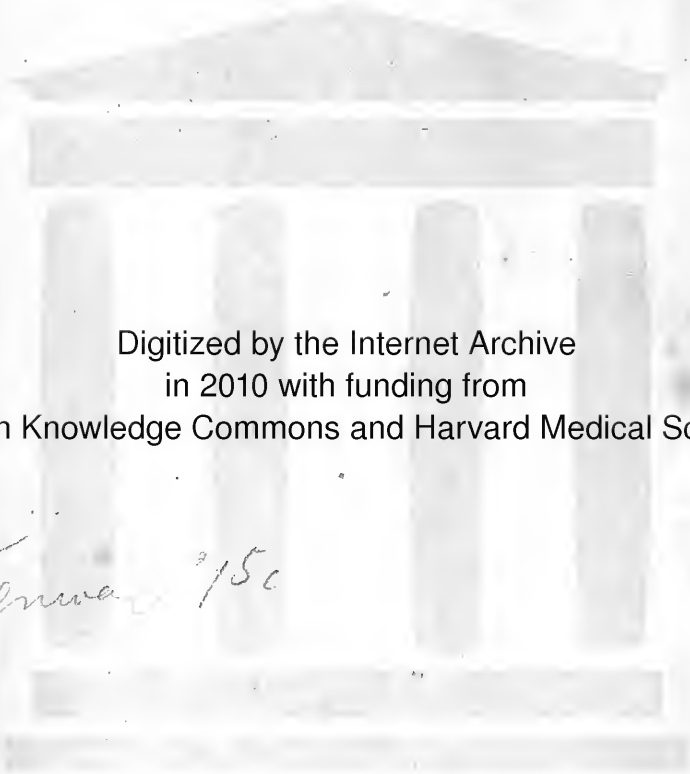
The CLOSING YEARS OF DEAN SWIFT'S LIFE

HIS UNPUBLISHED POEMS
&
SOME REMARKS ON STELLA

BY

W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A



J. Comerford, Dealy.

Esther Johnson

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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SEVERAL OF HIS POEMS HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED,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.,

AUTHOR OF "AUSTRIA AND ITS INSTITUTIONS;" "NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, AND THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN," ETC. ETC.

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TO

WILLIAM MACKENZIE, M. D.,

SURGEON OCULIST TO THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND, Etc., Etc.

My dear Friend,

The first portion of this Essay, that in which the question of Swift's insanity is considered, originally appeared in the Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science, in answer to your communication upon the subject, addressed to me in August, 1846.

During the progress of my researches while collecting materials for this portion of my subject, many curious and hitherto unnoticed facts presented themselves. With the desire of assisting future biographers of my distinguished countryman, and in the hope of rescuing his character from some of the aspersions which have been cast upon it, these facts have been added in the Appendix. In this portion are also included several of the Dean's minor poems, the manuscripts of which have been lately discovered.

To you, for having first called my attention to the subject of the disease of the illustrious Swift, the Public are indebted for any interest which this Essay may possess, or any new light which it may throw upon his character and writings. To no one, therefore, can I with so much propriety dedicate this little work, as to you, in which I but gratify the desire that, in common with all your admirers, I feel, of doing homage to your exalted talents, extensive learning, and great practical knowledge.

W. R. WILDE.

DUBLIN, 15, WESTLAND-ROW,
October, 1848.

THE HISTORY

OF

DEAN SWIFT'S DISEASE,

&c. &c.

When a great or a rich man dies, he is interred with pomp; case after case, of oak and lead, are provided to resist the ravages of decay,—their lining the softest swan's down, and their cover the purple pall. His elegy is written by his friends and admirers,—if not what he was, at least what he should have been. A mausoleum of the most durable materials is provided. The sculptured marble, or the graphic tablet, while it tells his virtues, points out his last resting-place; and if genius, honour, or renown, have marked his course while living, the talent of subsequent ages is devoted to the task of his biography. Thus immortality has been gained by the great and good of all ages.

Not so the poor or mean man's death. His last sigh is breathed in an hospital, or some obscure cellar or garret; the frail shell that holds his corpse is procured at the expense of his country; he is followed to the grave by a few mourning friends, and laid without ostentation in the silent tomb; earth mingles with earth, and dust with its kindred dust; the clods rattle on his coffin, and the mound of greensward which covers it marks for a few years to come the only estate he was ever possessed of. His name is forgotten in a day. In process of time, when it is considered that he cumbereth the ground, the frail particles of humanity,—

all that now remains of what was once "the human form divine,"—are again exposed to view; but, generally speaking, they are religiously restored by the sexton to their former occupancy. And yet, with all this, though he lives in misery, and dies in want, the beggar enjoys a rest which, in the present time at least, is not vouchsafed to the rich or distinguished, whose monument may be displaced, or whose tablet may be rudely hurled from its resting-place, at the dictate of a commission; and, if the person has been remarkable in life for great mental capacity, it is more than probable that, before many years elapse, some prying phrenologist will have ransacked his tomb, abstracted his cranium, and exhibited it at all the *soirèes* in the neighbourhood during the next six months. This Vandal desecration of monuments is even now proceeding in this country. The skull of Pope is, we believe, at this moment, hawked about by an itinerant phrenologist; and to the indignity to which we have referred have the mortal remains of Swift and Stella been submitted nearly a century after their interment. To this portion of our subject we shall revert presently.

The accompanying letter, which we received from our esteemed friend, Dr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow, in autumn last, induced us to make some inquiries into the matter, the result of which will be found in the following pages. True it is, that some of the topics included in this somewhat discursive essay are not strictly medical; but while we do not acknowledge the narrow limits which are usually assigned to what is called medicine, or the medical sciences, we feel, in common with most of our friends, that any and every circumstance, no matter how minute or trivial, connected even remotely with that illustrious patriot, most accomplished scholar, and dazzling wit,—whose works, the purest specimens of our language, shall ever remain to charm the child and to instruct the sage, and to whose benevolence the medical profession in this country, and humanity in general, are so much indebted,—should be made known, and

will be received by our readers without apology for their insertion here.

"Dear Sir,—It is well known to those who have looked into the history of the celebrated Dean Swift, that from an early period of his life he was subject to attacks of what he himself and his biographers style vertigo. Whether these attacks were ever attended with other nervous symptoms, such as epilepsy, does not appear ; although, from the expressions used by Mr. Monck Mason, that Swift 'was subject to a constitutional malady, of which he frequently experienced the ill effects,' and which he had reason to apprehend 'was in some degree hereditary,' this might be suspected. Swift himself attributed the origin of his disease to a surfeit of fruit,—'stone fruit,' says Sir Walter Scott,—'apples,' says Mr. Monck Mason. His temper, it is well known, grew, as life advanced, exceedingly irritable, till at length he became furiously insane, and ultimately fatuous.

"Dr. Beddoes(*a*) has hazarded the conjecture that 'one hypothesis,' and 'but one,' both unfolds the nature of Swift's ailment, and accounts for his extraordinary conduct towards Mrs. Johnson and Miss Vanhomrigh. The harsh supposition has been repelled with becoming indignation by Sir Walter Scott, who justly observes, that 'until medical authors can clearly account for and radically cure the diseases of their contemporary patients, they may readily be excused from assigning dishonourable causes for the disorders of the illustrious dead.'

"It appears from the testimony of Dr. Delany, that in October, 1742, after Swift's frenzy had continued several months, his left eye swelled to the size of an egg, and the lid was so much inflamed and discoloured, that the surgeon who attended expected it to mortify. The extreme pain of the swelling kept him waking near a month, and during one week it was with difficulty that five persons prevented him, by mere force,

(*a*) Hygeïa: or Essays Moral and Medical, vol. iii. p. 187. Bristol, 1807.

from tearing out his eyes. At length the tumour perfectly subsided, the pain left him, and he recognised his friends and medical attendants. The surgeon was not without hopes he might once more enjoy society; but in a few days he sunk into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk across the room. This state, which lasted some years, was the effect of water in the head. Mr. Stevens, a clergyman of his Chapter, pronounced this to be the case, and often entreated the Dean's friends and physicians to have him trepanned and the water discharged; a proposal to which, of course, no regard was paid, although the diagnosis turned out correct.

"For three years after the affection of the eye Swift remained nearly silent, in a hopeless state of fatuity, with short and occasional gleams of sensibility and reason. Sometimes he would try, evidently with pain, to find words, but not being able, he would fetch a sigh and remain silent.

"On the 19th of October, 1745, he died without the least pang or convulsion, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

"That the brain was loaded with water is the only circumstance stated by Dr. Delany of the inspection after death.

"My object in addressing you on the subject of Swift's case, is to beg the favour of a communication, through the medium of the Quarterly Journal of Medical Science, of any further facts which may be recorded respecting it, either in printed books or in authentic manuscripts, and known to you or to any of your readers. It is at once evident how exceedingly important in a pathological view are the symptoms and appearances already known, and how desirable it would be to possess a more minute account of both. That such may have been drawn up by the medical gentlemen who attended Swift during his life, or who inspected his head after death, seems not unlikely, and, if preserved, will certainly prove of great interest. The repositories of the Deanery or of Trinity College may, perhaps, contain documents on the subject.

"The points to which, it is to be hoped, attention was directed are:—First, the cause of the exophthalmos; and whether or not connected with the interior of the cranium. Second, the state of the encephalon; and especially of the dura mater over the left orbit. Third, whether there was any tumour or other diseased structure prolonged from the orbit into the cranium, or *vice versâ*, or any absorption of the roof of the orbit.

"Should no further particulars be recovered, I trust the inquiry I have started will not appear altogether unreasonable, even at this length of time after the events to which it refers. Surely we have a better right to inquire, after the lapse of a century, into the real facts of his case, than the wit himself had to twit the doctors, and even anticipate their *post mortem* report of him, as he does in his 'Verses on his own Death:'

> "'The doctors, tender of their fame,
> Wisely on me lay all the blame.
> "We must confess his case was nice;
> But he would never take advice.
> Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
> He might have lived these twenty years:
> For, when we open'd him, we found
> That all his vital parts were sound."'

"I am, dear Sir, your's, &c.,

"W. Mackenzie.

"*Glasgow, August* 15*th*, 1846."

Let us now briefly enumerate such of the symptoms of Swift's disease, mental and corporeal, premonitory and well-established, as the records furnished by himself and his biographers are capable of affording us.

It may, we are free to confess, appear at first view an almost impossible task to write the history of Swift's case upwards of a century after his death: nevertheless, we have no hesitation in asserting that the following detail of symptoms, given chiefly in the words of the patient, afford us one of the best described, and certainly the very longest case of cerebral

disease which we have ever met with, extending over a period of fifty-five years! The very extensive epistolary correspondence of this great man, and his familiar style of writing, as well as the publication of letters which were never intended for the public eye, have greatly assisted us in collecting materials for the history of his malady.

We have made every possible exertion to discover Mr. Monck Mason's authority, or reasons, for supposing Swift liable to any "hereditary disease," such as epilepsy, to which we apprehend he alludes, but without effect; and we are strongly inclined to believe that, like most gratuitous non-medical opinions, it had no other foundation than a conjecture of the author's. The Dean himself, a better authority than either Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Beddoes, or Mr. Mason, took a more rational view of the matter. Writing to Mrs. Howard, in 1727, he 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 Surry, 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."(*a*) 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

(*a*) Letters of Swift. Dr. Hawkesworth errs in stating that it occurred in Ireland. Swift was then about twenty-three years of age.

attacks, which, year after year, increased in intensity and duration.

Lord Orrery says that "in compliance with the advice of his physicians, when he was sufficiently recovered to travel, he went into Ireland to try the effects of his native air: and he found so much benefit by the journey, that in compliance to his own inclination he soon returned into England."

In early life he was of remarkably active habits, and always exceedingly sober and temperate, if we except the instance of gluttony already related. From the date of his first attack he seems to have had a presentiment of its fatal termination; and the dread of some head affection (as may be gleaned from innumerable passages in his writings) seems to have haunted him ever afterwards, producing those fits of melancholy and despondency to which it is well known he was subject; while the many disappointments and vexations, both of a domestic and public nature, which he subsequently suffered, no doubt tended to hasten the very end he feared.

During his first residence at Sheen and Moor-Park, prior to 1694, Scott says, "his studies were partially interrupted by bad health;" and then tells the story of the "surfeit of stone fruit," and the "coldness of stomach," &c., but on what authority, except this letter to Mrs. Howard, we are utterly at a loss to discover. The same biographer continues: "At one time he was so ill that he visited Ireland in hopes of experiencing benefit from his native air; but, finding no advantage from the change, he again returned to Moor-Park, and employed in his studies the intervals which his disorder afforded."

Various anecdotes illustrative of his eccentric habits and singular manner have been related of Swift; but as we do not think that they in any wise affect the present question, they are here altogether omitted. Moreover, these have been dwelt upon by some of his biographers apparently for the purpose of shewing how they led to the ultimate and melancholy fate which closed his "eventful history," and as exhibiting symptoms of

incipient insanity ; but, as we trust, a fair examination of his case will shew, Swift was not, at any period of his life, not even in his last illness, what is usually termed and understood as *mad.*

While living at his parish in Meath, enjoying the charms of a country life, engaged in the active exercise of his clerical duties, and consoled by the society of Stella and Mrs. Dingly, amidst the quiet of the willows of Laracor, and with his mind comparatively at ease, we do not hear of his making any complaint. But whenever he mixed much in society, especially in London or Dublin, he was subject to returns of his disease. Thus, in 1708, he writes to Archbishop King from Dublin: "I have been confined near two months this winter, and forbid pen and ink by my physician, though, thank God! I was more frightened than hurt. I had a colic about the year 1696(*a*) that brought me to extremity, and all despaired of my life, and the newsletters reported me dead. It began at the same time of the year, and the same way it did then, and the winters were much alike; and I verily believe had I not had the assistance of my old physician, Sir Patrick Dun, I should have run the same course, which I could not have supported; but with a little physic, and the Spa and Bath waters, I escaped without other hardships than keeping at home." In another communication he writes: " I was then for a long time pursued by a cruel illness that seized me at fits and hindered me from meddling in any business."

From 1710 to 1713 Swift resided in London for some months, and while there mixed much in politics and other exciting subjects. In his Journal to Stella at this period many of his symptoms are accurately noted. Excess in late hours seems always to have aggravated and often produced the uncomfortable feeling in his head. On the 27th October in that year, after giving an account of a dinner with Congreve, Sir R. Temple, Eastcourt, and other choice spirits of the day, he

(*a*) This must be a typographical error, the 6 should be a 0. See p. 8.

writes: "But now my head continues pretty well; I have left off drinking, and only take a spoonful mixed with water," &c.

October 31st.—"This morning, sitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddiness; the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very. I saw Dr. Cockburn to-day, and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year, and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else."

November 1.—"I had no giddiness to-day; but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much, so I will impute it to that; but I never eat fruit nor drink ale."

November 24th.—"I have had no fit since the first; I drink brandy every morning and take pills every night." Other casual illnesses, but not referable to the disease in question, occurred to him; these, however, it is unnecessary to mention.

December 1st.—"I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order." 9th.—"I never was giddy since my first fit, but I have had a cold," &c.

He remained free till the 13th of January, 1711, when he writes: "Oh! faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good while." During the last four days of January he had a return of his symptoms. "My head," he continues, "is not in order, and yet it is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless. I walk every day, and take drops of Dr. Cockburn, and have just done a box of pills, and to-day Lady Kerry sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a day, and hope I shall grow better. My riding in Ireland keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats, as I am directed, and hope this malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time."

Feb. 1st. "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 not you know that, Madame Stell? Have not I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife and some others, sirrah? I walked into the city to dine, because of the walk; but I walked plaguy carefully for fear of sliding against my will."

In this notice of Lady Kerry's and Stella's, and also of Mrs. Howard's and other's anxiety on account of the complaints of their neighbours, we find the germ of that passage in the memorable Verses on his own Death, written twenty years after:

> "Yet should some neighbour feel a pain,
> Just in the parts where I complain;
> How many a message would he send,
> What hearty prayers that I should mend;
> Inquire what regimen I kept;
> What gave me ease, and how I slept?
> And more lament when I was dead,
> Than all the snivellers round my bed."(*a*)

February 4th.—"I avoid going to church yet for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken Lady Kerry's bitter."

February 13th.—"I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it: and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a great deal worse. I dined to-day at Lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we con ailments, which makes us very fond of each other." Throughout the entire period of his illness, active exercise, particularly walking, appears to have been of the greatest service to him. To this may be added rest, quiet, and avoidance of all excitement, as well as great abstinence in his regimen; while to the great mental excitement to which he was constantly subjected during his residence in London, at the period when he enjoyed the confi-

(*a*) These verses were published the Wednesday after the Dean's death, in No. 157 of The Dublin Courant (October 23, 1745), a copy of which now lies before us.

dence of Harley, and engaged so actively in both politics and literature, may be traced several of his attacks; he himself, however, very justly ascribes several of his fits of giddiness and disorder of stomach to excess in eating and drinking. He dined with the minister on the 17th, and in his journal of the day following, he says: "My head has no fits, but is little disordered before dinner; yet I walk stoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend." From this and many other similar expressions, it is evident that unsteadiness of gait was a constant and well-marked symptom of his disease. During the remainder of this month he continued much in the same state. "No fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse." We suppose his having so frequently used the word "fits," is the reason why some of his biographers erroneously believed he was subject to epilepsy.

April 9th.—He dined with Sir John Stanley, to meet Mr. St. John and Mr. Ganville, but the company happening to be much larger than he supposed it would be, he says: "We were not as easy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders. I have left off snuff since Sunday, finding myself much worse after taking a good deal at the Secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of Champagne or Burgundy without water, and in compliment I did the same myself." It will be remembered that Harley was then but slowly recovering from the wound he received from Guiscard. On the 16th he "dined with Stratford, and drank tokay," the effect of which he felt that night and all next day, yet it did not prevent his accepting invitations. On the 18th, however, he seems to have grown worse, and made some slight mistake in dating his journal, apparently the first symptom of that loss of memory of which he speaks so feelingly twenty-five years after. "I dined with Lord Anglesea to-day, but did not go to the House of Commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what is the matter; it has never been thus before; two days together giddy from morning till

night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills again; I think of going into the country a little way." 21st.— "My head, I thank God, is better, but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me. I take no snuff, and will be very regular in eating little, and the gentlest meats. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment. Lord Keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled. Young Harcourt, Lord Keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcass. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety." This advice he afterwards put in rhyme. Besides the pills ordered by Dr. Cockburn, the only medicine he appears to have taken was "some herb snuff, prescribed by Dr. Radcliffe."

The deafness which attended his first attack did not, up to this period, form a symptom of his illness in 1710 and 1711; but on the 28th he writes: "My ears have been, these three months past, much better than any time these two years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking." He then took long walks every day, and, by the advice of Dr. Radcliffe, left off Bohea tea, which he had observed to disagree with him frequently before. Swift was on very intimate terms with Drs. Freind, Chamberlain, and Arbuthnot, but it does not appear that he consulted either of them. Dr. Cockburn was his general attendant. He was no great advocate for physic, as we may learn from a passage in one of his letters about this period: "Fig for your physician and his advice, Madame Dingley; if I grow worse I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and exercise. Your fall of the leaf! What care I when the leaves fall? I am sorry to see them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physic for that?"(*a*)

(*a*) The advice of Mrs. Dingley is still followed in many parts of Ireland:

During the month of May he removed to Chelsea, and seems to have benefited by it. On the 23rd of that month he writes: "I thank God I yet continue much better since I left town; I know not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the present. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a rock, only once or twice for a minute. I do not know how; but it went off and I never followed it."

The summer of 1711 was excessively hot, and Swift suffered extremely from it, yet he does not appear to have ascribed his illness, as do so many patients of the present day, to "the change of the weather," but in the following passage certainly took a very correct and philosophical view of his case: "I never impute any illness or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise or ill air, or something I have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so I fence against those as well as I can."

He returned to London in July; and here he details an additional symptom highly characteristic of his disease: "I fear I shall have the gout; I sometimes feel pain about my feet and toes. I never drank till within these two years, and I did it to cure my head. I often sit evenings with some of these people, and drink in my turn; but I am now resolved to drink ten times less than before; but they advise me to let what I drink to be all wine, and not to put water in it."

September 1st.—"My head is pretty well, only a sudden turn at any time makes me feel giddy for a moment, and sometimes it feels very stuffed; but if it grows no worse I can bear it very well." This letter was written from Windsor, where he then resided, the air of which, as well as the walking exercise, both there and at Kensington, appear to have been of much service to him.

Swift's deafness was at first in but one ear; he thus alludes

several people not only take medicine but have themselves bled from one or both arms in spring and autumn. The country bleeders make a considerable income of this.

to it in a communication of the 7th of the same month. "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." Upon the 8th he writes: "God be thanked that ugly numbing is gone: my head continues pretty well."

October 21st.—"My head has ached a little in the evenings, but it is not of the giddy sort, so I do not much value it." Again, on the 24th: "I had a little turn in my head this morning, which, though it did not last above a minute, yet, being of the true sort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the first I have had this half-year. I shall take my pills if I hear of it again."

November 4th.—"I plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. I would compound for a light, easy gout to be perfectly well in my head." During the next three months it does not appear that he had any serious return of his disorder, although his head was not quite free for some days in the beginning of February. From an expression in one of his letters at this period, we are inclined to think that he had occasional attacks of hæmorrhoids, the hæmorrhage from which may have acted beneficially on his head. Upon the 8th he writes: "My disorder is over; but blood was not from the p—les."

February 24th.—"I dined with the Secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little. I sometimes sit up at Lord Masham's, and have writ much for several days past; but I will mend both."

On the 29th of March, 1711–12(*a*), he had a severe attack of what at first appeared to be acute rheumatism, but

(*a*) The style had not then been altered; we have, however, with this exception, reduced the dates to the modern new style.

which ended in a cutaneous eruption not unlike eczema. His own account of the matter is very full: "I am plagued with these pains in my shoulder; I believe it is the rheumatism." He dined out, and drank three or four glasses of champagne, "by perfect teasing, though it is," he adds, "bad for my pains; but if it continues I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. I never would drink any more of it were it not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abstemiousness for a while." He applied Hungary water to his shoulder. On the 30th the pain removed to his neck and collar-bone, and he seems to have suffered severely. From the first seizure of the disease till the 8th of April he writes: "I have been extremely ill, though I twice crawled out a week ago; but am now recovering, though very weak. The violence of the pain abated the night before last. The pain increased with mighty violence in my left shoulder and collar-bone, and that side my neck. On Thursday morning appeared great red spots in all those places where any pain was, and the violence of the pain was confined to my neck behind, or a little on the left side; which was so violent that I had not a minute's rest, nor hardly a minute's sleep, in three days and nights. The spots increased every day, and red little pimples, which are now grown white, and full of corruption, though small: the red still continues, too, and most prodigious hot and inflamed. The disease is the shingles. I eat nothing but water-gruel, am very weak, but out of all violent pain. The doctors say it would have ended in some violent disease if it had not come out thus. I shall now recover fast. I have been in no danger of life, but miserable torture. I must purge and clyster after this."

On the 24th of April he writes again: "This day, just a month since, I felt the pain on the tip of my left shoulder, which grew worse, and spread for six days; then broke all out by my collar and left side of my neck in monstrous red spots, inflamed, and these grew to small pimples. For four

days I had no rest, nor nights, for a pain in my neck, then I grew a little better; afterwards, where my pains were, a cruel itching seized me, beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake several nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not scratch it; then it grew into three or four great sores, like blisters, and run: at last I advised the doctor to use it like a blister, so I did with melilot plasters, which still run, and am now in pain enough, but am daily mending."

May 10th.—"My pain continues still in my shoulder and collar; I keep flannel on it, and rub it with brandy, and take a nasty diet drink. I still itch terribly, and have some few pimples. I am weak, and sweat, and then the flannel makes me mad with itching; but I think my pain lessens. A journal while I was sick would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and physic, visits and messages; the two last were almost as troublesome as the two first. One good circumstance is that I am grown much leaner. The doctors say they never saw anything so odd of the kind; they were not properly shingles, but *herpes miliaris*, and twenty other hard names. I can never be sick in the common way; and as to your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came, nor stayed, nor went, without pain, and the most pain I ever bore in my life." Again, in answer to an inquiry of Stella's, he writes: "No, simpleton, it is not a sign of health, but a sign that if it had not come out some terrible fit of sickness would have followed. I drink nothing above wine and water."(*a*)

"*My left hand is very weak, and trembles*, but my right side has not been touched."(*b*) On the 31st he writes: "My pains continuing still, though with less violence." In the beginning of June he removed to Kensington, and writes from thence on the 17th: "My shoulder is a great deal better; however, I

(*a*) The term "simpleton" in this passage was but an expression of endearment, as may be gleaned from the context of his Journal to Stella.

(*b*) It will be remembered that it was his left eye that was subsequently affected.

feel violent pain in it, but I think it diminishes, and I have cut off some slices from my flannel."

While he remained in the country it was necessary, for his own personal projects, that he should still mix in the society of the Court, but he freely acknowledges its ill effects upon him. Dr. Cockburn advised him to take a little wine. Several allusions to this teasing complaint will also be found in Swift's correspondence with Archbishop King; but expressed in nearly the same terms as those contained in the journal to Stella. This attack of herpes left him exceedingly weak, and his convalescence was very much prolonged. In addition, he suffered from another fit of giddiness while at Windsor, in September, for which he took emetics. "I have eat," he says, "mighty little fruit, yet I impute my disorder to that little, and shall henceforth wholly forbear it."

October 9th.—"I have left Windsor these ten days, and am deep in pills with assafœtida, and a steel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much discouraged, for I used to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a day, and have taken, I believe, a hundred and fifty already." On the 28th his journal continues: "I have been in physic this month, and have been better these three weeks. I stopped my physic, by the doctor's orders, till he sends me further directions." During the next three months he remained free from any serious attack.

Towards the end of January, 1713, he tried the Spa waters; but they did not agree with him, they seemed to increase his vertigo, and produced œdema of the legs. The preparation of aloes, which he commenced, seemed to agree better with him. In part of his correspondence at this period he acknowledges that his memory had become impaired, and he constantly forgot appointments. By the advice of Lady Orkney he tried the preparation which we now know as the Pulvis Aloes c. Canella, toward the end of March, and says of it: "It is

Hiera Picra, two spoonfuls devilish stuff !" In the beginning of May he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, and returned to Ireland the end of that month. And here the journal to Stella ends.

In the foregoing, and in part of the subsequent history of Swift's case, it may be said that there are many repetitions and much tautology of expression. With regard, however, to the former, we have the authority of the report of cases constantly published in books and periodicals, where the repetitions which occur in the daily notes of cases are fully as numerous, and that too of persons in whom the public and the profession take no more interest than what arises from the peculiarity of their diseases: and as to the latter, we have chosen rather to give the words of the illustrious patient himself, than to attempt any paraphrase of our own.

During the few days which the Dean passed in Dublin he had an attack of his old complaint; he proceeded, however, as soon as possible, to the country, from whence, after his installation in the Deanery, in 1713, he says: "I was at first horribly melancholy, but it begins to wear off, and change to dulness." Writing to Archbishop King, on the 16th of July, he continues: "I have been so extremely ill with the return of an old disorder in my head that I was unable to write to your Grace." He was confined to his room at this period for a fortnight, but appears to have recovered his health by a short sojourn at his former parish where Stella then resided.

In his Imitations of Horace's Epistles, he thus humorously, but, in all probability, truly, describes his appearance after this attack:

> "But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
> Old Read would hardly let him in."

The gloomy shadows of the future perpetually crossed his path: his new locality in Kevin-street,—the disagreements of his Chapter,—the loss of his friends and companions in the stirring scenes he so lately left,—all tended to produce discon-

tent, and acted most injuriously on his desponding imagination. He speaks of seeing his "life so fast decline,"—

> "Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
> Who knows his art, but not his trade;
> Preferring his regard to me
> Before his credit or his fee."(*a*)

These attacks continued during the remainder of that year and part of the next. From 1714 to 1719, we have but scanty means of ascertaining his state, for the correspondence during this period, which has come down to us, is chiefly of a business character, and does not enter into those personal details from which the state of his health may be gleaned. It is scarcely possible, however, to conceive that his head remained free for so long a time.

In December, 1718, Dr. Arbuthnot writes to him: "Glad at my heart should I be if Dr. Helsham(*b*) or I could do you any good. My service to Dr. Helsham; he does not want my advice in the case. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and castor made up into boluses with confect. of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar, but trying it amongst other things, my friend found good of this prescription. I had tried the castor alone before, not with so much success. Small quantities of *Tinctura Sacra*(*c*) now and then will do you good."

(*a*) Dr. Arbuthnot, physician to Queen Anne, was a native of Scotland, a very elegant scholar and writer, and greatly attached to Swift.

(*b*) Dr. Helsham, a distinguished physician in this city in the time of Swift, to whom, it appears, he was medical adviser after the death of Sir P. Dun, which occurred in 1717. He was also a very elegant scholar and writer, and several of his verses have been published, along with those of Sheridan and Delany, in Swift's works.

(*c*) The Tinctura Sacra of the old Pharmacopœias, and probably that mentioned by Arbuthnot, consisted of aloes, cardamoms, Virginian snake-root, cochineal, and Spanish white wine. It has not been known under this name for half a century at least. In Colborne's "Complete English Dispensatory"

From the 6th of January to the 19th of February, 1719, he was confined by a severe attack. In May, he writes to Lord Bolingbroke: "My health is somewhat mended, but at best I have an ill head and an aching heart."

