out five hundred pounds, in sums of from five to ten pounds ; and his memory is still revered in many families which owe their prosperity to his judicious beneficence. Johnson, who, as Parr said of him, “ weighed every man in the ba­lance of the sanctuary,” but whose narrative is not a little tinged with the spleen that he condemns in the subject of it, talks of Swift employing “ the catch-poll under the ap­pearance of charity.” That Swift would not suffer profli­gate paupers to cheat him with impunity, it is easy to con­ceive ; but there are few who would relish either the trouble or the risk of affording honest industry such chances of emerging from poverty. Besides, a man who parts with what he has no desire to keep to himself does nothing me­ritorious: but Swift loved money as much as he hated mankind ; his alms-giving, therefore, was a signal triumph over avarice and misanthropy, and the conqueror is worthy of his garland.

In 1737, Swift took some steps toward publishing his History of the Peace of Utrecht, which he had written in 1714, and the title of which he altered to that of “ The History of the four last years of Queen Anne.” The lite­rary modesty, or indifference to literary renown, for which he was remarkable through life, induced him to listen to the suggestions of the meanest critics, and he was persuaded to abandon the idea of publishing this work. It appeared in 1758, but the dean would have lost little credit as an au­thor if it had been entirely suppressed ; for it sinks beneath the dignity of historical narrative, and has no pretensions to the candour of political sentiment. “ Polite Conversa­tion” appeared in 1738. It is an admirable satire on the pert retailers of conventional jocularity. The “ Directions for Servants” were not printed until some time after his death.

The misanthropical musings in which he was constantly absorbed, at length terminated in madness. He was visited by that dreadful affliction in 1741, when legal guardians were appointed for his custody and sustentation. From the condition of a furious maniac, he gradually sunk into that of a harmless idiot ; and in this lamentable situation he lingered until the 29th of October 1745, when he resigned a state of existence that only served to illustrate the precarious tenure upon which the favourites of nature hold her gifts. He was interred in St Patrick’s cathedral, where an appalling mural inscription, composed by himself, informs the reader who sleeps below. It is of the following tenor :

Hic depositum est corpus JONATHAN Swift, S. T. P. hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Decani; ∙ ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit. Abi, viator, et imitare, si poteris, strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem. Obiit anno (1745) mensis (Octobris) die (29), Ætatis anno (78).

Swift was tall, muscular, and well formed. His complexion was swarthy, and somewhat scorbutic ; his aspect was for­bidding ; and but for his eyes, which were blue and of un­common brilliancy, his features would have conveyed an expression of sombre arrogance. He was never known to laugh, and there was little gaiety in his smiles. His conver­sation had many attractions ; in jest and repartee he was unrivalled, and related anecdotes with singular felicity. In his latter days, however, he was apt to go over the same ground too often. He was irascible and vindictive ; but whether he was implacable or not, it is difficult to determine ; for when provoked he struck so hard as to leave no room for reconciliation. His efforts to serve his friends, however, were as energetic as his attacks upon his enemies. Nor were his attachments of the holiday kind ; for his love of Bolingbroke was not diminished by exile and proscription, and he was ready to wait upon Oxford in the Tower.

Notwithstanding his hatred of sectaries, it has been doubted whether the dean was a Christian. In the Tale of a Tub, his likening the cross to an old sign-post, and other indeco­rous pleasantries in the same performance, give some colour to the charge of infidelity which has been brought against him. Red-hot zeal for the interests of a particular church may be connected with a total unconcern for the interests of religion. This species of zeal only embraces the emolu­ments, dignities, and privileges of the clergy. It must however be kept in mind, that Swift had a mode of doing every thing peculiar to himself. He complimented his friends in ironical abuse, and abused his enemies in ironi­cal compliments ; and to his eccentric fancy *a* facetious panegyric on the number three, might perhaps appear as proper a way of defending the doctrine of the Trinity as any other. As a son, Swift was dutiful and affectionate to a remarkable degree. His sister, who had made a mean marriage, he relieved, but never pardoned. With his ser­vants he was peevish and exacting, but was always prepar­ed to render them important benefits when he had it in bis power. The fruits of many years economy he bequeathed to found an asylum for lunatics. Against avarice he main­tained a violent and successful struggle ; but pride, ambi­tion, and revenge were always masters of the field. His minor failings were a love of flattery, and a childish and petulant mode of conducting himself towards his superiors, which he mistook for dignity.

Upon the character of Swift as an author it is unneces­sary to expatiate. No one is ignorant of his merits, and his faults are equally notorious. In grave irony he is se­cond to none, and the writings of few are more deformed by obscenity and physical indelicacy. In his serious style, although it is easy and perspicuous, he is excelled by many. In his zeal for simplicity, he often borders upon meanness, as his own Jack is represented to have disfigured his coat by rudely tearing off its superfluous decorations. Swift had great skill in versification ; but most of his poems were designed only for the inspection of his private friends, and his muse is often sportive, and generally trifling. Poetry he cultivated without any view to fame or profit, but in order to solace a mind that preyed upon itself when unemployed. To his reputation as a writer of prose he was equally indifferent. Posterity however has willingly extended to him that renown which is often withheld from more eager claimants ; and it would be vain to contest his right to be considered a British classic of the first rank.

SWIMMING, the art of floating one’s self on water, and at the same time making a progressive motion through it. As swimming is not natural to man, it is evident that at some period it must have been unknown among the human race. Nevertheless there are no accounts of its origin to be found in the history of any nation ; nor are there any nations so barbarous but that the art of swimming is known among them, and that in greater perfection than among civilized people. It is probable, therefore, that the art, though not absolutely natural, will always be acquired by people in a savage state, from imitating the brute animals, most of whom swim naturally. Indeed so much does this appear to be the case, that very expert swimmers have re­commended it to those who wished to learn the art, to keep some frogs in a tub of water constantly beside them, and to imitate the motions by which they move through that element.

The theory of swimming depends upon one very simple principle ; namely, that if a force be applied to any body, it will always move towards that side where there is the least resistance. Thus, if a person standing in a boat pushes with a pole against the side or any other part of the