife of Dr. Swift, and if my informations are right, she was married to him in the year 1716 by Dr. Ash [*sic*], then Bishop of Clogher.'" The *Quarterly* reviewer need not have looked beyond my "discussion" to find that "these" are *not* Orrery's exact words. Orrery states in the first sentence that Stella was "the concealed, but undoubted, wife of Dr. Swift." He then goes on to tell of Sir William Temple's bequest to her on account of her father's services; he proceeds to say that he cannot tell how long she remained in England, or how often she went to Ireland after Temple's death; "but," he goes on, "if my informations are correct, she was married to Dr. Swift in the year 1716 by Dr. Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher." It is clear that Orrery's words have a very different effect from those which the *Quarterly* reviewer attributes to him. The first assertion, as to the main fact of the marriage, is given without any hesitation or qualification. It is only after he has spoken of matters as to which he is in doubt that Orrery returns to the *details* and *circumstances* of the marriage; these, but these only, he describes with the qualification "if my informations are correct." By piecing together parts of different sentences after his own fashion, and giving them with marks of quotation as the very words of Orrery, the *Quarterly* reviewer manages to bring

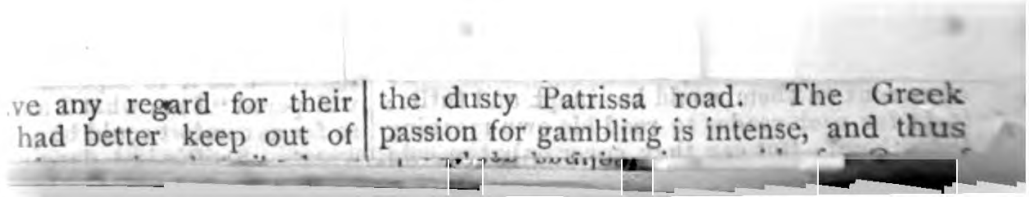
that qualification close to the main assertion.

2. "Orrery was," says the reviewer, "guilty of gross inconsistency, as he had nine years before maintained the opposite opinion"; and in proof of this he cites, in a note, a letter from Orrery to Deane Swift of the 4th of December, 1742. But what does that letter say? Swift in old age, Orrery observes, "is an incentive to marriage," as men in years want the care and watchfulness of a companion; and Swift's last years would have been less miserable "had he been married, *or, in other words, had Stella lived.*" This is the expression which the reviewer cites, but does not quote, to prove that Orrery in 1742 "*maintained* the opposite opinion" to that which he published in 1751.

3. "Delany," says the *Quarterly* reviewer, "simply follows Orrery." What are Delany's words? "Your [lordship's] account of his marriage is, I am satisfied, true." If words mean anything, surely in this Delany is not following Orrery, but is stating his own independent assent to Lord Orrery's account of the *circumstances* of an event, the truth of which event Delany assumes to be beyond dispute.

4. Delany "simply follows Orrery," and does so "without contributing a single fact on his own authority." So says the reviewer; thereby surely implying that Delany gives us no additional grounds for the belief beyond those given by Orrery. But Delany says he "well knew a friend" to whom Stella told her story. Is this not a "fact on his own authority"? What more could we have, unless Delany had said that he saw the ceremony with his own eyes?

5. The treatment which the reviewer gives to the evidence of Monck Berkeley is still more curious, seeing that he repeats the very error which I have pointed out in Monck Mason's argument. In 1716 Swift and Stella, says Monck Berkeley, "were married by the Bishop of Clogher, who himself related the circumstance to Bishop Berkeley, by whose relict the story was communicated to *me*." Again the reviewer gives with inverted commas words which profess to be, but are not, those of Monck Berkeley. He proceeds, exactly as Monck Mason had done, to say that this piece of evidence entirely breaks down, because from 1715 to 1721 Berkeley was



in Italy, and therefore no such communication could have taken place. But he ignores the fact which I have pointed out, that although Berkeley was in Italy, he was there as tutor to the son of Dr. Ashe, and that communications not only *may*, but in all probability *must* have passed between the Bishop of Clogher and him. Does this show that my discussion has been read "with care"?

6. Amongst other pieces of evidence against the marriage, the reviewer adduces the four following: (1) That Swift once said to a gentleman, "I never yet saw the woman I would wish to make my wife." (The words are again misquoted: they ought to be, "he never saw the woman he wished to be married to." But let that pass.) (2) That "*it is well known* that Mrs. Dingley was convinced that no marriage had ever taken place." (3) That Mrs. Ridgway, Swift's housekeeper, did not believe it. (4) That Dr. Lyon was convinced that the story "was unsupported by a particle of evidence."

Something less than a careful reading of my discussion might surely have shown to the reviewer the worthlessness of these pieces of evidence. Dr. Lyon knew Swift only in extreme old age; Mrs. Dingley was the companion, not the confidante, of Stella; Mrs. Ridgway was an uneducated drudge, whom Swift was little likely to entrust with secrets; and the gentleman to whom he is supposed to have given his confidence in a casual conversation is unnamed. But whatever the value or worthlessness of these statements it is curious that the reviewer, having read my discussion "with care," should adduce them as if each were based on independent testimony. Will it be believed that they all rest solely upon the evidence of this same Dr. Lyon, and that he (than whose testimony none, the reviewer thinks, "will be allowed to carry greater weight") knows so little of the matter, and can assert so little on his own authority, that he is obliged to base his denial upon the gossip of an unnamed gentleman who, by his own showing, was a coxcomb; and that he cannot even quote Mrs. Dingley's opinion on his own knowledge, but must go to this unnamed gentleman for a report of how Mrs. Dingley (supposing that she knew the secret) turned off with a laugh what she might well deem

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an unwarranted curiosity? Yet the reviewer first parades these pieces of hearsay as evidence, and then adduces Dr. Lyon's opinion — based upon them—as independent and conclusive proof that the marriage did not take place.

Having pointed out these inaccuracies, I refrain from entering upon the general arguments of the reviewer. Substantially they are those adduced by Monck Mason sixty years ago, which did not persuade Scott, even though he judged them too leniently, to change the opinion he had previously expressed. HENRY CRAIK.

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Athenæum.
Aug. 25. 83.

THE 'QUARTERLY REVIEW' ON SWIFT.

I AM anxious to make a few observations on the second part of the essay on Swift which appears in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*. If an article in a literary journal of high character on a highly important and interesting subject be allowed to pass unchallenged, it might be supposed that the reviewer's opinions were generally accepted.

I pointed out in these columns (*Athen.*, Aug., 1882) the strange theories set forth in the first part of the essay (*Quarterly Review*, April, 1882). In the second part the reviewer follows up some of these theories, and brings forward others equally startling and equally open to criticism. One event especially of great importance in the life of Swift is narrated and explained in a manner which would certainly not have been approved by the clear and logical mind of the satirist whose moral character the reviewer imagines he is defending. I allude, of course, to the account of Swift's connexion with Stella and Vanessa. In the first part of the essay the reviewer had declared his conviction that Swift was not married to Stella. In the present article he examines the question in detail, and sums up the evidence on the subject. Mr. Craik's letter in your impression of July 28th appears, to myself at least, to dispose so effectually of the reviewer's evidence against the marriage that it is useless to refer again to the subject. But I wish to call attention to one argument which the reviewer discusses at great length, and which he considers as conclusive.

Miss Vanhomrigh's arrival in Dublin in the summer of 1714 was doubtless very embarrassing to Swift, and I quite agree with the reviewer that the Dean's patience must often have been severely tried. There was only one way of escaping from his difficult position, and painful at the time as this way would have been, it would have been the kindest in the end for all the persons concerned. But Swift, probably more for the lady's sake than his own, could not bring himself to cut the knot asunder.

In this vacillatory conduct the reviewer sees

a convincing proof that Swift and Esther Johnson were not married. He writes (p. 15): "If Swift was the husband of Esther Johnson, we admit, without the smallest hesitation, that his conduct was all that his enemies would represent it. It was at once cruel and mean; it was at once cowardly and treacherous; it was at once lying and hypocritical. In that case every visit he paid, every letter he wrote to Miss Vanhomrigh, subsequent to 1716, was derogatory to him."

But, the reviewer argues, as Swift was neither treacherous nor lying nor hypocritical, we may feel assured that no marriage had taken place. A few pages earlier (p. 9) we read: "By every tie but one which can bind man to woman he was bound to Esther Johnson. For more than thirteen years she had been a portion of his life. She had been the partner of his most secret thoughts; she had been his solace in gloom and sorrow; she had been his nurse in sickness." And yet if no marriage ceremony had taken place Swift was justified in throwing over the woman who had devoted to him the best portion of her life, and he was perfectly free to marry Miss Vanhomrigh. Such is the only inference which I can draw from the reviewer's reasoning, and it seems to me unnecessary to comment upon it.

No writer of reputation, so far as I know, has ever supposed that if a marriage took place it was more than a mere ceremony; but the reviewer argues as if it was contended that the relations between Swift and Stella had been in reality those of man and wife. Swift, the reviewer argues, was a truthful man, and he always speaks of Stella as "*a friend*"; therefore there was no marriage. Esther Johnson in her will describes herself as an unmarried woman; therefore there was no marriage. This reasoning appears to me to go entirely beyond the question.

The reviewer is not correct in stating that "in his [Swift's] letters from London he had never even alluded to his intimacy with Esther Vanhomrigh." In the numerous references to the house in Bury Street, Swift, it is true,

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generally speaks of Mrs. Vanhomrigh; but in more than one instance Esther herself is distinctly mentioned, and a passage in the 'Journal to Stella' (Swift's Works, Bickers & Son, 1883, vol. ii. p. 72) seems to show that Esther Johnson had alluded to the subject. And further on (p. 184) Swift replies to some slighting mention of Mrs. Vanhomrigh in a manner which certainly indicates that the frequent visits to Bury Street had roused suspicions in Dublin.

The reviewer is quite right in asserting that nothing positive is known of Vanessa's final quarrel with Swift. Sheridan's story, that she had written to Stella to demand information as to her (Stella's) connexion with Swift, is at least highly probable under the circumstances. But the reviewer considers that "the story, if true, would justify us in believing the very worst of Swift." I am entirely unable to comprehend how Swift's reputation is affected by either Sheridan's version of the story or Orrery's. Vanessa would no longer live in suspense, and was determined to know what was the tie which bound Swift to Stella. Whether the letter was written to Swift or Stella is of little consequence. But the story affords strong circumstantial proof of the marriage, and is therefore discredited by the reviewer.

I shall only refer to two other subjects in the essay. The first is the critical account of 'Gulliver's Travels.' Every one must agree with the high estimate which the reviewer forms of this remarkable satire, but he omits to mention how completely it has missed its mark. It was written, we know, "to vex the world," and it has had the very opposite effect. There are, no doubt, some readers who still appreciate the extraordinary power of the irony which, like the Nasmyth hammer, can crush with overwhelming force or apply the most delicate touch. There are some who are still charmed with the marvellous imagination displayed in the narrative. But I believe that an overwhelming majority of its readers consider the book only as an amusing story, and that, by a strange fate, a work which was avowedly written to give pain affords year after year the keenest delight to many thousands of schoolboys.

The last subject which I shall refer to is the

account of Swift's life after the death of Stella. "The biography of Swift," we read (p. 50), "from the death of Esther Johnson to the hour in which his own eyes closed on the world, is the catastrophe of a tragedy sudden and more awful than any of those pathetic fictions which appal and melt us on the stage of Sophocles and Shakespeare."

It is difficult to conceive any statement more exaggerated, or, to speak plainly, more contrary to all the known facts of the case. Swift, we know, felt Stella's death most acutely. He was well aware that her loss could never be supplied, but he gave no open expression to his sorrow. A few months after the funeral he paid a long visit to Sir Arthur Acheson, whose wife was one of the Dean's especial favourites. On his return to Dublin, Lord Carteret, with whom he was now on terms of intimate friendship, was still at the Castle. Not long after Lord Carteret's departure Mrs. Delany took up her residence in Dublin, and was very proud of being considered a friend of the Dean's. The Sunday parties at the deanery were continued. The Dean was a constant visitor at Delville. It is needless, however, to pursue the subject further or to speak of his literary occupations. For eight or nine years after Stella's death Swift's outward life was much the same as it had always been. It was sad enough, but to speak of it in the terms which I have quoted above is in the highest degree inaccurate.

There are other passages which I should like to notice, but I think that enough has been said to show that the historical part of this essay on Swift can scarcely be considered trustworthy. The reviewer has aimed high; but in endeavouring to imitate the writings of our great reviewer he appears to have been more successful in acquiring the inaccuracy than the brilliant style of his model.

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Athenæum
Aug. 19. 82.

THE 'QUARTERLY REVIEW' ON SWIFT.

AN article on Jonathan Swift, attributed to a distinguished man of letters, was sure to excite much expectation and to secure for the number of the *Quarterly Review* in which it appeared an unusually large circle of readers.

Two former biographical essays of the writer have achieved a brilliant success—the first on Swift's illustrious kinsman Dryden, the other on Swift's intimate friend Bolingbroke; but I cannot think that this last contribution to the literary and political history of the first portion of the eighteenth century will be considered equally satisfactory.

The *Quarterly* reviewer seems to think that Swift has been misjudged, and that, while his character as a man has been loaded with undeserved obloquy, his merits as a writer and politician have not been sufficiently recognized. This unjust estimate he attributes to the influence on public opinion of four writers, Jeffrey, Macaulay, Lord Stanhope, and Thackeray. It is undeniable that Jeffrey exercised considerable ascendency in the days when the blue and yellow covers were a power in the literary world; but his influence was even then limited to a certain clique, and is now nearly extinct.

This cannot be said of Lord Macaulay. If his reputation for historical accuracy has been somewhat damaged, the number of his readers is still on the increase, and his works, in some form or another, are being constantly reprinted.

The reviewer complains that Macaulay speaks of Swift as "the apostate politician," "the ribald priest," "the perjured lover," "the heart burning with hatred against the whole human race." It is hardly fair to take these words, and, without giving the contexts of the passages where they occur, to quote them as Macaulay's character of Swift. But still, accepting them in their fullest signification, there is hardly one of these terms which is not justified by the essay now before us.

1. "The apostate politician."—We read (p. 403) of Swift's "unscrupulous versatility," and in several passages the reviewer himself speaks of his (Swift's) "apostasy."

2. "The ribald priest."—Referring to Swift's ordination, the reviewer writes (p. 395): "His [Swift's] correspondence makes it equally clear that expectation of preferment was, if not his only, at least his primary motive." As for the epithet "ribald," it cannot be said to be misapplied to the clergyman who wrote 'The Ladies' Dressing Room' and 'Directions to Servants.' The reviewer's excuse for these atrocious publications is that they were anonymous (p. 396). This plea need hardly be dealt with. If generally accepted, it would put an end to all prevailing ideas of literary morality and honesty. Such a defence comes strangely from a writer of the reviewer's high reputation.

3. "The perjured lover."—Swift's connexion with Stella and Vanessa is not fully discussed in the reviewer's present article, but he tells us that he intends on a future occasion to break a lance in defence of his (Swift's) conduct to these two ladies. All those who cherish the memory of Stella's *pure and blameless life* (the words in italics are the *Quarterly's* own), or who have lamented Vanessa's unhappy fate, and even those who are the warmest admirers of Swift, must look forward to the further portion of the reviewer's essay with anxiety. The story is spoken of by the reviewer himself as "one of the saddest and most mysterious." To whom, then, are we to impute the blame? Was it Stella's fault that her position as an honoured wife was never recognized, or, to adopt the writer's view,* that she never was a wife? Was it Vanessa who trifled with the Dean's feelings and then deserted him? I cannot help recalling the Abbé in Sardou's play 'Séraphine,' who, not content with defending the characters of the Borgias, tried to show that it was their enemies who were the poisoners. But before discussing the subject further, we must wait till the reviewer has had an opportunity of giving us his complete history of the affair.

4. "The heart burning with rage against the whole human race."—This is strong language, but not much harsher than some of the terms in the article now before us. Swift's temper is described (p. 392) as "moody and capricious"; "his mind and body were diseased"; "his soul was

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ulcerated with rage and grief"; his vision was "jaundiced." "The world was a pandemonium to him." Many other passages might be quoted to show that the reviewer's judgment does not materially differ from Lord Macaulay's. But if in Lord Macaulay's essay Swift's moral character is harshly treated, even the *Quarterly* must admit that full justice is done to his literary merits. His genius is described as one "equally suited to politics and letters—a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can only perish with the English language."

Two other writers, Lord Stanhope and Thackeray, are mentioned by the *Quarterly* as assailants of Swift's reputation. Of Lord Stanhope it is impossible to speak except with respect; but notwithstanding his unwearied diligence and research, his writings are intolerably dull, and, except as works of reference, are seldom or never read. But Lord Stanhope, it may be remarked, speaks in glowing terms of his admiration for Swift as an author.

Of Thackeray's brilliant sketch it seems to me that the admirers of Swift have not much to complain. If he dwells on Swift's cynicism, he speaks in enthusiastic terms of the brighter shades of his character. He writes ('English Humourists,' 8vo., 1858, p. 33): "For Swift was a reverent, was a pious spirit—for Swift could love and could pray. Through the storms and tempests of his furious mind the stars of religion and love break out in the blue, shining serenely, though hidden by the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of his life."

I have endeavoured to show that Swift's reputation has not materially suffered from the writers referred to. It would be easy, moreover, to mention others, both English and foreign, with greater influence on modern thought, who have spoken of Swift in terms of the highest eulogy.

Little space is left me to consider the reviewer's own estimate of the famous Dean. The narrative of his career is clear and lively, and the sketch of the three years (1711–14) when Swift was in daily intercourse with Harley and St. John is in the highest degree interesting and instructive. No other living writer is probably

so intimately acquainted with the party history of those times, but I think that he overrates the

* The reviewer considers that Mr. Monck Mason has conclusively proved that no marriage was solemnized. It is always difficult to prove a negative, but in a case like this it seems to me impossible.

influence exercised by Swift. It was, no doubt, an age of pamphleteering, and in that class of literature Swift stood without a rival; but it is hardly the language of a sober-minded and accurate essayist to say that "he [Swift] dictated the political opinions of half the nation. He had turned the tide of popularity against the Whigs. He had done more than any single man then living to confound the designs of Austria and Holland, to crush Marlborough, to paralyze Marlborough's coadjutors. A war splendid beyond parallel he had rendered odious. At two perilous junctures he had saved the Ministry." The reviewer, like other writers on the subject, relies too much on Swift's own account of his life during these eventful times, as related in the 'Journal to Stella.' It is curious that in the description of Swift's rupture at this same period with Steele no mention is made of a pamphlet which Mr. Dilke, in my opinion, proves clearly to be the work of Swift. I refer to 'The Miscellaneous Works of Dr. William Wagstaffe,' one of the happiest contributions to the controversy. The reviewer considers that pamphlets such as the 'Drapier Letters' and the 'Conduct of the Allies' are "Demosthenian in style and method." The epithet is excellently chosen—none could more fitly describe the terseness, the close reasoning, the nervous vigour of these masterpieces of political controversy. In the description of the pamphlets written in ridicule of John Partridge the authorship is attributed to Swift alone. It is certain that both Steele and Prior had a share in them; and although Arbuthnot's name is not mentioned in connexion with the hoax, it is impossible to doubt that these exquisitely humorous productions owed something to the witty author of 'The History of John Bull.'

The reviewer falls occasionally into minor errors. We read (p. 337) that at three years

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old Swift could read any chapter of the Bible. Scott allows him to have attained his fifth year before attaining to that degree of proficiency. Swift's personal appearance at one part (p. 391) is called "uncouth," and a little further on (p. 411) we read of "the lofty forehead, the shapely, semi-aquiline nose, the clear blue eyes," &c.

In 1713 Pope was *not* busy (p. 421) with the second edition of the 'Lock,' and he probably had not set to work in earnest with the translation of the Iliad. The former poem was not published till 1714, although an imperfect sketch of it had appeared anonymously in a volume of miscellaneous poems in 1712. It is not just to state (p. 422) that Gay was too indolent to remedy the defect of want of a regular education. In the South Kensington Museum is a copy of Horace which is filled with notes and annotations in Gay's handwriting. But these are mere trivial errors. It is to the reviewer's theories that exception is to be taken—the explanation, for instance, of Swift's celibacy, which he attributes to Varina's coquetry. Miss Waryng's conduct was not distinguished from what may occasionally be observed among young ladies of all ages and countries. The lover was ardent, the young lady was coy, and was either uncertain of her own mind or waited to see if a more eligible suitor would not appear. When at length Varina consented to make her swain happy, she found that his love had cooled into indifference. Upon this the *Quarterly* remarks (p. 398): "Henceforth love lost all its glamour. Henceforth the passion which religion and romance have ennobled into the purest and holiest of human bonds awoke only nausea and contempt. He never afterwards sought to marry." No more extraordinary theory has ever been set forth; but there is little fear of it being generally accepted or acted upon. If every young man who is unsuccessful in his first love affair were to decide on remaining a bachelor for the remainder of his life and looking henceforth on love with nausea and contempt, the marriage service would soon be obsolete and the world become an unpeopled solitude.

The reviewer considers that the cause of Swift's desertion of the Whigs was dissatisfaction with their conduct of affairs. This explanation is not satisfactory and is rather worn. The

absence of mere mercenary feelings may be readily granted. It has always appeared to me that Swift was more influenced by neglect than by interested motives. It is probable, too, that a desire for power and the hope of occupying a position where his great abilities might find scope for action were the chief causes of his political apostasy.

I cannot agree with the reviewer that we have all the information required for a satisfactory biography of Swift—at all events, none has yet been produced; and I cannot think that the essay in the *Quarterly*, attractive as some portions of it are, will do much to supply the want. F. G.

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *The Life of Jonathan Swift.* By Henry Craik, M.A. London, 1882.
2. *Swift.* By Leslie Stephen. 'English Men of Letters.' London, 1882.
3. *Dean Swift's Disease.* By Dr. Bucknill, F.R.S. 'Brain.' London, January, 1882.

MORE than a year ago we commenced a sketch of the literary and political life of Swift.* We were then obliged to break off when our task was only half accomplished; we now propose to return to the subject, and to complete our study. But before resuming our own narrative we have a very pleasing duty to perform. Since the appearance of the first part of this article three contributions of singular interest and value have been added to the literature which has gathered round the great Dean. First in importance stands the Biography by Mr. Henry Craik. This work is in many respects greatly superior to any preceding Biography. It is more accurate, more critical, and much fuller, than the Memoir by Scott. It is written with more spirit, and it is executed with greater skill, than the Memoir by Monck Mason. It is, moreover, enriched with material to which neither Scott nor Monck Mason had access, and which is altogether new; such, for example, would be the diary kept by Swift at Holyhead, printed by Mr. Craik in his Appendix; such would be the correspondence between Swift and Archdeacon Walls, furnished by Mr. Murray; and such would be the Orrery papers, furnished by the Earl of Cork. Of Mr. Craik's industry and accuracy we cannot speak too highly. It is abundantly evident from every chapter in his work that he has left no source of information unexplored, from the local gossip of places where traditions of Swift still linger, to the

* See 'Quarterly Review,' April 1882.

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archives of private families and public institutions. Where Mr. Craik seems to us to fail is in precision and grasp. His narrative too often degenerates into mere compilation. It lacks perspective and it lacks symmetry. We cannot but think too—though we are extremely unwilling to find faults in a work for which every student of Swift will assuredly be most sincerely thankful—that its value would have been greatly enhanced had Mr. Craik been a little less inattentive to the graces of style. That Mr. Craik has not succeeded in throwing any new light on the various problems which perplex Swift's biography is to be regretted, but cannot, in fairness, be imputed as a fault to him. The portion of his work which will be perused with most interest by those who are familiar with former biographies, will probably be that in which he discusses Swift's relations with Walpole, with Primate Boulter, and with the Irish Church.

The pleasure with which we have read Mr. Leslie Stephen's monograph has been not unmingled with disappointment. Like everything he writes, it is incisive, forcible, and eminently interesting. But it is plain that the Dean is no favourite with him. He is too sensible and too well informed to be guilty either of misrepresentation or of errors in statement, and yet, without misrepresentation or misstatement, he contrives to do Swift signal injustice. We will illustrate what we mean. The period in Swift's career during which he appears to least advantage would certainly be the period intervening between his ordination and the accession of George I., in other words, the period during which he was seeking preferment. On the other hand, the period which does him most honour would be that during which he was labouring in the cause of Ireland. Of the first of these periods Mr. Stephen gives us a minute and elaborate history: of the second, his account is so meagre and so perfunctory, that a reader who knew nothing more of Swift's career in Ireland than what he derived from Mr. Stephen's narrative, would assuredly have very much to learn. It was said of Mallet, that if he undertook the life of Marlborough, he would probably forget that his hero was a general: it may be said of Mr. Stephen, that, if he has not exactly forgotten that Swift was a patriot and philanthropist, he has done his best to conceal it.

This brings us to Dr. Bucknill's remarkable paper on the nature of Swift's disease. We have read nothing that has been written on that perplexed and much-discussed question which appears to us so satisfactory. In the first place, Dr. Bucknill comes forward with no mere hypothesis. The history of Swift's

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case is, he says, sufficiently full and explicit to enable him, even at this distance of time, to form with confidence a diagnosis; and that diagnosis, together with the grounds on which it is based, he has in the paper to which we have referred given to the world. As the subject is necessarily a somewhat painful one, and as it is moreover a subject likely to be of interest rather to special students of Swift than to the general reader, we have relegated its discussion to a note; and the note will be found at the end of this article.

We left Swift on the point of settling down as Dean of St. Patrick's. The circumstances under which he entered on his new duties were sufficiently inauspicious. It was well known that he had been one of the chief supporters of the last Ministry, and that his preferment had been the price of his services. In Dublin, where the Whigs were as three to one, the downfall of the Tories had been hailed with savage glee. Indeed, of all the sects into which Irish politicians were divided and subdivided, it may be questioned whether there was one which regarded with much favour the party to which Swift had attached himself. The victory gained by the Whigs was celebrated as such victories always were celebrated. On Swift's head broke in full force the storm of obloquy which was overwhelming his friends in England. Libels taunting him with Popery and Jacobitism freely circulated among the vulgar. He was hustled and pelted in the street. One miscreant, an Irish nobleman, assaulted him with such ferocious violence, that he presented a petition, which is still extant, appealing for protection to the House of Peers. For some months he went in fear of his life, and he never ventured to show himself even in the principal thoroughfares without an escort of armed servants. And these were not his only troubles. He was on bad terms with his Chapter; he was on bad terms with the Archbishop. He was in wretched health, and in still more wretched spirits. His feelings found vent in a copy of verses, which are inexpressibly sad and touching.

Meanwhile, evil tidings were arriving by every post from England. First came the news of the flight of Bolingbroke; then came the news of the impeachment and imprisonment of Oxford; and lastly, the still more incredible intelligence, that Ormond had declared for the Pretender, and was in France. Under these stunning blows Swift acted as none but men on whom Nature has been lavish of heroic qualities are capable of acting. It was now plain that all who had been in the confidence of the late Ministry were in great danger, and that, unless they were prepared to fare as their leaders had fared, it behoved

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them to walk warily. A vindictive faction in the flush of triumph is, as Swift well knew, in no mood for nice distinctions between guilt presumptive and guilt established. He was, moreover, well aware that rumour had already been busy with his name, and that his enemies were watching with malignant vigilance for anything which he might do or say to compromise himself. But all this was as nothing. Neither self-interest nor fear had any influence on his loyal and dauntless spirit. He wrote off to Oxford, not merely expressing his sympathy, but imploring permission to attend him in the Tower. 'It is the first time,' he said, 'that I ever solicited you in my own behalf, and if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me.' He braved the suspicions,—nay more,—the peril, to which a confidential correspondence with the families of Bolingbroke and Ormond, when the one had become the Secretary and the other the chief General of the Pretender, exposed him. We are told that when the Ulster King-of-Arms attempted, on the attainder of the Duke, to remove the escutcheons of the Ormonds, which hung in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Swift sternly bade him begone, 'for as long as I am Dean,' he thundered out, 'I will never permit so gross an indignity to be offered to so noble a house.' It was not likely that he could act thus with impunity, and it appears from a letter of Archbishop King, dated May 1715, and from one of his own letters to Atterbury, dated April 1716, that he was twice in danger of arrest.

His conduct at this crisis was the more honourable to him, as it sprang solely from the purest of motives, from a chivalrous sense of what is due to friends and benefactors, and especially to friends and benefactors in misfortune. Some writers have, it is true, imputed his conduct, as hostile contemporaries imputed it, to less worthy motives. But it would be mere waste of words to discuss their statements. Nothing we know of Swift is more absolutely certain than the fact that, so far from having any sympathy with the Pretender, he always regarded him with peculiar abhorrence. He denounced him in his correspondence, he denounced him in his conversation, he denounced him in his public writings. 'I always professed,' he says in one of his familiar letters, 'to be against the Pretender, because I look upon his coming as a greater evil than we are likely to suffer under the worst Whig Government that can be found.' In the crisis of 1714, when it is not perhaps too much to say that his pen might have turned the scale in James's favour, he was among the most acrimonious and vehement of anti-Jacobites. Indeed, his feelings on this subject were so well known, that both Oxford and Bolingbroke studiously concealed from him

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him their negociations with St. Germain's, and, as his 'Historical Memoirs' show, he had never even a suspicion of the intrigues, the existence of which the 'Stuart Papers' have in our time placed beyond doubt.*

His pen meanwhile was not idle. In his letter to Oxford he had promised that, though the rage of faction had rendered contemporaries deaf and blind, future ages should at all events know the truth. With this view, he drew up the 'Memoirs relating to that change which happened in the Queen's Ministry in the Year 1710,' a pamphlet in which, in a clear and temperate narrative, he explains the circumstances under which he had himself first engaged in politics, as well as the revolution which brought his party into power. On the completion of the 'Memoirs'—they are dated on the manuscript October, 1714—he began the 'Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry.' This is a work of great interest and value. With a firm and impartial hand he traces the history of those fatal feuds which had cost himself and his friends so dear. He makes no attempt—and it is greatly to his honour—to palliate what was reprehensible in his own party, he makes no attempt to exaggerate what was reprehensible in their opponents. The prejudice of friendship is discernible perhaps in the portraits of Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Ormond, but it is a prejudice which extends no further than their personal characters. As public men, no more is assigned to them than is their due. They are as freely censured as their neighbours. Indeed, the pamphlet is distinguished throughout by a spirit of candour not to be mistaken.

But his most elaborate contribution to contemporary history was a work which had been all but completed before he left London—the 'Memoirs of the Last Four Years of the Queen.' It was commenced at Windsor probably in 1713, and was, in effect, a vindication of the Treaty of Utrecht. Nothing he ever wrote seems to have given him so much satisfaction. He always described it as the best thing he had done, and it is certain that he expended more time and labour on it than he was in the habit of expending on any of his literary compositions. But the work, as it now appears, is so inferior to

* To the end of his life Swift contended that there was no design on the part of Anne's last Ministry to bring in the Pretender; how effectually Harley and Bolingbroke had concealed their intrigues from him is clear from the Dean's letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, Dec. 16, 1716. 'Had there been even the least overture or intent of bringing in the Pretender, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some discoveries or suspicions. And although I am not sure that I should have turned informer, yet I am certain I should have dropped some general cautions, *and immediately have retired.*'

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what might have been expected from Swift's account of it, that it has been sometimes doubted whether what we have is from the Dean's hand. It was first given to the world under circumstances certainly suspicious. It was not published until thirteen years after his death. It was not printed from the original manuscript. It was not edited by any member of his family, or by any one having authority from his executors. It was printed by an anonymous editor from a copy surreptitiously taken by an anonymous friend. And yet we have no more doubt of its genuineness than we have of the genuineness of 'Gulliver's Travels.' One piece of evidence alone seems to us conclusive. In 1738 the original manuscript was read by Erasmus Lewis, Lord Oxford, and others, in conclave, with a view to discussing the propriety of its publication. Their opinion was that it contained several inaccuracies of statement, and those inaccuracies Lewis, in a letter to Swift—it may be found in Swift's correspondence—categorically pointed out. Now a reference to the printed Memoirs will show that they contain the identical errors detected by Lewis and his friends in Swift's manuscript. Again, those portions in the manuscript narrative, which Lewis describes as most entertaining and instructive, are precisely those portions in the printed work which are undoubtedly best entitled to that praise. Nor is there anything improbable in the assertion of the editor—one Lucas—that he printed the work from a transcript of the original manuscript, for the original manuscript, as we know from Deane Swift, circulated freely among Swift's friends in Dublin. It is certain that Nugent, Dr. William King, and Orrery, had perused that manuscript, and that they were alive when the printed work appeared; it is equally certain that none of them expressed any doubt of the genuineness of the printed Memoirs, though those Memoirs attracted so much attention that they were printed by instalments in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' That Swift should himself have attached so much importance to the work, is singular, for it is in truth little more than what it was originally intended to be—a party pamphlet.

Swift's life during these years is reflected very faithfully in his correspondence. It was passed principally in the discharge of his clerical duties, which he performed with scrupulous conscientiousness; in improving the glebe of Laracor; in endeavouring to come to an understanding with the Archbishop, on the one hand, and with his rebellious Chapter on the other; and in devising means for escaping from himself, and from the daily annoyances to which his position exposed him. 'I am,' he writes to Bolingbroke, 'forced into the most trifling amuse-

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ments, to divert the vexation of former thoughts and present objects.' He gardened and sauntered; he turned over the Greek and Roman classics; he bandied nonsense with Sheridan and Esther Johnson; he went through a course of ecclesiastical history; he dabbled in mathematics. Thus much the world saw: thus much he imparted with all the garrulity of Montaigne and Walpole to the friends who exchanged letters with him. But there were troubles—troubles which must at this time have been weighing heavily on his mind—which were little suspected by the world, and from which he never raised the veil even to those who knew him best.

Shortly after his arrival in London, in the autumn of 1710, he had renewed his acquaintance with a lady of the name of Vanhomrigh. Her husband, originally a merchant of Amsterdam, but subsequently the holder of lucrative offices under the Government of William III., had died some years before, leaving her in easy circumstances, with a family of two sons and two daughters. Her house was in Bury Street, St. James's, within a few paces of Swift's lodgings. Mrs. Vanhomrigh was fond —indeed, inordinately fond—of society, and, as she was not only well-connected and hospitable, but the mother of two charming girls in the bloom of youth, she had no difficulty in gratifying her whim. Among her male guests she could number such distinguished men as Sir Andrew Fountaine. Among her female visitors were to be found some of the most attractive and most accomplished young women in England. There appears, indeed, to have been no more pleasant lounge in London than the little drawing-room in Bury Street. This Swift soon discovered. Within a few months he had come to be regarded almost as a member of the family. He took his coffee there of an afternoon; he dropped in, as the humour took him, to breakfast or dinner; his best gown and his best wig were deposited there; and when a friend sent him a flask of choice Florence or a haunch of venison, it was shared with his hospitable neighbours. With the young ladies, Miss Esther, who had not yet completed her twentieth year, and Miss Molly, who was a year or two younger, he was a great favourite. No man thought more highly of the moral and intellectual capacities of women than Swift, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as superintending their education. What he had done for Esther Johnson he now aspired to do for the Miss Vanhomrighs, and, as he found his new pupils as eager to receive as he was to impart instruction, he devoted himself with assiduity to his pleasant task. So passed—partly in the innocent frivolities of social gatherings, and partly in the graver intercourse of teacher and pupil—

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pupil—two happy years. But towards the end of 1712, Swift suddenly perceived, to his great embarrassment, that the elder of the two sisters had conceived a violent passion for him. The unhappy girl, who had, as she well knew, received no encouragement, struggled for a while, with maiden modesty, to conceal her feelings. At this point it would have been well, perhaps, if Swift had found some means of withdrawing. But he probably judged all women from the standard of Esther Johnson. She, too, had at one time entertained feelings for him which it was not in his power to return; but had, as soon as she saw that reciprocity of passion was hopeless, cheerfully accepted friendship for love. There was surely no reason to suppose that Miss Vanhomrigh would not consent to make the same compromise, when she was convinced that there was the same necessity. All that was needed was a clear understanding between them. That understanding would, as time went on, be silently arrived at. But he little knew the character of the woman with whom he had to deal. The less her passion was encouraged, the more it grew. The more eloquently he dilated on friendship, the more rapturously she declaimed on love. As he pleaded for the mind, she pleaded for the heart. So for some months they continued to play at cross-purposes, each perceiving, and each disregarding, the innuendoes of the other. At last the poor girl could bear her tortures no longer, and, becoming lost to all sense of feminine delicacy, threw herself at Swift's feet.

And now commenced the really culpable part of Swift's conduct. He ought at once to have taken a decisive step. He ought to have seen that there were only two courses open to him; the one was to make her his wife, the other was to take leave of her for ever. Unhappily, he did neither. He merely proceeded to apply particularly what before he had stated generally. He continued to enlarge on the superiority of friendship to love, and he went on to describe the depth and sincerity of the friendship which he had long felt for her; as for her passion—so ran his reasoning—it was a passing whim—an unwelcome intruder into the paradise of purer joys. He could not return it—no true philosopher would; he could offer instead all that made human intercourse most precious—devoted affection, gratitude, respect, esteem. All this he contrived to convey in such a manner as could not have inflicted a wound even on the most sensitive pride. It was conveyed—perhaps conveyed for the first time—in that exquisitely graceful and original poem which has made the name of Esther Vanhomrigh deathless. She could there read how Venus, provoked by the complaints which

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which were daily reaching her about the degeneracy of the female sex, resolved to retrieve the reputation of that sex; how, with this object, she called into being a matchless maid, who, to every feminine virtue, united every feminine grace and charm; how, not content with endowing her paragon with all that is proper to woman, the goddess succeeded by a stratagem in inducing Pallas to bestow on her the choicest of the virtues proper to man; how Pallas, angry at being deceived, consoled herself with the reflection, that a being so endowed would be little likely to prove obedient to the goddess who had created her; how Vanessa, for such was the peerless creature's name, did not for a while belie the expectations of Pallas, but how at last she was attacked by treacherous Cupid in Wisdom's very stronghold. The flattered girl could then follow in a transparent allegory the whole history of her relation with her lover, sketched so delicately, and, at the same time, so humorously, that it must have been impossible for her either to take offence or to miss his meaning. How grievously Swift had erred in thus temporizing, became every day more apparent. It was in vain that he now began to absent himself from Bury Street. It was in vain that in his letters he showed, in a manner not to be mistaken, that he had no ear for the language of love.

In the summer of 1714 occurred an event which introduced further complications in this unhappy business. Mrs. Vanhomrigh died, leaving her affairs in a very embarrassed state. The daughters, who appear to have been on bad terms with their brother, applied for assistance to Swift; and Swift, who had at this time left London, was thus again forced into intimate relations with Esther. Nor was this all. By the terms of her father's will she had become possessed of some property near Dublin, and Swift learned, to his intense mortification and perplexity, that, as there was now nothing to detain her in England, it was her intention to follow him to Ireland. He at once wrote off, imploring her to be discreet, and pointing out how easily such a relation as theirs might be misinterpreted by censorious people. Dublin, he said, was not a place for any freedom; everything that happened there was known in a week, and everything that was known was exaggerated a hundredfold. 'If,' he added, 'you are in Ireland while I am there, I shall see you very seldom.' But all was of no avail, and, a few weeks after his arrival in Dublin, Esther and her sister were in lodgings within a stone's throw of the Deanery.

Swift's position was now perplexing in the extreme. By every tie but one which can bind man to woman, he was bound to Esther Johnson. For more than thirteen years she had been a portion

a portion of his life. She had been the partner of his most secret thoughts; she had been his solace in gloom and sorrow; she had been his nurse in sickness. In return for all this she had claimed neither to bear his name nor to share his fortune: she had been satisfied with his undivided affection. As yet nothing had arisen to disturb their sweet and placid intercourse. Indeed, he had been so careful to abstain from anything which could cause her uneasiness, that in his letters from London he had never even alluded to his intimacy with Esther Vanhomrigh; and poor Stella, little suspecting the presence of a rival, was now in the first joy of having her idol again at her side. For awhile he nursed the hope that Miss Vanhomrigh would, on seeing that he absented himself from her society, withdraw from Dublin. He was soon undeceived. The more he left her to herself, the more importunate she became. The letters addressed by her at this period to Swift have been preserved, and exhibit a state of mind which it is both terrible and pitiable to contemplate. How deeply Swift was affected by them, and with what tenderness and delicacy he acted under these most trying circumstances, is evident from his replies. One of these replies we transcribe:—

'I will see you in a day or two, and believe me it goes to my soul not to see you oftener. I will give you the best advice, countenance, and assistance I can. I would have been with you sooner if a thousand impediments had not prevented me. I did not imagine you had been under difficulties. I am sure my whole fortune should go to remove them. I cannot see you to-day, I fear, having affairs of my own place to do, but pray think it not want of friendship or tenderness, which I will always continue to the utmost.'

At last she left Dublin and removed to Celbridge. There, in seclusion, she continued to cherish her hopeless passion; there Swift for some years regularly corresponded with her and occasionally visited her; and there, in 1723, while still in the bloom of womanhood, she died.

This is a melancholy story, but it is, as we need scarcely say, a story little likely to lose in the telling, and peculiarly susceptible of prejudiced distortion. It behoves us, therefore, before passing judgment on Swift's conduct, to distinguish carefully between what has been asserted and what has been proved, between what rests on mere conjecture and what rests on authentic testimony. Now we may say at once, that all that is certainly known of his connection with Esther Vanhomrigh, is what may be gathered from the letters that passed between them, and from his own poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, and all that can be safely conjectured is that, when they finally parted, they parted abruptly

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abruptly and in anger. This exhausts the evidence on which we can fairly rely in judging Swift; but this is very far from exhausting the evidence on which the world has judged him. First came the almost incredibly malignant perversions of Orrery. Then came the loose and random gossip of Mrs. Pilkington and Thomas Sheridan. Out of these, and similar materials, Scott wove his dramatic narrative; not, indeed, with any prejudice against Swift, but doing him great injustice by disseminating stories eminently calculated to prejudice others against him. Thus he tells, and tells most impressively, a story which, if true, would justify us in believing the very worst of Swift. Esther Vanhomrigh—so the story runs—having discovered his intimacy with Stella, wrote to her, requesting to know the nature of her connection with Swift. Stella, indignant that such a question should be put to her, placed the letter in Swift's hands. Swift instantly rode off in a paroxysm of fury to Celbridge, and, abruptly entering the room where Miss Vanhomrigh was sitting, flung the letter angrily on the table, and then, without saying a word, remounted his horse and galloped back to Dublin. From that moment he was a stranger to her. In a few weeks Vanessa was in her grave. The authority cited for this anecdote is Sheridan, who wrote nearly sixty years after the event he narrates; who is confessedly among the most inaccurate and uncritical of Swift's biographers; whose habit of grossly exaggerating whatever he described is notorious, and who has been more than once suspected of enlivening his pages with deliberate fabrications. In the present case, however, he had contented himself with embellishment; for the story had been already told, first by Orrery, in whose hands it had assumed an entirely different form, and secondly by Hawkesworth, who merely copied what he found in Orrery. What Orrery says is, that Vanessa wrote, not to Stella, but to Swift; and that the object of her letter was, not to ascertain the nature of Swift's connection with her rival, but to ascertain his intentions with regard to herself; in other words, to insist on knowing whether it was his intention to make her his wife. Why the letter, which he describes as a very tender one—it would be interesting to know how he could have seen it—should have had such an effect on Swift, he has not condescended to explain. But Orrery's whole story is not only in itself monstrously improbable, but it rests on his own unsupported testimony; and on the value of Orrery's unsupported testimony it is scarcely necessary to comment. Such is the evidence in support of one of the gravest of the charges which have been brought against Swift, with respect to Vanessa. Again,

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Scott asserts, still following Sheridan, that, on hearing of Miss Vanhomrigh's death, Swift 'retreated in an agony of self-reproach and remorse into the south of Ireland, where he spent two months, without the place of his abode being known to any one.' Nothing can be more untrue. A reference to his correspondence at this period will show that he had long intended to take what he calls a southern journey; that many of his friends were acquainted with his movements; and that, so far from wishing to bury himself in solitude, he was extremely vexed that a clergyman, who had promised to be his companion, disappointed him at the last moment. That Miss Vanhomrigh's death deeply distressed him, is likely enough; that it excited in him any such emotions as Scott and Sheridan describe, requires better proof than evidence which, on the only point on which it is capable of being tested, turns out to be false.

To pass, however, from what is apocryphal to what is authentic. A careful study of the letters which passed between Swift and Vanessa has satisfied us that his conduct was, throughout, far less culpable than it would at first sight seem to have been. It resolves itself, in fact, into one great error. As soon as he discovered that he had inspired a passion which he was unable to return, his intercourse with Miss Vanhomrigh should have immediately ceased. All that followed, followed as the result of that error. And yet that error was, as his poem and correspondence clearly show, a mere error of judgment. Had he been aware that, by continuing the intimacy, he was pursuing a course which would be fatal to the girl's happiness, he was either under the spell of a libertine passion, or he was a man of a nature inconceivably callous and brutal. That he was no libertine, is admitted even by those who have taken the least favourable view of his conduct; that he was neither callous nor brutal, but, on the contrary, a man pre-eminently distinguished by humanity and tenderness, is admitted by no one more emphatically than by Miss Vanhomrigh herself. The truth is, that he recognized no essential distinction between the affection which exists between man and man, and the affection which exists between man and woman. He knew, indeed, that in the latter case it frequently becomes complicated with passion, but such a complication he regarded as purely accidental. It was a mere excretion which, without the nutrition of sympathetic folly, would wither up and perish. It was a fault of the heart, which the head would and should correct. Hence he saw no necessity for breaking off a friendship which he valued. Hence the indifference, the easy jocularity, with which, after the first emotion of surprise was over, he persistently treated the poor girl's rhapsodies. Time passed on, and before he could discover

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discover his error it was too late to repair it. From the moment of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's death he was, in truth, involved in a labyrinth, out of which it was not merely difficult, but simply impossible, to extricate himself. If he attempted, as he twice did attempt, to take the step to which duty pointed, entreaties, which would have melted a heart far more obdurate than his, instantly recalled him. Could he leave a miserable girl—such is the burden of the first appeal which was made to him—to struggle alone with 'a wretch of a brother, cunning executors, and importunate creditors?' 'Pray what,' she asks, 'can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman?' 'All I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit, since you can't do otherwise, that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.' He assists her; he visits her; he sees her safely through her difficulties, and he again withdraws. Upon that she breaks out into hysterical raving, informs him that she had been on the point of destroying herself, and appeals to him in the most piteous terms to renew his visits. To this he replies in the letter which we have already quoted; and he grants the favour so importunately and indelicately extorted. It is remarkable that throughout the whole correspondence she makes no attempt to conceal the fact that she is forcing herself upon him, frankly admitting over and over again that there had been nothing either in his actions or in his words to justify her conduct. We have searched carefully for any indications of a belief, or even of a hint on her part, that she had been deceived or misled. Nothing of the kind is to be found. From beginning to end it is the same story; on the woman's side, blind, uncontrollable passion; on Swift's side, perplexity, commiseration, undeviating kindness. 'Believe me,' she says at the commencement of one of her letters, 'it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched; yet what can I do? I must unload my heart.' But she was not always, it may be added, in the melting mood. Occasionally she expressed herself in very different language. It is easy to conceive Swift's embarrassment on having the following missive handed in to him while entertaining a party of friends at the Deanery:

'I believe you thought I only rallied when I told you the other night that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your own quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly,'—

that is, to visit her more frequently, though he had already told her that scandal was beginning to be busy with their names—

'for

'for I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Pray think calmly of it! Is it not better to come of yourself than to be brought by force, and that perhaps when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world' [an allusion probably to Esther Johnson] 'for when I undertake anything, I don't love to do it by halves.'

In a letter written not long afterwards, he complains bitterly of the embarrassment which one of her communications had caused. 'I received your letter,' he writes, 'when some company was with me on Saturday, and it put me into such confusion, that I could not tell what to do.' His patience was often, no doubt, severely tried, and his irritation appears occasionally to have found sharp expression. But it is clear from his letters that until within a few months of Vanessa's death he studied in every way to soothe and cheer her. What finally parted them we have now no means of knowing. That they parted in anger and were never afterwards reconciled seems pretty certain. It is possible that the habits of intemperance, to which Miss Vanhomrigh latterly gave way, may have led to some action or some expression which Swift could neither pardon nor forget.

Far be it from us to speak a harsh or disrespectful word of this unhappy woman. Never, perhaps, has the grave closed over a sadder or more truly tragical life. It is a story which no man of sensibility could possibly follow without deep emotion. But such emotion should not be permitted to blind us to justice and truth. We do most strongly protest against the course adopted by writers like Jeffrey and Thackeray, in treating of this portion of Swift's life. They assume that the measure of Vanessa's frenzy is the measure of Swift's culpability. They argue that, because she was infatuated, he was inhuman. They print long extracts from her ravings, and then ask, with indignation, whether there could be two opinions about the man whose conduct had wrought such wretchedness. Nor is it surprising that they should have carried their point. The world knows that, when women address men in such language as Vanessa addresses Swift, they are not as a rule taking the initiative; that if feminine passion is strong, feminine delicacy is stronger; and that nothing is more improbable than that a young and eminently attractive woman should, for twelve years, continue, without the smallest encouragement, to force her love on a man who, though double her age, was still in the prime of life. And yet this was most assuredly the case. We sincerely pity Vanessa, but we contend that there was nothing in Swift's conduct to justify the charges which hostile biographers have brought

brought against him. Indeed, we feel strongly tempted to exclaim with honest Webster—

> 'Condemn you him for that the maid did love him?
> So may you blame some fair and crystal river
> For that some melancholic distracted woman
> Hath drown'd herself in 't.'

But it is only right to say that those who have judged him thus harshly have proceeded on an assumption which would, if correct, have greatly modified our own view of the question. If Swift was the husband of Esther Johnson, we admit, without the smallest hesitation, that his conduct was all that his enemies would represent it. It was at once cruel and mean; it was at once cowardly and treacherous; it was at once lying and hypocritical. In that case every visit he paid, every letter he wrote to Miss Vanhomrigh, subsequent to 1716, was derogatory to him. We will go further. In that case, we are prepared to believe the very worst of him, not only in his relations with Stella and Vanessa, but in his relations with men and the world. In that case, there is no ambiguous action, either in his public or in his private career, which does not become pregnant with suspicion. For in that case, he stands convicted of having passed half his life in systematically practising, and in compelling the woman he loved to practise systematically, the two vices, which of all vices he professed to hold in the deepest abhorrence. Those who know anything of Swift, know with what loathing he always shrank from anything bearing the remotest resemblance to duplicity and falsehood. As a political pamphleteer he might, like his brother penmen, allow himself licence, but in the ordinary intercourse of life it was his habit to exact and assume absolute sincerity. It was the virtue, indeed, on which he ostentatiously prided himself; it was the virtue by which, in the opinion of those who were intimate with him, he was most distinguished. 'Dr. Swift may be described,' observed Bolingbroke on one occasion, 'as a hypocrite reversed.' In discussing, therefore, the question of his supposed marriage, the point at issue is not simply whether he was the husband of Esther Johnson, but whether we are to believe him capable of acting in a manner wholly inconsistent with his principles and his reputation. In other words, whether we are to believe that a man, whose scrupulous veracity and whose repugnance to untruth in any form were proverbial, would, with the object of concealing what there was surely no adequate motive for concealing, deliberately devise the subtlest and most elaborate system of hypocrisy ever yet

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yet exposed to the world. We will illustrate what we mean. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that the documents bearing on Swift's relations with Esther Johnson are very voluminous, and, from a biographical point of view, of unusual value. We have the verses which he was accustomed to send to her on the anniversary of her birthday. We have the Journal addressed to her during his residence in London. We have allusions to her in his most secret memoranda. We have the letters written in agony to Worral, Stopford, and Sheridan, when he expected that every post would bring him news of her death. We have the prayers which he offered up at her bedside during her last hours; and we have the whole history of his acquaintance with her, written with his own hand while she was still lying unburied,—a history intended for no eye but his own. Now, from the beginning to the end of these documents, there is not one line which could by any possibility be tortured into an indication that she was his wife. Throughout, the language is the same. He addresses her as the 'kindest and wisest of his friends.' He described her in his Memoir as 'the truest, most virtuous and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with.' In all his letters he alludes to her in similar terms. In the Diary at Holyhead she is his 'dearest friend.' At her bedside, when the end was hourly expected, he prays for her as his 'dear and useful friend.' 'There is not,' he writes to Dr. Stopford on the occasion of Stella's fatal illness, 'a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable, but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship; besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood; but, pardon me, I know not what I am saying, but, believe me, that violent friendship is much more lasting and engaging than violent love.' If Stella was his wife, could hypocrisy go further?*

* Is it credible that a man could have addressed a woman who had, if the theory of the marriage is true, been his wife for four years, in lines like these—lines, we may add, intended for no eyes but her own?

'Thou Stella wert no longer young
When first for thee my harp was strung
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes or bleeding hearts.
With friendship and esteem possess'd
I ne'er admitted love a guest.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
But his pursuits are at an end
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.'

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It is certain that he not only led all who were acquainted with him to believe that he was unmarried, but whenever he spoke of wedlock, he spoke of it as a thing utterly alien to his tastes and inclinations. 'I never yet,' he once said to a gentleman who was speaking to him about marriage, 'saw the woman I would wish to make my wife.' It would be easy to multiply instances, both in his correspondence and in his recorded conversation, in which, if he was even formally a married man, he went out of his way to indulge in unnecessary hypocrisy. What, again, could be more improbable than that Esther Johnson, a woman of distinguished piety, nay a woman whose detestation of falsehood formed, as Swift has himself told us, one of her chief attractions, would, when on the point of death, preface her will with a wholly gratuitous lie? For not only is that will signed with her maiden name, but in the first clause she describes herself as an unmarried woman.

The external evidence against the marriage appears to us equally conclusive. If there was any person entitled to speak with authority on the subject, that person was assuredly Mrs. Dingley. For twenty-nine years, from the commencement, that is to say, of Swift's intimate connection with Miss Johnson till the day of Miss Johnson's death, she had been her inseparable companion, her friend and confidante. She had shared the same lodgings with her; it was understood that Swift and Esther were to have no secrets apart from her. When they met, they met in her presence; what they wrote, passed, by Swift's special request, through her hands. Now it is well known that Mrs. Dingley was convinced that no marriage had ever taken place. The whole story was, she said, an idle tale. Two of Stella's executors, Dr. Corbet and Mr. Rochford, distinctly stated that no suspicion of a marriage had ever even crossed their minds, though they had seen the Dean and Esther together a thousand times. Swift's housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, a shrewd and observant woman, who resided at the Deanery during the whole period of her master's intimacy with Miss Johnson, was satisfied that there had been no marriage. So said Mrs. Ridgeway, who succeeded her as housekeeper, and who watched over the Dean in his declining years. But no testimony will, we think, be allowed to carry greater weight than that of Dr. John Lyon. He was one of Swift's most intimate friends, and when the state of the Dean's health was such that it had become necessary to place him under surveillance, Lyon was the person selected to undertake the duty. He lived with him at the Deanery; he had full control over his papers; he was consequently brought into contact with all who corresponded with him, and with all who

visited him. He had thus at his command every contemporary source of information. Not long after the story was first circulated, he set to work to ascertain, if possible, the truth. The result of his investigations was to convince him that there was absolutely no foundation for it but popular gossip, unsupported by a particle of evidence.