In 1720 circumstances of a political nature occurred, which, by occupying the mind of Swift, and again engaging his powerful energies, appear to have acted salutarily with respect to his bodily health. Literature, politics, and the society of his friends, dispelled for a time his melancholy. His deafness at this period was not the least distressing portion of his malady: "What if I should add," he says, "that once in five or six weeks I am deaf for three or four days."

In May he had a severe attack of ague, which even incapacitated him from writing. It continued for a whole year, although, he writes to Mr. Cope, "I am still under the discipline of the bark to prevent relapses."

In September, 1721, he removed to Gaulstown for the benefit of his health, from whence he writes to Mr. Worrall, his sub-dean: "I have now and then some threatenings with my head; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God."

In the correspondence with Vanessa there is very little allusion made to his illness. About this period the following notices, however, should not be omitted. Writing to her from Gaulstown, on the 15th of July, 1721, he says: "If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every thing agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then and converse with fools and impertinence, to avoid spleen and sickness."

In the summer of 1722 he removed to the country for the benefit of the air; and some of his letters to Vanessa at this period contain notices of his state of health; but they

(1756) it is also described under the name of the *Tinctura Hiera Piera*. According to the London formula aloes and winter bark alone were used.

allude more to the condition of his mind than the precise state of his bodily ailments. Thus, in his letter from Lough Gall, on the 13th of July, he writes: "I fly from the spleen to the world's end." Coffee, it seems, was a favourite beverage with both, but it produced too much excitement in the Dean to be often resorted to. "The best maxim I know in life is to drink your coffee when you can, and, when you cannot, be easy without it. * * I am not cheerful enough to write, for I believe that coffee once a week is necessary to that. * * I gave all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I would rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than I ever did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left the town."

Gay, the poet, writing to him, in February, 1723, entreats of him to come to England for change of air; and continues, Dr. Arbuthnot "thinks, that your going to Spa, and drinking the water there, would be of great service to you, if you have resolution enough to take the journey." The death of Vanessa occurred in this year, and the memorable instance of his outburst of passion, the last time he saw this lady, can scarcely, we think, be attributed solely to the effects of temper, but must, in part at least, have been caused by disease.

Three years later, after Stella's first illness, Sir Walter Scott, generously accounting for "the unrestrained violence of his feelings," writes: "To this must be added his personal health, broken and worn down by the varying attacks of a frightful disorder; his social comfort destroyed by the death of one beloved object, and the daily decay and peril of another."

Writing to Lord Carteret, in September, 1724, Swift says, "being ten years older than when I had the pleasure to see your Excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse; and so it has happened; for I have been this month past so pestered with a return of the noise and deafness in my ears, that I had not spirit to perform the

common offices of life." In this letter he likewise regrets his inability to change the climate, which, he seems to think, would do him good. In the April following he complains bitterly of these two symptoms, but by removal to his friend Delany's place, at Quilca, he appears to have recovered for the time being. In the August of this year he writes: "My deafness has left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a visit from it soon; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it."

In the August of the same year, he informs Mr. Tickell, in a letter which relates to the trial of Mr. Proby, son to the Surgeon-General of that time, that he had been tormented with an old vexatious disorder of a deafness and noise in his ears, which, he continues, "has returned, after having left me above two years, and makes me insupportable to others and myself." It left him, however, during the month of September, but returned again in October, so that he says, "I am fit for nothing but to mope in my chamber."

In November, 1725, he writes to the same person: "I have got slowly out of a favourite disorder that hath confined me these ten days." Upon the 13th of the month, however, he was able to enjoy society with a few select friends.

In 1726 Swift visited London, but his correspondence at this time is so fully occupied with the illness of Stella(*a*), which then assumed a very threatening aspect, that we are unable to glean anything of his own state of health from it, except those expressions which speak of his great dejection of spirits. After Stella's first recovery, while returning to Ireland, he suddenly got rid of his giddiness at Holyhead.

He again returned to London, and writes to Dr. Sheridan, in June, 1727: "My stomach is pretty good, but for some days my head has not been right; yet it is what I have been for-

(*a*) The poetical names of Stella and Vanessa have now become so much better known than those of Miss Johnston and Miss Vanhomrigh, that we have employed them in this paper.

merly used to." The next month, however, he had a decided attack, brought on by partaking of "cider, champagne, and fruit." In August his deafness increased to a greater extent than he had ever before experienced, accompanied by the giddiness and tottering, to which we have so often alluded, owing to which he was unable to write for any length of time. The letter to Sheridan, which is our authority for this attack, contains the following prophetic passage: "I believe this giddiness is the disorder that will at last get the better of me." By removing to his friend Pope's residence, at Twickenham, he got somewhat better; but the sad accounts of Stella's last and fatal illness quite unmanned him, and aggravated both his bodily and mental sufferings. "My weakness, my age, my friendship, will bear no more." And again: "I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. * * * These are the perquisites of living long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at best, for it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before them." These, and such like expressions, tell better than any word of our's his state of mind and body. His friends in Ireland, becoming alarmed about his state, wrote upon the subject to Pope, who then watched him with the warmest solicitude, and who, as well as Arbuthnot, saw him daily, and endeavoured to soothe his excited feelings.

On learning the sad tidings about Stella, and not wishing, perhaps, that Pope (with whom he was residing), and other friends, should witness his despair, he walked into London, and shut himself up in private lodgings. To this most natural expression of feeling, Johnson, the most malevolent of all Swift's biographers, labours to assign other motives; but Pope's correspondence on the subject sets the matter in its true light. He was unable to leave London till the beginning of October. The day before he left the English capital, he again, however, suddenly recovered his hearing at an inn in Aldersgate-street; on which circumstance Gay and Pope, in a joint letter which they wrote to the Dean, congratulating him on his improved

health, remark: "No doubt, your ears knew there was nothing worth hearing in England."

"Upon the approach of winter, Swift," says Mr. W. Monck Mason, "formed a design of passing that season in the South of France: he hoped the air of that mild climate would mitigate the symptoms of his recurring disorder; and was actually upon the point of carrying his resolution into effect, when the unexpected news of the King's death caused him to part from it."

During the few months which intervened between his return to Ireland and the death of Stella, which occurred on the evening of the 28th of January, 1728, Swift, in his correspondence, speaks little of himself, though it may be gleaned that he was several times confined to his chamber. "Swift was now," says Sir Walter Scott, "in a manner alone in the world, afflicted by many of those varied calamities with which, to use his own words, the Author of our being weans us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach the end of it. Disease and decay of nature,—the death of many friends, and the estrangement or ingratitude of more,—a want of relish for earthly enjoyments, with a general dislike for persons and things daily increasing upon him,—passions too readily irritable, and the keen sensations of remorse after having extravagantly indulged them,—all these evils combined to darken his future prospect; and the gleams of cheerfulness and enjoyment which yet occasionally gilded his way grew fewer and more languid as his path tended downwards, until he reached the sad point beyond which all was 'second childishness and mere oblivion.'"

Gay, writing to him on the March following the death of Stella, says: "I am extremely sorry that your disorder has returned; but as you have a medicine which has twice removed it, I hope, by this time, you have again found the good effects of it." What this medicine was we have not been able to discover; but that it was a recipe of some kind, and not change

of air, we learn from Mrs. Howard's having requested a copy of it. During the spring and summer he passed most of his time in the county of Armagh; writing from whence to Dr. Sheridan, on the 18th of September, he says: "My continuance here is partly owing to indolence, and partly to my hatred to Dublin. I am in a middling way, between healthy and sick, hardly ever without a little giddiness or deafness, and sometimes both,"—natural expressions in a man who had so lately suffered the bereavement which Swift did, and who was then without society or amusement in the dull village of Market-hill, where he remained till the beginning of the following year, when he had another very severe attack, which continued during the month of January. In a communication to Mr. Worrall, of this date, he says: "I have been now ill about a month, but the family are so kind as to speak loud enough for me to hear them; and my deafness is not so extreme as you have known, when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. Worrall." Nevertheless, he was well enough to enclose in this letter the manuscript for an Intelligencer.

Pope, in writing to Dr. Sheridan about this time, says that the Dunciad "had never been writ but at his request, and for his deafness; for, had he been able to converse with me, do you think I had amused my time so ill?" He left Sir Arthur Atcheson's, at Market-hill, and returned to Dublin in February, having been altogether away about eight months, during which time he had half-a-dozen returns of the giddiness and deafness, each of which lasted about three weeks. "This disorder," he states, "neither hinders my sleeping, nor much my walking; yet," he complains, in common with all deaf persons(*a*), "it is

(*a*) The morose, discontented, and unhappy temper of some persons affected with deafness, particularly if they have not much resource within themselves, is frequently expressed in their looks. The contrast in society between the frown of the partially deaf and the smile of the totally blind is very remarkable; there are, however, bright exceptions to the contrary in persons of superior understanding, and in those who, being completely deaf, are not annoyed by hearing only a portion of the conversation.

the most mortifying malady I can suffer. When it is on me, I have neither spirits to write or read, think or eat, but I drink as much as I like, which is a resource you" (Mr. Pope) "cannot fly to when you are ill; and I like it as little as you, but I can bear a pint better than you can a spoonful." From this it would appear that Swift was not, in later life, as abstemious as he had been years previously, or as, indeed, the progress of his malady required he should be.

Some months now elapsed without any decided attack, yet his head was never quite free from giddiness, which generally increased towards night, but for half a year he had no return of his deafness. He again had recourse to horse exercise, which, no doubt, had a great effect in improving his health. This improved condition continued till 1730, when, from the following paragraph in Dr. Arbuthnot's letter, received the 13th November, we suppose he had another attack: "The passage in Mr. Pope's letter, about your health, does not alarm me: both of us have had the distemper these thirty years. I have found that steel, the warm gums, and the bark, all do good in it. Therefore, first take the vomit A; then, every day, the quantity of a nutmeg, in the morning, of the electuary marked B; with five spoonfuls of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C, at any time when you are troubled with it; or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a servant of my own that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned, which you may try; the pulvis rad. valerianæ sylvestris, about a scruple of it twice a day. How came you to take it in your head that I was queen's physician? When I am so, you shall be a bishop, or anything you have a mind to. Pope is now the great reigning poetical favourite.

"I recommended Dr. Helsham to be physician to the Lord Lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have. My respects to him and Dr. Delany.

"A.—℞. Pulv. rad. ipecacoanæ, ℈j.

"B.—℞. Conserv. flavedin. aurant. absynth. Rom. ana ʒvj. rubigin. martis in pollin. redact. ʒiij. syrup e succo kermes, q. s.

"C.—℞. As. fœtid. ʒij. tinctur. castor. q. s. M. fiant pilulæ xxiv.

"D.—℞. Cortic. Peruviani elect. rubigin. martis ana ʒj. digere tepidè in vini alb. Gallic. lb. ij. per 24 horas: postea fiat colatura.

"E.—℞. Sp. cor. cerv. sp. lavendul. tinctur. castor. ana ʒij. Misce."(*a*)

Notwithstanding the very extensive correspondence of Swift, greater than that of any other writer we are acquainted with, which has been collected and published by his several biographers, there are still many letters and several poems of his which have never been printed. Among the former we may enumerate his correspondence with Knightly Chetwode, Esq. (which ranges between 1714 and 1731), from whose descendant(*b*) we have received the following passage, contained in a letter dated Dublin, 23rd November, 1727: "You tell me that, upon my last leaving Ireland, you supposed I would return no more, which was probable enough, for I was nine weeks very ill in England, both of giddiness and deafness,

(*a*) In a note to this prescription of Arbuthnot's we found the following in Scott's edition: "As these receipts may possibly be useful to some persons troubled with the Dean's complaint of giddiness, Dr. Arbuthnot's receipt of bitters, for strengthening the stomach, is added.

"Take of zedoary root, one drachm; galangal and Roman wormwood, of each, two drachms; orange peel, a drachm; lesser cardamom seeds, two scruples. Infuse all in a quart of boiling spring water for six hours; strain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood water.—H."

We have copied all these prescriptions exactly as they were printed.

(*b*) Edward Wilmot Chetwode, Esq., of Woodbrook, Portarlington. We wish our friend could be persuaded to publish this interesting correspondence: it is a debt he owes his ancestor, his country, and himself.

which latter being an uncomfortable disorder, I thought it better to come to a place of my own than be troublesome to my friends or living in lodging, and this hastened me over, and by a hard journey I recovered both my aylments." In another letter to the same gentleman, dated at Quilca, July 19th, 1725, he writes: "I came here for no other business but to forget and be forgotten. I detest all news or how the world passes. I am getting again into a fit of deafness; the weather is so bad, and continues so beyond any example in memory, that I cannot have the benefit of riding, and am forced to walk perpetually."

In addition to his bodily ailments, Swift evidently sank in spirits after the year 1730; and of this his friends seemed quite aware. Lord Bolingbroke, writing to him in January, 1731, thus alludes to this circumstance: "I begin my letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant, and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be your's with the same. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and though our best botanists complain that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chemistry, the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison specific." And again, in his own letter of the 12th of June, 1731, to Pope, we read the same: "I doubt habit has little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me the lowness of spirits has a most unhappy effect. I am growing less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company, which I could formerly better digest, when I

could be easier without it than at present. * * * I grow every day more averse from writing, which is natural; and, when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times, '*Non est tanti.*' My poetical fountain is drained, and, I profess, I grow gradually so dry, that a rhyme with me is almost as hard to find as a guinea; and even prose speculations tire me almost as much."

"For poetry, he's past his prime,
He takes an hour to find a rhyme."(*a*)

The Dean, however, it must be remembered, was then in his sixty-fourth year.

On the 29th of this month he writes to Mr. Gay: "The giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy." This latter alludes to an invitation to visit the Duchess of Queensbury, near Bristol. The poor Dean was quite conscious at this time (as may be gleaned from his correspondence) of his increasing peevishness of temper, as well as those outbursts of passion related by his biographers. Yet neither in his expressions, nor the tone of his writing, nor from an examination of any of his acts, have we been as yet able to discover a single symptom of insanity, nor aught but the effects of physical disease, and the natural wearing and decay of a mind such as Swift's,—hastened, perhaps, by disappointed ambition,—the bereavement of his friends,—public ingratitude,—the want of those companions, with tastes and habits suited to his own, with whom he had so long enjoyed the most friendly intercourse,—and the collapse ensuing upon the retirement from those exciting political, as well as literary matters, in which he had previously engaged. "*Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis*," was an expression in which he often indulged. Neither the character of this paper, nor the space which we are enabled to allot to it, permits us to

(*a*) Verses on his own death, written two months later.

allude to the tone or style of his writings at this period; but certainly, although they do not, during the few following years, exhibit the same mental vigour as some of his earlier productions, they certainly in no wise countenance the opinion that any aberration of intellect had taken place.

In the November of 1731 he wrote the memorable and prophetic verses on his own death. Some of these are so descriptive of his condition at this time that we cannot refrain from quoting them here:

> "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."

That Swift was well aware of the disease under which he laboured, and fully expected the very conclusion to which it arrived, there can be no manner of doubt. The following notable instance of this is well authenticated: Dr. Young, the author of the Night Thoughts, relates, "that walking out with Swift and some others about a mile from Dublin, he suddenly missed the Dean, who had stayed behind the rest of the company. He turned back, in order to know the occasion of it, and found Swift at some distance, gazing intently at the top of a lofty elm, whose head had been blasted. Upon Young's approach he pointed to it, saying, 'I shall be like that tree; I shall die first at the top.'"(*a*) This occurred many years previously. Byron had a similar feeling, and more than once spoke of "dying, like Swift, at the top first."(*b*)

In the early part of 1732 Swift hurt his leg, and the lameness alluded to in several of his letters at this period was owing to this cause.

(*a*) Nichols's edition of Sheridan's Life of Dr. Swift, vol. i. p. 284.

(*b*) "The Infirmities of Genius," by R. R. Madden, M. D., vol. ii. p. 157.

In February, 1733, he writes to Lord Oxford: "I am just recovering of two cruel indispositions of giddiness and deafness after seven months. I have got my hearing; but the other evil still hangs about me, and, I doubt, will never quite leave me until I leave it." And this continued until the 20th March, so as to prevent his engaging in any business, or even answering his letters; and the death of Gay, which occurred shortly before this, served materially to increase his lowness and despondency. He again resumed his drops and bitters towards the end of the month, but completely gave up dining out. "I humdrum it either on horseback, or dining, or sitting the evening at home, endeavouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of indolence and want of spirits." The Dean used to walk at this time a great deal, and occasionally got into excessive heats by so doing. In one of his letters to Mr. Forde he complains of having lost half his memory, and all his invention; and to Pope he says: "When I was of your age I thought every day of death; but now every minute: and a continual giddy disorder, more or less, is a greater addition than that of my years." All his friends at this time endeavoured to persuade him to go to Spa or Bath, but he seems to have lacked energy for the undertaking, and says, in answers to pressing invitations from his English friends, "I declare my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture among you at present." This condition of health remained permanent during all the summer of 1733. The Dean occasionally resorted to emetics when his attack of giddiness came on, although at this period it does not appear to have been produced by derangement of the stomach as much as formerly. "Those sort of disorders," says Mr. Forde, in his letter to him in November, "puzzle the physicians every where; and they are merciless dogs in purging and vomiting to no purpose when they do not know what to do. I heartily wish you would try the Bath waters, which are allowed to be the best medicine for strengthening the stomach." During the last months of this year, Swift's gloom and despondency increased;

and he had scarcely a friend about him whose society he could enjoy. Sheridan and Delany had both left Dublin, and his principal amusement in the evening was playing backgammon with Mrs. Worrall.

The two most pressing symptoms of his disorder(*a*) now scarcely ever left him; but in the spring of 1734 he again improved in health, spirits, and appearance. Still his indolence and apathy increased. His regimen was remarkably simple: his breakfast consisted in a bowl of rice-gruel; and he adds, in a letter to Miss Hoadly, daughter to the Archbishop of Dublin, "I am wholly a stranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter." The concluding portion of this letter is so apposite to the present times, that though it does not bear upon the subject in hand, we here insert it. "I hope and believe my Lord Archbishop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little country management. And I lay it upon you, madam, to bring housewifery in fashion among our ladies; that by your example they may no longer pride themselves on their natural or affected ignorance."

The tottering which first attacked him in the year 1711, returned again in November, 1734: and, to increase his misfortunes, his eyesight at this period began to fail, and from some whim Swift had a great dislike to the use of spectacles. Two of the avenues both of knowledge and amusement being thus

(*a*) The following curious prescription was found endorsed in the Dean's handwriting:

"R. *Nov.* 3*d*, 1733. *Dr. Ratcliff's Rec^t. for Deafness, sent by my Lady Montcastell.*

"Docter Ratcliff's prescription for a noisse in the head and deffness, proseeding from a cold moyst humor in the head.

"Take a pint of sack whay, make very clear, halfe sack and halfe water, boyle in it sum plain reael sage, and a sprige of Rossmery; take it gowing to rest, with thirty or forty drops of spirit of hartshorn, continue it as long as you find benifet by it, expectly the wintor seson; he may swetn or not with sirop of Cowslep. He orderd allsoe a spice capp: to be made of clowes, masse, and *pepper mingled finely*, pownded, and put betwen too silke, and quleted to wear next the head, and for a man to be sowdd within side his wigg."

shut out, need we wonder that the poor Dean's temper increased in fretfulness, and occasionally induced him to give way to those outbursts of passion which have been related of him. His *Medicina Gymnastica*, as it was termed by his friends, no longer alleviated his malady, or afforded him amusement. He well knew from experience the beneficial effects of active exercise upon his distressing complaint, and when he was not able to go abroad, he sometimes enjoyed it by chasing his friends up and down stairs, and through the large apartments in the deanery, "till he had accomplished his usual quantity of exercise." This anecdote has been related by some writers upon his character for the purpose of proving incipient insanity, but with what force we are utterly at a loss to discover, particularly as his writings and correspondence at this period exhibit a perfectly unimpaired mind.

The following quotations from the Dean's memorable letter to Mr. Blashford, gives the reader so good an idea of its author and his habits, that we here transcribe them:

"There is an inhabitant of this city, of whom I suppose you have often heard. I remember him from my very infancy, but confess I am not so well acquainted with him as in prudence I ought to be; yet I constantly pretend to converse with him, being seldom out of his company, but I do not find that our conversation is very pleasing to either of us. His health is not very good, which he endeavours to mend by frequent riding, and fancies himself to find some benefit by that exercise, although not very effectual. He intended, in the pursuit of health, to have gone a long northern journey, and to have stayed there a month; but his friends (who are very few), hearing that the place where he proposed to reside was not proper for riding, diverted him from it. * * * By these incitements, he seems determined to quarter himself upon you for three weeks at least, if he can have your consent, or rather that of your lady, although I find he never had the honour to see her. He travels with two servants, and consequently three

horses; but these latter are at hack, and the former at board-wages, so that neither of them will trouble you. As to the person himself, he every day drinks a pint of wine at noon, and another at night; and for the trouble he gives the house, he will allow one bottle more every day for the table; but not one drop for foreigners, who are to drink on your account."

Pending the answer to this, he rode to Howth Castle, and as he was getting on horseback he was seized with a severe fit of giddiness, which obliged him to lie down for two hours before he was able to proceed into town;—this prevented his visiting Wicklow, as he intended.

In March, 1735, writing to Alderman Barber, he thus describes his state:

"As to myself, I am grown leaner than you were when we parted last, and am never wholly free from giddiness and weakness, and sickness in my stomach, otherwise I should have been among you two or three years ago, but now I despair of that happiness. I ride a dozen miles as often as I can, and always walk the streets, except in the night, which my head will not suffer me to do. But my fortune is so sunk, that I cannot afford half the necessaries or conveniencies that I can still make a shift to provide myself with here. My chief support is French wine, which, although not equal to your's, I drink a bottle to myself every day. I keep three horses, two men, and an old woman, in a large empty house, and dine half the week, like a king, by myself. * * You see by my many blottings and interlinings, what a condition my head is in." His writing at this time, apparently from his defect of vision, was greatly blotted, and very difficult to read. He fell off greatly in flesh during this year, and was, therefore, unable to ride any distance; he was also unable to attend church "for fear of being seized with a fit of giddiness in the midst of the service."

He designed to pass the winter of this year with his friend Sheridan, at Cavan, and set out upon the 3rd of November, but only reached as far as Dunshaughlin that night, from

whence his journal to Mrs. Whiteway commences. He reached Cavan the fourth day, greatly fatigued, but apparently improved in spirits from the society of his old and dear friend. His leg, which had again ulcerated, prevented his taking his usual quantity of exercise, and made him exceedingly fretful and uneasy while he remained in Cavan. And Mrs. Whiteway, who seems to have been very much alarmed at his state at that time, writes to him: "I conjure you, dear Sir, not to trust any longer country helps; your appetite and your health is in the greatest danger by sitting so much as you must be obliged to do till it is well." His attendants in Cavan were an "apothecary and a barrack surgeon." His appetite continued good, and in the beginning of December the leg healed. He returned to Dublin before the end of the year.

The February of 1736 again saw the Dean laid up with a severe attack; and in April, by one of his letters to Pope, he acknowledges that his illness utterly disqualified him from any conversation. During the summer of this year he enjoyed but little comfort, his spirits and his flesh both wasted, till scarcely any of either remained, but he was still able to write to a few select friends.

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." And now

> "Tie after tie was loosened from his heart;"

and, with the exception of Pope and Bolingbroke, all his early friends and acquaintances had been removed.

In November of the year 1736 Sheridan congratulates Mrs. Whiteway "upon the recovery of our dear friend, the Dean;" and we believe it was during this interval of ease that he commenced his last literary production, "The Legion Club," which, from a sudden attack, he was obliged to leave half finished.

We have already mentioned his great wasting and loss

of flesh : the two following quotations upon this subject may, we think, be here inserted : "Among his singularities," says Dr. Hawkesworth, "were his resolution never to wear spectacles, and his obstinate perseverance in the use of too much exercise. His want of spectacles made it difficult to read, and his immoderate exercise wasted his flesh and produced a poorness in his blood, as he was often told by his friends and physicians." Again, the Dean writing to Pope, on the 2nd of December, 1736, says: "I have not been in a condition to write : years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read nor write, nor remember, nor converse : all I have left is to walk and ride ; the first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I cannot answer."

Delany, in that most unworthy and unphilosophical attempt to explain the so-called "decay in his understanding," when he says his *friend's*(?) "reason gradually subsided as his passions became predominant," thus remarks upon his state at this period of his life: "And to this end another cause also contributed; an obstinate resolution which he had taken never to wear spectacles,—a resolution which the natural make of his eyes (large and prominent) very ill qualified him to support. This made reading very difficult to him; and the difficulty naturally discouraged him from it, and gradually drew him, in a great measure, to decline it. And as he was now at a loss how to fill up that time which he was before wont to employ in reading, this drew him on to exercise more than he ought: for that he over-exercised himself is out of all doubt.

"His physicians and friends, Dr. Helsham and Dr. Grattan, frequently admonished him of his doing so ; but he paid no sort of regard to their monitions.

"The truth is, his spirit was formed with a strong reluctance to submission of any kind; and he battled almost as much with the infirmities of old age as he did with the corruptions of the times. He walked erect; and the constant and free discharges by perspiration, from exercise, kept him clear of coughs and rheums, and other offensive infirmities of old age. But he carried this contention, as he was apt to do every other, too far.

"This incessant and intemperate exercise naturally wasted his flesh, and exhausted the oil of his blood; and his lamp of life was then in the condition of an ill-tempered candle, which frets and flames at once, and exhausts itself in proportion as it frets.

"He was himself very sensible of his condition, and takes notice of it in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, May 22, 1736. He tells him: 'Your loss of flesh is nothing, if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither!—I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace, *Non omnis moriar* (I shall not all die), for half my body is already spent.'

"But although he was reduced to that emaciated condition, yet he had no more mercy on the half that remained than he before had for the half that was exhausted.

"The truth is, he was weary of life, and, therefore, under no solicitude to prolong it. Present health was his great concern, and he imagined, although erroneously, that his course of exercise contributed to it; and, in that persuasion, resolutely continued it."(*a*)

The poor Dean, it seems, though not "with spectacles on nose," had now fairly shifted

> "Into the lean and slippered pantaloon;
> His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
> For his shrunk shank; and his big, manly voice
> Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
> And whistles in its sound."

(*a*) Observations upon Lord Orrery's Remarks, &c., by J. R. p. 100. This

The vein of peevishness and discontent, partly mental, and partly owing to physical causes, and the ordinary and gradual decay to which flesh is heir,—yet aggravated, no doubt, by the loss of two of those most valuable senses by which man holds communication with external nature,—which we perceive in the latter years of Swift's correspondence, is not to be wondered at, although it has been endeavoured to be exaggerated into insanity by Orrery, Delany, Dr. Warton, and others.

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(*a*), 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."

Writing to Alderman Barber, the end of March, this year, he says: "I am forced to tell you my health is much decayed; my deafness and giddiness more frequent; spirits I have none left; my memory is almost gone. The public corruptions in both kingdoms allow me no peace or quiet of mind. I sink every day, and am older by twenty years than many others of the same age." And to Sheridan, ten days later, after having re-

work, to which we shall again refer, is known to have been written by Dr. Delany.

(*a*) We know of at least eight medical men who attended Swift at different times, viz., Sir Patrick Dun, Drs. Arbuthnot, Radcliffe, Cockburn, Helsham, and Grattan, and Surgeons Nichols and Whiteway.

capitulated his various bodily infirmities and hourly apprehensions from his giddiness, which were almost enough of themselves to render him insane, he adds: "Besides I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done. Into the bargain I have not one rag of memory, and my friends have all forsaken me, except Mrs. Whiteway, who preserves some pity for my condition, and a few others, who love wine that costs them nothing."

Both Sheridan and Mr. Richardson strongly pressed him to visit them in the country, but his increasing decay of physical energy and mental spirit prevented his accepting either invitations. To the former he adds: "I have not an ounce of flesh or a dram of spirits left me; yet my greatest load is not my years but my infirmities. In England, before I was twenty, I got a cold which gave me a deafness that I could never clear myself of. Although it came but seldom, and lasted but a few days, yet my left ear has never been well since: but when the deafness comes on, I can hear with neither ear, except it be a woman with a treble, and a man with a counter-tenor. This unqualifies me for any mixed conversation: and the fits of deafness increase; for I have now been troubled with it near seven weeks, and it is not yet lessened, which extremely adds to my mortification."

The same excuses were made to Pope in return for his invitations to Twickenham. Towards the middle of summer he recovered, however, somewhat, so that he was occasionally able to enjoy the conversation of his few remaining friends.

That Swift was not, however, at any time, even during the most violent attacks, at all insensible, or in any way deprived of his reasoning faculties, may be learned from the fact, that when Sergeant Bettesworth threatened his life, and "thirty of the nobility and gentry of the Liberty of St. Patrick's waited upon him," and presented him with an address, engaging to defend his person and fortune, &c., it is related by the most

veritable of his biographers, that, "When this paper was delivered, Swift was in bed, giddy and deaf, having been some time before seized with one of his fits; but he dictated an answer in which there is all the dignity of habitual pre-eminence, and all the resignation of humble piety."

In January, 1738, in one of his letters to Alderman Barber, he writes: "I have, for almost three years past, been only the shadow of my former self, with years of sickness, and rage against all public proceedings, especially in this miserably oppressed country. I have entirely lost my memory, except when it is roused by perpetual subjects of vexation."

