SWIFT IN HIS POETRY

Dissertation

Presented to the Graduate Council of the North Texas State University in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

By

Jim Lawrence Kerbaugh, M.A.
Denton, Texas
August, 1984
Swift appears in many of his poems either in his own person or behind a poetic mask which does little to conceal his identity. The poems contain Swift's view of his own character. Even in the poems addressed to others, the most important subject is Swift himself.

This study is divided into chapters which examine the various roles Swift assumed in both his private and public lives. Following a brief introduction are two chapters of more interest than significance. The first of these is concerned with poems on Swift as a houseguest. These poems frequently relate the difficulties Swift's eccentric behavior caused his hosts. The second deals with poems on Swift's relationships with friends such as Thomas Sheridan and Patrick Delany, as well as with a public adversary, Jonathan Smedley.

The central chapter deals with Swift's relationships with Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa) and Esther Johnson (Stella). In Cadenus and Vanessa Swift presents his relationship to Esther Vanhomrigh through a transparent fictional vehicle, portraying himself as surprised by Vanessa's affection and ambivalent concerning a physical relationship. In the poems to Stella, we find Swift at his most comfortable and intimate as he addresses his pupil and "most valuable friend."
Discussed next are the poems dealing with Swift's political career. The early political poems chronicle Harley's recruiting of Swift and reveal the satisfaction Swift took in his position of prestige and influence. The later political poems are concerned with Irish issues, most notably the furor caused by Wood's copper coins.

The penultimate chapter takes as its subject Swift as satirist and apologist. Most of the chapter is devoted to a discussion of Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift, the great apologia of a public man. In this poem, Swift not only delivers an eloquent vindication of his character and career, but also communicates his final estimation of human nature.

The study concludes with a brief chapter which reviews the most important of Swift's character traits identified in the course of the discussion.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. THE BIOGRAPHICAL PRESENCE</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. SWIFT AS HOUSEGUEST</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. SWIFT AS FRIEND AND ENEMY</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. SWIFT, VANESSA, AND STELLA</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. SWIFT AS POLITICAL FIGURE</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. SATIRE AND APOLOGY</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONCLUSION</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CHAPTER I

THE BIOGRAPHICAL PRESENCE

The earliest modern critics of Swift's poetry recognized the fact that Swift appears in many of his poems either in his own person or behind a poetic mask which does little to conceal his identity. F. Elrington Ball, in the first book-length study of Swift's poetry, noted the biographical significance of the poems: "Without knowledge of his verse a true picture of Swift cannot be drawn. In his verse he sets forth his life as a panorama, he shows more clearly than in his prose his peculiar turn of thought, and he reveals his character in all its phases from the most attractive to the most repellent." ¹

The next full-length study of Swift's poetry did not appear until 1950.² Maurice Johnson noted that while Swift is "meticulously self-effacing in his prose, he goes out of his way in poem after poem to name himself as 'Dr. S-t,' 'the Drapier,' Cadenus,' or 'the Dean.'" ³ More than two decades later, Swift's intrusive character continued to disturb Johnson, who again mentioned "the biographical presence that one strongly feels but cannot quite account for in much of Swift's poetry." ⁴ Since Johnson's is a seminal essay on
Swift's poetry, it seems likely that his remark about the difficulty of accounting for the "biographical presence" has been the starting point for some ingenious commentaries on and explications of autobiographical poems that are probably not difficult at all. Johnson himself, in two statements, goes far toward accounting for this presence. According to him, "Many of the deservedly famous poems are self-dramatizations of personality, depicting Jonathan Swift not only in the ways he looked to himself but as he imagined he appeared to other eyes." Later in the essay, Johnson restates the same idea: "In the drama of many of his poems Swift deliberately creates a character for himself and plays the leading role. He explores, defines, and identifies himself in his poems." Johnson's discussion sensibly, straightforwardly, and concisely accounts for the "biographical presence." What remains to be done is to expand Johnson's remark into a full commentary on Swift's autobiographical poems. To provide such a commentary is the purpose of this study.

Since 1970 critical comment on Swift's poetry has increased to the point where its bibliography must be recorded in a separate volume. Several items in this recent eruption of criticism are devoted to the supposed problem of Swift's identity in his autobiographical poems. While most of these studies are limited to a single poem, usually the Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift, there is one notable exception. Louise K. Barnett, in an essay and again in a book-length
study, starts with the proposition that the Swift we find in Swift's poems is not Swift at all, but a "fictive self-portrait." Barnett further assures the reader that what the poems seem to tell him about Swift cannot be taken literally: "Whatever Swift conceived the reality of his character to be, we must not expect to find it directly expressed in his poetry." Perhaps this is a great deal for us to expect, even if we indeed hope to discover Swift's ideas of himself from an examination of his poetry. Swift's ideas of himself are not, of course, to be found in any one poem; however, the autobiographical poems give us a good idea of his view of his own character. Barnett herself indicates that such a cumulative approach can yield "a total, multifaceted view of Swift's relations with women, disciples, servants, ministers, friends, enemies, public opinion, and posterity."

The autobiographical poems contain more than a few statements about Swift that are doubtful, as well as several that are demonstrably false. Yet it hardly seems necessary to dismiss a large body of information, much of it obviously correct and all of it useful, because several details have been shown to be inaccurate. A more productive approach would be to account as well as possible for the inaccuracies. Which details are inaccurate? In what circumstances do the inaccuracies occur? Does Swift present erroneous or false details through his own poetic character? The answers to these
questions should constitute the beginning of an explanation for the inaccuracies that drive critics to such ingenious extremes of commentary.

The reasons why Swift introduced his own character into so many of his poems are not difficult to apprehend. He obviously wished to record his opinion of himself. The alternating self-praise and self-deprecation in the autobiographical poems, especially in those that deal with his relations with others, indicate that Swift was fascinated with what others thought of him. Finally, the poems contain considerable evidence that Swift sometimes attempted either to shape or modify the public's, or posterity's, opinion of him. Some of the inaccuracies, therefore, will be seen to have mainly a rhetorical significance. What remains is to examine the autobiographical poems in order to determine as far as possible what they tell us of Swift's opinion of himself.
NOTES


3 Johnson, The Sin of Wit, p. 57.


10 Barnett, Swift's Poetic Worlds, p. 90.

CHAPTER II

SWIFT AS HOUSEGUEST

Swift's poems dealing with himself as a houseguest were written in the 1720's, fairly late in his career. These poems are well known, particularly the ones dealing with Swift's visits to Market Hill. Yet we find Swift early in his career in a similar though less important role as a servant in someone else's household. In 1701-02, while he held the position of chaplain in the home of Lord Berkeley, Swift wrote three poems that are similar in a number of ways to the later ones. The raillery he was later to unleash on Lady Acheson is already present and, as later, limited for the most part to the servants and female members of the household. We find also the self-mockery that Swift practiced throughout his career, as well as the exasperation he habitually exhibits when either his worth or his position is mistaken.