Such is the evidence against the marriage. We will now briefly review the evidence in its favour. The first writer who mentions it is Orrery, and his words are these. 'Stella was the concealed but undoubted wife of Dr. Swift, and if my informations are right, she was married to him in the year 1716 by Dr. Ash, then Bishop of Clogher.' On this we shall merely remark that he offers no proof whatever of what he asserts, though he must have known well enough that what he asserted was contrary to current tradition; that in thus expressing himself he was guilty of gross inconsistency, as he had nine years before maintained the opposite opinion;* and that there is every reason to believe that he resorted to this fiction, as he resorted to other fictions, with the simple object of seasoning his narrative with the piquant scandal in which he notoriously delighted. The next deponent is Delany, whose independent testimony would, we admit, have carried great weight with it. But Delany simply follows Orrery, without explaining his reason for doing so, without bringing forward anything in proof of what Orrery had stated, and without contributing a single fact on his own authority. Such was the story in its first stage. In 1780 a new particular was added, and a new authority was cited. The new particular was, that the marriage took place in the garden; the new authority was Dr. Samuel Madden, and the narrator was Dr. Johnson. Of Madden it may suffice to say that there is no proof that he was acquainted either with Swift himself or with any member of Swift's circle; that in temper and blood he was half French, half Irish; and that as a writer he is chiefly known as the author of a work wilder and more absurd than the wildest and most absurd of Whiston's prophecies, or Asgill's paradoxes. On the value of the unsupported testimony of such a person there is surely no necessity for commenting. Next comes Sheridan's account, which, as it adds an incident very much to Swift's discredit, it is necessary to examine with some care. The substance of it is this. That, at the earnest solicitation of Stella, Swift consented to marry her: that the marriage ceremony was performed

* See his letter to Deane Swift, dated Dec. 4th, 1742; Scott, vol. xix. p. 336.

without

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without witnesses, and on two conditions; first, that they should continue to live separately; and secondly, that their union should remain a secret: that for some years these conditions were observed, but that on her deathbed Stella implored Swift to acknowledge her as his wife; that to this request Swift made no reply, but, turning on his heel, left the room, and never afterwards saw her. The first part of this story he professes to have derived from Mrs. Sican, the second part from his father. We should be sorry to charge Sheridan with deliberate falsehood, but his whole account of Swift's relations with Miss Johnson teems with inconsistencies and improbabilities so glaring, that it is impossible to place the smallest confidence in what he says. He here tells us that the marriage had been kept a profound secret; in another place he tells us that Stella had herself communicated it to Miss Vanhomrigh. He admits that the only unequivocal proof of the marriage is the evidence of Dr. Sheridan, and yet in his account of the marriage he cites as his authority, not Dr. Sheridan, but Mrs. Sican. But a single circumstance is, we think, quite sufficient to prove the utterly untrustworthy character of his assertions. He informs us, on the authority of his father, that Stella was so enraged by Swift's refusal to acknowledge her as his wife, that to spite and annoy him she bequeathed her fortune to a public charity. A reference to Swift's correspondence* will show that it was in accordance with his wishes that she thus disposed of her property. A reference to the will itself will show that, so far from expressing ill-will towards him, she left him her strong box and all her papers. Nor is this all. His statement is flatly contradicted both by Delany and by Deane Swift. Delany tells us that he had been informed by a friend that Swift had earnestly desired to acknowledge the marriage, but that Stella had wished it to remain a secret. Deane Swift assured Orrery, on the authority of Mrs. Whiteway, that Stella had told Sheridan 'that Swift had offered to declare the marriage to the world, but that she had refused.' Again, Sheridan asserts that his father, Dr. Sheridan, was present during the supposed conversation between Swift and Stella. Mrs. Whiteway, on the contrary, assured Deane Swift that Dr. Sheridan was not present on that occasion.

This brings us to the last deponent whose evidence is worth consideration. In 1789 Mr. Monck Berkeley brought forward the authority of a Mrs. Hearne, who was, it seems, a niece of Esther Johnson, to prove that the Dean had made

* See Swift's letter to Worral, dated July 15th, 1726.

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Stella his wife. As nothing, however, is known of the history of Mrs. Hearne, and as she cited nothing in corroboration of her statement, except vaguely that it was a tradition among her relatives—a tradition which was of course just as likely to have had its origin from the narratives of Orrery and Delany as in any authentic communication,—no importance whatever can be attached to it. But the evidence on which Monck Berkeley chiefly relied was not that of Mrs. Hearne. 'I was,' he says, 'informed by the relict of Bishop Berkeley that her husband had assured her of the truth of Swift's marriage, as the Bishop of Clogher, who had performed the ceremony, had himself communicated the circumstance to him.' If this could be depended on, it would, of course, be of great importance. But, unfortunately for Monck Berkeley, and for Monck Berkeley's adherents, it can be conclusively proved that no such communication could have taken place. In 1715, a year before the supposed marriage was solemnized, Berkeley was in Italy, where he remained till 1721. Between 1716 and 1717 it is certain that the Bishop of Clogher never left Ireland, and at the end of 1717 he died. As for the testimony on which Scott lays so much stress, the story, we mean, about Mrs. Whiteway having heard Swift mutter to Stella that 'if she wished, it should be owned,' and of having heard Stella sigh back to Swift that 'it was too late;' we shall merely observe, first, that it was communicated about ninety years after the supposed words had been spoken, not by the son of Mrs. Whiteway, who, had he known of it or had he attached the smallest importance to it, would have inserted it in his 'Memoirs of Swift,' but by her grandson, Theophilus Swift, a person of no note and of no authority; secondly, it was admitted that those words, and that those words only, had been heard, and that consequently there was nothing to indicate either that the words themselves, or that the conversation of which they formed a portion, had any reference to the marriage.

How then stands the case? Even thus. Against the marriage we have the fact that there is no documentary evidence of its having been solemnized; that, so far from there being any evidence of it deducible from the conduct of Swift and Stella, Orrery himself admits that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove that they had ever been alone together during their whole lives. We have the fact, that Esther Johnson, at a time when there could have been no possible motive for falsehood, emphatically asserted that she was unmarried: the fact, that Swift led every one to believe that he was unmarried: the fact, that Esther Johnson's bosom friend and inseparable companion

panion was satisfied that there had been no marriage: the fact, that two of Swift's housekeepers, two of Stella's executors, and Dr. Lyon, were satisfied that there had been no marriage. It is easy to say that all that has been advanced merely proves that the marriage was a secret, and that the secret was well kept. But that is no answer. The question must be argued on evidence; and it is incumbent on those who insist, in the teeth of such evidence as we have adduced, that a marriage was solemnized, to produce evidence as satisfactory. This they have failed to do.* Till they have done so, we decline to charge Swift with mendacity and hypocrisy, and to convict him of having acted both meanly and treacherously in his dealings with the two women whose names will, for all time, be bound up with his. In itself it matters not, as we need scarcely say, two straws to any one whether Swift was or was not the husband of Stella. But it matters, we submit, a great deal whether the world is to be justified in casting a slur on the memory of an illustrious man.

But to return from our long digression. In the summer of 1720 appeared the first of those famous pamphlets, which have made the name of Swift imperishable in Irish annals. It was entitled a 'Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures,' and its ostensible object was to induce the people of Ireland to rely entirely, so far at least as house furniture and wearing apparel were concerned, on their own industry and on their own produce; and to close their markets against everything wearable which should be imported from England. In the first part of this proposal there was nothing new. It was merely the embodiment of a resolution which had been repeatedly passed by the Irish House of Commons, and passed without opposition from the Crown. We greatly doubt whether even the second part of the proposal, audacious though it undoubtedly was, would in itself have provoked the English Government to retaliate. But the ostensible object of the pamphlet, as it requires very little penetration to see, was by no means its only or indeed its chief object. In effect it was a bitter protest against the inhumanity and injustice which had since 1665 characterized the Irish policy of England; and it was an appeal to Ireland to assert her independence in the only way in which fortune had as yet enabled her. Both as a protest and as an appeal, the pamphlet was equally

* We have read with care Mr. Craik's elaborate discussion in favour of the marriage. We can only say that we are greatly surprised that Mr. Craik should, on such evidence as he there adduces, think himself justified in asserting confidently that the marriage took place.

justified.

justified. Even now, on recalling those cruel statutes, which completed between 1665 and 1699 the annihilation of Irish trade, it is impossible not to feel something of the indignation which burned in Swift. In 1660 there was every prospect that in a few years Ireland might become a happy and prosperous country. Her natural advantages were great. In no regions within the compass of the British Isles was the soil more fertile. As pasture land she was to the modern world, what Argos was to the ancient. She was not without navigable rivers; the ports and harbours with which Nature had bountifully provided her were the envy of every maritime nation in Europe; and her geographical position was eminently propitious to commercial enterprise. For the first time in her history she was at peace. The aborigines had at last succumbed to the Englishry. A race of sturdy and industrious colonists were rapidly changing the face of the country. Agriculture was thriving. A remunerative trade in live cattle and in miscellaneous farm produce had been opened with England; a still more remunerative trade in manufactured wool was holding out prospects still more promising. There were even hopes of an extensive mercantile connection with the colonies. But the dawn of this fair day was soon overcast. Impelled partly by jealousy, and partly by that short-sighted selfishness which was, in former days, so unhappily conspicuous in her commercial relations with subject states, England proceeded to the systematic destruction of Irish commerce and of Irish industrial art. First came the two statutes forbidding the importation of live cattle and farm produce into England, and Ireland was at once deprived of her chief source of revenue. Then came the statutes which annihilated her colonial trade. Crushing and terrible though these blows were, she still, however, continued to struggle on, crippled and dispirited indeed, but not entirely without heart. But in 1699 was enacted the statute which completed her ruin. By this she was prohibited from seeking any vent for her raw and manufactured wool, except in England and Wales, where the duties imposed on both these commodities were so heavy as virtually to exclude them from the market. The immediate result of this atrocious measure was to turn flourishing villages into deserts, and to throw between twenty and thirty thousand able-bodied and industrious artizans on public charity. The ultimate result of all these measures was the complete paralysis of operative energy, the emigration of the only class who were of benefit to the community, and the commencement of a period of unprecedented wretchedness and degradation.

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The condition of Ireland between 1700 and 1750 was in truth such as no historian, who was not prepared to have his narrative laid aside with disgust and incredulity, would venture to depict. If analogy is to be sought for it, it must be sought in the scenes through which, in the frightful fiction of Monti, the disembodied spirit of Bassville was condemned to roam. In a time of peace the unhappy island suffered all the most terrible calamities which follow in the train of war. Famine succeeding famine decimated the provincial villages, and depopulated whole regions. Travellers have described how their way has lain through districts strewn like a battle-field with unburied corpses, which lay some in ditches, some on the roadside, and some on heaps of offal, the prey of dogs and carrion birds. Even when there was no actual famine, the food of the rustic vulgar was often such as our domestic animals would reject with disgust. Their ordinary fare was buttermilk and potatoes, and when these failed, they were at the mercy of fortune. Frequently the pot of the wretched cottier contained nothing but the product of the marsh and the waste-ground. The flesh of a horse which had died in harness, the flesh of sylvan vermin, even when corruption had begun to do its revolting work, were devoured voraciously. Burdy tells us that these famishing savages would surreptitiously bleed the cattle which they had not the courage to steal, and, boiling the blood with sorrel, convert the sickening mixture into food. Epidemic diseases, and all the loathsome maladies which were the natural inheritance of men whose food was the food of hogs and jackals, whose dwellings were scarcely distinguishable from dunghills, and whose personal habits were filthy even to beastliness, raged with a fury rarely witnessed in western latitudes. Not less deplorable was the spectacle presented by the country itself. 'Whoever took a journey through Ireland,' says Swift, 'would be apt to imagine himself travelling in Lapland or Iceland.' In the south, in the east, and in the west, stretched vast tracks of land untilled and unpeopled, mere waste and solitude. Even where Nature had been most bounteous, the traveller might wander for miles without finding a single habitation, without meeting a single human being, without beholding a single trace of human culture. Many of the churches were roofless, the walls still gaping with the breaches which the cannon of Cromwell had made in them. Almost all the old seats of the nobility were in ruins. In the villages and country towns, every object on which the eye rested told the same lamentable story.

Much of this misery was undoubtedly to be attributed to the inhabitants

inhabitants themselves. Never had co-operation and concord been more necessary, but never had civil and religious dissension raged with greater fury than it was raging now. Feuds in religion, feuds in politics, feuds which had their origin in private differences, and feuds which had descended as a cursed heirloom from father to child, rankled in their hearts and inflamed their blood. There was the old enmity between the aborigines and the English. There was a deadly feud between the Catholics and the Protestants; there was a feud not less deadly between the Episcopalians and the Nonconformists, while the war between Whig and Tory was prosecuted with a ferocity and malignity scarcely human. 'There is hardly a Whig in Ireland,' wrote Swift to Sheridan, 'who would allow a potato and buttermilk to a reputed Tory.' But this was not all. The principal landowners resided in England, leaving as their lieutenants a class of men known in Irish history as Middlemen. It may be doubted whether since the days of the Roman Publicani oppression and rapacity had ever assumed a shape so odious as they assumed in these men. The middleman was, as a rule, entirely destitute of education; his tastes were low, his habits debauched and recklessly extravagant. Long familiarity with such scenes as we have described had rendered him not merely indifferent to human suffering, but ruthless and brutal. All the tenancies held under him were at rack-rent, and with the extraction of that rent, or what was, in kind, equivalent to that rent, began and ended his relations with his tenants. As many of those tenants were little better than impecunious serfs, often insolvent and always in arrears, it was only by keeping a wary eye on their movements, and by pouncing with seasonable avidity on anything of which they might happen to become possessed, either by the labour of their hands, or by some accident of fortune, that he could turn them to account. Sometimes the produce of the potato-plot became his prey, sometimes their agricultural tools; not unfrequently he would seize everything which belonged to them, and driving them with their wives and children, often under circumstances of revolting cruelty, out of their cabins, send them to perish of cold and hunger in the open country. Nor were the Irish provincial gentry in any way superior to the Middlemen. Swift, indeed, regarded them with still greater detestation. As public men, they were chiefly remarkable for their savage oppression of the clergy, for the mercilessness with which they exacted their rack-rents from the tenantry, and for the mean ingenuity with which they contrived to make capital out of the miseries of their country. In private life they were dissolute, litigious, and arrogant,

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gant, and their vices would comprehend some of the worst vices incident to man—inhuman cruelty, tyranny in its most repulsive aspects, brutal appetites forcibly gratified, or gratified under circumstances scarcely less atrocious, and an ostentatious lawlessness which revelled unchecked either by civil authority or by religion.

But whatever degree of culpability may attach itself to the inhabitants of Ireland, there can be no question that the English Government were in the main responsible for the existence of this Pandemonium. It requires very little sagacity to see that the miseries of Ireland flowed naturally and inevitably from the paralysis of national industry, from the alienation of the national revenue, from the complete dislocation of the machinery of government, and from the almost total absence, so far at least as the masses were concerned, of the ameliorating influences of culture and religion. We have already alluded to the statutes which annihilated the trade and prostrated the industrial energy of the country. Equally iniquitous and oppressive was the alienation of the revenue. On that revenue had been quartered the parasites and mistresses of succeeding generations of English kings. Almost all the most remunerative public posts were sinecures in the possession of men who resided in England. Indeed, some of these sinecurists had never set foot on Irish earth. But nothing was more derogatory to England than the scandalous condition of the Protestant hierarchy. On that body depended not only the spiritual welfare, but the education of the multitude; and their responsibility was the greater in consequence of the inhibitions which had been laid by the Legislature on the Catholic priesthood. But the Protestant clergy were, as a class, a scandal to Christendom. Many of the bishops would have disgraced the hierarchy of Henry III. Their ignorance, their apathy, their nepotism, their sensuality, passed into proverbs. It was not uncommon for them to abandon even the semblance of their sacred character, and to live the life of jovial country squires, their palaces ringing with revelry, their dioceses mere anarchy. If their sees were not to their taste, they resided elsewhere. The Bishop of Down, for example, settled at Hammersmith, where he lived for twenty years without having once during the whole of that time set foot in his diocese. That there were a few noble exceptions must in justice be admitted. No Churchman could pronounce the names of Berkeley, King, and Synge, without reverence. But the virtues of these illustrious prelates had little influence either on their degenerate peers or on the inferior clergy. Of this body it would not be too much to say that no section of the demoralized

society,

society, of which they formed a part, was more demoralized or so completely despicable. Here and there indeed might be found a priest who resided among his parishioners, and who performed conscientiously the duties of his profession. Such a priest was Skelton, and such a priest was Jackson, but Skelton and Jackson were to the general body of the minor clergy what Dr. Primrose was to Trulliber, or what the parson in the 'Canterbury Tales' is to the parson in 'Peregrine Pickle.'

Few men could have contemplated unmoved the spectacle of a country in such a condition as this. Its effect on Swift was to excite emotions which in ordinary men are seldom excited save by personal injuries. It fevered his blood, it broke his rest, it drove him at times half-frantic with furious indignation, it sunk him at times in abysses of sullen despondency. He brooded over it in solitude; it is his constant theme in his correspondence; it was his constant topic in conversation. He spoke of it as eating his flesh and exhausting his spirits. For a while he cherished the hope that these evils, vast and complicated though they were, were not beyond remedy. And this remedy, he thought, lay not in appealing to the justice and humanity of the English Government, but in appealing to the Irish themselves, to the landed gentry, to the middlemen, to the manufacturers, to the clergy. Throughout, his object was twofold—the internal reformation of the kingdom, and the establishment of the principle, that Ireland ought either to be autonomous or on a footing of exact political equality with the mother country.

His first pamphlet, the 'Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures,' is a masterpiece. Addressed, in what it insinuates, to the passions, and in what it directly asserts, to the reason, it is at once an inflammatory harangue and a manual of sober counsel. In a few plain paragraphs the secret of Ireland's wretchedness is laid bare; how far it is in her power to alleviate that wretchedness is demonstrated, and the step which ought immediately to be taken is pointed out. In the proposal that she should close her markets against English goods, and draw entirely on her own manufactures, there was nothing treasonable, or even disrespectful, to England. It was no more than she had a perfect right to do; it was no more than the English Government would probably have permitted her to do. But the pamphlet had another side. Though there is not perhaps a sentence in it which could, so far as the mere words are concerned, have been challenged as either inflammatory or insulting, the whole piece is in effect a fierce and bitter commentary on the tyranny of the mother-country, and an appeal to

Ireland

Ireland to strike, if not for independence, at least for indemnity. The pamphlet, though it appeared, as almost all Swift's pamphlets did appear, anonymously, instantly attracted attention. The English Government became alarmed. The work was pronounced to be 'seditious, factious, and virulent,' and the attention of Whitshed, then Chief Justice of Ireland, was directed to it. Whitshed, who had little sympathy with Irish agitation, and who may possibly have been acting on instructions from England, proceeded at once to extreme measures. The pamphlet was laid before the Grand Jury of the county and the city. The printer was arrested. The trial came on, and a disgraceful scene ensued. The jury acquitted the prisoner. The Chief Justice refused to accept the verdict, and the jury were sent back to reconsider their decision. Again they found the man not guilty, and again Whitshed declined to record the verdict. Nine times was this odious farce repeated, until the wretched men, worn out by physical fatigue, left the case by special verdict in the hands of the judge. But Whitshed's iniquitous triumph was merely nominal, for his conduct had excited such disgust, that it was deemed advisable to put off the trial of the verdict. Successive postponements terminated at last in the Lord-Lieutenant granting a *nolle prosequi*. Such a concession to popular feeling the English Government had never before made. It was a victory on which the Irish justly congratulated themselves. It was a victory destined, indeed, to form a new era in their history.

Nothing we know of Swift illustrates more strikingly his tact and sagacity as a political leader than his conduct at this juncture. A less skilful strategist would, in the elation of triumph, have been impatient for new triumphs, would have lost no time in pressing eagerly forward, and would thus have forced on a crisis when a crisis was premature. But Swift saw that affairs were at that stage when the wisest course is to leave them to themselves. The fire had been kindled—it might be safely trusted to spread; the leaven of dissatisfaction and resistance was seething—it was best to leave it to ferment. Up to a certain point the course of revolution is determined by human agency, but in all revolutions there is a point at which human agency is powerless, and the reins are in the hands of Fortune. At such crises occur those apparently insignificant accidents, the effects of which are so strangely disproportionate to the character of the accidents themselves, and which are to political communities what the spark is to combustible explosives. Such a crisis had not as yet arrived in the struggle between England and Ireland, but for such a crisis—

crisis—and he saw it was maturing—Swift deemed it expedient to wait.

Meanwhile his pen was not idle. In 1720 there was a project for establishing a National Bank in Dublin. The scheme was regarded with favour by some of the leading citizens and by many of the petty tradesmen; and subscription-lists were opened. But Swift was too sound a financier not to see that an institution eminently useful, and indeed necessary, in a prosperous community, can only end in fraud and mischief in a community where stock is incommensurate with credit. Accordingly he ridiculed the scheme in three ludicrous pamphlets —we doubt greatly the authenticity of the other two attributed to him by Scott—and his satire was so efficacious, that when in the ensuing session the proposal was discussed in Parliament, it was almost unanimously rejected.

These pamphlets were succeeded a few months afterwards by a little piece, in which the extraordinary versatility of Swift's genius is very strikingly and very amusingly illustrated. The streets of Dublin had for several years been infested with gangs of marauders, whose depredations and violence made them the terror of the citizens. A man who ventured out unarmed at night, carried, it was said, his life in his hands. Scarce a week passed without some gross outrage. At such a pitch, indeed, had their lawlessness and audacity arrived, that it had become perilous even in broad daylight to walk in any but the most frequented thoroughfares. Pre-eminent among these miscreants was one Ebenezer Elliston. The fellow had long succeeded in eluding the police, but had recently been captured and publicly executed. In itself, however, the execution would probably have had very little effect, for the class to which Elliston belonged is, as a rule, either too sanguine or too obtuse to take warning from example. But on the very day of the execution appeared, in the form of a broadsheet, an announcement, which carried apprehension and dismay into the heart of the boldest malefactors in Dublin. This was the 'Last Speech and Dying Words of Ebenezer Elliston,' published, as was stated on the title-page, by his own desire, and for the public good. In it he not only solemnly exhorted his brother-bandits to amend their lives, and to avoid the fate which had most righteously overtaken himself and would in the end inevitably overtake them, but he informed them that, having resolved to atone in some measure for his own crimes against God and society, he had thought it his duty to do what in him lay to assist the Government in suppressing the crimes of others. 'For that purpose, I have,' he said, 'left with an honest

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honest man the names of all my wicked brethren, the present places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and of those who receive and buy our stolen goods.' He then goes on to say that the person with whom the paper had been deposited would, on hearing of the arrest of any rogue whose name was mentioned in it, place the document in the hands of the Government. 'And of this,' he adds, 'I hereby give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it.' As Elliston was known to be a man of education, and as the information displayed in the piece was such as it seemed scarcely possible that any one who was not in the secrets of Elliston's fraternity could possess, the genuineness of the confession was never for a moment doubted. Its effect was, we are told, immediately apparent. Brigandism lost heart; many of the leading bandits quitted the city; and the Dean was enabled to boast that Dublin enjoyed, for a time at least, almost complete immunity from the most formidable of social pests.

And now arrived, suddenly and unexpectedly, that crisis in the struggle with England, which Swift had with judicious patience been so long awaiting. For some years there had been a great scarcity of copper money, and the deficiency had, as a national consequence, led to the circulation of debased and counterfeit coins on a very large scale. Accordingly, in the spring of 1722, a memorial was presented to the Lords of the Treasury, stating the grievance and petitioning for a remedy. The petition was considered, and the memorialists were informed that measures would be immediately taken for remedying the evil. Such courteous alacrity had not been usual with the English Government in dealing with Irish grievances, and excited, not unnaturally, some surprise. But it was soon explained. In a few weeks intelligence reached Dublin that a patent had been granted to a person of the name of Wood, empowering him to coin as his exclusive right 108,000*l.* worth of farthings and halfpence for circulation in Ireland. As less than a third of that sum in halfpence and farthings would have sufficed, and more than sufficed, for what was needed, the announcement was received with astonishment. And astonishment soon passed into indignation. For it appeared on enquiry, that the patent had been granted without consulting the Irish Privy Council or any Irish official, nay, even without consulting the Lord Lieutenant, though he was then residing in London. It appeared, on further enquiry, that the whole transaction had been a disgraceful job, and that the person to whom the patent had been conceded was a mere

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a mere adventurer, whose sole care was to make the grant sufficiently remunerative to indemnify himself for a heavy bribe which he had paid for obtaining it, and to fill his own pockets. The inference was obvious. As the profits of the man would be in proportion to the quality of copper coin turned out by him, and in proportion to the inferiority of the metal employed in the manufacture, his first object would be the indefinite multiplication of his coinage, and his second object would be its debasement. In August, the Commissioners of the Revenue addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant, respectfully appealing against the patent. This was succeeded by a second letter, directed to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, informing them that the money was not needed. But to these letters no attention was paid. Meanwhile the mint of Wood was hard at work. Several cargoes of the coins had already been imported and were in circulation at the ports. Each week brought with it a fresh influx. The tradespeople, well aware of the prejudice against the coins, were in the greatest perplexity. If they accepted them, they accepted what might very possibly turn to dross in their hands; if they refused them, they must either lose custom, or receive payment in a coinage no longer current.

In August 1723 the Lord Lieutenant arrived, and a few weeks afterwards Parliament met. The greatest excitement prevailed in both Houses. Opinions were divided; but it was resolved at last to appeal against the patent. On the 23rd of September, an address to the King was voted by the Commons. The Lords followed with a similar address on the 28th. It was asserted that Wood had been guilty of fraud and deceit; that he had infringed the terms of the patent, both in the quantity and in the quality of the coin, and that the circulation of his coinage would be highly prejudicial to the revenue, and destructive to the commerce of Ireland. Walpole had the good sense to see that these addresses could not with safety be treated as the previous appeals had been treated, and the two Houses were informed, in courteous and conciliatory terms, that the matter would receive His Majesty's most careful consideration. And the promise was kept. A Committee of the Privy Council was specially convened. Their sittings extended over many weeks, and it is, we think, abundantly clear that they performed their duties with scrupulous conscientiousness. Walpole now hoped, and hoped not without reason, that Ireland would be pacified; or that, at the very worst, a compromise, which would save the Ministry from the humiliation of having to withdraw the patent, could be arranged. But before the Committee could arrive at any

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any conclusion, an event had occurred which dashed all these hopes to the ground.

Up to this point Swift appears to have remained passive, though it is, we think, highly probable that he had contributed largely to the pasquinade and broadsheet literature which had never ceased since the announcement of Wood's patent to pour forth each week from the public press. He was well aware that of all the expedients which can be devised for keeping up popular irritation, and for impressing on the will of many the will of one, these trifles are the most efficacious. They had served his turn before, and nothing is less likely than that he neglected them now. It is certain that after the publication of the first Drapier Letter he was a voluminous contributor to what he has himself designated as Grub Street literature. However that may be, he commenced in the summer of 1724 that famous series of Letters which, if they are to be estimated by the effect they produced, must be allowed the first place in political literature. The opening Letter is a model of the art which lies in the concealment of art. We have not the smallest doubt that Swift designed from the very beginning to proceed from the discomfiture of Wood to the resuscitation of Ireland, and on in regular progression to the vindication of Irish independence. But of this there is no indication in the first Letter. It is simply an appeal purporting to emanate from one M. B., a draper, or, as Swift chooses to spell it, drapier, of Dublin, to the lower and middle classes, calling on them to have nothing to do with the farthings and halfpence of Wood. In a style pitched studiously in the lowest key, and with the reasoning that comes home to the dullest and most illiterate of the vulgar, the Drapier points out to his countrymen that the value of money is determined by its intrinsic value; that the intrinsic value of Wood's coins was at least six parts in seven below sterling; and that the man who was fool enough to accept payment in them, must to a certainty lose more than tenpence in every shilling. 'If,' he said, 'you accept the money, the kingdom is undone, and every poor man in it is undone.' On the monstrous exaggerations and palpable sophistry by which these assertions were supported, it would be mere waste of words to comment. The object which Swift sought to attain, was an object the legitimacy of which admits of no question, and if he sought its attainment by the only means which fortune had placed at his disposal, who can blame him? It will not be disputed that the concession of the patent had been a scandalous job; that in conferring it without consulting the Irish Government, England had been guilty of grossly insulting the subjects of that Government;

ment; that the profits which Wood anticipated were such as could be scarcely compatible with a strict adherence to the terms of his contract; and that, as a matter of fact, some of his coins were, in spite of the risk incurred by detection, found on examination to be below the stipulated value.

The publication of the Letter was as well-timed as the skill with which it was written was consummate. It appeared at a moment when the social and political atmosphere was in the highest possible state of inflammability, and ready at any moment to burst into flame. It was the spark which ignited it, and the explosion was terrific. From Cork to Londonderry, from Galway to Dublin, Ireland was in a blaze. The feuds, which had for years been raging between party and party, between sect and sect, between caste and caste, were suspended, and the whole country responded as one man to the appeal of the Drapier. For the first time in Irish history the Celt and the Saxon had a common bond. For once the Whig joined hand with the Tory. For once the same sentiment animated the Episcopalian and the Papist, the Presbyterian and the New Lighter, the Hanoverian and the Jacobite. On the 4th of August appeared a second Letter from the Drapier. In substance it is like the first, partly a philippic and partly an appeal, but it is a philippic infinitely more savage and scathing, it is an appeal in a higher and more passionate strain. This Letter was addressed to Harding, the printer, in consequence of a paragraph which had three days before appeared in his newspaper. The paragraph was to the effect that the Privy Council, whose decision had not as yet been officially announced, had in their Report recommended a compromise. The Report of Sir Isaac Newton, who as Master of the Mint had been instructed to test the coin, had, it was stated, been favourable to Wood. Wood, therefore, was to retain the right of mintage, but, in deference to public feeling in Ireland, the amount of the sum to be coined by him was to be reduced from a hundred and eight thousand pounds to forty thousand. The justice and reasonableness of this proposal, a proposal which had emanated from Wood himself, must have been as obvious then as it is obvious now. But Swift saw at once that if the compromise were accepted, the victory, though nominally on the side of Ireland, would in reality be on the side of England. In essence England had conceded nothing. Wood still retained his obnoxious prerogative; England still assumed the right of conferring that prerogative. A particular evil had been lightened, but the greater evil, the evil principle, remained. But this was not all. We have already expressed our conviction

tion that it was Swift's design from the very beginning to make the controversy with Wood the basis of far more extensive operations. It had furnished him with the means of waking Ireland from long lethargy into fiery life. He looked to it to furnish him with the means of elevating her from servitude to independence, from ignominy to honour. His only fear was lest the spirit, which he had kindled, should burn itself out, or be prematurely quenched. And of this he must have felt that there was some danger, when it was announced that England had given way much more than it was expected she would give way, and much more than she had ever given way before. In his second Letter, therefore, written to prepare his readers for the official announcement of the Report, he treats the proffered compromise with indignant disdain, and, with a skill which would have done honour to Demosthenes, tears the whole case of his opponents into shreds before they had had the opportunity of unfolding it.

A few days afterwards, the Report arrived, and a third Letter, with the now famous signature attached to it, followed almost immediately. It was addressed to the nobility and gentry, as its predecessors had been addressed to the lower and middle classes. In effect it repeats, but repeats more emphatically and at greater length, what he had commented on in the second Letter; the mendacity and impudence of Wood, and of the witnesses who had in the enquiry before the Privy Council borne testimony in Wood's favour; the cruelty and illegality of the patent; the scandalous circumstances under which the patent had been obtained; the still more scandalous circumstances under which it had been executed; the intrinsic worthlessness of the coins; the tyranny and injustice of the mother-country. But the matter which forms the staple of the Letter is not the matter which gives the Letter its distinctive character. It is here that we catch for the first time unmistakable glimpses of Swift's ultimate design. The words of the fourteenth paragraph could have left the English Government in little doubt of the turn which the controversy was about to take. 'Were not the people of Ireland,' asks the Drapier, 'born as free as those of England? How have they perfected their freedom? Are not they subjects of the same King? Am I a freeman in England, and do I become a slave in six hours by crossing the Channel?' In another passage he adverts to some of the principal political grievances of the kingdom, sarcastically remarking that a people whose loyalty had been proof against so many attempts to shake it was surely entitled to as much consideration on the part of the Crown, as a people whose loyalty had not always been above

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suspicion. The remark was as pointed as it was just. The events of 1715 and 1722 had left a deep stain on the loyalty of England, but Ireland had never wavered in her fidelity to the House of Hanover.

But it was not simply in the character of the Drapier that Swift was scattering his firebrands. In every form which political literature can assume, from ribald songs roared out to thieves and harridans over their gin, to satires and disquisitions which infected with the popular madness the Common Room of Trinity and the drawing-rooms of College Green and Grafton Street, he sought to fan tumult into rebellion. He even brought the matter into the pulpit. In a sermon, which Burke afterwards described as 'containing the best motives to patriotism which were ever delivered in so small a compass,' the Dean called on his brethren to remember that next to their duty to their Creator came their duty to themselves and to their fellow-citizens, and that, as duty and religion bound them to resist what was evil and mischievous, so duty and religion bound them to be as one man against Wood and Wood's upholders.

Meanwhile meetings were held; clubs were formed, petitions and addresses came pouring in. The Grand Jury and the inhabitants of the Liberty of St. Patrick's drew up a resolution formally announcing that they would neither receive nor tender payment in Wood's coins. The Butchers passed a resolution to the same effect; the Brewers followed; and at last the very newsboys, or, as they were then called, the 'flying stationers,' issued a manifesto against the coins. Nor was it in the capital only that these bold proceedings were taking place. In many of the provincial towns similar resolutions were passed, and the excitement in Cork and Waterford was such as seriously to menace the existence of the Government.

It was now apparent even to Walpole that some decisive step must be taken. The Duke of Grafton, whose fretful and choleric temper, and whose haughty and unconciliating manners, rendered him peculiarly ill-fitted for his position, was recalled, and the Minister appointed to succeed him was Carteret. The appointment justly excited great surprise. Walpole and Carteret had long been at open enmity. During several sessions it had been Carteret's chief object to perplex and annoy his rival; and he was suspected, and suspected with reason, of having fomented the disturbances which he was now being sent out to quell. With the Lord Chancellor Midleton, and with the Lord Chancellor's relatives the Brodricks, he had certainly been in friendly communication; and of all the opponents of the patent, Midleton and the Brodricks had, next to Swift, been the

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the most pertinacious. Coxe tells us that it was Carteret who informed Alan Brodrick of the secret arrangement between Wood and the Duchess of Kendal with regard to the profits of the patent, a scandal which the malcontents had turned to great account. Thus in a private capacity he had been in league with those whom in his official capacity he was bound to regard as opponents.

In this singular position Carteret landed in Ireland at the latter end of October, with general instructions and with ample powers. He was to soothe or coerce, to yield or resist, as the exigencies of the crisis demanded. If on enquiry it should seem expedient to suspend the patent, the patent was to be suspended; if he thought it desirable to go further and withdraw it altogether, it was to be withdrawn. But he had scarcely time to take the oaths before new and alarming complications arose. On the 23rd of October appeared the fourth Drapier Letter. In this discourse Swift threw off all disguise. The question of the patent is here subordinated to the far more important question of the nature of the relations between Ireland and England. Contemptuously dismissing a recent protest of Wood 'as the last howl of a dog who had been dissected alive,' he goes on to assert that the royal prerogative, the power on which, during the whole struggle with Wood, so much stress had been laid, was as limited in Ireland as it was in the mother-country. He comments bitterly on the so-called dependency of Ireland; on the injustice of legislating for her in a Parliament in which she had no representatives; and on the fact that all places of trust and emolument were filled by Englishmen, instead of being filled, as they ought to have been filled, by natives. But the remedy, he said, was in their own hands; and in two sentences, which vibrated through the whole kingdom, he suggested it: 'By the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are and ought to be as free a people as your brethren in England.' Again: 'All government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery,'—'though,' he added, with bitter sarcasm, 'eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt.' It was impossible for the Lord Lieutenant to allow this to pass. A Proclamation was issued describing the letter as wicked and malicious, and offering a reward of three hundred pounds to any one who would discover the author. Harding, the printer of it, was arrested and thrown into prison.

Up to this point Swift had, as an individual, kept studiously in the background. He now came prominently forward. On the day succeeding the proclamation he presented himself at

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the levee of the Lord Lieutenant, and, forcing his way into the presence of Carteret, sternly upbraided him with what he had done. 'Your Excellency has,' he thundered out with a voice and manner which struck the whole assembly dumb with amazement, 'given us a noble specimen of what this devoted nation has to hope for from your government.' He then burst out into a torrent of invectives against the proclamation, the arrest of Harding, and the protection given to the patent. To a man in Carteret's position such a scene must have been sufficiently embarrassing. But he was too accomplished a diplomatist to betray either surprise or anger. He listened with great composure and urbanity to all Swift had to say, and then with a bow and a smile gave him his answer in an exquisitely felicitous quotation from Virgil:

> 'Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
> Moliri.'

So terminated this strange interview. And now the struggle with England reached its climax; the Bill against Harding was about to be presented to the Grand Jury. On its rejection hung the hopes of the patriots; on its acceptation hung the hopes of the Government. In an admirable address, Swift calmly and solemnly explained to his fellow-citizens the momentous issues which some of them would shortly be called upon to try. The important day arrived. What followed was what every one anticipated would follow: the Bill was thrown out. But the Chief Justice Whitshed, acting as he had acted on a former occasion, concluded a scene, which would have disgraced Scroggs, by dissolving the jury. This insane measure served only to swell the triumph of the patriots. Another jury was immediately summoned. The Bill against Harding was again ignored, and, to complete the discomfiture of the Government, the rejection of the Bill was coupled with a formal vindication of the Drapier. From this moment the battle was virtually won; the Drapier had triumphed, and Swift ruled Ireland. But nine troubled months had yet to pass before victory definitely declared itself. The struggle between pride and expediency was a severe one. At last England yielded. 'I have His Majesty's commands to acquaint you that an entire end is put to the patent formerly granted to Mr. Wood,' were the words in which, at the commencement of the Autumn Session of 1725, the Viceroy announced to Ireland that the greatest victory she had ever won had been gained.

The public joy knew no bounds. In a few hours Dublin presented the appearance of a vast jubilee. In a few days there was

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was scarcely a town or a village in Ireland which was not beside itself with exultation. The whole island rang with the praises of the Drapier. It was the Drapier, they cried, who had saved them, it was the Drapier who had taught them to be patriots. Had Swift rescued the country from some overwhelming calamity, had he done all and more than all that the Œdipus of story is fabled to have done for the city of Erechtheus, popular gratitude could not have gone further. Medals were struck in his honour. A club, the professed object of which was to perpetuate his fame, was formed. His portrait stamped on medallions, or woven on handkerchiefs, was the ornament most cherished by both sexes. When he appeared in the streets all heads were uncovered. If for the first time he visited a town, it was usual for the corporation to receive him with public honours. Each year as his birthday came round it was celebrated with tumultuous festivity. 'He became,' says Orrery, 'the idol of the people of Ireland to a degree of devotion that in the most superstitious country scarcely any idol ever attained.' Even now no true Irishman ever pronounces his name without reverence.

But it was not as a political agitator only that Swift sought to attain his object. Nothing, he believed, contributed more to the degradation and wretchedness of the country than the state of the Church. As a Churchman his own convictions and principles had never wavered. From the very first he had attached himself to the High Church party; from the very first he had regarded the Low Church party, not merely with suspicion, but with intense dislike. Their latitudinarian opinions, the indulgence with which they were inclined to treat the Nonconformists, their close alliance with the Whigs, their readiness on every occasion to play into the hands of the Whigs, and to sacrifice the interests of the Church to the interests of a faction largely composed of men at open enmity with the Church—all this he had long beheld with indignation and alarm. On arriving in Ireland he found himself in the midst of this obnoxious party. For a while, however, he contented himself with standing aloof and remaining passive. But between 1714 and 1720 it became clearly apparent that it was the intention of the Whig Ministry in England to make the Church of Ireland subservient to the English Government. This was to be accomplished by the gradual elimination of all High Churchmen and of all natives from offices of trust and emolument. Regularly as each See or as each Deanery fell vacant, it was conferred on some member of the Low Church party in England, selected not so much because he possessed any moral or intellectual

lectual qualification for the post, as because his patrons could depend on his obsequious compliance with their designs. Against this system of preferment, and against the whole body of those who thus obtained preferment, Swift waged incessant war. If they endeavoured to aggrandize themselves, if they essayed in any way to oppress the inferior clergy, or to extend the bounds of episcopal authority, he was in the arena in a moment. Thus in 1723 he opposed an attempt to enlarge the power of the bishops in letting leases. Thus in 1733 he succeeded in inducing the Lower House to throw out the Residence Bill and the Division Bill. The hatred which Swift bore to the Whig hierarchy of Ireland is perfectly explicable on political and ecclesiastical grounds, but we may perhaps suspect that feelings less creditable to him entered into its composition. The truth is, he could not forget that men, immeasurably his inferiors in parts and character, had outstripped him in the race of ambition.

While he was thus defending the Church from enemies from within—for such he considered these prelates—he was equally indefatigable in defending her from enemies from without. It was owing to his efforts that the Modus Bill—a Bill which would, by commuting the tithe upon hemp and flax for a fixed sum, have benefited the laity at the expense of the clergy—was defeated. It was an attempt on the part of the Commons and the landlords to rob the Church of the tithe of agistment that inspired the last and most furious of his satires. But nothing excited his indignation more than the indulgence extended to the Nonconformists. Of all the enemies of the Established Church they were, in his eyes, the most odious and the most formidable. It was no secret that the largest and most influential sect among them aimed at nothing less than the subversion of Episcopacy. In numbers these sectaries already equalled the Episcopalian Protestants; in activity and zeal they were far superior to them. Indeed, Swift firmly believed that it was the Test Act, and the Test Act only, which stood between the Church and its destroyers. But the Whigs argued that the danger came not from the Nonconformists but from the Papists. The struggle, they said, lay not between Protestantism and Protestantism, but between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism; and the extension of indulgences to the sectaries would, they thought, have the effect of uniting the Protestants, without distinction of sect, against the common enemy. To this Swift replied that there was little to fear from the Papists. The Papists had been reduced to unimportance and impotence by the Penal Laws; they were as inconsiderable

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in point of power as the women and children. Popery was no doubt a more portentous monster than Presbyterianism, as a lion is stronger and larger than a cat; but, he adds in one of those happy and witty illustrations with which his pamphlets abound, 'if a man were to have his choice, either a lion at his foot bound fast with three or four chains, his teeth drawn and his claws pared to the quick, or an angry cat in full liberty at his throat, he would take no long time to determine.' For this reason he not only opposed all attempts to repeal the Test Act, but all attempts to relax its stringency. And the pamphlets and verses produced by him in the course of this long controversy are among the ablest and most entertaining of his minor writings.

Not less strenuous were his attempts to awaken in the Church itself the spirit of resistance and reform. Among the bishops there was a small minority by no means favourably disposed towards the policy of England. The Toleration Bill of 1719 had alarmed them. The obvious intention of the English Government to degrade the Irish Church into a mere instrument of political dominion had disgusted them. With this section, at the head of which was King, Archbishop of Dublin, Swift coalesced, and out of this section he laboured to construct a party which should combat the Nonconformists on the one hand, and the Hanoverian Hierarchy on the other; which should protest against the systematic exclusion of the Irish clergy from remunerative preferment, which should inaugurate a national Church. Meanwhile he was doing all in his power to raise the character and improve the condition of the inferior clergy. He was a friend, an adviser, an advocate, on whom they could always depend. He defended them against the bishops; he fought for them against the landlords. Many of them owed what preferment they possessed to his generous importunity.

It is melancholy to turn from Swift's public to his private life. We open his correspondence and we find abundant proof that, so far from having derived any gratification, either from his recent triumph or from the discharge of duty, he continued to be, what in truth he had long been, the most wretched, the most discontented, the most solitary of men. The very name of the country for which he had done so much was odious to him. He scarcely ever alluded either to the English or to the native Irish, but with some epithet indicative of loathing and contempt. In the English rule he saw the embodiment of all that is most detestable in power; in the condition of his compatriots, the embodiment of all that is most despicable in submission. 'I am sitting,' he writes in one of his letters, 'like a toad

toad in the corner of my great house, with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons.' Though his active benevolence never slumbered, and though he still felt, he says, affection for particular individuals, his feelings towards humanity in general were those of a man in whom misanthropy was beginning to border on monomania. He also complains of his broken health, of his sleepless nights, of his solitude in the midst of acquaintances, of his enforced residence in a country which he abhorred, of his banishment from those in whose society he had found the burden of existence less intolerable.

For some time his old friends had been importuning him to pay a visit to England. Though Atterbury was in exile, and death had removed Oxford, Parnell, and Prior, the Scriblerus Club could still muster a goodly company. Bolingbroke, after many vicissitudes, was again on English soil. Pope, who had achieved a reputation second to no poet in Europe, had settled at Twickenham, and was gradually gathering round him that splendid society on which his genius has shed additional lustre. Arbuthnot,

'Social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen,'

had lost nothing of the wit, the humour, the wisdom, the humanity, which had sixteen years before won the hearts of all who knew him. And not less importunate were those many other friends in whose mansions he had been a welcome guest when he sat each week among the Brethren. But it was long before he could make up his mind to cross the Channel, and it was not till the spring of 1726 that he found himself once more in London.

During this visit occurred two memorable events: the interview with Walpole, and the publication of 'Gulliver's Travels.' No incident in Swift's biography has been so grossly misrepresented as his connection with Walpole. It was whispered at the time that he had sold himself to the Court, and that the price of his apostasy was to be high ecclesiastical preferment. It was subsequently reported that he had merely offered to turn renegade; for that Walpole, having discovered from an intercepted letter that he was playing a double part, declined to have any dealings with him.* Chesterfield confidently asserted that Swift had offered his services to the Ministry. Now the facts of the case are simply these. Shortly after the Dean's arrival in London, Walpole, who was probably acquainted with him, and

* A very circumstantial version of this story is given by Colton in his 'Lacon,' p. 222.

who

who was certainly acquainted with many of his friends, invited him with other guests to a dinner party at Chelsea. It chanced that not long before a libel had appeared, in which the character of the First Minister had been very severely handled. And that libel Walpole had attributed, but attributed erroneously, to Gay. Poor Gay had in consequence not only made an enemy of Walpole, but, what was still more serious, had lost caste at Leicester House. It was therefore with an allusion to Gay's misadventure that Swift took occasion to observe at Walpole's table, that 'when great Ministers heard an ill thing of a private person who expected some favour, although they were afterwards convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled.' The words were ambiguous, though Walpole was probably well aware that when Swift uttered them, he was referring not to himself but to Gay. He affected, however, to believe that Swift was referring to himself, and was mean enough to circulate a report that the Dean had been apologizing; in other words, had been currying favour with him. It is just possible, of course, that Walpole may for the moment have misinterpreted Swift's meaning. If he did so, he was soon undeceived. At the end of April, Swift had a second interview. It had been granted at the request of Peterborough, and it was granted that Swift might have an opportunity of discussing the affairs of Ireland. What passed on this occasion is partly a matter of certainty, and partly a matter of conjecture, almost as conclusive as certainty. That Walpole frankly communicated his views with regard to the relations between England and Ireland; that these views were diametrically opposed to Swift's; that Swift, seeing that debate was useless, said very much less than he designed to say; and that the two men parted, if not exactly in enmity, at least with no friendly feelings, we know definitely from Swift's correspondence. What seems to us to place it beyond doubt that Walpole sought in the course of the interview to deal with Swift as he was in the habit of dealing with men whom it was his policy to conciliate, are two passages in Swift's correspondence. 'I have had,' he writes to Sheridan, 'the fairest offer made me of a settlement here that one can imagine, within twelve miles of London, and in the midst of my friends; but I am too old for new schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my freedom.' Again, he says in a letter to Stopford, referring to the See of Cloyne, that it was not offered him, and would not have been accepted by him 'except under conditions which would never have been granted.' The inference is obvious. Walpole, well aware of Swift's wish to settle in England, was disposed

disposed to turn that wish to account. In all probability he offered what Swift mentions to Sheridan without imposing conditions other than those implied conditions which men who accept favours from others spontaneously hold to be binding. It was no doubt hinted at the same time, vaguely but intelligibly, that higher preferment was in reserve, if higher preferment should be earned, and to this Swift probably refers when he speaks of conditions which would never have been granted. But whatever interpretation may be placed on Swift's words, whatever obscurity may still cloud this much-discussed passage in his life, one thing is clear, he never for a moment allowed self-interest to weigh against duty and principle.

Meanwhile he was putting the finishing touches to that immortal satire, the fame of which has thrown all his other writings into the shade. At what precise time he commenced the composition of 'Gulliver' is not known. It was originally designed to form a portion of the work projected by the Scriblerus Club in 1714; and we are inclined to think that, if it was not commenced then, it was commenced shortly afterwards. He had certainly made some progress in it as early as the winter of 1721, for we find allusion to it in a letter of Bolingbroke's, dated January 1st, 1721; and in a letter of Miss Vanhomrigh's, undated, but written probably about the same time. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the work was far advanced before his visit to Quilca at the end of 1724, and we know from his correspondence that during that visit—a visit which extended over the greater part of a year—the manuscript was seldom out of his hands. Between that date and the date of publication it appears to have undergone repeated revisions. Many passages, for example, must almost certainly have been inserted during his residence in England. Indeed, we are inclined to suspect that it was to his residence in England that the satire owed much of its local colouring. Nor is it at all surprising that 'Gulliver' should have occupied Swift's thoughts for many years, and should have been the result of patient and protracted labour. It would be easy to point to fictions which in wealth of imagination and fancy, in humour, in wit, in originality, would suffer nothing from comparison with Swift's masterpiece. Such in ancient times would be the 'Birds,' and 'The true art of writing History'; such, in later times, would be the romances of Rabelais and Cervantes. But what distinguishes Swift's satire from all other works of the same class, is not merely its comprehensiveness and intensity, but its exact and elaborate propriety. The skill with which every incident, nay, almost every allusion in a narrative as rich in incident as the 'Travels' of Pinto, and

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as minutely particular as the 'Adventures of Crusoe,' is invested with satirical significance, is little short of marvellous. From the commencement to the end there is nothing superfluous, and there is nothing irrelevant. The merest trifle has its point. Where the satire is not general, it is personal and local. Where the analogies are not to be found in the vices and follies common to all ages, they are to be found in the social and political history of Swift's own time. But the fiction has been framed with such nice ingenuity, that the allegory blends what is ephemeral with what is universal; and a satire which is on the one hand as wide as humanity, is on the other hand as local and particular as the 'History of John Bull' or 'The Satyre Menippée.' Regarded simply as a romance, the work is not less finished. De Morgan has pointed out the scrupulous accuracy with which in the two first voyages the scale of proportions is adjusted and observed. So artfully, he observes, has Swift guarded against the possibility of discrepancy, that he has taken care to baffle mathematical scrutiny by avoiding any statement which would furnish a standard for exact calculation. And this minute diligence, this subtle skill, is manifest in the delineation of the hero Gulliver, who is not merely the ironical embodiment of Swift himself, but a portrait as true to life as Bowling or Trunnion; in the style which is at once a parody of the style of the old voyagers, and a style in itself of a high order of intrinsic excellence; in the fine and delicate touches which give to incidents, in themselves monstrously extravagant, so much verisimilitude, that as we follow the story we are almost cheated into believing it. In all works of a similar kind every incident is, as Scott well observes, a new demand upon the patience and credulity of the reader. In Swift's romance, as soon as the first shock of incredulity is over, the process of illusion is uninterrupted. If the premises of the fiction be once granted, if the existence of Lilliput and Brobdingnag, of Laputa and Balnibarbi, be postulated, we have before us a narrative as logical as it is consistent and plausible. Indeed, the skill with which Swift has by a thousand minute strokes contrived to invest the whole work with the semblance of authenticity, is inimitable. De Foe himself is not a greater master of the art of realistic effect.

That in the plot of his story Swift was largely indebted to preceding writers cannot, we think, be disputed. The resemblances which exist between passages in Gulliver, and passages in works with which Swift is known to have been conversant, are too close to be mere coincidences. There can be no doubt, for example, that the Academy of Lagado was suggested by the diversions of the courtiers of Queen Quintessence in the fifth book

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book of Pantagruel; that the attack of the Lilliputians on Gulliver is the counterpart of the attack of the Pygmies on Hercules in the second book of the 'Imagines' of Philostratus; that the scenes with the ghosts in Glubbdubdrib are modelled on Lucian; that in the 'Voyage to Laputa' the romances of Cyrano de Bergerac were laid under contribution; and that in the 'Voyage to the Houyhnhnms,' he drew both on the 'Arabian Nights' and on Goodwin's 'Voyage of Domingo Gonsalez.' We think it very likely that the Houyhnhnms were suggested by the forty-fifth chapter of 'Solinus,' and that several strokes for the Yahoos were borrowed from the 'Travels' of Sir Thomas Herbert. It is certain that Swift was, like Sterne, a diligent student of curious and recondite literature; and that, like Sterne, he was in the habit of turning that knowledge to account. Of this we have a remarkable illustration in the Voyage to Brobdingnag. Few readers who know anything of nautical science have not been surprised at the minuteness and accuracy of the technical knowledge displayed by Swift in his account of the manœuvres of Gulliver's crew in the storm off the Moluccas. Now the whole of this passage was taken nearly verbatim from a work then probably circulating only among naval students, and in our time almost unique. This was Samuel Sturmy's 'Mariner's Magazine,' published at London in 1679, a copy of which may be found in the British Museum.* But

* As this most curious appropriation, to which our attention was directed by a slip in a scrap-book in the British Museum, has wholly escaped Swift's biographers and critics, and has not, so far as we know, travelled beyond the scrap-book, we will transcribe the original and the copy, giving them both in parallel columns:—

SWIFT.	STURMY.
'Gulliver,' pp. 108, 109.	'Mariner's Magazine,' pp. 15, 16, 1684.
'Finding it was likely to overblow we took in our sprit sail, and stood by to hand the fore sail, but, making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast and handed the mizen.	'It is like to overblow, take in your sprit sail, stand by to hand the fore sail . . . . We make foul weather, look the guns be all fast, come hand the mizen.
'The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea than trying or hulling.	'The ship lies very broad off; it is better spooning before the sea than trying or hulling.
'We reefed the fore-sail and set him and hauled aft the fore sheet; the helm was hard aweather.	'Go reef the foresail and set him; hawl aft the fore-sheet. The helm is hard aweather.
'We belayed the fore down haul, but the sail was split and we hauled down the yard and got the sail into the ship and unbound all the things clear of it.	'Belay the fore down haul. The sail is split: go hawl down the yard and get the sail into the ship and unbind all things clear of it.
'It was a very fierce storm: the sea broke strange and dangerous.	'A very fierce storm. The sea breaks strange and dangerous.
'We hauled off upon the lanyard of the whip staff and helped the man at the helm.	'Stand by to haul off above the lanyard of the whip staff and help the man at the helm.
'We	'Shall

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But to suppose that these appropriations and reminiscences detract in any way from the essential originality of the work, would be as absurd as to tax Shakspeare with stealing 'Antony and Cleopatra' from Plutarch, or 'Macbeth' from Holinshed. What Swift borrowed was what Shakspeare borrowed, and what the creative artists of all ages have never scrupled to borrow—incidents and hints. The description from Sturmy is to the 'Voyage to Brobdingnag' precisely what the progress of Cleopatra, in North's 'Plutarch,' is to the drama of 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Indeed, the sum of Swift's obligations to the writers whom we have mentioned would, though considerable, be found on examination to be infinitely less than the obligations of the most original of poets to the novelists of Italy and to the works of contemporaries.

Much has been said about Swift's object in writing 'Gulliver.' That object he has himself explained. It was to vex the world. It was to embody in allegory the hatred and disdain with which he personally regarded all nations, all professions, all communities, and especially man, as man in essence is. It had no moral, no social, no philosophical purpose. It was the mere ebullition of cynicism and misanthropy. It was a savage *jeu d'esprit:* and as such wise men will regard it. But there have never been wanting—there probably never will be wanting—critics to place it on a much higher footing. In their eyes it is as a satire, as an estimate of humanity, and, as a criticism of life, as reasonable as it is just. 'Gulliver is,' says Hazlitt, 'an attempt to tear off the mask of imposture from the world, to strip empty pride and grandeur of the imposing air which external circumstances throw around them. And nothing,' he adds, 'but imposture has a right to complain of it.' The answer to this is obvious. Where satire has a moral purpose, it is discriminating. It is levelled, not at defects and in-

Swift.	Sturmy.
'We would not get down our top mast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the topmast being aloft the ship was the wholesomer and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room.	'Shall we get down our topmasts? No let all stand: she scuds before the sea very well: the topmast being aloft the ship is the wholesomest and maketh better way through the sea, seeing we have sea room.
'We got the starboard tacks aboard; we cast off the weather bowlings weather braces and lifts; we set in the lee braces and hauled them tight and belayed them, and hauled over the mizen, and hauled forward by tack to windward and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.'	'Get the starboard tacks aboard, cast off our weather braces and lifts; set in the lee braces and hawl them taught and belaye them and hawl over the mizen tacks to windward and keep her full and by as near as she would lie.'