So desponding was the Dean at times, and so great was his fear of the loss either of his memory or his reason, that he used to say, on parting with an intimate friend in the evening: "Well, God bless you! Good night to you; but I hope I shall never see you again."—"In this manner," says Mr. Deane Swift, "he would frequently express the desire he had to get rid of the world, after a day spent in cheerfulness, without any provocation from anger, melancholy, or disappointment." Upon the occasion of a large pier-glass falling accidentally on the very part of the room in which he had been standing a moment before, and being congratulated by a by-stander on his providential escape: "I am sorry for it," answered the Dean: "I wish the glass had fallen upon me!" Lord Orrery mentions that he had "often heard him lament the state of childhood and idiotism to which some of the greatest men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned, as examples within his own time, the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Somers: and when he cited these melancholy instances, it was always with a heavy sigh, and with gestures that shewed great uneasiness, as if he felt an impulse of what was to happen to him before he died."

In the commencement of this article we stated that Swift was, in early life, a man of abstemious habits, and this we believe to be a fact. While he mixed in the free and exciting society

of London life during his middle age, we observed that he occasionally committed excess in wine, which was forced upon him more by the society in which he moved than owing to any liking of his own. Of its injurious effects, however, he seemed perfectly conscious, and generally resorted to extreme abstemiousness when he had a return of his giddiness. It would appear, however, from his journal and his correspondence, that he had been recommended by his physicians, not only to drink some wine in an undiluted state after dinner, but also to take a little brandy or spirits in the morning, probably in accordance with the opinion which most of his medical men seem to have entertained, that his disorders chiefly proceeded from the state of his stomach. The diseases of the liver, the spleen, and the other viscera, have had their day, and we believe the stomach was the organ to which all our ills were referred about the beginning of the last century.

Notwithstanding that none of his biographers have alluded to the subject, nor have his greatest enemies ever been able to say that the Dean was once seen intoxicated, or in any wise affected with liquor, it is quite evident that he took more wine and spirituous liquors in his latter life than his medical men would now have recommended him; but whether from liking, habit, the advice of his physicians and friends, or as a stimulant or resource in those hours of gloom or despondency to which he was then subject, it is now difficult to say. Writing to Miss Richardson, he alludes to the kindness of her uncle in the following terms: "Hearing that my ill stomach, and a giddiness I was subject to, forced me in some of those fits to take a spoonful of usquebagh, &c., he sent me a dozen bottles," &c.

All the worst symptoms enumerated in the foregoing recital continued without intermission during the year 1738, so that it was thought by his friends that he could not long survive. Yet, notwithstanding his many infirmities, that was the year in which he achieved most for humanity in this City, and ar-

ranged that his property should, after his death, be applied to the erection of the hospital that now bears his name.

At the conclusion of this year another friend and relative, Mr. Harrison, was removed from him. And his correspondence on this subject shows, that although bowed down by the weight of years and infirmity, his intellect was still as clear, and his affections warmer than is usual with persons at his time of life. His correspondence was now very limited, and his letters very short and concise, and chiefly to his intimate friends.

The winter of 1739 was remarkably severe, and the Dean felt it greatly. Lord Castledurrow endeavoured to carry him off to Delany's, but without effect; he remained chiefly wrapt up in his own gloomy meditations at home, unwilling even to see those who might minister to his comforts or enjoyments.

On the 29th of April, 1740, he writes to Mrs. Whiteway: "I find that you and I are fellow-sufferers almost equally in our health, although I am more than twenty years older. But I am and have been these two days in so miserable a way, and so cruelly tortured, that can hardly be conceived. The whole last night I was equally struck as if I had been in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this instant unable to move without excessive pain, although not one-thousand part of what I suffered all last night and this morning. This you will now style the gout. I continue still very deaf." Yet he was able to give a dinner party within a fortnight after, so changeable was his malady ; he used, however, to forget the names of his friends, even of those who visited him twice a week. We particularly mention this latter circumstance, because his subsequent increase of this defect has been enumerated by his biographers among the proofs of the insanity of a man past 73 !

As his memory decayed and his deafness increased, and, perhaps, we should add, his feelings and affections became blunted, his bodily health somewhat improved, a circumstance

not uncommon in such cases; and in the summer of this year "his health," says Mrs. Whiteway, "is as good as can be expected, free from all the tortures of old age; and his deafness, lately returned, is all the bodily uneasiness he has to complain of." And she adds, in her communication to Pope, from which we extracted the foregoing: "As I saw a letter of your's to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you (with grief of heart), his memory is so much impaired that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment sound enough, had he many tracts by him, to finish or correct them, as you have desired." Still, we must confess, we cannot read *insanity* in even this. That the excessive pain of which he complained in the spring was attributed, at least by his friends, to an attack of gout, may be inferred from the following passage in Mr. Pulteney's letter of June 3rd: "I had, some time ago, a letter from Mr. Stopford, who told me that you enjoyed a better state of health last year than you had done for some time past. No one wishes you more sincerely than I do the continuance of it; and, since the gout has been your physic, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the rest of it perfect health and spirits."

His approaching sad condition may be learned from one of his notes at this time: "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. If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26th, 1740. If I live till Monday I shall hope to see you, perhaps, for the last time."(*a*)

The last two documents in the Dean's hand-writing, and,

(*a*) To Mrs. Whiteway.

probably, the last he ever penned, are his address to his Sub-Dean and Chapter on the subject of the choir, and a note to Mrs. Whiteway, concerning her health : the former dated the 28th and the latter the 13th of January, 1741. Occasional entries in his account books were, however, made as late as 1742.

Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift's works contains the following notice of his last poetical effusion. The exact date of the circumstance has not been recorded, but it appears to have been subsequent to the appointment of guardians of his person.

" The Dean in his lunacy had some intervals of sense, at which his guardians or physicians took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for? to which Dr. Kingsbury answered, ' that, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city.'—' Oh! oh!' says the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, ' let me take an *item* of that. This is worth remarking:—" My tablets," as Hamlet says, " my tablets—memory, put down that!"' Which produced" these " lines, said to be the last he ever wrote:—

" Behold! a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine."

How far this proves the insanity of its author the reader is to judge.

We must now conclude the history of this memorable case from the information bequeathed to posterity by his friends; for we regret to add that his medical attendants have not left us any thing to quote from. Therefore the recitals of others, and the opinions of his non-medical biographers,—none of whom, with the exception of Orrery, Deane Swift, Delany, and Faulkner, ever saw him at this or any other period of his life,—and it appears that only one of these saw him during the last

three years of his life,—must be received by the profession with caution, and be accurately collated with the foregoing history of his symptoms, in order to arrive at a just conclusion as to his precise condition.

In the year 1742, the Dean is said to have given way to an outburst of passion, and committed violence upon the person of one of his clergy, Mr. Wilson; but the opinion of those who lived at the time, and were cognizant of the facts, is conclusive to the contrary. From this period, however, may be dated his complete loss of memory, and inability of managing his own affairs, so that proper guardians(*a*) were obliged to be appointed to take care of him,—when

> "Last scene of all,
> That ends this strange, eventful history,"

we find him in

> "Second childishness and mere oblivion:
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

This is at least the most that can be said of his "outrageous madness," "complete insanity," "dribbling fatuity," and "total imbecility," &c., as it has been termed by his biographers, and those who have attempted a description of his character. Faulkner says, that "in the beginning of the year 1741 his understanding was so much impaired, and his memory so much failed, that he was utterly incapable of conversation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it necessary to have guardians appointed to take proper care of his person and estate. Early in the year 1742 his reason was wholly subverted, and became absolute lunacy." This account, and that in synonymous terms by Dr. Hawkesworth, who, be it remembered, never saw Swift, was chiefly derived from the information contained in the letters of Mrs. Whiteway and Deane Swift,

(*a*) Dr. King was one of those named in the commission; but the care of the Dean was chiefly confined to the Rev. D. Lyon. Is the legal document of this commission still in existence; and on what account was it granted?

Esq., published by Lord Orrery a few years after the Dean of St. Patrick's death; both of which very much exaggerate the account of the poor Dean's state at this time, as is shewn by the manuscript notes appended to a copy of Hawkesworth's work by Dr. Lyon, who was the principal guardian of Swift at this time, and who must have enjoyed constant opportunities of seeing him.

As, however, the most complete, and, indeed, the only authentic account of the last few years of the Dean's life, and that from which all the biographers have gleaned their information, is contained in the two letters just alluded to, we here make a few extracts from them bearing upon the subject. Mrs. Whiteway's letter is dated November 22, 1742: "I told you, in my last letter, the Dean's understanding was quite gone, and I feared the farther particulars would only shock the tenderness of your nature, and the melancholy scene make your heart ache, as it has often done mine. I was the last person whom he knew; and when that part of his memory failed, he was so outrageous at seeing anybody that I was forced to leave him; nor could he rest for a night or two after seeing any person, so that all the attendance which I could pay him was calling twice a week to inquire after his health, and to observe that proper care was taken of him, and durst only look at him while his back was towards me, fearing to discompose him. He walked ten hours a day; would not eat or drink if his servant stayed in the room. His meat was served up ready cut, and sometimes it would lie an hour on the table before he would touch it, and then eat it walking." As the following account of his ophthalmic affection is the only one which is given from an authentic witness, and as it is somewhat fuller than that copied by Dr. Mackenzie from the work attributed by Scott to Delany, which, by the way, appears to have merely paraphrased Mrs. Whiteway's letter,—we here insert it as it was originally published by Lord Orrery in 1750: "About six weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg,

and the lid Mr. Nichols (his surgeon) thought would mortify, and many large boils appeared upon his arms and body. The torture he was in is not to be described. Five persons could scarce hold him, for a week, from tearing out his own eyes; and for near a month he did 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 shewed 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 and 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 but of short duration; for the next day or two it was all over, and proved to be only pain that had roused him. He is now free from torture, his eye almost well, very quiet, and begins to sleep, but cannot, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk a turn about his room; and yet, in this way, the physicians think, he may hold out for some time."

We have quoted this letter at length, not only on account of its authenticity, and the greater credit in every way to be attached to it, but because it is undoubtedly from this document *alone*, which they have quoted *almost verbatim*, that all the biographers of Swift, from Faulkner, Delany, and Hawkesworth, down to the present time, have derived their information. And upon this conjecture of Mrs. Whiteway's, as to the effect of pain in awakening his dormant faculties and restoring his reason, Hawkesworth and Orrery have thought fit to ground some most erroneous notions with regard to the effects of pain upon insanity.

During the following year we really have no authentic account whatever of the Dean's state transmitted to us by any of the persons then about him; and, unfortunately, none of his

medical attendants have in any way described it. Delany, and after him Faulkner and Hawkesworth, but we are not quite sure which first, give the following account of this year, 1743: it is, however, of little consequence to which the priority belongs, as the passage in the work of the former of these differs from that in the latter only in the transposition of one word, and the alteration of the tense of another. "After the Dean had continued silent a whole year, 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 birth-day, 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.'" That his silence was not, however, the sullenness of insanity, may be learned from the following account, said to have been given by 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." In this very remarkable passage, which details anything but a state of insanity, we have, perhaps, the true account of Swift's actual condition. That he had not lost the sense of smell may be presumed from the fact that a little girl having blown out a candle in his chamber, the smell of which always offended him, he appeared very angry, and said: "You are a dirty little slut!" Both Faulkner's and Hawkesworth's accounts contain the following incongruous passage, in allusion to this circumstance: "Some other instances of short 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."

Lord Orrery, having heard of several expressions which he is said to have uttered with reference to himself, such as, "Oh, poor old man!" on seeing his face in a glass, &c., wrote to Mr. Deane Swift to inquire into the actual state of his illustrious relative, and received a letter in reply, dated 4th April,

1744, which, as it is the only authority for all the lengthened description of his biographers, we here insert, as it was first published in London, in 1751 :

" As to the story of O poor old man ! I inquired into it. The Dean did say something upon his seeing himself in the glass, but neither Mrs. Ridgeway nor the lower servants could tell me what it was he said. I desired them to recollect it by the time when I should come again to the Deanery. I have been there since, they cannot recollect it. *A thousand stories have been invented of him within these two years, and imposed upon the world.* I thought this might have been one of them; and yet I am now inclined to think there may be some truth in it; for, on Sunday the 17th of March, as he sat in his chair, upon the housekeeper's removing a knife from him as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged his shoulders, and, rocking himself, he said: ' I am what I am, I am what I am,' and, about six minutes afterwards, repeated the same words two or three times over.

" His servant shaves his cheeks and all his face, as low as the tip of his chin, once a week; but under the chin and about the throat when the hair grows long it is cut with scissars.

" Sometimes he will not utter a syllable, at other times he will speak incoherent words; *but he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing.*

" About four months ago he gave me great trouble: he seemed to have a mind to talk to me. In order to try what he would say, I told him I came to dine with him, and immediately his housekeeper, Mrs. Ridgeway, said, ' Won't you give Mr. Swift a glass of wine, Sir?' he shrugged his shoulders, just as he used to do when he had a mind that a friend should not spend the evening with him. Shrugging his shoulders, your Lordship may remember, was as much as to say, ' you'll ruin me in wine.' I own I was scarce able to bear the sight. Soon after he again *endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words to speak to me;* at last, not being able after many

efforts, he gave a heavy sigh, and, I think, was afterwards silent. This puts me in mind of what he said about five days ago. He endeavoured several times to speak to his servant (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.'

"In a few days, or some very short time after guardians had been appointed for him, I went into his dining-room, where he was walking; I said something to him very insignificant, I know not what, but, instead of making any kind of answer to it, he said, 'go, go,' pointing with his hand to the door, and immediately afterwards, raising his hand to his head, he said, 'my best understanding,' and so broke off abruptly, and walked away." Now these two letters are really, after all, the only account of the last three years of Swift's life that has come down to us.

From this period, it is said,—but not, it must be remembered, by any person who saw him,—that he remained perfectly silent till his death, which occurred at three o'clock in the afternoon, upon Saturday, the 19th of October, 1745, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. With regard to the manner of his death, two very opposite accounts have been published. Lord Orrery says, it "was easy, without the least pang or convulsion. Even the rattling in his throat was scarce sufficient to give any alarm to his attendants, till within some very little time before he expired." This has been copied almost *verbatim* by Delany and Hawkesworth; but Faulkner, the only one of the four who was in Dublin at the time, says, he "died in very great agony, having been in strong convulsive fits for thirty-six hours before." Both accounts are probable. From the following circumstance we are, however, inclined to think

that his death was not quite undisturbed. Mr. Samuel Croker King, one of the first surgeons in Dublin toward the end of the last century, was the apprentice of Mr. Nichols, the Surgeon-General, who, with Dr. Grattan, was Swift's attendant at the time of his death; and Mr. King's son informs us that his father was dining with his master, when he was suddenly sent for to see the Dean, who was taken very ill, the night before his death.

A *post mortem* examination was made by Mr. Whiteway, his relative, but all we are able to learn is, "that he opened the skull, and found much water in the brain."(*a*) Dr. Lyon, revising this work, has altered the expression to "the sinus of his brain being loaded with water." What other pathological appearances presented at the autopsy it is now difficult to say. Thus past from amongst us the greatest genius of his age, and one of the brightest ornaments of our country.

The Rev. David Stevens, one of the Dean's Chapter, had, it is related, several times expressed a desire to his friends and physicians, that the Dean should be trepanned, from an opinion which he entertained that he laboured under water on the brain; and to a certain degree his diagnosis proved correct.

Faulkner's Dublin Journal, for Tuesday, 22nd October, 1745, thus records the Dean's decease:

"Last Saturday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, died that great and eminent patriot, the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, in the seventy-eighth year of his age; who was born in the parish of St. Werburgh's, Dublin, the 30th of November, 1667, at his uncle, Counsellor Godwin Swift's house, in Hoey's Alley, which in those times was the general residence of the chief lawyers. His genius, works, learning, and charity are so universally admired, that for a newswriter to attempt his character would be the highest presumption; yet as the printer hereof is proud to acknowledge his infinite obligations to that prodigy of wit, he can only lament that he is by no means equal to so bold an undertaking."

(*a*) Works of Swift, vol. ii. p. 261. Dublin: Faulkner, 1763.

The Dublin Courant, published the Wednesday after the Dean's death, contains the following passage: "For some years past he has been entirely deprived of memory, and by degrees fell into a perfect insensibility."

Before we enter upon the consideration of those most interesting inquiries of Dr. Mackenzie, with which our essay commenced, we beg to lay before our readers the following account of the SECOND *post mortem* examination of the Dean's head, on its exhumation in 1835. About the beginning of the last century, "the frequency of floods in the Poddle river, and the insufficiency of sewers to carry off the superabundant water, was the occasion of much injury to the building" (St. Patrick's Cathedral), "and moreover rendered it, on account of damp, unsafe to assemble in."(*a*) Now one of the last public acts of the Dean, before his illness, was having measures taken by the Chapter to prevent this dampness and these inundations; and it is remarkable that their continuance in the year 1835 was the cause of his remains being disturbed. The repairs then necessary were, we are happy to add, the *sole* cause of these sacred relics being again exposed.

"In making some alterations in the aisle of the church, it became necessary to expose *several* coffins, and amongst others those of Swift and Stella, which lay side by side. It was no idle curiosity, neither can we boast of its being zeal for the cause of science, which led to the disinterment; it was purely a matter of accident."(*b*) The circumstance becoming known to a few scientific gentlemen in this city, several persons were present at the disinterment, and, among the rest, the late Dr.

(*a*) The History and Antiquities of the Collegiate and Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, &c. By William Monck Mason, Esq. 4to. Dublin, 1820. Page 407.

(*b*) See a letter from the late Dr. Houston, "On the Authenticity of the Skulls of Dean Swift and Stella," in the Phrenological Journal and Miscellany, vol. ix. p. 604.

Houston, who has given the following interesting account of what took place. "The coffin," which was of solid oak, and placed transversely beneath the pillar supporting the tablet erected to his memory, and bearing the celebrated and well-known inscription, written by himself, "lay about two feet and a half below the flags; it was surrounded by wet clay, and nearly filled with water."(*a*) It would occupy more space than this portion of the subject demands, to enter into the question of the identity of the coffin and its contents. We have thoroughly examined into the matter, and the evidence in favour of the skull being that of Swift is, to our minds, conclusive. We have some additions to make to this evidence further on. Besides the positive appearances on the plate of the coffin, &c., which then presented, we may remark, that Richard Brennan, the faithful and attached servant of Swift, and who was present both at the *post mortem* examination and the interment, became, after the death of his master, beadle or sexton to the Cathedral; and he had transmitted to his successor, the late Mr. Maguire, many particulars regarding the Dean, among the rest the fact of his head having been opened by the surgeons, "to ascertain the cause of his insanity."

This story, related by Mr. Maguire, before opening the coffin, excited considerable interest, though the persons of any reading who were present should have been aware of the fact of the examination of the head the day after his death; but phrenology, not pathology, was then the all-absorbing subject which moved those engaged in this investigation.

"All the bones of the skeleton," says Dr. Houston, "lay in the position into which they had fallen when deprived of the flesh that enveloped and held them together. The skull, with the calvarium by its side, lay at the top of the coffin; the bones of the neck lay next, and mixed with them were found

(*a*) Was it a presentiment of this that caused the Dean to request of Mrs. Whiteway that his body should be deposited "in any *dry* part of the Cathedral?"

the cartilages of the larynx, which by age had been converted into bone. All the rings of the trachea, which had undergone the same change, were equally in a state of preservation and order. The dorsal vertebræ and ribs occupied the middle of the coffin; the bones of the arms and hands lay, as they had been placed in death, along the sides; and the pelvis and lower extremities were found towards the bottom. The teeth were nearly all gone, and their sockets were filled up with bone. Six of the middle dorsal vertebræ, and three of the lumbar, were joined together by anchylosis. Several of the ribs were united to the sternum by ossification of the intermediate cartilages. The whole were evidently the remains of a very aged man. The bones were all clean, and in a singularly perfect state of preservation. When first removed, they were nearly black; but on being dried they assumed a brownish colour. The water in which they were immersed was remarkably free from putrefaction; even the wood of the coffin was perfectly sound and unbroken."

The British Association were, at this very time, meeting in Dublin, and the skulls of Swift and Stella were then removed, for the purpose of being phrenologically examined by the corps of phrenologists that used to follow in the wake of that learned body: on this, however, hereafter. During the week or ten days which elapsed before they were returned (for returned they certainly were(*a*)), they were carried to most of the learned, as well as all the fashionable societies of Dublin. The University, where Swift had so often toiled, again beheld him, but in another phase; the Cathedral which heard his preaching, —the Chapter-house which echoed his sarcasm,—the Deanery which resounded with his sparkling wit, and where he gossiped with Sheridan and Delany,—the lanes and alleys which knew his charity,—the squares and streets where the people

(*a*) The only portion not returned was the larynx, the ossified fragments of which were abstracted by a bystander, a countryman of Swift's, who carried them to the city of New York, U. S.

shouted his name in the days of his unexampled popularity, —the mansions where he was the honoured and much-sought guest,—perhaps the very rooms he often visited,—were again occupied by the dust of Swift!

While these skulls of Swift and Stella were going the rounds, casts and drawings of them were made, from which we now afford our readers the engravings which accompany this essay. Moreover, that of the Dean was also examined, with a view to the elucidation of the malady under which he so long laboured, and of which he died.

Dr. Houston continues: " It is my opinion, that the bones cannot be regarded as free from indications of previous chronic disease. There are certainly no marks of caries or of fungous growths on any part of the head; but the condition of the cerebral surface of the whole of the frontal region is evidently of a character indicating the presence, during life-time, of diseased action in the subjacent membranes of the brain. The skull in this region is thickened, flattened, and unusually smooth and hard in some places, whilst it is thinned and roughened in others. The marks of the vessels on the bone exhibit, moreover, a very unusual appearance; they look more like the imprints of vessels which had been generated *de novo*, in connexion with some diseased action, than as the original arborescent trunks. The impressions of the middle arteries of the dura mater are unnaturally large and deep, and the branches of those vessels which pass in the direction forwards are thick and short, and terminate abruptly by dividing into an unusual number of minute twigs; whilst those of the same trunks which take their course backwards are long and regular, and of graduated size from the beginning to the end of their course."—See the engraving at p. 63.

In a previous article in the Phrenological Journal, the following additional evidence is afforded of the pathological condition of the cranium. It was dictated by Dr. Houston to Mr. Combe, and approved of by several anatomists who were

present at the examination, which took place at Dr. (now Sir Henry) Marsh's house, in Molesworth-street, on the 16th of August, 1835. "At the base, roughened in the sphenoidal region; the processes prominent and sharp-pointed; the foramen magnum of the occipital bone irregular, and the condyloid processes projecting into it. Some parts in the occipital fossæ, the supra-orbital plates, and other portions of the skull, were so thin as to be transparent. The marks of the arteries of the dura mater on the vault were large and deep, but the general surface of the interior of the vault was smooth. Along the line of attachment of the falx the bone was porous, from the multitude of small foramina which had transmitted blood-vessels from the dura mater to the bone in that situation. Above the frontal protuberances (in the region of benevolence) the bone was thickened, apparently by a deposition of bony matter on its inner surface,—making the inner surface at that part, on both sides, flat in place of concave, and smoother than the other parts, which was the more remarkable, as the other portions of the skull were rather thin. Below, or anterior to that flattened space, about a dozen of small, deep-fissured foramina existed, in a cluster of six or seven on each side, apparently indicating a fungous state of the dura mater at that place. Some foramina in the middle basilar fossæ of the skull were observed, similar to those just noticed, and evidently arising from the same cause. The exterior surface of the skull was smooth and natural. The skull shewed clearly increased vascularity of the dura mater in the basilar and anterior regions. The anterior fossæ were small both in the longitudinal and in the transverse directions. The middle fossæ were of ordinary size; the posterior fossæ very large, wide, and deep. The internal parts corresponding to the frontal protuberances were unequal in concavity: at neither was there any depression corresponding to the great prominences on the outer surface. The two hemispheres were regular and symmetrical."

Most of the so-called pathological appearances here detailed

are, however, it is well known, common and natural occurrences in old crania, and no wise indicative of disease. The foramina alluded to are no evidence whatever of a fungous state of the dura mater; but the deep sulci for the meningeal arteries are certainly abnormal, and shew a long-continued excess of vascular action, such as would attend cerebral congestion.

Mr. Hamilton has kindly furnished us with the following communication, accompanied by drawings of the skull, which he made at the time. "In September, 1835, I had the skulls of Swift and Stella in my possession, and, agreeably to your desire, I send you the observations I made on them at the time, together with the sketches which you wished for. On looking at Swift's skull, the first thing that struck me was 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, and was high from benevolence backwards. The portion of the occipital bone assigned to the animal propensities, philo-progenitiveness and amativeness, &c., appeared excessive. The side view shewed great elevation above the level of the horizontal line drawn through the meatus auditorius externus. The front view exhibited extreme width of the forehead, large frontal sinuses, and very well-marked external canthi. The orbits were very large, and the orbital plates of the frontal bone very flat, allowing room for great development of the anterior lobes of the cerebrum, and great width of the root of the nose, making the space between the orbits unusually large. On the inside of the upper segment of the skull the groove for the middle meningeal artery was remarkably deep, as were also the depressions for the glandulæ Pacchionæ. The frontal bone was very thick, but the osseous structure did not appear to me to be diseased. It was, however, when looking into the interior, and examining the base, that the wonderful capacity of the skull became apparent. From the flatness of the orbital plates, and the great width of the forehead, the room for the anterior

lobes of the cerebrum was very great, the depressions, also, for the middle lobes, were very deep. Although, viewed *externally*, the cerebellum would have been pronounced large, yet, in consequence of the tentorium having been exceedingly low, the cerebellum must have been very small, and the posterior lobes of the cerebrum, consequently, very large. In the temporal regions the skull was thin and semi-transparent; the frontal sinuses were small, though their external appearances would have led to a different conclusion.

"Although the skull, phrenologically considered, might be thought deficient, yet its capacity was, in reality, very great, capable of containing such a brain as we might expect in so remarkable a genius. I took an ordinary skull, and making a section of it on the same level with that of Swift's, I compared their outlines (drawn on paper) together, and found that the latter exceeded it in a very remarkable manner, particularly in its transverse diameter."

From these observations of Messrs. Houston and Hamilton we are enabled to glean some information with regard to the pathological appearances still existing in the cranium, ninety years after its interment; and it is fortunate that the skull fell into the hands of these gentlemen, or, in the phrenological mania which then existed, it is more than probable that these appearances would have passed unrecorded. At the same time we must remark, that the peculiarity of the disease of the eye, on which Dr. Mackenzie has addressed us, seems to have completely escaped the notice of any of the persons engaged in these investigations.

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."(*a*) To this may be added the tradition of old Brennan, his servant, to whom we alluded at page 55, and 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."(*b*)

We have reason to believe that the medical men who attended Swift in his last illness were his friends, Mr. Nichols(*c*), then Surgeon-general, and one of the surgeons of Dr. Steevens' Hospital, and Dr. Grattan, a very eminent physician at that time in Dublin, both of whom are mentioned in Swift's will. The examination was made by Mr. Whiteway(*d*).

(*a*) Dr. Lyon's manuscript remarks upon Dr. Hawksworth's Memoir, quoted by Mr. Monck Mason in his History of St. Patrick's Cathedral. See pages 407 and 408.

(*b*) Phrenological Journal, vol. ix. p. 606.

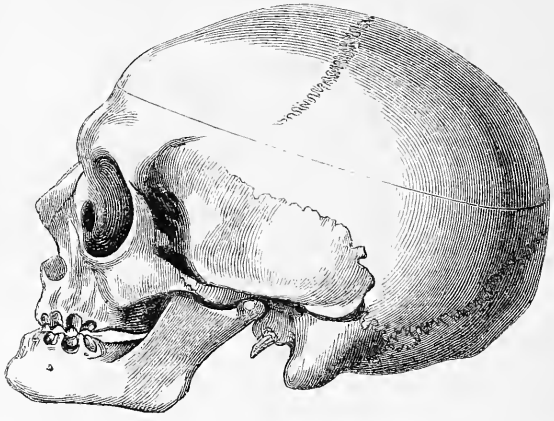
(*c*) John Nichols succeeded Mr. Proby in the office of Surgeon-General. He was one of the corporation of Steevens' Hospital, and the first surgeon elected to that institution. He died in 1766.

Dr. James Grattan was the son of a clergyman, and one of seven brothers remarkable for their great abilities. He was appointed physician to Steevens' Hospital in 1733, and died in 1747. Swift left him in his will the use of his strong box.

See the notices of these gentlemen in Swift's Works by Sir Walter Scott, vol. i. pp. 522–3; vol. xix. p. 36; and vol. xviii. pp. 499 and 530.

(*d*) John Whiteway, nephew to Mrs. Whiteway, so frequently referred to in the life and writings of Swift, was a very distinguished surgeon in Dublin about the middle of the last century. Swift bequeathed him " one hundred pounds in order to qualify him for a surgeon," and " five pounds to be laid out in buying such physical and chirurgical books as Dr. Grattan and Mr. Nichols shall think fit for him." He was the first surgeon appointed to St. Patrick's Hospital; he was elected surgeon to Steevens' Hospital in 1762, and died in 1797. He was a very skilful operator, and generally employed the flap operation in amputations.

Accurate casts were made both of the exterior and interior of Swift's skull, and from these and the drawings furnished to us by Mr. Hamilton, we are enabled to furnish the accompanying accurate illustrations.

