her his friendship, which she rejected with disdain, and persisted until the end of her life in endeavouring to extort a more lively return of her passion. Had Swift been as other men, such sighs as hers could scarcely have been breathed in vain. The irascible passions he indulged with­out either compunction or remorse ; his appeared to be the Indian’s creed, that revenge is virtue ; and there is no glar­ing uncharitableness in supposing, that with the same temp­tation, and the same means of gratification, he would have yielded to the passion of love. There is, however, strong reason to suppose that he laboured under a physical inca­pacity. When Swift returned to Ireland, he was followed by Miss Vanhomrigh, who renewed her efforts to awake his tenderness. To render his perplexity insupportable, Stella began to droop, and it was in vain for him to affect ignorance of the cause. To save a life which was gradu­ally wasting away under the agony of “ hope deferred,” he consented that the nuptial blessing should be pronoun­ced over Stella and himself, upon condition that they should continue in all respects to live as before. Stella was thus silenced, if not content; but Miss Vanhomrigh petitioned with frantic eagerness for that requital of her passion which neither the guilt nor innocence of her lover could bestow. At length her impatience became incapable of control, and she addressed a letter to Stella, desiring to know the nature of her connexion with the dean. Stella replied that they were married ; and having sent Miss Vanhomrigh's letter to Swift, she retired, full of just indignation, to the house of a friend at some distance from Dublin. In a paroxysm of rage, he rode to Marley Abbey, the residence of Stella’s miserable rival. With terror in her looks she begged in a trembling voice that her infuriated visitor would be seated. He answered by tossing her own letter to Stella on the table, and remounting his horse, rode back to town without having opened his lips. Miss Vanhomrigh only survived this interview a few weeks. The celebrated poem of Ca- denus and Vanessa, the name which Swift had bestowed upon her, was given to the world soon after her death. That melancholy event appeased thc anger of Stella.

In 1724, the far-famed Drapier’s Letters disappointed the rapacity of Wood, who had obtained by patent the right of circulating halfpence and farthings to supply the defi­ciency of copper coinage in Ireland. These letters raised Swift to an unexampled height of popularity, although it would not be easy to prove that they had any better effect than that of intercepting the royal bounty. In 1727, Swift went to England, and, in conjunction with Pope, collected three volumes of Miscellanies. The same year produced Gulliver’s Travels. In comparing that singular produc­tion with Lucian’s True History, thc work of the pupil must, in common candour, be preferred to that of the mas­ter. If Lucian has any covert meaning at all, it must be a design to ridicule credulous and lying travellers and his­torians. The introductory part of his narrative contains a promise, which he punctually fulfills, of relating a series of incredible wonders ; and these have too much the aspect of a feverish dream to be a direct satire upon any modifica­tion of human absurdity. Swift, on the other hand, speaks in parables, it is true ; but they are so plain, that he who runs may read. Those who think favourably of the sense and virtue of mankind, may detest the writer whose chief solicitude is to wound the vanity of his readers ; but he can be at no loss to perceive that the ferocious scoffer laughs at all human dealings. Indeed there is little hazard in asserting, that the satire which is not obvious is good for nothing ; and that lucubrations positively hazy are only for times when a man writes with a retainer of justice at his elbow.

When George I. died, Swift had probably some expec­tations from the new queen, who had sent him several com­plimentary messages, and seized upon some Irish silk which the dean had sent to Mrs Howard, her husband’s mistress, with whom she lived on very amicable terms. Wearing his silk, however, was the chief favour he ever received at her hands. She even broke a promise which she had made of sending him some medals ; and he always spoke of her witli aversion and contempt. For the latter feeling there is some ground, if she transmitted to him her grateful ac­knowledgments, as he said she did, for some of the bitterest irony that he ever wrote.

Towards the end of the year 1737, he had an attack of his old complaints, giddiness and deafness. He was then living in the house of Pope, which he left in a strange abrupt manner ; but a letter of apology that he afterwards addressed to the poet was sufficient to atone for a graver offence. He hastened to a cheerless home ; for he found Stella on the confines of the tomb, which sorrow and dis­ease had probably stript of half its terrors. She expired on the 28th of January 1738, aged forty-four years. Thus died this unfortunate woman, whose history is inseparably connected with that of one of the most extraordinary per­sons whom this country has produced.

After the death of Stella, he endeavoured to dissipate his grief by directing his attention to public affairs ; with what satisfaction to himself, the following passage from one of his letters to Pope will show. “ I do profess, without affecta­tion, that your kind opinion of me as a patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortify­ing sight of slavery, and folly, and baseness, about me, among which I am forced to live.”

In order to rescue Swift from the charge of fondness for low society, Dr Delany has displayed a long list of Irish worthies with whom the dean lived in habits of intimacy.@@1 That he was addicted to the society of the lowest vulgar, there is no reason to believe ; but that he preferred his in­feriors in fortune and intellect as constant companions, he has himself acknowledged. In a letter to Pope, dated May 10,1728, he says, “ I reckon that men subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easi­ness, and kindnesses. There is another race which I pre­fer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet be­fore partridges ; I mean a middle kind both for understand­ing and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell, without offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present.’’ His exactions, which indeed no man could en­dure whose admiration of Swift did not outweigh respect for himself, became at last too tyrannous even for those humble friends. There can be few inducements to frequent a house where there is neither civility nor good cheer ; and Swift found himself alone when age and sickness rendered solitude exceedingly dismal. Books, his usual resource against the languor of the hour, he could no longer read with the naked eye, and spectacles he had made some absurd resolution never to use. But if he could not be loved, he had not ceased to be an object of fear ; for a few strokes of his envenomed quill reduced Serjeant Bettesworth, a law­yer who was in the constant habit of reviling the clergy, from affluence and professional celebrity to poverty and contempt. Nor did he desist from those acts of charity and benevolence, in which, however ungraciously perform­ed, he had never been remiss. To indigent persons he lent

@@@1 Delany’s Observations upon Lord Orrery’s Remarks on tbe Life and Writings of Dr Jonathan Swift, p. 90. Lond. 1754, 8vo.