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firmities which are essential and in nature unremovable, but at defects and infirmities which are unessential, and therefore corrigible. If its immediate object is to punish, its ultimate object is to amend. But this is not the spirit of 'Gulliver.' Take the Yahoos. Nothing can be plainer than that these odious and repulsive creatures were designed to be types, not of man, as man when brutalized and degenerate may become, but of man, as man is naturally constituted. Take the Struldbrugs. What end could possibly be attained by so shocking an exposure of human infirmities? Juvenal has, it is true, left us a similar delineation; but Juvenal's object was, by teaching men to distinguish between what is desirable and what is not desirable, to guide them to a cheerful and elevated philosophy. Swift's design began and ended in cynical mockery. Again, in the 'Voyage to Laputa,' though the local satire—the satire, for example, on the projectors—is pointed and just, the general satire is in the highest degree extravagant and absurd. No one would dispute that intellectual energy may, like the passions, be abused and perverted, and no one would dispute that its abuse and perversion are fair game for the satirist. But the inutility of such energy, when misapplied, is no criterion of its utility when properly directed. By Swift the misapplication, and the misapplication only, is recognized. He thus contrives—and contrives most dishonestly—to represent the mathematical and mechanical sciences as despicable and ridiculous, medicine as mere charlatanry, and experimental philosophy as an idle and silly delusion—in a word, to pour contempt on those pursuits and faculties on which the intellectual supremacy of man is based. Not less sophistical and disingenuous is the device employed by him in the 'Voyage to the Houyhnhnms' for dethroning his kind from their moral supremacy. We here find him assigning to brutes the qualities characteristic of men, and assigning to men the qualities characteristic of brutes, that men may by comparison with brutes be degraded, and that brutes may by comparison with men be exalted. If the work be regarded merely as a satire, it is not perhaps too much to say that in condensed and sustained power it has neither equal nor second among human productions. But it is a satire the philosophy and morality of which will not for a moment bear serious examination.

The work appeared anonymously early in November 1726. It became instantly popular. Within a week the first edition was exhausted. A second edition speedily followed, but before the second edition was ready, pirated copies of the first were in circulation in Ireland, and the work was traversing Great Britain

Britain in all directions in the columns of a weekly journal. No one, so far as our knowledge goes, has noticed that 'Gulliver' was reprinted in successive instalments in a contemporary newspaper, called 'Parker's Penny Post,' between November 28th, 1726, and the following spring—a sufficient indication of the opinion formed of it by those who are best acquainted with the popular taste, and probably the first occasion on which the weekly press was applied to such a purpose. But though the work appealed to all, it appealed in different ways. By the multitude it was read, as it is read in the nurseries and playrooms of our more enlightened age, with wondering credulity. But the avidity with which it was devoured by readers, to whom the allegory was nothing and the story everything, was equalled by the avidity with which it was devoured by readers to whom the allegory was supreme and the story purely subordinate. At Court, and in political circles, it was read and quoted as no satire since 'Hudibras' had been. There Flimnap and Sieve, Skyresk Bolgolam, and Redresal, the Tranecksan and Slamecksan, the Big-endians and Small-endians, the Sardrals and the Nardacks, the two Frelocks and Mully Ully Gue, were what the caricatures of Gilray were, fifty years later, to the Court of George III. The circumstances which led to the flight of Gulliver from Lilliput, and the account given of the natives of Tribnia, must have come home with peculiar force and pungency to readers who could remember the proceedings which led to the incarceration of Harley and the flight of Bolingbroke and Ormond, and in whose memories the trial of Atterbury was still fresh. To us the schemes propounded in the Academy of Lagado have no more point than the schemes which occupied the courtiers of Queen Entelechy; but how pregnant, how pertinent, how exquisite, must the satire have appeared to readers who were still smarting from the Bubble-mania, who had been shareholders in the Society for Transmuting Quicksilver into Malleable Metal, or in the Society for Extracting Silver from Lead! Nor was the satire in its broader aspect less keenly relished. Aristotle has observed that the measure of a man's moral degradation may be held to be complete when he sees nothing derogatory in joining in the gibe against himself. And what is true of an individual is assuredly true of an age. At no period distinguished by generosity of sentiment, by magnanimity, by humanity, by any of the nobler and finer qualities of mankind, could such satire, as the satire of which the greater part of 'Gulliver' is the embodiment, have been universally applauded. Yet, so it was. The men and women of those times appear to have seen nothing

nothing objectionable in an apologue which would scarcely have passed without a protest in the Rome of Petronius or in the Paris of Dubois. One noble lady facetiously identified herself with the Yahoos; another declared that her whole life had been lost in caressing the worse part of mankind, and in treating the best as her foes. Here and there, indeed, a reader might be found who was of opinion that the satire was too strongly flavoured with misanthropy, but such readers were altogether in the minority. It is remarkable that even Arbuthnot, though he objected to Laputa, expressed no dissatisfaction with the 'Voyage to the Houyhnhnms.'

Nearly three months before the publication of 'Gulliver,' Swift had quitted London for Dublin. His departure had been hastened by the terrible news that the calamity, which of all calamities he dreaded most, was imminent. The health of Miss Johnson had long been failing, and had latterly afforded matter for grave anxiety. Shortly after Swift's arrival in England, alarming symptoms had begun to develop themselves. For a while, however, his friends in Dublin had mercifully concealed the worst, and for a while his fears were not unmingled with hope. At last he knew the worst. His grief was such as absolutely to unnerve and unman him. The letters written at this time to Stopford and Sheridan exhibit a state of mind pitiable to contemplate. But the blow was not to fall yet. Esther Johnson rallied, and Swift again visited England.

He arrived in London with impaired health, and with a mind ill at ease. Nor was the life on which he now entered at all calculated to remedy the mischief. His popularity and fame were at their height, and he soon found that he had to pay the full price for his position. Neither friends nor strangers allowed him any peace. At Twickenham, Pope teased him to death about the corrected edition of 'Gulliver,' and about the third volume of the 'Miscellanies.' Gay, busy with the 'Beggar's Opera,' sought anxiously to profit from his criticism; and, if tradition is to be trusted, the drama which owed its existence to Swift's suggestion, owes to his pen two of its most famous songs. In London, and at Dawley, he was submitted to persecutions of another kind. Peterborough and Harcourt were eager to negociate an understanding with Walpole. Bolingbroke and Pulteney sought to engage him in active co-operation with the Opposition. The Opposition were now high in hope. The death of the King could be no remote event; and it was confidently believed that, with the accession of the Prince of Wales, the supremacy of Walpole would be at an end, and that the Ministry would be reconstructed. The

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person who was popularly supposed to direct the counsels of the Prince was Mrs. Howard, the declared enemy of Walpole, the staunch ally of the faction opposed to him. That Swift shared in some measure the hopes of his friends, is very likely. With Mrs. Howard he was on terms of close intimacy. Before his arrival in England he had regularly corresponded with her. During his residence in England he regularly visited her. At Leicester House he had been received with marked favour. Indeed, the Princess had gone out of her way to pay him attention. He had thus ample reason for supposing that, if affairs took the turn which his friends anticipated, the prize which had twice before eluded him would again be within his grasp. Suddenly, far more suddenly than was expected, occurred the event on which so much depended. On July 9th died George I. Swift remained in London during that period of intense excitement which intervened between the preferment of Sir Spencer Compton and the re-establishment of Walpole. He kissed the hands of the new King and the new Queen, saw in a few days that all was over, and then hurried off, sick and weary, to bury himself, first in Pope's study at Twickenham, and then at Lord Oxford's country seat at Wimpole. At the end of September he abruptly quitted England for ever.

Of his last days on this side of the Channel a singularly interesting record has recently come to light. On arriving at Holyhead he found himself too late for the Dublin packet. Unfavourable weather set in, and he was detained for upwards of a week in what was then the most comfortless of British seaports. During that week he amused himself with scribbling verses, and with keeping a journal. This journal Mr. Craik has now given to the world, and we have no hesitation in calling it the most remarkable contribution to the personal history of Swift which has appeared since the publication of the 'Letters to Stella.' In reading the journal it is impossible not to be struck with its resemblance to the diary kept by Byron at Ravenna. In both there is the same contrast between what appears on the surface and what is beneath. In both cases the same listless wretchedness takes refuge in the same laborious trifling. Both are the soliloquies of men who are as weary of themselves as they are weary of the world, and who clutch desperately at every expedient for escaping reflection and for killing time, sometimes by investing trifles with adventitious importance, sometimes by indulging half-ironically in a sort of humorous self-analysis, sometimes by dallying lazily with their own idle fancies.

The death of Esther Johnson, in January 1728, dissolved the

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only tie which bound Swift to life. It had been long expected, but when the end came it must have come suddenly, for, though in Dublin, he was not with her. With pathetic particularity he has himself recorded the circumstances under which he heard of his irreparable loss. It was late in the evening of Sunday, the 28th of January. The guests who were in the habit of assembling weekly at the Deanery on that evening were round him, and it was nearly midnight before he could be alone with his sorrow. How that sad night was passed was known to none, until he had himself been laid in the grave. Then was found among his papers that most touching memorial of his grief and love—the 'Memoir and Character of Esther Johnson.' Firmly and calmly had the desolate old man met the calamity which a few months before he had described himself as not daring to contemplate. That night he commenced the narrative which tells the story of her in whose coffin was buried all that made existence tolerable to him. And regularly as each night came round he appears to have resumed his task. There is something almost ghastly in the contrast between the smooth and icy flow of the chronicle itself and the terribly pathetic significance of the parentheses which mark the stages in its composition. 'This,' he writes, on the night of the 30th, 'is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine o'clock, and I am removed into another compartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over the window of my bedchamber.' Sorrow and despair have many voices, but seldom have they found expression so affecting as in those calm and simple words.

'Se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?'

It is said that her name was never afterwards known to pass his lips.

The biography of Swift from the death of Esther Johnson to the hour in which his own eyes closed on the world, is the catastrophe of a tragedy sadder and more awful than any of those pathetic fictions which appal and melt us on the stage of Sophocles and Shakspeare. The distressing malady under which he laboured never for long relaxed its grasp, and when the paroxysms were not actually on him, the daily and hourly dread of their return was scarcely less agonizing. In that malady he discerned the gradual but inevitable approach of a calamity, which is of all the calamities incident to man the most fearful to contemplate. Over his spirits hung the cloud of profound and settled melancholy. His wretchedness was without respite and without alloy. When he was not under the spell of dull, dumb misery, he was on the rack of furious passions.

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'Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom he scorned, those only strong;
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled and yet burning still,
For aye entempesting anew,
The unfathomable hell within.'

His writings and correspondence exhibit a mind perpetually oscillating between unutterable despair and demoniac rage, between a misanthropy bitterer and more savage than that which tore the heart of Timon, and a sympathy with suffering humanity as acute and sensitive as that which vibrated in Rousseau and Shelley.

It was not until the accession of George II. that Swift fully realized the hopelessness of effecting any reform in Ireland. His second interview with Walpole had convinced him that so long as that Minister was at the head of affairs the policy of England would remain unchanged, that a deaf ear would be turned to all appeals, all protests, all suggestions. The new reign would, he had hoped, have placed the reins of Government in new hands. It had, on the contrary, confirmed the supremacy of Walpole, and the fate of Ireland was sealed. But what enraged him most was the consciousness that his efforts to awaken in the Irish themselves the spirit of resistance and reform had wholly failed. None of his proposals had been carried out, none of his warnings had been heeded. All was as all had been before. An ignoble rabble of sycophants and slaves still grovelled at the feet of Power. Corruption and iniquity still sat unabashed on the tribunal; the two Houses still swarmed with the tools of oppression; and the country, which his genius and energy had for a moment galvanized into life, had again sunk torpid and inert into the degradation in which he had found her. In the provinces was raging one of the most frightful famines ever known in the annals of the peasantry. Never, perhaps, in the whole course of her melancholy history was the condition of Ireland more deplorable than at the beginning of 1729. All this worked liked poison in Swift's blood, and, like the cleaving mischief of the fable, tortured him without intermission till torture ceased to be possible. But the savage indignation, which the spectacle of English misgovernment excited in him, was now fully equalled by the disdain and loathing with which he regarded the sufferers themselves. Towards the aborigines his feelings had never been other than those of repulsion and contempt, mingled with the sort of pity which the humane feel for the sufferings of the inferior animals. As a politician, he looked upon them pretty much

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much as Prospero looked upon Caliban, or as a Spartan legislator looked upon the Helots. On the regeneration of the Englishry depended in his opinion the regeneration of the whole island. It was in their interests that he had laboured, it was on their co-operation that he had relied. It was to them that he had appealed. And he had found them as frivolous, as impracticable, as despicable, as their compatriots. The hatred, with which Swift in his latter years regarded Ireland and its inhabitants, recals in its intensity and bitterness the hatred with which Juvenal appears to have regarded the people of Egypt, and Dante the people of Pisa. It resembled a consuming passion. It overflowed, we are told, in his conversation, it glows at white heat in his writings, it flames out in his correspondence. 'It is time for me,' he says, in one place, 'to have done with the world, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.' He is surrounded 'by slaves, and knaves, and fools,' in a country which is 'a wretched dirty dog-hole; a prison, but good enough to die in.' He is 'worn out with years and sickness and rage against all public proceedings.' 'My flesh and bones,' he furiously exclaims in another letter, 'are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves.'

Meanwhile, his literary activity was incessant. The mere enumeration of the pieces produced by Swift between 1727 and 1737 would occupy several pages. In that list would be found some of the best of his poems, and some of the best of his minor prose satires. Foremost among the first would stand the 'Rhapsody on Poetry,' the 'Poem to a Lady who had asked him to write on her in the heroic style,' 'The Grand Question Debated,' the 'Beast's Confession,' the 'Day of Judgment,' the 'Verses on his own Death'; foremost among the second would be the 'Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of the Poor from becoming a Burden,' the 'Treatise on Polite Conversation,' and the 'Directions to Servants.' But the number of these works bears no proportion to the number of those in which he dealt with the questions of the hour, and which have with the hour ceased to be generally interesting; the pamphlets, for example, on the grievances of Ireland; the pamphlets evoked by the proposal to repeal the Test Act; by the Bills for imposing restrictions on the liberty of the clergy, and for subdividing large benefices, and by the 'Modus Bill' of 1733. But the writings most truly characteristic of Swift's state of mind during these years are his poems. In them his misanthropy, his hatred of individuals, his rage, his pessimism, found full vent. Of some of these poems it would be no exaggeration to say, that nothing so purely diabolical had ever before,

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or has ever since, emanated from man. There are passages in the satirists of antiquity which are—in mere indecency, perhaps — as shameless and brutal. A misanthropy almost as bitter flavours the satire in which Juvenal depicts the feud between the Ombites and the Tentyrites. The invectives of Junius, and the libels of Pope, not unfrequently exhibit a malignity scarcely human; and if the Mephistopheles of fable could be clothed in flesh, his mockery would probably be the mockery of Voltaire and Heine. But the later satire of Swift stands alone. It is the very alcohol of hatred and contempt. Its intensity is the intensity of monomania, whether its object be an individual, a sect, or mankind. To find any parallel to such pieces as the 'Ladies' Dressing Room,' the 'Place of the Damned,' and the 'Legion Club,' we must go to the speeches in which the depraved and diseased mind of Lear runs riot in obscenity and rage. But it was when his satire was directed against particular individuals, that it became most inhuman, and most noisome. Such, for example, would be the attack on Walpole in the 'Epistle to Gay,' the attack on Allen in 'Traulus,' and such pre-eminently would be the libels on Tighe. To provoke the hostility of Swift was, in truth, like rousing the energies of a skunk and a pole-cat. It was to engage in a contest, the issue of which was certain, to be compelled to beat an ignominious retreat, cruelly lacerated, and half suffocated with filth.

But there was another side to his life during these years, and we gladly turn to it. No city ever owed more to a private man than Dublin owed to Swift. In 1720 he defeated, or at least contributed to defeat, a scheme which would in all probability have involved hundreds of her citizens in ruin. With the two most formidable pests which infest civilized communities, mendicancy and banditism, he grappled with eminent success. The first nuisance was greatly abated by his plan for providing beggars with badges, and thus confining them to the parishes to which they severally belonged; and it was, as we have seen, owing to his vigilance and ingenuity that Dublin enjoyed, for a time at least, almost complete immunity from street marauders. His care indeed extended to every department of municipal economy, from the direction of parliamentary elections to the regulation of the coal traffic. It may be said of Dr. Swift, writes one who knew him well, that he literally followed the example of his Master, and went about doing good. His private charity, though judicious, was boundless. He never, we are told, went abroad without a pocket full of coins which he distributed among the indigent and sick,

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sick, whom he regularly visited. Nothing is more certain than that his severe frugality in domestic life, which fools mistook for avarice, arose solely from his determination to devote his money to the noblest uses to which money can be applied. If he denied himself and his guests superfluities, it was that he might provide the needy with necessaries, and posterity with St. Patrick's Hospital. He was the idol of the multitude, he was the terror of the Government. 'I know by experience,' wrote Carteret, just after he resigned the Lord Lieutenancy, 'how much the city of Dublin thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's.' In his war with England, and with that party in Dublin which was in the English interest, he was not unfrequently threatened with violence; but the mere rumour that the Dean was in danger was sufficient to rally round him a body-guard so formidable, that he had little to fear either from the law or from private malice.

But to Swift all this was nothing. Sick of himself, sick of the world, fully aware of the awful fate which was impending over him—he saw it, says Lyon, as plainly as men foresee a coming shower—he longed only, he prayed only, for death. It was his constant habit to take leave of one of the few friends whom he admitted to his intimacy, and who was accustomed to visit him two or three times a week, with the words, 'Well, God bless you, good night to you, but I hope I shall never see you again.'

At the end of 1737 it became apparent to his friends, and it becomes painfully apparent in his correspondence, that his mind was rapidly failing. The deafness and giddiness, which had before visited him intermittently, now rarely left him. His memory was so impaired that he was scarcely able to converse. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he could express himself on paper. As his intellect decayed, his irritability and ferocity increased. On the slightest provocation he would break out into paroxysms of frantic rage. At last his reason gave way, and he ceased to be responsible for his actions. In March, 1742, it became necessary to place his estate in the hands of trustees.

Into a particular narrative of Swift's last days we really cannot enter. Nothing in the recorded history of humanity, nothing that the imagination of man has conceived, can transcend in horror and pathos the accounts which have come down to us of the closing scenes of his life. His memory was gone, his reason was gone; he recognized no friend: he was below his own Struldbrugs. Day after day he paced his chamber, as a wild beast

beast paces its cage, taking his food as he walked, and occasionally muttering expressions which plainly showed that he was fully conscious of the degradation into which he had fallen. At times it was dangerous to approach him, for the mere sight of his kind would, when in his wilder moods, throw him into convulsions of impotent fury. During the autumn of 1742 his state was horrible and pitiable beyond expression. At last, after suffering unspeakable tortures from one of the most agonizing maladies known to surgery, he sank into the torpor of imbecility. In this deplorable condition he continued, with short intervals of a sort of semi-consciousness, till death released him from calamity. He expired at three o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, the 19th of October, 1745. Three days afterwards, his coffin was laid at midnight beside the coffin of Esther Johnson, in the south nave of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Note on Swift's Disease.

The history of Swift's case is briefly this. In his twenty-third year he became subject to fits of giddiness; in his twenty-eighth year, or, according to another account, before he had completed his twentieth year, he was attacked by fits of deafness. The first disorder he attributed primarily to a surfeit of green fruit; the origin of the second he ascribed to a common cold. The giddiness was occasionally attended with sickness, the deafness with ringing in the ears, and both with extreme depression. The attacks were periodic and paroxysmal, increasing in frequency and severity as life advanced. As old age drew on, his giddiness and deafness became more constant and intense; he grew morbidly irritable; he lost all control over his temper, his intellect became abnormally enfeebled, his memory at times almost totally failed him. But it was not until he had completed his seventy-fourth year that he became unequivocally insane. In 1742 what appeared to be an attack of acute mania—though it was mania without delusion, and may perhaps have been merely the frenzied expression of excruciating physical pain, occasioned by a tumour in the eye,—was succeeded by absolute fatuity. In this state, broken, however, by occasional gleams of sensibility and reason, he remained till death. The autopsy revealed water on the brain, the common result of cerebral atrophy.

That a disease presenting such symptoms as these should have originated from a surfeit of fruit and a common cold, was a theory that may have passed unchallenged in the infancy of medical science, but was not likely to find much favour in more enlightened times. Accordingly, at the beginning of this century, an eminent physician, Dr. Beddoes, came forward with another hypothesis. He entertained no doubt that the disease was homogeneous and progressive; and, connecting

connecting its primary symptoms with other peculiarities of Swift's conduct and writings, he ascribed their origin to a cause very derogatory to the moral character of the sufferer. Scott, justly indignant that such an aspersion should have been cast on the Dean's memory, took occasion in his 'Life of Swift' to comment very severely on Beddoes' remarks. But Scott, unfortunately, had no means of refuting them. Medical science was silent; and Swift, ludicrous to relate, has been held up in more than one publication as an appalling illustration of the effects of profligate indulgence. At last, in 1846, Sir William Wilde came to the rescue. In an essay in the 'Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science,' afterwards published in a volume entitled 'The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life,' he reinvestigated with the minutest care the whole case. In the first place, he made the important discovery that the Dean had undoubtedly had a stroke of paralysis. This was a circumstance which had not been recorded by any of the biographers, but which a plaster cast, taken from the mask applied to the face after death, placed beyond doubt. Wilde boldly contended that there was no proof at all that Swift was ever insane, in the sense in which the word is usually understood, nay, that previous to 1742 he showed no symptoms whatever of mental disease 'beyond the ordinary decay of nature.' The deplorable condition into which he subsequently sank, Wilde attributed not to insanity, or to imbecility, but to paralysis of the muscles by which the mechanism of speech is produced, and to loss of memory, the result in all probability of subarachnoid effusion. But what Wilde failed to understand was the nature of the original disease, in other words, the cause of the giddiness and deafness which, whatever may have been their connection with the graver symptoms of the case, undoubtedly ushered them in. And it is here that Dr. Bucknill comes to our assistance. In his opinion, the life-long malady of Swift is to be identified with a malady which medical science has only recently recognized, 'Labyrinthine Vertigo,' or, as it is sometimes called in honour of the eminent pathologist who discovered it, 'La Maladie de Ménière.' To this are to be attributed all the symptoms which were supposed by Swift himself to have originated from a surfeit of fruit or a chill, which Beddoes attributed to profligate habits, and which Sir William Wilde was unable satisfactorily to account for. It was a purely physical and local disorder, which in no way either impaired or perverted his mental powers, and which, had it run its course uncomplicated, would probably have ended merely in complete deafness. But on this disorder supervened, between 1738 and 1742, dementia, with hemiplegia and aphasia; the dementia arising from general decay of the brain occasioned by age and disease, the aphasia and paralysis resulting from disease of one particular part of the brain, probably the third left frontal convolution. Thus the insanity, or, to speak more accurately, the fatuity of Swift, was not, as he himself and his biographers after him have supposed, the gradual development of years, but was partly the effect of senile decay, and partly the effect of a local lesion.

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helped him to serve the Quakers, the influence of the sovereign could not be favourable either to his political or his religious character. It tended to warp his judgment in some points, and to impair the beauty of his life in others. He must have been more than man if his exposure to the temptations of a Court like that of James II. left him perfectly untarnished and entirely untouched. It would hardly fail to rub off the fresh bloom of his early piety. It certainly has had a detrimental effect on his historical fame. All the most serious charges against him spring from *this one source*. Those charges are, when fully examined, found to be unsustained. Yet occasion and colour were given to them by the unfortunate circumstances in which patronage, such as that of the Popish prince, placed this excellent person over and over again. Some of the reports circulated respecting him might have been silenced at once but for his uncommon intimacy with the monarch, and the means he adopted to maintain and increase it." This summary may pass without objection; only it should be noted that, while the actual charges were unfounded, the fault now found rests upon speculations as to what must have been the effect of life at Court. And the phrase, "the means he adopted to maintain and increase it," has a suspicious sound which is not warranted by the facts, and which, probably, it was not intended to convey. The troubles that befell Penn, directly or indirectly, through his connection with James II. remind one of Kingsley's saying about Sir Walter Raleigh—that God loved him so well that He always punished his sins in this life.

The story of the founding of Pennsylvania, the impolitic and ungrateful treatment Penn received from the colonists, his family distresses, and his closing years, is told in clear outline. Now and again the reader wishes for fuller details, but generally these could not possibly have been procured. One of Dr. Stoughton's remarks helps to solve the mysteries of Penn's course—he was essentially a "sanguine" man. Had he trusted others less, he might have enjoyed greater external prosperity. His last years were spent with partially beclouded faculties. The present biography points with unusual delicacy of touch to the suggestive fact that his religious emotions continued vigorous to the end.

We congratulate Dr. Stoughton upon a work worthy of his literary reputation, and the public upon the possession of a readable, handy, and trustworthy memoir of William Penn. The unique portrait prefixed to the book gives it additional value.

English Men of Letters.

English Men of Letters. "Sterne," by H. D. Traill. "Swift," by Leslie Stephen. "Dickens," by A. W. Ward. London: Macmillan and Co. 1882.

Little is known of Sterne's life apart from his works, and what

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little there is does not increase our respect for him. That such a writer should have been a clergyman throws a sad light on the state of the English Church of the last century. Mr. Traill wisely gives his chief attention to a criticism of Sterne's works. His criticism seems to us eminently discriminating and just. The grossness, the plagiarisms, the affectations of the great novelist are condemned without attempt at excuse or palliation. In acting thus Mr. Traill pursues a wise course. He evidently feels that his subject will allow these deductions. Sterne's fame rests on grounds which are independent of these admitted facts. Indeed, it may be said that the mere fact of his fame surviving such glaring defects is no mean tribute to his power. Such defects would have been fatal to an ordinary writer. We imagine that the extent of Sterne's borrowings from writers like Burton and Bishop Hall, to say nothing of French writers, will be a discovery to ordinary readers. Mr. Traill's discussion of Sterne's single great quality—his humour—is excellent. In illustrating its "purity and delicacy," he has to premise that he uses these terms in a rigidly literary sense, for he has just said, "There can be no denying that Sterne is of all writers the most permeated and penetrated with impurity of thought and suggestion." The remarks on Sterne's "creative and dramatic power" also are well put. Mr. Traill justly observes that the creation of one new character like that of Uncle Toby is title enough to immortality. It is only from a Shakespeare that we can expect a whole gallery of new creations. "As a rule we see the worthy Captain only as he appeared to his creator's keen dramatic eye, and as he is set before us in a thousand exquisite touches of dialogue—the man of simple mind and soul, profoundly unimaginative and unphilosophical, but lacking not in a certain shrewd common sense, exquisitely *naïf*, and delightfully *mal-à-propos* in his observations, but always pardonably, never foolishly, so; inexhaustibly amiable, but with no weak amiability; homely in his ways, but a perfect gentleman withal; in a word, the most winning and lovable personality that is to be met with, surely, in the whole range of fiction."

The study of Swift is excellently done. The life and works are treated together, each work being described and characterised in the order of its appearance. Even to a greater extent than usual Swift's writings are the embodiment and expression of the man. We doubt whether there was more vigour, more common sense, more cynicism, more power of scathing satire in the man than there is in his writings. This is saying a great deal, for if ever qualities of this order were impersonated in a single character, they were so impersonated in Swift. He was acknowledged to be a terrible enemy, and perhaps no man ever made so many enemies, or cared so little for the good opinion of the world as Swift. His independence amounted to a monomania. Still, even

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Swift had a gentle side. His boundless ambition, so bitterly disappointed, was not the ambition of personal avarice. His charity to the needy was constant. "He had a whole 'seraglio' of distressed old women in Dublin; there was scarcely a lane in the whole city where he had not such a 'mistress.' He saluted them kindly, inquired into their affairs, bought trifles from them, and gave them such titles as Pullagowna, Stumpa-Nympha, and so forth." "He scorned to receive money for his writings; he abandoned the profit to his printers in consideration of the risks they ran, or gave it to his friends. In later years he lived on a third of his income, gave away a third, and saved the remaining third for his posthumous charity." The £12,000 which he left went towards founding St. Patrick's Hospital in 1757. Amid the mingled admiration and disgust awakened by the more prominent features of his character, let not this gentle aspect be overlooked. Mr. Stephen does not attempt to solve the many problems presented in Swift's life. Space forbids this, but he expresses an opinion which always evidently rests on good grounds. It is little likely that any more evidence will be forthcoming on these hotly disputed points. Many strange tales attach themselves to the Dean's name. His congregation consisting on one occasion of himself and his clerk, Swift began the service, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me." Faulkner, the Dublin printer, was dining with Swift, and on asking for a second supply of asparagus, was told by the Dean to finish what he had on his plate. "What, sir, eat my stalks?" "Ay, sir; King William always ate his stalks." "And were you blockhead to obey him?" asked the hearer. "Yes," said Faulkner; "and if you had dined with Dean Swift *tête-à-tête*, you would have been obliged to eat your stalks, too." Once a great crowd collected in Dublin to see an eclipse. Swift sent round the bellman to give notice that the eclipse had been postponed by the Dean's orders, and the crowd dispersed. On his visits to London Swift sometimes stayed in Chelsea. It is curious now to read of his bathing in the river on hot nights, while his Irish servant, Patrick, warned off passing boats.

Professor Ward's criticism of Dickens is evidently based upon thorough familiarity with his works. While full of sincere admiration, it is far from undiscriminating. The faults, as well as the merits, of each work are pointed out. The former arose partly from rapidity of production. Dickens wrote too much and too rapidly to write perfectly. True, the exaggeration and sensationalism which are the drawbacks of his writings had their roots in his life and character, but they might have been overcome by due culture. For this Dickens had not time, or thought he had not; and he died of premature exhaustion induced by working at the highest possible pressure. The series of public readings,

described in Professor Ward's sixth chapter, seems stark madness. Without any call of necessity, and in the teeth of repeated warnings, he persisted in course after course of reading before exciting assemblies which would have tried herculean strength. Every one must rejoice that the influence of Dickens's writings has been so healthy. He proved that the ordinary novel, adapted, unlike Scott's, for general readers, need not be immoral in order to be interesting. The provision of good reading of this type for millions is one merit of Dickens, but by no means the only one. The purpose and the effect of nearly all his writings is to create sympathy with the struggling and unfortunate. No one can measure the impulse given by his writings to the cause of charity. The objection that his range of description is limited, that he draws his material only from one sphere of life, applies to other writers with just the same force, to Scott, Thackeray, George Eliot. Enough that he worked the vein which he knew best so well. The incidents of his own life, and the results of his own observation, enter largely into his novels. Not the least interesting feature of Professor Ward's book is that it points out the originals of so many of the familiar characters and scenes. Only Dickens himself could have furnished a complete key. One of the chief faults we have to find with Dickens is that he so often made his religious characters hypocrites. This fault also arose from the limitations of his experience. Mr. Ward says, "Of Puritanism in its modern forms he was an uncompromising, and no doubt a conscientious, opponent, and though, with perfect sincerity, he repelled the charge that his attacks upon cant were attacks upon religion, yet their *animus* is such as to make the misinterpretation intelligible. His dissenting ministers are of the *Bartholomew Fair* species, and though, in his later books, a good clergyman here and there makes his modest appearance, the balance can hardly be said to be satisfactorily redressed." We should naturally put the case much more strongly. The accounts of Dickens's personal habits—his love of neatness and method; punctuality, early rising, fondness for walking—are interesting. Professor Ward writes out of fulness of knowledge, and of course with almost perfect taste. But we confess that the word "banalities" (p. 46) is above us.

Autobiography of James Burn.

James Burn, the "Beggar Boy." An Autobiography, relating the numerous Trials, Struggles, and Vicissitudes of a strangely chequered Life, with Glimpses of English Social, Commercial and Political History, during Eighty Years, 1802-1882. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

The contents and purpose of this work are pretty clearly indicated

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tragic mood, had the curtain rung down. Then the temper of the house turned, and their wrath fell upon the guilty student. To prevent any further disturbance Madame Modjeska had the curtain lifted and began the potion scene again from its commencement. Never was it more enthusiastically applauded, or received with more respectful attention. When the act was over the students came in a body to offer their apologies to Madame Modjeska, and the guilty one himself proposed to apologise publicly for his joke. But Madame Modjeska, who would not let them think her offended by the absurd incident, refused to allow this; nevertheless the next day the apology was published in the papers.

Mr. Sergent's attention had been a good deal taken up, during this tour, by his new star Captain Boyton (who gave to Madame Modjeska a pair of young alligators as pets); but he was still bent upon her playing 'East Lynne,' and when the tour was completed he took the Grand Opera House in New York, for her to appear in this drama. However, the instinct of the actress had been right. It was impossible for her to make 'East Lynne' a great success. In order to fill the house it was necessary to replace it by 'Camille.'

In June Madame Modjeska left New York, fulfilling the long-cherished wish of her heart by sailing for England, with the understanding that she was to make an appearance in London. Mr. Sergent had agreed, verbally, to take her there during her contract with him, and obtain an engagement for her in a London theatre. Apart from her great desire to come to London, it appeared to her to be a necessity now that she had taken her position upon the English stage.

Mr. Sergent brought her over, but having arrived here, he said he could not find an opening, but would secure one for the autumn. So she decided to pay another visit to her own country in the meantime, and went away quite at her ease about her future arrangements.

Before she went, however, she saw Mr. Irving at the Lyceum —that theatre which had appeared in her dreams at night as being the very home of the drama. The piece on then was 'Vanderdecken;' and to her mind it surpassed all the fairy tales which she had read in her youth.

(*To be concluded in the next number.*)

Temple Bar
1452

1696

A Relic of Swift and Stella.

By FRANCES POWER COBBE.

A portion of Stella's life—long or short I cannot tell—was passed in a *villeggiatura*, of which no record appears in any of the biographies of Swift. The little which is known about the matter may be briefly told.

On the eastern coast of Ireland, about ten miles north of Dublin, there is a kind of peninsula, commonly called by the inhabitants the "Island of Donabate." It lies between two estuaries, one opposite the little town of Malahide, the other opposite the village of Rush. The four or five miles of intervening shore is singularly varied and (for so flat a country) picturesque. At first, at the southern extremity, it consists of a long range of unusually lofty and broken sand-hills, with their sides covered with bent grass; the intervening miniature valleys being veritable wild gardens of dwarf white roses, horned-poppy, sea-starwort, blue and yellow pansies, and grass of Parnassus. A long smooth beach stretches beneath the hills, and there, upon the "yellow sands," fairies might make their assignations in perfect confidence of remaining undisturbed by inquisitive human witnesses of their frolics. The spot is still one of the loneliest in the kingdom, and in the days when Stella may have strolled along it, must have been utterly solitary. Of the shells, wherewith the shore is strewn, there are thousands, especially after the autumn storms—beautiful double pectens and spined cockles, and the large black Iceland Venus, trochuses, mactras, pholases, and a hundred others. After two or three miles the sand-hills cease, and rocks appear gradually rising to fine black cliffs, beneath which the waves boom and roar as the tide rolls up to their base. At one point, in certain states of the wind, an immense column of foam is thrown into the air above the level of the cliff, like a geyser. There are many caves in the rocks; one of them, not easily accessible, contains a Holy Well, always full of the freshest and purest water, though overflowed every tide by the salt brine. Another, a really noble cavern, with a grand dark mouth opening on the sea, runs back some distance inland, and from the top of the cliff a long passage has been cut down into it by smugglers, to enable them

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to haul up, at convenient hours, the bales of illicit merchandise which were, no doubt, landed in the cave by boats from below.

Still farther, beyond the rocks, the coast again sinks to sands, and near this point stand two ruins. One is close to the shore, and is an old roofless church, with a tower containing the mullions of a small Decorated window; a grey, picturesque ruin standing among a few trees and many humble graves. The other tower is an old "Castle of the Pale," standing two or three hundred yards behind the church. In this old castle Stella dwelt—whether for several years, or only for a single summer, tradition is silent. That she actually resided in the castle, however, is a matter of certainty, so far as any tradition can be certain; and the relic of her sojourn, of which I shall presently speak, has remained in a neighbouring house from that time to the present.

It was a singular abode for a woman of Stella's condition. These old castles (of which there is another and larger one at Lanistown, three miles off, and several more scattered over the country) are all of one pattern, and may have been built at any period between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries. They are of stone, cemented with mortar still harder than the stone; and consist in every case of a solid and lofty square tower, with one or more still loftier turrets at the angles, both tower and turret-walls being surmounted by battlements. Below is a large vaulted chamber, with huge yawning chimney, and a spiral stone stair ascending to the room of equal size above. This last room has a recess so contrived as that the flagstone wherewith it is paved may at any time be easily raised, thereby commanding the entrance to the castle immediately within the great door, and enabling the defenders to drop anything they might please (stones, melted lead, or burning pitch, for example) on the head of an intruder. Still higher up the tower were one or more chambers, of which the floors have all fallen in; and, in Lanistown castle, there is a secret stair through the wall opposite the entrance, leading down to a small postern a few feet above the ground.

Till the early part of the present century these old "Castles of the Pale" were still inhabited by peasants, who used the arched rooms below as their kitchens and dwelling-place, and perhaps kept some sort of roof over those above, which now are open to sun and rain, with ivy creeping everywhere within and without. Perhaps in Stella's time some farmer's family occupied Portrane Tower, and received her as a lodger; but more probably she rented the desolate abode for a trifle, and lived there with a servant or two, alone by the "sad sea waves."

It is rather interesting to think of the poor lady wandering

over those solitary and beautiful cliffs, where the samphire and sea-lavender, the sea-pink and the sea-spleenwort grow; passing her quiet hours in watching the waves breaking on the rocks, and the sea-gulls and cormorants dipping and flying hither and thither, and perhaps bathing herself in the sweet little coves, with the solemn cavern for a dressing-room. Opposite her, across a few miles of sea to the south, she could see the bold promontory of Howth, and the picturesque rock of Ireland's Eye, like a solitary isle of the Egean drifted into northern seas; and farther away the two pointed mountains called by the poetic Celt the "Golden Spears," and by the prosaic Saxon, the "Sugar Loaves." Just opposite her, only three miles off, rose the island of Lambay, where, somewhere between the years 500 and 600, St. Columbkill had founded one of the first churches in the British Isles.

To these vague guesses respecting the occupation of poor Stella's time at Portrane, we can add one certainty. She either employed herself in making some sort of garden beneath her grim old tower, or else undertook some geological explorations of the neighbouring rocks (limestone and porphyry and conglomerate) before such researches were by any means common. For her amusement in this way, Swift, either then or previously, presented her with a singular little tool of the nature of an axe, which might be used for either purpose. It is a very dainty and lady-like affair, having a handle of cherry wood elegantly turned, about sixteen inches long, and a double blade of iron of a T form, nine inches long; each blade ending in a point suitable for breaking small stones. Into the handle of the axe is neatly inserted a longitudinal slip of lighter-coloured wood, and on this is inscribed the line (doubtless of Swift's own composition):

"RIDENT VICINI GLEBAS ET SAXA MOVENTEM."

The pretty little axe was left, it seems, at Portrane by Stella. Some years afterwards it became the property of an Englishman, who just then had bought the greater part of the island of Donabate—Charles Cobbe, Archbishop of Dublin (1742), grandson of Richard Cobbe, colleague of Richard Cromwell as Knights of the Shire for Hampshire in Oliver Cromwell's Parliament of 1656. Archbishop Cobbe interested himself, it would seem, considerably in the contemporary reminiscences of Swift, and commenced some collection of them which still exists in his handwriting. Stella's axe, brought by him from Portrane to his then new abode, Newbridge House, Donabate, has remained there for five generations, and is at present the property of the archbishop's great-great-grandson, Charles Cobbe, D.L.

(Postscript.)

Since writing the above, I have been favoured with the following very interesting letter on the subject from Mr. Leslie Stephen:

"In the Forster Collection at the South Kensington Museum are preserved a series of note-books of Swift, containing accounts of his personal expenses, and occasional entries of other kinds. A facsimile of some of the accounts is given in Forster's 'Life,' p. 254.

"One of the note-books contains Swift's accounts from Nov. 1, 1709, to Nov. 1, 1710, in the same form as those facsimilied by Forster. One entry notes that he landed in England on Sept. 1, 1710. He stayed there till the spring of 1713. The remainder of the book is filled up by a statement of accounts, in the same form as Swift's, but in a different hand, which I take to be Stella's. She was no doubt imitating her master, and probably obeying his precepts. He had (one may guess) sent her the book as a model of account-keeping.

"It begins with an entry of Nov. 1, but with no year given. As, however, the entries seem to be continuous (with occasional gaps), it is probably Nov. 1711.

"In the next year there are the following entries, which I copy in the original spelling. (Swift, it may be remembered, reproves Stella for her eccentric spelling, in the famous 'Journal.')

"'From Augt. 16 to —23.

		£	s.	d.
	Tripe, &c., 6. Pepper, 1*d.* Roles, 2*d.* .	0	0	9
	Crabs, 3. Ale and Beer, 6. Rabits, &c., 8*d.*	0	1	5
17.	A Turkey, 11*d.* Bread, 4*d.* . . .	0	1	3
—	Butter	0	10	0
		0	13	5

"'We went to Portraun Augst. 20 and returned home Sepr. 9.

Spent while we were there:

	£	s.	d.
To servants	0	11	0
To Margaret	0	3	11
	0	14	11,

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"After another statement of accounts, there follows on the next page:

"'We went to Portraun the second time, Sepr. 18; returned home, Nov. 26, 1712.

Spent in that time:

	£	s.	d.
To servants	1	1	9
Spent and laid out by Margaret . .	0	16	1
	1	17	10,

"This date is the only year distinctly mentioned in the book. In the (apparently) preceding winter is an entry:

"'From Jany. 23 to Feby. 1st we were at Bally-Gall.' and this is followed by a hieroglyphic which looks like 1710, which would be 1710–11. But it might be M.D., Swift's pet name for the two ladies, Stella and her companion Mrs. Dingley.

"The handwriting agrees with the only autograph of Stella that I have seen; but if there could be any doubt from the book itself, it would be removed by the endorsement of Swift's letter to Stella of Nov. 15, 1712, namely, 'Received Novr. 26, just come from Portraine,' which exactly tallies with the statement in the account-book.

"Portraine is, I presume, the place referred to in his letter of Oct. 9, 1712.

"'You "thought to come home the same day and staid a month;" that was a sign the place was agreeable; I "should have such a sort of jaunt."'

"Some curious illustrations of contemporary spelling and prices might be found in the note-book, as e.g. 'Currans 2*d*. A Fowle 1*s*. 4*d*. Cabage 1*d*. Raisons 6*d*.' and so forth; but the note-book is in any case interesting as combining Swift's and Stella's handwriting."

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JONATHAN SWIFT.

In the controversy which Swift's life and character have provoked, it has been extremely difficult hitherto to arrive at any quite satisfactory conclusion. Biographical criticism, like Biblical, is a progressive science. The critical method, which we have brought to comparative perfection, was almost unknown to our forefathers. Johnson's 'Lives of the English Poets' is one of the best books of the time, for his arbitrary dogmatism was controlled and informed by an admirable common-sense; but even Johnson often misleads. We do not speak of his criticism of poetry, for the canon of taste has changed since his day—as it may change again; but the genuine spirit of inquiry is conspicuous by its absence. Even the lives of the men who might almost be called contemporary are treated as if the gossip of the club and the tittle-tattle of the coffee-house were the only available sources of information. Thus, until Walter Scott's memoirs were published, the real Swift was almost unknown. The growth of the Swift legend was indeed unusually rapid; and if an exacter criticism had not been brought to bear upon it in time, there is no saying to what proportions it might not have attained. The great Dean of St Patrick's was becoming a grotesque and gigantic shadow. Scott was not a critic in the modern sense of the word; but his judgment, upon the whole, was sound and just, and his large humanity enabled him to read into the story much that a stricter scrutiny has since approved. The creative sympathy of genius is seldom at fault; for it works in obedience to the larger laws which govern human conduct, and if its methods are sometimes unscientific, its conclusions are generally reliable.

Scott has been followed by diligent students, and the researches of Mr Mason, Mr Forster, and Mr Henry Craik may be considered exhaustive. All the documents that have any real bearing upon the controversy have been made accessible; and Mr Craik's mas-

terly Life, in particular, leaves little to be desired.[1] Much new matter has been recovered; much that was irrelevant has been set aside; and we think that a portrait, credible and consistent in its main lines, may now be constructed. After all deductions have been made, Jonathan Swift remains a great and imposing personality—as unique in that century as Benjamin Disraeli has been in ours.

The Dean himself is to some extent responsible for the gross caricature which has been commonly accepted as a faithful portrait by his countrymen. The intense force of his genius gave a vital energy to the merest trifles. His casual sayings have branded themselves upon the language. *Only a woman's hair—die like a poisoned rat in a hole—I am what I am—ubi sæva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit,* — these letters of fire may be read through the darkness which has engulfed so much. But a true and complete estimate of a man's disposition and temper cannot be constructed out of scattered and isolated phrases. We must take these for what they are worth,—compare them, weigh them, find out their proper place and relative value in the narrative. The subtler lights and shades of character are necessarily missed in a sketch which busies itself exclusively with the occasional outburst—however vivid and impressive—of passion or remorse. Mr Thackeray seldom hurts our sense of the becoming; but his slight and unconscientious treatment of one of the greatest satirists of the world is, it must be sorrowfully admitted, a wellnigh unpardonable offence.

The leading events of Swift's life fall naturally into four main divisions: 1st, His school and college life; 2d, His residence with Sir William Temple; 3d, His London career, with its social, literary, and political triumphs; 4th, His Irish banishment. He was born in 1667; he died in 1745: so that his life may be said to cover nearly the whole period between the Restoration of Charles II. and the last Jacobite rebellion.

Oliver Cromwell had been only a few years in his grave when Jonathan Swift was born. Swift was an Irishman, in so far as the place of birth determines nationality; but except for the accident that he was born in Dublin, he was, by extraction and temperament, an Englishman. He came of a good Hereford stock, and he was proud of his ancestry. "My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours," he says to Bolingbroke—an admission which he might safely make, for St John had a strain of Tudor blood in his veins. The Dean's grandfather had been vicar of Goodrich, and had been distinguished during the Civil War for the heartiness and obstinacy of his loyalty. But loyalty was a losing game in England at the time. So it came about that several of the vicar's sons were forced to cross the Irish Channel, and try their luck in the Irish capital. The eldest, Godwin, through his con-

[1] Mr Forster had only completed the first volume of the Dean's biography before his death; but the materials which he had accumulated, as well as those in the possession of Mr John Murray and others, have been put at Mr Craik's disposal, and his elaborate 'Life of Swift' (London—John Murray: 1882) must for the future be regarded as the standard work on the subject. Mr Leslie Stephen's 'Swift,' published last year, is an acute though somewhat unsympathetic study, in which Swift's great qualities are rather minimised.

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nection with the Ormond family, was fairly successful; but the younger brother, Jonathan, when he married Abigail Erick, had still his fortune to make. He died a year or two afterwards, leaving his widow wellnigh penniless. So that when Jonathan the second made his appearance in this bad world on the last day of November 1667, the outlook was by no means bright.

The widow contrived, however, to struggle on hopefully, and indeed remained to the end a bright, keen, thrifty, uncomplaining, capable sort of woman, much regarded by her son. In course of time she was able to get away from Dublin to her native country, where the Ericks had been known more or less since the days of that Eadric the forester from whom they claimed descent, and settled herself in Leicester, where she seems to have been well esteemed, and to have led the easy, blameless, unexciting life of a provincial town for many years. Her son had become famous before she died; but he was always loyal and affectionate to the cheery old lady, though their relations perhaps were never so intimate and endearing as those which united his mother to Pope,—

> "Whose filial piety excells
> Whatever Græcian story tells."

But he frequently went to see her,—walking the whole way, as was his habit; and on her death he recorded his sorrow in words so direct and simple that they cling to the memory: "*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."

Swift was thus cast upon the charity of his friends from his earliest infancy. When barely a year old, indeed, he was secretly taken to Whitehaven by his nurse, who belonged to that part of the country, and who could not bring herself to part from her charge. The little fellow appears to have thriven in that homely companionship. He remained with her for three years; and before he was brought back to Ireland, he could read, he tells us, any chapter of the Bible. Soon after his return to Dublin he was sent by his uncle Godwin to the grammar-school at Kilkenny — the famous academy where Swift and Congreve and Berkeley received their early training. From Kilkenny the lad went to Trinity College,—but his university career was undistinguished: he failed to accommodate himself to the traditional course of study, and it was with some difficulty that he obtained his degree. The sense of dependence pressed heavily upon him; he was moody and ill at ease — at war with the world, which had treated him scurvily, as he thought; and more than once he threatened to break into open revolt.

The Celtic rebellion of 1688 drove him, with a host of English fugitives, across the Channel—not unwillingly, we may believe. He joined his mother at Leicester; but before the close of 1689, he had obtained a post in the household of Sir William Temple. Sir William was living at Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey—a wild and romantic district even now, and which two centuries ago was a natural wilderness of heath and furze. In the centre of this wilderness Sir William had created a sort of Dutch paradise, — had planted his tulips, had dug his

canals, had filled his fish-pond. The somewhat ponderous affability of the retired diplomatist was looked upon as rather old-fashioned, even by his contemporaries; and it is not difficult to believe that the relations between him and the raw and inexperienced Irish secretary must have been, at first at least, a trifle strained and difficult. But we are rather inclined to think that the residence with Temple was not the least happy period of Swift's life. He was in his early manhood; he spent much of his time in the open air; he had a plentiful store of books to fall back upon during rainy weather; the first promptings of genius and ambition were making themselves felt; he saw on occasion the great men who were moving the world; and after some inevitable misunderstandings he became indispensable to Temple, who "often trusted him," as he says, "with affairs of great importance." Then there was little Esther Johnson, — the delicate pupil who had already found a soft place in her master's heart, and whose childish prattle has been immortalised in words that are as fresh and sweet to-day as the day they were written. If it is true that 'A Tale of a Tub' as well as 'The Battle of the Books' was composed at Moor Park, the stories of his vulgar servitude and wearing misery are finally disposed of. The glow, the animation, the brightness of the narrative, are characteristic of a period of fine and true happiness — the happiness of the creative intellect in its earliest and least mechanical exercise.

When Swift left Moor Park in 1699, his education was complete. He was fitted by nature to play a great part in great affairs; and besides his unique natural gifts, he was now in every sense a man of culture and accomplishment. The discipline at Moor Park had been altogether salutary; and we have no reason to suppose that he felt himself degraded by the position which he had occupied and the duties he had discharged. A bitter and dreary childhood had been succeeded by years of dependence and privation; but at Moor Park, for the first time, he entered a secure haven, where, released from the stress of the storm, he had leisure to look about him, and to prepare himself for action.

It was not for some years after Temple's death that Swift became a noticeable figure in the metropolis. He was mostly in Ireland. He had become a clergyman before he finally left Moor Park; and he now held one or two inconsiderable livings in the Irish Church. The congregations were small; the duties were light; and he had a good deal of spare time on his hands. All his life he was a great walker (Mr Leslie Stephen, himself an eminent mountaineer, is ready to fraternise with this possible member of the Alpine Club)— the sound mind in the sound body being with Swift largely dependent upon constant and even violent exercise. At this period—indeed during his whole career, but more especially at this time—these long solitary rambles are a noticeable feature in Swift's life. He walks from London to Leicester, from Leicester to Holyhead, from Dublin to Laracor,—sleeping at roadside taverns, hobnobbing with wandering tinkers and incurious rustics, watching the men at their work, the women at their cottage-doors. He had a great liking for this kind of life, and he loved the country after a fashion of his own: he recalls through the smoke of London the willows of Laracor, and when

he is too moody in spirit to consort with his fellow-mortals, he goes down to the vicarage and shuts himself up in his garden.

It was in London, however, that his true life was passed. There the great game was being played in which he longed to join. He soon acquired celebrity—celebrity that in one sense cost him dear. From the day that 'A Tale of a Tub' was published, he was a famous man. But it was a fame that rather scandalised Queen Anne and the orthodox school of Churchmen; and Swift could never get himself made a bishop,—a dignity which he mainly coveted, it is probable, because it implied secular and political as well as spiritual lordship. There is no doubt that Swift was a sincere believer in what he held to be the main truths of Christianity;[1] but his ridicule was terribly keen, and the mere trappings of religion fared ill at his hands. There is no saying now how far his destructive logic might have been carried; there seems indeed to be a general consent among experts that it would have spared little. For our own part, we are not prepared to admit that the corruptions of religion—superstition and fanaticism—cannot be assailed except by the sceptic or the unbeliever. Swift did not attack the Church of England; but *that*, it is said, was only an accident. "Martin is not ridiculed; but with the attacks on Peter and John before us, it is impossible not to see that the same sort of things might be said of him as are said of them, and with the same sort of justice. What a chapter Swift might have written on the way in which Martin made his fortune by bribing the lawyers to divorce the Squire when he wanted to marry his wife's maid; how he might have revelled in description of the skill with which Martin forged a new will in thirty-nine clauses, and tried to trip up Peter, and actually did crop Jack's ears, because they each preferred their own forgery to his!" Well, but suppose Swift had said all this,—would he have said anything more than Pusey, Keble, and a crowd of Church of England dignitaries have been saying now for many years past, without any suspicion of irreligion, or scepticism, or even of dangerous logical insight? In short, the substance of religion is independent of its accidents, which are often mean and grotesque; and the mean and the grotesque, in whatever shape, are fit subjects for satire—which in the hands of a Cervantes, a Rabelais, an Erasmus, or a Swift, may undoubtedly become the most effective of all weapons in the cause of truth and common-sense. "'A Tale of a Tub,'" Sir Walter Scott remarked very truly, "succeeded in rendering the High Church party most important services; for what is so important to a party in Britain as to gain the laughers to their side?" Mr Leslie Stephen, with unlooked-for and unaccustomed timidity, replies,—"The condition of having the laughers on your side is to be on the side of the laughers. Advocates of any serious cause feel that there is danger in accepting such an alliance." But Erasmus, who

[1] The prayers composed by Swift for Mrs Esther Johnson on her deathbed are very interesting in this connection, and should be read attentively. They seem to us to show, along with much else, that whatever speculative difficulties he may have experienced, he had accepted Christianity, as a rule of life and faith, with sincere and even intense conviction.

contrived to get the laughers on his side, had nearly as much to do with the Reformation of ecclesiastical abuses in the sixteenth century as Luther or Calvin had. Swift's ridicule may have had a wider sweep, and may have involved even graver issues; but we do not see that it was *destructive*—that is, inimical to and inconsistent with a rational conception of Christianity—in the sense at least that David Hume's was destructive.

Addison's Travels were published in 1705, and he sent a copy to Swift with these words written upon the fly-leaf: "To Dr Jonathan Swift, The most Agreeable Companion, the Truest Friend, and the Greatest Genius of his Age, This Book is presented by his most Humble Servant, the Author." So that even thus early Swift's literary pre-eminence must have been freely recognised — at least among the Whigs, of whom Addison was the mouthpiece. Swift at this time was held to be a Whig; but in truth he cared little for party. He had, indeed, a passionate and deeply-rooted love of liberty,—

> "Better we all were in our graves,
> Than live in slavery to slaves,"—

but the right divine of the oligarchy to govern England was a claim that could not evoke much enthusiasm. The principles for which Hampden died on the field and Sidney on the scaffold were getting somewhat threadbare; and Swift was too clear-sighted to be in favour of popular rule. "The people is a lying sort of beast, and I think in Leicester above all other parts that ever I was in." At Moor Park, however, he had been under the roof of a statesman who was closely identified with the Revolution Settlement. The king himself had been a not unfrequent visitor; and it was natural that Swift, when he went out into the world, should take with him the politics of his patron. But they always sat loosely upon him. He did not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs. So he said at a later period of life; and his earliest pamphlet was an earnest and spirited protest against the bitterness of faction. It recommended him to the Whig chiefs, who were then in the minority, and who were ready to welcome an ally who could prove from classical antiquity that their impeachment was a blunder. But when the victories of Marlborough had restored them to office, it cannot be said that Somers and Halifax exerted themselves very strenuously in behalf of their *protégé*. So late as the spring of 1709 he was able to tell the latter, that the copy of the 'Poésies Chrétiennes' which he had begged of him on parting was the only favour he ever received from him or his party. There were obstacles in the way, no doubt; but it is difficult to suppose that if they had pressed his claims, they could not have made him an Irish bishop or an English dean. The rewards of letters in that age were splendid; and Swift's fame was rivalled only by Addison's. But the truth is, that there was from the first little sympathy between the oligarchy which governed England and this strong and trenchant intellect. Swift, moreover, was an ardent Churchman, who hated fanaticism and the fanatical sects; whereas the Whigs were lukewarm Churchmen, and rather addicted to Dissent. Macaulay says that when Harley and St John succeeded in displacing Godolphin, Swift "ratted." The charge appears to us to be unfounded. Swift had shaken the dust of Whiggery off his feet

before the prosecution of Sacheverell had been commenced. The alienation was even then virtually if not nominally complete. The leaders of the party had treated him badly, and were ready, he believed, to treat the Church badly if they dared. So that for some time before the Tories returned to office in 1710, he had been slowly but surely drifting into Toryism. Harley and St John were resolved to have him at any price,—he was the only man they feared; but they would hardly have ventured to approach him if his Whiggery had been very pronounced. The unconventional habits of the new Ministers were delightful to one who detested convention. They were weighted with great affairs; but he always found them, he declared, as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a holiday. He was charmed by the easy familiarity of the Lord Treasurer; he was captivated by the adventurous genius of the Secretary;[1] and affection and admiration completed what the *sæva indignatio* may have begun. The ill-concealed antagonisms, the long-suppressed resentments, burst out with full force in 'The Examiner.' Nowhere have the narrow traditions of the Whigs been more trenchantly exposed. "They impose a hundred tests; they narrow the terms of communion; they pronounce nine parts in ten of the country heretics, and shut them out of the pale of their Church. These very men, who talk so much of a comprehension in religion among us, how come they to allow so little of it in politics, which is their sole religion?" "They come," he exclaims in another place—"they come with the spirits of shopkeepers to frame rules for the administration of kingdoms; as if they thought the whole art of government consisted in the importation of nutmegs and the curing of herrings. But God be thanked," he adds, "they and their schemes are vanished, and their place shall know them no more." This is not the language of a deserter who, from interested motives, has gone over to the enemy: there is, on the contrary, the energy of entire conviction.