The first of these three poems, "Mrs Harris's Petition," introduces Swift as "the chaplain" (l. 49). Mrs. Harris, a servant, having lost her savings, intends to consult Swift in his capacity as a clergyman rather than go to the "cunning-man" (l. 48). In relating Mrs. Harris's superstitious blunder, Swift both shows the vulgarity of a servant's mind, a subject
that always held a strange fascination for him, and describes his mortification at being "taken for a conjuror" (1. 58). Not only has Mrs. Harris asked an Anglican priest to "cast a nativity" (1. 53) to recover her lost savings, but she has also addressed him as "Parson," a title she knows he despises (ll. 53-4). For all her errors, though, Mrs. Harris's greatest misconception concerns the affection she supposes, or hopes, Swift feels for her. Her first reference to their "romance" is less than a confident assertion, for her only claim is that "the servants say he is my sweetheart" (1. 50). Later in the poem, however, she is bold enough to tell Swift, "I design to be a parson's wife" (1. 60). Finally, she misunderstands Swift's declaration that "If your money be gone . . . / You are no text for my handling" (11. 56-7), thinking that the loss of her money will result in her losing Swift (1. 65), since she has in fewer than twenty lines convinced herself that a proposal was imminent.

That such a woman could presume to aspire to be his wife could not have been flattering to Swift. Yet the situation is so absurd that his prevailing reaction is hearty amusement. Swift is able not only to put himself in the unflattering position of being the object of Mrs. Harris's matrimonial designs, but also to allow himself to be a victim of her unintentional bawdy pun: "he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part" (1. 51).
Underlying Swift's gleeful relish of Mrs. Harris's misapprehensions, however, there is a small hint of discomfort. Mrs. Harris obviously perceived herself as, if not quite equal to Swift, at least close enough in position to think she might become his wife. Beneath the abundant humor of the situation, Swift may have seen a bit of fortuitous acuteness in Mrs. Harris's appraisal. She could not have been expected to appreciate the difference in degree between herself and Swift; however, she understood intuitively that there was little if any difference in kind: both were servants in the Berkeley household. Being regarded only as a servant could not have been pleasant for a man as brilliant and egotistical as Swift. A servant's position, with its lack of independence, must have made him uncomfortable. Even later, during the period of his greatest political power and influence, an underlying tone of discomfort can be found in Swift's poetry. For all his importance and familiarity with the great, Swift was still essentially the servant of Oxford and Bolingbroke. After his installation as Dean of St. Patrick's, however, the discomfort disappears. Swift still had superiors, but he was for all purposes sovereign in his cathedral.

The other two poems dating from Swift's service in the Berkeley household are both brief and insignificant. In the first of them, "A Ballad on the Game of Traffic," most of the remarks on Swift are by another hand. Swift has, in the first six stanzas, described various members of the household,
including himself, as they play cards. The final stanza is by Lady Betty Berkeley, who has found the rest of the poem in Swift's room:

With these is Parson Swift,
Not knowing how to spend his time,
Does make a wretched shift,
To deafen 'em with puns and rhyme. (11. 25-8)

Lady Betty's comments indicate that Swift had already assumed the character of a domestic maker of verses who specialized in raillery, a character that later is an important element in the Market Hill poems. The stanza also suggests that Swift was on friendly terms with Lady Betty, a circumstance which demonstrates that Swift's penchant for female companions was already part of his character.

The final poem from the Berkeley household, "A Ballad to the Tune of the Cutpurse," is an elaborate compliment paid to Lady Betty on her concluding stanza to "A Ballad on the Game of Traffic." In "A Ballad to the Tune of the Cutpurse," Swift compares himself to a friar who wakes to find the Latin verse he had despaired of finishing completed through supernatural agency. The final stanza begins with a self-deprecating description of Swift's inability to complete his poem, proceeds to express gratitude to the "invisible hand" (1. 25) that did complete it, and concludes with a compliment to Lady Betty: "And though some malicious young spirit did do't, / You may know by the hand, it had no cloven foot." (ll. 29-30).
Aside from the brilliant humor and use of idiom in "Mrs Harris's Petition," the three poems Swift wrote when he was Lord Berkeley's chaplain are ephemeral productions that can claim significance only from what they tell us about Swift's character at an early period in his life. The poems do not tell us much, but what they do reveal is that certain traits for which Swift became known later were already present in his character. These traits include a dislike of dependence and a subordinate position, an interest in the servant class, a preference for the company of young women, the ability to mock himself, and a love of raillery. The mature Swift may be seen in his early poems. The characteristics that identify Swift are not later developments; they are merely the intensification of attitudes that are fully developed when Swift emerges from the five years of poetic silence that succeeded his early odes.

Between the poems dealing with the Berkeley household and those concerned with Market Hill, there are only three in which Swift appears as a houseguest. The first of these, a poem long known as "The Journal" and retitled "The Part of a Summer" by Pat Rogers, is dated 1721. Nearly twenty years have elapsed since Swift wrote of the Berkeley household. In "The Part of a Summer," Swift writes as a privileged guest, with the confidence of a man who has for several years occupied an important position.
"The Part of a Summer" is a survey of daily life at Gaulstown House, the estate of George Rochfort, where Swift was a guest during the summer and early autumn of 1721. In this poem, the first dealing with Swift as a legitimate guest, we find already established the behavior later exhibited at Market Hill. Swift obviously enjoyed undertaking projects to improve the estate of the host as well as setting himself up as tutor to anyone he considered in need of instruction. Not only did Swift enjoy his constant activity as a guest, but he seemed also to enjoy the fact that his hosts were sometimes at a loss to understand or appreciate his industry. Finally, in the poems describing Swift's visit we find his own careful record of his activities and his amusement at the occasional distress of his hosts. Swift portrays himself as "a bustling and rather officious personage." 

There are several possible explanations for Swift's labors on the estates of others. His fanatical belief in the benefits of physical activity is well known. Or perhaps Swift was attempting to repay the hospitality of his hosts or to convince them that his presence was desirable because of his demonstrated usefulness. Another possibility is that Swift's love of order impelled him to attempt to make his hosts' estates into ideal establishments. If this is the case, it may well be that later, in the estate of Lord Monodi in Book III of Gulliver's Travels, we see the ideal estate that he envisioned.
"The Part of a Summer" describes a representative day during Swift's stay at Gaulstown. Swift's day is long, varied, and occasionally strenuous. In spite of the almost incessant activity, which might be expected to have tired anyone, much less a man in his fifties whose health was less than perfect, Swift's tone is impatient. It is obvious that he wished to do as much as possible in the course of a day and struggled against anything he considered a waste of time.

To begin the day, Swift wakes before any member of the family or any other guest. Once up, he cannot endure that anyone else remain asleep: "At seven, the Dean in night-gown dressed, / Goes round the house to wake the rest" (ll. 5-6). What takes place during the next two hours is not related, but by nine Swift is ready to hold forth as a tutor. At that time, Baron Rochfort's two sons, "grave Nim and George facetious, / Go to the Dean to read Lucretius" (ll. 7-8). After an hour of reading, teacher and students are interrupted by George's wife. Swift seems pleased when his hostess, Lady Betty, interrupts them:

At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,  
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;  
And when she has him by the neck fast,  
Hauls him, and scolds us down to breakfast. (ll 9-12)

Since such a pronounced interruption was necessary to terminate them, the lessons must have been mutually enjoyable. Swift does not say that he objects to breakfast, but he
certainly objected to its length: "We squander there an hour or more" (l. 13). Breakfast receives no description beyond this one impatient line.

At the conclusion of breakfast, the tone of the poem changes along with the activity being described. Abruptly, the scene changes to the lake, where Swift and the Rochfort brothers take their exercise by rowing. A few lines are devoted to good-natured scorn for the Reverend Daniel Jackson, who, "by peculiar whimsies drawn" (l. 17), does not row with the others. The rowing lasts until "two, or after" (l. 22), when they are summoned to dinner. Swift's lack of interest in food, if it were not already known, could be inferred from his failure to describe meals. Like breakfast, dinner is only mentioned as having taken place. It is treated as an interruption of activity, a tedious necessity imposing itself upon a busy man who would be busier if possible.

