divine person, they hold that in this person there is a real Trinity ; consisting of the divinity, the humanity, and the operation of them both in the Lord Jesus ; a Trinity which did not exist from all eternity, but commenced at the in­carnation. They believe that the Scriptures are to be in­terpreted, not only in a literal, but in a spiritual sense, not known to the world till it was revealed to Swedenborg ; and that this spiritual sense extends to every part of Scrip­ture, except the Acts of the Apostles. They believe that there are angels attending upon men, residing, as Sweden­borg says, in their affections ; that temptation consists in a struggle between good and bad angels within men ; and that by this means God assists men in these temptations, since of themselves they could do nothing. Indeed Swedenborg maintains, that there is an universal influx from God into the souls of men, inspiring them especially with the belief of the divine unity. This efllux of divine light on the spi­ritual world he compares to the efflux of the light from the sun in the natural world. There are, says Swedenborg, two worlds, the natural and the spiritual, entirely distinct, though perfectly corresponding to each other ; and at death a man enters into the spiritual world, when his soul is cloth­ed with a body, which he terms *substantial,* in opposition to the present *material* body, which, he says, is never to rise out of the grave.”

SWEEP, in the sea-language, is that part of the mould of a ship where she begins to compass in the rung-heads.

SWIFT, Jonathan, one of the wittiest writers of his own, and surpassed by few of any other age, was the son of an attorney, who held the office of steward to the society of King’s Inns, Dublin. When the father died, it was found that he had not left behind him effects sufficient to pay his funeral expenses. At that period, his family consisted of a wife, then in a state of pregnancy, and an infant daughter. Soon after his death, his widow was delivered of a son, and the child thus ushered into a scene of indigence and grief, afterwards became the renowned dean of St Patrick’s. He was born at Dublin on the 30th of November 1667. By the bounty of two brothers-in-law, neither of them in afflu­ent circumstances, Swift’s mother was maintained in some degree of comfort. The nurse to whose care her son had been confided was summoned to her native town, White­haven, by a dying relative, in whose will she hoped she had been remembered. The desire of gain, however, was not stronger than the love for her charge ; and she finally re­conciled her interest and her affection by absconding with the child. Having carried him to this town, she was au­thorized by his mother, whose anger was disarmed by this strange proof of her fondness, to keep him there until the recovery of his health, which she feared was too precarious to render his crossing the channel at that time a safe ex­periment. During their stay at Whitehaven, which lasted for three years, the nurse did not neglect little Jonathan’s education ; for on his return to Dublin, his mother found that he had attained to considerable proficiency in spelling, and at the age of five years he was able to read any passage in scripture.

It is not probable that any combination of circumstances could have rendered Swift a pattern of meekness and hu­mility. Early prosperity, however, might have softened if not subdued those irascible passions which, fostered by youthful mortifications, and matured by the disappoint­ments of after life, finally gratified those who had writhed under his merciless castigation, by converting him into “ a driveller and a show.” His paternal uncle, Godwin Swift, doled out the allowance for his maintenance with a very niggardly hand. This parsimony was warranted by his pe­cuniary circumstances, which were supposed to be in a more flourishing condition than they actually were ; but Swift never reflected without bitterness on the despicable figure which the scanty liberality of his relation enabled him to make. To curse the hand that gives all that it has to be­stow, appears to be both foolish and ungrateful. Perhaps, however, Swift’s uncle acted the part of a vulgar patron, whose ostentatious benevolence never fails to blunt the edge of gratitude. By the bounty of this relation, limited as it was, he was, in the sixth year of his age, sent to school at Kilkenny, from which in 1682 he was removed in his four­teenth year to Trinity College, Dublin. His academical career gave no promise of future eminence. Being persuad­ed that the syllogistic subtleties which were regarded by the Dublin tutors as the perfection of knowledge, instead of teaching the art of reasoning, only taught the art of wrang­ling, Swift turned with disgust from such scholastic exer­cises. The consequence was, that when he applied for the degree of A. B. he had not even acquired the jargon of the schools ; and the degree was only conferred upon him *spe­ciali gratia,* or, in other words, he owed to favour what he could not claim by merit.

At this period died his uncle Godwin, leaving his affairs in great disorder. His studies were now in some danger of being abruptly terminated ; but another uncle, Dryden William Swift, befriended him in the hour of need, and seems to have drawn his purse with a better grace than his brother, for Swift speaks of him as “ the best of his rela­tions.” The consciousness of poverty and dependence, and of the mortifying circumstances under which he obtained his degree, he endeavoured to dissipate in a variety of those frolics by which a careless genius now and then, but more frequently an indolent blockhead, endeavours to get rid of a painful sense of insignificance, and to acquire, at an easy rate, the character of a youth of spirit. He neglected at­tending lectures and divine service, frequented taverns, ab­sented himself from college at unseasonable hours, and was finally convicted of contemptuous insolence to Owen Lloyd, the junior dean. Of that functionary, who afterwards ob­tained a comfortable provision in the church by marrying a cast-off mistress of the duke of Wharton, he was obliged to beg pardon on his bended knees.@@1 The atrocious sentiments that must have fermented in a mind like Swift’s, when com­pelled to submit to such a degradation as this, may be ima­gined from his conduct to others who provoked his wrath when he was in a better condition to make it felt. Such a mode of punishment reflects more infamy upon those who inflicted, than upon him who endured it ; but no spectacle can be more useful to those that think superior endowments can rescue them from the mortifying consequences of in­discretion, than Jonathan Swift grovelling at tne feet of one of the most despicable of mankind.

In 1688, when he was in the twenty-first year of his age, Swift quitted Ireland, a country which, although it was the land of his birth, he always regarded as a place of exile. Having repaired on foot, as it is said, to his mother’s resi­dence in Leicestershire, he consulted with her about his future prospects, which looked sufficiently gloomy. She ad­vised him to pay his court to Sir William Temple, who was connected with her family by marriage. To Temple he accordingly presented himself; and his forlorn plight pro­cured him what he was in some danger of forfeiting by his sullenness and oddity of manners, a home under the roof of

@@@, See Dr Barrett’s Essay on the earlier Part of the Life of Swift, p. 15. Lend. 1808, 8vo. The chief aim of that production seems to be to fasten upon Swift the paternity of a certain Tripos, a satirical effusion, without sense or humour. It has been frequently asserted that Swift’» faculties came very slowly to maturity ; but it would be more just to say that it was late before he had an opportunity of displaying them. While a student at Dublin, he had sketched his Tale of a Tub, the knowledge of which fact is alone sufficient to rescue him from the charge of having written, or assisted in writing, such a contemptible rhapsody as the Tripos.