From 1710 to 1714 St John and Harley were in office. These were Swift's golden years. He enjoyed the consciousness of power; and now he had the substance of it, if not the show. He was by nature a ruler of men; and now his authority was acknowledged and indisputed. It must be confessed—as even Dr Johnson is forced to confess—that during these years Swift formed the political opinions of the English nation.

He was still in his prime. When Harley became Lord Treasurer, Swift had not completed his forty-third year, and his bodily and mental vigour was unimpaired. The man who had hitherto led a life of penury and dependence, had found himself of a sudden in possession of a most wonderful weapon—the sword of sharpness or the coat of darkness of the fairy tale

[1] "I think Mr St John the greatest young man I ever knew: wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the House of Commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money."—*Swift to Stella.* We do not enter here into the merits of the political measures advocated by Swift, and carried out by St John and Harley; but we cannot say that Mr Craik does anything like justice to St John, whose immense capacity has extorted the admiration of his bitterest critics,—whose foreign policy was approved by Macaulay, and whose "free and noble style" was praised by Jeffrey.

—which made him a match for the greatest and the strongest. It was an intoxicating position; but upon the whole, he bore himself not ignobly. That there was always a certain masterfulness about him need not be doubted; but the roughness of his manner and the brusqueness of his humour have certainly been exaggerated. The reports come to us from those who saw him in later and evil days, when he was suffering from bodily pain and the irritability of incipient madness. But in 1710 the "imperious and moody exile" was the most delightful company in the world. The "conjured spirit" had been exorcised by the spell of congenial work, and its owner was bright, ardent, and unwearied in the pursuit of business and pleasure. Swift had unquestionably that personal charm which is so potent in public life. Men were drawn to him as by a magnet; for women—for more than one woman at least—he had an irresistible attraction. He was not tall; but his figure was certainly not "ungainly," and his face was at once powerful and refined. There was a delicate curve of scorn about the lips; though he was never known to laugh, his eyes were bright with mirth and mockery,—"azure as the heavens," says Pope, "and with a charming archness in them." Poor Vanessa found that there was something awful in them besides; but that was later. Altogether he must have been, so far as we can figure him now, a very noticeable man,—the blue eyes shining archly under the black and bushy eyebrows—the massive forehead—the dimpled chin—the aquiline nose—the easy and confident address—the flow of ready mother-wit—the force of a most trenchant logic: except St John, there was probably no man in England at the time who, taken all round, was quite a match for the famous Irish vicar.

The death of Queen Anne was nearly as mortal a blow to Swift as to St John. It meant banishment for both. Yet the great qualities of the men were accentuated by evil fortune. "What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!" St John exclaimed on the day he fell; and a week later he wrote to Swift,—"Adieu; love me, and love me better, because after a greater blow than most men ever felt I keep up my spirit—am neither dejected at what is past, nor apprehensive at what is to come. *Mea virtute me involvo.*" "Swift," said Arbuthnot, "keeps up his noble spirit; and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."

Swift returned to Ireland in 1714. He had been appointed to the Deanery of St Patrick's by his Tory friends; and he applied himself, on his return, with zeal and assiduity to the duties of his charge. But though he bore himself stoutly, he was in truth a soured and disappointed man. The company of great friends had been scattered. He was remote from St John, Pope, and Gay. He detested Ireland,—"Thou wilt not leave my soul in *hell*," he had said to Oxford not long before. But the irony of fate had been too strong for him, and the rest of his life was to be spent among a people whom he despised. He came back under a cloud of unpopularity. He was mobbed more than once in the streets of Dublin. But nature had made him a ruler of men—in Ireland as elsewhere. Soon he rose to be its foremost citizen. The English Whigs had treated Ireland

with gross injustice; and the wrongs of Ireland was a ready theme for the patriot and the satirist. The Irish people were not ungrateful. "Come over to us," he had once written in his grand way to Addison, "and we will raise an army, and make you king of Ireland." He himself for many years was its virtual ruler. "When they ask me," said the accomplished Carteret, who had been Lord-Lieutenant, "how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased Dr Swift." Walpole would have been glad more than once to punish the audacious Churchman, but the risk was too great. During the prosecution of the printer of the 'Drapier Letters,' the popular determination found appropriate expression in a well-known passage of Holy Writ: "Shall JONATHAN die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued JONATHAN, that he died not." And when, at a later period, exasperated by a peculiarly bitter taunt, the Minister threatened to arrest the Dean, he was dissuaded by prudent friends. The messengers of the law would require to be protected by the military — could he spare ten thousand men for the purpose? "Had I held up my little finger," Swift said to Walpole's ally, the Primate Boulter, who had been expostulating with him on his violence—"had I held up my little finger, they would have torn you to pieces."[1] Bonfires blazed on his birthday. In every town of Ireland that he visited, he was received "as a sovereign prince." When he went from Dublin to the provinces, it was like a royal progress. On his return in 1727 from the last visit he paid to England, the vessel in which he crossed the Channel was signalled in Dublin Bay. "The corporation met the ship in wherries, the quays were decked with bunting, the bells were rung, and the city received in gala fashion her most beloved citizen."

But all was unavailing. The gloomy shadows gathered more closely round him. Vanessa was dead; Stella was dead; one by one the great friends had dropped away. He was tortured by a profound misanthropy — the misanthropy of the man who sees too clearly and feels too keenly. For many years before his death he read on his birthday that chapter of Job in which the patriarch curses the day on which it was said in his father's house that a man child was born. 'Gulliver' is one of the great books of the world; but the hopeless rage against the race of mortals in the closing chapters is almost too terrible. For many years Swift was one of the most wretched of men. The gloom never lightened —the clouds never broke. It must have been almost a relief when total darkness came — if such it was. But that is the worst of madness—we cannot tell if the unconsciousness, the oblivion, is absolute. Behind the veil the tortured spirit may prey upon itself. He had asked to be taken away from the evil to come; but his prayer was not granted. He would have rejoiced exceedingly to find the grave; but he was forced to drink

[1] On another occasion, a great crowd having assembled to witness an eclipse of the sun, Swift sent round the bell-man to intimate that the eclipse had been postponed by the Dean's orders, and the crowd forthwith dispersed.

the cup to the dregs. *For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.*[1] During the last four years of his life this famous wit, this prodigious intellect, was utterly prostrated. Only a broken sentence came at long intervals from his lips. "Go, go!" "Poor old man!" "I am what I am." The picture is darker than any he has drawn,—it is a more bitter commentary on the irony of human life than anything that Gulliver witnessed in all his travels. The end came on the 19th of October 1745.

Such is a brief sketch of the chief incidents of Swift's life,—brief, but sufficient perhaps to enable us to follow with sympathy and understanding some of the questions on which controversy has arisen. "Without sympathy," as Mr Craik has well said, "few passages of Swift's life are fairly to be judged." There are a good many side issues that come up incidentally for judgment; but the main controversy, out of which the others emerge, is concerned with the relations which the Dean maintained with Stella and Vanessa.

If we examine with any care the indictment that has been prepared by Jeffrey, Macaulay, Thackeray, and others, we find that the charges against Swift may be stated somewhat thus: He was parsimonious and avaricious, a self-seeker and a cynic, brutal to the weak and abject to the strong, a factious churchman, a faithless politician, coarse in language and overbearing in manner. Some of these allegations have been disposed of by what has been already said: that there was an essential consistency, for instance, in his political opinions, that he did not "rat" in any base or vulgar sense, seems to us to be incontestable; and it will be found, we think, that most of the other charges rest on an equally slender basis of fact, on equally palpable misconstructions. Indeed, the more we examine the Dean's life, the more obvious does it become that his vices leant to virtue's side, and that the greatness of his nature asserted itself strongly and unequivocally in his very weaknesses.

One initial difficulty there is—Swift had a habit of putting his worst foot foremost. He detested hypocritical pretence of every kind; and in speaking of himself he often went to the other extreme. A subtle vein of self-mockery runs through his letters, which incapacity and dulness may easily misconstrue. Pope understood it; Bolingbroke understood it; but the solemn badinage of his own actions and motives, in which he liked to indulge, when taken as a serious element by serious biographers, has been apt to lead them astray. Swift, in short, was a singularly reticent man, who spoke as little as possible about his deeper convictions, and who, when taxed with amiability, or kind-heartedness, or generosity, or piety, preferred to reply with an ambiguous jest.

The Dean's alleged meanness in money matters is easily explained. The iron had entered into his soul. He had known at school and college what penury meant; and he deliberately resolved that by no act of his own would he again expose himself to the miseries of dependence. But he was not avaricious, — from a very early period he gave away one-tenth of his narrow income in charity. He saved, as some one has said, not that he might be rich, but that he might be liberal. Such thrift cannot be

[1] Job iii. 25.

condemned; on the contrary, it is virtue of a high order—the virtue which the strenuous Roman extolled. *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia.* He went out of his way to help others. His temper was naturally generous. It may be said, quite truly, that he valued power mainly because it enabled him to push the fortunes of his friends. He excused himself indeed in his characteristic fashion. To help his friends was to him so much of a pleasure, that it could not be a virtue.

The charge that he was ready to push his own fortunes by any means however base, seems to us to be capable of even more emphatic refutation. Thackeray says that Swift was abject to a lord. The truth is, that no man was ever more independent. The moment that Harley hurt his sense of self-respect by an injudicious gift, he broke with him. The Treasurer had taken an unpardonable liberty, and must apologise. "If we let these great Ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them," he wrote to Stella. He recognised true greatness cordially wherever he found it, and real kindness subdued him at once. But the mere trappings of greatness—the stars and garters and ribbons—had no effect upon his imagination:—

> "Where titles give no right or power,
> And peerage is a withered flower."

He loved Oxford; he loved Bolingbroke; but he did not love them better than he loved Pope and Gay and Arbuthnot. He left Somers and Halifax when he thought they were playing the Church false; but the Tory chiefs who had been kind to him, though one was in exile and the other in the Tower, were never mentioned by him without emotion. He offered to share Oxford's imprisonment; and nothing would induce him to bow the knee to Walpole. He was anxious, indeed, to obtain promotion; he would have been well pleased if his friends had made him a bishop; but the anxiety was quite natural. If there had been any show of neglect, if the men for whom he had fought so gallantly had affected to underrate his services and to overlook his claims, his self-respect would have been wounded. The feeling was precisely similar to that of the soldier who fails to receive the ribbon or the medal which he has earned. But Swift was not *greedy* either of riches or of fame,—so long as he was able to keep the wolf from the door, the most modest competence was all that he asked. He had none of the irritable vanity of the author; all his works were published anonymously; and he manifested a curious indifference to that posthumous reputation—"the echo of a hollow vault"—which is so eagerly and vainly prized by aspiring mortals. Nor did he give a thought to the money value of his work—Pope, Mrs Barber, the booksellers, might have it, and welcome. What he really valued was the excitement of the campaign: in the ardour of the fight he sought and found compensation. "A person of great honour in Ireland used to tell me that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment." And he says elsewhere,—"I myself was never very miserable while my thoughts were in a ferment, for I imagine a dead calm is the troublesomest part of our voyage through the world." These and similar avowals are very characteristic. The cool poetic woodland was not for this man. He could not go and lie down on the grass, and listen to the birds, and be happy like his innocent rustics. One may

pity him, but censure surely is stupidly unjust. Not only were his faculties in finest working order at the supreme and critical juncture, when the fortune of battle was poised in the balance, but the noise of the guns and the shouts of the combatants drove away the evil spirit which haunted him. Absorbed in the great game, he forgot himself and the misery which at times was wellnigh intolerable. For all his life a dark shadow hung over him, and only when drinking "delight of battle with his peers" might he escape into the sunshine. It must never be forgotten that Swift suffered not merely from almost constant bodily discomfort, but from those dismal forebodings of mental decay which are even more trying than the reality.

We need not wonder that such a man should have been cynical. The profound melancholy of his later years was unrelieved by any break of light; but even in his gayest time the gloom must have been often excessive. The scorn of fools,—

"Hated by fools and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate,"—

is the burden of his earliest as of his latest poetry.

"My hate, whose lash just heaven has long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed!"

Alas! it hurt himself as much as, or even more than, the fools and sinners; so that at the end, when his hand had lost its cunning, as he thought, and the curtain was about to drop, he entreated Pope to give them one more lash at his request. "Life is not a farce," he adds—"it is a ridiculous tragedy, which is the worst kind of composition;" and then (it belongs to the same period, and certainly shows no failure of power) he proceeds to draw that tremendous picture of the day of judgment, which, if he had left nothing more, would alone prove to us that Swift's intense satirical imagination was of the highest order:—

"While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens and said,—
'Offending race of human kind,
By reason, nature, learning, blind,
You who through frailty step'd aside,
And you who never fell — through pride;
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd
(So some folks told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you),
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools! — Go, go, you're *bit*.'"

Strange as it may appear to some, the man who wrote these terrible lines was a man whose heart was intensely sensitive, whose affections were morbidly acute, who could not bear to see his friends in pain. His cynicism melted into pity at a word. "I hate life," he exclaims, when he hears that Lady Ashburnham is dead,—"I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many wretches burdening the earth, when such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life to be a blessing." Little Harrison, in whom he had interested himself, is taken dangerously ill, and he has not the courage to knock at the "poor lad's" door to inquire. "I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I did

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not dine with Lord Treasurer, or anywhere else, but got a bit of meat towards evening." When the letter came telling him that Gay was dead, he knew by instinct — "an impulse foreboding some misfortune" — what it contained, and could not open it for days. And when Stella was ill, his anguish was greater than he could bear. "What am I to do in this world? I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer."

And yet at times—it cannot be denied — Swift could be simply brutal. When his passion was roused he was merciless. He struck out like a blind man—in a sort of frantic rage. He raved—he stormed—he lost self-control—he was taken possession of by his devil. The demoniac element was at times strong in Swift: somewhere or other in that mighty mind there was a congenital flaw which no medicine could heal. The lamentable coarseness of much that he wrote is likewise symptomatic of disease. But, as we have said, it is unfair to judge him by the incidents of his closing years. The profound misanthropy grew upon him. At first it was clearness of vision,—at last it was bitterness of soul. But it did not overpower him till he had passed middle life, till his ambition had been foiled, till he had been driven into exile, till Stella was dead, till he was tortured by almost constant pain, till the shadows of a yet deeper darkness were closing round him.

The story of Swift's relations with Stella and Vanessa is one of those somewhat mysterious episodes in literary history which continue to baffle criticism. The undisputed facts are briefly these: That Swift became acquainted with Esther Johnson (Stella) at Sir William Temple's; that he directed the girl's studies; that a romantic friendship sprang up between them; that soon after Sir William's death she went, on Swift's advice, to reside in Ireland, where she had a small estate, and where living was relatively cheaper than in England; that though they always lived apart, the early attachment became closer and more intimate; that about 1708 he was introduced to the Vanhomrigh family in London; that Hester Vanhomrigh (Vanessa) fell violently in love with him; that she followed him to Ireland; that she died in 1723, soon after a passionate scene with the man she loved; and that Stella died in 1728, and was buried in the cathedral—close to the grave where the Dean was afterwards laid. These are the bare facts, which have been very variously construed by critics, and of which we now proceed to offer the explanation which appears to fit them most nearly. But, in doing so, it is necessary to dismiss at the outset the common assumption that relations of close friendship between a man and woman are abnormal and unaccountable unless they end in marriage. What we assert is, that the devotion of Swift to Esther Johnson was the devotion of friendship, not of love; and that from this point of view only does the riddle admit of even approximate solution.

Swift, as we have seen, had resolved early in life that no temptation would induce him to barter his independence. With the object of securing a modest competence, he practised the most rigid economy. He had no fortune of his own, and his beggarly Irish livings afforded him at most a bare subsistence. A heavy burden of debt —more than a thousand pounds— attached to the deanery on his appointment. Thus he was growing old before, with the views

which he entertained, he was in a position to marry. And he was not a man to whom "love in a cottage" could have offered any attractions. "He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the Prince of it," he said of Marlborough. Swift was not mercenary as the Duke was mercenary; but the last infirmity of noble minds was probably his ruling passion. The oracle of a country town, tied to a dull and exacting wife, he would have fretted himself to death in a year. He needed the pressure of action to prevent him from growing gloomy and morose. Nor was mere irritability, or even the *sæva indignatio*, the worst that he had to apprehend. His health was indifferent; he suffered much from deafness and giddiness, — caused, it is asserted, by some early imprudence, a surfeit of ripe fruit or the like, but more or less closely connected, it is probable, with the mental disease which seems to have run in the family— his uncle Godwin having died in a madhouse. "I shall be like that tree," he is reported to have said many years before his own death, pointing to an elm whose upper branches had been withered by lightning; "I shall die at the top." Even in early manhood he had confessed that he was of a "cold temper;" and he spoke of love— the absurd passion of play-books and romances—only to ridicule it. His opinion of marriage, in so far as he himself was interested, may be gathered from a letter written when he was five-and-twenty: "The very ordinary observations I made, without going half a mile from the university, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then I am so hard to please myself, that *I suppose I shall put it off to the next world.*" This may have been said partly in jest; but a man so situated, and with such antecedents, may very reasonably have asked himself whether he was entitled to marry. Friendship, on the other hand, was a noble emotion; he never wearies of singing its praise. And he acted up to his persuasion: if Swift was a bitter foe, he was at least a constant and magnanimous friend.

Yet, by some curious perversity, the man to whom love was a by-word was forced to sound the deeps and to explore the mysteries of passion.

One of Swift's resolutions, recorded in the curious paper of 1699, "When I come to be old," was, "not to be fond of children, or let them come near me hardly." Esther Johnson, the only child who up to that time had come very close to him, was then just leaving her childhood behind her— she was seventeen years old. The delicate girl had matured or was maturing into a bright and charming woman. It is admitted on all hands that Stella was worthy of Swift's—indeed of any man's—regard. She had great good sense; her conversation was keen and sprightly; and though latterly inclining to stoutness, her figure was then extremely fine. The face was somewhat pale; but the pallor served to heighten the effect of her brilliantly dark eyes and unusually black hair. "Hair of a raven black," says Mrs Delaney; "her hair was blacker than a raven," says Swift. In society she was much esteemed; she had a touch of Addison's courteous and caressing manner, though later on, among her Irish friends, she rose to be a sort of queen, and became possibly a little peremptory and dictatorial. But she seems at all times (in spite

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of a brief fit of jealous passion now and again) to have been a true, honest, sound-hearted, modest woman. She herself attributes her superiority to the common foibles of her sex to Swift's early influence; and in one of the latest birthday poems he sent her, he does ample justice to her candour, her generosity, and her courage :—

"Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where stubborn Stoics would complain:
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?"

There can be no doubt that for Stella, Swift had a great compassion, a true tenderness. The innocent child had been, as it were, thrown upon his care; she grew up to girlhood at his side; he was her guardian, her schoolmaster, her nearest friend. But so far as he was concerned, there never was any thought of love between them,—a schoolmaster might address a favourite pupil, a father a beloved child, in precisely the same language that Swift addressed to Stella. It was friendship—friendship of the closest and most endearing character, but friendship only—that united them. His tone throughout, from first to last, was perfectly consistent :—

"Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes or bleeding hearts;
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted love a guest."[1]

This was the language that he held to Tisdale in 1704, soon after Esther had gone to Ireland; this was the language he held to Stopford when she was dying. If he had ever thought of marriage, he would have chosen Stella: but "his fortunes and his humour" had put matrimony out of the question; and his experience had been, that violent friendship was as much engaging and more lasting than violent love. Every care was taken to make the nature of the relation clear to the world; and in point of fact, no scandal came of it.

The "little language" in which so many of the letters and journals are written, seems to us to point to the same conclusion. Swift dwells upon Esther's charming babyhood with the sweetness and tenderness of parental reminiscence. That innocent babble—the babble of our children before they have quite mastered the difficulties of speech—had a perennial charm for him, as—through him—it has for us. "I assure zu it um velly late now; but zis goes to-morrow. Nite, darling rogues." He has as many pet names for Stella as a fond father has for a pet daughter. She is Saucebox, and Sluttakins, and dear roguish impudent pretty MD, and politic Madame Poppet with her two eggs a-penny. How lightly, how delicately touched! *That* is the gayer mood; the more sombre is hardly less striking. In his darkest hours, her pure devotion to him is like light from heaven. She is his better angel,—the saint in the little niche overhead who intercedes for him. "Much better. Thank God and MD's prayers." "Giddy fit and swimming in head. MD and God help me." Nothing can be more touching. Some critics maintain that Swift never wrote poetry. It would be truer, we think, to affirm that whenever he uses the poetical form to express

[1] Written in 1720—three or four years after the alleged marriage.

(sometimes to hide) intense feeling, he writes better poetry than any of his contemporaries. When, for instance, he urges Stella—who had come from her own sick-bed to nurse him in his sickness—not to injure her health, the lines seem to us to reach a very high altitude indeed :—

"Best pattern of true friends, beware;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found
Who pulled a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decayed."

How did Stella accept this life-long friendship, this playful homage, this tender reverence? What did she think of it? It seems to us that a great deal of quite unnecessary pity has been wasted on Esther Johnson. It may be that Swift did not recognise the extent of the sacrifice he demanded; but in truth, was the sacrifice so hard? Is there any proof that Stella was an unwilling victim; or, indeed, a victim at all? She mixed freely in society; she occupied a quite assured position; she was the comforter and confidant of the greatest man of the age. Is there any reason whatever to hold that she was unhappy? On the contrary, did she not declare to the last that she had been amply repaid?

"Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
Late dying, may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone, then die to-morrow."

Vanessa (Hester Vanhomrigh) was a woman cast in quite a different mould. Her vehement and unruly nature had never been disciplined; and when her passion was roused, she was careless of her good name. There can, we think, be little doubt that Swift was for some time really interested in her. She was an apt and docile pupil; and if not strictly handsome, she appears to have possessed a certain power of fascination—the "strong toil of grace," which is often more potent than mere beauty. It cannot be said, indeed, that Swift was in love with Hester; but she certainly charmed his fancy and appealed successfully to his sympathies. Stella was absent in Dublin; and the Dean was a man who enjoyed the society of women who were pretty and witty and accomplished, and who accepted with entire submission his despotic and whimsical decrees. Vanessa was such a woman; and he does not, for some time at least, appear to have appreciated the almost tropical passion and vehemence of her nature—dangerous and devastating as a thunderstorm in the tropics,—appears, on the contrary, to have been in utter ignorance of what was coming, till she threw herself into his arms. He had had no serious thought; but the acuteness of the crisis into which their intimacy had suddenly developed, alarmed and disquieted him. Here was a flood-tide of passion of which he had had no experience—fierce, uncontrollable, intolerant of prudential restraints. "Can't we touch these bubbles, then, but they break?" some one asks in one of Robert Browning's plays; and Swift regarded the situation with the same uneasiness and perplexity. He was sorely dismayed—utterly put about—when he discovered how matters stood. It is easy to say that he should have left her at once, and avoided any further intimacy. It is easy to say this; but all the same, the situation in any light was extremely embarrassing. He may possibly for the moment have been rather flattered

by her preference, as most men would be by the attentions of a pretty and attractive girl; and he may have thought, upon the whole, that it was best to temporise. By gentle raillery, by sportive remonstrance, he would show her how foolish she had been in losing her heart to a man "who understood not what was love," and who, though caressed by Ministers of State, was old enough to be her father. But poor Vanessa was far too much in earnest to accept his playful advice. She was peremptory and she was abject by turns. "Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shows through your countenance, which revives my soul." He must marry her, or she would die. And she did die. It was a hard fate. Another man might have been free to woo her; but to Swift such a union was, of course, impossible. Stella stood between them, and behind Stella that gloomy phantom of mental and bodily disease which had haunted him all his life. He was not ungrateful to either of these women; but such a return would have been worse than ingratitude.

Mr Craik is of opinion that there is enough direct evidence to show that Swift was married to Esther Johnson in 1716. We hold, on the contrary, not only that the direct evidence of marriage is insufficient, but that it can be established with reasonable certainty (in so far, at least, as a negative is capable of proof) that no marriage took place.

We have already described so fully the character of the relations between them, that it is only now necessary to say that what may be called the circumstantial evidence —the evidence of facts and circumstances—is distinctly adverse. But in confirmation of what has been already advanced, we may here remark, that besides the letters and poems addressed to herself (where friendship to the exclusion of love is invariably insisted on), he wrote much about her. In these papers the same tone is preserved,—she is a dear friend — not a wife. One of them was composed, like Carlyle's remarkable account of his father, in very solemn circumstances, — it was written mainly during the hours that elapsed between the day she died and the day she was buried. "This day, being Sunday, Jan. 28, 1727-28, about eight o'clock at night a servant brought me a note with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable *friend* that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with." "This is the night of her funeral," he adds two days later, "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." No record was ever penned in circumstances more calculated to make a deep impression on the mind, and to induce the writer to speak with the most perfect frankness, sincerity, and unreserve; but here, as elsewhere, it is the irreparable loss of her "friendship" that is deplored. Not a word of marriage. Then there is no proof that Stella at any time asserted that she was his wife—the stories of the meeting with Vanessa, and of the death-bed declaration, being manifest inventions. Mr Craik fairly admits that the latter of these is incredible; yet the evidence which he discards in connection with the declaration is almost precisely identical with that which he ac-

cepts in connection with the marriage. Nor is there any evidence to show that they were held to be married persons during their lives,—they had both been dead and buried for years before the rumour of their union obtained publicity. There may be in some contemporary lampoon an allusion to the alleged ceremony: we have not met with it—nor, so far as we know, has it been met with by any of the biographers. Nor can any plausible motive for the marriage be assigned. There was no scandal to silence; the relations between them, which had subsisted for nearly twenty years, appear to have been sufficiently understood. But assuming that there had been scandal, how was it to be silenced by a ceremony, the secret of which, during life and after death, was to be jealously guarded? Was it performed to satisfy Stella? But there is no proof that she was dissatisfied, — she had cheerfully acquiesced in, had loyally accepted the relation as it stood. It could not have been for the satisfaction of her conscience; her conscience was in no way involved: it was never asserted, even by bitterest partisans, that the connection was immoral. Can it be supposed that for some reason or other (to prevent, for instance, any risk of subsequent misconstruction) it was done at the Dean's desire? But if the story is true that it was the Dean himself who insisted that the secret should never be published, what good did he expect it to effect? how could it avail, either directly or indirectly, to avert possible misconstructions? If a ceremony did take place, we are thus entitled to maintain that it was *an utterly unreasonable and unaccountable act—opposed to all the probabilities of the case.* Still, if it were proved by (let us say) an entry in a register, the marriage "lines," a letter from Stella, a letter from Swift, a certificate under the bishop's hands — anything approaching either legal or moral proof—we might be bound to disregard the antecedent improbabilities. Nay, even if a friend like Dr Delaney had said plainly that he had the information from Swift himself, then (subject to observation on the too frequent misunderstandings of verbal confidences) it might be reasonable to accept it. But the direct evidence does not amount even to this. It consists of a passage in Lord Orrery's "Remarks" (much that Lord Orrery said about Swift must be accepted with reserve), where, after stating in a loose incidental way that Stella was Swift's concealed but undoubted wife, he goes on,— "*If my informations are right*, she was married to Dr Swift in the year 1716, by Dr Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher." On this Dr Delaney, in his "Observations," remarks, — "Your lordship's account of the marriage is, *I am satisfied*, true." Mr Monck Mason's contention that this is a statement of opinion or belief only, is vigorously combated by Mr Craik. Mr Craik argues that the words "I am satisfied" apply not to the fact of a marriage, which was "undoubted," but to the circumstances of the ceremony. Mr Craik's argument does not appear to us to be successful. 1st, If the ceremony did not take place *then*, it did not take place at all. The belief in any ceremony rests exclusively upon the allegation that a ceremony was performed in the garden of the deanery in 1716; and if that allegation is not somehow substantiated, the case for the marriage must break down. So that it is really of no consequence to which of Lord Orrery's state-

ments Dr Delaney's words apply. 2d, The words "I am satisfied" are unequivocal, and clearly imply that the writer was led to his conclusion by the evidence submitted to him;—that is to say, Dr Delaney's was only inferential and circumstantial belief—not direct knowledge. He had not received his information from headquarters—from Swift or from Stella; he was putting this and that together, and drawing an inference; and as he nowhere asserts that he had recovered or was in possession of any really direct evidence, Mr Mason's conclusion, that even in the case of so familiar an intimate as Dr Delaney the marriage was matter of opinion or conjecture only, seems to be justified.

Lord Orrery's "Remarks" were published in 1752, seven years after Swift's death; and it was not till 1789 that the story received any further corroboration. In that year Mr George Monck Berkeley asserted in his 'Literary Relics' that "Swift and Stella were married by the Bishop of Clogher, who himself related the circumstances to Bishop Berkeley, by whose relict the story was communicated to me." This bit of evidence certainly comes to us in a very circuitous and roundabout fashion. Mr Berkeley was told by Bishop Berkeley's widow, who had it from her husband, who had it from Bishop Ashe. Any one familiar with the proceedings of courts of law knows that evidence of this kind is of no value whatever. The gossip is handed down from one to another,—often in perfect good faith,—yet he who builds upon it builds upon the sand. And when closely examined, it is seen that the narrative is in itself highly suspicious, and open to serious observation. The ceremony was celebrated in 1716; Berkeley was abroad at the time, and did not return till after Bishop Ashe's death, which took place in 1717. Mr Craik insists that when it is stated that Bishop Ashe "*related* the circumstances to Bishop Berkeley," it is not implied that he did it "by word of mouth." But is there the least likelihood, from what we know of the Bishop, that he would have been guilty of so grave an indiscretion? It cannot be doubted that he had been bound over to inviolable secrecy; and though such a secret might be incautiously betrayed or accidentally ooze out during familiar talk, is it conceivable that a man of honour and prudence could have deliberately, and in cold blood, made it—within a few weeks or months—the subject of a letter to an absent friend?

This is really the whole evidence of the slightest relevancy that has been recovered,—the loose gossip of Sheridan (of whom it will be recollected Dr Johnson said, "Why, sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we see him now. Such an excess of stupidity, sir, is not in nature") being very naturally pooh-poohed by the biographers in general, and even by Mr Craik. On the other hand, all those who were closely connected with Swift and Stella in their latter years—Dr Lyon, Mrs Dingley, Mrs Brent, Mrs Ridgeway, and others—deny that any ceremony took place; and almost the last writing which Stella subscribed opens with the significant words,—"I, *Esther Johnson*, of the city of Dublin, *spinster*." It is maintained, indeed, that these words are of no consequence, seeing that she had bound herself not to disclose that she was a married woman. Still there is this to be said, that *if* she was married, the

introduction of the word "spinster" was a quite unnecessary falsehood — the testatrix being quite sufficiently described as "Esther Johnson, of the city of Dublin." And when we consider that this can have been only one (though the last) of a long succession of humiliating embarrassments, the question again suggests itself with irresistible force, Why should they have loaded their lives with such a burden of deceit? Where are we to look for the motive that will in any measure account for it? Upon the whole, it seems to us almost inevitable that some such story as Lord Orrery's (however unfounded) should have got abroad. The relations of Swift to Stella were certainly exceptional, and not easily intelligible to the outside world; yet Stella's character was irreproachable, and calumny itself did not venture to assail her. What more natural than that the surmise of a secret union should have been entertained by many, should have been whispered about among their friends even during Swift's life, and should after his death have gradually assumed substance and shape?

After all is said, a certain amount of mystery and ambiguity must attach to the connection—as to much else in the Dean's life. He survived Stella for nearly twenty years; yet those who assert that a marriage took place, search the records of all these years in vain for any avowal, however slight. "Only a woman's hair"—scrawled on the envelope in which a tress of the raven-black hair was preserved—affords a slender cue to conjecture, and is as enigmatical as the rest. Only a woman's hair—only the remembrance of the irrevocable past—only the joy, the sorrow, the devotion of a lifetime, only that—nothing more.

"Pudor et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas."[1]

Whatever interpretation each of us may be disposed to give them, we shall all admit that there must have been something transcendent in the genius and the despair which could invest these four quite commonplace words with an immortality of passion.[2]

And this—the most vivid of the Dean's many vivid sayings—leads us, in conclusion, to add a word or two on Swift's literary faculty. These, however, must be very brief; and were it not that a vigorous effort has been recently made to show that, judged by his writings, Swift was not a great, but "essentially a small, and in some respects a bad man," might at this time of day have been altogether dispensed with. For there is "finality" in

[1] "Honour, truth, liberality, good-nature, and modesty were the virtues she chiefly possessed and most valued in her acquaintance. It was not safe nor prudent in her presence to offend in the least word against modesty. She was the most disinterested mortal I ever knew or heard of."—*The character of Mrs Johnson by Swift.*

[2] Since this article was in type, an acute writer in 'The Pall Mall Gazette' has arrived, by a somewhat similar course of reasoning, at a verdict of "Not Proven." He is prevented from going a step further by attaching a certain amount of credit to what we have called Stella's death-bed declaration. That story appears to us, as to Mr Craik, intrinsically incredible: but we need not discuss it here. The real issue, when divested of all irrelevancies, comes to this,—There being no *direct* evidence of any weight on either side, which view is most natural, most explanatory, most easily reconciled with the undisputed facts, with the character of Swift on the one hand and of Stella on the other?

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literature, if not in politics. The writer who undertakes to demonstrate that Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Rabelais, and Swift were essentially small men, cannot be treated seriously. To say that he is airing a paradox is to put it very mildly; and indeed, the offence might properly be described in much sharper language. A scientific writer who in the year 1883 attacks the law of gravitation is guilty of a scientific impertinence which all scientific men whose time is of value are entitled to resent. Swift's position in letters is equally assured, and as little matter for argument. 'A Tale of a Tub,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' the argument against abolishing Christianity, the verses on poetry and on his own death, are among the imperishable possessions of the world. The entry has been duly recorded in the National Register, and cannot now be impeached. And "the clash of the country" is not in this case a mere vague general impression, but is instructed by the evidence of the most skilful experts. To take the most recent. Scott, Macaulay, Froude, and Leslie Stephen—each in his own department—have acknowledged the supremacy of Swift. Scott regards him as the painter of character, Macaulay as the literary artist, Froude as the politician, Leslie Stephen as the moralist and the philosopher. Scott has pointed out that Lemuel Gulliver the traveller, Isaac Bickerstaff the astrologer, the Frenchman who writes the new Journey to Paris, Mrs Harris, Mary the cookmaid, the grave projector who proposes a plan for relieving the poor by eating their children, and the vehement Whig politician who remonstrates against the enormities of the Dublin signs, are all persons as distinct from each other as from the Dean himself, and in all their surroundings absolutely true to the life.[1] Mr Froude remarks that Swift, who was in the best and noblest sense an Irish patriot, poured out tract after tract denouncing Irish misgovernment, each of them composed with supreme literary power, a just and burning indignation showing through the most finished irony. "In these tracts, in colours which will never fade, lies the picture of Ireland, as England, half in ignorance, half in wilful despair of her amendment, had willed that she should be."[2] Mr Leslie Stephen, after admitting that Swift is the keenest satirist as well as the acutest critic in the English language, adds that his imagination was fervid enough to give such forcible utterance to his feelings as has scarcely been rivalled in our literature.[3] Lord Macaulay's testimony is even more valuable. Macaulay disliked Swift with his habitual energy of dislike. It must be confessed that the complex characters where heroism and weakness are subtly interwoven—Bacon, Dryden, Swift—did not lend themselves readily to the manipulation of that brilliant master.[4] Yet in spite of his repugnance to the man, his admiration of the

[1] Memoirs of Jonathan Swift, D.D., p. 439.

[2] The English in Ireland. By J. A. Froude. Vol. i. pp. 501-503.

[3] English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, vol. i. p. 209, vol. ii. p. 375.

[4] Addison was his literary hero; but surely, in spite of exquisite urbanity and a charming style, Addison, both as man and writer, has been prodigiously overrated by Macaulay. The others had sounded depths which his plummet could not reach, had scaled heights on which he had never adventured. This, to be sure, may have been his attraction for Macaulay, to whom the difficult subtleties of

magnificent faculty of the satirist is emphatic and unstinted. Under that plain garb and ungainly deportment were concealed, he tells us, some of the choicest gifts that have ever been bestowed on the children of men,—rare powers of observation; brilliant wit; grotesque invention; humour of the most austere flavour, yet exquisitely delicious; eloquence singularly pure, manly, and perspicuous.[1] We need not multiply authorities. It must now be conceded, for all practical purposes, that the consent of the learned world to Swift's intellectual pre-eminence has been deliberately and finally given.

It is asserted by the same critic that Swift's reputation has been gained "by a less degree of effort than that of almost any other writer,"—his writings, in point of *length*, being altogether insignificant. To this curious complaint we might be content to reply in Mr Leslie Stephen's words: "A modern journalist who could prove that he had written as little in six months would deserve a testimonial." An age of which Mr Gladstone is the prophet is tender to, if not vain of, verbosity; but the great books of the world are not to be measured by their *size*. Hume's "Essay on Miracles," which may be said to have revolutionised the whole course of modern thought, is compressed into some twenty pages. 'A Tale of a Tub' is shorter than a Budget speech which will be forgotten to-morrow: but then —how far-reaching is the argument; the interest—how world-wide; the scorn — how consummate! Brief as Swift is, he makes it abundantly clear, before he is done, that there are no limits to his capacity. He has looked all round our globe—as from another star. It is true that with the most lucid intelligence he united the most lurid scorn. Though he saw them as from a remote planet, he hated the pigmies—the little odious vermin — with the intensity of a next-door neighbour. Yet this keenness of feeling was in a measure perhaps the secret of his power,—it gave that amazing air of reality to his narrative which makes us feel, when we return from Brobdingnag, that human beings are ridiculously and unaccountably small. Swift was a great master of the idiomatic—one of the greatest; but his intellectual lucidity was not less noticeable than his verbal. His eye was indeed *too* keen, *too* penetrating: he did not see through shams and plausibilities only; he saw through the essential decencies of life as well. Thus he spoke with appalling plainness of many things which nature has wisely hidden; and he became at times in consequence outrageously coarse.

Swift, it is said, never laughed; but when he unbent himself intellectually, he was, we think, at his best. The serious biographer complains of the rough horse-play of his humour—of his weakness for puns and practical jokes. The puns, however, were often very fair; and the humorous perception that could meet William's favourite *Recepit non rapuit*, with the apt retort, The receiver is as bad as the thief—or could apply on the instant to the lady whose mantua had swept down a Cremona fiddle, *Mantua, væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!*—must have been nimble and adroit. Even the practical

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the imagination and the ardent aspirations of the spiritual life were enigmatical and antipathetic,—a riddle and a byword.

[1] History of England, vol. iv. p. 369.

joking was good in its way. The dearly beloved Roger is probably apocryphal,—borrowed from some older jest-book; but the praying and fasting story, as told by Sir Walter, is certainly very comical, and seems to be authentic.[1] Mr Bickerstaff's controversy with Partridge the almanack-maker is, however, Swift's highest achievement in this line. His mirth (when not moody and ferocious) was of the gayest kind—the freest and finest play of the mind. It is not mere trifling; there is strenuous logic as well as deft wit: so that even Partridge has his serious side. Whately's Historic Doubts regarding Napoleon Buonaparte are now nearly forgotten; but they suggest to us what may have been in Swift's mind when he assured the unlucky astrologer that logically he was dead (if not buried), and that he need not think to persuade the world that he was still alive. The futility of human testimony upon the plainest matter-of-fact has never been more ludicrously yet vividly exposed.

The grave conduct of an absurd proposition is of course one of the most striking characteristics of Swift's style; but the unaffected simplicity and stolid unconsciousness with which he looks the reader in the face when relating the most astonishing fictions, is, it seems to us, an even higher reach of his art. It is quite impossible to doubt the good faith of the narrator; and when we are told that "the author was so distinguished for his veracity, that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, that it was as true as if Mr Gulliver had spoken it," we are not surprised at the seaman who swore that he knew Mr Gulliver very well, but that he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe. How admirable is the parenthetical, "being little for her age," in the account of Glumdalclitch—"She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age;" or the description of the queen's dwarf—"Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's ante-chamber"! One cannot believe that Swift was so unutterably miserable when he was engaged on 'Gulliver,' or that he wrote his "travels"—the earlier voyages at least—not to amuse the world, but to vex it. This consummate artist was a great satirist as well as a great story-teller; but it is the art of the delightful story-teller, not of the

[1] Scott's Life of Swift, p. 381. The whole note is worth quoting, as containing some characteristic details of manner, &c. "There is another well-attested anecdote, communicated by the late Mr William Waller of Allanstown, near Kells, to Mr Theophilus Swift. Mr Waller, while a youth, was riding near his father's house, when he met a gentleman on horseback reading. A little surprised, he asked the servant, who followed him at some distance, where they came from? 'From the Black Lion,' answered the man. 'And where are you going?' 'To heaven I believe,' rejoined the servant, 'for my master's praying and I am fasting.' On further inquiry it proved that the Dean, who was then going to Laracor, had rebuked the man for presenting him in the morning with dirty boots. 'Were they clean,' answered the fellow, 'they would soon be dirty again.' 'And if you eat your breakfast,' retorted the Dean, 'you will be hungry again, so you shall proceed without it,' which circumstance gave rise to the man's *bon-mot*."

wicked satirist, that makes Gulliver immortal.

Swift's verse, like his prose, was mainly remarkable for its resolute homeliness; but when the scorn or the indignation or the pity becomes intense, it sometimes attains, as we have seen, a very high level indeed. The "Jolly Beggars" of Burns is scarcely superior in idiomatic pith and picturesqueness to the opening stanzas of the "Rhapsody on Poetry:"—

"Not empire to the rising sun,
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern States;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round,—
Such heavenly influence require
As how to strike the muses' lyre.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies litt'ring under hedges,—
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in Church, or law, or State,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire."

Yet the impeachment of Swift as the *writer* has, after all, a basis of fact. His influence was largely personal. He was greater than his books. It is easy to take up one of his pamphlets now, and criticise the style, which is sometimes loose and slovenly, at our leisure. *But it did its work.* It struck home. *That*, after all, is the true standard by which the Dean should be judged. He was a ruler of men, and he knew how to rule. If he had been bred to politics, if he had occupied a recognised place, not in the Church, but in the House of Commons, he would have been one of our greatest statesmen. The sheer personal ascendancy of his character was as marked in political as in private life. Friend and foe alike admitted that his influence, when fairly exerted, was irresistible. He was one of those potent elemental forces which occasionally appear in the world, and which, when happily circumstanced—when not chained as Prometheus was, or tortured as Swift was — revolutionise society. The unfriendly Johnson, as we have seen, was forced to confess that for several years Swift formed the political opinions of the English nation; and Carteret frankly admitted that he had succeeded in governing Ireland because he pleased Dr Swift. "Dr Swift had commanded him," said Lord Rivers, "and he durst not refuse it." And Lord Bathurst remarked, that by an hour's work in his study an Irish parson had often "made three kingdoms drunk at once." We cannot be induced to believe by any criticism, however trenchant, that the man who could do all this was not only "bad" but "small."

THOUGHTS ON BOOKS.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Life of Swift."

Of Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Life of Swift," considered in reference to its own literary merits, we have nothing to say on the present occasion; but it suggests some remarks on the character and career of Swift himself. One remark is that Swift earned a permanent leading place in the literature of his country with a less degree of effort than almost any other writer who has gained for himself such a reputation. Till he was near forty his only published works worth mentioning were "The Battle of the Books" and the "Tale of a Tub." During the culminating period of his life, the three years of his intimacy with Harley and Bolingbroke, he wrote "The Conduct of the Allies" and a few other pamphlets; besides which he wrote for the *Examiner* an article a week at the very utmost for about six months. His "Journal to Stella" was a mere journal intended only for his and her own eyes. Swift was forty-seven when Harley's fall put an end to his public life. Ten years afterwards, in 1724, he wrote "The Drapier Letters," which may have occupied him for a few months; and three years after that, in 1727, appeared "Gulliver's Travels." From 1727 to 1745, when he died, at the age of seventy-eight, he wrote practically nothing, though he retained the use of his faculties till about the year 1738. He may have written at different times an octavo volume of small writings, such as his Argument against Abolishing Christianity, his Advice to Servants, his Modest Proposal about Irish babies, and his different pieces of verse. Not one of his works involved any serious amount of research, or any exertion of mental power much worth talking about. "The Conduct of the Allies" is a *Quarterly Review* article which happened to make a hit, but which it can have been no great effort for a man to write who at the time when he wrote it was at headquarters and had access to all the materials.

"The Drapier Letters" are a set of misrepresentations so gross that they ought, perhaps, to be described as a set of downright falsehoods, so contrived as to make those to whom they were addressed passionately excited about real grievances to which the letters never distinctly alluded, and towards the removal of which they never contributed even a suggestion. "Gulliver's Travels" Mr. Stephen criticises, as it appears to us, with perfect justice. The net result of them is to provide a convenient formula for the expression of misanthropical views. If human affairs appear to the reader contemptible on other grounds, he can express his feelings by describing men as Lilliputians. If he views ordinary human beings with disgust, Yahoo is a convenient term of abuse. But the works themselves do not even tend to prove that the sentiments which they suggest are reasonable. They show merely what Swift was pleased to state to be the result of his observation of human nature.

The most characteristic of Swift's writings, those which unquestionably do set his peculiar powers in the clearest, strongest light, are the purely humorous pieces—the "Tale of a Tub," the "Argument against Abolishing Christianity," the "Modest Proposal" as to Irish babies. The essence of all these is irony in the etymological sense of the word: saying less than you mean, stating in grave calm language some sentiment which most people would express in a form ludicrous on the face of it. No one

possessed of the least sensibility can be insensible to the effect of this; and certainly no one ever carried that peculiar vein of humour to such a pitch. Lord Peter's argument in favour of transubstantiation, and the grave suggestion that the abolition of Christianity may perhaps be thought to have some tendency to weaken the Established Church, are as good in their way as that sort of wit can be. They are as good, for instance, as Judge Maule's famous application of the doctrine that this is not a country in which there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; or his request to be treated as a vertebrate animal, because Sir Cresswell Cresswell's manner to him would be offensive from God to a black-beetle. In the same way no one can doubt that Mr. Harris's petition and the poem about Hamilton's Bawn show the very same genius for contemplating a maid-servant's slip-slop English in its quiddity as was displayed by Mr. Thackeray in recording the views of Jeames de la Pluche. When, however, all this is admitted in the fullest way, and insisted upon to all necessary lengths, it is still possible to ask—to us, it is impossible not to ask—the question whether, if that was all, Swift has any title to be regarded as a great man: whether he is not rather to be regarded as an essentially small and in some respects a bad one?

In the first place, what is the real value of the gift in which Swift was, if not supreme, at all events pre-eminent—ironical humour? There is perhaps no gift which it is more easy or common to overrate; and there is certainly none which is better calculated to deceive observers as to the existence of the circumstances on which its value depends. The kind of humour in question may or may not accompany great intellectual power and the possession of thoughts of real importance to mankind. If it does, it is attractive and instructive; and, on the other hand, its absence shows a want of refinement of perception and power of sympathy which in particular cases may be a serious drawback to what would otherwise have been a great character, and may cause a man otherwise remarkable to fail to see the true proportion of things and to appreciate their relative importance. In a word, a sense of humour in a man otherwise great implies a delicacy of perception and a quick sensibility to feelings common to all, which do not always accompany greatness, though the practical importance of greatness is much affected by their presence or absence. Suppose, however, that a man has nothing behind his humour: that he has neither a great intellect nor a specially energetic or noble character; what is the use of his humour? Is it anything but a faculty for making people laugh or cry, as the case may be, or a weapon useful for political or religious attack or defence? To us these questions appear to carry their own answer with them. A humourist who has nothing to say worth listening to apart from his humour is essentially a poor creature: at the very most a frog who has contrived to make himself look more or less like an ox. What, then, had Swift to say? Put in plain prose, what did he tell the world much worth knowing, and what title had he to the attention which he has received and the posthumous terror with which he has inspired, not Mr. Stephen, but some of his critics. By vehement coarse self-assertion he imposed himself upon Harley and Bolingbroke, wrote pamphlets for them, and got his deanery as his reward. He also expressed passionate contempt, disgust, disappointment, and savage indignation,

which went on tearing his heart till he commemorated the fact on his tombstone, as if he was proud of it. What glory or greatness is there in accepting, as he said he did, the part of a poisoned rat in a hole because fate has not made you a bishop, but only a dean? What does a man deserve from posterity who spent at least twenty-three years of life, health, vigour, and the full possession of leisure and literary ability in all but downright idleness. He deserves contempt. If he was a poisoned rat in a hole, the more shame for him. The poison was simply his own morbid temper, a temper showing querulous acrimonious weakness, not strength nor anything like it.

Mr. Stephen's views of Swift's character are far more favourable than our own; but he establishes incidentally certain points with regard to his writings which would, we think, justify a much severer judgment than he passes on Swift. Thus he says with regard to the "Tale of a Tub" that though it has usually been regarded as intended to bring all theology into contempt, he does not share that view. He thinks, on the contrary, that Swift was sincere in his indignant denial of the charge of profanity, and his earnest assertion of sincere attachment to the Church of England. Mr. Stephen's arguments on this point are, in our opinion, convincing. If, however, this view of the case is correct, it seems to follow that Swift's passions and partisanship blinded him to the most obvious considerations. He may not have seen that his blows struck equally at all forms of theological belief; but it was obvious enough to most people, even at that time, that they did so, and as matters now stand no one can help seeing it. Martin is not, in fact, ridiculed; but with the attacks on Peter and John before us it is impossible not to see that the same sort of things might be said of him as are said of them, and with the same sort of justice. What a chapter Swift might have written on the way in which Martin made his fortune by bribing the lawyers to divorce the Squire when he wanted to marry his wife's maid; how he might have revelled in descriptions of the skill with which Martin forged a new will in thirty-nine clauses, and tried to rip up Peter, and actually did crop Jack's ears because they each preferred their own forgery to his. If he saw these consequences he was a traitor. If he did not see them he was a bigot.

"The Drapier Letters" set Swift in an even more unfavourable light. No one can deny that the policy pursued by England towards Ireland at that time was shameful, and no doubt it would justify the expression of strong indignation. It is also perfectly true that people with much better heads for abstract discussions than Swift ever had do seem to take leave of their good sense when they write about the currency. Hence, a certain amount both of anger and of bad argument about a job for the benefit of George II.'s mistress would at worst have been but a venial offence. Swift, however, went infinitely beyond anything which can be regarded as excusable on such grounds as these. He was one of the first and most distinguished of a race of men who have done and are doing grievous injuries to Ireland—agitators who see in Irish grievances nothing but a means for wreaking their own spite and gaining their own ends. The later Irish agitators have usually, at all events, proposed this or that measure for the advantage of the country; but Swift was in the singular position of being, on the one hand, the advocate of a severe and, as it turned out, anarchical policy pursued towards the Irish, while, on the

other, he lashed the country to madness by rubbing a sore which was an unimportant symptom of the system which he upheld. Swift with perfect truth always insisted that he was no Irishman, but an Englishman accidentally born in Dublin. In all that he wrote, said, thought, and did he was the unflinching advocate of the English as opposed to the Scotch colony in Ireland, and more particularly of the Established Church, the great standing symbol of the victory of the English over the Irish and of the supremacy of the English over the Scotch. He repudiated with indignation the notion that the Church of England men and the Presbyterians should meet on the ground of their common Protestantism. He spoke of the Roman Catholic population as harmless and disabled hewers of wood and drawers of water. Yet, while he held these views all through his long life, he used every gift he possessed to lash up the whole population of Ireland to blind fury against the English, but for whom his own position would not have been worth an hour's purchase. His "Drapier Letters" might be compared to a frantic pamphlet on greased cartridges, addressed by a malcontent Calcutta journalist—a poisoned rat in a hole—to the native army in 1857. If he had had anything worth saying about the grievous evils under which Ireland laboured between 1714 and 1740, why did not he say it, instead of idling away his time for a quarter of a century? That would have been more manly than to allow fierce indignation to lacerate his heart about personal neglects and grievances.

There can hardly be a more curious contrast than is formed by the passionate violence with which Swift expressed his contempt for mankind on the one hand, and the slenderness of his claims to feel such contempt. Swift never wrote a line nor did an act which rises to such a level above common human conduct as to give him any sort of right to look down on other people. Put his humour out of the question, and he was simply an old-fashioned, stiff, High Church don, who regarded himself as a moral magistrate paid to tell people that if they got drunk and led immoral lives they would go to hell. This was, no doubt, a highly respectable function; but what was there in it to puff a man up and entitle him to consider himself so wise and great that the common occupations of life were fit only for creatures six inches high, and that ordinary men and women were odious brute animals? There is nothing in his writings to show any special research or depth of thought, or any other intellectual achievement

He had, no doubt, a great gift of self-assertion, and succeeded in imposing himself on others at his own price; but in this, after all, there is nothing which can be called great. It is the quality of a successful bully. His principal moral characteristic has an unlimited capacity for bitter hatred, undying revenge, and passionate contempt.

seriously considered English government of Ireland as
oppressive than we believe that he really thought the an
superior to the moderns. In saying this, we are bringi
charge of insincerity against him, but merely deprecatin
ascription of an excessive sincerity. Swift was sincere enou
all conscience, and always true to his friends, to himself, a
his misanthropic creed, but he was not an eighteenth-ce
Davitt or Dillon.

So far we have had to deal with Mr. Stephen somewhat
troversially in a matter which is nothing if not controver
that of literary criticism. As a biographic sketch the
deserves hardly anything but praise. It was not an easy th
do, because of the masses of debate, often very irrelevant,
have gathered round the events of Swift's life, and because
additional inconvenience that a complete biography is known
in preparation, but has not yet appeared. But Mr. Stephen
to us to have met the difficulty very well indeed. His know
of the period and its personages, his strong common
and his natural predilection for studying the ethical si
action come in very well here. He is neither pruriently
with nor prudishly neglectful of the singular and p
questions which are connected with some of Swift's peculi
in his conduct and in his writings. We attach
more weight than he does to the story of the marriage, but
is so entirely a matter for speculative estimation of the val
evidence that difference on it hardly matters. He is ver
indeed to Swift, who has not always met with fair trea
even from those who should have appreciated him best. No
is further from Mr. Stephen's mind than the famous sugge
that "we should hoot" Swift, though he hardly comes sh
the estimate of Swift's intellectual and literary power with
that suggestion is whimsically joined. As the disputed sa
and doings are recorded one by one, Mr. Leslie Stephen's
headed charity comes very gratefully after the unfairn
Johnson and the exaggeration with which Thackeray soug
balance his own evident and intense admiration of the hu
by denunciations of the conduct of the man. Mr. Stephen
his readers that as we know next to nothing of the fa
Swift's early relations with his uncle, it is impossible to
whether he really was ungrateful. He argues in a manner
seems to us entirely convincing against the charge of scept
in religion brought against Swift on the strength of the *Tale*
Tub, though we should go further than he does on this
His argument against the ridiculous blindness of political par
ship which has led Macaulay and other critics to de
Swift as a political renegade is completer still.
separated from the Whig party," says Mr. Stephen
absolute truth, "when at the height of their power
separated because he thought them opposed to the C
principles which he advocated from first to last." He just
scribes the latter politics of Swift as being chiefly a violent p
against the jobbery and indifference to national interests
"Whig ring." Into the endless controversies and conjectu
the Stella and Vanessa matters we shall not follow Mr. Ste
There are some people (we shall candidly rank ourselves a
them, and it seems that we may claim Mr. Stephen as on our
to whom the *Journal* is constantly interesting, without its le
them to disturb themselves as to whether there was or was
marriage, and to whom *Cadenus and Vanessa* would not be
attractive or less if they knew that Swift really did take th
of Swift's most intimate friends, for [illegible] an inscrip-

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attack upon dissenters in the *Tale of a Tub*. His intensity of loathing leads him to besmear his antagonists with filth. He becomes disgusting in the effort to express his disgust. As his misanthropy deepened, he applied the same method to mankind at large. He tears aside the veil of decency to show the bestial elements of human nature; and his characteristic irony makes him preserve an apparent calmness during the revolting exhibition. His state of mind is strictly analogous to that of some religious ascetics, who stimulate their contempt for the flesh by fixing their gaze upon decaying bodies. They seek to check the love of beauty by showing us beauty in the grave. The cynic in Mr. Tennyson's poem tells us that every face, however full—

> Padded round with flesh and blood,
> Is but moulded on a skull.