After dinner, "George and Dean, go to backgammon" (l. 38). Even when others are at rest, such as Daniel Jackson, who "growing drowsy, like a thief / Steals off to doze away his beef" (ll. 35-6), Swift manages to find something to do. The game of backgammon, we find, is only a prelude to another session of rowing, which lasts from four until sunset. Swift implies that once more his occupation is abandoned only through necessity: "Now stinted in the shortening day, / We go to prayers, and then to play" (ll. 47-8). After supper, however, Swift is still able to "sit an hour to drink and chat" (l. 50).
Finally, "the weary Dean goes to his chamber" (1. 53). At the conclusion of the first section of the poem, one suspects that Swift retires not from inclination but regretfully, compelled by the final extremity of fatigue.

The second section of "The Part of a Summer" (11. 57-90) is made up largely of details left out of the narrative of a day's events. One such detail, "how in the lake the Dean was drenched" (1. 64), is an instance of Swift's ability to make himself an object of fun. A more vain or less humorous man would have omitted this detail.

Swift's satirical turn of mind could have been partly responsible for the termination of his visit. When he refers to "how the Dean delights to vex / The ladies, and lampoon the sex" (11. 73-4), it is necessary to remember that such teasing, while it might initially have been taken as complimentary, though left-handed, notice from a remarkable man and an honored guest, must have become tiresome, if not offensive, after a steady barrage of three months' duration.

Later in the poem, when other guests arrive, Swift is obviously resentful, considering them interlopers. When family and guests alike must sacrifice small comforts to accommodate the new guests, Swift records his own contribution in a couplet that, although written humorously, seems to be deficient in good humor: "The Dean must with his quilt supply, / The bed in which these tyrants lie" (11. 115-16).
Swift seems to have habitually outstayed his welcome as a houseguest. Perhaps his reluctance to conclude a visit is attributable to his relish for the pattern of life on a country estate. Whatever the reason, "doubtless Swift became conscious after a stay of three months at Gaulstown, that the family was beginning to weary of his visit." The same pattern would be repeated later with the Achesons at Market Hill. The Dean, a delightful guest for a time, would linger, intruding himself into the management of the estate, attempting to educate and refine the ladies, and indulging in rough raillery toward persons used to obsequious flattery, until hosts and guest alike were relieved, if not delighted, to part.

In "An Apology to the Lady Carteret," written in 1725, we see Swift more as a host than as a houseguest. The point of the poem seems to be an explanation of Swift's awkwardness among the great. He is astonished to receive a dinner invitation from Lady Carteret. When the invitation is delivered, Swift

\[
gapes--and stares, \\
And scarce believes his eyes, or ears; \\
Could not conceive what it should mean, \\
And fain would hear it told again. \textit{(ll. 19-22)}
\]

Swift's surprise is easy to understand if we remember that in 1725 he had been removed from any significant political connections for over a decade. Though he was acquainted with the carterets and had known Lady Carteret even before her marriage, Swift had "conflicting feelings with regard to old
friends who had come to Ireland as representatives of English rule." Now, the Drapier was being invited to dine with the wife of Walpole's Lord Lieutenant. Swift's conflicting feelings must have been particularly strong on this occasion.

While Swift was surprised at the dinner invitation, we must not expect to find that he thought himself unworthy of the distinction. The priest who is invited to dine with the great is no ordinary person, as Swift is careful to point out. Swift, in his own words,

Thought humane learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession;
And if you had heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse. (11. 9-12)

In these lines Swift seems to be trying to establish his worth and to justify the invitation. He cites his learning, conversation, and preaching. No one would quarrel with the first two items Swift offers as exemplary qualities. His preaching, however, was notoriously phlegmatic, because Swift was opposed to rhetorical flourishes and appeals to emotion in sermons. He believed, of course, that his method of preaching was correct. Yet unless he is indulging in irony, which it seems he is not, Swift appears to think that others evaluate his style of preaching as he does. At times it is impossible to determine whether Swift means what he says in the way he says it. However, whether or not irony is present in his remarks about the reactions of others to his preaching, it is apparent that Swift was perhaps more than a little vain about it.
Swift does not, of course, mention the Drapier in "An Apology to the Lady Carteret." His retirement from politics is, he states, due to the fact that he was "Suspected for the love he bore / To one who swayed some time before" (11. 15-16). This reference to Swift's relationship with either Oxford or Bolingbroke is the only political activity Swift could own in a poem addressed to Lady Carteret. However, that long-past relationship with disgraced statesmen still "made it more surprising how / He should be sent for thither now" (11. 17-18).

As he makes his way to Dublin Castle, Swift "trembles at the thoughts of state" (1. 31) and is ready to believe that a mistake has been made: "Impossible! it can't be me" (1. 38). When he arrives at the castle and finds Lord and Lady Carteret away from home, Swift is relieved. He imagines the awkwardness that would have attended his arrival in response to a mistaken invitation:

Why what a jest should I have been,
Had now my Lady been within.
What could I've said? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad--she'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past;
Well then, I'll e'en go home, and fast;
And since I scaped being made a scoff,
I think I'm very fairly off. (11. 49-56)

When summoned the next day by Lady Carteret, Swift describes himself as "frightened at his fault" (1. 76) and "stealing through the crowd" (1. 77). Swift's excuse for his behavior is delivered haltingly, and he begs to be forgiven
for his apparent rudeness (11. 80-83). Lady Carteret is so gracious as not only to forgive Swift, but also to promise to "visit him, and eat some fruit" (1. 88). Swift, "Glad to compound at any rate" (1. 94), though he now has another unwanted engagement, takes his leave.

Swift's hospitality is described in lines 97-116. He declares himself "resolved, to show his taste / Was too refined to give a feast" (11. 97-8). He "Would entertain without expense, / Or pride, or vain magnificence" (11. 101-02). In such an intention we see not only Swift's preference for simplicity and his appreciation of the fact that Lady Carteret cannot be impressed with the costly entertainment which she is accustomed to giving; we see also that these factors happily agree with Swift's well-known frugality in providing food and drink.

Though polite about her entertainment as Swift's guest, Lady Carteret is made as uncomfortable by Swift's simple hospitality as he was before by his sudden and unexpected proximity to greatness.

But yet, though seeming pleased, can't bear
The scorching sun, or chilling air;
Frighted alike at both extremes,
If he displays, or hides his beams;
Though seeming pleased at all she sees,
Starts at the rustling of the trees;
Can scarcely speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigued to death. (11. 121-28)

Lady Carteret's discomfort inspires Swift "To vindicate his late offence" (1. 130). If, he tells her, the exercise
to which she is unused tires her and she is startled by unfamiliar outdoor surroundings, she should "Learn hence to excuse and pity me" (1. 144). Swift goes onto list the unpleasant experiences that he considers inevitable when he encounters "important men of dress" (1. 147) with his "college awkwardness" (1. 148). He details the various exasperating stages he must pass through (ll. 150-56) only to discover that his efforts have been to no purpose: "And after all, to crown my spleen, / Be told--'You are not to be seen'" (ll. 157-58). Swift here betrays his failure to be truly awed by the great. In relating his "spleen" to Lady Carteret, Swift turns his vindication into a complaint. His final plea for understanding juxtaposes his irritation with an elaborately courtly and diplomatic compliment:

And can I then be faulty found In dreading this vexatious round? Can it be strange if I eschew A scene so glorious and so new? Or is he criminal that flies The living lustre of your eyes? (ll. 161-66)

Dating from 1727 is "A Pastoral Dialogue Between Richmond Lodge and Marble Hill." While it is not primarily concerned with Swift as a houseguest, it nevertheless contains a passage describing Swift's familiar, intrusive, presumptuous behavior in a great house. During his final visit to England in 1727, Swift was a guest in both houses, which were in the vicinity of Richmond, not far from Twickenham where Swift stayed for
much of his visit. The occasion of the speeches by the two houses is their expectation that they will fall into disuse now that their owners have succeeded to a sphere of greatness. Swift is referred to as a former guest, one who will no longer meddle in the affairs of Marble Hill or be critical of the food at Richmond Lodge.