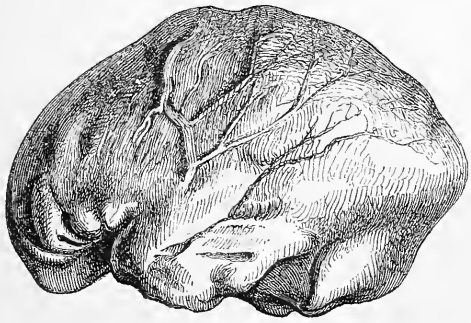


This represents a profile view of Swift's cranium, to the description of which, in the foregoing pages, we may add, that, in its great length in the antero-posterior diameter, its low anterior development, prominent frontal sinuses, comparative lowness at the vertex, projecting nasal bones, and large 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(*a*). The curved horizontal line marks the section formed in making the *post mortem* examination.

The annexed illustration is taken from a cast of the interior of the cranium, and is one of exceeding interest, inasmuch as it accurately represents the appearances described by Messrs. Houston and Hamilton, particularly the enormous development of the vessels within the cranium. It resembles the cast of

(*a*) See a Lecture on the Ethnology of the ancient Irish: 1844. See also the Irish crania in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy.

a recent brain much more than that of the interior of a skull, and shews the very small anterior lobes, the great size of the glandulæ Pacchionæ; the exceedingly small cerebellum,—not the result either of compression or degeneration during life, nor



produced by disease, but as a natural formation; as may be seen by the very low position of the tentorium. It likewise exhibits the immense size of the posterior and middle lobes, particularly the former. We do not find any appearance of disease in the anterior lobes, either on their superior or orbital surfaces, as far, at least, as the interior of this cast of the skull is capable of demonstrating.

Before proceeding further in this inquiry, or making any observations on the detail of symptoms, and the *post mortem* appearances enumerated, there is one more circumstance connected with the last illness and the death of this illustrious man which should be brought to light, particularly as it has escaped the notice of most of his biographers. After the Dean's death, and 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 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 engraving at page 66 most

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(*a*). 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*) 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.

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 obliterated(*a*). This much, however, can still be read :

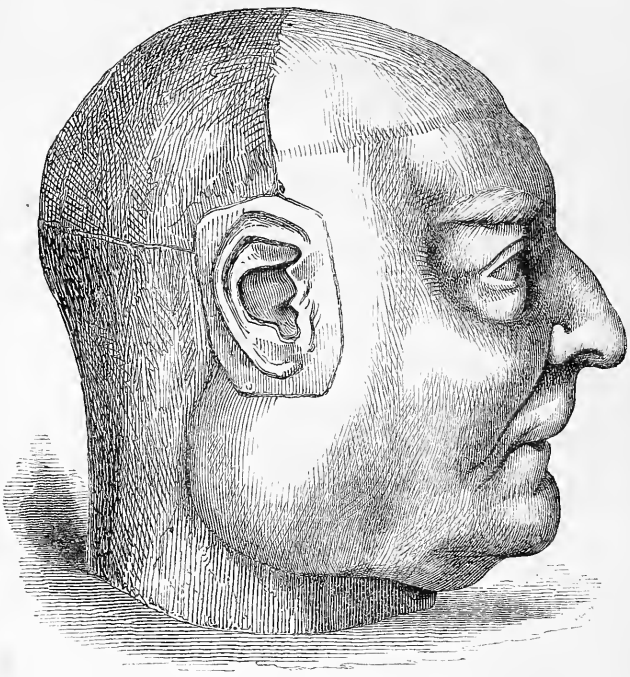
" *Dean Swift, taken off his* * * * * *the night of his burial, and the f* * * * *one side larger than the other in nature.* * * *Opened before.* * * * *The mould is in pieces.*"(*b*)

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,

(*a*) 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 latter gentleman likewise engraved the skulls of Swift and Stella, which were drawn on wood by our distinguished anatomical draughtsman, Mr. Connolly.

(*b*) The original mask remained in the Museum, T. C. D., till within a few years ago, when it was accidentally destroyed.

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 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. In confirmation of this supposition we quote the following passage from Mr. Monck Mason's Annals of St. Patrick's Cathedral, a work, by the way, which contains a clearer and better view of Swift than any other we have read. "A person who resides in my family," says Mr. Mason, in 1820, "is one of the few persons, perhaps the only one now living, who witnessed this melancholy spectacle,"—alluding to his lying in state. "She remembers him as well as if it was but yesterday: he was laid out in his own hall, and great crowds went to see him. His 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 on the pillow. Mrs. Barnard, his nursetender, sat at his head; but having occasion to leave the room for a short time, some person cut a lock of hair from his head, which she missed upon her return, and after that day no person was admitted to see him."(*a*)

(*a*) Throughout the previous pages we have not made references to the works from which we have derived our information, as they would require almost as much space as the text itself. Our principal authority was the first and last five volumes of Scott's edition of Swift's Works, particularly his epistolary correspondence. To these may be added, Orrery's, Hawkesworth's, Deane Swift's, Sheridan's, Johnson's, Faulkner's, Nicholl's, Berkely's, Roscoe's, Wills's, and Mr. Monck Mason's biographies, which were published either separately, or attached to editions of his works.

A very remarkable and very general popular error exists with respect to one of Swift's biographers. Having met frequent allusions to "Delany's Life of Swift," and even seen quotations purporting to be from it, we anxiously sought for it, first in all the public libraries, and then among our literary friends, and, in the outset, the recovery of this very generally known work seemed comparatively easy; for notwithstanding that it was not contained in any of the catalogues of libraries, all the persons connected with these institutions informed us that they were perfectly familiar with it, and would certainly have it for us on our next visit; and most of the publishers and booksellers knew it by appearance, but were unable just at the moment to lay their hands upon it. Our literary acquaintances had all seen it, several had read it, and two of them went so far as to say they possessed it, and

Let us now briefly review the symptoms of this very remarkable and lengthened case, endeavour to form a diagnosis of it, inquire into the cause of Swift's ophthalmic affection, and consider the question of his insanity, both in a medical and legal point of view.

From the foregoing recital of his symptoms we learn that whatever the real, original, exciting cause of Swift's bodily ailment may have been, it is plain that it was attributed, both by himself and his physicians, to some derangement of the stomach, and the remedies prescribed for him are conclusive on this point. It has been shewn that these gastric attacks were, in early life at least, induced by irregularities of diet. It is

would send it to us in the morning. Still the book could not be procured either here or in London. The only difference of opinion among those most familiar with it was as to whether it was published in quarto or octavo. Having at length assured ourselves that no such work had ever existed, and even written part of this note, our conviction was greatly staggered by finding in the first general catalogue published by the Royal Society, the following entry: "Delany, Patrick,—A Supplement to Swift's Life, containing Miscellanies by the Dean, Sheridan, Johnson, &c., with notes by the Editor (J. Nicholls). 4to. London, 1779." This appeared all but conclusive; yet not quite so, however. Our friend Dr. Madden undertook to examine the work itself, and thus answers our inquiries: "With regard to this work of Delany on Swift's life, which you were so long in search of, and which so many people speak of but cannot shew, lo! no such work of Delany's exists—no such work was ever written by Delany: the book described in the R. S. catalogue is wrongly described, for, on examining it, I find it is 'A Supplement to Swift's Life, containing Miscellanies by the Dean, Dr. Delany, Sheridan, Johnson, &c., with Notes by the Editor. London, 4to. 1779.' In fact, the thirteenth vol. of the 4to edition of Swift's Works, edited by Mr. Nicholls, in 1779, some time after the death of Dr. Delany."

Delany did write two works, however, upon Swift, though not generally known to the learned; neither of these were, however, lives or biographies. The first was entitled, "Observations upon Lord Orrery's Remarks upon the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, containing several singular Anecdotes relating to the Character and Conduct of that great Genius, and the most deservedly celebrated Stella, in a series of Letters to his Lordship; to which are added the Original Pieces of the same Author (excellent in their kind) never before published." Dublin: printed

also evident that they were attended with vertigo, deafness, sickness of stomach, pain in the head, diminution of muscular power, as shewn by his tottering gait, and numbness or some slight loss of sensation in the upper extremities. That these in turn were symptomatic of some cerebral affection is manifest; but how far it depended on, or was induced by gastric disease, it is now difficult to determine; cases are, however, on record, which tend to shew that all the early symptoms of the Dean's malady may be produced by affections of the stomach and alimentary canal. As Swift advanced in years his symptoms became more decidedly cerebral, whilst the attacks became induced by causes which acted more on the mental than the corporeal nature, such as excitements of various kinds, great

for Robert Main, at Homer's Head, in Dame-street, 1754, 12mo., pp. 211. And another edition, in 8vo., was contemporaneously published by Reeve, at the Shakespear's Head, in London, pp. 310. It bears no name; but the letters J. R., are affixed to the preface, and it is well known to be Delany's. Besides this spirited answer to Lord Orrery, the same writer, in 1755, published a tract refuting some statements contained in Deane Swift's work. And as these animadversions were personally levelled at Delany, and he answers them in the first person, and styles his tract, "A Letter to Deane Swift, Esq., on his Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. J. Swift, by the Author of 'Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks,' &c." 8vo. London, Reeve, pp. 31; it fixes the authorship of the "Observations" upon Dr. Delany.

Sir Walter Scott's lengthened quotation from Dr. Delany is, with the exception of one paragraph, nowhere to be found in either of Delany's works. It is chiefly made up from Faulkner's and Hawkesworth's biographies, which, as far as this portion of the life of the Dean is concerned, are *solely* and *entirely* abstracted from Deane Swift's and Mrs. Whiteway's letters already alluded to. We could point out several sentences in this account of the Dean's last illness, which are *verbatim* the same in no less than five works, and that without the smallest acknowledgment.

There is an autograph letter from Sir Walter Scott to C. G. Gavelin, Esq., of this city, in the MS. Library, T. C. D., in which he states that he had nothing whatever to do with the publication or revision of the second edition of the "Works of Jonathan Swift." We believe the editing of the second issue of this publication was intrusted to a son of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

mental labour, and strong emotions; to which the peculiarity of his disposition, and the position which he occupied, especially predisposed him.

Of his treatment we shall only remark, that however it may have been applicable in the early stage of his disease, it was anything but judicious in its more advanced and distinctly cerebral phase. Swift certainly drank more wine, took more violent exercise, and was subjected to more frequent and stronger excitements, than a judicious physician of the present day would recommend, or could with safety permit; but then it must be remembered how very headstrong and unmanageable a patient he was, and also that he was, for the most part, his own medical adviser. Indeed he must have had an iron constitution to have withstood the various and long-continued shocks which we have already detailed. To the general aggravation of all the symptoms enumerated in the history of his case, must now be added paralysis of, at least, the face; and this, from a careful examination of his busts, and other circumstances, we are inclined to think, did not occur until about 1740, when he was in his seventy-third year. It is more than problematical that, for several years previous to this, Swift laboured not only under attacks of temporary congestion of the head, but of chronic meningitis and cerebritis; and from the date of his loss of memory and the supervention of the paralysis we are inclined to believe effusion set in. The long-continued and excessive vascular action to which we refer has left its traces indelibly marked upon the interior of the cranium, as shewn by the engraving at p. 63; and the serous effusion is, in fact, the only *post mortem* appearance recorded by his biographers, for we have no record whatever of the condition of the substance of the brain, though it is probable that there may have been some softening of it. That effusion was suspected during life, we may presume from the question of using the trephine having been raised(*a*). This state was either preceded by or

(*a*) It is a well-known fact that, some years afterwards, several insane

attended with general atrophy and emaciation; impairment of the senses of sight and hearing, great irritability of temper, and excessive restlessness; then loss of memory, and *inability* of speaking; exophthalmus of the left eye, in all probability produced by an internal abscess, or intense inflammation of the anterior lobe of his brain or its coverings, not unlike that fatal form of disease which attacks the dura mater and the brain, over the mastoid and petrous portion of the temporal bone; or, an abscess may have formed in the orbit itself, and served to increase the cerebral symptoms, as well as the pain, &c., under which he then laboured. How the ophthalmic affection ended we can only conjecture:—from the sudden return of consciousness the last day of his illness, it is possible that, if it was an abscess in the orbit, it opened externally, and so relieved him, for a time at least. That the eye was lost we are inclined to believe from the sunken appearance which it presents in the bust in the Museum of Trinity College, particularly when compared with that upon the right side, which is remarkably full and prominent. There is no evidence whatever that he ever had any epileptic fit till the day before his decease, when it appears that he was "in strong convulsive fits for thirty-six hours before death," although his actual dissolution was said to be remarkably placid.

That Swift not only "expired a driveller and a fool," but lived a madman, is what the world generally believes. To enter into the question of what constitutes insanity or idiotcy would here occupy more space than we are able to devote to this part of the question; but having stated at length in this Essay all that really is known, or has come down to us with any degree of truth attached to it, of Swift's sufferings and diseases, we confidently appeal to our medical and legal readers for the truth of our statement, when we assert that up to the

patients in Swift's Hospital were trephined, on the supposition that their insanity was produced by the brain having become too large for the cranium. We have no notice of Swift's deafness after the year 1741.

year 1742 Swift shewed no symptom whatever of mental disease, beyond the ordinary decay of nature. That toward the end of that year the cerebral disease under which he had so long laboured, by producing effusion, &c., destroyed his memory, and rendered him at times ungovernable in his anger, as well as produced paralysis, &c., is quite certain; but all this was the result of physical disease in one whose constitution was of great nervous irritability, and who had long survived more than "the years of a man." That his not speaking was not the result either of insanity or imbecility, but arose either from paralysis of the muscles by which the mechanism of speech is produced, or from loss of memory of the things which he wished to express, as frequently occurs in cases of cerebral disease, cannot be doubted; for he would often, say his biographers, "*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:" and, again, we read that he "*endeavoured*, with a good deal of pain, *to find words to speak*." And in addition to this we have the authority of one of the very few eye-witnesses of the Dean's condition at this period, who says, that he "*never yet, as far as I could learn, talked nonsense, or said a foolish* thing."

That the law appointed guardians of his person is no proof whatever of his insanity; for there are hundreds of cases in which the law very properly interferes with a man's estate, although he may not be either legally or physiologically insane, but simply incapable of managing his affairs; and it must be borne in mind that Swift had no family or any near relatives to look after him in his latter years.

That the Dean had a fear of loss of memory and imbecility, or second childishness, may be gleaned from the previous history of his case, and from the circumstance related by Dr. Young of the withered tree, to which we have referred at p. 32; and it is possible that this presentiment may have received additional force in his mind, from the fact of his

uncle, Godwin Swift, having remained in a lethargic and paralytic condition for several years prior to his death; and this, we find, is the circumstance which has induced some of his biographers to suppose that Swift laboured under an hereditary disease: but it must first be proved that paralysis and lethargy, such as the Dean's uncle suffered from, are of this character. We have shewn, by the previous history, that the Dean never had epilepsy, and never suffered from convulsions until within a few hours of his death.

It has been regretted that attempts should be made to disprove the insanity of Swift, even prior to the year 1742, on the ground that some of his actions are best accounted for by supposing him *non compos mentis*. But this is a lament which we will not stop either to inquire into or discuss; and we would rather not deviate from the strictly medical questions relating to Swift, in the present essay(*a*).

We only wonder that Swift did not become deranged years previously: with a mind naturally irritable, a political intriguer, peevish and excitable; his ambition disappointed, his friendships rudely severed, his long-cherished hopes blighted; outliving all his friends, alone in the world, and witnessing the ingratitude of his country; while, at the same time, he laboured under a most fearful physical disease, in the very seat of reason, the effects of which were of the most stunning character, and serving in part to explain that moodiness and moroseness of disposition, which bodily infirmity will, undoubtedly, produce;—we repeat, we only wonder that his mind did not long before give way. But that Swift was either mad

(*a*) While collecting materials for this essay, many circumstances not generally known, and not properly understood, with regard to Swift, chiefly, however, of a literary character, have attracted our attention. These, with other circumstances of a like nature relating to Stella, &c., did not appear in the articles upon the Post Mortem Examination of Swift, which were published in the Numbers of the Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science for May and August, 1847.

in middle life, or mad or imbecile in latter years, as tried and tested by the meaning and definition of these terms, as laid down by the most esteemed authors, we again assert, has not been proved.

There is one other question connected with the second examination of Swift's head to which we would briefly allude; we say briefly, because it has been already ably discussed in the journals(*a*), and because we do not desire to occupy either the pages of this Essay or the time of our readers with the examination of a topic, the ephemeral *prestige* of which has long since passed by. We allude to the phrenological examination of Swift's skull in 1835. We beg leave to premise that, prior to this date, a phrenological examination had been made by a distinguished professor of that *ci-devant* system, of a number of aged lunatics in the Richmond Asylum of this city, in which the previous characters of these persons was said to have been described, from their cranioscopical examination, with great fidelity,—a fact which was vauntingly proclaimed with no small degree of triumph by the advocates of that system. Shortly afterwards Swift's skull was handed to one of the great prophets of this art, who pronounced it to be a very common-place head indeed,—nay, from the low frontal development, almost that of a fool; and in the measurements of the cranium given in the Phrenological Journal we find amativeness large and wit small! with similar contradictions to the well-known character of this great genius; but then, all these discrepancies are endeavoured to be accounted for by the fact, that the skull then presented was not that of Swift the wit, the caustic writer,

(*a*) We beg leave to refer our readers to a very able article on the subject in the London Medical Gazette for 24th October, 1835; and we would in particular direct their attention to Dr. Skae's irresistible letter to the Phrenological Society, just published, in which the question of Swift's head is considered.

and the patriot,—but that of Swift, the madman and the fool; and to explain this it has been asserted, that the skull had collapsed during the period of his mental disease; although, in the previous instance to which we have alluded, at the Richmond Asylum, the periscope was made without taking into account this item in the physical as well as moral change of the lunatics.

Without examining into the arguments contained in the Phrenological Journal, we at once deny the fact of Swift's skull having altered during life, or of insanity ever producing the effects therein stated; and we may confidently defy its conductors to the proof. Esquirol, one of the highest authorities on the subject, found, from a long series of careful observations, that the skull previously normal does not alter its form or capacity from long-continued insanity or imbecility.

The pictures we have seen of Swift are all, with one exception, full-faced likenesses, and are chiefly decorated with the large, full-bottomed wig, which he usually wore. They, it is true, give an appearance of a high, commanding forehead; but, independent of the flattery of the artists, they in no wise prove the fact they appear to represent, for, decorating the bust, which we have figured at page 66, with a similar head-dress, and viewing it in front, we find it presents fully as elevated and expansive a frontal development as any of the pictures which we have seen of the Dean; and, moreover, the very engraving given in Sheridan's Life, to which we have already alluded, and which was taken either from the body after death or from this cast, shews in its front view the same height of the frontal region exhibited in the pictures, and will, if encircled with the wig, give the usual outline of the Dean's head represented in all his portraits. The exception to which we refer is that engraved for Lord Orrery's work, the original of which is still in this city(*a*); it is a profile by Barber, taken when the Dean

(*a*) In the possession of our friend, Joseph Le Fanu, Esq., the descendant of Sheridan.

was probably about 60, and is the only portrait of him which we have seen or heard of without the periwig. This portrait, although not a perfect profile, corresponds accurately with the posthumous bust which we have represented in the outline of the anterior portion of the head. Revenet, Lord Orrery's engraver, has laboured to throw a look of imbecility and weakness into this likeness, which the original in no wise possesses; a hint which his Lordship himself has improved upon in the portrait which he endeavoured to draw of his friend.

Of the busts of Swift, of which there are six well known in this city(*a*), we acknowledge that they rather strengthen the assertion of the phrenologists, for they exhibit six different forms of head, bearing but little resemblance to each other, although three or four of them were undoubtedly taken about the same time; yet they all more or less present the sloping forehead. But sculptors, even still less than painters, cannot be relied on for anatomical accuracy in the form of heads, and of this fact we might adduce many proofs. Although the forehead was so retiring that, at one of the meetings of the Dublin Phrenological Society it was stated, "that the man must have been apparently an idiot," in reality the capacity of the cranium was, as Mr. Hamilton has shewn, very great.

Before we dismiss this portion of the subject, we may remark, that the evidences of Swift's "violent and furious lunacy," his "frantic fits of passion," and his "situation of a helpless changeling," quoted from Sir Walter Scott's Life by the Phrenological Journalists, as proving their position, are only to be

(*a*) We know of six busts of Swift in Dublin; that placed by T. Faulkner over the monument in St. Patrick's is a very admirable one, and it strikingly exhibits the sloping forehead, as any one may see who examines it by standing upon the steps of Archbishop Smith's monument, on the opposite side of the aisle. There are, besides this, one at Charlemont House; one by Van Nost, in the possession of Mrs. Crampton, of Kildare-street; one by Cunningham, belonging to Godwin Swift, Esq.; that in the University; and a small one belonging to Mr. Watkins.

relied on so far as they accord with the extracts from those letters of Mr. Swift and Mrs. Whiteway which we have already given, for Sir Walter had no further means of knowing the Dean's condition.

The circumstance of Dean Swift's head exhibiting small intellectual, and large animal propensities, has not yet been accounted for by the votaries of phrenology.

Let us now briefly describe the origin and erection of St. Patrick's Hospital, bequeathed to us by Swift, the earliest, and one of the noblest charitable institutions of the country.

It has been supposed by his biographers that a presentiment of his insanity induced the Dean to devote his fortune to the erection of a lunatic asylum; and, probably from an expression in Orrery's work, that he was a fit inmate for his own asylum, it is generally believed that Swift was the first patient in the hospital, although it was not erected till several years after his death(*a*).

It is evident that Swift had long entertained the idea of establishing such an institution; and so early as November, 1731, when he wrote the verses on his own death, we find his determination thus graphically described in the concluding stanza of that celebrated poem:

> "He gave the little wealth he had
> To build a house for fools and mad;
> And shew'd by one satiric touch,
> No nation wanted it so much."

In September, 1732, he appears to have spoken with Sir

(*a*) Lord Orrery, although he never saw Swift in latter years, and had only vulgar rumour and the letters of Mrs. Whiteway and D. Swift to guide him, thus writes of his state after the year 1742: "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 sunk afterwards into a quiet, speechless idiot, and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpless situation."—*Orrery's Remarks.*

William Fownes(*a*), on the subject of the establishment of an hospital, but without, it would appear, mentioning his own benevolent intention on the subject; and the verses which we have just quoted, though written, had not then been published. After this conversation Sir William addressed the Dean at considerable length on the matter, and enclosed him a proposal, "That an hospital called Bedlam be built in the city of Dublin, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any part of the kingdom."(*b*) Among the other items in this proposal, —which is exceedingly well drawn up, and, though published upwards of a century ago, is well worthy of attention at the present day,—we find one inviting the College of Physicians to contribute to this good work by appointing some of their body to superintend the erection of cells, and to regulate the food and diet, &c., of the inmates.

"When I was Lord Mayor," continues Sir William, in his letter accompanying the proposal, "I saw some miserable lunatics exposed, to the hazard of others as well as themselves. I had six strong cells made at the workhouse for the most outrageous, which were soon filled; and by degrees, in a short time, those few drew upon us the solicitations of many, till, by the time the old corporation ceased, we had in that house forty and upward. The door being opened, interest soon made way to let in the foolish, and such like, as mad folks. These grew a needless charge upon us, and, had that course gone on, by this time the house had been filled with such. The new corporation got rid of most of these by death, or the care of friends, and came to a resolution not to admit any such for the future; and the first denial was to a request of the Earl of Kildare, which put a full stop to farther applications. As I take it, there are at this time a number of objects which require assist-

(*a*) A distinguished citizen of Dublin, who had, shortly before this date, served the office of Lord Mayor. He built the Castle Market, and Fownes'-street is called after him.

(*b*) Scott's Life and Works of Swift, vol. xviii. p. 48.

ance, and probably many may be restored if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about London. Friends and relations here would pay the charge of their support and attendance, if there were a place for securing such lunatics.

" I own to you I was for some time averse to our having a public Bedlam, apprehending we should be overloaded with numbers under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehensive our case would soon be like that in England; wives and husbands trying who could first get the other to Bedlam. Many who were next heirs to estates would try their skill to render the possessors disordered, and get them confined, and soon run them into real madness. Such like consequences I dreaded, and therefore have been silent on the subject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard should be had to those under such dismal circumstances, and I have heard the Primate and others express their concern for them; and no doubt but very sufficient subscriptions may be had to set this needful work on foot. I should think it would be a pleasure to any one that has any intention in this way to see something done in their lifetime rather than leave it to the conduct of posterity. I would not consent to the proceeding on such a work in the manner I have seen our poor-house and Dr. Steevens's Hospital, viz., to have so expensive a foundation laid that the expense of the building should require such a sum, and so long a time to finish, as will take up half an age.

" My scheme for such an undertaking should be much to this effect:—

" First, I would have a spot of ground fixed on that should be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houses; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to disturb neighbours, which was what you did not think of when you mentioned a spot in a close place, almost in the heart of the city. There are many places in the outskirts of the city, I can name, very proper.

" Next to the fixing of a spot, I would, when that is secured (which should be a good space), have it well enclosed with a high wall; the cost of all which must be known. Then I would have the cells at the Royal Hospital Infirmary, lately made for mad people, be examined how convenient, and how in all points they are adapted to the purpose, with the cost of these cells, which I take to be six or eight. Then I would proceed to the very needful house for the master and the proper servants. Then another building, to which there should be a piazza for a stone gallery for walking dry; and out of that several lodging-cells for such as are not outrageous, but melancholy, &c. This may be of such a size that it may be enlarged in length, or by a return, and overhead the same sort of a gallery, with little rooms or cells, opening the doors into the gallery, for, by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries. This is according to the custom of London. Annexed to the master's house must be the kitchen and offices." And this very plan seems to have been subsequently adopted in the erection of the present hospital. Fownes suggested the propriety of erecting the institution in an open space, formerly called The Dunghill, facing the end of South King-street, or of purchasing " the large stone building called an almshouse, made by Mrs. Mercer," now Mercer's Hospital.

In January, 1735, Swift memorialized the Mayor and Corporation of Dublin for a piece of ground on Oxmantown Green(*a*), for the purpose of erecting the hospital ; and they ap-

(*a*) Oxmantown Green, on which Blackhall-place and the Blue-Coat Hospital now stand,—one of the ancient Danish localities in Dublin, on the northern side of the river. It is curious that this memorial of the Dean commenced as follows: " That the said Dean, having by his last will and testament settled his whole fortune to erect and endow an hospital," &c., although the Dean's will bears date the 3rd of May, 1740;—therefore it would appear that he had made some previous will, or settled his property for this purpose by means of some other instrument.

pointed a "committee to inspect the said green" for that purpose.

The following letter, the original of which(*a*) now lies before us, is so much to the purpose, so characteristic of the man, and reminds us so forcibly of the expressions of another distinguished churchman in his latter days, that we here insert it:

"*To Eaton Stannard, Esq.,*
"*Recorder of the City of Dublin.*

"Sir,—I believe you may possibly have heard from me, or publick report, of my resolution to leave my whole fortune, except a few legacies, to build an Hospital for Ideots and Lunaticks in this city or the suburbs; and, after long consideration, I have been so bold as to pitch upon you as my director in the methods I ought to take for rendering my design effectual. I have known and seen the difficulty of any such attempt by the negligence, or ignorance, or some worse dealing by executors and trustees. I have been so unfortunate, for want of some able friend of a publick spirit, that I could never purchase one foot of land; the neighbouring country squires(*b*) always watching, like crows for a carcase, over every estate that was likely to be sold; and that kind of knowledge was quite out of the life I have led, which in the strength of my days chiefly past at courts and among ministers of state, to my great vexation and disappointment, for which I now repent too late. I therefore humbly desire that you will please to take me into your guardianship as far as the weight of your business will permit. As the City hath agreed to give me a piece of land, my wish would be to make the Lord Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen, my trustees, executors, or governors, according as you shall please to advise; and out of these, Committees may be appointed to meet at proper times. My thought is,

(*a*) In the possession of A. J. Maley, Esq., of this city.

(*b*) The word "squires" is omitted in the copy of the letter published by Sir W. Scott.

that the city will be careful in an affair calculated wholly for the City's advantage(*a*). If you would favour me so much as to fix any day during this vacation to dine at the Deanery, I shall be extremely obliged to you, and give you my very crude notions of my intentions.

"I am, with very great esteem, Sir,

"Your most obedient and obliged Servant,

"JONATH. SWIFT.

"*Deanery House,*

"*April* 11*th*, 1735."

In 1737 a mortmain bill was introduced into the Irish Parliament for preventing the settlement of landed property on the Church, or on public charities. The Dean, foreseeing the effect of this, petitioned against it, and it never passed into a law.

The site finally chosen for the hospital was a piece of waste ground, or common, surrounding Dr. Steevens's Hospital, which, from its being mentioned in Swift's will, we must suppose he had been in treaty for prior to 1740. By this will he demised his whole property, amounting to about £12,000, to his executors, to purchase lands, in any province in Ireland, except Connaught, with the profits of which to erect and endow "an hospital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunatics as the annual income of the said lands," &c., shall be sufficient to maintain.