Swift—a practised self-tormentor, though not in the ordinary ascetic sense—mortifies any disposition to admire his fellows by dwelling upon the physical necessities which seem to lower and degrade human pride. Beauty is but skin-deep; beneath it is a vile carcase. He always sees the "flayed woman" of the *Tale of a Tub*. The thought is hideous, hateful, horrible, and therefore it fascinates him. He loves to dwell upon the hateful, because it justifies his hate. He nurses his misanthropy, as he might tear his flesh to keep his mortality before his eyes.

This is both accurate and admirably expressed. As has been said at the beginning of this article, Mr. Stephen's appreciation of Swift does not seem wholly adequate; but, as far as it goes, he has in this book depicted very well indeed the personal and literary traits of one whom some critics do not hesitate to rank as the greatest prose writer of the severer kind in the English language.

SALA'S AMERICA REVISITED.*

MR. SALA has exercised his pen in many forms of literature; he has written three-volume novels and short stories; he has made sketches of London during every hour of the four-and-twenty; he has written leading articles by the thousand; he is a dramatic critic, if not a dramatic author; he discusses topics of the day pleasantly and humorously in a weekly paper. If his whole works were collected, he would probably prove the most voluminous of modern writers; but, above all, he loves to write of the adventure, the changes and chances, which befall the roving correspondent. The war correspondent of the present day should have special military knowledge; he must be possessed of immense physical activity; and must give his whole and undivided attention to the work and business in the hands of the general and his staff. This is not the kind of work which Mr. Sala likes; he prefers going where he pleases, examining what he finds interesting, and gossiping about what he thinks will most interest his readers. Some eighteen years ago, for instance, he went out to America as a "special" correspondent, with full liberty to go where he pleased; the result was a series of papers which were not certainly those of a scientific military critic; they were not even the letters of a sympathizer with the dominant party, for Mr. Sala's sympathies were with the South, and he does not seem even to have comprehended the determination of the North that the United States should not be torn asunder. As for the political situation, the causes which led to the attempted separation, the actual right and wrong of the struggle, the chances and changes of the war, the strategic features of the campaign—these things did not belong to a correspondent who was a roving onlooker. In place of these he talked of the characters he observed, the ways of the people, and the stories which he heard. These were truly wonderful; some of them [illegible] to speak a permanent place in the literature of

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May we add one word of regre
book of this kind should be marre
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JONATHAN SWIFT: A NOVE

AMONG the unsolved enigmas of
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MESSRS. PARTRIDG

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way of introduction to a general notice of the many and delightful publications of Messrs. Partridge and Co. which from time to time reach us.

The first place, of course, we give to the *British Workman*, which is now in its twenty-ninth year of publication, and inside the wrapper of which is a capital full-length portrait of the late Mr. Smithies himself, with a view in the frontispiece of York, his native city. There is a paper on the late Sir Robert Lush, by Mr. Charles Reade, which will perhaps disappoint not a few of the many friends of that distinguished man, but which nevertheless gives the reader a slight insight into his extraordinary career. The letter-press is lively and cheerful reading. A similar remark is applicable to the *Band of Hope Review*, which it seems is in its thirty-third year, and which has on the cover a portrait of Mr. Raper, a man well known to the temperance public as the Parliamentary agent of the United Kingdom Alliance.

But we are not all British workmen nor children of the Bands of Hope; and it is to the credit of the late Mr. Smithies that he left none of us out in the cold. With its large type and taking rhymes and its exquisite engravings, what a boon is the *Infant's Magazine*, now in its eighteenth year! A similar remark applies to the *Family Magazine*, though the writer of an article on Saffron Walden places it in East Anglia, and the article on Newark-on-Trent quite ignores the fact that that borough had the credit of returning Mr. Gladstone to Parliament. It appears that Mr. Smithies was not originally the editor of the *Family Friend*, but that when he took it in hand, he made it a success. The *Children's Friend*, we are glad to find, still deserves its name; as also may be said of the *Friendly Visitor*. As to all these publications one remark holds good—they are quite as attractive outside as in. Their bindings are so beautiful that they at once compel the attention of a purchaser, who, possibly, may

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AN UNPUBLISHED DIARY

WRITTEN BY DEAN SWIFT.

EVERY one interested in the literature of the last century is aware that when Mr. John Forster died he was engaged in writing an elaborate biography of Swift; that of this work he lived only to complete the first volume, but that, though he had made no progress with the second and third volumes, he had collected materials for them. Those materials formed part of his magnificent bequest to the South Kensington Museum, where they are now deposited. Few readers appear to be aware of their existence, still fewer have any conception of their great value. Among these documents is a small note-book which belonged to Swift; and with the contents of that note-book we propose to present our readers. It appears to have been guarded by Mr. Forster with jealous vigilance, for not a line of it has as yet seen the light, nor is even an allusion to it to be found in any work relating to Swift. It had escaped the notice of every editor and every biographer, though among those editors was Sir Walter Scott, and among those biographers was Monck Mason. Mr. Forster had evidently reserved it as a grateful surprise for his readers, merely observing in his preface that he was in possession of an unpublished journal in Swift's handwriting, singular in its character, and of extraordinary interest. Of the verses he says nothing at all. A mere glance at these documents will suffice to show their value—their value as pieces intrinsically curious, and as pieces peculiarly illustrative of the Dean's character and habits. Of their authenticity there can be no question. Those who are familiar with Swift's writings would indeed require no further guarantee than that afforded by internal evidence alone. But the ink, the paper, the handwriting—and the handwriting of Swift can never be mistaken—form in themselves conclusive testimony.

It would be interesting to know the history of this remarkable little volume. Mr. Forster obtained it from Dr. Todd, senior Fellow of Dublin University, but how it got into Dr. Todd's hands we have now no means of knowing. It originally belonged to Worral, one of Swift's most intimate friends, for on the first page is an inscrip-

tion: "This book was all wrote by Dean Swift, and was Mr. Worral's." On the same page in Swift's handwriting is another inscription: "This book I stole from the Right Honble. George Dodington Esqr. one of the Lords of the Treasury. But the scribblings are all my own." On the opposite page are some memoranda in the Dean's hand: "In Fleet Street about a clerk of St. Patrick's Cathedral." "Spectacles for seventy years old." "Godfrey in Southampton Street. Hungary waters, and palsy drops," and the like. On the third page are some verses, extremely difficult to decipher, and cancelled. They are apparently the rough sketch of a poem. We give them exactly as they stand:—

"Shall I repine
Because my shabby threadbare waistcoat, to . . . .
Full five years . . . . or out at elbows
So see the Cassock of a poor divine
Worn out at elbows why should he repine
If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand
If mountains sink to vales, if Cityes dye
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry
When my old Cassock says a Welch divine
Is out at elbows why should I repine?"

Then commences the really valuable part of the manuscript—the powerful and characteristic poem to which we shall presently recur, and the diary, to which it may be well to prefix a few words by way of introduction. It was written, it will be seen, at Holyhead, and it is dated September 22, 1727. Swift had at this time arrived at the summit of his literary and political greatness. Three years before, the Drapier Letters had in Ireland given him power more than regal. The publication of "Gulliver's Travels" in the autumn of 1726 had established his pre-eminence in letters. But neither fame nor power had been able to irradiate with even a passing gleam the deep gloom which was settling on his life. Rage and misery, the result partly of ill-health, partly of domestic misfortune, but arising mainly from his continually brooding over the degradation of his adopted country, were gnawing at his heart. A cruel disease tortured his body. Esther Johnson was on her death-bed, and he had hurried from London in the hope of seeing her before she quitted him for ever. In his correspondence at this period—in his letters, that is to say, to Sheridan and Worral—his distress and agony find passionate utterance. Of this there are no traces in the diary, for it was his habit to find in these soliloquies, as well as in the trivialities recorded in them, that refuge from distressing thoughts which ordinary men

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find in light and idle conversation. "All this," he writes in the middle of the Diary, "is to divert thinking;" and these words are the key not only to this journal, but to the more famous Journal to Stella. The whole journal is, like the famous Journal to Stella, curiously illustrative of almost all Swift's peculiarities of temper and intellect. His sensitive pride, not unmingled with vanity, his reserve and hauteur struggling with his craving for human society, his grave drollery, the restless activity of his mind, his never-failing humour, his acute sensibility, his listless but keenly observant interest in all that was passing round him, his sharp, swift insight, his querulous impatience with everything which militated against his physical comfort, his frugality pushed even to parsimony, his detestation of the Irish, his sarcastic intolerance of dulness and mediocrity—all find illustration here.

The Diary.

"Friday at 11 in the morning I left Chester. It was Sept. 22 1727.

"I bated at a blind ale-house 7 miles from Chester. I thence rode to Ridland[1] in all 22 miles. I lay there, bred (*sic*) bed, meat and tolerable wine. I left Ridland a quarter after 4 morn on Saturday. Slept on Penmanmaur, 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 another Inn, the maid of the old Inn saw me in the street and said that was my horse, she knew me. There I dined and sent for Ned Holland a squire famous for being mentioned in Mr. Lyndsay's verses to Day Morice, I there again saw Hook's tomb who was the 41st child of his—mother, and had himself 27 children he dyed about 1638. There is a note here that one of his posterity new furbished up the inscription, I had read in A. Bt Williams Life[2] that he was buryed in an obscure church in North Wales. I enquired and heard that it was at (*sic*) 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 we then lost Owen Tudor's tomb at Penmany. We passed 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 Langueveny, 7 miles from the Ferry, and rest two hours. Then

[1] Rhuddlan. [2] *See* Hacket's "Life of Archbishop Williams," p. 230.

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I went on very weary, but in a few miles more Watts'[1] 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 two 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 stayed an hour with no ale to be drunk. A boat offered, and I went by sea and sayled in it to Holyhead. The Guide came about the same time. I dined with an old Innkeeper, Mrs. Welch, about 3 on a Loyne 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 Ireland after having drunk out all the wine. There was stale beer and I tryed a (illegible) receit of Oyster shells which I got powdered 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.* 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 walked morning and afternoon among the rocks. This evening Watt tells me that my land-lady whispered 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 has not come to that yet. I writ abundance of verses this day; and several useful hints, thô I say it. I went to bed at ten and dreamt abundance of nonsense.

"*Tuesday 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 got them all in the great Box of goods which went by the Carrier to Chester. He brought but one crevat, and the reason he gave was because the rest were foul and he thought he should not get foul linen 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 a small Loyn of mutton but so tough I could not chew it, and drank my second pint of wine. I walked this morning a good way among the rocks, and to a hole

[1] Swift's servantman, see *infra*.

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in one of them from whence at certain periods the water spurted up several feet high. It rained all night and hath rained since dinner. But now the sun shines and I will take my afternoon walk. It was fiercer and wilder weather than yesterday, yet the Captain now dreams of sailing. To say the truth Michaelmas is the worst season in the year. Is this strange stuff? Why what would you have me do? I have writ verses and put down hints till I am weary. I see no creature. I cannot read by candlelight. Sleeping will make me sick. I reckon myself fixed here and have a mind like Marshall Tallard to take a house and garden. I wish you a Merry Christmas and expect to see you by Candlemas. I have walked this morning again about 3 miles on the rocks, my giddiness, God be thanked is almost gone and my hearing continues. I am now retired to my chamber to scribble or sit humdrum. The night is fair and they pretend to have some hopes of going to-morrow.

"*Sept. 26th.* Thoughts upon being confined at Holyhead. If this were to be my settlement during life I could caress myself a while by forming new conveniences to be easy, and should not be frightened either by the solitude or the meaness of lodging, eating or drinking. I shall say nothing upon the suspense I am in about my dearest friend [1] because that is a case extraordinary, and therefore by way of comfort. 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 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 upon. I dare not send my linen to be washed for fear of being called away at half an hour's warning, and then I must leave them behind which is a serious point; in the meantime 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 myself 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 remember him of old. What can I do but write everything 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 wrung (?) from two scurvy

[1] Esther Johnson.

disorders and if I should relapse there is not a Welsh house-cur that would not have more care taken of him, than I, and whose loss would not be more lamented. I confine myself to my narrow chamber in all unwalkable hours. The Master of the pacquet boat, one Jones, hath not treated me with the least civility, although 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 civilities of the poor inhabitants as they pass by. The women might be safe enough who all wear hats yet never pull them off, and if the dirty streets did not foul their petticoats by courtseying so low.[1] Look you; be not impatient for I only wait till my watch makes 10 and then I will give you ease and myself sleep, if I can. O' my conscience you may know a Welsh dog as well as a Welsh 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 hæc olim* is a damned lye[2] for I shall always fret at the remembrance of this imprisonment. Pray pity your Watt 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 deanery 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 a better. I am going to bed at ten o'clock because I am weary of being up. Wednesday. Last night I dreamt the Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope were at my Cathedral. Ld. in the gallery and that my Ld. was to preach. I could not find my surplice, the Church servants were out of the way: the Door was shut. I sent to my Ld. to come into my stall for more conveniency to get into the pulpit: the stall was all broken, they said. Collegians had done it. I squeezed among the rabble; saw my Ld. in the Pulpit. I thought his prayer was good, but I forget it. In his Sermon I did not like his quoting Mr. Wycherley by name, and his play. This is all and so I waked.

"To-day we were certainly to sayl: the morning was calm. Watt and I walked up the mountain Marucia, properly called Holyhead or Sacrum Promontorium by Ptolemy,[3] 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 by a furious shower, I got into a Welsh cabin almost as bad as an Irish one. There were only an old Welsh woman sifting flour who understood no English, and a boy who fell a roaring for fear of me. Watt (otherwise

[1] Thus the sentence runs in the manuscript; its meaning is certainly obscure.

[2] He alludes of course to the famous words in the speech of Æneas: "Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."—Æn. I. 203. [3] Ptol. Geog. lib. II. cap. II.

called unfortunate Jack) ran home for my coat but stayed so long that I came home in worse rain without him, and he was so lucky to miss me, but took care to convey the key of my room where a fire was ready for me. So I cooled my heels in the Parlour, till he came but called for a glass of Brandy. I have been cooking myself 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 mathematics, that he has found out the Longitude, shown his discourse to Mr. Dobbs of y^r^ 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 six days. As it happened if I had gone strait from Chester to Park-gate 8 miles I should have been in Dublin on Sunday last. Now Michaelmas 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. [1] Bite; when we were in the wild cabin I order Watt to take a cloth and wipe my wet gown and Cassock: it happened to be a meal-bag and as my gown dryed it was all daubed with flour well-cemented with the rain. What do I but see the gown and Cassock well dryed in my room, and while Watt was at dinner I was an hour rubbing the meal out of them, and did it exactly. 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, and says there were but few specks (tho' he saw a thousand at first) but neither wondered at it, nor seemed to suspect me who labored like a horse to rub them out. The 3 packet boats are now all on their side, and the weather grown 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. I am as insignificant a person 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 fine, as long as a fortnight. Yet

[1] A term of frequent occurrence in the Journal to Stella; the modern equivalent would be a "quiz."

here I could live with two or three friends in a warm house, and good wine much better than being a slave in Ireland. But my misery is that I am in the very 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, caged up in a room not half so large as one of the Deanery closets, my Room smokes into the bargain, but the weather is too cold and moist to be without a fire. There is or should be a proverb here,—when Mrs. Welch's chimney smokes, 'Tis a sign she'll keep her folks. But when of smoke the room is clear. It is a sign we shan't stay here. All this is to divert thinking. Tell me, am not I a comfortable wag? The Yatcht is to leave for Lord Carteret on the 14th of October. 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 smoke. I asked the wind why [he] is so cross, he assures me 'tis not his fault, but his cursed Master Æolus's. Here is a young Jackanapes in the 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 spirit enough left me to fret. I was so cunning these three last days that whenever I began to rage and storm at the weather I took special care to turn my face towards Ireland, in hope 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 the teeth I cannot help wishing a T—— were in theirs. Well, it is now three in the afternoon. I have dined, and revisited the master, the wind and tide serve, and I am just taking boat to go [to] the ship. So adieu till I see you at the Deanery.

"*Friday Michaelmas 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 tryed 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 a fresh 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

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day followed it myself, but the packet boat was gone before I could get here, because I could not ride 70 miles a day."

So ends the Journal, and such were the circumstances under which Swift left England, never again to revisit it. In another page of the same pocket-book are written the following paragraphs, which appear to be the fragment of a notice possibly intended to be prefixed to an edition of the Miscellanies, two volumes of which had a few months before been published by Pope. These volumes had drawn, both upon Swift himself and on his friends Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, the attacks of innumerable scribblers, whom Pope was now preparing to gibbet in the Dunciad. The piece is not dated, but it was in all probability written at Holyhead, at the same time as the Diary. It is probably referred to in the entry for September 25, where he says, "I writ abundance of verses this day, and severaluseful hints."

"I do hereby give notice to Posterity that having been the author of several writings, both in verse and prose which have passed with good success, it hath drawn upon me the censure of innumerable attemptors and imitators and creatures, 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 the 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 armed slily 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 successor in fame by virtue of being an antient 200 years hence to follow the same method. Dennis, Blackmore, Bentley and several 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 Grub Street, and there find some of the very treatises he mentions in his Satyres. 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."

This brings us to the verses. A short copy of verses which are not found in this pocket-book, but which were apparently written at this time, have been printed in Scott's edition of Swift (first edit. vol. xiv. p. 359). How they got into print or whence they were produced we know not. But they would seem to show that Swift

must have written more during these uncomfortable days than has been preserved in the note-book before us. The printed verses are far inferior to the verses here for the first time given to the world. Indeed, the following verses seem to us to rank among the best of Swift's minor pieces. They are in his most successful vein. Though they had not, as the manuscript shows, received his finishing touches, they have all the point, all the dry peculiar humour—all that condensed energy of expression which are the characteristics of the poetry in which he excelled. The Irish policy of Carteret, and the method by which that policy was carried out, are very happily described. Swift's hatred and contempt for the country of which he had been the saviour, but which he never beheld without loathing, found here, as in many passages of his published works, eloquent expression. We should add that the manuscript is sometimes very difficult to decipher; and though we have had the assistance of a gentleman who has had great experience in such work, we have been obliged to in three cases leave blank spaces.

"Sept. 25th 1727.

So here I sit at Holy head
With muddy ale and mouldy bread
[1] . . . . . both by wind and tide
I see the ship at anchor ride
All Christian vittals (*sic*) stink of fish
I'm where my enemies would wish
Convict of (?) lyes is every sign
The Fair [2] had 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 pacquet—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 (*sic*) forced to read the old gazettes.
I never was in haste before
To reach that slavish, hateful shore
Before I always found the wind
To me was most malicious—kind

[1] The letters seem to be "I'm tained." But the verse was evidently left unfinished by Swift, for on the margin he has placed a mark, thus—*V*, evidently meaning to return to it.

[2] The hostess, Mrs. Welch.

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.

(*Here a blank space is left in the manuscript.*)

Remove me from this land of slaves,
Where all are fools and all are knaves
Where every knave and fool is bought,
Yet hardly sells himself for nought
Where Whig and Tory fiercely fight
Who's in the wrong, who in the right.
And where their country lies at stake
They only fight for fighting's sake.
While English Sharpers take the pay
And then stand by to see fair play.
Meantime the whig is always winner
And for his courage gets—a Dinner.
His Excellency[1] too perhaps
Spits in his mouth and stroakes his chaps.
The humble whelp gives every 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 trepanned
When my Lord 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 inclin'd,
So just, so gentle, and so kind.
He heard I kept a pack of hounds
And longed to hunt upon my grounds
He said our Lodges were so fair
The land had nothing to compare

[1] Lord Carteret.

But that indeed which pleas'd me most
He called my Doll a perfect toast.
He whisper'd public things at last
Ask'd me how our Election past
Some augmentation, Sir, you know
Would make at least a handsome show.
Now kings a compliment expect
I shall not offer to direct.
There are some prating folks in town,—
But, Sir, we must support the Crown
Our Letters say a Jesuit boasts
Of some I——— on our coasts.
The King is ready when you will
To pass another Pqry (*sic*) bill
And for dissenters he intends
To use them as his truest friends
Yes and the Church establish'd too } [1]
Since a grave Protestant like you }
. . . . . .
I think they justly ought to share
In all employments we can spare
Next for encouragement of spinning
A duty might be laid on linen,
An act for laying down the plough
England will send you corn enough.
Another act that absentees
For licencies 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 bring up all who smuggle wool,
And then he kindly gives us hints
That all our wives should go in Chintz.
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 heels 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

[1] This couplet is cancelled in the original.

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'Tis pre-engaged, and in his room
Townshend's cast Page or Walpole's groom."

It would be possible to institute a curiously close parallel between Swift and Skelton; but in none of his extant poems is Swift more essentially Skeltonian than in the following, which is exactly in the vein and sometimes in the very measure of "Why come ye not to Court?" It would be interesting to know if Swift was acquainted with the writings of that interesting and original poet.

"*On Lord Carteret's arms, given as the custom is at every inn where the Lord Lieutenant dines or lyes—with all the bills in a long Parliament.*

'Tis forty to one
When Carteret's gone
These praises we blot out,
The truth will be got out,
And then we'll be smart on
His Lordship or Wharton
Or Shrewsbury's Duke
With many rebuke,
Or Bolton the wise
With his Spanish flyes,
Or Grafton the deep
Either drunk or asleep.
Then Tilly and Aymes
Will then lodge their claims,
If somebody's grace
Should come in their place.
And thus it goes round,
We praise and confound
They come to no good
Nor would if they could
To injure the nation
Is recommendation
And why should they save her
By losing their favour?
Poor Kingdom thou wouldst be that Governor's debtor
Who kindly would leave thee no worse nor no better."

We have spared no pains to make our transcript of this curious little volume accurate, but we are not sure that we have in all cases succeeded, for, though the handwriting in the manuscript is, as a rule, clear, the paper is sometimes blurred, and the ink thin and evanescent.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

9.46

OPPOSITION AND OPPOSITION.

THERE are many points of difference between a Liberal and a Conservative Government; and not the least striking is to be found in the varied characteristics of the Opposition each party has in turn to face. It is too readily taken for granted that this country is governed by the Government. The Opposition have a great deal more to do with the direction of affairs than they usually get credit for. In forecasting the history of a newly created Administration, it would be well to bestow some thought upon the characteristics and composition of the Opposition.

The difference between the character of the Opposition which smoothed the path of Lord Beaconsfield and that which hampers and harries the progress of Mr. Gladstone is strongly marked. When, in 1874, Mr. Disraeli somewhat unexpectedly found himself in office, there was practically no Opposition to contend with. This fact was so patent, and even so painful, that Mr. Disraeli once alluded to it in the House, puzzling the minds of his faithful supporters of the class of Sir William Edmondstone by laying down the axiom that it was of the greatest disadvantage to a Government that they should have it all their own way, the function of Opposition being practically abrogated. There was, no doubt, some genuine feeling underlying this paradox. Mr. Disraeli was essentially a fighting man, and it could not be without a feeling of disgust and weariness that he found the Liberal Opposition nothing more than a limp and boneless mass of humanity. Fighting with them supplied only that measure of exhilaration that a troop of cavalry discover in charging a body of women.

Not only was the Liberal Opposition, during the first two years of the Conservative administration, altogether devoid of fighting propensity, but it was effusively friendly. Uriah Heep fawning about the skirts of Mr. Wickfield was not more ecstatically humble. There were several reasons for this. There was, in the first place, the personal liking for Mr. Disraeli's manner on the Treasury Bench, as compared with the austere and sometimes fretful domination of Mr. Gladstone. It was pleasing to be "personally conducted"

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DEAN SWIFT.*

JONATHAN SWIFT, in more ways than one, enjoys a solitary supremacy. His life is surrounded by mysteries, which no amount of research has sufficed thoroughly to clear up, and there is no author in our literature, excepting Shakespeare, who has been so fully dealt with by biographers, critics, and lecturers as the famous Dean of St. Patrick's. Not to speak of the hosts of Irish commentators, there are memoirs by Hawkesworth, Dr. Johnson, and Sir Walter Scott, and criticisms by Macaulay, Jeffrey, and Thackeray. The insolubility of some of the problems connected with him seems only to pique the curiosity and zeal of inquirers, and happy guessers indulge themselves without restraint on points that are at once vital and delicate. His misfortunes, like those of Tristram Shandy, began before he was born. He was a posthumous child; but it has even been disputed who was his father. What was his position in Sir William Temple's family? Was he married to Esther Johnson—Stella—too truly a star that dwelt apart? Did his neglect and harshness kill the second Esther, Miss Vanhomrigh or Vanessa? Was he a political renegade, an Irish patriot, or a mere Tory partisan, hostile to the Government of Walpole? It was not to be expected, after the toilsome research of Mr. Forster, who thereby added materially to our assured knowledge of Swift, that Mr. Leslie Stephen would be able to do much, if, indeed, anything, towards supplying fresh materials, as Mr. Gosse did in his recent Life of Gray, in the same series. But he has read widely and carefully in the Swift literature, and he brings to the task quick discernment and solid judgment, and has produced a volume which is at once sagacious and readable, and full of suggestions of new points of view. He outlines the facts of the life with great clearness, and throws in, here and there, a very happy bit of characterisation or critical summary. The sordid education given to Swift by his uncle Godwin—"the education of a dog," as he somewhat ungratefully called it—the weary student-days at Trinity College, Dublin, not so well improved as they might have been, his lengthened periods of

* Swift. By Leslie Stephen. (English Men of Letters Series.) Macmillan and Co.

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probation with Sir William Temple, his life at Laracor, his keen political interests and activities, no less than his literary labours, ending, finally, in his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patricks—all this Mr. Leslie Stephen has told once more with great independence and masterly command of his materials, if not brilliancy or eloquence. We shall devote the small space at our disposal to two of the points which, of course, are prominent in Mr. Leslie Stephen's volume, as they could not fail to be.

The most fascinating element in Swift's biography is the story of the two ladies who were so devoted to him, and with whom he played the perilous game of "sentimental attachment." Who that has read it can ever forget Thackeray's inimitable picture of the generous, envious, penurious, disappointed satirist returning from his *devoirs*, his dinners, and his interviews with great people—sitting down before he has well warmed himself at his fire, which he is careful to tell costs him a shilling a week, to finish off his letter to Stella that he may run out and despatch it, and then begin another, finding a childish satisfaction in feeling that, before the one billet has gone, he has actually commenced another. What saved him from the absolute solitude that awaits such proud and ambitious spirits—conscious of power, and imperious in the use of it, yet hungering for sympathy—was precisely such attachments which, in his case, intensified at last the evil which they had long staved off. Even when he is in London, relieving his tedium by penning the journal to Stella, and fondly indulging in the "little language," he courts the society of Mrs. Vanhomrigh and her daughter (the "Vanessa" of after days), and is very guarded, howsoever communicative generally, to let out nothing to the ladies at Trim, of his admiration for the daughter. Mr. Stephen, of course, discusses the great mystery with regard to Stella, whether Swift so far submitted to her desire as to be privately married to her; and we are disposed to think that more weight is to be laid on the posi-

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tive evidence in favour of this secret marriage than either Mr. Forster or Mr. Leslie Stephen will admit, as more significance should be attached to the fact in the way of clearing up certain questions relative to Swift's idiosyncrasies. "The only rational explanation of the fact, if it be taken for a fact, must be that Swift, having resolved not to marry, gave Stella this security, that he would, at least, marry no one else." But then, Mr. Leslie Stephen proceeds to make a great point of Swift's penuriousness as an explanation why he was reluctant to marry Stella. In neither case would he have been a loser; both ladies had means, and a union with either would hardly have brought a fresh burden to him. The most natural explanation is to be found elsewhere. Mr. Leslie Stephen writes:—

> If Swift regarded Stella only as a daughter or a younger sister, and she returned the same feeling, he had no reason for making any mystery about the woman, who would not in that case be a rival. If, again, we accept this view, we naturally ask why Swift "never admitted love a guest." He simply continued, it is suggested, to behave as a teacher to a pupil. He thought of her when she was a woman as he had thought of her when she was a child of eight years old. But it is singular that a man should be able to preserve such a relation. It is quite true that a connection of this kind may blind a man to its probable consequences; but it is contrary to ordinary experience that it should render the consequences the less probable. The relation may explain why Swift should be off his guard; but could hardly act as a safeguard. An ordinary man who was on such terms with a beautiful girl as are revealed in the *Journal to Stella*, would have ended by falling in love with her. Why did not Swift? We can only reply by remembering the "coldness" of temper to which he refers in his first letter; and his assertion that he did not understand love, and that his frequent flirtations never meant more than a desire for distraction. The affair with Varina is an exception, but there are grounds for holding that Swift was constitutionally indisposed for the passion of love. The absence of any traces of such a passion from writings conspicuous for their amazing sincerity, and (it is added) for their freedom of another kind, has been often noticed as a confirmation of this hypothesis.

The peculiar jealousy which Swift exhibited with regard to Tisdall's offer to Stella, is in its own way physiognomic. Mr. Forster, in his peculiar

desire to justify genius as a law unto itself, declares, in a remarkable passage, that Stella's fate was not unhappy, that it was no sorrowful destiny, either for her life or her memory, to be the star to such a man as Swift, the Stella to even such an Astrophel. But that, by most men, will be deemed cold comfort for a woman's heart broken and affections wasted. Surely, viewed from the ordinary standpoint of human nature, Stella's fate was miserable. Whatever she might be to Swift, Swift could not be the same to her. He was near to her, and yet very far from her. Apart from him she was lonely; yet they never met except in the presence of a third person. His fame, it has been said, lighted her like a winter sun, which gives brightness and not warmth. But if the ladies suffered from the cold, passionless reserve of Swift, in death they had their revenge. Seldom has the irony of life in "wronging the wronger till he render right," been more tragically exhibited. Swift, who in spite of his power, was so dependent on the sympathy and affection of others, suffered keenest anguish when bereft of the society he had made necessary to himself; he was weighed down under the weight of remorse and a great loneliness which did much to induce the moping idiocy, the wretched life-in-death, in which for so long the brilliant satiric genius lingered—a "driveller and a show."

Considering the great service that Swift did first to Whigs and then to Tories, and the truly patriotic manner in which he strove for justice to Ireland, there does seem to have been some justification for his sense of wrong received at the hands of Ministers. And yet, was it not rather difficult to aid Swift? The very things that made him powerful and serviceable to a political party, unfitted him for the very highest preferment in the Church. He was no preacher, and only too prone to present his people with moral essays and political pamphlets instead of more edifying fare. And his transference of his services from Whig to Tory

under merely personal promptings, added to his disadvantages in the end. When he was disappointed in not receiving either the bishopric of Waterford or that of Cork, fairly exasperated he threw himself into the arms of the Tory party, who knew his value as a partisan. He made himself feared where he had been courted before. "I stand," he says, "ten times better with the new people than ever I did with the old, and am forty times more caressed." But he shared the lot of those who know better how to make themselves feared than loved. He was conscious of his great talents, and longed to have a wider arena for their display. The love of power was dominant in him; but the misfortune was that he was a Churchman, and had written the "Tale of a Tub," and had often *seemed* to range himself on the side of the Freethinkers. As a bishop Swift would have delighted in hunting down Evangelical curates and snubbing Dissenters; but his diocese would have suffered. To one so prone to satire and burlesque, and who hated Lent, furmity, and sour faces, the stateliness, restraint, patience, and suavity proper to the office of prelate would, we fear, have been intolerable. Worse men, and men as ill-suited for prelatical functions, have too often, of course, received promotion; but that would not have made the position more palatable to Swift had he been thrown into it, nor would the Church have been by any means benefited up to the measure of his great intellectual endowments. It was, perhaps, better for all concerned, that he should be disappointed, and left to write "Gulliver," and rule the Deanery of St. Patrick's in Dublin.

what disgusts other men, and to wallow in the mire because he loved it.

It is as a writer of homely and effective prose that Swift is conspicuous amongst the so-called wits of Queen Anne's reign. He had none of the finikin grace of Addison or the airy humour of Steele; he was not a spinner of epigrams like Pope, nor could he rival Bolingbroke in turning out polished sentences; yet he surpassed all his contemporaries in conveying in vigorous and correct English the original ideas of which his mind was full. The letters of Junius and of Peter Plymley are quite as good reading as those of the Drapier, yet Swift had a triumph which was denied to the author of 'Junius' and to Sydney Smith. Though arguing in favour of a policy which was absurd, and though giving vent to statements which were ludicrously false, he succeeded in coercing the Administration of his day to rescind a measure which they deemed politic. Few men have used their pens with greater effect than Swift, and few have used them with less advantage to their fellows. The issue of Wood's halfpence was used by Swift merely as a pretext for scourging the Whigs. Nevertheless, the triumph was a tribute to the power of Swift's pen.

It is unnecessary to say anything in praise of the 'Tale of a Tub' or of 'Gulliver's Travels.' Both are as familiar as household words. Mr. Stephen seems to think that Swift was a good Churchman notwithstanding the 'Tale of a Tub.' Swift protested that he did not write it with the intention of turning religion into ridicule, and that he was concerned only with satirizing its mistaken professors. That Swift was a strong Churchman by profession is unquestionable. He wished to make a living, and his desire was to get a good one in the Church. For all religious bodies save the Church of England he avowed supreme contempt. He regarded Roman Catholics as fools and Presbyterians as knaves. It is probable that he was a sceptic at heart, and that he recoiled from the consequences of his convictions. The visitors to his house did not know that he read prayers to his servants. They thought him a thorough man of the world. The truth appears to be that he feared the devil more than he loved God.

'Gulliver's Travels' is the book by which Swift is best known and by which he will

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Years in India, from Juganath alaya Mountains. By William Commissioner of Patna. Vol. & Co.)

e to the present volume Mr. s that some even of his friends ed disappointment that in his ne did not enter upon sundry eneral importance which they ight have been competent to goes on to say :—

further misunderstanding, there- wish to point out that, with the my work what it professes to be, ed from entering upon any sub- mportant or sensational, in which *go* is not, at least to some extent,

his statement a naïve assump- onal personal importance which using and irritating; and the carried throughout the entire d much of what Mr. Tayler en is explainable only on the at the work was written for tion. He can scarcely expect ial details as the shape of his cap, the marriage of his wife's or the sugar plums and com- ch Lady This or Lord That his grandchildren will have or readers outside his own im- But we should have forgiven puerilities if he had fulfilled n which we reasonably enter- hen he came to speak of the ich, for good or for evil, he took it part, he would have much of ate. With a strange perver- the author, who hitherto con- ression that he was ransacking d his notebooks for material fill his pages, is almost com- s to those matters upon which ith most authority and with ood of attracting atten- ost important official nce of Behar when

The fact is that when Mr. Tayler comes to the events of 1857 the memory of his own wrongs, real or fancied, renders it impossible for him to speak of anything else; and when we expect to hear something of the origin and early developments of the discontent that lay at the root of the Mutiny, we are treated instead to page after page of angry recrimination, which, whether justifiable or not, is scarcely pleasant or profitable reading. We have always felt much commiseration for Mr. Tayler as one whom the Indian Mutiny—that splendid opportunity for the making of a great name—left high and dry on the bleak strand of official degradation and disgrace. But we confess that his latest effort at self-vindication has fallen far short of convincing us that he was altogether right and his opponents altogether wrong. Clever, zealous, energetic public servant he undoubtedly was, with strong views and earnest desires; but no impartial reader of these pages can fail to see that their author is one of those who through life regard their own views as infallible, their own desires as rights, and all opposition as dictated by the malice of personal enemies.

It is not within our province, nor would our space permit us, to hold up the balance between Mr. Tayler and his quondam chief Sir Frederick Halliday. It is but just, however, to point out one or two matters in which, to our thinking, Mr. Tayler has been guilty of some unfairness towards his opponent. In the years 1879 and 1880 memorials from Mr. Tayler to the Secretary of State for India were presented to Parliament, and early in the former year a member of the House of Commons gave notice of his intention to bring Mr. Tayler's case before the House. But though the notice necessarily implied an imputation against the character of a distinguished public servant, it was never formally brought forward. Furthermore, in 1879 Sir Frederick Halliday's defence of his own action in removing Mr. Tayler from the Commissionership of Patna was published as a Parliamentary paper. But to this defence Mr. Tayler does not even allude in his present volume. He now lays most stress on the fact that the Wahabees, whom he was accused of having arrested unjustly in 1857, were afterwards shown to be traitors; but he does not try to combat Sir F. Halliday's statement that the accusation of treason brought

knew men, and who could, as in his dealings with the subtle Mazarin while preserving his own integrity, twist subtle statesmen to his pleasure at last a powerful sovereign, and so living, praying, dying; no hypocrite, no traitor, but a champion and martyr of the Protestant and Puritanical faith. Such is the Cromwell of Thomas Carlyle, and such the Cromwell of the following pages.' We are grateful to the author for his labour, and his work will, we trust, receive, as it deserves, a wide circulation. In most aspects of his character, as it seems to us, the warmest eulogy of Cromwell would not be open to exaggeration.

By a singular coincidence Mr. Picton's work on the Great Protector appears at the same time as Mr. Hood's. Comparisons must almost inevitably be suggested between the two, and yet, after reading them, we can honestly say there is room for both. That is because each writer has treated the subject with freshness, and infused into it his own individuality. From the historical point of view, Mr. Picton's work is the more valuable and important. It is fuller than the other, and presents more the appearance of a complete and consecutive record. But we are heartily glad to welcome both biographies, and quite agree with Mr. Picton when he remarks that 'the place of Cromwell in English history is too great and has too many aspects to be exhaustively treated even by a master, especially if the master have favourite doctrines of his own to set off by the light of a great example. In such a case humbler students may do service by showing that other points of view are possible.' This service our author renders, and at many points of his narrative he exhibits unquestionable acuteness and penetration when he draws lessons from the Cromwellian era, which modern Liberals would do well to take to heart. It is to be feared that, looked at from the point of view of Cromwell and the strong Puritans of his time, we, their professed admirers, are but poor limp creatures, whether as Liberals or Christians. A fearless study of the Protector's character cannot, therefore, but be bracing and energizing to us, and such a study Mr. Picton provides for us. After sketching at length his hero's career, he draws with force and clearness, and not a little originality, the lessons of his life and career. Some have been surprised at the reaction which followed Cromwell's death; but this was inevitable. The strength of that rule lay in the irresistible will, the iron energy, of the man. But he was as much in advance of his age in foresight as he was in power. At his death 'he had already gone beyond public opinion; and though the substantial benefits of his government were acknowledged, yet, as the volcanic eruption of abnormal reforming zeal cooled down, people fretted at the cold grey world that replaced the merry England of their youth. Cromwell and a strong successor might have maintained the new government through the time of reaction; but it would be by holding the nation in leading-strings, and by sacrificing that which is better than all laws and all institutions—the political vitality of the English race.' Mr. Picton points out that the lesson of Cromwell's great career was really the very reverse of that which has, with much applause, been drawn from it. It was better

for the England of all time that the England of that day should lose a ruler too good for it. It should have free scope for an infatuated reaction. It is only by national lapses that a people can learn there is no short cut to political beatitude. 'Neither the accidental genius of one man, nor the blind conservatism of the many, can unite order and progress. That union is only to be achieved by general intelligence and moral effort directing and enabling each unit in the multitude willingly to subordinate himself to the good of all.' We trust that this masterly biography will be studied widely and studied well: it is worthy of a permanent place in all the public libraries of the country.

The Life of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. By Henry Craik, M.A. With Portrait. John Murray.

In the whole circle of biography there is not a deeper tragedy than that of Swift; not a life that is more surrounded by problems. Certain and assured facts respecting some of the most determining circumstances in his career are not to be had; the biographer must content himself at best with guesses; he must use psychological mortar to bind his bricks together. Sympathy, and the insight that goes with it, are thus essential to a biographer of Swift. Without these we can have but a *caput mortuum*. Again, if the sympathy be overdone, we shall have a strained and disproportioned performance: a picture without due relief and shading. We know so much of the man that we cannot suffer ourselves to be led into any extravagant admiration or affection for him; Mr. Forster in some respects leaned this way; he could, for instance, see little in Swift's conduct towards the unfortunate women in whom he had contrived to awaken and to feed a passion for him, to condemn or to rebuke, or any thing, indeed, but a kind of privilege of genius. He thought that Swift's treatment of Stella was such as she should have been perfectly contented with—nay, proud of; and this in face of the pathetic response to Swift's offer to make known to the world at last the secret marriage—'It is too late now.'

'Her story has, indeed, been always told,' says Mr. Forster, 'with too much indignation and pity. Not with what depresses or degrades, but rather with what consoles and exalts, may we associate such a life. This young, friendless girl, of mean birth and small fortune, chose to play no common part in the world; and it was not a sorrowful destiny, either for her life or her memory, to be the star to such a man as Swift, the Stella to even such an Astrophel.'

It may be so; 'but yet the pity of it! O the pity of it!' We doubt whether it is in woman's nature to reason on such a matter as the calm, admiring biographer does here. Mr. Craik, whose masterly life of Swift has come close on the heels of Mr. Leslie Stephen's epitome, steers clear at once of the Scylla of unsympathetic analysis and the Charybdis of excessive admiration. It is evident how the subject has inspired him; the psychological problems have only excited his interest instead of ex-

hausting it, and he has been carried through his wide circuits in search of facts with a feeling of freshness and zest. He has told the story well and effectively, throwing new light, even at this late time of day, on various points; and at the outset he takes care to suggest a theory of Swift's temperament and medical condition which predisposes the reader to make allowances. In this he has shown no slight art; and he has done not a little to secure proportion and flowing narrative by relegating all debateable matter—of which there is more than an ordinary proportion in Swift's life—to Appendices. The first thing, then, that strikes us about the work is its readableness; next, the grasp that is laid upon this strange and, in some respects, repellent character; and, finally, the rare frankness and impartiality which supports the sympathy and sustains it. In a word, Mr. Craik has done as much as a truthful and candid biographer could do to make Swift attractive. Much is gained when one is made to feel, as Mr. Craik means one to feel, that the forecast of the mental disorder that fell upon Swift was present with him from an early stage; that he lived in constant fear of a shadow falling on him from this cause. Solitude he sought, yet solitude soon became more oppressive to him than the society from which he had escaped. The brooding melancholy is thus accounted for, as well as his keen, absorbing desire to secure such an independence as would render him thoroughly free from any such concern as might intensify mental desire, and his resolution to keep himself rid of all the ties and responsibilities that weigh most permanently on the mind. Mr. Craik is anxious to show that Swift's savage cynicism only concealed a really tender heart; that while he hated men, he loved individuals, and was capable of sacrifices. He does much to prove his case; but no apology for Swift of this kind can completely avail. There remains the fact that he was essentially self-seeking, that he was fain to delectate himself by brooding over the vices and the weakness of others, till he draped all his world with the reflections of his own gloomy imagination. He sought persistently for the honours and enjoyments which he denounced others for seeking, and by the same means as he had used, though unsuccessfully. Mr. Craik speaks of 'Swift's hold of a successful cause always becoming related as success seemed assured,' and this, which in measure is true, is one of the most puzzling and paradoxical things connected with him. His egotistic purpose was clear, and acknowledged to himself, and yet he had not the coolness to calculate for a not very distant future with anything like ordinary astuteness. His conduct in connection with the fall of Oxford may surely be regarded as corroborative of this position. With regard to Swift's relations to Vanessa and Stella, Mr. Craik well remarks—'We see the truth about Stella and Vanessa only when we look at them apart; and we must cast aside the inveterate habit which one biographer has borrowed from another, of considering them only as if their history made two sides of one story—two aspects of one passion.' And he speaks on this subject without too extravagantly justifying Swift, or failing in sympathy for his victims. He shows a happy faculty in discriminating the characters of the two famous

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ladies, and in contrasting them as they would come to affect a man like Swift. His remarks on 'Vanessa's conduct in becoming a politician to please Swift and share his interests,' are subtle; and the reasons which would determine Swift to consent to the secret marriage with Stella are ably and convincingly discussed.

Together with his great mental energy, his power of commentary on the acts of others, his satiric vengeance, Swift was self-doubtful—having more regard, as Mr. Craik neatly says, for the past and what was lost with it, than for the present and the enjoyment of it. He was constantly trying to fortify himself by resolutions for the future. These strange rules, set down in 1699, to be acted on 'when I come to be old,' are a touching proof of this. He was constantly brooding over possibilities of evil to himself and to others connected with him, and thus the joy of intercourse became more deeply shadowed as he became more and more dependent upon it. The shrinking from the realization of any of the more intimate ties of life fed the savagely cynical shamelessness that he made so powerful in literature. We wish we could have found space to have dwelt on some of the doubtful points in connection with Swift's life, and to have discussed Mr. Craik's conclusions respecting them. This must wait. Meanwhile we can only recommend Mr. Craik's 'Life of Swift' as one of the interesting and valuable additions that have recently been made to biography; and this notwithstanding that his task must have promised at the outset to be only a gleaning after the harvest. His patience and thoughtful discrimination have justified his choice of subject, and will bring him his reward.

The Life of James Clerk Maxwell. With a Selection from his Correspondence and Occasional Writings, and a Sketch of his Contributions to Science. By Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews; and William Garnett, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Professor of Natural Philosophy in University College, Nottingham. With Steel Portraits, Coloured Plates, &c. Macmillan and Co.

There are some men whose influence is far beyond their reputation—great though it may be; but, in the field of science especially, they must always remain the select and chosen few. In these days, when an inquisitive press makes the most of every great achievement, it is becoming more and more hard to retain any of that ingenuous simplicity which was held in less bustling times to be so essential an element in true greatness. Professor Clerk Maxwell was assuredly one of the rarer spirits, in which scientific genius of the highest type, and the success and fame that it brought with it, left untouched the nobler traits that spring from manly simplicity, broad, unaffected sympathy, and humble-minded devotion. As we have read this Memoir we have often thought of Faraday, with whom

bat des Livres.' Scott describes it correctly as 'Histoire Poétique de la Guerre nouvellement declarée entre les Anciens et les Modernes,' but calls the author Coutray, a name which no one has ever heard of. This strange error has been adopted by Forster, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and other writers on the subject. Mr. Craik points out that the author was François de Callières, and we find his name mentioned in Brunet as the author of this and other works, among which the most successful seems to have been a collection of *bons mots*.

Swift remained at Moor Park till the death of Temple in January, 1699. After a short visit to London, where he tried in vain to obtain something from the patronage of the king, he returned to Dublin as chaplain and secretary to Lord Berkeley. It was about this time that his acquaintance with Miss Waring (to adopt Mr. Craik's spelling of the name, which is usually written Waryng) was finally broken off. Varina, as he used to call her, was probably a woman of no deep feeling, and Swift, under the circumstances of the case, was justified in letting her know that he was no longer a suitor for her hand. But the letter which he wrote to her on the occasion was inexcusable, though he perhaps hardly realized the wound it would inflict on her womanly pride. Mr. Craik writes :—

"He [Swift] had at once a singular insight and a singular blindness. He was keen, even to morbidness, in foreseeing and laying bare the motives of action : the same passionate intensity that gave strength to his satire, gave force and clearness to an analysis, pitiless alike to himself and to his mistress. He simply expresses with an unsparing truthfulness what he believes to be the case between the two ; and there he leaves it. On the other hand, he shows here, what he showed throughout, that blindness to the ordinary feelings that stir human nature, which makes him unable beforehand to gauge the effect of his words."

This passage, we think, explains many episodes in Swift's life.

In 1701 Esther Johnson, to whom Swift afterwards gave the poetic name of Stella, took up her abode in Dublin with her friend Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, in lodgings in Stafford Street, opposite to St. Mary's Church. Swift had known Stella as a child ; but when he went to Moor Park for the third time she was fast ripening into womanhood, and the intimacy which was then, perhaps, unwittingly commenced, now assumed a permanent form. Of the connexion between Stella and Swift it is impossible not

think Mr. Craik shows that the evidence is in favour of some aving taken place. Lord Orrery, Swift well and had exceptional es of ascertaining the facts of the s of Stella as "the concealed, but wife of Dr. Swift." Lord Orrery, remarked, was certainly not a itness. Dr. Delany, the most and trustworthy of all who have the subject, and the intimate wift, writes, in his 'Observations rrery's Remarks,' 1754 (p. 52), lship's account of the marriage is, ed, true." No manly critic, however that something more than ıot due to the lifelong devotion la gave to Swift; and whatever ns of the story may be given, it ys remain as a grave reproach mory. That Stella towards the life acutely felt her anomalous ere can be no doubt, but Swift, emorse he may have felt on the ver referred to it. In his letters ends the allusions to Stella are limited to a casual mention of and Swift's correspondents were ticent. Mr. Craik writes in a note: rious how little reference there is to nson in Swift's correspondence with friends. Only Bolingbroke, whose e was none of the most fastidious, ıe name of Stella two or three times, vith words of fashionable cant, engruous in the circumstances."

ıarkable that among Swift's con- ıs so little curiosity should have ssed on the subject. In a satirical lliveriana,' by Smedley, there is a e in which, over Swift's head, ı star and under it the word But there is nothing offensive in ın, which is almost the only one all among the Grub Street writings y. The story of Swift and Stella bly for ever remain unexplained. t's change of party Mr. Craik does ıch, although it has been the subıgry controversy. Mr. Lecky, in ory of the Eighteenth Century,' opinions on the question which be full of common sense:—

consistency of his [Swift's] political en very grossly exaggerated. It was itable that a young man brought up to Sir William Temple should enter h Whig prepossessions. It was evitable that a High Church party conflicts under Queen

and when they occur the statistics are generally given in round numbers, so as to be easily understood. No one knew better than Swift how to adapt his style to his readers. This pamphlet was written chiefly for the squires and rural clergy, who must have often been delighted at their own sagacity in being able to master the long array of facts and figures. But the work was equally suited to the intellects of the wits and coffee-house politicians, and its success was beyond all precedent.

In 1723 the history of Hester Vanhomrigh, better known as Vanessa, came to a tragic end. Swift had made the acquaintance of the family in 1708, and during his long residence in London, from 1710 till 1713, he saw much of the Vanhomrighs. How constant were his visits to their house we learn from the 'Journal to Stella.' Vanessa, whose chief fault was that she was romantic and impulsive, conceived a desperate love for Swift. This love he never returned, and it must be said to his credit that he never pretended to do so. Yet the letters which he received from Vanessa during his short absence in the summer of 1713, when he went to take possession of the deanery of St. Patrick's, cannot have failed to enlighten him as to the real state of Vanessa's feelings, which had already been observed by others. His replies must have shown her that her love was not returned, and that from Swift she could never expect more than friendship and regard. But when he returned to London, instead of trying to break off the intimacy, he resumed his old habits of familiar intercourse. In 1714 Vanessa followed Swift to Ireland, though he had warned her that "he will see her seldom." The remainder of Vanessa's life was passed in expectations which she knew could never be realized and in hopes which she must have felt to be vain. The suspense at length became intolerable, and she resolved to put an end to it. In what manner Vanessa learnt the indissoluble tie between Swift and Stella is uncertain, but the truth was at last made plain to her. The shock, though it could not have been unexpected, was too much, and she died a few weeks after learning the certainty of what was to her worse than death. The poem of 'Cadenus and Vanessa' has made the story better known than any other event in Swift's life. Mr. Craik copies the error of previous biographers in stating that the poem was published shortly after Vanessa's death, in 1723. It

American novelists. It is to be noticed that Mr. King when he uses a French phrase often gives the translation in a foot-note. No doubt there is a difficulty in drawing the line. He translates *écoute* and *pas si vite*, but not *mon ami*. As the scene is laid principally in Switzerland and Paris, the author might safely have fallen in with the common assumption that French is generally understood.

If it were one of the indispensable duties of a reviewer to ascertain and reveal the object with which every book submitted to him had been written, the difficulty of his task would be enormously increased. Of course he would not always be justified in taking the author's solution of the mystery; for the ostensible motive is often insufficient to account for the writing and publication of a book. 'The City of Three Spires,' for instance, has for its "great lesson," according to the preface, an exposure of the evils of "a marriage entered upon otherwise than with the benediction of the Church—resulting in the lack of grace and guidance in fulfilling its duties in the training of a family." But the inculcation of this lesson —which is not, and could not in the nature of things be, inculcated—was certainly not the motive which caused the writer to produce these two thick volumes. The first few lines of the introductory chapter might seem to suggest another origin:—

"'What is this frilling a yard?'

"'We sell it by the piece. A dozen yards for three and ninepence.'

"'I will take it.'

"And while the shopman wrapped it in paper, and asked 'What other article may I have the pleasure of showing you to-day?' the purchaser, a slight, fair girl, in deep mourning, had fallen into a reverie, and her eyes had filled with tears.

"For on the card upon which the frilling was wound, was a tiny picture, representing three spires."

There is, however, no further indication of a desire to advertise a Coventry manufacturer; and internal evidence leads to no other conclusion than that the author wrote these thousand and odd pages because writing is, for him or her, a fatally easy thing, and because neither the construction of a plot nor the elaboration of character, neither the logical deduction of effect from cause nor the studious invention of incident and repartee, has exacted anything like painful application.

The chief fault of 'The House of a Merchant Prince' is that it contains too

run through the whole narrative. many good points in the character rchant prince, though he has his , and in those of the younger hero roine, even if their talk is rather but most of the people who figure pages are decidedly unpleasant. ly house referred to in the title is and effectively described, as also eople who enjoy its hospitality; whole Mr. Bishop may confidently the judgment of English novel- this racy American story.

DIOCESAN HISTORIES.

Histories.—York. By George Ornsby, ciety for Promoting Christian Know- non Ornsby has been for many years the history of the north of England. in editing texts for the Surtees e long been appreciated by specialists: not remember that he has hitherto anything to popular historical litera- e exception of 'Sketches of Durham,' ished some five-and-thirty years ago. lume before us is evidently the result itations of many years. Being one t is not, it may be safely conjectured, cts such as its author would have To conceive of it, however, as a book order would be an entire mistake. k may be produced in this off-hand n the writer understands his subject, ever have the finish and harmony of that belong to a work that has grown in the author's mind. Mechanical p not differ more widely from vital o the works of the book-maker from e student. Canon Ornsby's 'York' us throughout. It is not possible his pages whether the Church of the hs or that of the Tudor monarchy per interest for him, neither can his ct by statement or phrase what his e on any one of the many subjects in country between history and theology forth so much bitterness from con- s. The long story of upwards of years—from Paulinus to Sharp—is a little over four hundred pages, so nary skill has been required to give portant facts and yet prevent the om sinking to the level of a mere The story of St. Wilfrid's tedious s in favour of Roman customs with stics who had inherited Scottish tra- good example of Canon Ornsby's yet highly condensed style. The held that we have not the is sympathies are on the he native Church. The s accounts of the Pil- came to pass the last time a portion of the feudal baronage were in rebellion against the monarch. Canon Ornsby's book is calculated to remove many prejudices. It has been hastily concluded that the use of churches for secular purposes was almost unknown before the Reformation. The landowners and squires of latter days who have used the sacred buildings as store-houses for wool, and the clergy who have taught school-children their letters within them, have been thought to have suffered from the evil effects of the religious changes of the sixteenth century. How far this is from being the true state of the case is proved by many passages in Canon Ornsby's book. At the end of the twelfth century it was needful for the archbishop to protest against turning the churches into market-rooms, and it seems that in the beginning of the fourteenth a market was regularly held in Ripon Minster. There is evidence that this practice was not uncommon in many parts of England until the period of the Reformation. A like custom prevailed, according to Maurer, in Germany until the seventeenth century. The murder of Archbishop Scroope—for it can in no way be regarded as a legal execution—was attended, as such events commonly were in the Middle Ages, by signs and portents. The king, it was affirmed, was on that very day struck with leprosy. This may or may not have been true, but one miracle that is said to have happened is of easy explanation: "A crop of barley was growing upon five ridges of the common field adjoining the spot where the execution took place. This was utterly trodden down and apparently destroyed by the trampling of the assembled crowd, but it sprang up again and yielded in the autumn an unusual increase." The archbishop suffered on the 8th of June. It should be remembered that in those days barley was sown much later than, with our improved systems of tillage, is now common; it would, therefore, probably be but short. It is still not uncommon in Yorkshire and other counties when the young barley is growing too rapidly for farmers to turn sheep among it to "tread" it. This practice is especially prevalent on light soils, and is supposed to be attended with advantage, because it binds the loose earth firmly around the roots of the growing plants. The author has some sensible remarks on religious persecution, Roman and Anglican. He draws attention to the fact that Archbishop Neile vindicated persecution of the most cruel kind. Writing to Laud about the case of Legate, who had been burnt for heresy in the reign of James I., he says that his punishment "did a great deal of good," and suggests that the present times (1639) "do require like exemplary punishment." Students of the Puritan literature of the Laudian time may have noticed that Archbishop Neile was an object of extreme detestation among men of advanced opinions. If he uttered sentiments of the above nature freely in conversation the fact is not surprising.

cere and affectionate friendship that subsisted between

Swift and Addison.