Swift apparently undertook the office of butler while he was a guest at Marble Hill. The house declares that because of its new status,

No more the Dean, that grave divine,  
Shall keep the key of my (no) wine;  
My ice-house rob as heretofore,  
And steal my artichokes no more. (ll. 43-6)

Richmond Lodge responds with a portrait of Swift as a not very well-mannered guest at breakfast:

Here wont the Dean when he's to seek,  
To sponge a breakfast once a week;  
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter Complaints against the royal butter. (ll. 51-4)

Now, however, that the mistress of Richmond Lodge has become Queen, the house imagines that Swift's fortunes will suffer:

But, now I fear it will be said,  
No butter sticks upon his bread.  
We soon shall find him full of spleen,  
For want of tattling to the Queen;  
Stunning her royal ears with talking,  
His Reverence and her Highness walking. (ll. 55-60)

The accession of the Prince and Princess of Wales, then, will deprive Swift of his familiar association with royalty. Swift's
attitude toward the accession of George II was one of hopeful bouyancy, for, as Pat Rogers notes, "The general expectation was that Walpole would now fall from grace, and that the former adherents of the Prince (including his mistress, Mrs. Howard) would attain great influence."11 Swift's happy mood did not last, however, for, as Rogers continues, "It proved to be an illusory hope, and Swift and Pope were among those most cruelly disappointed"12 when Walpole continued in power.

The poems dealing with Market Hill, the Irish estate of Sir Arthur and Lady Acheson, are justly the best-known and most highly regarded of those in which Swift appears as a houseguest. They were written over a period of two years and thus enable us to see the entire course of Swift's relationship with one of his hosts. The pattern of the relationship is similar to that at Gaulstown, where an honored guest develops into a tiresome, eccentric old man whose meddling habits make his hosts wish for his departure. During the greater part of their close acquaintance, the Achesons "entertained Swift with the most generous and lavish hospitality, a grace not always easy of performance, for the Dean was developing the brusque eccentricities which were rapidly to grow upon him and unfit him for ordinary social intercourse."13

The first Market Hill poems were written seven years after Swift's stay at Gaulstown. Swift was now sixty years old, and his long-established behavior as a houseguest had become exaggerated to the point that his habitual officiousness
was intolerable. At Gaulstown Swift seems to have functioned mainly as a tutor and companion to his hosts, with his hours of leisure devoted to fireside raillery and satire. Later, at Marble Hill, he acted as butler. Finally, at Market Hill, where he "made himself disconcertingly at home with" the Achesons, "Swift rearranged their gardens, punished their servants, corrected Lady Acheson, and came down to dinner only when he pleased." Such behavior toward his hosts must inevitably have caused discomfort, if not eventual dislike. A recent critic of Swift's poetry has noted the problem of accounting for his conduct at Market Hill: "That Swift enjoyed taking on projects around the estate and instructing Lady Acheson are facts that, depending on point of view, may be interpreted as gestures of friendly interest or presumptuous usurpations." Of course the points of view relevant to this discussion are those of Swift and the Achesons. "Friendly interest" may be a bit too kind a description of Swift's view, and "presumptuous usurpations" cannot be accepted as the view of the Achesons, at least not until the relationship had been strained by frequent repetitions over a long period of Swift's uninvited management of their estate. Swift is not without responsibility in his eventual estrangement from the Achesons. In more than one of the Market Hill poems, he reveals his awareness that he is "making an amiable and privileged nuisance of himself." No one understood better than Swift that others found his character and
behavior irritating. Yet he often seems to have taken pleasure in the knowledge that his hosts were disconcerted by the antics of their guest. Swift seems to have enjoyed courting disaster by subjecting friendship to an arduous test that he must have known it was unlikely to survive. If this is not the case, perhaps Swift was naively unaware that what his friends found charming for a short time would lose its charm along with its novelty.

Whatever the reasons for the estrangement, there is no doubt of Swift's initial relish for the Achesons and life at Market Hill. What conflicts existed were at first merely objects for Swift's bantering humor, for at Market Hill, "with an easy-going host, and a hostess who was willing to be corrected, Swift was in his element."18

"My Lady's Lamentation and Complaint against the Dean"19 is "one of the earliest, perhaps the very first,"20 of the Market Hill poems. Quite early in his first stay with the Achesons, Swift realized that his presence did not produce perfect felicity in his hostess. In fact, "Swift delighted, somehow, in the notion that Lady Acheson was impatient of his company and preferred the companionship of anyone else."21 Such a reaction would not be unusual in a young woman, used to having her own way, suddenly subjected to the incessant correction of a man of Swift's temperament. Additionally, the Market Hill poems demonstrate that, as usual, Swift preferred to spend the greater part of his time with his
hostess and the servants. Therefore, Lady Acheson's objections are likely to have been less to the fact of Swift's company than to the amount of it bestowed upon her.

"My Lady's Lamentation and Complaint against the Dean" is a catalogue of the inconveniences and indignities Lady Acheson suffers as a result of Swift's presence. She complains of being the victim of incessant raillery:

The Dean never stops,
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite overrun
With rebus and pun. (ll. 11-14)

Lady Acheson next intimates that Swift's frugality is an important reason for his visit. Her claim that the abstemious Swift is at Market Hill "To sponge for good cheer" (l. 16) is unconvincing. Still, the cost of entertaining Swift, as well as his willingness for others to be at the expense of entertaining him, is a theme that appears again in "Lady Acheson Weary of the Dean." Always conscious of money, Swift may introduce the topic and then exaggerate it in order to disarm any possible objection. What has been established as a joke can only with difficulty be made the grounds for conflict. It is impossible, of course, to state with confidence that Swift actually worried about the expense to which he put his hosts. If so, perhaps his worry was caused by the assumption that others were as acutely conscious as was Swift of financial matters.
Lady Acheson proceeds to relate the freedom with which she lived before the arrival of her exasperating guest. The freedom she discusses, however, amounts to an exposition of physical uncouthness, accompanied by a reference to her extreme thinness, a subject that was to fascinate and delight Swift throughout his acquaintance with Lady Acheson. Swift's instruction of Lady Acheson obviously included the proper physical deportment of a lady.