As the following extracts from the Dean's will more particularly relate to this noble bequest, we here insert them:

"And I desire that the said hospital may be called St. Patrick's Hospital, and may be built in such a manner, that another building may be added unto it, in case the endowment thereof shall be enlarged; so that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my farther

(*a*) The city not having furnished the ground after all, may probably account for the names of the Corporation being omitted in the Dean's will.

will and desire is, that when the said hospital shall be built, the whole yearly income of the said lands and estate shall, for ever after, be laid out in providing victuals, clothing, medicines, attendance, and all other necessaries for such idiots and lunatics as shall be received into the same; and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time, as there may be occasion. And, if a sufficient number of idiots and lunatics cannot readily be found, I desire that incurables may be taken into the said hospital to supply such deficiency; but that no person shall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious disease; and that all such idiots, lunatics, and incurables, as shall be received into the said hospital, shall constantly live and reside therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the salaries of agents, receivers, officers, servants, and attendants, to be employed in the business of the said hospital, shall not in the whole exceed one-fifth part of the clear yearly income or revenue thereof. . . . . And that no leases of any part of the said lands shall ever be made other than leases for years not exceeding thirty-one, in possession, and not in reversion or remainder, and not dispunishable of waste, whereon shall be reserved the best and most improved rents, that can reasonably and moderately, without racking the tenants, be gotten for the same, without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earnest desire, that no lease of any part of the said lands, so to be purchased as aforesaid, shall ever be made to, or in trust for, any person any way concerned in the execution of this trust, or to, or in trust for, any person any way related or allied, either by consanguinity or affinity, to any of the persons who shall at that time be concerned in the execution of this trust: and that, if any leases shall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void, and of no effect."

The year after his death his executors became incorporated into a body of governors, and obtained a charter in 1746. Voluntary contributions were also set on foot, which, with parlia-

mentary grants(*a*), and the issue of the Dean's bequest, enabled the hospital which now stands adjacent to that of Dr. Steevens to be opened upon the 19th of September, 1757, for the reception of fifty patients. It is now capable of accommodating 150 patients, seventy-five males and seventy-five females, besides the officers and servants of the institution, amounting to about thirty.

The various details of this noble institution are already well known to the profession and the public, and, therefore, unnecessary to be here repeated. The late Lord Chancellor of Ireland effected some important changes in carrying out the intentions of the noble donor. We have only further to remark upon two circumstances connected with the management of this institution. We regret to find that there is neither picture, bust, arms, carving, name, nor any other memorial of the munificent and distinguished founder to be seen in any part of this extensive institution. The other circumstance on which we would remark is the great facility which the institution offers for a school and clinique, in which to educate medical practitioners, both as attendants upon, and masters of similar institutions; and also for instructing nurses and keepers to be employed both in hospitals and in private practice. We feel that we need not enlarge upon this topic(*b*).

(*a*) In November, 1763, the Irish Parliament granted the sum of £1000 to this charity. See "Debates relative to the Affairs of Ireland, in the Years 1763 and 1764, taken by a Military Officer, to which is added, An Inquiry how far the Restrictions laid upon the Trade of Ireland by British Acts of Parliament are a Benefit or Disadvantage to the British Dominions in general, and England in particular, for whose separate Advantage they were intended." London, 1766, vol. ii.

(*b*) For the particulars of the history of St. Patrick's, or Swift's Hospital, as it is now usually called, subsequent to the date of its erection, we refer our readers to Harris's, Whitelaw and Walsh's, and all other histories of Dublin, as well as the charter of incorporation, and the various Reports made by the Inspectors of Lunatic Asylums, and other documents of that nature, for the last twenty years.

APPENDIX.

As the verses written upon the presentation of Swift's bust to the library of Trinity College by the Senior Sophisters, graphically allude to the Dean's noble bequest, we here insert them, the more particularly as they have not been printed in any collection of his works.

The subject is thus introduced in the number of Faulkner's Dublin Journal, for March 21, 1749:

"There is arrived from London a marble busto of the late Rev. Dr Swift, D. D., D. S. P. D., the workmanship of Rouvilliac; it is done with exquisite skill and delicacy, and is looked upon by persons of taste as a masterpiece. It deserves to be mentioned that the class of Senior Sophisters who, according to academical custom, formed themselves into a Senate in the year 1738, applied the money usually laid out in an entertainment to the purchase of this busto, which they have given to be placed in the College Library, among the heads of other men eminent for genius and learning: an instance of public spirit in young persons worthy of praise and imitation:

"VERSES PROPOSED AS AN INSCRIPTION.

"We, youth of Alma—thee, her pride and grace,
Illustrious Swift, amid these heroes place;
Thee, of such high associates wittiest found,
In genius, fancy, sense, alike renown'd.
Rich in unborrow'd wit, thy various page
By turns displays the patriot, poet, sage.
Born to delight thy country, and defend,
In life, in death, to human race a friend;

> For, mad and idiots,—whom alone to teach
> Thy writings fail,—thy will's last bounty reach.
> All hail, Hibernia's boast! our other pride,
> Late, very late, may Berkely grace thy side."

On the back of the bust is the following inscription: "Ex Dono Quarti Classis, 1745. Procurante Digbæ French."

As every circumstance connected with the history of this great man must interest the public, no apology need be offered for introducing the following hitherto unpublished letter. It relates to a "Letter to G—— W——, Esq., concerning the present condition of the College of Dublin, and the late disturbances that have been therein!" Dublin, 1734. It is addressed to Dr. Clarke, the Vice Provost, whose relation has kindly permitted its insertion here(*a*):

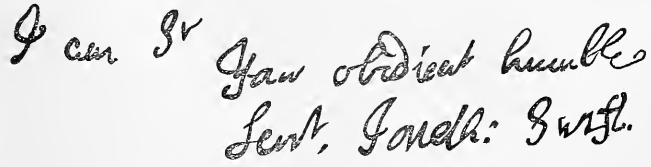
"Sr.—I have reed over the discourse you sent me concerning the present condition of your College. The writer seems to be a modest man, of good understanding. I think there is a good deal in what he cautiously wishes, that what he calls the *powers* of Bachelors and Sophisters were restored; but I believe the disposition of the kingdom at present will not tend to give them any coercive civil power over the persons of the Scholars. Your University is now, I think, near 150 years old. But the complaint of ryots is chiefly since the reign of the present governor; how he will acquit himself I neither know nor much regard. He is charged with some personall irregularityes, but even those are light in comparison to the spirit of party, under the influence of which he is said to dispose of all employments, particularly fellowships, very often to the least deserving. There is no headship in either of the

(*a*) Dr. Thomas Smith, the possessor of this interesting document, is one of the descendants of the Rev. Henry Clarke (or Clerk, as the name is spelled by Swift), who was elected a Fellow of the University in 1724, and afterwards appointed Vice-Provost, in 1752. There was a second letter also addressed to G—— W——, upon the same subject as the above, in 1734. Both will be found in the library of the University, among a volume of pamphlets, P. ii. 31. The Provost alluded to by Swift was Baldwin.

English universities, attended with so many advantages of dignity, profit, and power as that of your governor. But it is universally agreed by all partyes that your discipline is most infamously relaxed in every particular. I had the honour to be for some years a student at Oxford, where I took my Master's degree, and I know what your author says to be true; for the Vice-Chancellor hath more power than the Mayor, and, indeed, the University governs the city, although the latter, in my time, was often disposed to be turbulent. I mentioned to three Lord Lieutenants my wish that your Governor were otherwise provided for, and they all pretended to wish the same, but never went further, although I had pretensions to have some credit with them all. I have more than once heard, at a meeting of persons in the greatest stations here, very open complaints against the conduct of your ————, although they were of those principles to which he hath entirely devoted himself.

" I quarrell with your author, as I do with all your writers and many of your preachers, for their careless, incorrect, and improper style, which they contract by reading the scribblers from England, where an abominable tast is every day prevayling. It is your business, who are coming into the world, to put a stop to these corruptions; and recal that simplicity which in every thing of value ought chiefly to be followed.

" These are some of my sudden thoughts, after having this minute perused the discourse you sent me.



" *Deanery House, December* 12, 1734.

" Your writer should have sometimes styled your College a University."

" *To the Rev. Dr. Clerk, at his Chambers in Trinity College, Dublin.*"

So early as 1728, "An humble Remonstrance, in the Names of the Lads in all the Schools of Ireland where Latin and Greek are taught: and of the young Students now in the University of Dublin, together with a Protest of all the Senior Fellows in Trinity College, Dublin (except one), against the Provost"(*a*),—" was laid at the Parliament's feet, beseeching," on the part of the students, that the exorbitant power exercised by the Provost, in electing Fellows contrary to the opinion of the great majority of the Board, should be restrained by law. The cause of this remonstrance and protest was, that Provost Baldwin had "nominated Mr. John Palliseer(*b*) to the fellowship lately vacant in Trinity College, Dublin, in preference to Mr. Arthur Forde, and in opposition to the judgment of all the Senior Fellows then present, except Dr. Gilbert."(*c*) The names of the Fellows attached to this document are those of Helsham, Delany, Thompson, Clayton, and Rogers. It would appear, however, that these remonstrances were unheeded, and that the riots and disturbances alluded to in the letters to G—— W——, in part at least, arose out of the circumstance attending Palliseer's election, and the general laxity of rules at that time in the University. In 1735 a visitation was held upon the subject, "when the Rev. Dr. Swift, D. S. P. D., was present, and spoke against some corruptions and abuses."(*d*) This was one of the last public acts of the Dean.

It has often appeared strange to us that the house in which a man of such celebrity as Swift was born should never have been represented in any of his Lives, nor in any of the editions of his works, nor figured in any of the periodicals of this country.

(*a*) "Dublin, printed by S. Harding, next door to the Crown in Copper Alley, 1727–8." Pamphlet, pp. 16. We are indebted to our learned friend, P. V. Fitzpatrick, for this rare tract.

(*b*) John Pellisier or Palliseer, was elected a Fellow, in 1727; Vice Provost, in 1745; Professor of Divinity, in 1746; and Rector of Ardstraw in 1753.—See Dublin University Calendar for 1832.

(*c*) Dr. Gilbert was Mr. Palliseer's tutor.

(*d*) See Exshaw's Magazine for March, 1735.

Hoey's-Court, in which the Dean was born, is classic ground, although few of our readers are aware even of its locality. Adjoining a portion of one of the ancient city walls,—one of the few

vestiges of them now remaining,—and running between Castle-street and the junction of Great and Little Ship-street, is a narrow passage, now called the Castle-steps, but in former days Cole's-alley. The eastern side of this is formed by the Castle wall; and about the end of the last century a number of small open shops or stalls, chiefly occupied by buckle-makers or "cheap sellers," formed its western side. There were then no steps as at pre-

sent, but a very steep, slippery descent, down which the apprentice boys from Skinner's-row and the adjoining streets occupied by artisans used to run their comrades on first joining the craft, as a sort of initiatory "jibbing." Towards the lower end of this descent, on the western side, another alley led up a few steps into a small square court, in the mouldering grandeur of the houses of which we still recognise the remains of a locality once fashionable and opulent. Here, on our right is the house occupied by Surgeon-General Ruxton, that beyond it was the residence of Lord Chancellor Bowes, and a little farther on, upon the right, stands the celebrated Eades' Coffee House, where the wits and statesmen of the day drank their claret and canary. Upon the opposite side, where the court narrows into the lane that leads into St. Werburgh-street, is the house, No. 7, where Jonathan Swift was born, on the 30th November, 1667. A handsome door-case a few years ago ornamented the front of this house, but some antiquary, it is said, carried it away: the mark is still visible. The house is at present occupied by the families of several poor tradesmen, but the carved wainscotting and cornices, the lofty ornamented chimney-pieces, and the marble window-sills, which existed up to a very recent period, and some of which still remain, all attest the remains of a mansion of note in its day.

There are few writers of the same celebrity, and no Irishman of the same distinction, whose character has been so frequently vilified by modern English and Scotch writers as Swift's. And although he has not wanted defenders when thus indiscriminately assailed and disparaged, yet the services which he rendered Ireland should ever enlist the lovers of their country to stand by him when occasion offers, even though such defence may appear to some misplaced in the present instance. To the slights thrown upon his memory by the Jeffreys, Broughams, Macaulays, De Quincies, 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. Alluding to the charge of "base perfidy," and such like unbecoming expressions, made use of by Lord Brougham, in his sketch of Sir Robert Walpole, and to the language employed by Jeffreys in the celebrated article in the Edinburgh Review, a writer in one of the Journals lately said: "But Swift is dead,—as Jeffreys well knew when he reviewed his works."

The last libeller of Swift, Mr. William Howitt, has laboured with great ingenuity, in his Homes and Haunts of the British Poets, to traduce the character and revive the worst stories ever told of the eccentric Dean, and has even made one or two abortive efforts to be witty at his expense. Of which latter the following attempt at a stupid pun may serve as an example: King "William is also said 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." A little farther on he endeavours to revive the accusation of immorality which was raised against Swift many years after his death by some of his biographers, when describing his residence at Kilroot. This unfounded story was completely, and we had hoped for ever, set at rest by Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Howitt adduces no evidence in support of his accusation, but by an insidious "something" in italics he would lead the reader to believe that he knew more than his modesty would permit him to define, and upon this he grounds a supposition, "that as in his youth he was of a dissipated habit" . . . "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." The answer to this may be gleaned from the foregoing pages. With the epithets of "selfish tyranny," "wretched shuffler," "contemptible fellow," &c., &c., showered upon him by Mr. Howitt, we need not interfere; they sufficiently explain the tone and character of his book. Swift seems to have had a presentiment of such writers when he penned the following lines:

> "Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
> Be this my motto and my fate."

A just estimate of Mr. Howitt's work,—which aptly resembles the whited sepulchres of the East, being, without, all gold and whitewash, but, within, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness,—will be found in the number of Fraser's Magazine for February, 1847.

It has been well said, that Ireland worshipped Swift "with almost Persian idolatry. 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 must cease to be a despot. But he was a Churchman. His gown impeded his course, and entangled his efforts; guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage,—improved her by his authority,—adorned her by his talents,—and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years; and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the Government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift."(*a*)

(*a*) See a tract believed to be written by the Hon. John Wilson Croker.

The accusation of the greatest heartlessness with which Swift has been ever branded, and, indeed, the story which, if true, tells most forcibly against him, is that related by Sheridan of a circumstance connected with the death of Stella. It runs thus:—when this lady saw her end approaching, she adjured Swift, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, and in the most earnest and pathetic terms, to grant her as a dying request, "that as the ceremony of marriage had passed between them, though, for sundry reasons, 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 short time she lived.* This behaviour 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.* This was done in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, whom she appointed one of her executors."

This story, however, must be received with some degree of caution. The popular opinion is, that the Rev. Dr. Sheridan, the friend of Swift, is the author of the Life of that great genius, and, consequently, of this story: but this is an error. The Thomas Sheridan who wrote the Life of Swift must have been a mere child at the time when this circumstance occurred; he was only a lad when his father, of whom he is said to have received it, died; and the first edition of the work in which it was published did not appear till fifty years after the occurrence is said to have taken place. In this printed tradition it is made to appear that Stella left her fortune for charitable purposes, and, consequently, away from Swift, on account of the cruel treatment just related. That this was not the case may be learned from a letter which Swift had previously addressed to his

friend Worrall upon the subject of Stella's will. During one of her severe illnesses, while Swift was in London, in 1726, he writes: "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. Steevens's Hospital*, to purchase lands for such uses as she designs."(*a*) Now such was not only the tenor but the very words of the will made two years afterwards, which Sheridan would have his readers believe was made in pique at the Dean's conduct. The following is, we believe, the only copy of Stella's will hitherto published; it is extracted from the registry of the Prerogative Court in Ireland:

"In the name of God. Amen. I, Esther Johnson, of the City of Dublin, spinster, being of tolerable health in body, and perfectly sound in mind, do here make my last will and testament, revoking all former wills whatsoever. First, I bequeath my soul to the infinite mercy of God, with a most humble hope of everlasting salvation, and my body to the earth, to be buryed in the Great Isle of the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and I desire that a decent monument of plain white marble may be fixed in the wall, over the place of my burial, not exceeding the value of twenty pounds sterling, and that the charges of my funeral may not exceed the said sum.

"*Item.*—I desire that, as soon as possible after my decease, one thousand pounds of that fortune which God hath blessed me with may be laid out by my executors to purchase lands in the province of Leinster, Munster, or Ulster, or any good living equal to such legacy, which a lay patron can sell for ever, as my executors shall think best. If lands be purchased, I desire they may be such as are not subject to leases for lives renewable, or to any other leases above the term of forty-one years to come; which lands, or the said thousand pounds till

(*a*) See the Works of Jonathan Swift, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart., second edition, vol. xvii. p. 43. In this, as well as most printed works, the name of the founder of the hospital is erroneously spelled Stephens.

the said lands shall be purchased, I do hereby vest in the Governors of the Hospital founded by Richard Steevens, Doctor in Physick, deceased, near St. James's-street, Dublin, and their successors for ever; in trust, nevertheless, that the said Governors, with the advice of my executors, and the survivor or survivors of them, shall pay the interest of the said thousand pounds, or the rents of the said lands, half yearly, at Lady Day and Michaelmas, to my dear mother, Mrs. Bridget Mose, of Farnham, in Surrey, and to my dear sister, Ann Johnson, *alias* Filby, or their order, by even and equal portions, together with all the interest which shall remain due to me after the defraying the above-mentioned expenses of my funeral; and to the survivor of them the whole interest or rent shall be paid during the survivor's life. And after the decease of my said mother and sister, my will is that the said interest or rent shall be applied to the maintenance of a chaplain in the hospital founded by Doctor Richard Steevens aforesaid, to be paid to the said chaplain every year at Lady Day and Michaelmas, by equal portions, on condition that the said chaplain shall read prayers out of the Common Prayer Book now established, and none other, once every day, at ten or eleven of the clock in the morning, and preach every second Lord's Day in the chapel, or some other place appointed for Divine Service, in the said hospital; and shall likewise visit the sick and wounded in the said hospital, at such times and in such a manner as shall be appointed by the Governors thereof. And further, my will is, that the said chaplain shall be a person born in Ireland, and educated in the College of Dublin, who hath taken the degree of Master of Arts in the said College, and hath received the order of priesthood from a bishop of the Church of Ireland, and my will is that the said chaplain shall be chosen by ballot, by the Governors of said hospital; and that the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and the Provost of the said College, shall be allowed to ballot for choosing the said chaplain, although they be not Governors of the said 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; and if he shall happen to marry he shall be immediately removed from the said office, and another chosen in his stead by ballot, and so qualified as aforesaid. It is also my will and desire that the said chaplain shall not lie out of his lodgings in or near the hospital above one night in a week, without leave from the said Governors, to whom I leave full power to punish him, as far as with deprivation, for immoralities or neglect of his duty. And if it shall happen (which God forbid), that at any time hereafter the present Established Episcopal Church of this kingdom shall come to be abolished, and be no longer the national Established Church of the said kingdom, I do, in that case, declare wholly null and void the bequest above made of the said thousand pounds, or the said land purchased, as far as it relates to the said hospital and chaplain, and do hereby absolutely divest the Governors of the said hospital of the principal and interest of the said thousand pounds. And my will is, that, in the case aforesaid, it devolves to my nearest relation then living.

"*Item.*—I bequeath to my dear sister, Ann Johnson, aforesaid, *alias* Filby, all my new linen which is now in my possession. It is likewise my will that the lands purchased by the said thousand pounds, shall be let, without fine, to one or more able tenants for no longer term than forty-one years, at a full rent, with strict penal clauses for planting, enclosing, building, and other improvements; and that no new lease shall be granted till within two years after the expiration of the former lease; and then, if the tenant hath made good improvement, and paid his rents duly, he shall have the preference before any other bidder, by two shillings in the pound; provided that in every new lease there shall be some addition made to the former rent, as far as the land can bear, so as to make it a reasonable bargain to an improving tenant.

" *Item.*—I bequeath to my friend, Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, my little watch and chain, and twenty guineas.

" *Item.*—I bequeath to Bryan M'Loghlin (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.

" *Item.*—I bequeath to Robert Martain, my servant, the sum of ten pounds, in consideration of his long and faithful service, provided he be alive and in my service at the time of my decease and not otherwise.

" *Item.*—I bequeath to mine and Mrs. Dingley's servants half a year's wages, over and above what shall be due to them at the time of my decease.

" *Item.*—I bequeath five pounds to the poor of the parish where I shall happen to die.

" Lastly, I make and constitute the Rev. Dr. Thomas Sheridan, of the City of Dublin, the Rev. Mr. John Grattan, the Rev. Mr. Francis Corbet, and John Rochfort, Esq., of the City of Dublin, executors of my last will and testament. I desire likewise that my plate, books, furniture, and whatever other moveables I have, may be sold to discharge my debts; and that my strong box, and all the papers I have in it or elsewhere, may be given to the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

" *Item.*—I bequeath to the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift a bond of thirty pounds, due to me by Dr. Russell, in trust for the use of Mrs. Honoria Swanton.

" *Item.*—I bequeath to Mrs. Jane Temple the sum of ten guineas.

Esther Johnson

" Signed, sealed, and published in the presence of us, and signed by us in the presence of the testator.

" *December the 30th*, 1727.

" Mary Rose,
" Margaret Morris,
" John Collens."

Compared, 25th February, 1848,
M. Keatinge, A. Hawkins, } D. Registrars.

This will was proved by the executors, in the Prerogative Court, on the 4th of May, 1728.

There are, in the first instance, certain circumstances connected with the thoughts and expressions in this document, particularly with respect to the interment, &c., well worthy of attention, and which strongly bias the mind with the idea that the Dean was its author, as may be seen by comparing the wills of Swift and Stella. The directions as to the places where the lands purchased with their fortunes were to be situated, are similar in both testaments, and also the particulars relating to the leases and tenure. In this latter particular the will of Stella forms a theme, at the present time, of intense interest, and one well worthy of imitation. Leaving her fortune first to her mother and sister, and then to a charitable purpose, is exactly what Swift informed Mr. Worrall she intended to do two years previously, and evidently with his concurrence, as is manifest by his then wishing her to make this very will. There is a paragraph in both wills, so unusual, and yet so much alike, that, if no further evidence existed, we should be inclined from it alone to attribute them to the same author,—that is, the sentence respecting the Established Church(*a*) quoted at page 96. Now it will be remembered that in Swift's will the same sentiments, almost the same words, occur ; thus he bequeathed the

(*a*) The following anecdote is highly characteristic of the Dean's satire, and has not before been published, we believe. Upon his visiting Carlow, the rector of that place conducted him over the town and its neighbourhood, shewing him all the objects of interest there. On returning to the glebe, Swift pointed out the church, and inquired what building it was, and why he had not been shewn it? "Oh!" said his conductor, "it is only the parish church; but it is really so dilapidated and in such bad order that I did not think it worth your inspection." At this Swift expressed his regret, but said he knew a cheap way of repairing it. "Why don't you give it," said he, "to the Papists? you know they would repair it, and then you could take it from them afterwards." Was it on this occasion he said,—

"A high church and a low steeple,
A poor town and a proud people"?

tithes of Effernock, near Trim, to the vicars of Laracor(*a*), "so long as the present episcopal established religion shall continue to be the national established faith and profession in this kingdom ; but whenever any other form of Christian religion shall become the established faith in this kingdom," then these tithes are to be distributed among the poor of the parish.

Of Stella's mother, Mrs. Mose, or Mosse, and her sister, Mrs. Fillby, we shall have to speak hereafter. The expression, "*little* watch and chain," which she bequeathed to Mrs. Dingley, was used in contradistinction to her large gold repeater, which the Dean had brought her from London about twelvemonths previously. To Swift she left all her papers, her strong box, and all its *contents;* what these were we can only conjecture, but in all likelihood they were all their correspondence, and probably the Dean did not wish any further notice of himself in this will, which we have every reason to believe he drew. It is stated in some of the biographies that she left her watch to the Dean, but there is no mention of this in her will. The most valuable evidence afforded by this document yet remains to be considered. Thomas Sheridan says, as may be seen by the passage quoted at page 93, that she only lived a few days after making her will, and that even when making it she felt her end approaching. Now, in the first place, she declares that at the time she is in "tolerable health of body ;" again, she leaves a legacy to one of her domestics, provided he be alive and in her service at the time of her decease ; and also one to the poor of the parish where she may happen to die ;—all which lead us to suppose that this will was no sudden thought, nor drawn up hastily or in daily expectation of her death. But we have the incontrovertible evidence of dates against Mr. Sheridan's tradition ; for, instead of Stella's living but a "few

(*a*) We regret to say that the Dean's residence at Laracor has been sadly neglected ; a portion of one of the gables of the glebe is all that now remains of it. See Dublin University Magazine for June, 1847, p. 778.

days," the will was signed and dated one month before her death, which took place on the 28th of January, 1728. Thus, we think, has been disposed of the worst, indeed the only story worth answering, ever printed against the Dean, at least as far as Stella is concerned.

Sir Walter Scott has endeavoured to answer this anecdote by substituting another in its stead. It is related on the authority of Mr. Theophilus Swift, who had it from Mrs. Whiteway, and evidently refers to the same circumstance: "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 too 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.*' Such are, upon the best and most respectable authority, the minute particulars of this remarkable anecdote. The word *marriage* was not mentioned, but there can be no doubt that such was the secret to be owned; and the report of Mrs. Whiteway I received 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."

"Mr. Sheridan," continues Scott, "was a boy at the time of his father's death; although neither father nor son were capable of voluntarily propagating a falsehood to the Dean's prejudice, yet it seems more likely that a boy might have mistaken what his father said to him on such a subject, than that Mr. Swift should have misunderstood a story told to him repeatedly and minutely by Mrs. Whiteway, after he had come to man's estate. In fact, the hardness of heart imputed to Swift, by the earlier edition of this story, is not only totally inconsistent with an affection agonized by the view of its dying object, but with every circumstance. Vanessa was dead,—Stella was dying,—the Dean could no longer fear that the society or claims of a wife should be forced upon him,—the scene was closed, and every reason for mystery at an end. The relations may indeed be reconciled, by supposing that of Mrs. Whiteway subsequent to the scene detailed by Sheridan. The Dean may at length have relented, yet Sheridan remained ignorant of it. Dr. Johnson seems to have received the anecdote as given in the text."(*a*)

By what right the world accuses Swift of ill-treating Esther Johnson, except that of vulgar rumour, we are at a loss to discover, unless, indeed, it be this very problematical story of Thomas Sheridan's, or the spiteful conjectures of Lord Orrery. No one accused Stella of impropriety, nor Swift of inhumanity, during their lifetimes; she never complained, like Vanessa; and none of Swift's friends or acquaintances ever breathed such an idea in their writings. All the endearments of the most refined friendship, we have every reason to believe, existed between them till the hour of her death. Where, then, is the authority for these surmises?

From what we can glean from authentic sources, it would ap-

(*a*) Scott's Memoirs of Jonathan Swift, p. 354, and note p. 356.

pear that Stella died of consumption, at the age of 47, the Dean being then aged 61, broken down in health by a most distressing malady, disappointed in his hopes, and rendered morose and discontented by those causes, physical and moral, to which we have already alluded. If Stella's death was caused by love, then indeed that affection must be of a more chronic character than poets and novelists would lead us to suppose.

We can perfectly understand how a person of Swift's peculiar temperament, and past sixty years of age, should be unwilling to witness the last moments of one so dear to him as Stella. "I would not," he writes to Mr. Worrall, in the letter already quoted from, "for the universe be present at such a trial as seeing her depart. She will be among friends that, upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, *where I should be a trouble to her*, and the greatest torment to myself." The same expression he repeats to Dr. Sheridan: "Nay, if I were now near her I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow." But that this was not from indifference may be gleaned from the following expressions to the same friend: "I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or not that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health when such a friend is desperate. I do profess upon my salvation, that this distressed and desperate condition of our friend makes life so indifferent to me, who, by course of nature, have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle. Yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome the present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving."(*a*)

To Dr. Stopford he writes from London, in 1726, on the same subject: "I never was in so great a dejection of spirits. For I lately received a letter from Mr. Worrall, that one of the

(*a*) Scott's Swift, Epistolary Correspondence, vol. xvii. p. 144.

two oldest and dearest friends I have in the world is in so desperate a condition of health, as makes me expect every post to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two, with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years. I know you will share in my trouble, because there were few persons whom I believe you more esteemed. For my part, as I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a 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; who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature. They have hitherto writ me deceiving letters, but Mr. Worrall has been so just and prudent as to tell me the truth, which, however racking, is better than to be struck on the sudden."

During the latter part of January, 1728, Swift was very ill and confined to the house. He received the account of Stella's death on Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock, about two hours after it occurred. She was buried by torch-light, on Tuesday, the 30th of January, in the same manner as the Dean directed himself to be buried, and nearly at the same hour. In his "Character of Mrs. Johnson," Swift thus alludes to the circumstance: "This is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now 9 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."

Although they never lived together as man and wife, it is generally believed that Esther Johnson and Dean Swift were married,—nay, the very date (1716) has been specified; and it is said that the ceremony was performed by Dr. St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, in the garden of the Deanery, *with-*

out witnesses; but it may be said that the evidence of this rests on questionable authority. For ourselves, we acknowledge that, notwithstanding all the powerful arguments and astute criticism of Mr. W. Monck Mason, in his learned History of the Cathedral of St. Patrick, we incline to the belief that the mere legal ceremony of marriage was absolutely performed. This persuasion is not, however, from any positive evidence of the fact, but has arisen from its being frequently repeated by Swift's biographers, inferred from collateral circumstances, and admitted by some of his personal friends. In 1752, seven years after the death of Swift, and twenty-four years after the death of Stella, Lord Orrery first promulgated the idea of this marriage. Delany tacitly acknowledges the fact in his "Observations;" the Sheridans, father and son, appeared to believe it; so did Mr. Monck Berkeley, Mr. Deane Swift, Faulkner, Dr. Hawkesworth, and others who lived nearest the Dean's time; and Sir Walter Scott, who also believed in the marriage, has collected all the information bearing upon the subject, and added some new testimony, though not of a very satisfactory description.