I should be much concerned if I did not think you were a little angry with me for not congratulating you upon being Secretary [of State]. But I choose my time, as I would to visit you, when all your company is gone. I am confident you have given ease of mind to many thousand people, who will never believe any ill can be intended to the Constitution in Church or State while you are in so high a trust; and I should have been of the same opinion though I had not the happiness to know you.

I am extremely obliged for your kind remembrance some months ago, by the Bishop of Derry, and for your generous intentions, if you had come to Ireland, to have made party give way to friendship by continuing your acquaintance. I examine my heart, and can find no other reason why I write to you now besides that great love and esteem I have always had for you. I have nothing to ask you either for any friend or for myself. When I conversed among Ministers, I boasted of your acquaintance, but I feel no vanity from being known to a Secretary of State. I am only a little concerned to see you stand single; for it is a prodigious singularity in any Court to owe one's rise entirely to merit. I will venture to tell you a secret—that three or four more such choices would gain more hearts in three weeks than all the methods hitherto practised have been able to do in as many years.

It is now time for me to recollect that I am writing to a Secretary of State, who has little time allowed him for trifles. I therefore take my leave, with assurances of being ever, with the truest respect, &c.

Turning now to the letters of Pope, we find, as we remarked above, a complete contrast to the genial honesty of Swift. Recent critics have discovered conclusive evidence of Pope's epistolary insincerity. We know that he obtained possession of his letters to Caryll, and the discovery of original copies of these shows that Pope freely revised them for publication, and even adapted them to serve as material for letters to other correspondents. From the present collection we may quote one in Pope's pleasantest style, written to Miss Martha Blount.

Pope's Visit to Oxford.

The mean rose in the clearest sky I ever

was treated in such a manner
not but sometimes ask myself, in
hat College I was founder of, or
I had built. Methinks I do
turn to the world again, to leave
ce where I make a figure, and,
myself seated with dignity on the
uous shelves of a library, put
abject posture of lying at a lady's
mes's-square.

f his letters to Cayll he in-
abruptly, two translations and
n of Adrian's Address to his
sks his correspondent's opinion
erely saying that they are by
nt hands. The first is by Prior
t by Pope himself.

ni Morientis ad Animam.

pretty fluttering thing!
ho longer live together?
ou prune thy doubtful wing,
y flight thou know'st not whither?
bus vein, thy pleasing folly,
eglected, all forgot,
, wavering, melancholy,
d'st, and hop'st, thou know'st not
!

The same by another hand—

spirit! wandering fire,
hast warmed my tender breast,
no more this frame inspire?
a pleasing, cheerful guest?
h whither, art thou flying?
dark, undiscovered shore?
st all trembling, shivering, dying,
and humour are no more.

ani Morientis ad Animam.

park of heavenly flame,
hou quit this mortal frame?
bling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
e pain, the bliss of dying!
fond Nature, cease thy strife,
et me languish into life!

l conclude our extracts with one
Pope caricatures his own physical
n describing "Dick Distich," the
t of the "Little Club."

ope's Portrait of Himself.

st eminent persons of our Assembly
poet, a little lover, a little politician,
hero. The first of these, Dick Distich
we have elected President, not only
hortest of us all, but because he
so just a sense of his stature
in black, that he may ap-

that we have not the
sympathies are on the
he native Church. The
his accounts of the Pil-

superfluous table of contents, Mr. Williams is answerable for about two-fifths of the total pages. In the future volumes of what must be admitted to be an excellent work, we trust that the space may be more judiciously apportioned.

THE ROUNDHEAD GENERALS.*

THE last addition to the series of "Military Biographies" forms an interesting page in the history of our own country. It differs from preceding volumes, in taking a much wider subject, and consequently treating it much less closely. *The Parliamentary Generals of the Great Civil War* thus becomes a short, but clear sketch of the Great Rebellion, interspersed with a few biographical notes on the leaders of the "Roundheads." It is not, however, a mere *résumé* of larger works on the history of that period, for Major Walford writes from a point of view different from that of the historian, properly so called. In accordance with the plan and scope of this excellent series, he discusses, in a popular and thoroughly intelligible manner, the military aspect of the war, and, in so doing, enables the non-professional reader to acquire some correct ideas on a highly technical subject with very little trouble to himself. Some of the most interesting pages are those of the Introduction, which describe the method of fighting in vogue in the seventeenth century, and compare it with that of the present day. On the Parliamentary side especially, it was a matter of sheer hard knocks and personal strength and courage. Up to the battle of Naseby all the contests were "soldiers' battles"—that is to say, they were won by hard fighting, unassisted, to any extent, by tactical skill. And this was not so much due to the absence of generalship as to the quality of the Parliamentary troops, who could fight, but could not manœuvre. In the later stages of the war, however, when the incapable Essex and Waller had been succeeded by Fairfax and Cromwell,

ture of the Laudian time may have noticed that Archbishop Neile was an object of extreme detestation among men of advanced opinions. If he uttered sentiments of the above nature freely in conversation, the fact is not surprising

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are of especial interest, as being written by a great ecclesiastic such as Wesley was :—

"An Arminian, one that believes in universal redemption."
"Calvinists, they that hold absolute unconditional predestination."
"Catholick spirit, universal love."
"Consubstantiation, the mixture of two substances."
"Conversion, a thorough change of heart and life from sin to holiness ; a turning."
"Deism, infidelity, denying the Bible."
"A Dissenter, one who refuses the Communion of the Church of England."
"The Elect, all that truly believe in Christ."
"A Freethinker, a Deist."
"A Latitudinarian, one that fancies all religions are saving."
"The Millennium, the thousand years during which Christ will reign upon earth."
"A Nonconformist, a dissenter from the Church."
"A Pelagian, one who denies original sin."
"Purgatory, a place where the Papists fancy departed souls are purged by fire."
"A Puritan, an old strict Church of England man."
"Quietists, who place all religion in waiting quietly on God."
"Socinians, men who say Christ was a mere man ; Arians held him to be a little God."
"Transubstantiation, (the supposed) change of the substance of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ."

HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

"The Spectator."

JOSEPH ADDISON, of St. James's, and Richard Steele, of St. Giles's, gentlemen, assigned, on 10 Nov., 1712, to Samuel Buckley, printer and bookseller, a half-share in the copyright of *The Spectator*, then being printed in six vols., and engaged to work during that month, so as to form a seventh volume, for the sum of £575. The assignment was made at the Fountain Tavern, which stood on the houses afterwards numbered 105 and 106, Strand. Buckley transferred this assignment to Jacob Tonson, junior, the bookseller, on October 13, 1714, for £500. The autograph original of this transaction was sold in July, 1855, to Messrs. Boone, of Bond Street, for £7 15s.

Grub Street and its Journal.

No. 1.—Grub Street.

NO chapter of literary history is more singular or more sad than that which deals with Grub Street, and the men to whom the epithet of Grubean writers is applicable. The name alone has long passed into a proverbial phrase for all that is inferior in the great Republic of Letters. Indeed, the mere mention of Grub Street calls up before the mind's eye a tribe of miserable, poverty-stricken scribblers, whose main chance of existence depended upon their power of virulence at a libel, and whose last residence in this world was almost invariably the gaol.

The place known to us as Grub Street was originally tenanted by bowyers, fletchers, makers of bow-strings, and of everything relating to archery. Long before the age of printing, however, Grub Street and its vicinity harboured "literary men" in the form of text-writers, or authors of A B C's, and other religious ware of the same type. It was not until the latter part of the seventeenth century that its name became used as an epithet of reproach. Andrew Marvel, in "The Rehearsal Transprosed" (1672), was one of the earliest who so employed it, and this he did on several occasions. "He, honest man, was deep gone in Grub Street and polemical divinity;" and again: "Oh, these are your Nonconformist tricks; oh, you have learnt this of the Puritans in Grub Street."

It was during the Commonwealth that the Grub Street publications,—the "seditious and libellous pamphlets,"—caused a general consternation even in those days of wars and rumours of wars. The place abounded "with mean and old houses"[1] which, let in "holdings," afforded desirable retreats for those authors who, either from political or pecuniary reasons, desired to make themselves

[1] Hawkins' "Life of Pope," p. 31.

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scarce for a time. It was the Alsatia of the period, and here men, who were no longer safe in other parts of London, found a safe retreat. Being the suburb of Aldersgate and Little Britain, it not unnaturally became the abode of authors, ballad-writers, and pamphlet-makers. James Smith has hit off capitally the chief features of the place, in the following verse :—

> " A spot near Cripplegate extends,
> Grub Street 'tis called, the modern Pindus,
> Where (but that bards are never friends)
> Bards might shake hands from adverse windows."

It is very common to suppose that all writers who come under the Grub Street category were ignorant impostors. But in many instances it was not so. The malignity of Pope has tarred the whole fraternity so completely that individual merit has been totally eclipsed. Several of these men were educated either at a university, or some great public school. Poverty was perhaps their chief " crime," and this was the result of dissolute living and spendthrift habits. The literary fraternity was apparently composed of men who were in various ways unfit for every other calling under the sun, and their last resource was Grub Street. The moral tendency also of small authors was decidedly downwards, and it is perhaps not very surprising that every fresh recruit was carried on with the tide.

The "Grubeans," as they were generically termed, had to withstand the combined and persistent attacks of Pope, of Swift, and other brilliant wits who were placed by political or private patronage above the necessities and shifts of literary toil in that transitionary period. "The Dunciad" dealt a death blow to the class at which it was aimed. It became "fashionable" to sneer at and satirize these people, and so, in 1726, we find the Dean of St. Patrick's writing "Advice to the Grub Street Verse Writers," of which we quote the first stanza :

> " Ye poets ragged and forlorn
> Down from your garrets haste ;
> Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
> Nor yet consigned to paste."

On another occasion Swift writes :

> " O Grub Street ! how do I bemoan thee,
> Whose graceless children scorn to own thee !
> Tho', by their idiom and grimace,
> They soon betray their native place.
> Yet thou hast greater cause to be
> Asham'd of them than they of thee."

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But sixteen years before he penned his "Advice," Swift wrote to Stella thus, January 31, 1710–11: "They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a halfpenny every half-sheet, which will utterly ruin Grub Street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it." About eighteen months after this he writes, "I have this morning sent out another pure Grub;" and again, "Grub Street has but ten days to run; then an act of Parliament takes place to ruin it by taxing every sheet a halfpenny;" and, once more, "Do you know that Grub Street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money."

In the preface to the fourth part[1] of "Law is a bottomless Pit; or, the History of John Bull" (1712), usually attributed to Swift, but written for the most part by Arbuthnot, we have a reference to this act of muzzling the press, and the result of which, contends the writer, was the silencing of "the whole university of Grub Street," which he laments thus:—

"O Grub Street! thou fruitful nursery of tow'ring geniuses! how do I lament thy downfall! Thy ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to English liberty: no modern lycæum will ever equal thy glory, whether in soft pastorals thou sung the plauses of pampered apprentices or coy cook-maids; or if to mæonian strains thou raised thy voice, to record the stratagems, the arduous exploits, and the nocturnal scalade of needy heroes, the terror of your peaceful citizens, describing the powerful Betty,[2] or the artful pit-lock, or the secret caverns and grottos of Vulcan, sweating at his forge, and stamping the Queen's image on baser metals, which he retails for beef and pots of ale; or if thou wert content in simple narrative to relate the acts of implacable revenge, or the complaints of ravished virgins, blushing to tell their adventure before the listening crowd of city damsels, whilst in thy faithful history thou intermingles the gravest counsels and the purest morals: nor less acute and piercing wert thou in thy search and pompous description of the works of nature, whether in proper and emphatic forms thou didst paint the blazing comet's fiery tail, the stupendous force of dreadful thunder and earthquakes, and the unrelenting inundations. Sometimes with Machiavelian sagacity, thou unravellest the intrigues of state, and the traitorous conspiracies of rebels giving wise counsel to monarchs. How didst thou move our terror and our pity with thy passionate scenes between Jack Catch and the heroes of the Old Bailey! How didst thou describe the intrepid march upon Holborn Hill!

[1] In the later editions this was made part five. *Vide* Scott's "Swift," vi. 123–124.

[2] A cant name given by house-breakers to an iron lever.

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Nor didst thou shine less in thy theological capacity, when thou gavest thy ghastly counsel to dying felons, and recorded the guilty pangs of Sabbath-breakers! How will the noble acts [? arts] of John Overton's[1] painting and sculpture languish! where rich invention, proper expression, correct design, divine attitudes, and artful contrast, heightened with the beauties of clar-oscur, embellished by celebrated pieces to the delight and astonishment of the judicious multitude! Adieu, persuasive eloquence! The quaint metaphor, the poignant irony, the proper epithet, and the lively simile, are fled for ever! Instead of thee, we shall have, 'I know not what!'—'The illiterate will tell the rest with pleasure.'"[2]

The author of the foregoing naturally apologizes for the digression "by way of condolence to my worthy brethren of Grub Street," and humorously avers that "it has been my good fortune to receive my education there; and so long as I possessed some figure and rank amongst the learned of that society, I scorned to take my degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, though I was offered it gratis by the professors in those universities."

It is a very general belief that John Foxe wrote his "Book of Martyrs" in Grub Street; and although this is an open question, there can be no doubt whatever about the fact that he resided here for some time, as several letters in the Harleian collection testify. Milton's connection with Grub Steet is of a very abstract nature: about the year 1830 that street was re-christened, and, by an unhappy choice, violent hands were laid on the name of the author of "Paradise Lost," chiefly it seems from its proximity to the Bunhill residence of the great poet, who was buried in the chancel of St. Giles', Cripplegate, also hard by. John Speed, the tailor historian, and the happy father of twelve sons and six daughters, was also an inhabitant of Grub Street. As Dr. Brewer very pertinently remarks, "the connection between Grub Street literature and Milton is not apparent. However, as Pindar, Hesiod, Plutarch, &c., were Boetians, so Foxe the martyrologist and Speed the historian resided in Grub Street." It is sometimes stated that the present name of the street was given it by a carpenter named Milton, in honour of himself.

[1] The engraver of the cuts for the Grub Street papers.

[2] Hawkesbury refers to the preface of four sermons by W. Fleetwood, Bishop of St. Asaph (1712), where, having displayed the *beautiful and pleasing prospect* which was opened by the war, he complains that the spirit of discord had given us in its stead—*I know not what—our enemies will tell the rest with pleasure.* This preface was, by order of the House of Commons, burnt by the hangman in Palace Yard, Westminster.

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who, in or about 1830, bought up the leases; but the fact is as we have described.

When Swift wrote that "Grub Street is dead and gone last week," he was, to say the least, premature. For the climax to its wretchedness and misery was not reached until a quarter of a century afterwards. At all events, it could not have been much more depraved than it was in the days of Goldsmith and Johnson; and Macaulay goes so far as to say that the latter was the "last-survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope." But the shame and misery of Grub Street were past; and Johnson, looking back upon it from the eminence of his position, could refer to it with some complacency. In reply to an observation of Hoole, of Tasso fame, to the effect that he was born in Moorfields, and had received part of his early education in Grub Street, "Sir," said the great lexicographer, smiling, "you have been *regularly* educated."



Smart, an author of considerable talent, may be conveniently arranged under the Grub Street category. This far-seeing scribe actually *let* himself out to a monthly journal on a regular lease of ninety-nine years. "Surely the publisher," exclaims De Quincey, "might have been content with seventy." Some time after this singular agreement had been made, a rival tradesman invited some contributions from Smart, but was met with the reply: "No objection,

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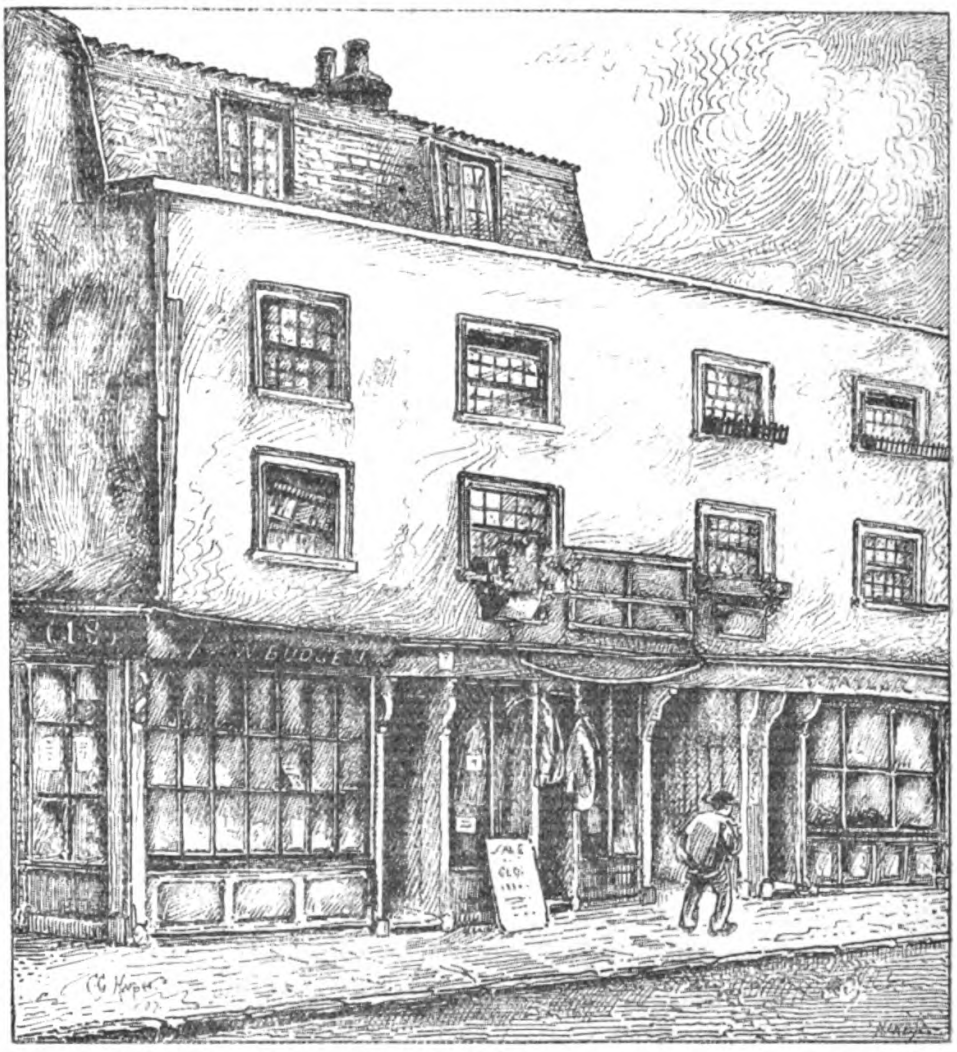
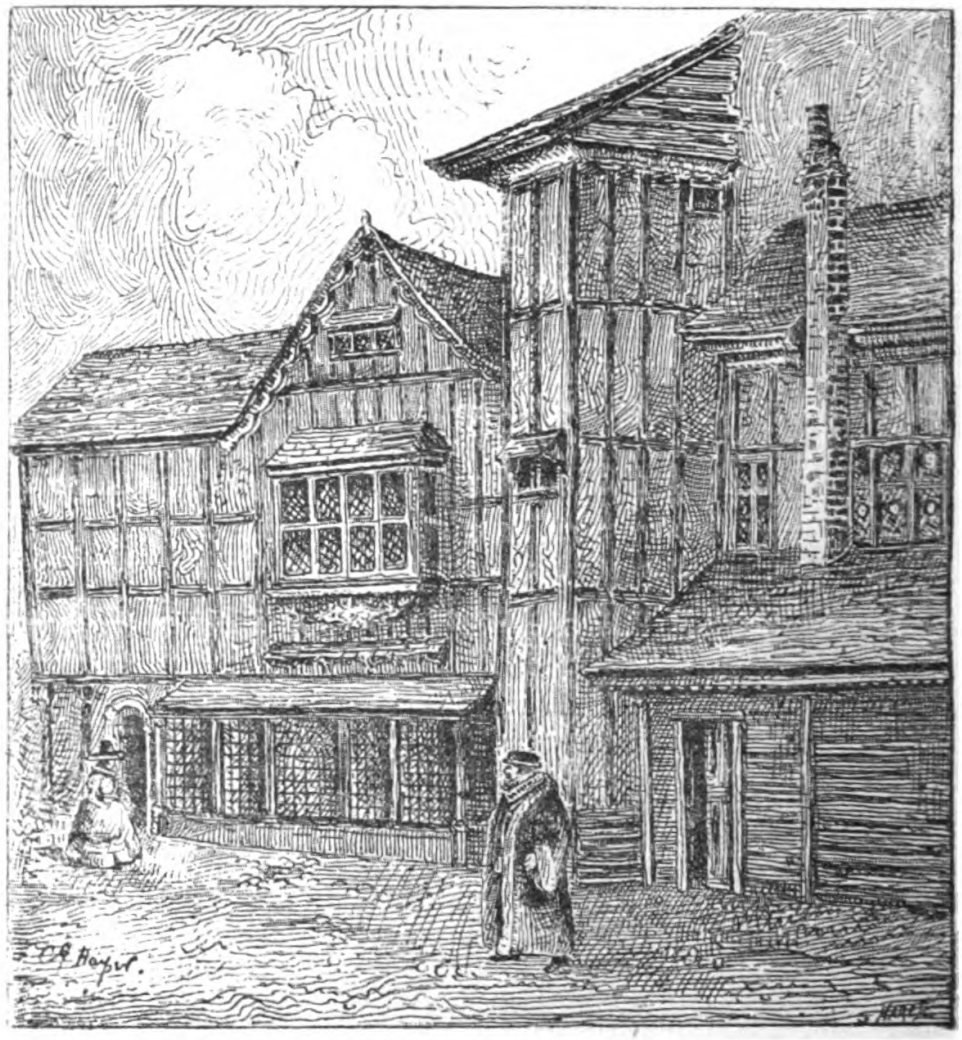
sir, whatever, except an unexpired term of ninety-seven years yet to run." There were many a similar "contract between the Devil and William Faustus." John Dennis was another of the fraternity, and although he wrote desperately bad verses, and several inferior plays, his critical abilities were of a very high order, and considerably in advance of his time. And those who care to pursue the subject further may do so by perusing Savage's "An Author to be Let."



In the second essay published in the first number of *The Bee*, October 9, 1759, Goldsmith speaks thus of his own brotherhood: "Our theatres are now opened, and all Grub Street is preparing its advice to the managers. We shall undoubtedly hear learned disquisitions on the structure of one actor's legs and another's eyebrows. We shall be told much of enunciations, tones, and attitudes; and shall have our lightest pleasures commented upon by didactic dulness."

A notice of Grub Street would be lamentably incomplete without

some slight reference to Henry Welby, the famous hermit, of whom we give an illustration from a picture published by Richardson in 1794. The accounts respecting this person differ somewhat, but the gist of the affair appears to be to the effect that Henry Welby was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, that he was the inheritor of a considerable fortune, and that a younger brother's



attempt upon his life caused him to renounce everything and everybody. From a very quaint book, entitled "The Phœnix of these Late Times; or, the Life of Henry Welby, Esq.," &c. (printed for N. Okes, and sold by "Richard Clutterbuck at his shop in little Brittaine, at the signe of the golden ball"), it seems that he lived alone for forty-four years, during which period he was not seen by any one. He is said to have had purchased for him all the new books, most of which he rejected after a short inspection. The

younger brother's name was John, and it has been contended that Welby was more than eighty-four years old when he died, October 29, 1636. Full notices of this eccentric individual will be found in Morgan's "Phœnix Britannicus," p. 373; Burke's "Patrician," vol. i., p. 52; "Reliquiæ Hearnianæ," vol. i., p. 209; and the privately printed "Notices of the Family of Welby."

We also give, as *apropos* of our present article, an illustration of a very old house in Sweedon's Passage, Grub Street, which, tradition tells us, was inhabited by both Whittington and Gresham, and which formed part of six houses which had occupied the site of an older mansion. Tradition, also, is responsible for the statement that a fine old house, in Hanover Yard, near Grub Street, sketched by J. T. Smith in 1791, was the residence of General Monk. As there is a general absence of proof either one way or another in regard to this theory, we may as well give the house the benefit of the doubt, and assume that once upon a time it was inhabited by Monk. Of this, also, we give an illustration. W. ROBERTS.

Hand-Book.

OLDYS, in his "History of the Origin of Pamphlets," is the first to notice the application of the term *hand-book* to a portable volume. He says, "I find, not a little to the honour of our subject, no less a personage than the renowned King Alfred collecting his sage precepts and divine sentences with his own royal hand into 'quarternions of leaves stitched together,' which he would enlarge with additional quarternions as occasion offered; yet he seemed to keep his collection so much within the limits of a pamphlet size, however bound together at last, that he called it by the name of his *hand-book*, because he made it his constant companion, and had it at hand wherever he was."

Memorandum-Book of George the Third.

IN the British Museum Library there is a very curious memorandum-book, about four inches tall and two inches deep. The binding is of crimson morocco, richly tooled in gold, with silver mounts. The sides are entirely covered with foliation and ornamental devices. In the centre of the first cover is the monogram "G.R." under a regal crown. The rose, thistle, and shamrock, and the royal crown, are depicted upon both covers. The book is fastened by a silver stylus, which fits into loops attached to four massive circular silver bosses, each of which is three-quarters of an inch across. There are eighteen leaves, four of which are of ass's skin, and covered with a white substance upon which the stylus will mark, and from which marks so made may be easily erased. Two pages are written upon with ink, now slightly faded, but clearly legible:—

"4 bo of port
2 bo of Claret
2 bo of renesh
2 Burgeney
2 White Wine
1 bo madarer
1 Shannpane
3 of Decr."

The next page contains this entry:—

	£	s.	d.
"2 Dosn of Claret Decr ye 2	9	0	0
11 botills	0	12	0
a hamper cord	0	1	6
for packing	0	1	0
	£9	14	6"

This most interesting memento of George III. has evidently been much used by being carried in the pocket, and indeed there can be

Swift's Annotations in Macky's Memoirs.

THE following somewhat lengthy extract occurs, among much other interesting matter, in *The Crypt*, for December, 1829. So far as the observations themselves are concerned, they are for the most part identical with the "Remarks on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne," published in vol. xii. pp. 234—255, of Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift's works. It does not appear that Sir Walter was aware of the source of these remarks, for neither Macky nor his "Memoirs" are, so far as I can find, mentioned or even alluded to throughout the nineteen volumes. The source, then, is Macky's "Memoirs" of his secret service during the reigns of King William III., Queen Anne, and King George I.; these were published in 1733, twelve years before Swift's death, and when all his chances of preferment were entirely gone. The original copy, with Swift's MS. notes, is, according to Lowndes, in the British Museum.

With respect to the general tenor of the "notes," it will be observed that they show the same unhappy spirit as that which prompted his annotations on both Clarendon's and Burnet's histories. The famous Dean of St. Patrick's had habituated himself to judging everyone by a very low standard, and the natural consequence of everyone, or nearly everyone, being reckoned up as blackguards or scoundrels ensued. To hurl filthy expressions at, and to demolish, a character that had cost its owner perhaps the greater part of a life to form was evidently most exquisite pleasure and enjoyment to this moody Dean, this "immense genius," this "awful downfall and ruin." Rarely, indeed, does Swift recognise or attempt to find abilities, or even a fair amount of common sense; and where either the one or the other is present he generally admits the fact in a very bad humour indeed, making, in short, a sort of an "Aunt Sally" of them. Swift was undoubtedly a hypocrite of no common order. But a general estimate of his character would be out of place in these pages.

The following is the article already referred to, reproduced from *The Crypt, verb. et lit.*, and it may be here observed that the original remarks are in *italics*, whilst Swift's are in Roman type:—

Curious Annotations of Dean Swift upon "Macky's Memoirs of his Secret Services during the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George I.," with Characters of the Nobility, Officers, and Courtiers. London, 1733, 8vo. Also, a few subsequent Remarks

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upon the Annotator. Transcribed from a copy in possession of Mr. Pickering, of Chancery Lane.

P. 1-3. *Prince George of Denmark.*—Married 28th July, 1683, when Lady Anne was about twenty years old. He died in October, 1708.

P. 7. *Churchill, D. of Marlborough.*—Detestably covetous. *Swift.*

P. 10. *James, D. of Ormond.*—Fairly enough written. *Swift.*

P. 17. *Charles, D. of Somerset; of good judgment.*—Not a grain; hardly common sense. *Swift.*

P. 18. *William, D. of Devonshire.*—A very poor understanding. *Swift.*

P. 20. *John, D. of Buckingham.*—This character is the truest of any. *Swift.*—"He openly sold every place in his disposal; had a personal interest with the Queen, from having pretended, in his early days, to have been in love with her. No one else either trusted or esteemed him." So says the editor of the Supplement to Swift's works.

P. 26. *Daniel, E. of Nottingham.*—He fell in with the wigs [? Whigs]; was an endless talker. *Swift.*

P. 34. *E. of Romney; was the great wheel on which the Revolution rolled.*—He had not a wheel to turn a mouse. *Swift.*

Ibid. *He hath lived up* (down) *to the employments the king gave him.*

Ibid. *Of a moderate capacity.*—None at all. *Swift.*

P. 36. *Charles, D. of Richmond.*—A shallow coxcomb. *Swift.*

P. 38. *Charles, D. of Bolton; does not now make any figure at Court.*—Nor anywhere else; a great booby! *Swift.*

P. 39. *George, D. of Northumberland.*—He was a most worthy person, very good-natured, and had very good sense. *Swift.*

P. 40. *Charles, D. of Grafton; is a very pretty gentleman.*—Almost a slobberer, without one good quality. *Swift.*

P. 41. *Sir N. Wright, Lord-keeper.*—Very covetous. *Swift.*

P. 43. *John, D. of Montague.*—As arrant a knave as any in his time. *Swift.*

P. 48. *John, L. Somers; of creditable family.*—Very mean; his father was a noted rogue. I allow him to have possessed all excellent qualifications, except virtue. He had violent passions, and hardly subdued them by his great prudence. *Swift.*

P. 50. *He is something of a libertine.* His indulgence with women is supposed to have been the cause of his death. He died unmarried in 1716. *M.*

P. 54. *Charles, L. Halifax; the patron of the muses.*—His encouragements were only good words and dinners; I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to taste what was said by others. *Swift.* Swift's character is strongly confirmed by an anecdote of Pope and his lordship, related in Dr. Johnson's Life of that poet.

P. 55. *Charles, E. of Dorset; of great learning.*—Small or none. *Swift.* Swift could know but very little of his learning, for he died in 1706. *M.*

P. 56. *He is still one of the pleasantest companions in the world.*—Not of late years; but a very dull one. *Swift.*

P. 60. *Richard, E. of Rivers.*—An arrant knave in common dealings, and very prostitute. *Swift.* He elsewhere says of him, "I loved the man, but hate his memory." *B.*

P. 63. *James, E. of Derby.*—As arrant a scoundrel as his brother. *Swift.*

P. 66. *Charles, E. of Peterborough.*—The character is, for the most part, true. *Swift.*

P. 69. *Charles, E. of Sunderland; endued with good sense.*—No. *Swift.*

P. 73. *Thomas, E. of Stamford.*—He looked and talked like a very weak man; but it was said he spoke well at Council. *Swift.*

P. 80. *Thomas, E. of Thanet.*—Of great piety and charity. *Swift.*

Ibid. *Edward, E. of Sandwich.*—As much a puppy as ever I saw: very ugly, and a fop. *Swift.*

P. 82. *Richard, E. of Ranelah.*—The vainest old fool alive. *Swift.*

P. 83. *Charles, L. Lucas.*—A good plain humdrum. *Swift*

P. 85. *Charles, E. of Winchelsea; loves low wit.*—I never observed it: being very poor, he complied too much with the party he hated. *Swift.*

P. 88. *L. Poulet, of Hinton.*—This character is fair enough. *Swift.*

P. 89. *Charles, L. Townshend; beloved by everybody that knows him.*—I except one. *Swift.*

Ibid. *William, E. of Dartmouth.*—This is right enough, but he has little sincerity. *Swift.*

P. 92. *Thomas, L. Wharton.*—The most universal villain I ever saw. *Swift.*

P. 93. *Charles, L. Mohun.*—He was little better than a conceited talker in company. *Swift.*

P. 96. *Montagu, E. of Abingdon.*—Very covetous. *Swift.*

Ibid. *Philip, E. of Chesterfield.*—If it be old Chesterfield, I have heard that he was the greatest knave in England. *Swift.*

P. 97. *Charles, E. of Berkeley.*—Intolerably lazy and indolent, and remarkably covetous. *Swift.*

P. 98. *E. of Feversham.*—He was a very dull old fellow. *Swift.*

P. 99. *Henry, E. of Grantham.*—Good for nothing. *Swift.*

P. 100. *John, L. De la Warr.*—Of very little sense, but formal, and well stored with the low kind of the lowest politics. *Swift.*

P. 101. *Robert, L. Lexington; of a very good understanding.*—A very moderate understanding. *Swift.*

P. 103. *Ford, L. Grey of Werk.*—Had very little in him. *Swift.*

Ibid. *James, L. Chandos; a very worthy gentleman.*—But a great complier with every Court. *Swift.*

P. 104. *Francis, L. Guildford.*—A mighty silly fellow. *Swift.*

P. 106. *L. Griffin.*—His son was a plain, drunken fellow. *Swift.*

P. 107. *L. Cholmondeley.*—Good for nothing, as far as ever I knew. *Swift.*

P. 110. *L. Butler of Weston; of very good sense, but seldom shews it.*—This is right; but he is the most negligent of his own affairs. *Swift.*

P. 114. *Mr. Mansell.*—Of very good nature, but a very moderate capacity. *Swift.*

P. 116. *R. Harley, Esq., Speaker; very eloquent.*—A great lye; he could not properly be called eloquent; but he knew how to prevail in the House with a few words and strong reasons. *Swift.*

P. 126. *Mr. Boyle, Chancellor of Exchequer.*—Had some very scurvy qualities, particularly avarice. *Swift.*

P. 130. *Sir T. Frankland, Postmaster.*—A fair character. *Swift.*

P. 131. *Mr. Smith, Priv. Couns.*—I thought him a heavy man. *Swift.*

P. 132. *Charles D'Avenant, LL.D.*—He was used ill by most ministries: he ruined his own estate, which put him under the necessity to comply with the times. *Swift.*

P. 134. *Matthew Prior, Esq.*—This is near the truth. *Swift.*

P. 136. *Thomas (Tenison), Archbishop of Canterbury.*—The most good-for-nothing prelate I ever saw. *Swift.*

P. 142. *Geo. Stepney, Esq.; one of the best poets in England.*—Scarce a third-rate. *Swift.*

P. 143. *Mr. Methuen.*—A profligate rogue, without religion or morals, but cunning enough; yet without abilities of any kind. *Swift.*

P. 146. *L. Raby; of fine understanding.*—Very bad, and can't spell. *Swift.*

Ibid. *He is of low stature.*—He is tall. *Swift.*

P. 148. *Mr. Hill; affects plainness in conversation.*—Au contraire. *Swift.*

Ibid. *He is a favourite to both parties.*—To neither. *Swift.*

Ibid. *He is taller than the ordinary stature.*—Short, if I remember right. *Swift.*

P. 149. *Sir Lambert Blackwell.*—He seemed to be a very good-natured man. *Swift.*

P. 154. *Mr. Aglionby.*—Dr. Aglionby; he had been a Papist. *Swift.*

P. 154. *Mr. D'Avenant.*—He is not worth mentioning. *Swft.*

P. 160. *L. Gallway.*—Is directly otherwise; a deceitful, hypocritical, factious knave; a damnable hypocrite, of no religion. *Swift.*

P. 162. *E. of Orkney.*—An honest, good-natured gentleman, and hath much distinguished himself as a soldier. *Swift.*

P. 163. *Sir Chas. Haro.*—His father was a groom; he was a man of sense; without one grain of honesty. *Swift.*

P. 165. *Colonel Aylmer.*—A virulent party man, born in Ireland. *Swift.*

P. 178. *James, D. of Hamilton.*—He was made Master of the Ordnance; a worthy good-natured person, very generous, but of a middle understanding. He was murdered by that villain, Macartney,* an Irish Scot. *Swift.* See *The Examiner*, vol. ii. No. 51. Also, Lord Chesterfield's Letters to the Bishop of Waterford, May 23, 1758.

P. 190. *D. of Argyll.*—Ambitious, covetous, cunning Scot; he has no principle but his own interest and greatness; a true *Scot* in his whole conduct. *Swift.*

P. 192. *M. of Montrose.*—Now very homely, and makes a sorry appearance. *Swift.*

P. 200. *M. of Broadalbin* [? *Braidalbin, or Breadalbin*].—A blundering, rattle-pated, drunken sot. *Swift.*

P. 206. *Secretary Johnstoun.*—A treacherous knave; one of the greatest knaves *even in Scotland. Swift.*

P. 211. *Mr. Carstairs.*—A good character, but not strong enough by the fiftieth part. *Swift.*

P. 218. *E. of Marr.*—He is crooked; he seem'd to me to be a gentleman of good sense and nature. *Swift.*

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* This is not true; he fell in a duel with Lord Mohun.—Ed. *W. A.*

P. 223. *Andrew Fletcher, of Salton.*—A most arrogant, conceited pedant in politics; cannot endure the least contradiction in any of his visions or paradoxes. *Swift.*

P. 240. *E. of Middleton.*—Sir William Temple told me he was a very valuable man and a good scholar. I once saw him. *Swift.*

P. 250. *E. of Weems* [*Wemyss*].—He was a black man, and handsome *for a Scot. Swift.*

With respect to these very interesting notes, it will be worth while quoting the following notices—transcribed from a copy in the possession of the Rev. J. Jebb—published in *Notes and Queries*, Third Series, vol. ii. p. 430:—

"The following MS. information is copied from the original in Mr. Thorp's own handwriting in a copy of Macky's 'Memoirs,' which was purchased at the sale of the late Mr. Charles Butler's books by Mr. Cochran, Bookseller; and by his kindness put into my hands, that all the notes might be transcribed by me.

"JOHN (JEBB), Bp. of Limerick.

"*East Hill, Wandsworth, February* 16, 1833."

"The gift of Robert Thorp, Esq., to Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, as a token of respect and esteem, as well as acknowledgement for the many favours conferred by Dr. King on Mr. Thorp during his residence at Oxford; and which is only rendered of any value, as it may recall to Dr. King's mind the many agreeable hours he had spent with that great genius the Reverend Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's in Ireland, author of the several observations and remarks contained in these 'Memoirs.' Oxford, April ye 10th, 1759."

"The following note is added in another hand.—J. L."

"'Mr. King added the MS. notes in his own hand from Dr. Swift.'

"No so: the handwriting of the above memorandum, and of the notes is *the same;* and that, manifestly, the handwriting of the donor, Mr. Thorp. *How* he had access to Swift's autograph, or whether he had access to it [at] all, does not appear. But there cannot be a doubt that the notes are the genuine productions of Swift. They are exactly in the manner of those on Bishop Burnet's *Own Times*, published by Dr. Routh; betraying throughout the same sarcastic severity, and the same unhappy temper.*—J. L."

It may not be out of place to mention that *The Crypt, or Receptacle for Things Past*, was an admirable little periodical, full of

* "On consideration, more frequently *abusive* than *sarcastic*."

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very interesting articles, essays, notes, and the like, which are uniformly high in tone and character. Lowndes remarks that "the architectural essays are evidently the work of an able hand." The periodical commenced publication in August, 1827, and, after two or three transformations, ceased with the issue for December, 1829, or the eighth number of the "New Issue." It was conducted by the Rev. Peter Hall. In a notice which appeared in a list of Sir Walter Scott's publications, Sir Walter is credited with being a contributor to the little journal in question, but the nature of his articles is not indicated.

WILLIAM ROBERTS.



How My Shakespearean Collection Arose.

I HAVE been asked to give "*la raison d'être*" of my Shakespearean Collection. Granted I have a story to tell, it is very a simple, purely one of facts; and those who expect a sensational narrative will be sorely disappointed. Some sixty-five years ago, when I was about ten years old, my father was intimate with Mr. Cowden Clarke, Leigh Hunt, poor Scott (who was shot in a duel with Lockhart), and, methinks, many other literary people of the period. He was very fond of taking me with him, when he visited his literary friends. He could do so, as he was welcome wherever he went. He was of opinion that the conversation I should hear would be useful to me in after life. At the time of which I am speaking there were great discussions on various Shakespearean emendations; and words occasionally rose rather high. Child-like, I often fell asleep over these disputes, and in my waking hours I often wondered how grown-up people and friends could thus get angry with one another, for, as a child, I was early taught to listen and not to argue. Most of these discussions have long since faded from my memory, save one line

> "Hang out our banners on the outward walls.
> The cry is still they come."

The placement of the comma was the moot point, and one of the disputants waxed so warm and excited that in after years he came back vividly to my recollection whenever I read or heard the well-known couplet. He would

> "Rather on a gibbet dangle
> Than miss his dear delight to wrangle."

I often ventured to hint to my father that I did not understand these conversations, but his invariable reply was, "Have patience; wait, and hereafter you will comprehend them." As a *solatium* also, whenever I got some P.B. (*Puer bonus*) marks I was taken to the theatre to witness one of Shakespeare's plays. At that time Kean was at his zenith, Young full of public favour, and many other actors of high repute. These visits to the theatre gave me early a liking for good acting; and this was strengthened, when my father took up his residence in 1822, in Paris. I was then taken to listen to Mesdames George, Duschenois, Mars, &c. In those days scenery did not supersede acting. If one wanted plenty of red and blue lights, one went to the Port St. Martin, and there one could revel in bombastic, sensational, and unnatural effusions.

I have now stated how I was first introduced to Shakespeare, and I proceed to narrate how my liking for graphic illustrations arose. My father was a great admirer of Madame de Genlis. Her mode of youthful education enchanted him. Her mode of teaching history to the child princes of Orleans was by having their bedrooms hung round with prints and oil paintings of historical events in chronological order. This idea was heartily taken up by my father, who had three sides of my bedroom hung with prints of the Roman, English, and Bible histories, all illustrations in their supposed sequence of dates. To obtain these prints my father used to take me, when lessons were satisfactory, to old print shops, especially to Evans's in Great Queen-street, London. These visits were a great delight to me, and I am of opinion my unceasing bent for graphic illustrations took its origin from these visits. Often now I recall to my recollection the walls of my bedroom, when I have doubts about dates.

Thus I have given the two sources, whence, methinks, my illustrated Shakespeare has arisen.

After sojourning three years in Paris, I went to study in Germany, where for a while I lost sight of Shakespeare and illustrating. After I had made a good hold on German, I fell in with Schiller's translation of Macbeth. I marvelled at its fidelity, and yearned to do the same, in England, with his Don Carlos and Marie Stuart. However, I soon discovered that I was no poet (and poet must translate poet), and to this day I have never been able to compose a common-place stanza. My reading of Macbeth revived dormant recollections, and when I was in Florence in 1827 I bought an English edition of Shakespeare, which proved a good and faithful companion to me in

my six months' voyage from Genoa to Rio de Janeiro. It was a dreary time, for on board were only Carbonari, various exiles and two well-known brigands from the Abruzzi, brought on board in casks. To get out of their way, I used to ensconce myself in the crosstrees, and committed to memory "Hamlet," "As You Like It," and "Romeo and Juliet." I wish I could repeat them now as glibly as I then could, and I have always envied the memory of Sam Phelps, who could repeat *all* Shakespeare's plays.

During my sojourn in the Brazils in 1828—32, I was, like many thoughtless youths, very desirous of writing a book. Fortunately for me, this aspiration was soon nipped in the bud. By chance, a statement fell in my way, giving a summary of authors and books which still adorn the shelves of a well-composed library. A few hundred volumes alone hold sway over the human mind; all the other millions of volumes are forgotten. I therefore gave up all idea of bookmaking; yet I wanted to do something, and so the idea of forming an illustrated Shakespeare took strong hold of me about the year 1830. I then made the resolution, that, if my life were spared, I would continue my hobby for fifty years. That period has elapsed some years, but I am still as ardent in collecting as I was when I began. This has been a great consolation to me, as during my protracted years I have had many and serious vicissitudes. My affectionate and revered father, however, took every means to give me a good and sound education, and, during my hours of trial, I thank Heaven I had such a fond parent.

How I have carried out my resolution I leave others to pass judgment. My old friend Mr. Franz Thimm, wrote the following kind paragraph in his "Shaksperiana, 1564 to 1864," and in 1873 the Committee of the Shakespeare Library of Birmingham put the subjoined extract into their report:—

"The wonderful love of Shakespeare shown by the Cambridge Editors, has lately revealed itself in a Copy of Shakspeare of a most unusual kind. Scholars have long collected editions, illustrations, and books of their favourite ancient and modern authors, but perhaps no individual has collected more assiduously than Mr. H. R. Forrest, formerly of Manchester, but now of Birmingham, whose Copy of Shakspeare, with all its addenda, is a marvel, a literary curiosity, and a library in itself.

"We will endeavour to describe what Mr. Forrest has done.

"He took Kenny Meadows', Charles Knight's, Staunton's, and Cassell's Illustrated Editions of Shakspeare, and added to these all

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known illustrations by Boydell, Fuseli, Howard, Smirk, Chodowicki, Retzsch, and Buhl; every other illustration that he could procure—historical, descriptive, and artistic; portraits of all the historical personages of the plays; portraits of actors, English and foreign, who ever performed in the pieces. Everything in the way of scenic representation of the plays, and therefore all the customs and costumes of the stage, giving a history of stage costumes and stage performances of the plays; also the historical portraits, collected from Sir S. Meyrick's works on ancient armour, from Boutell's Monumental Brasses, and from copies of old illuminations, so that as far as possible the actual time of each piece, whether its scenes were laid in England, Italy, Germany, Greece, or Denmark, is before the examiner of this copy of Shakspeare.

"Next come the erudite and illustrious Annotators and Translators of the text of Shakspeare, whose Portraits he added. Then he collected from the caricatures, squibs, and periodicals, whatever had any reference to Shakspeare: he added maps of cities, old architecture, views of towns and castles and theatres, until the copy of his Shakspeare formed forty-five volumes in quarto, with more than 10,000 illustrations*—a marvellous work of never-ceasing perseverance. It would be difficult to surpass the diligent research by which this one author has been illustrated, and there can be no question that the 'Forrest Copy of Shakspeare' is unique as a Collection of Illustrations to Shakspeare's plays."

In the Report of the Birmingham Shakespeare Memorial Library, issued April 23, 1873, is the following paragraph:—

"Among the recent donations to our Shakespeare Memorial Library are some curious burlesques and travesties from Mr. H. R. Forrest, whose unrivalled collection of graphic illustrations of Shakspeare would be an invaluable acquisition to its shelves."

Peel Buildings, Birmingham. H. R. Forrest.



At a recent meeting of the Cambridge branch of the Royal Historical Society, Prof. Seeley proved that as early as 1734 George II. had received a copy of the Family Compact of 1733. It has generally been supposed that the English Government did not know of its existence, but Prof. Seeley thinks that it was his knowledge of it which made Walpole's policy so timid. He was not prepared to fight both Spain and France.

* Now (1886) verging towards 18,000.

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again, according to Mr. Sawyer, in 1512 and 1545, when many other Sussex towns shared the same fate. In 1512 the chantry of St. Bartholomew, near the present Town Hall, appears to have been reduced to ruins, and in consequence of the severity of its losses, the town was exempted from the heavy subsidy of four shillings in the pound which was imposed by Henry VIII.*

One of the most interesting events connected with the history of Brighton is the escape of Charles II. from the town in 1651, after the Battle of Worcester, in the boat of Captain Nicholas Tettersell. The various accounts of the affair have been carefully collected by a writer in the 32nd volume of the Sussex Archæological Collections. The inn visited by the King was called the George; it appears to have been situated in Middle-street, but it has long since been pulled down. It is quite clear from the Court Rolls that the so-called King's Head, in West-street, was not the place where the King stayed, for it is not even described as an inn until 1734, when apparently it was first named the George.

Mr. F. Sawyer gives us an interesting anecdote in connection with the King's escape; it runs as follows: "Tettersell's mate on the occasion of the Royal flight was Richard Carver, who was a Quaker; and from an interesting letter from their founder, George Fox, to his sweetheart, Margaret Fell, in 1669, it appears that Carver had carried the King ashore on his back, and (in November, 1669) had gone to the King to desire the release of some imprisoned Quakers. The King, astonished at not seeing him before, inquired the cause, when our Brighton Quaker nobly replied 'that he was satisfied, in that he had peace and satisfaction in himself. That he did what he did to relieve a man in distress; and now he desired nothing of him, but that he would set Friends at liberty.' † The ultimate result of his efforts was the release of 471 Quakers and 20 other Nonconformists, including the author of the immortal 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Mr. Offor, in his edition of Bunyan's works, says, 'It is an honour to Christianity that a labouring man preferred the duty of saving the life of a human being, and that of an enemy, to gaining so easily the heaps of glittering gold.'"

It may be added that Mr. F. Sawyer has added to his "Traces of Teutonic Settlements" a map of Brighton as it was in 1815, showing

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* The Reign of Henry VIII. J. S. Brewer. i. 481.

† Letter published in "A Select Series," biographical narrative, &c., of productions of Early Friends. (Edited by John Barclay, London, 1841.)

many of the 'laines' and 'furlongs' still uncovered with buildings, and marking the well-known fortifications, or rather, fortified enclosures on the Downs, near the present Race-course, and at Hollingbury, which carry us back from the days of Victoria to those of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and show how little changed the face of our country is from what it was thirteen or fourteen centuries ago.

E. Walford.

Francis Hoffman, 1711.

THIS name, which was prominently before the public in the last few years of Queen Anne's reign, as a writer of political and other pamphlets, is not to be found in Watt, Lowndes Allibone, or Nichols; so that one is at first led to suspect that perhaps there was no such person, and that the name was only assumed by some political writer who used it as a disguise for party purposes.

Early in the year 1708 there was a great scandal about Mr. Harley, who had taken into his service a man named William Gregg. This man, it appears, tried in how far it was possible to serve two masters, for whilst employed by Harley in the most confidential affairs, and trusted with the copying and sealing up of important foreign letters, he arranged privately to communicate to M. Chamillard the most secret transactions of the English Court. Being detected, he was sent to Newgate, and tried for high treason at the Old Bailey on January 19, 1707-8, when, it was said, in the hope of being pardoned, he confessed everything, and was condemned to death. A committee of seven Peers was appointed to examine Gregg, but they made no discoveries of importance. They reported fully to the House, who presented a special address to the Queen, on March 22, 1707-8, and she graciously replied "that she doubted not the examples laid before her by their lordships would be a sufficient warning to keep all matters of importance as secret as might be, and to employ such only as there should be good grounds to believe would be faithful." After this, nothing was left to be done save to hang William Gregg, and this was done at Tyburn on April 28, 1708. Previous to his execution, however, he drew up and delivered to the sheriffs a dying declaration, or statement, in which, taking all the blame on himself, he exonerated all others, and, in particular,

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"The Right Honourable Robert Harley, Esq., whose Pardon I heartily beg for having basely betrayed my Trust. Which Declaration, though of itself sufficient to clear the said Gentleman, yet, for the sake of those whom it was my misfortune not to be able to satisfy in my Lifetime, I do Sacredly Protest, That as I shall answer it before the Judgment seat of Christ, the Gentleman, aforesaid, was not privy to my Writing to France, Directly nor Indirectly."

It is necessary now to leave poor William Gregg, and turn to another subject. Two years after this, namely, on October 4, 1710, Jonathan Swift was introduced to Robert Harley, and then commenced that acquaintance which soon ripened into the most affectionate friendship. On November 2, Swift begun to write *The Examiner;* on March 8, 1710-11, Harley was stabbed by De Guircard, and on March 15, 1710-11, appeared Swift's very vigorous *Examiner* [No. 33]. In this, after loading the unfortunate Frenchman with all the odium and invectives which the writer could think of, he proceeds to show that this new attempt on the life of Harley was only a fresh instance of the evil influence of some persons once in great power, and a French Papist; a new form of the old treason, which showed itself two years before in the affairs of Gregg. Swift had now taken up the ministerial side, and his argument clearly was: praise those now in power, blacken those who are out of office, and make it clear that there was good reason for displacing them. With this in view, Swift said, "It was Mr. Harley who detected the Treasonable correspondence of Greg, and secured him betimes; when a *certain great Man, who shall be nameless*, had, out of the depth of his Politicks, sent him a caution to make his escape; which would certainly have fixed the Appearance of Guilt upon Mr. Harley. But when that was prevented, they would have enticed the Condemned Criminal with a Promise of a Pardon, to write and sign an Accusation against the Secretary. . . . . The same Gentleman lies now stabbed by his other *enemy*, a Popish *Spy*, whose Treason he has discovered. God preserve the rest of Her Majesty's Ministers from such *Protestants*, and from such *Papists*." We see here clearly the text of the whole matter; practically it was, praise Harley, St. John, and the present Ministry, and blacken Godolphin, Sunderland, and the Whigs, their predecessors. The articles and pamphlets which were published at this time, and on this text, were most curious and interesting; they form a remarkable chapter in the life of Harley, and also a most interesting episode in the Whig and Tory history of that period. Into all this we need not now enter, further than to say

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that Swift's paper in *The Examiner* was at once replied to in *The Medley* of March 26, 1711. In this the writer says: "'Tis pleasant enough to see what Work *Abel* and my friend *The Examiner* make with Gregg every day. I did not mind it much at first, knowing they meant nothing, only take thence an Opportunity to abuse those who hang'd him. But I find the Party talk now as if there was really something in it, and that the House of Lords were not better nor worse than the first Actors in the Plot against Mr. H——." At the same time there came out a small pamphlet intended to support Swift's statement, entitled "Secret Transactions during the Hundred days Mr. William Gregg lay in Newgate, under sentence of death for High Treason; from the day of his sentence to the day of his Execution." There is no author's name to this tract, which consists of sixteen pages, but it is stated to be written by Francis Hoffman, who says that, though absent from England at the time of Gregg's trial, he feels himself obliged by truth and justice to show forth to the world "how truly bright and spotless the Right Honourable Mr. Robert Harley's reputation must be, which the subtilty, bias, Venom, and unprecedented Malignancy, of the late Mighty Party (he has overturn'd) could no ways blast." Mr. Hoffman then proceeds to eulogise the Rev. Mr. Paul Lorrain, the Ordinary of Newgate, who attended Gregg, saying, "I have myself known him a long time, and have neither heard, or had reason to think, his conduct in the least blameable; which is a character none ever maintain'd in his station (or, especially of late), and very few clergymen have discharg'd the duty of their function so well, in stations more agreeable and beneficial beyond compare." He then requests the reader to peruse and consider a letter which Mr. Lorrain had addressed to him, together with Gregg's last dying statement, as delivered at Tyburn to Sir Benjamin Green and Sir Charles Piers, the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. Hoffman concludes his letter: "To our Queen, a most Faithful and dutiful Subject, and of my Native Country, an affectionate Lover and Servant, Francis Hoffman."