The activity with which Swift had earlier exhausted Lady Carteret is repeated with Lady Acheson:

If he had his will,  
I should never sit still:  
He comes with his whims,  
I must move my limbs;  
I cannot be sweet  
Without using my feet;  
To lengthen my breath  
He tires me to death.  
By the worst of all squires,  
Through bog and through briars,  
Where a cow would be startled,  
I'm in spite of my heart led:  
And, say what I will,  
Hauled up every hill;  
Till, daggled and tattered,  
My spirits quite shattered,  
I return home at night. (11. 37-53)

Strenuous physical exercise, then, was part of Swift's regimen for improving his hostess. Swift is obviously amused at the reactions of others to joining him in his arduous walks. We may without danger of error assume that Lady Acheson exaggerated her physical misery; however, we may with equal confidence assume also that she did not enjoy the exercise.
Next comes the matter of the Achesons' table. Swift's behavior concerning the food at Market Hill is reminiscent of his criticism of the fare at Marble Hill: "He's still finding fault, / Too sour or too salt" (ll. 61-2). For one so indifferent to food, Swift dispenses surprisingly frequent criticism of what others serve him.

Lady Acheson proceeds to Swift's observations on her physique: "Next, for his diversion, / He rails at my person" (ll. 67-8). In a storm of hyperbole,

He takes me to pieces.  
From shoulder to flank  
I'm lean and am lank;  
My nose, long and thin,  
Grows down to my chin;  
My chin will not stay,  
But meets it halfway;  
My fingers, prolix,  
Are ten crooked sticks:  
He swears my elbows  
Are two iron crows,  
Or sharp pointed rocks,  
And wear out my smocks:  
To scape them, Sir Arthur  
Is forced to lie farther,  
Or his sides they would gore  
Like the tusks of a boar. (ll. 70-86)

Such exaggerations of a woman's features could not, of course, be other than good-natured. Later, in "Lady Acheson Weary of the Dean," Swift, again speaking in Lady Acheson's voice, describes his own physical characteristics in as unflattering a manner. The remarks on their figures and features were simply a matter of humor between them. Lady Acheson was not unattractive. Swift was neither foolish nor insensitive
enough to dwell on the ugliness of an ugly woman, especially that of his friend and hostess. John Middleton Murry, in his biography of Swift, helps to illuminate the irony basic to Swift's raillery: "It is easy to misinterpret the [Market Hill] verses. They were intended for the private diversion of the Achesons and himself. The raillery is incessant, and for the most part of the simple but deceptive kind which goes by opposites." We must also remember the Achesons' unavoidable awareness of the status of their guest. Swift was not only an eminent churchman and a celebrity; he had already assumed the character of a national hero, the Drapier, one who had struggled against English tyranny. Thus, as Maurice Johnson has noted, "it was an honor to be insulted by the Dean."  

At Market Hill Swift retained his character of an instructor of women. But Lady Acheson was not merely another subject for instruction, according to Murry, who asserts that she "was to be the surrogate for Stella." As Swift's acquaintance with the Achesons begins in 1728, a few months after the death of Stella, Murry's suggestion is provocative. Perhaps one of the reasons Swift later became disenchanted with Lady Acheson was her inability to replace Stella. Swift's contempt for ignorant women who live by and for their looks is apparent in lines 87 to 134. Lady Acheson states Swift's intolerance of such women: "He loves to be bitter at / A lady illiterate" (ll. 89-90). She then gives
Swift's formula for beauty:

. . . sense gives a grace
To the homeliest face:
Wise books and reflection
Will mend the complexion.
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handsome. (11. 99-102, 104-05)

Once his theory of real beauty is stated by Lady Acheson, Swift is allowed to apply it to her in his own voice. He warns her that her youth will not last and advises her how she may be attractive to men when she is old:

'Consider, before
You come to threescore,
How the hussies will fleer
Where'er you appear:
That silly old puss
Would fain be like us,
What a figure she made
In her tarnished brocade!'  
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .  
'If you are inclined
To polish your mind,
Be adored by the men
Till threescore and ten,
And kill with the spleen
The jades of sixteen,
I'll show you the way:
Read six hours a day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.' (11. 115-22, 125-34)

These lines are a fairly complete statement of Swift's ideas concerning education for women. Sense and learning are worth more and last longer than physical beauty. A woman thus educated is fit company for a man of sense and wit rather than
for the chattering companions at a card table or a succession of insipid beaux.

According to Lady Acheson, Swift is not an amiable teacher. At Market Hill there is none of the obvious mutual pleasure taken in instruction by teacher and pupil that was evident at Gaulstown. Lady Acheson relates her educational encounters with Swift in a tone of petulant resentment:

At breakfast he'll ask
An account of my task.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am serious,
Is very imperious. (11. 137-44)

Lady Acheson points out that she is not averse to reading. What she objects to is the material chosen for her by Swift:

No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But, instead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon. (11. 145-50)

While Lady Acheson is confined by her studies, Swift is outside with the servants. Lady Acheson seems contemptuous of Swift for the company he chooses after having browbeaten her to enter the rarefied and boring precincts of humane learning:

He's all the day sauntering,
With labourers bantering,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among us
And bribes with mundungus.)
Hail fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man;
Who makes the best figure,
The Dean or the digger. (ll. 159-70)

Swift's obvious interest in and affection for the servant class must have seemed odd to his social equals and superiors. One suspects that Lady Acheson's contempt might have been greater if her astonishment had been less.

Lady Acheson's introduction of Swift's familiarity with her servants provides a transition to her description of the projects Swift was fond of undertaking:

How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks;
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottos and seats;
Shows all the gewgaws,
And gapes for applause!
A fine occupation
For one of his station!
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour,
He calls it a bower. (ll. 173-86)

When Swift's project is invaded by a wild calf, Lady Acheson reports the incident with glee. In addition, she relates the depredations of interloping villagers:

The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briars,
And thorns, to make fires;
But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:
No more need be said on't,
I smell when I tread on't. (ll. 195-202)

Here, and later in "A Panegyric on the Dean," Swift has Lady Acheson speak in scatological terms. Perhaps this is a reflection on Lady Acheson's lack of refinement. Swift, it is true, introduces scatology into many of his works; however, excrement is not introduced into the poems by Swift in his own person. A personally fastidious man, he was careful not to juxtapose himself to such matters, however he may have been fascinated by them. But Lady Acheson does not receive such artistic protection.

"My Lady's Lamentation and Complaint against the Dean" concludes with a verse paragraph in which Lady Acheson wishes for the company of other clergymen, for if she must be "Condemned to black gowns" (l. 210), she would prefer the company of any other to that of Swift.

"On Cutting Down the Old Thorn at Market Hill" is concerned, as its title implies, with a single event. The tree, if we take Swift at his word, was dying. Swift, however, treats the incident as an example of his officiousness, a project for the improvement of Market Hill. The poem is related from the tree's point of view, through which Swift is seen as a wantonly destructive villain:
This aged, sickly, sapless thorn
Which must alas no longer stand;
Behold! the cruel Dean in scorn
Cuts down with sacrilegious hand. (11. 21-4)

When the tree has been felled, its root prophesies the revenge that will be visited on Swift and his confederates:

'Thou chief contriver of my fall,
Relentless Dean! to mischief born,
My kindred oft thine hide shall gall;
Thy gown and cassock oft be torn. (11. 57-60)

Sir Arthur will suffer because he did not act to stop "that assassin in crape" (l. 67). The tree continues its speech in the form of a curse:

'Since you could see me treated so,
An old retainer in your house,
'May that fell Dean, by whose command
Was formed this Machiavellian plot,
Not leave a thistle on thy land;
Then who will own thee for a Scot?' (11. 71-6)

A trifling _jeux d'esprit_, "On Cutting Down the Old Thorn at Market Hill" contains only a hint of Swift's delight in undertaking projects at Market Hill; without the other Market Hill poems, this one would tell us almost nothing about Swift's view of himself.

