the veteran statesman. But Swift applied himself with intense assiduity to his studies, and thus became qualified to amuse the learned leisure of his patron. In Sir Wil­liam’s house, where he remained two years, he formed an acquaintance with no less a personage than King William the Third, who offered to make him a captain of horse. The only favour however which he ever received at the royal hands, was a lesson that his majesty gave him one day in the garden, on the Dutch mode of cutting aspa­ragus. Swift was now in such high trust with Sir Wil­liam, that he was employed by him to lay before the king some arguments in favour of triennial parliaments. This negociation was fruitless ; for all the reasoning of Tem­ple, reinforced by the eloquence of Swift, could not per­suade King William that the proposed measure threaten­ed no danger to the royal prerogative. Swift returned to Moorpark not a little crest-fallen, and often spoke of this lame conclusion of his dignified commission as a cure for vanity, less palatable than efficacious. He was now afflicted with a disorder which he had contracted in his youth by a surfeit of fruit. Giddiness and deafness were the symptoms of his malady, which visited him, after a longer or shorter respite, until the close of his life. Being advised to go to Ireland, he proceeded to that kingdom ; but finding no be­nefit from his native air, he returned to Sir William Tem­ple’s, where he resumed his studies. He had a notion that violent exercise was of advantage to his complaints, and used to leave his books every two hours for the purpose of running up and down a hill.

In 1692 he visited Oxford, and took the degree of A. M., which was conferred upon him with marks of distinction that fully consoled him for the contemptuous testimonial which he had received from his own university. About this period he occupied a portion of his time in the compo­sition of verses. Besides some less ambitious attempts, he was persuaded by Sir William and Lady Temple to write Pindaric odes in the metaphysical manner of Cowley. These insipid dithyrambice, for such they are, he is said to have submitted to the inspection of Dryden, who observed with more candour than politeness, “ Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet.” This prediction filled the versifier with a de­gree of hatred which the death of the prophet did not abate.

Every rich man can have an obsequious fool to commend his sagacity, and the loss of a stupid parasite is easily sup­plied ; but it is not always that the society of wit and learn­ing is be obtained in exchange for the necessaries of life. Of this truth Temple was fully aware, and was in no haste to relieve Swift from the burden of dependence. Instruc­tive as Sir William’s conversation is said to have been, Swift would gladly have obtained some suitable employ­ment, at the expense of a final separation from bis accom­plished patron. When Temple learned which way his wishes pointed, he offered to make him deputy-master of the rolls in Ireland, the duties of which office he knew Swift had neither inclination nor ability to discharge. After some angry discussion, he left Temple’s house and went to Dub­lin. There he proposed to enter into holy orders, but was overwhelmed with chagrin when he learned that the bishops required a certificate of his character from the very man whom he had hoped to mortify, by evincing that he stood no longer in need of his assistance. Before he could bring his mind to solicit this attestation of his conduct, Swift de­liberated nearly five months. The letter which he at last addressed to Temple has been preserved, and it appears to be the composition of a man perfectly stupified by the humi­liating task that was imposed upon him. Although he acted the petitioner’s part with the worst grace in the world, Temple did what was required, and Swift was admitted to orders ; soon after which he obtained from Lord Capell the prebend of Kilroot, which was worth about one hundred pounds a year. The life of a country parson was not at all adapted to the taste of Swift ; and Temple soon discovered that, in the loss of his conversation, he had been deprived of the chief comfort of his declining years. Temple had neither time nor inclination to search for new companions, and Swift was recalled, with a request that he would resign his Irish prebend, and a promise that an English one would be procured for him in its stead. With this summons the in­sipidity of the life which he led at Kilroot, or perhaps better motives, induced him to comply. To Moorpark he accord­ingly returned in 1695, and lived there until Sir William’s death, which happened in 1699. Temple left him a legacy of a hundred pounds, and made him his literary executor. The king had promised Sir William to bestow upon Swift the first vacant prebend of Westminster or Canterbury. By way of refreshing his majesty’s memory, Swift dedicated to him Temple’s posthumous works, but without success. He attended for some time at court, but with no better re­sult ; and the name of this prince appears in the long list of those whom Swift detested with a cordiality that could ad­mit of no increase. He gladly abandoned his fruitless so­licitation, and accompanied the earl of Berkeley to Ireland, as his chaplain and private secretary. But a person called Bushe found means to persuade his lordship that a clergy­man was not a proper secretary for a viceroy. He then offered his own services, and they were accepted. Swift was not a man to be trifled with, and his lordship was fain to pacify him by a promise of the first good living in his gift. The deanery of Derry soon afterwards became va­cant, and when Swift felicitated himself in the anticipation of immediate preferment, he was waited upon by Bushe, who gave him to understand that he might have the living for a thousand pounds. “ God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels!” Swift furiously exclaimed, and rushed out of the castle. But Berkeley had seen some specimens of his chaplain’s talents in the way of pasquinade, and thought it best to arrest his hand by presenting him with the rec­tory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan. To these the prebend of Dunlavin was added in the year 1700 ; but the income arising from all his preferments amounted to a sum very inferior to the emoluments of the deanery, which probably fell to the share of some ecclesi­astic, who, in addition to his piety and learning, was posses­sed of a little ready money.

Swift is now to be viewed in the character of a lover, which he sustained with his usual eccentricity. He had an unhappy propensity to cultivate intimacies with women, whose partiality gratified his vanity, while his constitution protected him against the assaults of beauty. This un­warrantable pastime, in which he probably indulged with­out reflection, caused him incredible misery when living, and has left a deep stain upon his memory'. When a mere lad, he appears to have trifled with the affections of a country girl, who was his mother’s neighbour in Leicestershire. He next wrote a love-letter to a Miss Waryng. This compo­sition is so stupid and extravagant, that it is difficult to con­ceive it to have been traced by the pen of Swift. The most bungling courtship, however, is often successful with ladies who have no rooted aversion to matrimony ; and Swift’s love affairs thrived so much better than he wished, that he was compelled to write a second letter in a style of the most cutting indifference, in order to counteract the effect of the first, which was couched in heroic terms. This epistle pro­duced the desired effect, and Swift was freed from the im­portunities of Miss Waryng. The warning which he had thus received was insufficient to deter him from committing similar follies. No sooner was he settled at Laracor, than he decoyed from England the daughter of Sir William Temple’s steward. This lady, whose name was Johnson, and upon whom Swift bestowed the fanciful appellation of Stella, had been left by Sir William a legacy of a thousand pounds ; and the higher rate of interest given in Ireland was