Swift's *Examiner*, and Hoffman's letter, soon brought a reply in the form of "A Letter to the Seven Lords of the Committee appointed to Examine Gregg." 8vo. J. Barker, 1711. The writer having informed their lordships that for the last sixteen months they have been treated by public writers as "Rogues, Rascalls, Cheats, Villains, Enemies of the Nation, Affronters of the Queen, and subverters of the constitution," goes on to say that, since March 8 last, "they have been compared to Murtherers and Assassines; men

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who would by Menaces, Promises, and Bribes, have suborned the criminal Gregg to confess Mr. H—— (now E—— of O——) guilty of corresponding with Her Majesty's enemies, in order to the taking away of his life." The writer, after objecting to the fact that Hoffman's letter is sold for one penny, "which I am told no bookseller can well afford at such a rate," proceeds to sneer at the author, "one Francis Hoffman, who may be, for anything I know, another officer belonging to that house" [Newgate]. Francis Hoffman, however, was not willing to be thus extinguished, and he at once returned to the charge in a second pamphlet, entitled "More Secret Transactions relating to the case of Mr. William Gregg," by the author of the former part. To this, also, there is no author's name, but there is a postscript signed as before, Francis Hoffman. It is a feeble production, though clothed in strong language, commencing by calling his opponent "a wretched Scribbler," and ending, "that no Sovereign had ever so base, so audacious a wretch for a subject, nor did Seven Noble Lords ever receive a Letter from such a Hedge writer as yourself, and so unskilful a Sycophant."

It was now necessary that Swift should resume his pen, and accordingly we find in his journal, under date August 24, 1711, that "a pamphlet is come out in answer to the Letter to the Seven Lords who examined Gregg. The answer is by the real Author of *The Examiner*, as I believe, for it is very well written." We may well pardon Swift for this little piece of self-laudation; firstly, because it is true, and, secondly, as a prudent precaution in case his journal should fall into other hands. This reply was headed: "Some Remarks upon a Pamphlet entitled, 'A Letter to the Seven Lords,'" &c.; and for a piece of sarcastic political banter, it must ever take a high position. With regard to Hoffman, Swift says, in reference to his letter: "Written by one Francis Hoffman, and the ordinary of Newgate, Persons whom I have not the honour to be known to, (whatever my betters may be) nor have yet seen their Productions, however, the same Answer still serves, not a word to controul what they say, only they are a couple of daring insolent wretches to reflect upon the greatest and best men in England; and there's an end. I have no sort of regard for that same Hoffman, to whose Character I am a perfect Stranger, but methinks the Ordinary of Newgate should be treated with more respect."

There is one remark in the letter to the Seven Lords which is too good not to be mentioned. The writer says that he "challenges all the books in the new Lords' Library [Harleian] because I hear it is

the largest, to furnish us with an instance like this, where seven great Peers," &c. Swift, in his reply, says: "I in my turn would challenge all the books in another Lord's Library, which is ten times larger, though perhaps not so often disturbed, to furnish us with an instance like this." This second library was, of course, the well-known Sunderland Library. Swift's letter is a splendid specimen of his peculiar style of political warfare, and no doubt produced the effect which he intended; but we hear no more about Francis Hoffman.

Three years later Hoffman was again before the public, for in 1714 he published a quarto pamphlet, entitled, "A Parallel between the Jews," &c., &c., "and the Whiggs, by Francis Hoffman. London, printed for the Author, pp. 1—8." The chief purpose of this little tract seems to have been the desire of saying that "Whiggs in all times were Plunderers, Murderers, and Authors of Sedition." It was soon followed by another tract, also in 4to., "Two very odd characters though the number be even. Or the Whigg Flesh-Fly and the industrious Tory Bee. With a Hymn written by the Bee and set to the Musick of His Wings." This was a very singular attack on Richard Steele, and came out shortly after his expulsion from the House of Commons. The frontispiece represents "Count Blue Tayl," with the words Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, in the form of a gigantic blue-bottle fly; fiercely attacked in front by a dwarf, labelled "Powell's Punch," who pinks him in the eye, and emitting from his tail a stream of words, "Be thou such an Englishman and such an awkward Politician." The writer says that he dreamt that this Flesh-Fly made a "Humm-Buzz about Dunkirk; that he turned out to be a certain author with a very wide and foul mouth . . . and that he was bid to walk down a certain pair of stairs, because it was accounted a burning shame to see such a Foul Mouth'd Fellow sit among Five hundred Wise Men." On the sixth page there is another engraving representing the Industrious Tory Bee, sucking honey from a royal rose, and an explanation that the Bee stands for "the Loyalty and Ingenuity of F——s H—ff—n, Esq; done by myself, in honour of myself; for you must know Good People, I am highly ambitious to second a late worthy Modern, and I therefore rise up to do myself this Publick Honour." After this we have in rhyme, "The Renowned History of that most religious worthy and ingenious F. H. A-la-mode d' Stockbridge," ending with an amusing parody of the first number of Steele's *Englishman*. The whole "Written and engraven by F——s H—ff—n, Esq." The pamphlet concludes with the promised hymn, which is much in the style of "The

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Parallel," and chiefly written to show that all "Whiggs are Devils!"

Probably much about the same time, there was also printed a little 4to. tract of four pages, entitled, "The Demolishing Edict," said to be by "That Most Incomparable, and Most Ingenious Gentleman, Politician, and Small Wit F——s H—ff—n, Esquire, in favour of his own Works." In this, amongst other paragraphs, we read, "Therefore, in ample order, to make Pompous Provision for the whole Fraternity of Small Wits, and fill their Bellies, inclusive of the Majority above mentioned, not excluding the Author of the New Paper called *The Lover* who I hear has a Swindging Stomach, I make an absolute and Solemn Decree that when and wheresoever any of our labours are found under any sorts of Pies, Cheescakes, Tarts, Custards, or any thing that is baked in the place where the Old Woman went to seek her dear daughter, I positively Insist on it that they be all immediately seized and Demolished, and the Puff-paste fortifications razed Tooth and Nail, before or after the Demolition of Dunkirk."

As Hoffman appears first to have come before the public as a political writer in 1711, and following suit after Swift, it might possibly be expected that some reference to him is to be found in Swift's works or letters. On consulting Scott's "Swift," 1824, we find in the index several references to the name of Hoffman. In the "Journal," under date December 16, 1711, Swift mentions that "Lord Treasurer told me some days ago of his discourse with the Emperor's Resident, that puppy Hoffman, about Prince Eugene's coming." Again, under date January 6, 1711—12, "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." Swift refers to this anecdote again in his "Treatise on Good Manners," vol. ix. p. 249, where he says: "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." It is hardly possible for a moment to believe that Monsieur Hoffman, who had been for a quarter of a century "Resident" in England from the Emperor and King of Spain, could be the Francis Hoffman who thus took so prominent a part in the Harley scandal, or even that his name could or would be used by anyone else, as a convenient political disguise, we seem to come back after all to the original doubt and question, Was there really any such person as Francis Hoffman?

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When I commenced this article, I had utterly failed to find any record of Francis Hoffman as a writer, and thought I should have to end by the admission that I could find no evidence of the existence of such a person in 1712; but, even as I write, I have, by one of those curious little accidents which used so much to please Horace Walpole, met with a piece of evidence which is highly suggestive, if not conclusive. Having read the valuable bibliographical note by Mr. Buckley in *Notes and Queries*, October 31, 1885, on the first edition of "Gulliver's Travels," 1726, it was natural to turn to copies of the book and examine them by the light of his notes. There are several things to guide one in thus comparing copies of a book which at first sight appear identical, and few more useful than the ornamental head and tail-pieces introduced by the printers. Whilst thus turning over the pages of a copy of "Gulliver," printed for Benjamin Motte, 1726, attention was drawn to the head-piece of chapter ii., which is remarkable because it is inverted, two little eagles with outspread wings seeming to stand upon their heads, in place of their usual position, which may be seen a few pages previously, where the same head-piece is used at the commencement of the table of contents. On carefully comparing these two impressions, it was evident that the artist had placed his initials in the centre of the two end flower ornaments, a thing by no means common in such head-pieces, and these initials were F. H. On examining the other head-pieces and initial letters of the "Voyage to Lilliput," it was found that several had the signature F. H., though small and indistinct; and in turning to the last page, at the conclusion of the voyage, where there was a more elaborate tail-piece, containing a burning altar, surrounded by a grove of leaves, fruits, and flowers, and attended by two little winged figures, there was clearly, at the foot of the altar, "F. Hoffman."

The hint thus given soon led to further inquiry, and, on looking into Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters," &c., ed. 1816, vol. ii. p. 695, something like evidence was found. He says:—

"Hoffman, Francis. This artist was probably a native of Germany, but he resided in England about the year 1711. He engraved a plate representing the portraits of the Right Honourable Henry St. John, one of the principal Secretaries of State; the Right Honourable William Bromley, Speaker of the House of Commons; and the Right Honourable Robert Harley, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Underneath is a printed account of the transactions of the House of Commons for the year 1711. It is etched in a coarse tasteless

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style, and inscribed *Francis Hoffman fecit aqua forte.* In Mr. Gulstone's Collection was a portrait of Francis Hoffman drawn and engraved by himself, in which he is styled the inventor of Ships with three bottoms."

According to Bromley, this portrait bears date 1710; and Noble, ii. 365, states that it is very rare, no other copy besides that which was in Mr. Gulstone's collection having been met with. It would appear that Francis Hoffman executed a large number of these "woodcut" head and tail-pieces, as well as initial letters, for printers. That some of his were used by Swift's printer in 1726 does not prove that he was then alive; they may have been prepared several years earlier. It is probable that a numerous list of his printer's ornaments might readily be made out. I will mention a few which I have observed: 1723, T. Warner, "Dennis's Remarks on Steele's 'Conscious Lovers'"; 1724, W. Meadows, "Heywood's Poems"; 1725, H. Woodfull, "Davys's Works"; 1727, B. Lintot, "Somerville's Poems"; 1727, T. Astley, "Mrs. Thomas's Poems"; 1727, Midwinter and others, "Chamberlayne's Present State"; 1729, C. Ackers, "Ralph's Poems"; 1730, B. Motte, "Thurston's Toilet"; 1731, B. Motte, "Travers's Poems"; 1745, J. & P. Knapton, "Irish Compendium."

On the whole, therefore, it seems fair to conclude that F. H., or Francis Hoffman, who wrote political pamphlets, who served Swift and ridiculed Steele, and who wrote wild religious tractates, was a real man, and was one and the same with the Francis Hoffman, the German engraver, of whom so little appears to be known, and the inventor of three-bottomed ships, all trace of which seems to be lost. The religion, poetry, wit, and engraving were probably due to Hoffman alone; but in the political part of his squibs he had certainly the guidance of a more practised hand.

EDWARD SOLLY.

THE London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says that a "find" of considerable interest to book collectors has lately taken place. "Hitherto," he writes, "there have been only two known copies of C. Lamb's privately printed volume, 'The Beauty and the Beast,' but Mr. Tickell, a Dissenting minister, has just found another among some old books on a London bookstall, and has become its fortunate possessor at the cost of a few pence. I am told that the volume is in excellent condition, and the hand-painted plates perfect."

The Ordinary from Mr. Thomas Jenyns' Booke of Armes.

Edited by JAMES GREENSTREET, *Hon. Secretary of the Pipe Roll Society.*

PART III.

(*Continued from Vol. VIII. p.* 69.)

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The

Antiquarian Magazine & Bibliographer.

Swift's Conduct of the Allies.

By Edward Solly, F.R.S.

IN October, 1711, Swift composed that masterly pamphlet, so well known by name to all, yet read now by so very few, entitled "The Conduct of the Allies." The Tory Ministry sadly wanted strength; the nation wanted peace; the Whigs, who had long flourished on the war, clung to the great name of Marlborough and insisted on the continuance of war. The Queen, never very strong-minded, was gradually breaking down, worried by party squabbles, and yet more by the petty impertinences of her favourites; troubled with many things, some of which, such as the question of succession and the schemes of the Jacobite party, appeared to grow just in proportion as her bodily and mental powers diminished; whilst she keenly felt the great responsibility of her high position, was, in fact, in some things almost powerless. She could control neither her Ministers, her Parliament, nor her armies; her force of mind was diminished, though her obstinacy was increased. Everything depended on the great question of peace or war, and one of the chief factors in the crisis was the position of the Duke of Marlborough. The prosperity of the country, probably, and the existence of the Tory Ministry, certainly, depended on two things—the declaration of peace, and the curtailment of the Marlborough influence. It was to aid in this that

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Swift wrote his pamphlet, and he probably designed that it should be published soon after the meeting of Parliament, which was to assemble on the 7th of December. From his "Journal," we know that he was finishing the pamphlet on the 24th of November, and had no doubt been rather hurried in doing so by the return of the Duke ot Marlborough on the 18th, who, of course, by his presence raised the hopes and increased the activity of the Whig party. Swift pressed on the printers, and the first copies of the "Conduct of the Allies" were sent out on the 26th of November. This was probably some weeks before the time he had originally intended for its appearance; he mentions on page 78 that "he had two reasons for not sooner publishing this discourse"—one being that he had to speak of things "the discovery of which ought to be made as late as possible, as at another juncture it might not only be very indiscreet, but perhaps dangerous."

The foundation of the pamphlet may be summed up in a very few sentences, all pointing to the grossest and most culpable negligence on the part of England's "Domestic Enemies." The writer says: "Against all manner of Prudence or common Reason we engaged in this War as Principals, when we ought to have acted only as Auxilliaries. We spent all our vigour in pursuing that part of the War which could least answer the end we proposed by beginning of it; we made no efforts at all where we could most have weakened the common Enemy, and at the same time enriched ourselves; and we suffered each of our Allies to break every article in those Treaties and Agreements by which they were bound, and to lay the burthen upon us." Starting from this as a general statement, Swift gave a rapid and masterly sketch of what the former Ministers had done, and also of what they might have done, but neglected to do, every now and then bringing in with great skill the various subsidiary facts and statements best suited to his purpose.

"The Conduct of the Allies" was in the hands of the Ministers on the 26th of November, and was published on the 27th. It is a point of some bibliographical interest, if, as I believe, it came out bearing the date 1712. It has already been pointed out that circumstances made it necessary to bring it out before the period originally contemplated, and this may perhaps account for the fact of the date.

Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, in his "Notes on the Bibliography of Swift," in the *Bibliographer* for November, 1884, gives "1711, The Conduct of the Allies, and of the late Ministry, in beginning and carrying on the Present War. Lond. 1711. (Scott gives date 1712)."

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As Mr. Poole does not mention a copy of this as to be found in any one of the seven great libraries to which he has referred, it is to be presumed that he had not then seen or examined one; the first noted in his list being the second edition, of which he says there are copies in the Bodleian, Trinity College, Dublin, and Forster collection, South Kensington. The title of what I believe is the first edition is:

1. The Conduct of the Allies and of the Late Ministry in Beginning and Carrying on the Present War. Motto: "Partem tibi Gallia nostri," &c. London: Printed for John Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, 1712. Title; preface three pages; pp. in all, 96.

Swift states in his "Journal," that the edition was 1,000 copies, and that it was all sold in two days. On the 29th of November, therefore, a second edition was set in hand, and was published on Saturday, the 1st of December. Swift says in reference to this second edition, "Lord Treasurer [Harley Lord Oxford] has made one or two small additions," and adds, "the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good. I have added something to this second edition." This was—

2. Title as before. Second edition, corrected. London: Printed for John Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, 1711. Paging as before, in all pp. 96.

Swift's pamphlet was published; it was a triumphant success, and he or Lord Oxford made an addition for the second edition, and this addition was one of some interest; it is to be found on page 46, where Swift is speaking of the King of Spain, and is as follows:

"I shall add one example more to show how this Prince has treated the Q——n, to whom he owes such infinite obligations. Her Maj—ty borrowed Two hundred Thousand Pounds from the Genoese, and sent it to Barcelona, for the payment of the Spanish Army. This money was to be re-coined into the current species of Catalonia, which by the allay is lower in value £25 per cent. The Q——n expected, as she had reason, to have the benefit of this re-coinage, offering to apply it all to the use of the War; but King Charles, instead of consenting to this, made a grant of the Coinage to one of his courtiers, which put a stop to the work: And when it was represented that the Army would starve by this delay, His Majesty only replied, '*Let them starve!*' and would not recal the grant."

Whether this paragraph was added by Lord Oxford or by Swift it would, perhaps, now be difficult to determine; but it is impossible not to be struck by the curious, one may say half-prophetic character

of the statement. The evil here charged to the King of Spain found its counterpart in history twelve years later, when George I., to please a favourite, gave the contract to William Wood for coining debased money in Ireland; and it fell to the lot of Dean Swift to denounce the thing in his celebrated Drapier's letters. The point of immediate interest now, however, is the fact that this sentence is to be found in the second and all subsequent editions of Swift's pamphlet, but not in the first, with the erroneous date of 1712. The second edition, then, came out on the 1st of December, and was sold off in five hours; and a third edition was brought out on the 3rd of December.

3. Title as before. The Third Edition, corrected. London: Printed for John Morphew. Paging as before; pp. 96.

At the end there is a note referring to a very unfortunate misprint in the second edition, showing in what great haste the work was driven through the press. This was on page 20, where it is said: "We did not do all we could to injure our enemies, and at the same time enrich *ourselves;*" the last word was by mistake printed *our allies*, thus totally perverting the sense of the argument. This third edition was sold out as quickly as the two former ones; and on the 5th of December a fourth was printing.

4. Title as before. The Fourth Edition, corrected. London: Printed for John Morphew. Paging as before; pp. 96.

At the end of this was added a short but rather important postscript. Great exception had been taken to a passage in the first three editions, which, though its purpose was very clear, was eagerly seized on by the Whigs as treasonable and Jacobitish. This was on page 39, where, after speaking of the absurdity of our asking the Dutch to guarantee the succession to the British Crown, Swift had concluded, "Thus putting it out of the power of our own Legislature to change our succession without the consent of that Prince or State who is guarantee, how much soever the necessities of the Kingdom may require it."

This was certainly an unfortunate expression, and might be read in two ways. He therefore, in the fourth edition, changed the last line into "however our Posterity may hereafter, by the Tyranny and Oppression of any succeeding Princes be reduced to the fatal Necessity of breaking in upon the excellent and happy settlement now in force." In the postscript Swift remarks on this: "It is pleasant to hear those People quarrelling at this, who profess for themselves for changing it as often as they please, and that even without the consent

of the entire Legislature." He further takes notice of the replies to the "Conduct," and "faithfully promises to fully answer any objection of moment he can find in them, in the fifth edition." This was already in the printer's hands, and two or three days later came out, but the promise was not fulfilled.

5. Title as before. The fifth edition, corrected. London: Printed for John Morphew. Title; preface two pages; pp. in all, 48.

This was the last edition before the close of the year; and the pamphlet, as may be readily supposed, had created a great sensation. Swift, with great confidence in his own powers, terribly feared the weakness and supine action of the Ministry, and his "Journal" of the week shows this strongly. Writing on the 15th he says: "I look upon the Ministry as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the consequences. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence." But the "Conduct" continued to be read, and was gradually producing a good effect; Dr. Sheridan [Life of Swift] says that 11,000 copies were sold within the month. Early in the new year there came out two more editions, namely—

6. Title as before. The sixth edition, corrected. London: Printed for John Morphew, 1712. Title; preface two pages; pp. in all, 48. This edition was of 3,000, and was all sold by January 28.

7. Title as before. The seventh edition, corrected. London: Printed for John Morphew, 1712. Title; preface two pages; pp. in all, 48. Mr. Poole states that there was a quarto issue of the seventh edition, which is in the Bodleian. The effect of Swift's work was seen and felt when the affairs of the Allies came before the House, on February 3, as we learn from the oft-quoted Letters to Stella: "Those who spoke drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; The Court had a Majority of a hundred and fifty. All agree that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions."

There do not seem to have been any other London editions published in the year 1712. The pamphlet was, however, again reprinted early in the following year.

8. Title as before. The eighth edition, corrected. London; Printed for John Morphew, 1713. Title; preface two pages; pp. in all, 48. To all of the last three editions there is added a brief postscript, drawing attention to the correction of the paragraph which had been objected to as Jacobitish, and which was first modified in the fourth edition.

It is a curious circumstance that in the collections of Swift's works, both those published in his lifetime and also those printed

after his death, the "Conduct of the Allies," as a rule, is taken from the first edition, that with the erroneous date, 1712. This is the case in Faulkner's subscription edition, published at Dublin in 1738; in the collection of Swift's political writings, published by Davis in London, 1738; in Hawksworth's quarto of 1755, and his octavo of 1766; in Nichols' edition of 1801; and in Scott's two editions of 1814 and 1824. In all these it is distinctly stated on the title-pages that the tract was *written* in 1712, when in truth it was published in November, 1711. As a necessary consequence, none of the editions of Swift's works introduced or took any notice of the paragraph in relation to the King of Spain, which was first added in the second edition; Nichols and Scott, however, introduced the anti-Jacobin correction, which first appeared in the fourth edition, in notes.

In the postscript to the fourth edition Swift promised to reply to all his answers in the preface to the next issue; but this he did not do. He found it more convenient to reply in independent pamphlets, of which there were two; one entitled "Some Remarks on the Barrier Treaty," which he wrote himself; and "An Appendix to the Conduct of the Allies," which was compiled under his direction and printed in the *Examiner* of January 16, 1713. In the former Swift pointedly refers to the anti-Jacobite addition in the fourth edition: "I was assured that my L——d C——f J——e affirmed that Passage was Treason: one of my answerers, I think, decides as favourably; and I am told that Paragraph was read very lately during a Debate, with comment in very injurious terms, which perhaps might have been spared. That the Legislature should have power to change the succession whenever the necessities of the Kingdom require, is so very useful towards preserving our Religion and Liberty, that I know not how to recant. The worst of this opinion is, that at first sight it appears to be *Whiggish;* but the distinction is this, the Whigs are for changing the succession when they think fit, although the entire Legislature do not consent; I think it ought never to be done but upon great Necessity, and that with the sanction of the whole Legislature."

A little further on, when referring to the various pamphlets written in reply to "The Conduct," Swift says, "And I solemnly declare that I have not wilfully committed the least Mistake. I stopt the second Edition, and made all possible enquiries among those who I thought could best inform me, in order to correct any Error I could hear of; I did the same to the third and fourth editions, and then left the Printer to his Liberty. This I take for a more effectual answer to all Cavill, than a hundred pages of controversy." From the

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"Journal" it is plain that the stopping of the second edition chiefly meant submitting the proof to the critical consideration of the Lord Treasurer Oxford, and Swift was evidently well pleased that Harley made some alterations in it.

Speaking of one of his answerers, who printed four letters in reply, Swift says, with conscious satisfaction, "My Book did a World of Mischief (as he calls it) before his first part could possibly come out; and so went on through the Kingdom, while his limped slow after; and if it arrived at all, it was too late; for People's opinions were already fixed."

It is probable that no man either previously or subsequently ever rendered to a Ministry services so important as Swift did to the Ministers in 1711, by the publication of the "Conduct of the Allies;" and it is certain that no one who has rendered aid at all similar in magnitude has been so meanly rewarded. They gave him the poor Deanery of St. Patrick, and practically exiled him from the country which he loved and had served so well.

As this is only a bibliographical note in reference to the English edition of the "Conduct," it would perhaps be out of place to go into several other matters of interest in relation to it; one may, however, be very briefly referred to. Two years later Steele brought out the "Crisis," and this led to a reply from Swift, which may be said fairly to have extinguished Steele's pamphlet. It was entitled, "The Public Spirit of the Whigs," and in it Swift did not hesitate to say, "The author of the 'Conduct of the Allies' writes Sense and English, neither of which the author of the 'Crisis' understands."

DURING the progress of the works of repair of the Tol-house, Great Yarmouth, some interesting discoveries have been made, consequent upon the removal of the old rough-cast and cement work which once entirely covered the walls. Not only have the angle quoins and the original face of the walling been laid open to view, but the forms of some of the original windows have been recovered. These will be repaired and filled in with tracery as near to the original pattern as possible. On the wall beneath the little open gallery of the porch being taken in hand, the removal of the rough-cast laid open a series of neatly wrought trefoiled arches, supported upon moulded corbels. Below these the original arched opening has been met with, which afforded light and air to the common prison, or "hold," into which the prisoners appear to have been thrust. These features will be carefully repaired. The architects are, Mr. Loftus Brock, F.S.A., of London, and Messrs. Bottle & Olley, of Great Yarmouth. The work in progress will open out for inspection the ancient features of this unique building, which will appear more like an old one at the conclusion than it did at the commencement. It may be added that funds are still required to carry on the work. (For a description of the Tol-house, with an illustration, see vol. vi., pages 3-5).

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England in 1689.*

PART I.

Communicated by JAMES GREENSTREET.

THORSDAY, *November* 22, 1688.—Set sail out of Boston Harbour about an hour by Sun [before sunset], with a very fair wind.

* * * * *

Friday, Dec. 21.—Little wind and that is Northerly. See many Porpuses. I lay a [wager] with Mr. Newgate that shall not see any part of Great Britain by next Saterday senight sunset. Stakes are in Dr. Clark's hand. *Satterday, Dec.* 22, wind is at North-East, at night blows pretty fresh. This day a Gannet was seen, and a Purse made for him that should first see Land, amounting to between 30 and 40^{s} N[ew] England Money. I gave an oblong Mexico piece of Eight.

Monday, Dec. 24.—Wind remains right in our Teeth. See a Ship to Leeward most part of the day, which stood the same way we did: but we worsted her in sailing. *Tuesday, Dec.* 25, see two Ships, one to windward, 'tother to Leeward. About 10, *m.* a Woodcock flies on board of us, which we drive away essaying to catch him.

Sabbath, Dec. 30th.—Spake with a Ship 7 weeks from Barbados, bound for London, tells us he spake with an English Man from Galloway, last Friday, who said that the King was dead, and that the Prince of Aurang [Orange] had taken England, Landing six weeks agoe in Tor Bay. Last night I dreamed of military matters, Arms and Captains, and, of a suddain, Major Gookin, very well clad from head to foot, and of a very fresh, lively countenance—his Coat and Breeches of blood-red silk, beckened me out of the room where I was to speak to me. I think 'twas from the Town-house. Read this day in the even the Eleventh of the Hebrews, and sung the 46th Psalm. When I waked from my Dream I thought of Mr. Oakes's Dream about Mr. Shepard and Mitchell beckening him up the Garret-Stairs in Harvard College. *Monday, Dec.* 30th (*sic*), contrary wind still, speak with our Consort again. *Tuesday, Jan.* 1 [168$\frac{8}{9}$], speak with one who came from Kenne-

* Being extracts from a Diary written by Samuel Sewall, the American Judge. (Printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, U.S.A., 1878).

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to Somerset. But when we know all that he accomplished, it is difficult to believe that Alfred finished his course at the comparatively early age of fifty-two.

It is scarcely possible to bring these legends to a close without comparing and contrasting the lives of the two great heroes, British and Saxon, who, alike in their patriotic struggles against foreign invasion and heathenism, yet were in their results so different. Arthur's brilliant career lighted up with a glorious blaze the expiring struggles of a decaying cause, while Alfred's represented a young and vigorous nationality, throwing off the evils that beset it, and rising stronger from each contest. A blessing rested on his work, and with the one exception of Edwy, his successors down to Ethelred had glorious and successful reigns. Both alike made Somerset their rallying point, and the fairest and most graceful legends connected with the career of each have their local habitation in our county.*

The Burial-Place of Malcolm I.

IN the library of Fetteresso Castle, Kincardineshire, is a curtained recess, within which is a coffin or chest with a glass lid. This mysterious repository contains a few crumbling human bones, some dust, and two documents. By the kindness of Mr. R. W. Duff, M.P., the proprietor of this interesting old castle, I am permitted to publish for the first time the contents of the MSS.

The first paper is an account of the discovery of an ancient tomb. It was drawn up at the time by the Rev. George Thomson, minister of Fetteresso.

On Friday, January 4, 1822, some labourers, digging gravel for the repair of a road, discovered on the farm of Ferrochie, near Stonehaven, the property of Mr. Duff, of Fetteresso, one of those ancient sepulchral repositories which antiquarian research or accident has occasionally laid open in various parts of this island. The field in which the present discovery was made includes a natural ridge, or hillock, terminating abruptly towards the north-east, but previously rising, at this extremity, into an apex, or mound, on which there was till lately a cairn of stones, now composing the walls of the farm build-

* Authorities: William of Malmesbury, Asser's "Life," Lives of St. Neot, Histories of Glastonbury, "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," &c. &c., Butler's "Lives of the Saints," Dugdale's "Monasticon," "Lives of English Saints," published by Toovey, &c.

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ings. At this extremity the labourers had commenced an excavation, and it had been carried forward horizontally for several yards, through a bed of gravel, when the stratum, in which they were digging, assumed an artificial appearance; and, at length, about the centre of the apex, their progress was impeded by several large stones sunk at unequal distances, and seemingly placed for the protection of something below. These were removed, and under them, at the depth of six feet from the surface, was found a coffin four feet four inches long, two feet wide, and twenty inches deep, of which the sides and ends were composed of four unhewn stones, placed on edge, and the lid of one rude slab, seven feet long and four feet broad, the bottom, as afterwards appeared, being laid with small white pebbles, evidently gathered from the sea-beach, about a mile and a half distant. On removing the ponderous lid of the coffin, which was done with great care, under the immediate directions of Mr. Duff, it was found that on what it contained the work of time was nearly accomplished. Sufficient was left to show that, rude as was the sepulchre, it must have enclosed the remains of a person of consequence.

The first object that arrested the eye were the mouldering vestiges of a pall, or shroud, composed of fine network, in which were curiously-formed oval figures, or compartments, with the elegance displayed in a modern lace veil. The colour of it was dark brown, but the nature of the materials it was impossible to ascertain, as the slightest touch reduced it in semblance, as in reality, to dust. By taking up along with it part of the black and once animated earth on which it was incumbent, one compartment, near where the head had been, was raised entire, and it is now in the possession of Mr. Duff. A small hemispherical box next attracted notice, the circular lid of which, in tolerable preservation, was of a mahogany-coloured wood, flat, and neatly polished as a piece of cabinet work of the present day, and had been by minute stitches united to the body, which was about the size of a cocoa nut, but in the last stage of decay. The contents, whatever they had been, were no longer distinguishable from the mass of black earthy matter in which the box was found embedded. The head of the corpse had been laid towards the south-west, on a pillow of turf which now bore only the print of the skull, marked by a reddish dust, into which time had dissolved the bones. A profusion of fine auburn hair still remained on the turf, in nearly the same state of decay as the pall, and near it a remnant of some vegetable substance, of the appearance of decayed

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flowers, still of a green or yellowish hue, which may have formed a chaplet for departed valour. Some of the hair and the hemispherical box are now in Mr. Duff's possession. The only portion of the corpse not totally decomposed was part of the bones of the legs, to which was laterally attached a small quantity of that white, fatty substance into which animal matter is in certain circumstances known to change. The spinal bones, however, had retained their form in their transmutation to a fine reddish-coloured earth, slightly unctuous, sufficiently adherent to admit of one of the vertebræ of the back being raised entire, but falling into powder on the smallest pressure. The dimensions of these vertebræ indicated that this was the grave of a full-grown person, and from their situation, relatively with the bones of the legs, it was evident that the corpse had been laid on its right side, with the knees bent to accommodate it to the length of the coffin. On the 9th of January, the labourers working in the same place again accidentally discovered, within two or three yards of the coffin, a small stone box, filled with mould, intermixed with small pieces of bones, which had undergone the operation of fire. This repository was formed, like the coffin, of unhewn stones, but of much less dimensions, and it differed from it also in being deposited within little more than a foot of the surface of the ground.

In what age this tumulus was formed, or to what nation belonged the person of whose body the stone coffin was the repository, it is for the learned antiquary to determine. But it may aid the speculations of the curious to advert that it was found within two miles of the Grampian Hill, now known by the name of Reedikes, on which are very legible the remains of an extensive encampment, supposed by some antiquaries to have been that of Galgacus, on the occasion of his last conflict with Agricola; while nearer the sea there remained, till lately, traces of what was considered a camp of the Romans. The Roman practice of burning their dead may in some degree operate against a supposition that the coffin in this tumulus belonged to that nation. But, on the other hand, the exquisite workmanship of the pall and box found in it, forces a conviction that it belonged to a people well advanced in arts and civilisation. Burning their dead, too, does not seem to have been on all occasions a part of Roman sepulture. It began to be departed from so early as the reign of Numa, who left orders that his body should not be burnt, but buried in a stone coffin. May it not on these grounds be considered as a conjecture not extravagantly improbable that this was the sepulchre of a follower of Agricola, possibly of Aulus Atticus,

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the only man of note whose fall in that battle is noticed by Tacitus? If so, this tomb has now been explored, after the lapse of more than seventeen hundred years!

In sending this account to Professor John Stuart, of Aberdeen, Mr. Thomson accompanied it with a letter, which is, unfortunately, lost. The purport of it may be gathered from Professor Stuart's reply, viz., that this was probably the sepulchre of Malcolm I. The second paper is Professor Stuart's acknowledgment, and is of considerable interest.

Copy letter Professor John Stuart, Aberdeen, to the Rev. George Thomson, Minister of Fetteresso, Stonehaven.

College, Aberdeen, January 15, 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I have just been favoured with your pacquet, and am much obliged to you for the very great trouble you have taken in describing the curious ancient tomb so lately discovered at Fetteresso, and in sending me specimens of the contents. You are so well founded in your conjecture of its being the sepulchre of Malcolm I., that on receiving Mrs. Duff's note I had not the smallest doubt of it, being previously informed, on good authority, that he was killed there. My authority was and is Father Inness's "Critical Essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland" (by far the best book we have on these subjects), vol. ii., Appendix, p. 787, copied from one of the Pictish Chronicles found among the Colbertine MSS. The account of Malcolm I. ends thus: "Et occiderunt viri na Mocrore Malcolaim in Fodresach in Claideom." What occasioned me to mark the passage and remember it the better was a dispute that I had several years since with the well-known Mr. Pinkerton about this very word "Fodresach," which he would not allow to be Fetteresso until I showed him that place so spelled in an old map of Scotland. He was obliged to acquiesce, but neither of us could make anything of the other word "Claideom." Perhaps you who know the names of the neighbouring places so much better may be more fortunate, and discover this also.

This, then, may be considered as most direct and satisfactory evidence of its being the grave of Malcolm, which is corroborated still more by the extreme degree of care and trouble taken about the interment. I have little doubt of your being also correct about the materials found with the body, though they appear too much decayed to ascertain precisely the texture or fabric of any of them, unless the hair and the acorns. Nor am I surprised at any part of the

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The Antiquarian Magazine & Bibliographer.

1885.

ANOTHER year hath passed away—
Another cometh in its place—
We greet it with a smiling face,
Although the morn be late and grey.

Well, if the sky be dark, the day
Be short, and even early come
To close it in, yet still at home
We mark the dancing firelight play,

And, musing, dwell upon the time
Of summer days, when we afield
Learned how our English land can yield
Her store, as mellow as the chime

That sounds from out some tower old
O'er sedge-bound mere, or rolling down
Breaks gently on the good old town
Which ancient trees, like garment, fold.

Aye, merry days, when forth we went
By ancient manor-house and mill,
By many a lane, 'cross many a hill,
With our old England well content:

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Or stood beside that castle * hoar,
That stands upon its massive rock
'Gainst which the wilder billows shock:
It seems we now can hear them roar.

Or by that vast cathedral † pile
That looks forth where the waters flow
Beneath the wooded banks below,
Where lingers long the day's last smile.

Or that time-honoured, goodly shrine ‡
Which claims St. David's name; and then
We think upon those ancient men
Whose light through centuries still doth shine.

Or olden hall, or olden book,
Or olden tombs of knights in sleep—
Knights who their arms in death still keep—
And many a pleasant, quiet nook,

Where Time seems ever loth to press
His ever-moving step, and leaves
Old scenes—each one a memory weaves
A coronal of loveliness.

H. R. W.

Swift's Cadenus and Vanessa.

THERE is perhaps no more interesting chapter in the life of Jonathan Swift than that which describes his intercourse with Esther Van Homrigh, better known as Vanessa. The whole story, from its bright and happy commencement, in 1710, to its terribly sad termination, in 1723, when Vanessa died, has been so often discussed, and in many points so cruelly misrepresented, that it must ever retain a peculiar interest for all who value the memory of Swift—for those who admire his great talents, his splendid wit, and wonderful power of sarcasm—and also for all those who, without judging him too harshly under circumstances not fully understood, deeply regret his errors, and pity his misfortunes.

It was in 1710 that Mrs. Van Homrigh, having recently come to

* Bamborough Castle. † Durham. ‡ St. David's Cathedral.

London with her son and two daughters, made the acquaintance of Swift. Forster ("Life of Swift," p. 230) speaks of Bartholomew Van Homrigh as "a Dublin merchant, of Dutch extraction, to whom King William had given profitable employments in Ireland." This hardly places him in his right position, for Van Homrigh was Muster Master General and Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1697, when William the Third presented him with a gold collar of SS. He died in 1703, and his estates were important enough to require a special Act of Parliament to arrange their sale and division. Mrs. Van Homrigh, therefore, had moved in the highest society in Dublin, and when she came to settle in London as a wealthy widow—perhaps it might be fair to say an extravagant one, for she seems to have spent considerably more than her income—she at once took a good position in society, and received and visited people of rank and eminence. Hence, when Swift made the acquaintance of Hester, being introduced to the family by Sir Andrew Fountaine, she was a girl of seventeen, just entering the fashionable world under the most favourable and agreeable circumstances. It was at their house that Swift made the acquaintance of the beautiful and unfortunate Mrs. Anne Long, on which occasion the amusing little "Decree for Concluding the Treaty between Dr. Swift and Mrs. Long" was drawn up. Mr. Forster, by the way, states (p. 230) that this was first published in a little volume, 1719-20, but this is not the case; it was first published by E. Curll in 1718, in a thin 8vo. volume of miscellanies, entitled "Letters, Poems, and Tales." Mrs. Van Homrigh died in 1714, leaving her property, a good deal involved, to her son Bartholomew, and her two daughters Hester and Mary. The son died in 1715, and the younger daughter in 1721, leaving Hester the general heir of the family. Finally she died, and it must be admitted, to use the common expression, of a broken heart, in May, 1723.

Swift was a man of very high conversational powers, and possessed of the most brilliant wit. That he was sought after by all the maids of honour, and courted by most of the toasts of the day, is evidence that he was a fascinating man. When he chose he could make himself very agreeable, and, even when he had no especial object in doing so, he would hardly fail to be attractive to a sprightly young girl like Hester Van Homrigh. It was pleasing to him to watch the rapid growth of her mental powers, to direct her studies, to see how all his suggestions were adopted, and his lessons remembered. The story runs on smoothly, naturally, and pleasantly; at the time when

he first saw her she was 17, and he was 41, but the days of girlhood were fast passing away; and three years later, when he was 44, and she 21, the middle-aged clergyman, "the plump man just five feet eight inches and a half high, not very neatly dressed, in a black gown with pudding sleeves," as he then described himself, looked with pleasure and admiration on the handsome young woman whose mental attractions were all of his own creation: but alas! she had learned to look upon her teacher with very different eyes. A time of explanation came; in a word, she made it clear to him that she loved him with a deep and true passion. The thing was a surprise and a shock to him, and it was then, in the year 1713, that he wrote and sent to her the poem, "Cadenus and Vanessa." He endeavoured to keep up the old relation of pupil and teacher, whilst he tried to convey to her the lesson that the thing was impossible, and had better be forgotten. It may fairly be taken for granted that Swift, when he wrote this poem, had no thought of its publication; it was intended for Vanessa's eyes alone, and he no more contemplated that it would be printed than he did that the same fate would attend his most private letters and thoughts. Mr. Craik, in his recent and very valuable "Life of Swift," has pointed out that six years subsequently—that was, in 1719—Swift revised the poem (p. 318). It would appear that he desired Vanessa to send it to him for that purpose, and promised to return it to her shortly. If this was so, doubtless she first took a copy, to keep in case the original never came back to her. The question is a point of some interest, as suggesting, in the first instance, that Swift had possibly not himself kept a copy in 1713; and further, as showing that in 1719, when he revised it, there must at least then have been two MS. copies in existence.

Early in 1723 Swift had his last sad interview with Vanessa; doubtless he afterwards bitterly regretted his sudden impulse of ungenerous passion, carried out in hot haste when all right feeling was overshadowed by morbid disease. A few weeks later poor Vanessa died, having within that period made a new will, in which the name of Swift did not appear, and leaving her property, which was of considerable value, about eight thousand pounds, to Dr. Berkeley and Mr. Marshall. It has been asserted that she desired that her correspondence with Swift might after her death be published, together with the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa." Whether she really expressed any such desire seems very doubtful, but it is certain that the matter was not referred to in her will. Sheridan, in his "Life of

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Swift" (p. 286), states that shortly before her death she laid a strong injunction on her executors to print and publish these papers, and that "accordingly they were put to the press, and some progress made in the letters, when Dr. Sheridan getting intelligence of it, and being greatly alarmed lest they might contain something injurious to his friend's character in his absence, applied so effectually to the executors that the printed copy was cancelled, but the originals still remained in their hands. The poem of 'Cadenus and Vanessa' was, however, sent abroad into the world, as being supposed to contain nothing prejudicial to either of their characters."

This fairly brings us to the question of publication, and here I will quote Mr. Craik (p. 323):—

"The poem was published soon after Vanessa's death, which took place at the close of May, 1723. The best proof that Swift saw and dreaded the interpretation which the world might place upon the verses, is to be found in the shock the publication caused him. Angry with himself, tortured at once by remorse and by indignation at the tangle of circumstances that had woven itself round him, he withdrew for a time to the South of Ireland."

There are several points here raised which I think are very questionable, and, of course, the first turns upon the true date when the poem was published. There are, I think, plenty of statements that it came out in 1723, but I can find no evidence worth mentioning that it really was before the public till 1726. Whenever it came out, such a poem would attract attention, and make some noise in the literary world; and, whilst no copy bearing date 1723 appears to be known, the fact that at least six editions were printed in 1726, renders it more than probable that in that year, and not earlier, was the poem published. That the death of Vanessa was a terrible shock to Swift it is easy to believe, and that he left home and wandered about in the wilds of the south for some time is very credible, but his doing so had no connection with the publication of this poem.

In a recent article, Mr. S. Lane-Poole has given a useful list of Swift's publications now to be found in the Bodleian, British Museum, and several other national libraries; in this list the earliest date given to "Cadenus and Vanessa" is a copy at Trinity College Library, described as "Dublin, 8vo., 1726." Without a more minute description than this it is difficult to identify it. From what has already been said, it is evident that there must have been more than one MS. copy in existence at the time when Vanessa died, and it is probable that they were not identical. I believe that

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the poem came out in an unauthorised form in 1726, from the original poem in 1713, and not from the revised MS. of 1719. It is to be observed that there is towards the end of the poem a paragraph of ten lines, which is as follows :—

> " But what success Vanessa met
> Is to the world a secret yet.
> Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
> Talks in a high romantic strain ;
> Or whether he at last descends
> To act with less seraphic ends ;
> Or to compound the business, whether
> They temper love and books together,
> Must never to mankind be told,
> Nor shall the conscious muse unfold."

These lines are a great blot on the beauty of the poem ; they are vague, suggestive, flippant, and offensive, and are clearly written in a very different spirit and temper from all the rest of the poem ; and they have accordingly been dealt with in the most severe manner by all the critics who have written on the poem, from the caustic and venomous Orrery downwards. I will now describe what, till I am better advised, I shall regard as the true first edition :—

" Cadenus | and | Vanessa | a | Poem | from the original Copy | Dublin | Printed in the year 2726." 8vo. p. 32.

It is to be observed that in this issue the ten lines above given are not to be found. The error in the date is remarkable, and seems intentional; it reminds one of the surreptitious edition of Swift's " Miscellanies " printed and published by Fairbrother of Dublin, " at his shop in Skinner Row over against the Thosel 2721."

2. The next edition which I have is entitled :—

" Cadenus and Vanessa a Poem—By Dr. S——t. London. Printed for N. Blandford, at the *London Gazette*, Charing Cross ; and sold by J. Peele at Locke's Head in Paternoster Row 1726 (Price 6d.) " 8vo. pp. 31.

This, though not said to be a reprint of the Dublin edition, appears to be one, and like it does not contain the ten lines " But what success," &c. It might be asked why the Dublin should be deemed the first, and why not the London ? But it is plain that as the poem stole into the world without authority, and probaoly from a Dublin MS., so the one with no printer or publisher's name was probably earlier than the London edition.

3. As soon as these two editions were before the public, a third was brought out, evidently not copied from them, but from another

independent manuscript. This did not give the author's name; the title is:—

"Cadenus and Vanessa, a Poem. London Printed and sold by J. Roberts at the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane. 1726. Price 6d." 8vo. pp. 37.

In this there were a good many small variations. Thus the line "Less modest than the speech of *Prudes*," is changed into *Druids*. "Yet *lik'd* three Footmen to her Chair" is printed *lock'd*. "To *manage* thy abortive scheme" is printed *Marriage*. "Of Foreign Customs, *Rites*, and Laws" is printed *Rights*. "From round the *Purlieus* of St. James" is printed *Parlours*. "Pointed *with* Col'nels, Lords, and Beaus" is printed *at*. "That when Platonick *Heights* were over" is printed *Flights*, &c. But especially is to be noted the addition of the objectionable ten lines.

4. "Cadenus and Vanessa, a Law Case. By Dean Swift, London. Printed for T. Warner, in Paternoster Row, MDCCXXVI." 12mo. pp. 36; to which is appended "Clavis," setting forth that "Vanessa means Mrs. Hester Van Homrigh, a young lady of great Worth and Parts, who departed this Life about three years ago, for whom the Dean had no small Value." In this the wording of the Dublin edition (No. 1) is preserved, but the ten lines as found in No. 3 are added.

5. "Cadenus and Vanessa, a Poem, to which is added a true and faithful Inventory of the goods belonging to Dr. S——t, &c., by Dr. S——t. The fourth edition. London. Printed for N. Blandford [as No. 2] 1726." 8vo. p. 31, and the Inventory p. 1.

6. "Cadenus and Vanessa, a poem. Sixth edition. London. 8vo. [mentioned by Mr. S. Lane-Poole as in the Bodleian, &c.], 1726."

We have thus six editions published in 1726, and evidently from two distinct manuscripts. It is, I think, plain that it was not printed before that year, and if I am correct in thinking that the Dublin edition (No. 1) was really the first, the question naturally arises whether the MS. then printed came from Vanessa's executors? If it did, why is it that it does not contain the ten lines? and is it clear that she ever received the amended copy containing them? The Van Homrigh correspondence, said to have been suppressed, was recovered by Sir Walter Scott, and published in his edition of Swift's Works, xix. 317, 78, but this throws no light upon the subject. Swift in one letter, dated May 12, 1719, promises to send her her verses when his thoughts and time are free; and again on

August 12, 1719, he says, "What would you give to have the History of Cd—— and —— exactly written?" To which Sir Walter adds, "this second part was never completed."

EDWARD SOLLY.

Pedigrees of Huguenot Families.

THE whole history of the lamentable events which culminated in the massacre of the French Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Day, 24th of August, 1572, and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., is one which has yet to be exhaustively written in this country.

Even the French people themselves do not possess a trustworthy history of this great religious persecution. There are many works by many authors relating to it, but no one can be relied upon alone as an authority. This gap, however, is being filled up, though the process is a very slow one, by MM. Eugène and Émile Haag's work, "La France Protestante," which, when completed, will include a valuable work on the sad history of the Huguenots. It will prove of incalculable use to genealogists tracing the pedigree of a French Protestant family. I have myself been busily, and perhaps fruitlessly, at work in endeavouring to bridge over an hiatus of a century and a half in the history of a family of Huguenots who fled over from Normandy to this country to save their bare lives, for their goods had been confiscated, their houses burned and ransacked, their families cruelly tortured and outraged by that perjured prince, Louis XIV., his ministers and emissaries.

No little difficulty arises from the fact that it will often be found that in one family there were some who were Huguenots and others who still adhered to the Catholic faith of their ancestors, and meekly performed those barbaric deeds to which they were instigated by the Pope for the good (*sic*) of the Church. The terrible inhumanities of St. Bartholomew's Day, too, were celebrated by a medal struck at Rome by the order of another Pontiff, Gregory XIII.

When M. Weiss, in 1853, wrote and published his "Histoire des Refugiés Protestants de France," the Americans not only followed our example in favourably reviewing the book and writing pretty little sensational articles upon it and the painful scenes which it portrayed, but they translated it, and added an appendix containing some important and authentic documents. The appendix is written

from the last Irish Land Act, and breathes, like it, the spirit of class legislation. If the application of the new law were to be prospective only, it would be open to none but economical objections; but, so far as it is retrospective, it would most unjustly enrich the present race of farmers at the expense of their landlords and their successors—not excluding labourers ambitious to become the possessors of farms. For every new tenant would of course have to pay a heavy valuation on entry, and would be all the less able to offer a fair rent. What pretence of justice can there be for thus burdening future occupiers for the exclusive benefit of present occupiers? How can a man who took a farm last year, at a certain rent, subject to a year's notice to quit, and with a full knowledge that his improvements might then become his landlord's property, honestly call upon the Legislature to convert these into his own property, and to give him the option of selling them or holding on at a judicial rent? However disguised, and however qualified, this means confiscation, and would soon be acknowledged as confiscation by the very class on whose behalf it is demanded, if it should ever be applied to cottages and gardens held of farmers by farm-labourers. It is the duty of the Legislature to resist such a claim as firmly as it would resist an equally plausible claim, on behalf of consumers, to restrict the price of farm produce, or, on behalf of labourers, to fix a minimum rate of farm wages. It is certain that, before 1870, no English statesman or economist of repute would have entertained the idea for a moment. It is equally certain that, with the one ominous exception of the Irish Land Act, no precedent can be cited for so violent a disturbance of agricultural contracts from the legislation of modern Europe or America. In other countries, where the devolution of landed property is strictly prescribed by law, absolute freedom is allowed in agreements of tenancy, and existing contracts are held absolutely sacred. The French Code, which lays down certain rules of compensation, expressly authorises the parties to contract themselves out of its provisions, which they usually do. It would be strange indeed if England, the mother of Free Frade, and the stronghold of liberty against communism, should be the first of civilised nations to adopt an agrarian code manifestly based on a communistic theory.

GEORGE C. BRODRICK.

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Dr. Sheridan.

AMONG Swift's Irish friends none is so interesting as Thomas Sheridan—not even the courteous Delaney, who was celebrated as the only man in Dublin who could afford to entertain his friends once a week. Swift's friendships are among the many perplexities that surround him. There have been few men so well loved by men as well as women. The romantic histories of Stella and Vanessa have perhaps received exaggerated attention, for to a woman who loves nothing is impossible, and there are so many astounding phenomena in the relations of men and women in all ages of the world that Swift's chapter in the great chronicle should cause little surprise. But the famous Dean had even more male admirers than devoted handmaidens, and their warm friendship is perhaps the most striking characteristic of the large collection of correspondence which has happily descended to us from the study of St. Patrick's Deanery. The affection lavished upon him by such friends as Pope and Gay, Sheridan, Arbuthnot, and a crowd of others, is the more remarkable because so little of it was returned. Swift certainly liked a few of his friends, but he can scarcely be said to have loved them. His esteem was tempered with a very critical appreciation of their faults and foibles, and it may be doubted whether he ever honestly admired any one of his loving correspondents. There is a taint of contemptuous clemency about many of his letters which argues toleration rather than good friendship, and even in his warmest expressions there is a cold polish, which extinguishes the warmth and gives the appearance of effort to his protestations.

Yet his friends were satisfied, and went on loving. What they found to love we cannot tell. It is easy to admire Swift's intellect, and to enjoy his savage wit: but to love him as a friend is altogether a different matter. Of all men that have been loved he was surely the most unlovable. The gentle forbearance and honest trust of real friendship were seemingly wanting in his nature; he made no allowance, spared no weakness, withheld no rebuke; he held affection cheap, and gave it more suspicion than faithful trust. It is possible to understand some species of friendship between such a man and Pope; but even here there were almost irreconcilable discords which make the long endurance of their relation almost miraculous. But how two such natures as Swift's and Sheridan's were bound together is a mystery. It would be hard to find two men more wholly unlike: the one cold, suspicious, cynical, cautious, and worldly-wise; the other an impulsive, generous, open-hearted, and open-handed Irishman of a well-known and well-beloved type; a delightful companion,

a divider of the last farthing with his friend, a man to drink with and gossip with, not to consult on the investment of money. Sheridan comes into the Swift correspondence with the freshness of the wild air of the heath. No formal periods or stilted paraphrases for him: he goes straight to the point, which is not seldom money, and revels in unrestrained laughter at everybody and everything that may come within his horizon. He has no reserve—except for his wife—and no caution; his gay humour, which is vividly in contrast with the stern and deadly character of Swift's satire, frolics over the most treacherous ground and among endless ambushes of concealed Whig informers; nothing can restrain him—and nobody will promote him.

In spite of differences so striking, Sheridan was the staunchest friend Swift ever had, and perhaps there was no one for whom the Dean felt less coldly—one can hardly say more warmly—than the good-natured, affectionate schoolmaster. For twenty years we find these two in intimate relations, from the days when they and Delaney, and three or four others, scribbled verses to each other in 1718, to the letter written by Swift in May 1737, a year and a half before the unlucky Doctor's death. During these twenty years they passed through many changes in their relationship, and occasionally the quick temper of the Doctor would take mortal offence at some more than commonly wanton satire of the Dean's, but the breach was generally quick of healing, for Sheridan could not bear a grudge long. At first the connection between the two savours of the tie of patron and suitor, though there is always a merry humour about the correspondence, which shows that the patron was treated as an equal friend. Then we see Sheridan in the character of a host, giving up his country-house for Swift's and Stella's occupation. Presently Swift is in London, staying with Pope at Twickenham, or with Cousin Lancelot in Bond Street, talking with great personages, lecturing Walpole on Ireland, and being generally lionised; and now Sheridan appears as his Irish agent, who arranges his leave of absence, looks after Stella, who is in very delicate health, manages the Dean's affairs, sends him his books, and gets them bound for him, and keeps him *au courant* with all that is going on among his Dublin friends. Again, Swift is back again in Ireland, and with much difficulty is persuaded to come and visit his friend and his new school at Cavan, whereupon many jokes are cracked, and a good number of mishaps occur. Lastly, Sheridan comes back in broken health—more by reason of excesses than on account of the Cavan damps—and takes up his abode near Dublin for a little while; and death and imbecility terminate the long friendship of the two men.

Swift was still almost sane in 1738 when he wrote the character of his dead friend. We know how ten years before he had sat down to write the character of Stella the very evening of her death. Thackeray speaks of this as 'indescribably touching;' to us it is freezing. The man who could so dispassionately dissect the character of the woman who had given her life to him ungrudgingly to do with

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it as he willed, may doubtless be allowed the same licence with the obituary of his best friend among men. The 'Character of Dr. Sheridan' begins with praise of his powers as a schoolmaster and scholar, and a good word for his English verse, though 'not sufficiently correct,' and his 'very fruitful invention.' Then his translations are referred to and criticised, and high encomiums passed on the success of his tuition, and the distinctions attained by his pupils. All this is what is least interesting in Sheridan. We want to hear what he was in his friendship, at his table, over his punch, and round his garden. Of this we are told nothing, only that he was 'very indiscreet, to say no worse. He acted like too many clergymen, who are in haste to get married when very young, and from hence proceeded all the miseries of his life.' He had to support his wife's relations; he persisted in dressing up his daughters and giving them accomplishments, instead of 'breeding them up to housewifery and plain clothes,' whilst he could not support his son (Thomas Sheridan the younger, father of Richard Brinsley), when he was promising well at Westminster School. He had a good living in the South, procured by 'a friend of the Doctor's,' as Swift is careful to record, but soon changed it for another of half the value, which he subsequently relinquished in favour of the free-school of Cavan, where neither the climate nor the neighbours agreed with him, so 'he sold the school for about 400*l.*, spent the money, grew into disease, and died.' And with a recommendation to Sheridan's pupils to erect a monument over his grave, this hearty tribute of friendship ends!

There is another 'character' of Sheridan written by the Dean in 1729, under the title of 'The History of the Second Solomon,' which throws a clearer light on the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries, though it is more spiteful than the other, and was written at a time when the satire of the Dean produced an unusually long interruption in their friendship. Swift writes sourly of the Doctor's lampooning 'a person distinguished for poetical and other writings, and in an eminent station, who treated him with great kindness on all occasions,' in whom it is not difficult to recognise the Dean himself; and then adds, 'The person above-mentioned, whom he lampooned in three months after their acquaintance, procured him a good preferment from the Lord-Lieutenant'—Swift never wearies of recalling this fact.—'Upon going down to take possession, Solomon preached at Cork a sermon on King George's birthday, on this text, "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." Solomon having been famous for a Tory and suspected as a Jacobite, it was a most difficult thing to get anything 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 off the list and forbid the Castle, until that same person brought him again to the Lieutenant and made them friends.'

