*decay* of about two months, died in her 44th year, on Ja­nuary 28. 1728. How much he wiſhed her life is ſhown by his papers ; nor can it be doubted that he dreaded the death of her whom he loved moſt, aggravated by the consciouſness that himſelf had haſtened it. With her vaniſhed all his domeſtic enjoyments, and of courſe he turned his thoughts more to public affairs ; in the contemplation of which he could ſee nothing but what ſerved to increaſe the malady. The advances of old age, with all its attendant in­firmities ; the death of almoſt all his old friends ; the fre­quent returns of his moſt diſpiriting maladies, deafneſs and giddineſs ; and, above all, the dreadful apprehenſions that he ſhould outlive his underſtanding, made life ſuch a burden to him, that he had no hope left but a ſpeedy diſſolution, which was the object of his daily prayer to the Almighty.

The ſeverity of his temper increaſing, he drove his ac­quaintance from his table, and wondered why he was deſerted. In 1732, he complains, in a letter to Mr Gay, that " he had a large houſe, and ſhould hardly find one viſitor if he was not able to hire him with a bottle of wine :” and, in another to Mr Pope, “ that he was in danger of dying poor and friendleſs, even his female friends having forſaken him ; which,” as he lays, “ vexed him moſt.” Theſe com­plaints were afterwards repeated in a ſtrain of yet greater senſibility : “ All my friends have forſaken me.

*“ Vertiginoſus, inops, ſurdus, male gratus amicis.*

“Deaf, giddy, helpleſs, left alone,

“ To all my friends a burden grown.”

The fits of giddineſs and deafneſs to which he had been Subjected from his boyiſh years, and for which he thought walking or riding the beſt remedy, became more frequent and violent as he grew old ; and the preſentiment which he had long entertained of that wretchedneſs which would in­evitably overtake him towards the cloſe of life, clouded his mind with melancholy and tinged every object around him. How miſerable he was rendered by that gloomy proſpect, we may learn from the following remarkable anecdote men­tioned by Mr Faulkner in his letter to lord Cheſterfield.

One time, in a journey from Droqheda to Navan, the dean rode before the company, made a ſudden ſtop, diſmounted his horſe, fell on his knees, lifted up his hands, and pray­ed in the moſt devout manner. When his friends came up, he deſired and infiſted on their alighting ; which they did, and aſked him the meaning. “ Gentlemen,” ſaid he, “ pray join your hearts in servent prayers with mine, that I may never be like this oak-tree, which is decayed and withered at top, while the other parts are found.” In 1736, while he was writing a ſatire called the *Legion Club* againſt the Iriſh parliament, he was ſeized with so dreadful a fit of his ma­lady, that he left the poem unfiniſhed ; and never after at­tempted a composition that required a courſe of thinking. From this time his memory gradually declined, his paſſions perverted his underſtanding, and, in 1741, he became ut­terly incapable of converſation ; and it was found neceſſary to appoint legal guardians to his perſon and his fortune. He now loſt all ſenſe of diſtinction. His meat was brought to him cut into mouthfuls ; but he would never touch it while the servant ſtaid ; and at laſt, after it ſtood perhaps an hour, would eat it walking ; for he continued his old habit, and was on his feet ten hours a-day. During next year a ſhort interval of reaſon enſuing, gave hopes of his recovery ; but in a few days he sunk into lethargic ſtupidity, motionleſs, heedleſs, and ſpeechleſs. After a year of total ſilence, how­ever, when his houſe-keeper told him that the uſual illuminations were preparing to celebrate his birth, he anſwered, “ It is all folly ; they had better let it alone.” He at laſt sunk into a perfect ſilence, which continued till the 29th of October 1745, when he expired without a ſtruggle, in his 78th year. The behaviour of the citizens on this occa­ſion gave the ſtrongeſt proof of the deep impreſſion he had made on their minds. Though he had been ſo many years to all intents and purpoſes dead to the world, and his depar­ture from that ſtate ſeemed a thing rather to be wiſhed than deplored, yet no ſooner was his death announced, than they gathered from all quarters, and forced their way in crowds into the houſe, to pay the laſt tribute of grief to their de­parted benefactor. Nothing but lamentations were heard all around the quarter where he lived, as if he had been cut off in the vigour of his years. Happy were they who firſt got into the chamber where he lay, to procure, by bribes to the ſervants, locks of his hair, to be handed down as ſacred relics to their poſterity ; and ſo eager were numbers to ob­tain at any price this precious memorial, that in leſs than an hour, his venerable head was entirely ſtripped of all its ſilver ornaments, ſo that not a hair remained. By his will, which was dated in May 1740, just before he ceaſed to be a reasonable being, he left about L. 1200 in ſpecific legacies ; and the rest of his fortune, which amounted to about L. 11,000, to erect and endow an hoſpital for lunatics and idiots. He was buried in the moſt private manner, according to direc­tions in his will, in the great aiſle of St Patrick’s cathe­dral, and, by way of monument, a ſlab of black marble was placed againſt the wall, on which was engraved the following Latin epitaph, written by himſelf :

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 undoubtedly was a man of native genius. His fancy was inexhauſtible ; his conceptions were lively and comprehenſive ; and he had the peculiar felicity of convey­ing them in language equally correct, free, and perſpicuous. His penetration was as quick as intuition ; he was indeed the critic of nature ; and no man ever wrote ſo much, and borrowed ſo little.

As his genius was of the firſt claſs, ſo were ſome of his virtues. The following anecdote will illuſtrate his filial piety. His mother died in 1710, as appears by a memorandum in one of the account-books which Dr Swift always made up yearly, and on each page entered minutely all his receipts and expences in every month, beginning his year from No­vember I. He obſerved the ſame method all his lifetime till his laſt illneſs. At the foot of that page which includes his expences of the month of May 1710, at the glebe houſe of Laracor in the county of Meath, where he was then reſident, are theſe remarkable words, which ſhow at the same time his filial piety, and the religious uſe which he thought it his duty to make of that melancholy event. *“ Mem.* On Wedneſday, between ſeven and eight in the evening, May 10. 1710, I received a letter in my chamber at Laracor (Mr Percival and Jo. Beaumont being by) from Mrs F—, dated May 9. with one incloſed, ſent by Mrs Worral at Leiceſter to Mrs F—, giving an account that my dear mother, Mrs Abigail Swift, died that morning, Monday April 24. 1710, about ten o’clock, after a long ſickneſs : being ill all win­ter, and lame ; and extremely ill about a month or six weeks before her death. I have now loſt my barrier between me and death. God grant I may live to be as well prepared