"Lady Acheson Weary of the Dean" is quite similar to "My Lady's Lamentation and Complaint against the Dean." The theme of each poem is Swift's burdensome presence as a long-term guest. In "Lady Acheson Weary of the Dean," however,
we are given a narrative of Swift's arrival as well as an account of his stay. Lady Acheson declares that "Our invitation was but slight" (1. 2), then ironically relates Swift's precipitous acceptance:

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected,
And so we saw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected. (ll. 5-8)

Not only does Swift arrive soon enough to betray his eagerness; once established at Market Hill, he protracts his visit indefinitely:

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a world of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay. (ll. 9-12)

Lady Acheson drops hints to Swift about the length of his visit, but he is impervious to any such subtleties (ll. 13-16). Her next stratagem to be rid of Swift is to have Sir Arthur inform him civilly and indirectly that he ought to leave (ll. 17-28). She continues to complain to Sir Arthur, citing the expense of Swift's sojourn:

The house accounts are daily rising,
So much his stay does swell the bills;
My dearest life, it is surprising
How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff,
And they must have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His horses too eat all our hay. (ll. 29-36)
The two stanzas on expenses are comic in their exaggeration. They are obviously the final desperate attempt of a woman who has already used her best arguments.

In the next-to-last stanza, we are to assume that Lady Acheson is at her wit's end, for she imagines the gratification she would derive from a physical attack on Swift:

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
   His tallow face and wainscot paws,
   His beetle brows and eyes of wall,
   And make him soon give up the cause. (ll. 37-40)

The remarks on Swift's features must be taken as retaliation for the preposterous hyperbole with which Swift habitually describes Lady Acheson. The description of Swift immediately precedes a complaint about the diction he uses to describe her: "Must I be every moment chid / With skinny, boney, snip and lean" (ll. 41-2). The poem concludes with a reiteration of her emphatic wish that Swift should terminate his visit: "Oh! that I could but once be rid / Of that insulting tyrant Dean" (ll. 43-4).

As in the other Market Hill poems, Swift exaggerates the inconveniences caused by his stay. While the poem is obviously written in good humor, there must have been at least some small grain of accuracy in it. It would not be surprising if Lady Acheson became weary of Swift; it would be surprising if she did not. In the Market Hill poems, which show Swift as a frequently disagreeable guest, we see the progress of a game
Swift enjoyed playing with his hosts. The eventual problems caused by Swift's behavior may be attributed to the facts that Swift not only enjoyed the game more than did his hosts, but also that he was much better at playing it.

"To Janus on New Year's Day" is a trifle containing only two brief references to Swift. In line 3 Swift refers to himself as the crony of Janus. Addressing Janus, Swift requests that he "Bring our dame a New Year's gift: / She has got but half a face" (ll. 4-5). Such a jocular request is obviously made in order to introduce Lady Acheson's often-remarked thinness. The "half a face" Swift asks Janus to bestow on Lady Acheson should be from the face that looks backward, for one that looks forward will see "This poor isle's approaching ruin" (l. 14). Lady Acheson, however, is not interested in political disaster and reveals her lack of wisdom in her reply:

'Drown your morals,' Madam cries;  
'I'll have none but forward eyes:  
Prudes decayed about may tack,  
Strain their necks with looking back:  
Give me Time when coming on:  
Who regards him when he's gone?  
By the Dean though gravely told,  
New Years help to make me old;  
Yet I find, a New Year's lace  
Burnishes an old year's face.  
Give me velvet and quadrille,  
I'll have youth and beauty still.' (ll. 19-30)

Lady Acheson's words indicate that she has not concurred with Swift's views concerning the pursuits proper to a young woman who wishes to be admired when she is old. Only "Prudes
decayed" have any reason to look back. The pursuit of pleasure, however ephemeral, is an affair of the future.

"To Dean Swift" is supposedly a poetic address by Sir Arthur Acheson. The poem compliments Swift by demonstrating how his presence is a compliment to the Achesons. Swift, in Sir Arthur's voice, proclaims his own virtues and publishes the corruption of Walpole, the "brazen knight" (l. 14), as well as the ignorance, folly, and venality of his literary employees.

Swift has Sir Arthur begin by congratulating himself on their relationship:

Good cause have I to sing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier:
He, that of every ear's the charmer,
Now condescends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his strains. (ll. 1-5)

Such high praise might seem odd to anyone familiar with the two centuries of critical neglect and unpopularity which befall Swift's verse. It must be remembered, however, that Swift's poetry was far from unpopular in his own lifetime, a circumstance that gains credence from the fact that Pope more than once found joint publication with Swift desirable. Swift's opinion of his poetry, if we take seriously the lines he ascribes to Sir Arthur, is highly favorable, perhaps even containing an indelicate amount of vanity.

Sir Arthur concludes his remarks with an expression of delight that Swift's proximity will make his estate a literary
Happy, O Market Hill! at least,
That court and courtiers have no taste:
You never else had known the Dean,
But, as of old, obscurely lain;
All things gone on the same dull track,
And Drapier's Hill been still Drumlack:
But now your name with Penshurst vies,
And winged with fame shall reach the skies.

(11. 27-34)

Penshurst, of course, is the house made famous by Ben Jonson's poem addressed to it. Swift, by putting himself in Jonson's company, seems confident that his verse will be familiar to posterity. Although he made occasional disclaimers about his abilities as a poet and frankly proclaimed his inferiority to Pope, Swift obviously considered himself a poet of no inconsiderable talent and importance.

"Drapier's Hill" is another poem in praise of Swift, delivered from the point of view of an unidentified narrator. Lines 1 to 8 inform the reader that the "thriving Dean" has bought land, then offer a calculation of the income and expenses that will accompany the purchase. The narrator includes a reference to Swift's "endless hoarded store" (1. 7). Swift's frugality seems to have procured him the reputation of being a wealthy man.

Swift's planned estate is to be called Drapier's Hill, a name insisted on, we are told, by Sir Arthur Acheson (11. 9-10). The reason given for the name is that posterity will need to be reminded of Swift's service to Ireland:
... when the nation long enslaved,
Forgets by whom it once was saved;
When none the Drapier's praise shall sing;
His signs aloft no longer swing;
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs are rotten;
His famous Letters made waste paper;
This hill may keep the name of Drapier:
In spite of envy flourish still,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's Hill. (ll. 11-20)

In "Drapier's Hill," Swift seems less assured of being known to posterity than in "To Dean Swift." Though not long past the peak of his immense popularity, Swift wishes for yet another memorial of his services as an Irish patriot. Both poems most likely date from the summer of 1729. Perhaps they should be regarded as companion pieces, since both deal with the issue of Swift's posthumous reputation. There exists also the possibility of an ironic intention in the two poems. It is possible, and even likely, that Swift thought his poetic reputation would endure. But it seems unlikely that Swift, in a poem composed at about the same time, could be seriously concerned that he would not be remembered as the Drapier. The simplest explanation for Swift's pretended concern is that he enjoyed praise and was willing to praise himself publicly, either anonymously or beneath an ineffective poetic mask. Since Swift was frequently attacked in print, his poems in praise of himself may be seen as an attempt to make public a favorable, if not always accurate, delineation of his character and actions.

In "The Grand Question Debated," Swift once again uses a servant as narrator. Hannah's vulgar fantasy about the
relationship among Lady Acheson, Swift, and an army officer serves several purposes. First, of course, we get an excellent sample of a servant's habits of mind. Moreover, Lady Acheson's willingness to hear the entire scenario, while offering only occasional and ineffectual protests, suggests that her own mind is not untainted with vulgarity. Finally, Swift, through Hannah's comparison of him to the Captain, manages to praise himself indirectly.