The preferment which Swift is so proud to claim as his own

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doing took place in 1725, and at that time Swift himself was staying at Sheridan's 'estate' of Quilca, with Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley. 'Solomon,' according to his biographer, was not famous for skill in choosing houses, appraising land, or settling leases. He had several places scattered about Ireland, most of them unhealthy, tumbling to ruin, and left unoccupied; and they belonged to him simply because he could not get rid of them without paying tremendous sums for waste or what not. 'His thoughts are sudden,' says Swift, '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.' Sheridan's fatality about buying houses and land was exemplified apparently in the case of Quilca. Swift has plenty to say about it: 'The ladies' room smokes; the rain drops from the skies into the kitchen; our servants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards and sleep; which are much lighter than spades, sledges, and crows . . .' And his impressions about the place are not limited to prose:—

TO QUILCA,

A Country-house of Dr. Sheridan, in no very good repair.

Let me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain:
Chimneys with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces:
In vain we make poor Sheelah toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

Sheridan himself seems to have been much of the same opinion as his guest:—

I think it fit to let you know
This week I shall to Quilca go,
To see, alas! my withered trees!
To see, what all the country sees,
My stunted quicks, my famished beeves,
My servants such a pack of thieves;
My shattered firs, my blasted oaks,
My house in common to all folks;
No cabbage for a single snail,
My turnips, carrots, parsnips fail;
My no green peas, my few green sprouts;
My mother always in the pouts.

But in spite of drawbacks, Swift at least seems to have endured Quilca with admirable patience, for he was pretty constantly there in

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1725. During this visit he heard of the success of his application to Lord Carteret in favour of Sheridan, and forthwith he writes his friend a letter of good advice:—

> You are an unlucky devil to get a living the furthest in the kingdom from Quilca. . . . If you are under the Bishop of Cork, he is a capricious gentleman; but you must flatter him monstrously upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book against Toland a hundred times, and his sermons (if he has printed any) have been always your model, &c. Get letters of recommendation to the Bishop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parson or parsons particularly. I often advised you to get some knowledge of tithes and church livings. You must learn the extent of your parish, the general quantity of arable land and pasture in your parish, the common rate of tithes for an acre of the several sorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to see whether you have any glebe. Pray act like a man of this world. . . . Take the oaths heartily to the powers that be, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies. . . .

Not content with this excellent counsel, Swift writes again the very next day to add the advice of Stella.

> It is strange that I and Stella and Mrs. Mackfadin should light on the same thought to advise you to make a great appearance of temperance whilst you are abroad;

and poor Sheridan is specially cautioned not to pledge a health in the company of the Bishop, who had written a pamphlet against drinking to the memory of the dead.

> I must desire (continues the imperious mentor) that you will not think of enlarging your expenses; no, not for some years to come, much less at present; but rather retrench them. You might have lain destitute till Antichrist came, for anything you could have got from those you used to treat; neither let me hear of one rag of better clothes for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is positively Stella's advice as well as mine. She says now you need not be ashamed to be thought poor. . . . I would have you carry down three or four sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout. . . . Keep these letters where I advise you about your living till you have taken advice. Keep very regular hours for the sake of your health and credit; and whenever you lie a night within twenty miles of your living, be sure to call the family that evening to prayers.

One cannot help being glad that the subject of all this sage counsel cast it to the winds, and, 'the most unreasonable thought coming uppermost,' immediately preached his famous sermon on 'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.' But it was not in human nature, certainly not in Swift's, to view with satisfaction this neglect of good advice and waste of opportunities. Yet he writes very kindly to the unlucky parson; probably he knew well enough that Sheridan would do the wrong thing some way or another. 'Too much advertency,' he mildly remarks, 'is not your talent, or else you

had fled from that text as from a rock. For, as Don Quixote said to Sancho, "What business had you to speak of a halter in a family where one of it was hanged?"' And then he advises Sheridan to sit down quietly and make the best of a bad job, and 'expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of yahoos more resembling. You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less.' Then frankly reviewing Sheridan's character, he tells him he has not the arts of pursuing temporal advantage: 'Domestic evils are no more within a man than others; and he who cannot bear up against the first will sink under the second; and in my conscience I believe this is your case; for being of a weak constitution, in an employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with children, *cum uxore neque leni nec commoda*, a man of intent and abstracted thinking, enslaved by mathematics and complaint of the world, this new weight of party malice had struck you down, like a feather on a horse's back already loaden as far as he is able to bear.'

These letters between the Dean and his friend are our best informants as to all that concerns the first of the three 'Sherrys.' The best thing, however, that we know of him is that he forgot them and their good counsel—which was enough to turn an honester man into a rogue. But Sheridan had a noble faculty of oblivion, so notorious indeed that Swift finds the doctor's name a convenient substitute for 'forget.' Writing about the dismissal from the Castle chaplaincy, he says, 'When the Lord-Lieutenant goes for England I have a method to set you right with him, I hope, as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not Sheridan it—I mean forget it.' Next year Sheridan was made D.D., and Swift, who was then in London, writes to congratulate him, adding, 'I am only concerned that although you get the grace of the house, you will never get the grace of the town, but die plain Sheridan, or Tom at most, because it is a syllable shorter than doctor.' Sheridan was very useful to the Dean during his absence—but he was also very comfortable, according to his own account, save that he wanted his friend back in Ireland. This is how he writes to Swift in 1726:—

> You will excuse me, I suppose,
> For sending rhyme instead of prose,
> Because hot weather makes me lazy:
> To write in metre is more easy.
> While you are trudging London town,
> I'm strolling Dublin up and down;
> While you converse with lords and dukes,
> I have their betters here, my books:
> Fixed in an elbow chair at ease,
> I choose companions as I please.
> I'd rather have one single shelf
> Than all my friends, except yourself;

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For after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance are the dead.
While you're enraptured with Faustina,
I'm charmed at home with your Sheelina.
While you are starving there in state,
I'm cramming here with butcher's meat.
You say when with those lords you dine,
They treat you with the best of wine—
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why so can we, as well as they.
No reason then, my dear good Dean,
But you should travel home again.
What though you mayn't in Ireland hope
To find such folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would share
But half the wit that you can spare,
I'd lay twelve eggs that in twelve days
You'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.

It was after Stella's death, however, that the genial schoolmaster became most necessary to Swift. So long as she lived, he did not want for company whenever he chose to seek it; but when the great void in his life came, he was glad to fall back upon the old friend to whose hearty affection Swift's other friends—Pope among them—warmly testified. Perhaps Swift's knowledge that Stella had 'loved him well' drew Sheridan closer to him. At first there was indeed a quarrel over a poetic duel. Swift has described it in the 'History of Solomon II.'

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.

As to 'taste' and 'common manners,' there is something to be said on the other side. Sheridan's ballad is a light and clever *tour de force*; Swift's answer is in his coarsest, rudest, and most ursine vein. On the lady's score, at least, Sheridan had a right to resent the extreme filthiness and brutality of the lines. On his own, however, he really had no ground for resentment. He and Swift had been pelting each other with rhymes, good and bad, complimentary and insulting, for the past ten years; and the peculiar character of Swift's style of attack could not be unfamiliar to him. Swift calls him 'extremely proud and captious, apt to resent as an affront and

indignity what was never intended for either.' If it was so, he certainly showed it on this occasion. The old familiar verses cease between them, the letters drop, and for four years we miss the headings—To Dr. Sheridan, or From Dr. Sheridan—which always indicated something good, even among the brilliant correspondence which the Dean of St. Patrick's carried on with his gifted friends in England.

In 1733 we find Swift writing to his old friend again, and advising a visit to Dublin for medical assistance. Sheridan is still more or less in disgrace at the Castle, for the Dean says:—

> I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends who, next to yourself, have done you most hurt, whom I still esteem and frequent, though I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely personal malice to you (although it had the same effect), but a kind of know-not-what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented; however, it came to be patched up.

Sheridan was evidently groaning over his ill-luck in life, and the Dean at that time was not a good consoler. However, it seems that the melancholy doctor was in spirits to compile a book of *bons mots* and *contes à rire*, which Swift predicts will be the best extant; and certainly Sheridan's correspondence henceforward is the reverse of doleful. He writes enthusiastically from Castle Hamilton in August 1734:—

> Dear Dean,—A little before I go to Dublin I intend to kill a buck and send you some of it. Mr. Hamilton has promised me that favour. He has the best and fattest venison I ever tasted; and the finest boat, and the finest situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living I ever met. You live in Dublin among a parcel of rabble; I live at Castle Hamilton among gentlemen and ladies; you live upon chaffed mutton, I live upon venison; you drink benicarlo wine, I drink right French margose [Margaux]; you hear nothing but noise; with ravishing music my ears are delighted. If you were here you would never go back again; I fancy that I never shall; and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach and bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste and my choice.
>
> Pouvoir choisir, et choisir le meilleur, ce sont deux avantages qu'a le bon goût. C'est donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I choose to end with this French maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistress and service to all friends.
>
> I am yours to the day of judgment,
>
> THOMAS SHERIDAN.

In 1735 Sheridan bought the school at Cavan, and the change seems to have infected both him and Swift with a certain rollicking gaiety which marks all their future correspondence—except where money matters intervene. They write one another the foolishest nonsense, and take a delight in artfully concocting epistles in a single rhyme or termination. Thus Swift finds the ending *ling* provocative

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of much merriment, and indites a communication to his friend after this manner :—

I suppose you are now angle ling with your tack ling in a purr ling stream, or pad ling and say ling in a boat, or sad ling your stum ling horse with a sap ling in your hands, and snare ling at your groom, or set ling your affairs, or tick ling your cat, or tat ling with your neighbour Price; not always toy ling in your school. This dries ling weather we in Dub ling are glad of a dump ling and bab ling to our dare ling. Pray do not look as cow ling at me when I come, but get a fat ling for my dinner, or go a fowl ling for fill ling my belly.

And so on through a couple of hundred similar jingles, wherein is weariness, although Swift perceives it not. Another day the feeblest rhymes on the days of the week employ the Dean's inventive faculty, or he gives Sheridan a series of versified prophecies: as

For the present year
One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d—— and b—ps will thrive;

And for the next:

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
When the d—— will carry the b—ps to Styx.

Or these two wits amuse themselves in writing English in Greek characters, or spell their words as though they were Latin, or divide them so as to pervert the sense. So we see Sheridan beginning a letter to Swift with this quaint medley, in which is undoubtedly much ingenuity, and as surely very little humour:—

Dear Sir,—Eἶ καν not butt reap rhyme and εὐ for wry tinn sow long an ape is till a bout bees knees, when Tom eye Noll edge εὖ cool das eas i lyre eye't a pun no thing. Μυστῆρ Δὴν, what ἶς ἔυρ μῆνιν τὸ πλέονος in e veri epistolas ἔυδω Inn Angle owe Law Tigh no? Cann not yew right in nap lean met hood, as I do? εἶ νὼ ευ αρά πόνηρον all o key shuns: but cantu gay tann other subject toss at her eyes bis eyed my wife?

This wife of Sheridan's hated Swift with all her heart,—probably with excellent reason, if she was often treated to such specimens of his agreeable wit as the 'Portrait from the Life':—

Come sit by my side while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit;
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern;
Pray tell me friend Thomas, Ford, Grattan, and Merry Dan,
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan?

It was certainly not Mrs. Sheridan's importunities that induced Swift

to stay with his friend; but Sheridan himself was an hospitable soul, and was never so happy as when he got some good fellows and his dear Dean round his table. He would write the most pressing and charming little invitations, and refused to be consoled if they were not accepted. So in 1827 he asked Swift to join Stella and Mrs. Dingley, the inevitable chaperon, at dinner at his house near Dublin:—

I've sent to the ladies this morning to warn 'em,
To order their chaise and repair to Rathfarnam;
Where you shall be welcome to dine, if your deanship
Can take up with me and my friend Stella's leanship.
I've got you some soles, and a fresh bleeding bret,
That's just disengaged from the toils of the net:
An excellent loin of fat veal to be roasted
With lemons, and butter, and sippets well toasted:
Some larks that descended, mistaking the skies,
Which Stella brought down by the light of her eyes;
And there, like Narcissus, they gazed till they died,
And now they're to lie in some crumbs that are fried.
My wine will inspire you with joy and delight,
'Tis mellow and old, and sparkling and bright;
An emblem of one that you love I suppose,
Who gathers more lovers the older she grows.
Let me be your Gay, and let Stella be Pope,
We'll wean you from sighing for England, I hope;
When we are together there's nothing that *is* dull,
There's nothing like Durfey, or Smedley, or Tisdall.
We've sworn to make out an agreeable feast,
Our dinner, our wine, and our wit to your taste.

Your answer in half an hour, though you are at prayers; you have a pencil in your pocket.

But it is when Sheridan is buried in Cavan that he pines most desperately for the Dean's society. Many and urgent are his invitations:—

What in the name of God is the matter with you to delay so long? Can I oversee my workmen and a school together? If you will not come and take your charge in hand, I must employ somebody else. There is a long walk begun; stones a-drawing home for an addition to my house; a gravel walk from the market cross to my house at the town's expense; item, a gravel walk by the river—which will all require your attendance. . . . I beseech you let me know how soon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's desire: such venison! such mutton! such small beer! etc. etc.

This was in July 1735; and in August he writes again:—

On Saturday se'nnight, the 23rd, I set out for Dublin to bring you home; and so, without ifs, ans, or ors, get ready before our fields are stripped of all their gaiety. I thank God I have every good thing in plenty but money: and that, as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. Belturbet Fair will make me an emperor.

[A prediction seemingly not realised.] I have raised mountains of gravel, and diverted the river's course for that end. *Regis opus*; you will wonder and be delighted when you see it. Your works at Quilca are to be as much inferior to ours here as a sugar-loaf to an Egyptian pyramid.

Swift, however, in spite of these inducements, did not go back to Cavan with his friend; so more correspondence follows to the same end:—

I expect you here next Saturday (writes Sheridan in October), for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. . . . Leave Dublin on Wednesday; ride to Dunshaglan that day, 12 miles. From thence to Navan on Thursday, 11 miles. A Friday to Virginia, 15 miles, where I will meet you with a couple of bottles of the best wine in Ireland, and a piece of my own mutton, etc. A Saturday morning we set out for Cavan, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival. Bring a cheeze-toaster to do a mutton-chop now and then; and do not forget some rice; we have none good here, but all other eatables in perfection.

Then comes a flood of those eccentricities in spelling which possessed so curious an attraction for these two clever men. Sheridan adds: 'You see I am in humour: although the devil be in one end of my house, I defy him, because I have the other end for you and me;'—wherein is a delicate reference to Mrs. Sheridan. 'Another thing I must promise when you come, that we shall not quit our learned correspondence, but write up and down stairs to one another, and still keep on our agreeable flights.' It is not easy to form an adequate idea of these agreeable flights shot across the indignant figure of Mrs. Sheridan, possibly brandishing the cheese-toaster with which the Dean was to supply the deficiencies of her kitchen furniture. Swift really went this time, in bad health, and suffering from an injured leg; and it is a question at present undecided, whether he or Mrs. Sheridan were in the worse temper. A brisk correspondence was kept up during this winter visit to Cavan, between a first cousin of Swift's—a Mrs. Whiteway, who made herself very useful to the Dean when there was no longer Stella to take care of him—on the Dublin side, and the two friends writing joint epistles from Cavan. These compositions were among the favourite amusements of Swift, and were carried on after his return home. The visitor begins thus:—

I have been now the third day at Cavan, the doctor's Canaan, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side Scotland.

Then Sheridan strikes in:—

Not quite so bad, I assure you, although his teal was spoiled in the roasting: and I can assure you that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would wear goloshes as I do he would have no cause of complaint. As for my wife and daughter, I have nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope, when the weather mends, that everything will be better, except the two before-mentioned.

Then the Dean again—

The doctor is a philosopher above all economy, like Philosopher Webber. I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house;

to which Sheridan indignantly—

Dear Madam,—I beg you may rather think me like the devil, or my wife, than Webber. I do assure you that my house and all about it is clean *in potentiâ*,

proceeding to enumerate the good things which his 'economy,' derided by Swift, nevertheless provides for him:—

It grows dark (adds the Dean), and I cannot read one syllable of what the doctor last wrote, but conclude it all to be a parcel of lies. . . . Most abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf.

'The devil a lie I write,' winds up the letter in Sheridan's handwriting, 'nor will I write to the end of my life.' Next week Swift has the same story to tell:—

The weather is so foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I ever saw, particularly the mistress, daughter, and servants of this house. . . . By the conduct of this family I apprehend the day of judgment is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife against the husband, &c. I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you shall change my name to Dr. Shift. We abound in wild fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, &c., for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house, but the way is soft and so fond of our shoes that it covers them with its favours. My first attempt was to repair the summer-house, and make the way passable to it; whereupon Boreas was so angry that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable.

Mrs. Whiteway responds with much sprightliness to her double correspondent, and every week a new letter is despatched with further details of Dr. Sheridan's establishment, in return for which the lady supplies news of all Dublin friends, reports on the condition of the Deanery and the beating of the carpets, and enters at length into prescriptions for the Dean's leg and Dr. Sheridan's straitness of the chest. Swift is in a perpetual state of irritation at the dirt and carelessness of the household, and is filled with alarm at the Cavan habit of keeping both front and back door open, 'which in a storm, our constant companion, threatens the fall of the whole edifice.' Madam is as cross as the devil, there is only one pair of tongs in the house, and the turf won't kindle, and so on. His comfort is:—

We have a good room to eat in, and the wife and the lodgers have another, where the doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating-room (which is his study), there finishes his meal, and has share of a pint of wine; the other pint is left till night. Then we have an honest neighbour, Mr. Price, who sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the doctor sometimes wins by his blundering.

Presently Sheridan explains the open-door question—it was the little dirty firemaker who had left them open—

for which the Dean had her lugged by the cookmaid; for which he paid her a threepence, and gave the little girl a penny for being lugged; and because the cook did not lug her well enough, he gave her a lugging himself to show her the way. These are some of our sublimer amusements. I wish you were here to partake of them. The only thing of importance I have to tell you is — (Ay, what is it? He shall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. . . . It is now November 29; I fear the Doctor will hedge in a line. My love to your brats. Let the doctor conclude. I am ever, &c.—Madam, I have only room to tell you that I will see you the 12th or 13th of December) excuse a long parenthesis: your most obedient and——

And so Sheridan hedged his line in after all, though somewhat inconclusively. In the last letter written from Cavan during this visit, Swift is pleased to commend an improvement in the weather, which has turned frosty, and therefore not dirty, though walking is like life at court, very slippery. Amidst much discussion of his leg and some wine, which ought to have come but did not, Swift says he has been to a dinner party at Cavan.

Pox take country ladies' dinners. In spite of all I could say, I was kept so late by their formality on Thursday last that I was forced to ride five miles after nightfall on the worst road in Europe or county of Cavan. The Doctor will be with you on Friday next: he goes to see the grand monde, and beg subscriptions to build a schoolhouse! I am to stay with madam and her daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when the days grow longer and warmer.

We imagine a happy month indeed for Swift and 'Madam,' and it is disappointing to find at the end of the letter: '*Entre nous*, I will not stay when the Doctor is gone; but this is a secret, and if my health and the weather permit, I will be in town two or three days after him.' This was written on December 6, and Swift did indeed fly from the *tête-à-tête*, as he foretold, for he was back in Dublin in the course of the month.

In spite of all the Dean's grumblings, which were evidently rather a part of his usual rough comedy than serious complaints, it is clear that this visit to Cavan was a happy time to both the friends, and that when it was over each fell into a little despondency. To Swift it was natural to be out of spirits, but Sheridan at his worst despairs facetiously. His thoughts as soon as he is alone turn to his desire for preferment, and the ill-natured capital made by his political opponents out of his unlucky sermon in Cork. He writes in a grim humour to Swift in January 1736:—

As for my *quondam* friends, as you style them, *quon-dam* them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep till they stole my school into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me towards the latter end of my life to a disagreeable solitude, where I have

the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth.

In February his melancholy still continues:—

My school only supplies me with present food, without which I cannot live. I hope, if I have any friends left, it may increase, and once more put me out of a miserable dependence upon the caprice of friendship. This year has been to me like steering through the Cyclades in a storm without a rudder; I hope to have a less dangerous and more open sea the next; and as you are out of danger to feel the like sufferings, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life: for it is too shocking to an honest heart.

It is not possible, however, that he should be long in the dumps, and a joint epistle from Swift and Mrs. Whiteway provokes the following reply:—

Dear Sir,—I send you an encomium upon Fowlbrother, enclosed, which I hope you will correct; and if the world should charge me with flattery, you will be so good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good bookseller.

Madam,—How the plague can you expect that I should answer two persons at once, except you should think I had two heads? But this is not the only giddiness you have been guilty of. However, I shall not let the Dean know it.

Sir,—I wonder you would trust Mrs. Whiteway to write anything in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman so betrayed and abused. She said more of you than I dare commit to paper.

Madam,—I have let the Dean know all the kind things you said of him to me, and that he has not such a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the same of me.

Sir,—I wish you would banish her your house, and take my wife in her stead, who loves you dearly, and would take all proper care if any sickness should seize you. She would infallibly take as much care of you as ever she did of me; and you know her to be a good-natured, cheerful, agreeable companion, and a very handy woman; whereas Mrs. Whiteway is a morose, disagreeable person, and the most awkward devil about a sick person, and very ill-natured into the bargain.

Madam,—I believe it will not require any protestations to convince you that you have not a more sincere friend upon the earth than I am. The Dean confesses that he had some little dislikings to you (I fancy he hears some whispers against you), but I believe his share of this letter will set all matters right. I know he has too much honour to read your part of it; and therefore I may venture to speak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourselves, is he not grown very positive of late? He used formerly to listen to a friend's advice, but now we may as well talk to a sea-storm. I could say more, only I fear this letter may miscarry.

Sir,—I beg that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your brush; for I fear the colours are not strong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wish you would: for he is a subject fit for the finest hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himself! . . . All the country long for you. My green geese,

etc., are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as puffins and as delicate as ortolans. I eat one of them yesterday. A bull, a bull! hoh! I cry mercy. As I return from the county of Galway next vacation, I intend to make Dublin my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wish you all happiness till I see you; and remain, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant, THOMAS SHERIDAN.

In June he writes he is soon coming to Dublin to carry off its Dean.

The weather must and shall be good; and you must and shall be in good health; you must and shall come with me.

My walk it is finished,
My money diminished;
But when you come down,
I'll hold you a crown
You'll soon make me rich,
Or I'll die in a ditch.

Pray think of things beforehand, and do not be giddy as usual. The walk is a hundred and twelve yards long; I hope that will please you. My rolling-stone cost me dear. If I should ever grow rich, as God forbid I should, I would buy two hogsheads of wine at once. You must know I have bought turf for you, which burns like so many tapers.

And so forth, with a mixture of politics and artichokes, Kulikan and Goody Whiteway, suggestions for preferment, and the mode of dressing breams with carp sauce. Again and again he urges Swift to come, in mixed Latin and English, verse and prose:—

When will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, could, might, would, or ought to come. The summer is going off fast [he writes in July 1736], and you are not yet come. . . . We have not had two hundred drops of rain these six weeks past.

Our river is dry, and fiery the sky;
I fret and I fry, just ready to die;
Oh where shall I fly from Phœbus's eye?
In bed when I lie, I soak like a pie,
And I sweat, oh! I sweat, like a hog in a sty.

I know you love Alexandrines, for which reason I closed the above madrigal with one. I think it is of a very good proportion, which I hope you will set to music; and pray let me have a bass and second treble, with what other decorations and graces you can better design than I can direct.

But Swift was too ill to travel, and in the end of July Sheridan writes:—

I forbid you the town of Cavan as strenuously as I invited you to it; for the smallpox is the broom of death at present, and sweeps us off here by dozens. I never had it, which gives me some little palpitations, but no great fear. As soon as I can get 500*l.* in my pocket, to make a figure with, I may perhaps honour your metropolis with my presence; and that may be sooner than you imagine, for I have a guinea, a moidore, a cobb, and two

Manks pence towards it already. You may think I swagger, but as I hope to be saved it is true.

He writes again in September about a loan which Swift had made him, and wants to know if the interest is to be five or six per cent.

Indeed, if you pleased, or would vouchsafe, or condescend, or think proper, I would rather that you would, I mean should, charge only five per cent., because I might be sooner able to pay it—

a true touch of Sheridanism.

Upon second thoughts, mine eyes being very sore with weeping for my wife, you may let Mrs. Whiteway know (to whom pray present my love and best respects) that I have made an experiment upon the lake water, which I sent for, upon myself only twice, before my optics became as clear as ever; for which reason I sent for a dozen bottles of it for Miss Harrison, to brighten her eyes to the ruin of all beholders. Remember, if she turns basilisk, that her mother is the cause. Tully the carrier (not Tully the orator) is to leave this to-morrow (if he does), by whom I shall send you a quarter of my own small mutton, and about six quarts of nuts to my mistress [Mrs. Whiteway] in Abbey Street, with a fine pair of Cavan nut-crackers to save her white teeth, and yours too, if she will deign to lend them to you. I would advise you to keep in with that same lady, as you value my friendship (which is your best feather), otherwise you must forgive me if my affections shall withdraw with hers. Alas! my long evenings are coming on, bad weather, and confinement. Somebody told me (but I forget who) that Mrs. Whiteway rid your mare at the Curragh, and won the plate; but surely she would not carry the frolic so far. They say the primate's lady rid against her, and that Mrs. Whiteway, by way of weight, carried the Bishop of Down and Connor behind her. Pray let me know the truth of this. . . . Three old women were lately buried at the foot of our steeple here; and so strong was the fermentation of their carcases, that our steeple has visibly grown forty feet higher; and what is wonderful, about twenty small ones are grown out of its sides. What surprises me most is, that the bell-rope is not one foot higher from the ground. Be so good as to communicate this to the provost of the college, or Archdeacon Whittingham, or Archdeacon Wall. I would be glad to have either or all of their opinions, as they are the chief virtuosi in this kingdom.

With which unsavoury jest we may end the correspondence of the Doctor and the Dean. The latter writes two or three times more, and Sheridan condoles with Mrs. Whiteway on the mysterious disappearance of the nuts and lake water on the road between Cavan and Dublin, and protests that whatever she may say she is and shall be his mistress in spite of the whole world. Poor Sherry the First was very near his end. Swift tells him in May 1737, 'Your loss of flesh is nothing if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither—I mean myself:' but loss of flesh may go too far, as it was proved in the poor Doctor's case. The prediction of the visit to Dublin was verified; in addition to the moidore and Manx pence the sale of the Cavan school brought him about 400*l.*, with which he migrated to his house near Dublin, and, as his friend laconically puts it, 'spent the money, grew into disease, and die

'Doctor Thomas Sheridan died at Rathfarnham the 10th of October, 1738, at three of the clock in the afternoon: his diseases were a dropsy and asthma:' and in him passed away one of the sunniest, gayest spirits that Ireland, the mother of such men, has ever brought forth. How little of all his bright humour has come down to us! His friend's cold 'characters' and Latin and English odes about him only show us Sheridan in his capacity of schoolmaster and spendthrift. That he was a good schoolmaster is remarkable, that he was a spendthrift is natural: but it is not these parts that are to be remembered in Sheridan; rather his genial, hearty friendship, his frank and touching affection, his unquestioning hero-worship for the Dean, his friend. In these things he is worthy of more than the pale commendation of his 'characteriser.' Very likely he was an excellent scholar. His translations of the classics were well esteemed, it is said; but his nature was not a scholar's, and it is not for scholarship we regret him. That wonderful flowing well of wit and laughter, that bright play of fancy, that irrepressible rattling of puns and doggrels—where is it now? Tom Sheridan, though he was no poet, could turn out verses like Tom Ingoldsby, he could write letters that match any of Sydney Smith's, and we must search and rummage in Swift's Miscellanea to pick up a few scraps of all this merry humour. He did nothing to make himself live, except being the grandfather of the 'School for Scandal'—but he must have been a delightful fellow to live with. I do not know that we should respect him, but I am sure we should have loved him.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

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Peak proper, the romantic situation of the Castle of William Peveril, and the wonders and marvels of the Devil's Cavern, absorb all the interest in the hearts of the dwellers in Castleton, and so the books bequeathed to them are slighted and thought of little or no account? The parish registers do not begin earlier than 1633, nor is there any remarkable entry in them. Hall is apparently a familiar surname, and the most noticeable epitaph in the church is one on a monument to Micah Hall, who died in the early part of this century. It is curt, defiant, and abrupt.

"Quid eram, nescitis,
Quid sum, nescitis,
Ubi abii, nescitis.
Vale!"

Fifteen years later on than the date of this pithy memorial, which almost sounds to ears polite like a reprimand to curiosity, the Castleton library was founded. Octavos, quartos, folios of very various contents, remain to speak in far nobler language, and of truer, kinder import, of one who must have known the value of learning, and who desired to aid and abet his scattered congregation with the fruits of his industry as a book collector. Not, indeed, of them only, but of future generations, was Mr. Farran mindful.

SWIFT'S NOTES ON MACKY'S *CHARACTERS.*

By Edward Solly, F.R.S.

THESE notes, whether really drawn up by John Macky, or, as is now generally believed, by Mr. Davis, an officer in the Customs, are very interesting, and might be rendered still more so by a few carefully considered notes. Dean Swift's notes, though short, are very characteristic and valuable as far as they go, but in reading them the time when the original characters were written must be borne in mind, as well as the year in which Swift's remarks were added. The *Characters* were drawn up for the information of the Princess Sophia in 1703, but do not seem to have been printed,

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...he ...res on the Catechism.)

...1617. (First edition of ...e World.)

...aul's. 1700. (Sparke's ...)

...ner Temple Gate.

ROSE AND CROWN, The
S. Paul's Church-yard. 1676. (Cave's *Pri tive Christianity.*)

STAR, The
St. Paul's Churchyard. 1694. (Jeremy Tayl *Life of Christ.*)

The following is communicated by Rev. Dr. Corrie, Master of Jesus Colle Cambridge:—

ANGEL, The
Duck Lane. 1692.

ANGEL, The
The Poultry. 1701.

ANGEL, The
Without Temple Bar. 1720.

ANGELL, The
Ivy Lane. 1669.

BELL, The
St. Paul's Churchyard. 1676, 1678, 1680.

BIBLE, The
Cornhill. 1649.

BIBLE, The
Little Britain. 1658.

BIBLE, The
Neere the north doore of Saint Paul's Ch 1634.

BIBLE AND CROWN, The
Ludgate Street. 1733.

BLACK SPRED-EAGLE, The
At the west end of St. Paul's. 1674.

BLACK SWAN, The
Paternoster Row. 1710.

BLACK SWAN, The
Without Temple Bar. 1704.

BLEW BIBLE, The
Green Arbour. 1644.

CRANE, The
Cheapside, over against Mercers-Chappel.

FLOWER DE LUCE, The
Over against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet 1707.

GOLDEN BUCK, The
Against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet 1716.

GOLDEN CUP, The
Near Austin's Gate in the New Buildings.

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VALENTINE MORNING.

'Love! why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear.'

SWIFT.

1041

Sat. Rev.
Feb. 16-89.

JONATHAN SWIFT.*

OF the "Carisbrooke Library," which now puts its first (and certainly not its worst) foot forward with Swift, and has a second ready to appear with Gower, we have nothing to say (as far as its scheme is concerned) but praise. It appears from a late confession in the *Fortnightly Review* that some bad writers of the present day are very angry at the practice of offering the good writers of other days to a public which may possibly be thereby deterred from purchasing their own rubbish, and which is certainly weaned thereby from a desire to hear what they have not got to say. We, on the other hand, are only too glad to be able to think that so happy an effect follows from a practice so laudable; and we are only more sincerely convinced of the laudableness of the practice. We must further do Messrs. Routledge and Mr. Morley the justice to say that the form which they have chosen for their new venture is very nearly all that can be desired. Good margins, uncut edges, excellent type, fair paper, decent binding, and four hundred and fifty octavo pages for half-a-crown, are things that we never could refuse in our life or receive with ingratitude. Too many of these well-intentioned "libraries" have been either scrubby in appearance, or too small in type, or in size of volume too limited to take works of importance. None of these objections applies to the "Carisbrooke" (Why "Carisbrooke"? asks Momus. Apparently because the editor lives there), which, as far as the text and the presentation of the text is concerned, offers hardly any handle to the most censorious critic. We hope that it will be long continued and become a worthy rival to "Bohn's," at present almost our only English equivalent to the numerous and excellent cheap collections of classics which all Continental countries, France and Germany in particular, have long been able to boast.

We wish we could speak in equally favourable terms of Professor Morley's introductory matter. As we have ourselves more than once found fault with the meagreness of his "Universal" introductions, and as we think both we and others have suggested

* *Selected Works of Jonathan Swift.* "Carisbrooke Library." Edited by Henry Morley. London: Routledge.

that in his *English Writers* he is rather too modestly fond of paraphrasing what others say, instead of delivering an independent judgment, it may seem singularly ungracious to begin a complaint on the other tack; but duty is duty.

There is a famous maxim to the effect that the foolishest of foolish things is foolish laughter. We are inclined to think that there is one thing foolisher, and that is foolish paradox. Your paradox is indeed, when she is not foolish, an excellent good

creature. Few men of considerable talent refuse to indulge in her now and then. She is the salt and seasoning of criticism, and she may claim to have been in the past the striker out of much valuable new light and the discoverer of many neglected treasures. But Paradox and Foolish Paradox are only allied to each other as were the true and the false Florimel of the *Faerie Queene*. One is but an impudent and empty pretender, masquerading in the other's clothes. Where Paradox of the true kind retraces hastily-trodden steps, turns up to light forgotten or neglected truths, suggests that second thought which is so invaluable, and, in short, performs in a light and agreeable manner all the functions of mentor and reviser, Foolish Paradox simply seeks to gain a little notice by flatly contradicting or ignoring the all but unanimous results of the acutest insight and the most patient labour. We very much fear that Mr. Morley has allowed himself in his two introductions (for the introduction, for no very obvious reason, is split up into two parts, and appears at different places in the book) to be beguiled by this diabolical goddess as some good knights were by the false Florimel herself. Many persons have heard of Jonathan Swift; some have read him; both classes are more or less aware that he has been considered, not merely by their unworthy selves, but by the greatest critics and literary students, as a magnificent but terrible example of intellectual qualities diverted to the misery of their owner, and the just or unjust castigation of humanity, by an incapacity for happiness and a deep-rooted contempt for mankind. They will now learn from Professor Morley that they are quite wrong. They knew, of course, how, with all his rough ways and secret agonies, Swift was generous, playful, rigidly just, incapable of servility, incapable of meanness. They knew that, questionable as was his conduct to the two famous and unhappy women whose names must ever be connected with his, he certainly had the excuse of the tenderness that often underlies savagery, and may have had excuses even more powerful. But they are now told that he was "not a misanthrope" at all; that in *Gulliver*, even in the last part, there is nothing but "wit" and "whim," "childlike playfulness" (the childlike playfulness of the Struldbrugs and the Yahoos!), "pathetic touches," and "true religious purpose." They learn that the mere idea that Stella was jealous of Vanessa comes from seeing, "not real men and women, but fantasies cut by the ingenious out of printed paper, shaped as men never were and never will be until they can be ordered like clothes from the tailor." This sartorial metaphor is not too "conséquioutive," as the Yankee said of Poe; but its drift is clear. They learn, further, that *Cadenus and Vanessa* is a "rebuff" and an "expression of regret and astonishment," that Swift's behaviour to Stella arose only from a virtuous resolve not to transmit madness, that his behavour to Varina was "courteous," though "his interest in her had lessened," that *The Tale of a Tub* is a "plea for charity."

The *Modest Proposal* becomes the mere extravagance of bad taste which French critics think it if we regard it as "playful." The finest parts of *Gulliver*, with the Struldbrug passage at their head, lose all their terror, and with it nine-tenths of their power. As for *The Tale of a Tub*, we, who assert Swift's religious sincerity (it is the one point on which we agree with Professor Morley), maintain as strongly as any disbeliever in that sincerity can do that a tremendous consciousness of the abyss of unbelief was present to Swift throughout his writing, and that the ironic, the doubtful, so to speak, the withered and lifeless side of religion, was as clear to him there as the similar sides of politics and manners in *Gulliver*. If it were possible to imagine a man conscious as Swift was of the empty, vast, and wandering nothingness of human things, and yet not feeling the indignant despair which is usually assigned to him, but only Professor Morley's "childish wit and whim," then such a man would be a worse Voltaire—a mere chatterer and sniggerer in the chambers of the awful House of Life.

On the love affairs it is possible to speak only less clearly. The "Stella problem," to use the now consecrated phrase, turns so much on absolutely unknown and diversely conjectured facts that here perhaps it may seem harsh or rash to pronounce any hypothesis absolutely impossible. The Dr. and Mrs. Swift of Mr. Morley's imagination—douce people, very fond of each other, and (God bless my soul, Sir! how can you think of such a thing?) neither of them fond of anybody else, kept apart to a certain extent by a virtuous desire not to perpetuate malady—*may* be facts. They would be very odd facts, considering all things. But in regard to the two other young women we cannot be so charitable. As we do not bear hardly even on the weakest points of this great genius, we shall not quote the "Varina" letter. It is accessible easily enough, and if even a respectable minority of any jury of gentlemen agree to regard it as a "courteous assent" to the lady's view that Swift had not enough to marry on, we shall admit ourselves possibly wrong. As to the Vanessa business, there can, as to Swift's encouragement of the girl's hapless passion, be absolutely no doubt in the mind of any one who has ever made love himself or who knows how to write or even to read love verses. Here is the famous passage once more :—

> But what success Vanessa met
> Is to the world a secret yet.
> Whether the nymph to please her swain
> Talks in a high romantic strain,
> Or whether he at last descends
> To act with less seraphic ends,
> Or to compound the business, whether
> They temper love and books together—
> Must never to mankind be told
> Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

If that is not plain enough, then, to adopt words as excellent as they are homely, "we are one Dutchman and Professor Morley is

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another, and there's an end on't." Yet according to Professor Morley it is "an expression of regret and astonishment" at Vanessa for "falling ridiculously in love," and being "unhealthy enough to tell him she had done so."

Now Professor Morley has done some services to English literature, not the least, we believe, being the inculcation of a sincere liking for it on many and numerous generations of pupils. All our respect for him on that score, however, must not prevent us from calling these utterances simple bosh. We yield to no one, not merely in admiration of Swift's marvellous intellect, but in esteem for his many good and great moral qualities, and in sympathy for his failings. We think that when Mr. Thackeray hinted that he was insincere, scolded him for his "indignation," and said that "we should hoot him" for the moral of *Gulliver*, that great man went as near to talking simple bosh himself (as a consequence of the touch of sentimentality which was in him) as he ever did in his life. But if Thackeray exaggerates and denounces where he should criticize and allow, his unerring knowledge of human nature made it impossible for him to mistake the facts. The Swift of his imagination, though rather unduly heightened and darkened, and most unduly abused and lectured, is the real Swift in perhaps every point but his religious sincerity, of which Thackeray was not the best judge. The Swift of Professor Morley is exactly, as far as we understand his description, the "fantasy of printed paper" which he himself describes. No such a Swift could have held together in actual life for a month, whether he could be "ordered from a tailor" or not. Such a Swift might indeed have written (though hardly) "Mrs. Harris's Petition" and the "Broomstick," and the nonsense verses about *Mollis abuti*, and all the rest of it. But he would not have been the great, the immeasurably great writer, whose trifles are indeed all the more charming for the contrast they present with his masterpieces, but whose trifles are trifles most of all as contributing to the sum of his fame.

It is still more extraordinary that Professor Morley should have found it possible to read his reading into certain classical places of Swift. We give him the famous and terrible lines on the Last Judgment as not certainly genuine, though we ourselves have no more doubt about their genuineness than we have that Shakspeare wrote *Hamlet*. But Swift must have been an idiot long before his time, if, being the person that Mr. Morley takes him for, he wrote the epitaph about the *sæva indignatio*.

SWIFT.*

SWIFT is one of the most baffling personalities in our literature, and there is much in his life that must always remain a riddle in spite of all that critics and biographers can do. Still, the subject is always a fascinating one, and we are not surprised to find a writer like Mr. James Hay coming forward with a fresh solution of the darkest point in Swift's life, the subject of his relations with Stella. The solution which Mr. Hay propounds in the volume before us, entitled *Swift: the Mystery of his Life and Love*, is not absolutely new; it was first put forward in an article in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1757, and has been mentioned by most biographers only to be scouted. Shortly stated it is this: that Swift and Stella were both the natural children of Sir William Temple, and that the revelation of this secret to them late in life formed the real impediment to their marriage, which, according to this story, never took place. So far as Swift is concerned, the only confirmation of the suggestion is to be found in the story told by Swift's friend, Dr. Delany.

Dr. Delany's Story.

The story told by Delany is this: One day about the time of the marriage, as he was entering the library of the Archbishop of Dublin, Swift passed out, looking fierce and wild, without speaking to him. When he entered the library he found the Archbishop in tears. 'Sir,' said he, 'you have just this moment passed the most miserable man on earth, but as to the cause of that misery you must never ask a question.' Delany thought that the cause of this grief was a revelation by the Archbishop to Swift of his relation to Stella.

The most of Swift's biographers fix the date of this scene in 1716. Monck Mason,

however, has proved conclusively that neither this scene nor the pretended marriage of Swift could possibly have taken place that year. Yet it is highly probable that the scene referred to did take place some time, as we cannot believe that Dr. Delany would tell the world a deliberate falsehood. What, then, was the nature of Swift's misery, which with tears the Archbishop entreated Delany not to inquire into? Certainly not the absurd theory of Sir Walter Scott, that it was the confession of Swift to his Grace, that physically he was not fit for marriage. That reason is simply absurd. Can any sane man believe that a confession from Swift, that he was not a marrying man, could cause the Archbishop to shed tears?

Our narrator supplies us with a much more likely and reasonable cause. 'When Stella,' he says, 'thought proper to communicate to her friends the Dean's proposal, and her approbation of it, it then became absolutely necessary for that person who alone knew the secret history of the parties concerned, to reveal what otherwise might have been buried in oblivion.'

* Swift: the Mystery of his Life and Love. By James Hay, Minister of the Parish of Kirn. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

Swift was born on November 30, 1667. At the time Sir William Temple was Ambassador at the Hague, and had been there for a year before. This would be sufficient evidence to disprove paternity even in the case of a child born in wedlock; but Mr. Hay gets over it by remarking airily that 'Ambassadors' movements are ubiquitous, and not always to be depended upon.' He also remarks that there is a slight gap in Sir William Temple's correspondence from the Hague sufficient to allow time for a flying visit to Ireland. As to Stella, there is much better reason for the belief. Mr. Hay has some reason to find fault with Macaulay, whom he rates very vigorously for calling Stella 'Lady Giffard's waiting maid.'

The late John Forster has declared he can find no satisfactory evidence of Swift's marriage to Stella, and Mr. Leslie Stephen

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has come to the same conclusion, regarding it as neither proved nor disproved. We shall not follow Mr. Hay into his discussion of the Vanessa episode; he has one standard for testing things to Swift's discredit, and another for testing things to his credit. For instance, he disbelieves the common version of Swift's last visit to Vanessa, because it would be discreditable to Swift, and actually suggests that the real reason of their quarrel was that he found her intoxicated. This is probably the most colossal instance of unfounded conjecture to be found in the whole literature of Swift's biography. The only shadow of foundation is a statement of Delany that 'Vanessa, like Ariadne, devoted herself to Bacchus.' Mr. Leslie Stephen has discussed Swift's relations with Stella and Vanessa with admirable insight, moderation, and good sense. Thackeray's censure that he loved, conquered, and jilted Varina, Stella, and Vanessa in turn is as unfair as Mr. Hay's view—that he was absolutely blameless as to all three. It is amusing to see how Mr. Hay puts all the blame upon the ladies in the following passage:—

Swift's Theory of Love.

He must have new sensations. This phase of his character is vividly portrayed in his Stella and Vanessa connection. He tried with them the experiment of how far friendship could be carried on with the opposite sex, excluding the thought of love. Few men, and still fewer women, are intellectually strong enough for such an experiment. The companionship of Abelard and Héloise is always dangerous. 'No man,' said Johnson, 'is perfectly safe with women.' . . .

In the field of our vision we have now both Stella and Vanessa, as friends of Swift, with whom he resolved to give to the world an example of unlimited friendship between the sexes, excluding the thought of love. He realised what a profound pity it was that the inexorable laws of society would not allow of this, without the thought of love or marriage.

He felt that young ladies 'lost much thereby; that they knew not what slumbered in their soul, and would be aroused in them by the conversation of a noble friend.' Accordingly, Swift trained Stella and Vanessa from their youth, with the view of their being intellectual companions with himself. He prescribed their studies, watched over them with deep interest, gave them maxims for their guidance in life, different from the maxims of the world. But, alas, brilliant as their intellects were, they were not strong enough for the ordeal through which they had to pass. Their intellectuality degenerated into love, their love into passion, their passion into rivalry, their rivalry into jealousy, and the end of it was misery to all the three. This is the key to many of the difficulties which we shall encounter in the strange narrative of Swift's dealings with these illustrious ladies.

But surely the fault was not with them, but with Swift, for expecting anything else.

Mr. Hay is more successful in his general defence of Swift against the severe criticisms of Macaulay, Jeffrey, and Thackeray—whose lecture on Swift is one of the least satisfactory things he ever did. A much better judgment was given in one of Carlyle's lectures, 'By far the greatest man of that time, I think, was Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, a man entirely deprived of his natural nourishment, but of great robustness, of genuine Saxon mind, not without a feeling of reverence, though from circumstances it did not awaken in him. There is something great and fearful in his irony, which yet shows sometimes sympathy and a kind of love for the thing he satirises.' Mr. Hay is certainly not a judicious biographer, though his discursive volume is fairly readable. Mr. Leslie Stephen's monograph in the 'English Men of Letters' series remains by far the best appreciation of Swift in the language.

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and kindness of Major Tickell, the descendant of the ingenious friend of Swift and Addison. *Fourthly*, Several unpublished pieces, from the originals in Swift's handwriting, in the possession of Leonard Macnally, Esq. barrister-at-law. *Fifthly*, The unwearied friendship of Matthew Weld Harstonge, Esq. has furnished much curious and interesting information, the result of long and laborious research through various journals and collections of rare pamphlets and loose sheets, in which last form many of Swift's satires made their first appearance. From such sources several additions have been made to Swift's publications upon Wood's scheme, as well as to his other Tracts upon Irish affairs. *Sixthly*, The Rev. Mr Berwick, so well known to the literary world, has obliged the Editor with some curious illustrations of the Dean's last Satirical Tracts, and particularly of that entitled the Legion Club, and has also communicated to him the suppressed correspondence between Swift and Miss Vanhomrigh, which has been so long a *desideratum* in all editions of the author. The Editor might mention many other gentlemen of literary eminence, who have had the goodness to give coun-

tenance to his undertaking. But enough has been said for the present purpose, which is only to give an account to the public of some of the facilities afforded to the Editor of improving the present edition of Swift's Works, both by the recovery of original compositions, and by collating, correcting and enlarging those which have been already published.

In the Biographical Memoir, it has been the object of the Editor to condense the information afforded by Mr Sheridan, Lord Orrery, Dr Delany, Deane Swift, Dr Johnson, and others, into one distinct and comprehensive narrative. Some preliminary critical observations are offered on Swift's most interesting productions; and historical explanations and anecdotes accompany his political treatises. So that, upon the whole, it is hoped this edition may be considered as improved, as well as enlarged; and, in either point of view, may have some claim to public favour.

VANESSA!

So long ago!
Aye, but her heart beat joyously as mine;
Her cheeks wore roses, Kate, as red as thine,
This stateliest lady of a stately line,
So long ago.

On a far fairer England did she stand,
And richer summers smiled upon the land,
When her Cadenus pressed that little hand
So long ago.

Across the sunny Berkshire fields they went—
She love embodied, bright and innocent,
He wrestling with a splendid discontent,
So long ago!

She a sweet English maiden, golden-tressed,
With soft grey eyes that wounded whilst they blessed;
He dark and stern, and by a world caressed;
So long ago!

There, in the cool green fields, beneath the skies
Of laughing June, low at his feet she lies,
A love unspeakable in her deep eyes,
So long ago.

Beyond the grave the twain shall stand apart;
She recks not *now* for Love or of Love's smart:
The balm of Heaven has healed that broken heart,
Long, long ago!

... of Prose

e you go any farther, let me ask
s question: How much of Swift
ou read? Gulliver, of course,
e of a Tub," perhaps. And did
it? Johnson found it so much
to the rest of Swift's writings
ake him doubt whether it were
Swift's own work. It is best to
e's limitations, and I must own
is not a book I often recur to.
ıg from Mr. Quintana's en-
m, I tried it again, and discovered
ile I could thoroughly enjoy the
ve of the Three Sons, when I got
the interposed digressions I was
ıtly skipping or straying, unless
my attention fixed on the pure
quality of Swift's prose. I am
nd of literary class lists: I am
times ready to uphold, in one
Hooker, in another Hazlitt, as the
st master of English prose. And
come on this:—

confess to have for a long time borne
ırt in this general error, from which
ould never have acquitted myself, but
ough the assistance of our noble
derns, whose most edifying volumes
ırn indefatigably over night and day
the improvement of my mind and the
od of my country.

I am prepared to back Swift against field. The almost noiseless purr of prose suggests a cat meditating on all mice she has ever caught and all that ait the catching. A velvet paw falls elessly on some innocent intruder:—

I would not despair to prove that it is mpossible to be a good soldier, divine, or lawyer, or even so much as an eminent bellman or ballad-singer, without some taste in 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, on which I shall make no other remark than this, that he argues there as if he really believed himself.

But this cat is of the tiger kind, and I can hear the sleek and glossy coat Gilbert Sarum rending as the steel comes down.

Lastly, I would beg his Lordship not to so exceedingly outrageous upon the nory of the dead, because it is highly able that in a very short time he be one of the number. God Almighty e his Lordship this manner of re- ng himself; and then there will be

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ciating Abel Dunton with Lord Nottingham, and one must be fairly fresh from the pamphlets of Steele to appreciate "what the poverty of our language constrains me to call his style."

Meanwhile, the reader, willing to make the effort, will find in Mr Quintana's Third Book careful and trustworthy guidance through the ins and outs of the years which open with the trial of Sacheverell and the fall of the Whigs, and end with the utter and seemingly irretrievable overthrow of the Tory Party. Beyond lies exile, Gulliver madness, death: an undying memory in the hearts of the Dublin poor: and in St. Patrick's, by his own command,

a Black Marble, deeply
cut and strongly gilded.

FACTS ABOUT KENYA

So This Is Kenya! By Evelyn Brodhurst-Hill. (Blackie. 10s. 6d.)

There is a homely charm about "So This Is Kenya!" by Evelyn Brodhurst-Hill, and by the time one has reached the end of it one has acquired feelings of friendship for the author and the country.

Without fuss or affectation, as befits a farmer's wife, Mrs. Brodhurst-Hill gives a great deal of information about Kenya —animals, flowers, native servants, magic, everyday life on a farm 30 miles from a town, "kitchen Swahili," which is the dialect used by settlers and natives, political problems. Altogether a pleasant pot-pourri.

According to Mrs. Brodhurst-Hill, Kenya is at present unable to help British trade owing to the Congo Basin Treaties She writes:—

> Most of the money spent by natives is leaving the country and going into the pockets of German, Japanese, and Indian traders. There are over 3,000,000 natives in Kenya, all the wage-earners spend their cash on things Great Britain manufactures, and not one penny of their money is spent on British goods, because Britain either makes no effort to capture the colonial markets or is stymied by the Congo Basin Treaties.

The temper of this directly written book emerges in the opening chapters, which relate how the author and her husband tried to drive from Mombasa to Nairobi in a car they had brought from England. It was an unpleasant experience, but as treated by the author it becomes all part of the day's work.

1056



THE DEAN SAID

—"Happy Christmas"

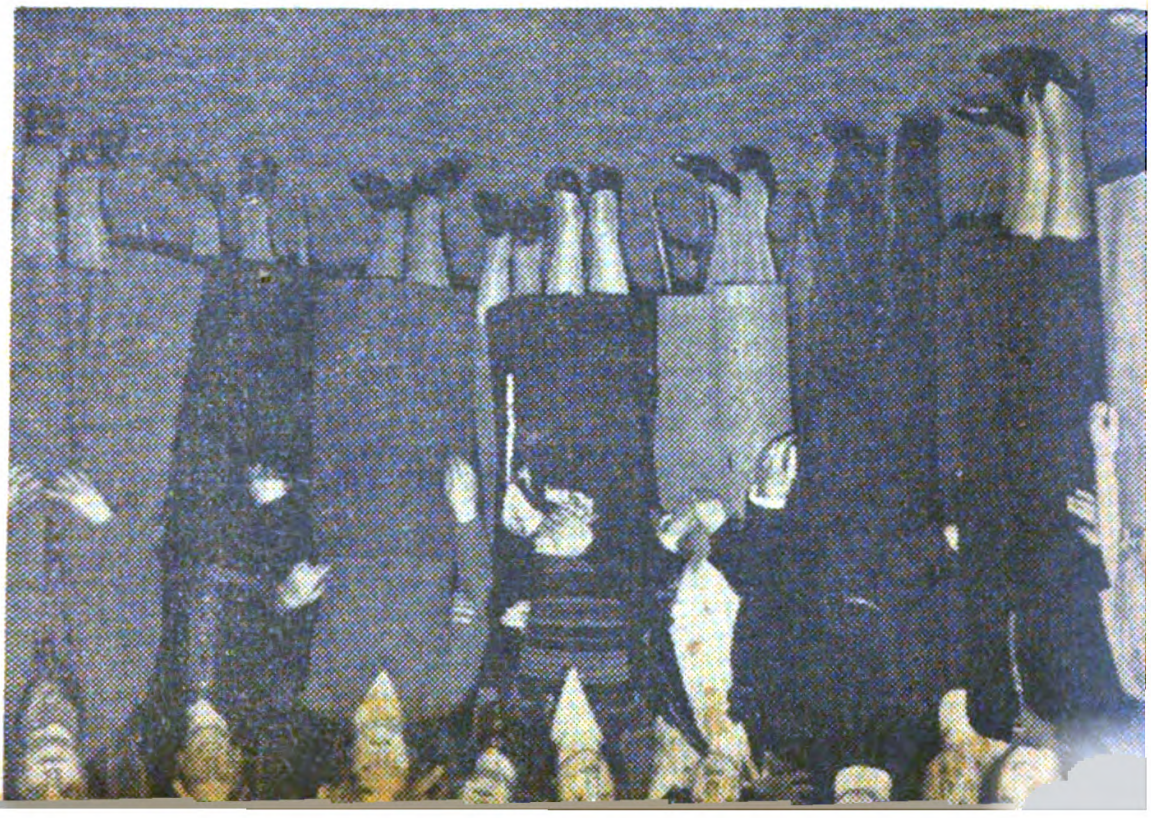
IN the watery sunshine of a winter morning I walked the road between Laracor Church and Stella's cottage. Just so they had seen it, this flat, wet country of Meath, with the leafless willows, the rain-clouds massed against the defiant blue of mid-day. I paused, trying to picture the three of them in their eighteenth century dress: Jonathan Swift, Stella Johnson and Mrs. Dingley. Did they walk arm-in-arm, buffeted by the wind, laughing at it? I think they did, for Swift was always his happiest with these two women, his best companions. Although the world chooses to ignore Mrs. Dingley as a mere chaperone, a gooseberry, a shield from Mrs. Grundy, I think she was much more than that. The journal to Stella philosophy with those early lessons she learnt from her Jonathan turned tutor. She knew him as often a beloved but much-tried wife knows the character of a husband. After all it would have been worth a good deal of patience to have earned the "Journal to Stella." If only we had her letters too!

TALK WITH ADDISON

Swift cheered that lonely Christmas night by going to a coffee house and talking to Addison for an hour: Addison, who used to walk in Glasnevin and left a memory "Addison's Walk," behind him. Mr. Addison, that grave essayist and exquisite creator of Sir Roger de Coverley, had two letters for Swift, evidently from Stella and Dingley.

"I cannot answer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to answer naughty girls. . ."

It was a cold winter, this of 1710, Swift writes often of the fire that Patrick kindles in the sittingroom each morning before he gets up. His fire costs him "twelve pence" a week, and he protests that he is not extravagant with candles, although these long letters were written in bed by candle-light, and once the curtains are singed and he smells fire and gets into a fright and



o the children from the George's Hall Mission in the Clontarf Methodist
n the picture are the Rev. Hugh M. Watson, President, and Mrs. E.
r visited the party, and presented each child with a box of chocolates.
luded a cinema, concert, toy distribution and refreshment.