Lord Orrery's work was reviewed in the London Gentleman's Magazine for 1755; and two years later a letter appeared in the same periodical, on the subject of Stella, by a person who was evidently well acquainted with all the facts and most of the persons therein alluded to. Mr. Sheridan, and some of those who have since followed in the same track, have endeavoured to slight, or throw discredit upon this production; nevertheless, it bears all the stamp of truth; it is borne out in many circumstances by collateral evidence, and particularly by this very will of Stella's, now for the first time published at length, and its statements have never been fairly refuted.

As the true history of Esther Johnson does not appear in any of Swift's biographies, and as this article throws much light upon it, we here insert the following extracts and observations:—

"When Sir William Temple left Sheen to reside at Moor Park in Surrey, he brought down with him, one summer, a gentlewoman in the character of a housekeeper, whose name was Johnson. She was a person of a surprising genius; few women ever exceeded her in the extent of her reading—none in the charms of conversation. She had seen the world; her address and behaviour were truly polite; and whoever had the pleasure of conversing with her for a quarter of an hour, was convinced that she had known a more genteel walk of life than her present situation confined her to. She was not so happy in her person as her mind, for she was low of stature, and rather fat and thick than well shaped; yet the imperfection of her shape was fully compensated by a set of fine features and an excellent complexion, animated by eyes that perfectly described the brightness of her genius. She was, in few words, the same among women that Sir William Temple was among men. Is it surprising then that such similar perfections should attract each other's notice? This gentlewoman was the widow (as she always averred) of one Johnson, a merchant, who having been unfortunate in trade, afterwards became master of a trading sloop, which ran between England and Holland, and there died."

It is stated by several of Swift's biographers that Esther Johnson was the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, but, as will be shown, her mother did not marry this person, whose name was Mosse, till long after Temple's death, and when Stella was resident in Ireland; nor is it likely that this nobleman would have left the daughter of his steward one thousand pounds in his will. Mrs. Johnson had three children: the eldest, a daughter, married one Fillby, a baker in London; this is the sister mentioned in Stella's will. The second child was a son, Edward, who died abroad, young. The third and last was her daughter Esther, "Who only," says the correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine, "of all her children, was permitted to reside with her at Moor Park,

where she was educated; and her appearance and dress so far exceeded the rank and fortune of her mother, and the rest of the children, that the world soon declared Miss Johnson to be Sir William's daughter. But had dress shown no distinction between her and the rest of her mother's children, nature had already distinguished her sufficiently. Her mother and brother were both fair; her sister is said to have been the same. The boy was said to be like his father, he, therefore, must be fair too, as the boy was so to an uncommon degree; yet Esther's, or, as she was usually called in the family, Miss Hetty's eyes and hair were of a most beautiful black; and all the rest of her features bore so strong a resemblance to those of Sir William T—— that no one could be at a loss to determine what relation she had to that gentleman(*a*). And could the striking likeness have been overlooked, Sir William's uncommon regard for her, and his attention to her education, must have convinced every unprejudiced person that Miss Hetty Johnson was the daughter of one who moved in a higher sphere than a Dutch trader. The respect that Sir William affected to show the child induced his family to copy his example; and the neighbouring families behaving in the same manner, she early lost all that servility that must have tinged her manners and behaviour, had she been brought up in dependence, and without any knowledge of her real condition." The writer was of opinion that Sir William Temple had informed Miss Johnson, as she was called, of her birth, and here follows the only error which we have been able to detect in his narrative, it is, that she retired to Ireland during the lifetime of Sir William Temple; "but of this," he candidly says, "I am not so positive." Her leaving all her natural connexions, to go to another country with a comparative stranger as her companion, is certainly remarkable. All Swift says concerning her birth is, that "she was born at Richmond,

(*a*) There certainly is a likeness between the portraits.

in Surrey, on the 13th day of March, 1681. Her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire; her mother of a lower degree; and indeed, she had little to boast of her birth." "Here," continues the writer in the article just quoted from, "let me leave the daughter, and return to Mrs. Johnson, her mother, who continued to live at Moor Park, till the death of Sir William Temple; soon after which she resided with Lady Gifford, sister to Sir William Temple, and his great favourite, as her woman, or housekeeper, or perhaps in both capacities. Upon Lady Gifford's death she retired to Farnham, and boarded with one Fillby, a brother of her daughter's husband, and some time after intermarried with Mr. Ralph Mosse, a person who had for a long series of years been intrusted, as steward, with the affairs of the family; and had successively served Sir William Temple, Lady Gifford, and Mr. Temple. He was a widower, and his first wife had been *cook* to Sir William Temple. Upon the death of Mr. Mosse, she went to board with Mrs. Mayne of Farnham, a gentlewoman who had a particular esteem for her, and at length retired to Mr. Fillby's again, and there died, not long after the year 1743. I saw her myself in the autumn of 1742, and, although far advanced in years, she still preserved the remains of a very fine face."

It may be wondered how a woman of her taste could marry a man so much beneath her; but Mosse might, it is conjectured, be privy to certain secrets that she was unwilling to have divulged. "The lady," continues the writer, "to whom I am obliged for those anecdotes assured me that she heard Mrs. Mosse, in her freer hours declare, that she was obliged, by indispensable necessity, to marry the man her soul despised." She appears, from the description given of her, to have been a woman of high attainments as well as of great personal attractions. It is said that Pomfret, in his poem of "The Choice," has given a description of Moor Park, Sir William Temple, and Mrs. Johnson, the mother of Stella. The writer in the Ma-

gazine then goes on to relate the incident of Stella's courageous conduct in firing a pistol at a robber who was entering her chamber during her residence in Dublin. Now this story, which is there for the first time published, is detailed in almost the same words by Swift; but his 'character of Mrs. Johnson' (Stella) did not appear till several years after; and this circumstance certainly lends the greater probability to the entire narrative. Doctor Delany also, who evidently inclined to the opinion of Stella being a daughter of Sir W. Temple, thus writes in his Observations: "We are told (and I am satisfied by Swift himself) at the bottom of a letter to Dr. Sheridan, dated September 2, 1727(*a*), that Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley were both relations to Sir William Temple, at whose house Swift became acquainted with them after he left the University of Dublin. Mrs. Johnson, then, was not the daughter of Sir William's menial servant. At least, if she was, that servant was his relation."(*b*)

That Stella was the daughter of Sir William Temple appears more than probable; but that Swift was his son, and consequently her half brother, remains to be proved. It has, it is true, been often surmised, from the date of Orrery's book to the present time, but we cannot discover in the supposition anything but vague conjecture. If he was, it certainly would account for many hitherto inexplicable portions of his conduct relative to both Stella and Vanessa. Scott, although he apparently did not believe in the relationship, has inserted the following curious incident: "Immediately subsequent to the

(*a*) This letter, as published by Sir Walter Scott, does not contain the paragraph alluded to; but in a note to Wilkes' edition of the Dean's letters, we read: "Mrs. Dingley, the lady to whom this letter is addressed, though a relation of Sir William Temple's, had no more than an annuity of £27 for a subsistence; this the Dean used to receive for her; and it was known by an accident, after his memory failed, that he allowed her an annuity of £50." —Vol. i. p. 146.

(*b*) Observations upon Lord Orrery's Remarks, p. 54. It is curious that Delany, or his printer, spelled her name with a *t*.

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 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.'"

"When Stella went to Ireland," continues the writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, "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." Who this person was is not stated, but we must suppose that it was Mrs. Dingley. "But was the Dean to blame, because he was ignorant of his natural relation to Stella? or can he be justly censured because it was not made known before the day of marriage? He admired her; he loved her; he pitied her; and when fate had placed the everlasting barrier between them, their affection became a true Platonic love, if not something yet more exalted. I do not deny but that she might lament the particular oddness of her fate; nor do I deny but that Swift's natural temper might acquire an additional severity and moroseness from hence, and that he might vent his passion, and revenge himself on the rest of mankind. But his affection for Stella became truly fraternal; and whenever she lamented her unhappy situation, the friend, the tutor, the husband, all in one, mingled his sympathetic tears with her's, and soothed the sharpness of her anxiety and sorrow. But he despised her family. Was Swift's reputed father then so noble, and to whom did the Dean de-

clare the secret of his soul? 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."(*a*)

We confess we cannot agree with those who think it was Swift's pride which prevented his marrying Stella, or his acknowledging and consummating their union, if they were married; neither do we think it necessary (although it is quite possible) to suppose that too great a consanguinity existed between them. Swift was no ordinary man in any of the relations of life, and, therefore, cannot well be judged by those rules wherewith society judges ordinary men. His affection—shall we term it love?—for Esther Johnson was, in his own eccentric way, and as far as his peculiar amatory passions extended, of an early and most enduring character. She certainly loved him in return; and he, first as her mentor, and then her friend (indeed the only one she appears to have had at that time), encouraged by his acts, if not by his words, her generous passion.

Had Swift remained a quiet country rector among his willows at Laracor, and had there been no "cause or just impediment" to the contrary, it is more than probable that he would have married the object of his esteem; but the fatal visit to London in 1710, and his remaining there four years, possibly prevented this. During that period another Esther claimed the heart of Swift. After all, the most that can be said is that he,—perhaps unconsciously, perhaps through vanity,—*permitted* Miss

(*a*) The Gentleman's and London Magazine. Dublin, printed for John Exshaw, November, 1757, p. 555 to p. 560, from which article the foregoing extracts have been made. It is signed C. M. P. G. N. S. T. N. S.

Vanhomrigh (Vanessa) to fall in love with him; but where is the authority for his ever having made love to, or written a single endearing sentiment to her, which could lead her to suppose he intended to marry her?

The celebrated poem of Cadenus and Vanessa affords us much information on the subject. "I knew," he makes Vanessa to say,

> "By what you said and writ,
> How dangerous things were men of wit;
> You caution'd me against their charms,
> But never gave me equal arms;
> Your lessons found the weakest part,
> Aim'd at the head, but reached the heart."

And if Swift himself was not susceptible (as we firmly believe he was not by nature) of any passion stronger than friendship, he was, to a certain degree, unconscious of the unhappiness he was thus laying the foundation of in the heart of another. Even to Stella he says:

> "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."(*a*)

In one of his letters to Dr. Stopford, on the subject of Stella's illness, written in an agony of grief, he seems to have faithfully depicted his own feelings:—"Dear James, pardon me, I know not what I am saying; but believe me, that *violent friendship is much more lasting and as much engaging as violent love.*" Sad must have been the perplexity in which he found

(*a*) In the first letter of the Journal to Stella, the usual coldness of Swift appears to have transiently warmed into love. Thus we read: "Farewell dearest beloved M D, and love poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved;" and that he at this time entertained some idea of their enjoying each other's society for life, if not of their marriage, may be inferred from the expression, "I would make M D and me easy, and I never desired more." This was written in the "little language"; M D was Stella; Presto, Swift.

himself when he discovered the peculiar position in which he was placed. Stella, gentle and forbearing, his earliest, most devoted of friends, who had risked everything but her honour for his sake, to whom he was in great part a guardian, pined, though not quite in secret, still in comparative silence; but she enjoyed his society, and frequently presided at his table. Vanessa, hasty and passionate in her love, and deprived of his presence, importunes him to marry her. The jealousy of the rivals was well known to the poor Dean: to Stella he was bound by honour, as well as by affection; but he feared to marry her, either from the reasons which we have already stated, or on account of the effect it might produce on Vanessa, with whom it does not appear he ever entertained any idea of marriage whatever. This ceremony of marriage with Stella was evidently performed to ease her scruples, and perhaps induced by her to secure Swift from her rival, and the story about Archbishop King might have occurred from Swift's relation of the peculiarity of his position.

In the year 1723, Vanessa, when thirty-seven years of age, is said to have made the fatal discovery of Swift's secret marriage with Stella. There have been two versions of this catastrophe published; the earlier one is, that on her pressing Swift to marry her, he wrote her a positive refusal, and delivered it with his own hand, without uttering a word, the last time they ever met. Whether in this letter he informed her of his engagements with Stella or not is uncertain. The other, and the later story, is, that she wrote to Stella herself upon the subject of her own claims upon the Dean; that Stella answered this by a brief note, acquainting her with her marriage, and at the same time enclosing the unhappy Vanessa's letter to Swift, who immediately rode off to Celbridge, where she resided, and, entering her apartment, threw down a letter, and, without uttering a word, stalked out of the room: on opening it she found it to be her own to her rival. Stella retired immediately, and without seeing Swift, to Woodpark, the seat of her friend, Mr.

Ford(*a*). Vanessa died of a fever in a very short time after,—the autumn of 1723; and the Dean left Dublin, and was not heard of for some months, having retired in remorse to the south of Ireland.

One of the great sources of uneasiness being removed, it may be asked—if none of these causes, already hinted at, existed, why did not Swift now acknowledge Esther Johnson as his wife; or marry her, if not already legally bound to her? The answer to this question must ever be surmise or conjecture. We may, however, again refer to dates. It was now the year 1724; Swift was fifty-seven, and Stella forty-two years of age, and both in very precarious health; the force of habit, the coldness of Swift's temperament, perhaps indifference on the part of Stella when the cause of her anxiety was removed, and a feeling that as they had (if the story of the marriage be true) lived for so many years of their lives separate, and both passed their days of youth, they should live on as before. The very mystery of their connexion, which had been so long preserved, both might now be unwilling to disclose.

There are a few other trivial circumstances, besides those already alluded to, connected with the will of Esther Johnson, on which we would remark. It is remarkable that she signs it in her own name, and styles herself spinster, which we do not believe she would have done had there been any *just* reason to the contrary. The very small legacy bequeathed to her companion, Mrs. Dingley, accounts for an expression of Swift's in one of his letters to Dr. Sheridan:—"I brought both those friends over" (Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley), "that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person you know has ill answered the end."

(*a*) See the poem of Stella at Woodpark, written in 1723. She remained at Mr. Ford's for half a year, and Swift appears to have written this poem on her return, as a sort of make-up.

Mr. Monck Berkeley has retailed a piece of scandal to the effect that Stella had a son by the Dean. This he gives upon the authority of Brennan, the old bell-ringer at St. Patrick's (of whom we have already made mention in the commencement of this essay), who told the author of the "Literary Reliques," that, when he was a lad at school, there was a boy boarded there of whom such a story was current; that he dined at the Deanery on Sundays, and was permitted to amuse himself in the Deanery yard, &c. The fourth item in Stella's will clears up this mystery: Bryan M'Loghlin, the child who lived with her, whom she kept on charity, and to whom she bequeathed twenty-five pounds to enable him to be bound out an apprentice, never could have been her son.

Mrs. Honoria Swanton, to whom a legacy is left, appears to be one of a family of that name who are frequently mentioned in the "Journal to Stella." They resided at Portrane in 1712, at which time Stella was on a visit with them. Dr. Russell was probably the Archdeacon of Cork.

Of Mrs. Jane Temple, the last legatee, we have no certain account. We cannot believe that she was Sir William's sister, who generally bore the title of Lady Gifford.

Steevens's Hospital was opened for the reception of patients on the 23rd of July, 1733; and among the officers appointed by the governors previous to the opening of the institution, we find the Rev. Peter Cooke elected chaplain at a salary of £10 per annum, with unfurnished apartments. When the will of Esther Johnson came into force we cannot state with accuracy; but in 1758, divine service, which had up to that period been performed in the wards, was celebrated in the chapel, and in 1783 the salary of the chaplain was £107.

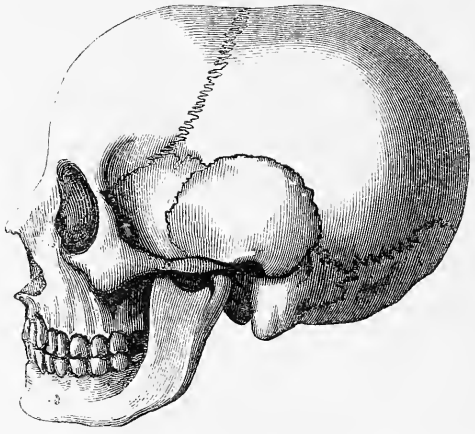
We now come to the description of Stella's personal appearance. Lord Orrery, who never saw her, makes no mention of it. The first notices of it are those which may be gleaned from Swift's odes to her on her birth days, and his sub-

sequent "Character" of her, written the night of her decease. In this latter he says: "She was sickly(*a*) from her childhood until about the age of 15, 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 had a gracefulness somewhat more than human in every motion, word, and action." Her gracefulness and the beauty of her hair are frequently alluded to by writers of or about her time. The writer in the Gentleman's Magazine gives the fullest description of her which we have met. Speaking of Swift's mortification on making the fatal discovery of her birth, he says: "Let those judge who have been so happy as to have seen this Stella,—this Hetty Johnson; and let those who have not judge from the following description. Her shape was perfectly easy and elegant; her complexion exquisitely fair; her features were regular, with the addition of that nameless something that so often exceeds the most exact beauty, and which never fails to add to it when they meet together. Her teeth were beyond comparison; her eye-brows and hair of the most glossy black; and her eyes,—but those I pretend not to describe; her mien and air were equal to the rest of the piece." Mr. Mason—who, however, merely paraphrased the descriptions of earlier writers—says: "Nature seems to have lavished upon this remarkable female all possible charms, mental and corporeal. Her features were beautiful and expressive; her countenance, rather pale, was pensive, but not melancholy; her eyes dark; and her hair blacker than a raven; her person was formed with the greatest symmetry, but rather inclined to *embonpoint*," &c.(*b*) Mr. Mason, although he has not acknowledged it, as it might militate against an opinion which he had expressed relative to the

(*a*) When at Laracor she suffered from sore eyes, as we learn from the "Journal to Stella;" and she always had rather weak sight.

(*b*) History of the Cathedral of St. Patrick.

authority of Scott's informant, evidently copied a portion of his description from that biographer, who says, quoting a friend of Mrs. Delany's: "She was very pale, and looked pensive, but not melancholy, and had hair as black as a raven." Of her genius and high mental cultivation it is not necessary here to enlarge. The world is already in possession of them.



The cranium of Stella, of which the accompanying is an engraving, was exhumed from the vaults of St. Patrick's Cathedral, along with that of Swift, in 1835(*a*). "The coffin in which it lay was of the same material, and placed in the same relation to the pillar bearing the tablet to her memory, as that of the Dean; and the bones constituting the skeleton exhibited the same characters, and were in equally perfect preservation, though interred ten [seventeen] years earlier. Its exact and proper place was well known, and no other coffin lay near it from which any confusion might have arisen."(*b*)

(*a*) Phrenological Journal, vol. xix. p. 607. The skull of Stella was returned to its former, and, we hope, its *last* resting-place, at the same time as that of Swift.

(*b*) Stella is buried beneath the second pillar from the great western entrance, on the south side of the nave of the Cathedral. The following inscription, on "a plain, white marble" slab, in accordance with her will, marks

As may be seen by the foregoing representation, this skull is a perfect model of symmetry and beauty. Its outline is one of the most graceful we have ever seen; the teeth, which, for their whiteness and regularity were, in life, the theme of general admiration, were, perhaps, the most perfect ever witnessed in a skull. On the whole, it is no great stretch of the imagination to clothe and decorate this skull again with its alabaster skin, on which the rose had slightly bloomed; to adorn it with its original luxuriant dark hair, its white, expanded forehead, level, pencilled eye-brows, and deep, dark, lustrous eyes, its high prominent nose, its delicately chiselled mouth, and pouting upper lip, its full, rounded chin, and long but gracefully swelling neck,—when we shall find it realize all that description has handed down to us of an intellectual beauty of the style of those painted by Kneller, and with an outline and form of head accurately corresponding to the pictures of Stella which still exist.

Have we a veritable portrait of Stella now existing which answers the foregoing description? We have taken conside-

the spot. From the contiguity of the tombs it looks as if she and the Dean had long arranged the place of their burial:

"Underneath lie interred
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
in 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 27, 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. Stevens."

This certainly, as Mr. Mason remarks, is not from the pen of any skilful eulogist. Both her own name and that of Dr. Steevens are misspelled in it. The precise date of its erection has not been ascertained; but it does not appear to have been set up during the Dean's lifetime.

rable pains during the last six months to answer this question, and have had opportunities of examining several portraits and miniatures said to have been painted for her. There are two oil paintings in this city which tradition asserts to be originals of Esther Johnson. These are both females about twenty years of age. One of them is, along with a very good original of the Dean, in the possession of Mrs. Hillis. These were purchased several years ago in the Liberty, and are said to have been the property of Swift's butler. The other is that which Sir Walter Scott alluded to as the only portrait known to exist; it is in the possession of Walter Berwick, Esq., who has kindly lent it to us for the purposes of this inquiry.

Most of the biographers of Swift describe Stella as "a dumpy woman," but this idea has evidently arisen from the expression of the Dean's already alluded to. In latter life it is well known that Stella lost much of her plumpness and also some of her beauty; Swift himself frequently alludes to this in the later odes upon her birth day. Even in 1719, when she was but 35, it is evident that her beauty was declining, and the following year we read that this was

> "Stella's case in fact,
> An angel's face a little crack'd;
> Could poets or could painters fix
> How angels look at thirty-six."

In 1721 she seems to have felt the clouds of time passing over her fair features. And in her poem to Swift on his birth day, November 30, 1721, she thus reminds him of the circumstance:

> "Behold that beauty just decay'd
> Invoking art to nature's aid."

And even then alludes to the failing lustre of her eyes, and the loss of changed or falling hairs.

In 1725 Swift wrote the "Receipt to restore Stella's Youth," and in that poem her thinness and want of flesh form the burden of the Dean's song. In the same year the annual ode ex-

plicitly describes her state when half her locks were turned to grey; and in 1727 Sheridan alludes to the subject of Stella's thinness in his poetical invitation to the Dean to Ráthfarnham, where he says:

> "You shall be welcome to dine, if your Deanship
> Can take up with me and my friend Stella's *leanship*."

We have introduced these quotations to show that Stella's advancing years and declining health induced great thinness; let us now return to the subject of the portrait. Some years after the Dean's death, George Faulkner, the bookseller, published a wretched engraving of Stella, taken, he says, from an original drawing by the Rev. George Parnel, Archdeacon of Clogher, and then in possession of the publisher(*a*). What has become of this picture we have not been able to discover. We have now beside us a copy of this very rare engraving(*b*), but, besides being most inartistic, it in no wise answers the description given of Esther Johnson. The history of the picture in the possession of Mr. Berwick, and described by Scott, is unknown beyond the last thirty years; and even Mr. Berwick himself had some doubts about its authenticity at the time. The hair, however, is brown, not black, which would be a fatal objection to any picture supposed to be that of Stella. It would occupy unnecessary space to discuss the claims and merits of the various pictures said to be those of Stella, three of which are now before us. We know of but one, the history of which is undoubtedly authentic, and which perfectly answers both to the foregoing description and to the characters of the skull. It is that engraved as the frontispiece to this work. It was originally in the possession of the distinguished Charles Ford of Woodpark, where

(*a*) It is the frontispiece to the seventeenth volume of Swift's works, revised by Deane Swift, Esq., and published in Dublin in 1772.

(*b*) This belonged to the late Dean Dawson, to whom it was presented by Mr. Hopkins. It is now in the possession of the family of the late Mr. Maguire, to whom we are indebted for the use of it, and other matters connected with Swift. Dr. A. Smith possesses another copy.

Stella was constantly in the habit of visiting, and where she spent several months in 1723(*a*), when probably it was painted, Stella being then about 42. 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. 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(*b*); 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.

At Delville, in the vicinity of this city, the charming residence of Dr. Delany, a spot hallowed by so many interesting recollections, and in which Nature has combined so many sylvan beauties, there is a small temple or portico at the lower end of the grounds, which has long been called Stella's Bower. On the frieze in front is the motto, "*Fastidia despicit urbis;*" and upon the wall facing the entrance there is a medallion bust

(*a*) See poem on "Stella at Woodpark."—Scott's *Swift*, vol. xiv. p. 521.

(*b*) There is a tradition that Stella wore a locket with a miniature of the Dean on one side and a red Wicklow pebble on the other. This was said to be lost after her death, but was recovered about fifty years ago by Mr. Maguire, in whose family it now is. This is one of the few miniatures of the Dean ever painted. May it not be that worn by Stella when this picture was painted?

painted in oils, and long reputed and believed to be that of Stella(*a*). Although there is but traditional evidence attaching to this medallion, which is evidently the work of an amateur; still as it has never been engraved, as it has been greatly defaced of late, and must, in a few years more, be quite obliterated, we give the accompanying wood-cut of it exactly as it now presents.

While engaged in collecting materials for the history of Swift's disease, some rare matters and curious unpublished

(*a*) It is said to have been painted by Mrs. Delany; but the Doctor did not, we believe, marry till after the death of Stella. See D'Alton's History of the County Dublin. This sketch was made by Mr. Forde, drawn on wood by Mr. Du Noyer, and engraved by Mr. Hanlon. Mr. Forde also copied the painting of Stella at Bellinter, which forms the frontispiece to this Memoir. It was engraved here by Mr. Englehart. The autograph underneath it is copied from one attached to a list of the Dean's plate, partly in Stella's handwriting and partly in that of the Dean, now in possession of our friend the Archdeacon of Glendalough. We are indebted to our friend, P. R. Webb, Esq., for having put us on the track of this portrait.

writings of the Dean fell into our hands. These we have condensed within the remaining pages of this Essay.

There still exists a number of anecdotes relative to Swift, both among the gentry of Ireland and the working classes in the Liberty of this city. These, could they be depended upon, would of themselves occupy a large space in this memoir; but it is not our object to enlarge it by inserting them.

A family named Christie, whose descendants now reside in the neighbourhood of Swords, have long possessed a pocket-book of the Dean's, which the present owner has, through the influence of the Rev. William Ormsby, kindly lent us for the purpose of this essay. It is an interleaved copy of one of Harward's Almanacks, "A Prognostication for the year of our Lord God, 1666,"(*a*) each blank leaf and portions of many of the others being filled with manuscript entirely in the Dean's handwriting. This manuscript is mostly poetry, consisting of fragments of verses, and some of his earlier poems never published.

Some of these early effusions are in the grossest style of the period, and consequently unfit for original publication at the present time. They are nearly all political, and the greater number of them refer to the reign of James II., particularly about the period of the expected birth of the Prince of Wales, 1688. Swift was at this time a student of Trinity College; and these were, probably, written shortly before he went to England, in the beginning of 1689. Others are as late as the reign of Anne. The book is much injured in several places, and the leaves so much worn at the edges that it is often with difficulty the full meaning of the lines can be made out. Although of but little poetic merit, they are interesting not only on account of their author, but from their historic associations. Scott was of opinion that Swift first wooed the Muses during

(*a*) "Dublin, printed by John Cook, Printer to the King's most excellent Majesty, and are to be sold by Samuel Dancer, Bookseller, in Castle-street. 1666." It is one of the earliest almanacs printed in Ireland.

his early residence with Sir W. Temple, in 1692; but he himself acknowledged that, long prior to that, he had "written, burned, and written again, upon all manner of subjects, more than, perhaps, any man in England."

In 1688 considerable excitement prevailed both in these countries and on the Continent, on its being announced that the Queen of England was likely to present the nation with an heir. "This blessing," says Hume, "was impatiently longed for, not only by the King and Queen, but by all the zealous Catholics both abroad and at home. They saw that the King was past middle age, and that on his death the succession must devolve to the Prince and Princess of Orange, two zealous Protestants, who would soon replace everything on ancient foundations. Vows, therefore, were offered at every shrine for a male successor; pilgrimages were undertaken, particularly one to Loretto, by the Duchess of Modena; and success was chiefly attributed to that pious journey(*a*). But in proportion as this event was agreeable to the Catholics, it increased the disgust of the Protestants, by depriving them of that pleasing, though somewhat distant prospect, in which at present they flattered themselves. Calumny even went so far as to ascribe to the King the design of imposing on the world a supposititious child, who might be educated in his principles, and after his death support the Catholic religion in his dominions. The nation almost universally believed him capable of committing any crime; as they had seen that, from like motives, he was guilty of every imprudence; and the affections of nature, they thought, would be easily sacrificed to the superior motive of propagating a Catholic and orthodox faith. The present occasion was not the first when that calumny had been invented. In the year 1682, the Queen, then Duchess of York, had been pregnant; and rumours were spread that an imposture would at that time be obtruded upon the nation; but, happily, the

(*a*) The King himself made a pilgrimage to St. Winifred's Well.

infant proved a female, and thereby spared the party all the trouble of supporting their improbable fiction(*a*)".

Several lampoons were written on the occasion: and the future Dean's opinions, both in politics and religion, naturally led him to take the Protestant side of the question. It is curious to find how a more matured consideration of the question in after years, and when the excitement of the moment had subsided, induced him to alter his opinion; for in his manuscript notes to Burnet's History, we find this remark upon that question in more than one place:—"All coffee-house chat."

To this event, no doubt, the following poems refer; it must, however, be remembered that at the time he wrote them Swift was not above twenty years of age, and that they have not had the advantage of their author's corrections. We give them in their order of succession. The following is the last verse of what was apparently the first poem in the collection, the remainder is obliterated:

Then lower your sail
For the Prince of Wale,
  Though some are of opinion
That when he comes out
A double clout
  Will cover his dominion.