The poem opens with a discussion between Sir Arthur and Lady Acheson concerning the fate of Hamilton's Bawn, a building on their estate. Sir Arthur is inclined to convert it into a malthouse, thus increasing his income by three hundred pounds (ll. 7-10). The other possible use for the building is as a barracks, to which Sir Arthur is opposed (ll. 19-24).

Lady Acheson, Sir Arthur's "meek wife" (l. 25), responds with an emphatic endorsement of the barracks, followed by her not very cogent arguments in support of her opinion:

'It must, and it shall be a barrack, my life. I'm grown a mere Mopus; no company comes; But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull rums; With parsons, what lady can keep herself clean? I'm all over daubed when I sit by the Dean. But, if you will give us a barrack, my dear, The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here; I then shall not value his Deanship a straw, For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe; Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert, Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert; That men of his coat should be minding their prayers, And not among ladies to give themselves airs.'

(ll. 26-38)
better-bred prelude to Hannah's tirade. The imagined encounter between the Dean and the Captain lacks only the conversational particulars which Hannah supplies. The similarity of taste and character between mistress and servant must be meant as a sly insult to Lady Acheson. With the addition of the boorish, ignorant Captain to their party, Swift's portrait of his opposition becomes complete. Swift and Sir Aruthur create a favorable impression simply because they do not participate in the small-minded chat that occurs during the Captain's imagined visit.

Hannah, "who listened to all that was passed" (1. 41) between the Achesons, later describes to Lady Acheson the pleasures of having a barracks rather than a malthouse. She encourages Lady Acheson to berate Sir Arthur until he agrees to the barracks (ll. 53-62). Hannah then describes the various civilities which will pass between the Captain and his hosts, until finally Swift sees that "The Captain at dinner appears in his glory" (1. 130). Perhaps fearing that her description wants assistance, Hannah imagines the Captain's discourse on learning and clergymen:

"... Madam," says he, "if such dinners you give, You'll never want parsons as long as you live; I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose, But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes; God damn me, they bid us reform and repent, But, zounds, by their looks, they never keep Lent: Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid, You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid; I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand, In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band:"
(For the Dean was so shabby and looked like a ninny, 
That the Captain supposed he was curate to Jenny.)
"Wherever you see a cassock and gown, 
A hundred to one, but it covers a clown; 
Observe how a parson comes into a room, 
God damn me, he hobbles as bad as my groom; 
A scholard, when just from his college broke loose, 
Can hardly tell how to cry boo to a goose; 
Your Noveds, and Blutraks, and Omurs and stuff, 
By God they don't signify this pinch of snuff. 
To give a young gentleman right education, 
The army's the only good school in this nation; 
My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a fool, 
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school; 
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me, 
And the puppy confessed, he expected no good o' me. 
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife, 
But he mauled me, I ne'er was so mauled in my life; 
So I took to the road, and what's very odd, 
The first man I robbed was a parson, by God. 
Now madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say, 
But, the sight of a book makes me sick to this day." 
(11. 141-72)

By his swaggering celebration of ignorance and brutality, the 
Captain is eloquently condemned out of his own mouth. When 
compared with the Captain's behavior, Swift's eccentricities 
and irascibility no longer seem intolerable.

Hannah is not satisfied with her fictional Captain's 
imaginary triumph over Swift. Her tale continues, and she 
notes another advantage to be derived from the Captain's com-
pany: "'So, then you looked scornful, and sniffed at the 
Dean, / As, who should say, "Now, am I skinny and lean?" / But 
he durst not so much as once open his lips'" (11. 175-77). 
Hannah's narrative is interrupted by Swift's calling Lady 
Acheson out for a walk. Lady Acheson's response to Hannah 
is a headlong jumble of conflicting thoughts:
. . . 'Huzzy, why sure the wench is gone mad: 
How could these chimeras get into your brains?—
Come hither and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his jibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye:
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy.'

(11. 184-90)

Her principal worry is that Swift will hear of Hannah's day-dream and tease her about it. Yet she rewards Hannah for telling the story, and her final remark demonstrates that she has participated fully in Hannah's wishful thinking.

Swift is mentioned only once in "A Pastoral Dialogue." In line 26, Dermot tells Sheelah, "the Dean threw me this tobacco plug." Swift's delight in the servant class is apparent in this poem. His own appearance in the poem may be attributed partly to his desire to be a character in a piece dealing with servants, though the main object of the poem is to debunk the elegant absurdities of the pastoral tradition.

"The Revolution at Market Hill" probably "belongs to Swift's third and last stay at Market Hill, which seems to have extended from late June to late September" of 1730. If so, we may assume that Swift's relationship with the Achesons had not yet seriously deteriorated, for "The Revolution at Market Hill" maintains the friendly, rallying tone of the earlier Market Hill poems.

Swift begins the poem by introducing the "odd triumvirate of friends" (1. 2) who are the principal actors in the
narrative. The friends are all Tories, "Three sufferers in a ruined cause" (l. 6). Swift, Henry Leslie, and Sir Arthur Acheson correspond to "A Dean, a Spaniard, and a knight" (l. 8). However, the friends do not enjoy equal status in their banishment to the environs of Market Hill, for "The knight triumphant reigns betwixt" (l. 20) Swift and Leslie, who, "To be his slaves must pay him rent; / Attend him daily as their chief, / Decant his wine, and carve his beef" (ll. 22-4). Such a complaint from Swift, who was fond of acting as butler in the houses of his friends, cannot be taken as anything but facetious.

Sir Arthur's supremacy, we find, is not merited. He cannot boast of either fame or service, as can Swift and the soldier Leslie (ll. 29-32). One reproach Swift offers to Sir Arthur is that he "never ventured to be hanged" (l. 40). This obvious reference to Swift's heroic role as the Drapier indicates not so much contempt for Sir Arthur as it does self-contratulation and an unwillingness to let his deeds be forgotten. Swift was notably proud of the fearless patriotism that had put his life in jeopardy. There may be a grain of sincerity, then, when Swift demands rhetorically, "How dare you treat your betters thus? / Are you to be compared to us?" (ll. 41-2). In the later Market Hill poems, these two lines might be said to operate as a main thesis.

The description of the proposed campaign to take over Market Hill and subjugate the Achesons begins at line 43.
The details of the campaign are not of particular interest, with the exception of Swift's plan to neutralize Lady Acheson's "valiant arm" (l. 60). The plan is designed to immobilize Lady Acheson by attacking and entrapping her through her vanity:

By these embroidered high heel shoes,  
She shall be caught as in a noose:  
So well contrived her toes to pinch,  
She'll not have power to stir an inch;  
These gaudy shoes must Hannah place  
Direct before her Lady's face. (ll. 63-8)

The rest of the poem is devoted to the successful completion of the revolution, a description of the Acheson's new roles as servants, and a Machiavellian betrayal of Hannah, who is to be hanged when she has assisted in the overthrow of the existing order at Market Hill.