(*a*) "This story is taken notice of in a weekly paper, the Observator, published at that very time, 23rd of August, 1682. Party zeal is capable of swallowing the most incredible story; but it is surely singular that the same calumny, when once baffled, should yet be renewed with such success."—*Hume's England*, vol. ix. p. 455. See also Clarendon's Diary; Burnet's History of His Own Times; and Mackintosh's History of the Revolution in 1688, as well as the general history of the period.

Upon the 22nd of December, 1688, King James held an extraordinary council at Whitehall, at which the Queen Dowager, a large assembly of the spiritual and temporal peers, the mayor and aldermen of London, and the judges, &c., were present, for the purpose of receiving depositions as to the fact of the Prince of Wales's birth. The Queen Dowager, several of the peers, the ladies of the bedchamber, and the physicians, &c., were then examined,

THE MIRACLE.

TO THE TUNE OF "YOUTH, YOUTH."(*a*)

Ye Catholicke statesmen and churchmen rejoyce,
And praise Heaven's Queen in heart and with voice,
None greater on earth, nor in heaven, than she,
Some say she's as good as the best of the Three,
For her miracles bold
Were famous of old, &c.

And so it goes on for six irregular verses, portions of which have been obliterated, and others are unpublishable. It makes several sarcastic allusions to the Modena pilgrimage, and ends thus:

This message with hearts full of joy we received,
And the next news we heard was,—Queen Mary conceiv'd.
Ye great ones converted, ye cheated Dissenters,
Grave Judges, Lord Bishops, and Commons Conventors,
Ye Commissioners all ecclesiasticall(*b*),
From Mulgrave the doubtful to Chester the tall,
Pray heaven to strengthen her Majesty's placket,
For if this trick fails then beware of your jacket.

The following fragment particularly refers to the same event, and alludes to the current opinions of the day:

and their depositions, together with a full account of the proceedings, were printed, and circulated here as well as in England. There is a copy of this curious document in the library of the University of Dublin. The medical questions considered in it are of great interest.

(*a*) A well-known song in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," sometimes called "The Cutpurse." Thirty years afterwards Swift wrote a ballad, "The Newgate Garland," to this tune. The first verse quoted above is imperfect, the three last lines being wanting.

(*b*) The odious Court of Ecclesiastical Commission erected by King James, in 1686. Mulgrave is spelled "Moorgrave the doubtful" in the manuscript. He was chamberlain, and was very undetermined as to what religion he would choose.

ON THE COMPOSING OF A PRAYER FOR THE UNBORN PRINCE OF WALES.

Two Toms and Natt(*a*)
In council were satt,
To rig up a new thanksgiving,
With a dainty fine prayer
For the birth of an heir
That's neither dead nor living.

The dame of Est,
As it is express't
All in her late epistle,
Did to Our Lady
Vow the new baby,
With coral bells, and whistle.

And soon as e'er
The Queen of Prayer
Had got the diamond bodkin,
The Queen had leave ——

[The leaf is torn here.]

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

A PACQUET OF ADVICE.

The year of wonder now is come!
A jubilee proclaim at Rome,
The Church has pregnant made the womb.

Orange, lay by your hope of crowns,
Give up to France your Belgick towns,
And keep your fleet out of the Downs.

(*a*) The Thanksgiving was ordered for 23rd December, 1687. There were several Toms among the bench of bishops at that time: White, Bishop of Peterborough, and Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, would be likely to be those alluded to. The only Nat was Nathaniel Crew, a well-known agent of the King's. He was created Bishop of Oxford in 1671, and translated to Durham in 1674.

You boast you've eighty men-of-war,
Well rigg'd and mann'd you say they are:
Such news can't fail of welcome here.

Know we have some upon the stocks,
And some are laid up in our docks,
When fitted out, will match your cocks.

Besides we have our men call'd home(*a*),
Which in your fleet and army roam;
But you, 'tis said, won't let 'em come.

Soldiery and seamen both we need,
Old England's quite out of the breed;
Feather and scarf won't do the deed;

But if victorious you'd be made,
Like us in Hounslow masquerade(*b*),
Advance your honour and your trade.

Breda you storm'd and took with ease;
Pursue such grandeur on the seas,
And fight us too whene'er you please.

Such warlike actions will, at least,
Inspire each neighbouring monarch's breast,
Till Lewis shall complete the rest(*c*).

THE PACQUET BOAT RETURNED.

No more of your admired year,
No more your jubilees declare,
All trees that blossom do not bear.

(*a*) There were at that time several English regiments in the Dutch service.

(*b*) In allusion to King James's celebrated review of the troops on Hounslow Heath, in the summer of 1688.

(*c*) Louis XIV., at that time coquetting between Holland and England.

We'll wait for crown nor interest quit,
Let Lewis take what he can get,
And do not you proscribe our fleet.

Well may the sound of eighty sail
Make England's greatest courage fail,
When half the number will prevail.

Talk not as you would match our cocks,
But launch your few ships on the stocks,
And, if you can, secure your docks.

Your subjects in our camp and fleete,
Whom you with proclamation greete,
Will all obey, when we think fit(*a*).

Of men of arms never despair,
The civilized wild Irish are
Courageous even to massacre.

Then take this counsell back again,
Leave off to mimick in Campaign,
And fight in earnest on the main.

Your taking Breda does declare,
That you the glorious offspring are
Of those who made all Europe fear.

Such camps, such sieges, and such shows,
Make each small state your power oppose,
And Lewis lead you by the nose.

A PAPER PUT IN THE KING'S SHOE.

The hearts of all thy friends are lost and gone,
Gazing they stand and grieve about thy throne,
Scarcely believing thee the Martyr's son.

(*a*) Alluding to the Prince of Orange's celebrated proclamation to the English troops and navy, signed the 10th October; so that this poem must have been written between that date and the landing of the Prince on the 8th of November following.

Those whom thou favourest merit not thy praise;
To their own gain they sacrifice thy ease,
And will in sorrow make thee end thy days.

Then trust thou not too far, doe not relye
On force or fraud;—why shouldst thou, Monarch, why
Live unbelieved, and unlamented dye?

A PAPER FOUND IN THE KING'S TWALLITE (TOILET).

The King to keep the laws did plight his troth;
His will's his law, and thus he keeps his oath.

THE GENTLEMAN AT LARGE'S LITANY(*a*).

From leaving fair England that goodly old seat,
And coming to Ireland to serve for our meat,
In hopes of being all of us made very great,
Libera nos, Domine.

From staying at Dublin until we have spent
Our last ready coine in following the scent
Of what we could never secure—Preferment,
Libera nos, &c.

From living upon one short meal for a day,
Without bit of breakfast our stomach to stay,
Or supper to drive the long night on its way,
Libera nos, &c.

From dwelling where folks unto prayer doe fall
Thrice for each meal, and where they doe call
To the chappell much oftener than unto the hall,
Libera nos, &c.

(*a*) Litanies were a frequent form of lampooning about this period: thus we find "The Freeman's Litany," published in Dublin in 1724; and there are several litanies, principally political, preserved in the Lanesborough manuscripts, T. C. D.

From drinking, and wrangling, and staying out late,
And being locked out of our own Castle gate,
And returning again to our own bonny Kate,
Libera nos, &c.

* * * * *

The remaining verses are very rough, and scarcely capable of emendation, but we give them as they are in the manuscript.

From quarrelling amongst ourselves; without
Somebody to hold us from goeing out,
From handling cold iron, being stout,
Libera nos, &c.

From playing at cards in the room above stairs,
And losing our money with a *bonair*,
To gratefie the lady that's not very fair,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Steward's rebukes, the Controller's smile,
Bestowed with a grace enough to beguile
One out of his way a Yorkshire mile,
Libera nos, &c.

From turning Tory or highwaymen,
And leaving our bones near Stephen's-Green(*a*),
Now let us all say, I pray God, Amen,
Libera nos Domine.

In prose at foot of it we find.

" This Litany would have been longer but that the Author knew those gentlemen's constitutions can as ill endure long as frequent prayers."

Most of the verses in the pocket-book are, it must be admitted, rough and uncouth; they were evidently the first uncorrected draughts of their author's ideas, and we have here given them to the reader as near as possible to the original.

(*a*) Referring to the gallows which then stood in the neighbourhood of Stephen's-green, near Baggot-street.

Their chief merit is their associations, and the times and events to which they refer. In the following we find this exemplified. From the "Whimsical Miscellany" (described at page 134), in which several of the poems are preserved, we may learn somewhat of the history of these verses preserved in Swift's pocket-book. Upon Shrove Tuesday, in 1691, Durfey's new play of "Love for Money" was acted by the ladies and gentlemen of rank in this city, at the palace of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin (Francis Marsh), in St. Sepulchre's, whereon a number of satires and lampoons were written upon the persons who were present, and the *dramatis personæ* in particular, amongst whom were Sir Paul Davis, afterwards Lord Mountcashel, Sir Standish Hartstonge, Judge Keatinge, Barry, and many distinguished members of the bar. The pasquinading continued upon both sides with great bitterness. This of Swift is evidently written in retaliation upon those who lampooned the Archbishop and the players.

TO THE TUNE OF "CHIVIE CHASE."(*a*)

God prosper long our Government,
The Lords and Ladys all,
A wofull quarrell lately did
At Lord Chief Barrons fall(*b*).

To combate Ladyes bold and brave
Lord Pine(*c*) found out the way,
His brother Kit might live to rue
Making him drunk that day.

(*a*) The Dean wrote several poems to the tune of "Chevy Chase;"—one of them, "Duke upon Duke," was originally sung by the ballad-singers, in 1720. It has been published by Scott.

(*b*) John Hely, appointed Chief Baron of the Exchequer, December 3, 1690, and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1694; therefore the poem refers to some period between those dates.

(*c*) Richard Pyne, appointed one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal under William and Mary, in 1690; afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and, in 1694, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. See Smith's Chronicle of the Law Officers of Ireland, 1839.

The remainder of this poem, which is scarcely fit to publish at the present time, refers to a dispute which, it is said, took place between the wives of some of the judges and other high functionaries of the day. Except for its allusion to some of these circumstances connected with the domestic history of the country, it is of little value. It consists of sixteen verses. Lady Coningsby, whose husband was then Lord Treasurer of Ireland(*a*), having attacked Lady Shelburn(*b*), the poem proceeds:

For never Amazonian dame
Could greater courage show,
The second word that passed she thought
To follow with a blow.

But out there stepped a gallant squire,
Jack Poultney(*c*) was his name,
And said he would not have it told
To Henry(*d*), our chief, for shame,

That she should foul her own fair hands
To right her Lordship's wrongs;
Quoth he, the rogue's not worth the touch
Though with a pair of tongs.

I'll do the best that do I may,
I'll fight with heart and hand,
Though I am drunk as you or he,
And scarce can go or stand.

(*a*) Thomas Coningsby, created Baron of Clanbrazil by William III.; appointed Lord Justice of Ireland in 1690, and Lord Treasurer in 1692; created an Earl by George I.

(*b*) Charles, eldest son of Sir W. Petty, was created Baron of Shelborn after his father's death. His lady is the person, most likely, alluded to here.

(*c*) Jack Pultney appears to have been one of the wits and fine gentlemen of the town at that time; he is mentioned in other poems of Swift's in this pocket-book.

(*d*) Probably Sir Henry Echlin, Justice of the King's Bench in 1692.

The champion then 'bout to engage,
After those due respects,
Knight Levins(*a*) snatched him from his hands,
And the poor sott corrects.

While other Heros tried to help
Dame Hely in a fitt
That threw her flat upon the floor,
Without either fear or witt.

* * * * *

The next poem in succession which we find in the Dean's Almanack, and in his handwriting, is headed "Mrs. Butler to Mrs. Bracegirdle." It is, probably, one of the earliest in the collection, and is a very severe lampoon upon the state of the Dublin stage, which at that time does not appear to have been in a very high condition. In it all the scandal and intrigue of the day are introduced. It consists of thirty-eight lines, few of which are suited to modern taste.

Of Mrs. Anne Bracegirdle, one of the brightest ornaments of the British stage, it is unnecessary now to write at any length; but the circumstances connected with the drama here at the time this piece was written require some explanation. The original theatre in Werburgh-street, which was built by Mr. John Ogilby, Master of the Revels during the Lieutenancy of Strafford, in 1633, and for which Shirley's play of the "Royal Master" was written, was closed during the ensuing rebellion, by order of the Lords Justices, and never re-opened. In 1662 Ogilby's patent was renewed, and the Irish nobility and gentry subscribed and built a new theatre in Smock-alley (then Orange-street, and now Essex-street, West); it fell within a year, and the drama became, it is said, extinct in Dublin till 1689, when the citizens formed a company, and rebuilt the house in Smock-alley, and exhibited gratuitously. Here Wilkes and Estcourt first made their appearance, and also George Farquhar,

(*a*) Sir Richard Levinge, Solicitor-General in 1690 and 1694, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

the dramatist, in 1694. Ashbury having been appointed Master of the Revels by the Duke of Ormonde, invited over several actors and actresses from England, among whom was Mrs. Butler, then one of the most distinguished actresses of the day; of whose Constantia, says Colley Cibber(*a*), "If I should say I have never seen her exceeded, I might still do no wrong to the late Mrs. Oldfield's lively performance of the same character."

Mrs. Dillon appears to have been one of the principal actresses here at the time, and is thus described in this poem:

> Dillon would be an angel, were her mind
> Like to her face, so gloriously refined.

In the library of Trinity College are three volumes of poems, entitled the "Whimsical Miscellany," and usually known as the Lanesborough Manuscripts, consisting of all the curiosities of poetical literature, chiefly Irish, which were written about the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the last century. Some account of this manuscript has been given by Dr. Barrett, in his Essay on Swift, and several of the pieces in it have been proved to be the Dean's, and are now published in his collected works. In it we find a copy of that now under consideration (vol. i. p. 36), with this heading, "Mrs. Butler the Player, in Ireland, to Mrs. Bracegirdle, her Correspondent, in London." And at the end of both copies, "the rest you shall have next post. I am your's, B."

Theophilus Lord Newtown Butler, the compiler of the Miscellany, and his brother Brinsley, afterwards Viscount Lanesborough, entered the University in September, 1686, and would, very likely, have procured copies of these early poems

(*a*) See Colley Cibber's Apology, vol. i. p. 126, and p. 121; Hitchcock's Historical View of the Irish Stage, 1788; the Dublin Magazine for June, 1820; and also Ware's Writers of Ireland; and Mr. Walker's Historical Essay on the Irish Stage, in vol. ii. of Transactions R. I. A. Uniacke, Foulkes, Atkinson, and Jackson, are the names of the other actresses mentioned in Swift's poem.

of Swift. The following poem, which refers to a dispute between two of our medical men, probably at a somewhat later period, is also copied into the "Whimsical Miscellany," and from it we are able to restore some portions which are obliterated in the original. The fact of these poems being found among the collection considerably strengthens the opinion of Dr. Barrett as to the authorship of the "Tripos" and other pieces which he has attributed to Swift.

THE DUEL BETWEEN TWO PHYSICIANS(*a*).

Yee High commissioners of death,
And fatall stoppers of our breath,
By Jove you make us wonder,
That you who ought, like birds of feather,
Most willingly to flock together,
Should now be riv'd asunder.

(*a*) We have not been able to determine who the medical men here referred to were, nor to discover the occasion to which this poem alludes. These verses, as we already stated, are preserved in a more correct form in the "Whimsical Miscellany," under the title of "The Duell betwixt two old Physitians," from which we have been able to revise the original, which is deficient in many places. The first "Physician to the State" was Sir Thomas Molyneux, Bart., appointed by patent in 1725; he was succeeded by Dr. Henry Cope, about the year 1730, and on the resignation of Dr. Cope, in 1742, Dr. Robert Robinson was appointed.

The earliest State medical appointments made in Ireland were those of *Chirurgeons-General*, the first of whom was James Fountaine, appointed 16th of March, 1660; and "*Physicians-General to the Army*," of whom Dr. William Currer, appointed 26th May, 1663, was the first. He was succeeded by Dan de Maziers des Fountaines, M. D., in 1668. "The office was discontinued for some time, until Sir Patrick Dun, M. D. [who was physician to the army in Ireland, in the war in 1688], having, in the year 1704, represented that there was an hospital in Dublin for the sick and infirm of the army, and that no physician had been appointed to attend them since the Queen's accession to the crown, he prayed a grant of the said office to him, with the usual salary of ten shillings a day, as was allowed since the Restoration. Accordingly the Queen appointed him Physician-General of the army, with the said fee from Lady Day, 1705."—*Liber Munerum Publicorum Hiberniæ*, vol. i. p. 101, part 2.

What dev'lish motives did you feel,
Or was the Devill in the Deel,
To cause this dismall fray;
For sure his kingdom can't increase,
If you his agents be'nt at peace,
And both in concord slay.

Charon for joy did shout so clear,
That you from Arctick might him hear,
To the Antarctic Polus.
If one of you by sword had fell
Few souls he'd ferryed o'er to hell
For want of mortall Bolus.

As for the motives, most men doubt
Why those two doctors did fall out;
Some say it was Ambition,
And that the one did undermine
The other's credit, with design
To be the State's Physitian.

According to my little sense,
It was an act of Providence,
In kindness to the nation.
For when knaves quarrell good men thrive,
Their mortal feuds keep us alive,
Their deaths our preservation.

Next for the manner of the fight,
If I conceive the matter right:
One gave the other worne ground,
But, (Jove be praised,) it so fell out,
That, though design'd a bloody bout,
Betwixt them pas'd not one wound.

Sir Patrick Dun was succeeded by John Friend, M. D., in 1713; Dr. Friend, by John Campbell, M. D.; the year following, upon the death of Dr. Campbell, in 1718, Sir Thomas Molyneux was appointed Physician-General to the army, a situation he resigned in favour of Dr. Upton Peacock, upon his being appointed State Physician, in 1725.

Now why one doctor did advance,
And why the other backward danc'd,
  Let's make some divination;
None truly knows no more than horse,
Yet wise men guess it was the force
  Of Physick's operation.

* * * * * *

But to conclude, in sober sadness,
Take my receipt to cure this madness
  And stupifying folly:
First purge, then bleed, then take good store
Of mad men's dyet—Helebore,
  Which cureth melancholy.

And doctors, pray, don't take it ill,
Or think this charitable bill
  Your reputation sullys;
For men of sense do all agree
There must be madness certainly
  When old men fight like bullys.

Four lines, headed, "A Parcell lately come from France," and alluding to the birth of the Prince of Wales, already referred to, follow; and after this we find the celebrated poem "Upon Nothing," which has been usually attributed to the Earl of Rochester; it also is in Swift's handwriting; but after the heading we find this—"by y^{e} —— of Ro——." Now as none of Rochester's poems were published during his lifetime, and as considerable doubts have been thrown upon several of them, it is very interesting to find this authority for one of Rochester's first poems. Johnson believed that the verses upon "Nothing" were the genuine production of Wilmot's pen; but it is remarkable that he thinks both Yalden and he drew upon Wowerus, who wrote the *Hymnus ad Umbram.* The poem preserved in Swift's handwriting is not a transcript from that which has since appeared in print, but in many

places both the rythm and the meaning are better; we therefore give the verses *verbatim*(*a*). They were either written from memory, from a manuscript copy, or from one of the very rare early editions of Rochester (1685), which we have not had an opportunity of examining.

UPON NOTHING.

"Nothing, thou elder brother even to Shade,
Thou hadst a being ere the world was made,
Well fixed alone, of ending not afraid.

"Ere time and place were, time and place were not,
When primitive Nothing Something straight begot,
They all preceded from the great united what.

"Something, the general atribute of all,
Severed from thee its sole original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguished fall.

"Yet Something did thy Nothing power command,
And from thy fruitfull emptiness's hand
Snatch men, beasts, birds, fire, water, air, and land.

"Matter, the wickedest offspring of thy race,
By form assisted, flew from thy embrace,
And rebel life obscured thy reverend face.

"With form and matter, time and place design;
Body, thy foe, which these in league combine,
To spoil thy peacefull reign, and ruin all thy line.

"But turncoat Time assists the foe in vain,
And, built by thee, destroys their short-lived reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back the slaves again.

(*a*) See Johnson's English Poets. We here beg to express our obligations to our esteemed friend, D. P. Starkey, Esq., for several valuable suggestions with regard to this and the other poems here published.

"Thy misteries are hid from Laick eyes,
And the Divine alone by warrant pries
Into thy bosome, where thy truth in privat lyes.

"Yet this of thee the wise may truly say:
Thou from the virtuous nothing takes away,
And to be part of thee the wicked wisely pray.

"Great negative! how vainly would the wise
Enquire, design, distinguish, teach, devise,
Didst not thou stand to point their blind philosophies.

"Is, or is not, the two great ends of fate
Of true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy designs of state,

"When they have wrack'd the poletitian's breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest,
Denied to thee at last are safe and best.

"But, Nothing, why does Something still permitt,
That sacred monarchs should at council sitt,
Such persons thought, at best, for Nothing fitt,

"Whilst weighty Something modestly abstains
From princes' courts, and from the statesman's brains,
And Nothing there, like stately Nothing, reigns.

"Nothing that dwells with fools in grave disguise,
For whom thy revered forms and shapes devise
Lawn sleeves and furs and gowns, when they look wise.

"French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniard's despatch, Dane's witt, are seen in thee.

"The great man's gratitude to his best friend,
Kings' promises, quean's vows, toward thee they bend,
Fly swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end."

Swift was never a friend of the Papacy, and gave full scope to his satirical powers on the subject when he was an undergraduate in the University of Dublin. "At his departure from College," says Dr. Barrett, "the political hemisphere was covered with thick clouds; the Protestant religion seemed at the point of being extinguished in Ireland; and the College experienced such convulsions from the troubled state of the times as produced a temporary dissolution, and had well nigh destroyed the society." We find in Swift's handwriting in the manuscript before us three anti-Popery ballads: the two first of considerable length; the third is defective. They are all powerful satires on the Roman Catholic religion, its belief, forms, and miracles, &c. The first is, "The Catholique Ballad; or, an Invitation to Popery, to the tune of '88." It also is copied into the "Whimsical Miscellany," with this addition to the heading, "Upon considerable grounds and reasons, 1688." The first two verses are:

Since Popery of late is so much in debate,
And great strivings have been to restore it,
I cannot forbear openly to declare
That the ballad-makers are for it.

We'll dispute no more then; these heretical men
Have exposed our books unto laughter,
So that many doe say, 'twill be the best way
To sing for the cause hereafter.

And so it extends to thirty-two verses in two parts.

The second ballad is

A CONTINUATION OF THE CATHOLIQUE BALLAD INVITING TO POPERY UPON THE BEST GROUNDS AND REASONS THAT COULD EVER YET BE PROVIDED.

TO AN EXCELLENT TUNE CALLED "THE POWDER PLOT."

From infallible Rome once more I am come
With a budget of Catholic ware,
Shall dazzle your eyes, and fancies surprise,
To embrace a religion so rare.

O! the love and good will of his Holiness still,
What will he not do for to save ye?
If such pains and such art cannot you convert,
'Tis pitty but Old Nick should have ye.

There are thirty-one verses of this composition, several of which are defective. It does not exist in the "Whimsical Miscellany."

We have given the foregoing fragments of these poems in order that they may be recognised hereafter, should they ever see the light in full, or be found in any of the periodicals of the days to which they refer.

The third is headed "On Rome's Pardons, by the E. of R.:" the Earl of Rochester(*a*). This and the poem "Upon Nothing," are the only ones in the collection to which an author's name has been attached. It begins:

"If Rome can pardon sins, as Romans hold;
And if these pardons can be bought and sold,
It were no sin t' adore and worship gold."

Upon a torn leaf at the end, with the title obliterated, except the figures 1699, we find the accompanying rhymes upon some of the distinguished men who flourished both here and in England at that time, and whose names are well known. In the "Whimsical Miscellany" we find a short poem, resembling this,—in all save the names of the persons,—so closely that we are forced to believe them to be by the same hand. It is headed "The Picture of a Beau(*b*)."

(*a*) It will be found in, "The Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscommon, and Dorset; the Dukes of Devonshire, Buckinghamshire, &c.; with Memoirs of their Lives." London, printed in the year 1777.

(*b*) In the "Whimsical Miscellany" it commences:

Many have tried their skill a beau to draw,
One tolerable like I never saw.
The man that would a perfect picture make,
Should from each fop a different feature take.

As he that would a perfect picture make,
From different faces must the features take;
So he that would the Chancilor designe,
Of a stanch coxcomb must together join
The differing qualetys of each fop and beau,
That all the Play, the Strand, and Castle show.
He that like Blessington writes, like Villiers walks,
Dances like Lanesborough, and like Upton talks(*a*),
Whose sprightly parts like Orrery's do shine,
Like Ringland's wise, like Chidly Coot is fine,
Like Lord Moore, witty, like Jack Eyres, brave;
Generous like Hill, like Captain Southwell grave;
Like Col'nel Conningham learn'd speeches makes;
Reasons like Tennison; like Purcell speaks;
Like Worth, a patriot; like Allen Brodrick, just;
And, like the Speaker, faithfull to his trust;
Ikerin-like, belles lettres understands;
Well-bred like Bligh; well-shaped like Sir J. Sands(*b*).

* * * * *

A FABLE, YET A TRUE STORY.

In Æsop's tales an honest wretch we find,
Whose years and comforts equally declined;
He in two wives had two domestic ills,
For each had different age and different wills,
One pluck'd his black hairs, t'other pluck'd his grey;
The man for quietness did both obey,
Till all the parish saw his head quite bare,
And said he wanted sense as well as hair.

(*a*) In the "Whimsical Miscellany:"

He that like Stewart brags, like Wheeler talks,
Like Chomly entertains, like Waters walks.

(*b*) The other names introduced into this poem are Hartstonge, "old Jerom," Welch, and Sir Thomas.

THE MORALL.

The parties, henpeck'd William, are thy wives,
The hairs they pluck are thy prerogatives.
Torys thy person hate, and Whigs thy pow * ,
Though much thou yieldest still they tug * *
Till thou and this old man alike art shown,
He without hairs and thou without a crown.

THE THANKSGIVING(*a*).

In sounds of joy your tunefull voices raise,
And teach the people whom to thank and praise;
Thank humble Sarah's(*b*) providential reign,
For peace and plenty, both of coin and graine;
Thanks to Vulpone(*c*) for your unbought union;
Thank bishops for occasional communion;
Thank Banks and brokers for your thriving trade;
Once more thank Vulpo that your debts are paid;
Thank Marlborough's zeal that scorn'd the proffered
treaty(*d*),
And thank Eugene the Frenchmen did not beat ye;
Thanks to yourselves if ye are tax'd and sham'd,
And sing Te Deum when the three are d——d.

(*a*) For the probable occasion of this poem, see Scott's Swift, vol. ii. p. 72; therefore it was written, in all likelihood, in 1710.

(*b*) Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

(*c*) Vulpone is a nick-name constantly employed in the satirical poems and lampoons of that day. It was first applied to Godolphin, by Dr. Sacheverel, in his celebrated sermon, and is said to have been the true cause for his impeachment by the minister. In the Examiner for January 10, 1710, Swift writes: "We remember when a poor nick-name, borrowed from an old play of Ben Jonson, and mentioned in a sermon without any particular application, was made use of to spur on an impeachment." Godolphin was a strenuous advocate for the Scotch union.

(*d*) Probably alluding to the treaty of Gertruydenberg. See the Examiner for February 8, 1711.

The following poem, of which we possess two copies,—one in the Dean's pocket-book, and the other, also in manuscript, preserved among a collection of broadsides to be described hereafter,—is one of the most remarkable of the set, and contains greater evidence of being Swift's, both in its composition and style, as well as the circumstances to which it alludes, than any of the foregoing. Swift wrote two poems precisely similar to this, both in the rhyme, and in the termination of several of the lines. One is "Jack Frenchman's Lamentation," a song upon the battle of Oudenarde, written in 1708, which commences with the line adopted as the tune of the accompanying verses, "Ye Commons and Peers." From the circumstances mentioned in this poem of the "Whigs' Lamentation" it evidently refers to, and was probably written in the period between the viceroyalty of the Earl of Wharton in 1711, and the death of Queen Anne in 1714, when the Duke of Ormonde was Lord Lieutenant. The "Orthodox Churchman," alluded to in the first verse, was, most likely, Swift himself, but what the occasion to which the early part of this poem refers, we cannot at present discover. He was at one period accused of favouring the House of Stuart and the Pretender, and several gross insults were in consequence heaped upon him by the Whigs in Dublin at that time. Mr. W. Monck Mason writes: "Being the only one in Ireland against whom a charge could be made of having an immediate hand in such a design, Swift became the chief object of party rage." He was also grossly insulted by Lord Blaney, and shortly after, upon the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, he was so much alarmed for his safety, that he had made arrangements for leaving the kingdom. The Recorder mentioned in the eighth verse is manifestly Foster, the parody on whose speech to the Duke of Ormonde, in 1711, has been rescued from oblivion by the learned Dr. Barrett. The accompanying notes will, however, explain, better than any prefatory remarks, the circumstances and persons alluded to in this poem.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE WHIGGS' LAMENTATION, OCCASIONED BY A SORE OF THEIR OWN SCRATCHING, TO THE TUNE OF "COMMONS AND PEERS."(*a*)

At a sessions of late(*b*)
There arose a debate
  Which the Dons of the county resented,
When an hot-headed jury,
With less wit than fury,
  An orthodox churchman presented.

By a Peer at their head
These managers led,
  They boldly petitioned His Grace(*c*),
With tumult, and riot,
And zeal most unquiet,
  To preserve the Queen's Majesty's peace.

But the good man in black,
Who no courage did lack,
  Would not bate the proud noble an ace(*d*),
Tho' he huff'd and look big, Sir,
And Hector'd at Higg(*e*), Sir,
  Yet he bravely supported his place.

Then to bully and boast,
They began with a toast
  To William, their hero so brave;

(*a*) We possess two manuscript copies of the poem of "The Whigs' Lamentation," one in Swift's pocket-book, the other preserved in a volume of broadsides and manuscripts to be mentioned hereafter. (See page 153.)

(*b*) We suppose the Recorder's Court in Dublin. The occasion of the trial, however, we have not been able to discover.

(*c*) The Duke of Ormonde; Lord Lieutenant from 1711 to 1714.

(*d*) The foreman of the jury, most probably.

(*e*) One Higgins, a clergyman, and coadjutor of Sacheverel in England, who had been deprived of the commission of the peace by Chancellor Coxe, and reinstated by Sir C. Phipps about this period. See Liber Munerum Publicorum. He is described under the name of Borachio in "The Swan Tripe Club in Dublin," a poem ascribed to Swift.

Ah! Sirs, I profess
'Tis a sorrowful case
To disturb a man's rest in his grave.

In peace let him be,
With his great memory,
Whilst our Gracious Queen Anne fills the throne;
By birth and by merit
Long may she inherit,
In spite of the Whiggs, what's her owne(*a*).

But her foes who unite
To invade her just right,
Would be their own monarch's electors;
To pull high-flyers down,
These fast friends to the Crown,
And set up themselves for Protectors.

The sharpers still aim
At the *forty-one* game,
Enraged while they court moderation,
That knaves may turn trumps,
And the Parliament Rumps(*b*)
Palm bad votes for good laws on the nation.

(*a*) For the sentiment contained in the two preceding verses the reader is referred to Swift's parody on "The Recorder's Speech to His Grace the Duke of Ormonde, 4th July, 1711," printed in Barrett's Essay. The "Glorious Memory" was even then, it appears, a cause of offence to some.

(*b*) It would appear from the similarity of several lines in these poems found in Swift's pocket-book to those already published, that the ideas had long remained in the Dean's recollection;—thus in the ballad to the tune of which this very poem is set we find the following lines:

"How modern Whigs
Dance *forty-one* jigs."

And again, alluding to the Rump Parliament, convened in 1649.

"That a Parliament rump
Should play hop-step-and-jump."

Of late our Recorder,
'Gainst duty and order,
Has flown in the face of the Duke,
But when he does gabble
To his long-ear'd rabble
Some are forced to come off with a fluke.

This orator quaint
His hearers does taint,
Hence some who are pleased to be witty
Do give him a name,
Which doth sully his fame,
Not the mouth, but the nose of the city.

Some with addle pates,
In furious debates,
Have rail'd at the gown in great passion,
'Cause they have their hearts on
Fanatical Wharton,
Who'd feign bring the cloak into fashion(*a*).

Hence Clodpate and Rowley(*b*)
On the Doctor fell foully,
For slighting a health so profane,
And his champion, my Lord,
Once a man of the sword,
Would his colleague's lost honour maintain.

This younker so smart
Has attempted a part,
To be for the faction a bully;
But, mark the disaster
Of pert little master,
His Lordship came off like a cully.

(*c*) Alluding to Lord Wharton's patronage of the Dissenters during his viceroyalty in Ireland.

(*b*) Perhaps a play on the name Clotsworthy Rowley, then, as now, belonging to the Rowley family.

They thought, without doubt,
The Doctor must out,
As soon as his train he did summons;
And he hoped 'twould be try'd
By hearing one side,
As Mercer was tried by the Commons(*a*).

(*a*) John Mercer, the person here alluded to, appears to have been a coal-factor in Dublin, whose proceedings were brought before the Irish House of Commons in the latter part of the year 1711. Upon the 17th of October in that year a bill was presented to the House for the more effectually preventing the engrossing, forestalling, and regrating of coals imported into this kingdom; and upon the 24th of that month the House received the petition of John Whalley, the printer and celebrated almanac-maker, setting forth that, upon the application of several poor inhabitants and housekeepers of the city of Dublin, and dealers in coal, he printed their case, addressed to the House, for relief against John Mercer for engrossing of coals; and that the said Mercer had taken out a writ marked by Francis North, attorney, for one hundred pounds, against petitioner, for printing this case. In answer to this it was ordered that Mercer and North should attend the bar of the House, which they did on the 17th, when it was resolved that Whalley had made out his petition against Mercer, "for a notorious breach of the privileges of this house in taking out a marked writ of a hundred pounds against the petitioner for printing the case of several thousand poor inhabitants in Dublin, and dealers in the coal trade." It was also ordered that Mercer should be taken into custody by the sergeant at arms, and proceeded against by the Attorney-general, "as a common and notorious cheat, for selling and retailing coals in the city of Dublin by false and deceitful measures." It was likewise ordered that the certificate of Andrew Cumpsty (another almanac-maker), relative to the said false measures, should be referred to a committee of the House.—See Journals of the Irish House of Commons.

The Dr. George Mercer mentioned in the Tripos of Swift cannot be the person here alluded to. He was a Senior Fellow of Trinity College, and deprived of his fellowship, for marriage, on the 8th June, 1687.

In the second manuscript transcript of this poem in our possession the thirteenth verse runs thus:

"He thought, without doubt,
The Doctor must out
When his train he together did summons,
And his cause now he tryed
By hearing one side,
As Langhton was judged by the Commons."

The Rev. Mr. Langton, of the County Westmeath, was also brought before the House at this period. See Irish Commons' Journals for 1711–12.

To gain him success
Some great ones, we guess,
In private caballs have assisted,
Which, since under the rose,
We shall not disclose,
Tho' their plotts may in time be untwisted.

With these owles of the night
Was a swan, tho' not white,
A witness who swore fast and loose;
But if birds of a feather
Do still flock together,
'Tis plain that their swan was a goose.

And, as we do hear,
They summon'd to swear
Some persons of office and trust,
I shall instance but one,
And that's good as ten,
Though makers of pyes and pye-crust(*a*).

This witness, they say,
Lives at Droghedah,
And an evidence chief in their case;
But she would not be seen,
For fear least the Queen
Should turn her out of her place.

But before I conclude(*b*),
The cause of this feud
'Tis fit should be told without favour,

(*a*) In the second manuscript copy:

"The maker of the Queen's pye-crust."

It is difficult to say who this alludes to: in the Tripos we have a scene at Drogheda, in which Nelly the bar-maid is introduced along with the celebrated Bernard Doyle and a mutton-pie. See Barrett's Essay, pp. 67–8.

(*b*) In the second copy there is a different arrangement of the verses; thus verses 20 and 21 follow 17.

How a fresh-water soldier,
That ne'er had smelt powder,
Was scar'd at the cock of a beaver.

But if a cock'd hat
Has caused such debate
As did in this scuffle befall,
Oh! what had it done
Had this hat been a gun,
And charged with powder and ball.

Thus my moderate friends,
To gain their vile ends,
Their violent methods pursue;
But while Sir Con's(*a*) at his place
To advise the Duke's Grace
He their plotts and caballs will undoe.

Next Anglesey(*b*) brave
A tribute shall have,
And he in my sonnet shall follow;
The Church's defender
When few did befriend her,
Who speaks in her cause like Apollo.

Thus by giving them rope
They have answer'd our hope,
And their line is now brought to an end.
The Doctor's just cause,
For the Queen and the laws,
The Church's true sons will defend.

(*a*) Sir Constantine Phipps, the great friend and adviser of the Duke of Ormonde, created Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1710. He was the ancestor of the present Marquis of Normanby.

(*b*) The Anglesey here referred to must have been one of the Annesley family, and, probably, Arthur, the sixth Viscount Valentia, and afterwards Earl of Anglesey, who was then in the Irish House of Lords, and was sworn one of the Commissioners for building fifty new churches in 1711. He was

But as it is common
When death now does summon,
For life to make efforts in vain,
So their impotent malice
Has made some faint sallies,
But now dead, may they ne'er rise again.

Then fill boys the glass,
Here's a health to His Grace,
Whilst those two fast friends are about him,
Whom if he forsake,
With grief I must speak,
In spight of his guards faith they'll rout him.

This poem concludes the manuscript collection preserved in Mr. Christie's valuable almanac(*a*), and there is every reason

also Vice-Treasurer of Ireland from 29th September, 1710, to January 14th, 1714.

(*a*) This "Prognostication for the Year of our Lord God, 1666, together with an exact Accompt of the principal Highways and Fairs in the Kingdom of Ireland, by Michael Harward, Philomath," and printed by Crook, the King's printer, is, perhaps, one of the oldest Irish almanacs now extant. In Whitelaw and Walsh's History of Dublin, vol. ii. p. 1162, we are told that "an Irish almanac, so early as the fifteenth century, is stated to have been in the possession of General Vallancey." This, however, is a statement which must be received with caution, because it is well known that the first book ever printed in Ireland was the Book of Common Prayer, in 1551; and even in England no books were printed until 1474. William Farmer, Chirurgeon, "writ," says Harris, in a slip added to some copies of his Writers of Ireland, p. 363, "an almanack for Ireland, Dublin, 4to, 1587, which I mention as being, perhaps, the earliest almanack ever published in or for that country." In 1695 an almanac was published in Dublin by Andrew Cumpsty, Philomath, who kept a school at the sign of the Royal Exchange, Wood-quay; so at least say Walsh and Whitelaw, but it is much more probable that Cumpsty was only a printer. He is the person referred to in the Journals of the House of Commons, noticed at p. 148 of this Essay. The year following a printer named Wilde published another almanac, which is believed by the authors we have just quoted to have been a pirated edition of Cumpsty's. We have then an account of Watson's (established in 1779), Rider's, Merlin's, Kelly's, and Grant's, up to the commencement of the present century. Whitelaw and Walsh have, how-

to believe that it is Swift's composition, as it is undoubtedly his handwriting.

There now lies before us Dr. Barrett's own copy of his Essay on the Life of Swift, containing several additions and

ever, omitted to mention several of the greatest rarities and curiosities of this department of Irish literature, viz.: "Advice from the Stars, or an Almanac for the Year of Christ, 1700, &c., &c., to which is added a Continuation of some Considerations last Year published, concerning the Pope's Supremecy; and the Picture of a Mathe-Magotty Monster, to be seen at the Royal Exchange on the Wood-quay, Dublin: or, Andrew Cumpsty drawn to the Life. By John Whalley, Pract. in Physic and Astrology. Printed at the Author's Printing House, next door to the Fleece in St. Nicholas street," &c. From the preface to this we learn that Whalley the astrologer had printed an almanack in 1697, which was partially pirated by Crook, Cumpsty, and others, against whom Whalley took an action in the Court of King's Bench. We possess copies of "Advice from the Stars," for 1704, 1720, 1721, 1723, and 1724, when its author died; and the "Advice" was continued by his "successor, Isaac Butler, a lover of the mathematics," of whom we gave an account some time ago.—See Dublin Quarterly Journal for August, 1847. In 1715 appeared "Annus Tenebrosus; a Dark Year, &c., by John Whalley, Student in Astrology and Physic." Butler continued the "Advice" till the year of his death, 1757, and it was then taken up, and published regularly, sometimes under the title of "Annus Mirabilis; by John Smith, Successor to Dr. John Whalley and the late Isaac Butler, Student in Astrology and Bot, and Beadle to the Corps of Apothecaries." The prefaces, which are very amusing, are, he says, "given from my observatory in Elbow-lane, Meath-street." The issue of these almanacs continued till 1768, perhaps longer.

"Vox Stellarum; or, an Almanac, &c., by John Coates, Student in Astrology." The work was compiled at Cork, where the author resided, but was printed in Dublin. We possess copies of it from 1713 to 1731.

"An Almanac, or a Diary, Astronomical, Meteorological, Astrological, &c., by John Knapp, a Lover of the Mathematics," from 1717 to 1722. "Watch and Clock Maker, at the Sign of the Dyal, at the Lower End of St. Peter's Church Lane, on the Key, Cork:" but originally dated from the Dyal and Globe in Meath-street, Dublin. It was always printed here.

"Knapp Redivivus, or the Ladies' Almanac, by S. S. and J. W., Professors of Astrology," Dublin, from 1752 to 1770, perhaps longer.

"An Express from the Stars, with a Satchel-full of true News from the Planets, for the year 1719, being a Burlesque upon 'Strologers, Conjurers, and Necromantic Fortune Tellers, whether Male or Female, &c. &c. By Tom Tattler, Prime Minister to the Stars, Secretary Extraordinary to the

interlineations in his own handwriting(*a*). Amongst these we find one particularly worthy of being recorded. It occurs at the end of page 86, where the Whimsical Miscellany is described, and runs thus: "Add: at the end of vol. iii., Appendix, p. 31, is a poem thus entitled, 'On His Majesty King George going abroad this Summer, 1719.'" We must suppose that Barrett had good reasons for believing this poem to be Swift's. We have examined the Whimsical Miscellany and find the piece referred to. It consists of nineteen lines beginning thus:

> "Go mighty Prince where great designs unite,
> And bless thy native country with thy sight,
> Where no fell party, in traducing tongue,
> Shall stain thy glories or thy values wrong," &c.

Some of Swift's best pieces appeared in the form of broadsides, and were originally printed for private distribution; and many of them, particularly the satirical and political poems, were given into the hands of ballad-singers, and were sung through the streets of London as well as Dublin. Others were posted on the walls like ordinary modern advertisements; and, at a time when newspapers and cheap literature did not prevail as at present, and when witty lampoons, satires, and pasquinades were as much relished by the people, and, in all probability, more effectually obtained the ends intended, than the

Emperor of Terra Incognita, and Student in neither Physic nor Astrology, in the Lower Region of the Moon." Dublin.

"Tom Tattler's Astral Gazet; being a compleat Almanack, useful and pleasant, for the year 1722, &c. Written by Kenneth Young, Master of the Dublin English School at the Robin Hood in Mary-street." Dublin.

For the use of this collection we are indebted to our learned friend, James Hardiman, Esq. Besides the ordinary materials of almanacs they contain much curious information, enigmas, paradoxes, epigrams, lampoons, mathematical questions, astrology, horoscopes and calculations of nativity, alchemy, physic, &c. &c.

(*a*) For the use of this work we are indebted to our friend J. O. Bonsall, Esq., who purchased it at the Vice Provost's auction.

street oratory and violent declamation of more modern times, these effusions must have caused considerable excitement. Many of these broadsides and ballads were in existence thirty years ago; most of them had been printed by John Hardinge (the celebrated printer of the Drapier's Letters), in Molesworth's Court, behind Fishamble-street. When Sir Walter Scott was publishing the collected edition of Swift's works, he was supplied with several of these; some of them he published upon the traditional authority of the persons by whom they were supplied, and others from the internal evidence which they bore of Swift's pen; for, with very few exceptions, they were originally printed without the names of the authors. We possess a large volume of these ballads and broadsides, both in prose and verse, noted in many places in the handwriting of Swift, and bearing evident marks of having been in his possession(*a*). In this volume we also find several unpublished poems, in manuscript, revised and noted in the handwriting of Swift. The whole collection consists of eighty pieces, extending from 1712 to 1734. Many of these poems have been already published as Swift's in the several editions of his works, but there are several which have never been reprinted. The following brief notices of some of the contents of this collection, will, we feel, interest the lovers of Irish history, and the memory of the eccentric, witty Dean:

"The Speech of the P———st of T———y C———ge, to His Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales." This is the original publication of the celebrated parody upon the speech of the Provost, Dr. Benjamin Pratt, when the Duke of Ormonde, the great friend of Swift, was attainted and superseded in the office of Chancellor to the University by the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Second. The

(*a*) This rare collection has been recently presented to us by our friend George Smith, Esq. Sir William Betham also possesses some volumes of rare broadsides printed here (some of them Swift's), which he has kindly permitted us to make use of.

original speech appeared in the London Gazette of Tuesday April 17, 1716. The poetic parody was printed in that year, but in what month we cannot determine. There is no printer's name to it. Sir Walter Scott published this poem from the Lanesborough manuscript in Trinity College, and says, "there is great reason to suppose that the satire is the work of Swift, whose attachment to Ormond was uniformly ardent. Of this it may be worth while to mention a trifling instance. The Duke had presented to the Cathedral of St. Patrick's a superb organ, surmounted by his own armorial bearings. It was placed facing the nave of the church. But, after Ormond's attainder, Swift, as Dean of St. Patrick's, received orders from Government to remove the escutcheon from the church. He obeyed; but he placed the shield in the great aisle, where he himself and Stella lie buried, and where the arms still remain. The verses have suffered much by the inaccuracy of the noble transcriber, Lord Newtown Butler."(*a*) The variation, however, between the two copies is not so great as Scott supposed; nevertheless, as in several instances it alters the meaning, we here reprint the original broadsheet as it appeared in 1716, the more particularly as the letters here printed in italics in the words "P*rovost*," "T*rinity*," and "C*ollege*" are filled up in the hand-writing of Swift, and also the name of Dr. Pratt added as a note.

I.

Illustrious Prince, we're come before you,
Who, more than in our founders, glory
To be by you protected;
Deign to descend and give us laws,
For we are converts to your cause,
From this day well affected(*b*).

(*a*) See Scott's Swift, vol. xii. p. 351.

(*b*) In allusion to the Provost having formerly been a Tory.

II.

The noble view of your high merits
Has charm'd our thoughts and fired our spirits
With zeal, so warm and hearty,
That we resolved to be devoted,
At least until we be promoted,
To your just power and party.

III.

Urg'd by a passionate desire
Of being raised a little higher,
From a lazy, cloister'd life,
We cannot flatter him nor fawn,
But fain would honour'd be with lawn,
And settled by a wife(*a*).

IV.

For this we have before resorted,
Paid levies punctually, and courted(*b*),
Our charge at home long quitting;
But now we 're come, just in a nick,
Upon a vacant bishoprick(*c*),
This bait can't fail of hitting.

V.

Thus, Sir, you see how much affection,
Not interest, sways in this election,
But sense of loyal duty;
For you surpass all Princes far,
As glow-worms do exceed a star,
In goodness, wit, and beauty.

(*a*) At that period the Celibacy Act was in force.

(*b*) Dr. Pratt was a constant attendant at the levees at St. James's.

(*c*) The see of Killaloe then vacant. Dr. George Carr, Chaplain to the Irish House of Commons, was appointed to it.

VI.

To us our Irish Commons owe
That wisdom which their actions show,
  Their principles from our's springs;
Taught e'er the Deel himself could dream on 't,
That of their illustrious house a stem on't
  Should rise the best of kings.

VII.

The glad presages, with our eyes
Behold a king, chaste, valiant, wise,
  In foreign fields victorious;
Who in his youth the Turks attacks,
And made them still to turn their backs;
  Was ever king so glorious?

VIII.

Since Ormond, like a traitor gone,
We scorn to do what some have done,
  For learning much more famous(*a*).
Fools may pursue their adverse fate,
And stick to the unfortunate;
  We laugh while they condemn us.

IX.

For being of that generous mind,
To success we are still inclined,
  And quit the suffering side.
If on our friends cross planets frown,
We joyn the cry, and hunt them down,
  And sail with wind and tide.

X.

Hence 'twas this choice so long delayed,
Till our rash foes, the rebels, fled,
  Whilst Fortune held the scale;

(*a*) "Alluding to the sullen silence of Oxford upon the accession."—*Scott.*

But since they're driven like mist before you,
Or rising sun, we now adore you,
Because you now prevail.

XI.

Descend then from your lofty seat,
Behold th' attending Muses wait,
With us to sing your praises;
Calliope now strings up her lyre,
And Cloe(*a*), Phœbus does inspire,
The theme their fancy raises.

XII.

If then our nursery you will nourish,
We and our Muses too will flourish,
Encourag'd by your favour;
We'll doctrines teach the times to serve,
And more five thousand pounds deserve
By future good behaviour.

XIII.

Now take our harp into your hand,
The joyful strings, at your command,
In doleful sounds no more shall mourn;
We, with sincerity of heart,
To all your tunes shall bear a part,
Unless we see the tables turn.

XIV.

If so, great Sir, you will excuse us,
For we and our attending Muses
May live to change our strain,

(*a*) Scott adds, "this is spelled Chloe, but evidently should be Clio; indeed many errors appear in the transcription, which, probably, were mistakes of the transcriber."—Vol. xii. p. 357.

And turn with merry hearts our tune,
Upon some happy tenth of June,
So the king enjoys his own again.

It will be remembered that the scholars of Dr. Sheridan were in the habit of acting plays immediately before each vacation, and that prologues and epilogues, some of considerable merit, were written for these occasions by Swift, Sheridan, and Delany. It is related that on one occasion Dr. Helsham wrote a prologue of rather a ludicrous character, and got the boy—Master Putland—who was to have spoken the original one, to recite this instead of that arranged by Sheridan. The trick succeeded to perfection, to the great annoyance of the schoolmaster, and to the infinite delight of Swift and his friends. What became of this prologue has not been related by any of Swift's biographers, nor is it to be found in any of his works. Among the broadsides in the volume before us we find the following poem, which evidently could not have been composed by Sheridan, or spoken by his permission. May it not have been that very prologue alluded to(*a*)?

A PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR THE PLAY OF ŒDIPUS, WRITTEN IN GREEK, AND PERFORMED BY MR. SHERIDAN'S SCHOLARS AT THE KING'S INNS HALL, ON TUESDAY, THE 10TH OF DECEMBER, 1723.

To-day before a learned audience comes
A play we know too well, witness our thumbs,
Where deep indenting rule such tragick staines
Has drawn to life, as wou'd amaze your brains:
Believe me, Sirs, I'd many an aking heart,
And many a stripe, to make me get my part;
And, after all, a tyranizing rogue,
Imposes on my memory this curs'd prologue.

(*a*) In the note to Scott's Swift, vol. xv. p. 79, it is said that the play fixed on was Hippolytus, and the year 1720; but there is no authority assigned for either assumption.

Well, faith, if I am fated e'er to squeek
In hollow scenes, it shall not be in Greek;
There's such a peal of hard words to be rung,
As spoils the brain, and after cracks the lung.
Had he adapted for our waxen age
A barring-out to play upon this stage,
Especially consider'd time of year,
He need not its success, or our performance, fear.
Each boy his part so hero-like had done,
So well employ'd his powder, pease, and gun,
So bravely his assaults repuls'd, as you
Could not but be engaged our leave to sue.
The fair, for certain, wou'd have stood our friend,
Charm'd that our fortress we'd so well defend;
In hopes one day that the young cavaliers
Wou'd show with better grace in red and bandaliers.
And you, as well as they, will this confess,
That this same red has a damn'd taking grace;
For tho' black coats as potent be and able,
They're better pleas'd with gules than they're with sable.
But now I recollect, if more I speak
In English (my performance lies at stake)
The Duell a word I'll have just now in Greek.

Our collection contains "Punch's Petition to the Ladies," and underneath the heading, in the Dean's hand-writing, we find this sentence, "Written upon Secretary Hopkins refusing to let Stretch act without a large sum of money." This broadsheet was, in all probability, the original publication. We have compared it with that printed by Scott(*a*), but do not find alterations of sufficient importance in it to induce us to republish it. It does not bear the motto attached to it in modern times, but concludes with the signature, "Punch cum Sociis."

(*a*) Swift's Works, vol. xii. p. 497.

On two broadsides we find the Petition and Answer of Dean Smedley, both printed in Dublin in the year 1724; the former is headed, "A Petition to His G——e the D——e of G——n." They do not bear a printer's name, but both of them are noted in the handwriting of Swift. There are a few trivial variations in both poems from those already published; a portion, however, of the petition is so much altered from the original in the copy published by Scott, that we here insert it, beginning at the eleventh line:

"Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays my thanks do offer—
Approach your Grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verse devoid of art;
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave;
Rejoicing that in better times
Grafton requires my royal rhymes;—
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewise to the patriot write."

"Prometheus, a poem."—The celebrated philippic against Wood's halfpence, printed in 1724, with the words, "by Dean Swift," added in his own handwriting.

A ludicrous poem, which bears many of the characteristics of Swift's style, would appear to apply to Dr. Sheridan, and was, probably, written on the occasion of his getting the living of Quilca; it is printed upon a single side of broadsheet, without date, and appears to have been intended for private circulation.

"A Poem addressed to the Quidnuncs at St. James's Coffee-House, London, occasioned by the Death of the Duke of Orleans:" printed in the year 1724. "The First of April; a Poem, inscribed to Mrs. E. C.," without date.

"The Rivals; a Poem occasioned by Tom Punsibi Metamorphosed."

"A new Ballad occasioned by a late Edict of the Pope's for Taxing and Limiting certain Public Institutions at Rome."

This is a severe lampoon in manuscript, referring to the times of Swift.

Perhaps one of the cleverest and at the same time most sarcastic poems in the collection, is a manuscript of forty-eight lines, with this heading, in Swift's handwriting, "A Satire upon People of Note in 1727." Had we not already extended this essay to a much greater length than we originally intended, we would print the poem here;—at some future period it may see the light, as it bears all the evidence of Swift's pen. In the same strain, and on the same subject, is a poem, also in manuscript, satirizing the various public characters of the day, but less fit than the foregoing for publication at the present time. They are both much in the same style as the Description of a Chancellor, printed at page 141.

"A Creed for an Irish Commoner," a prose lampoon; it was first printed in Dublin upon a broadsheet in 1724. "The Art of Rapping, by Monsieur Knockondoor;" an exceedingly amusing piece, also in prose, printed upon both sides of a broadsheet, by Harding, in 1723. We wonder that Swift, if this piece be his, did not reprint it in his "Advice to Servants;" it is as applicable to the present day as it was to the time in which it was written.

On the two next broadsides we find the "Express from Parnassus," and Vanessa's rebus on the words "Jonathan Swift," together with the Dean's answer, which shew that these poems were originally intended for private distribution among the friends of the parties concerned. "An Elegy on the Death of Dr. John Whalley," the celebrated Dublin astrologer, whose almanacs we alluded to at page 151.

Two poems upon Wood's halfpence, both printed by Harding in 1724, and also the paraphrase on the eighty-second Psalm, which was addressed to Justice Whitshed, after the trial of the Draper, and which, curious to say, was printed upon the back of the circuit list for 1724–5. Here also we find an epistle from Jack Sheppard to the Chancellor of England; and several poems, in the style of Carey's "Namby Pamby," addressed

to Ambrose Phillips, the poet, turning him and his verses into extreme ridicule. Some of these have already been republished by Swift's editors, but there are others in our collection which bear equal evidence of his pen, to which no allusion is made in any of the editions of Swift's works.

Besides the poems upon Dick Tighe, which are well known to be Swift's, this collection contains one entitled "The Sick Lion and the Ass," which would also appear to be the Dean's.

The "Whigs' Lamentation," the manuscript of which we have already alluded to at page 144, follows here; and also several poems addressed to Lord Carteret, of exceeding interest, from their allusion to the political affairs and state of public opinion in Ireland at the time, are also contained in this collection.

In the Draper's Miscellany, published by Hoey in Skinner-row, we find a poem, in Lilliputian verse, on King George II., and ascribed by the editor of that publication to Swift; but Sir Walter Scott rejected it from want of evidence of its authorship. It is, however, printed on a narrow slip in our collection, with the following title, and imprint: "A Poem to His Majesty King George II. on the present State of Affairs in England, with Remarks on the Alterâtions expected at Court after the Rise of the Parliament. By the Rev. Dr. J. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. Dublin, Printed by Little George Faulkner in Christ's Churchyard, 1727."

"A View of the Irish Bar," in 1730, we would, did our space permit, willingly re-publish, both on account of its historic and its intrinsic value. In it the characters of Marly, Joslin, Singleton, Bowes, Malone, Callahan, Daly, Costello, Blake, and other eminent Irish lawyers of the time, are set forth. The collection also contains manuscripts of many of Swift's acknowledged poems, as, for instance, that of "Hamilton's Bawn," with corrections in his own handwriting. A satire "On the Bishops of Ireland," a manuscript of twenty-two lines, in Swift's hand, is a most withering lampoon, and totally different from the poem with the same title already published with the Dean's

works. We cannot conclude this catalogue of some of the curiosities of this collection, without quoting a portion of one manuscript rhyme of ninety lines, the authorship of which is acknowledged "by Dean Swift," in his own hand, underneath the heading. This consists of three parts; the first is, "Advice to a Parson, an Epigram," applicable, perhaps, to that time, and consisting of but ten lines:

"Would you rise in the Church, be stupid and dull,—
Be empty of learning, of insolence full;
Though light and immoral, be formal and grave;
In flattering, an artist; in fawning, a slave;
No merit, no science, no virtue is wanting
In him that's accomplished in cringing and canting.
Be studious to practice true meanness of spirit;
And who but Lord Bolton was mitred for merit?
Would you wish to be wrap'd in a rochet?—in short,
Be as gross and profane as fanatical H——t."

"An Epigram on seeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church in the time of Divine Service, to wait on His Grace the D. of Dorset, on his coming to Town:"

"Lord Pain in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down,
When told that the Duke was just came to town,—
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on His Grace.
To the Court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion."

The concluding portion is headed, "Verses on the Great Storm which happened about Christmas, 1722. Dr. H——, Bishop of——" (probably Hort, Bishop of Kilmore) "and Dean Berkeley, were then in the yacht, and in great danger of being lost."

THE END.