With "The Dean's Reasons for Not Building at Drapier's Hill," the tone of the Market Hill poems changes. The poem airs Swift's grievances toward Sir Arthur Acheson, who heretofore has been treated as a complaisant host who at times was an ally in Swift's rallying of Lady Acheson. He has been portrayed as a sensible man and praised for his Tory politics. It is more than a little surprising to find suddenly that Swift finds so much to criticize in Sir Arthur. Their relationship has obviously become strained, probably as a result of Swift's eccentric behavior, intrusiveness, and long stays as a guest at Market Hill.
After Swift has offered several reasons for not building a house on his property near the Achesons' estate and has asserted that he has "a hundred causes ready" (l. 80), he imagines Lady Acheson's objection that proximity to Sir Arthur would make the site more than tolerable. Lady Acheson declares her husband to be "a man of taste" (l. 22) and cites his conversation as an exception to the fanaticism and barbarity which characterize the region. Swift allows Sir Arthur to be an accomplished conversationalist when he chooses to talk, but objects that he talks too little. Sir Arthur's "uncommunicative heart, / Will scarce one precious word impart" (ll. 43-4). Not only does Sir Arthur keep his thoughts to himself; he fails to pay sufficient attention to Swift's conversation. Swift complains that Sir Arthur,

... while I talk, a song will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind. (ll. 47-50)

Swift is right to take exception to such rudeness on the part of his host. Yet he fails to consider that his host may have become as weary of the Dean as Lady Acheson was earlier imagined to be. There is also in Swift's objection a hint of nettled vanity. Sir Arthur is not accused so much of being inattentive as of being inattentive when Swift talks.

Swift proceeds to criticize Sir Arthur for his taste for metaphysical speculations. As always, Swift portrays
himself as a plain man to whom "all notions too abstracted /
Are like the ravings of a cracked head" (ll. 63-4). Given
such different intellectual bents, mutually satisfying con-
versation is impossible:

What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me?
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust? (ll. 65-8)

Swift strikes a false note in his derision of Sir Arthur's
metaphysical turn of mind. It seems very odd that Swift should
have been attracted to such a man in the first place and inex-
plicable that he should have enjoyed such company in three
extended visits over a period of two years. Finally, for Swift
suddenly to object to a condition with which he had long been
familiar is quite arbitrary. Swift's friendship with the
Achesons was obviously shaky, and Swift seems glad of a quarrel
by which he can both further alienate Sir Arthur and excuse him-
sel from any responsibility for the estrangement.

Sir Arthur is further charged with being a poor host and
an indolent landowner who is disinclined to improve his estate:

His guests are few, his visits rare,
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, seated in an easy chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns;
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles. (ll. 85-94)
Perhaps Sir Arthur can at least be forgiven for having few guests. With Swift as an example, he may well have come to consider guests less than desirable.

Swift concludes the poem with a farewell to his meddling interference in his host's estate:

Those thankless and officious cares
I use to take in friends' affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain:
From these I am recovered quite,
At least in what regards the knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace.
But now, let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after, pound:
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire;
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage:
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves:
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine.
For, why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will? (ll. 95-114)

In these concluding statements, Swift tells us several things about himself and next to nothing about Sir Arthur Acheson. He acknowledges his compulsion to manage his host's estate, and he admits both that he has been rebuked for his meddling and that he disregarded the rebukes. Swift's officiousness combined with his insensitivity to the wishes of his host must have been the main reason for their eventual estrangement. Swift proceeds to qualify his farewell to estate management; it applies only to Market Hill. The implicit
suggestion that he might serve in the same capacity on some other estate indicates that Swift considers his meddling neither incorrect nor a reasonable source of dissension between host and guest. The catalogue of the depredations that Swift predicts will occur at Market Hill gives the impression that he thinks his management has been all that has heretofore saved Market Hill from ruin.

The tone of "The Dean's Reasons for Not Building at Market Hill" is one of resentment. Swift sees Sir Arthur as having failed as friend, host, landowner, and intellectual. Since there is no evidence that Sir Arthur was any different in 1730 than he had been in 1728, there must be a reason for the diminution of Swift's regard for him. It is obvious that their friendship had grown cool, but neither Swift's interference in the running of Market Hill nor the Achesons' exasperation with his projects accounts satisfactorily for the apparent bitterness of the later Market Hill poems. One possible explanation is that Swift regarded the Achesons themselves as projects. Lady Acheson was to be molded into another Stella, while Sir Arthur was instructed in the management of the ideal estate. After two years, Swift may have felt their progress had been unsatisfactory, that they had disappointed him in not responding to his tutelage.

"Death and Daphne," while the most delightful of the Market Hill poems, is included in this discussion only for what it indirectly tells us about the status of Swift's
relationship with Lady Acheson in 1730. Swift does not appear in the poem. Nora Crow Jaffe offers an interpretation of "Death and Daphne" in which she asserts that "Death is a stand-in for Swift himself." While this reading is possible, it is less than apparent. What is apparent is that the fertile imagination and abundant humor of the poem suggest that Swift continued to feel affection for Lady Acheson.

Since its date of composition cannot be determined, "Daphne" is usually printed after "Death and Daphne." In "Daphne," Swift's familiar criticism of Lady Acheson has a bitter tone. The poem might well be entitled "The Dean Weary of Lady Acheson." Swift begins with an exposition of Daphne's faults of temperament, which are calculated to cause unpleasantness:

Daphne knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please;
But, the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devised
Surer ways to be despised. (ll. 1-6)

Swift's response to such a woman is to wish himself away from her: "Send me hence ten thousand miles" (l. 21). He has obviously given up all hope of improving Lady Acheson's mind, resolving that he will "in folly still befriend her, / But have no concern to mend her" (ll. 28-9). The poem concludes with Swift's declaration that he will act no longer as Lady Acheson's tutor:
Swift has already stated that Lady Acheson's mentality is despicable; his concluding remark, therefore, is unconvincing. More than anything else, Swift's attitude seems to be regret over the fact that Lady Acheson gives him no choice but to despise her.

"Twelve Articles" summarizes the intellectual fiasco Swift stirred up when he attempted to change Lady Acheson's character through education. The poem begins with a wish to avoid "more quarrels" (l. 1). Lady Acheson has apparently objected to Swift's overbearing impatience with her half-hearted efforts, and there has already been at least one quarrel serious enough to make Swift remounce his role as tutor. Swift's attitude throughout "Twelve Articles" is that of a well-meaning benefactor injured by the intransigence and ingratitude of the object of his efforts. In each of the twelve articles, Swift contrasts his sense and kindness with Lady Acheson's lack of taste, unreasonableness, inattention, rudeness, and "poverty of spirit" (l. 23).

Some of the articles in the poem show that Swift is at least as concerned with a personal affront as with Lady Acheson's resistance to improvement. Among his other resolutions, Swift declares that "When I talk, and you are heedless, / I will show no anger needless" (ll. 7-8). This is the same
charge leveled earlier at Sir Arthur in "The Dean's Reasons for Not Building at Drapier's Hill." It is a grave fault to be inattentive when the Dean speaks.

The final item in "Twelve Articles" repeats the sentiment at the conclusion of "Daphne." Swift washes his hands of his former role as tutor and advisor to Lady Acheson: "Never will I give advice / Till you please to ask me thrice" (11. 28-8). Swift concludes with the statement that, under the conditions set down, "we both shall have our ends, / And continue special friends" (11. 31-2). The evidence to the contrary in the later Market Hill poems makes Swift's profession of continued friendship sound insincere. Perhaps he wished to end his relationship with the Achesons quietly, rather than through further quarrels.

If the chronological arrangement of the Market Hill poems in Roger's edition is correct, Swift allows Lady Acheson to have the last word. "A Panegyric on the Dean" is written from Lady Acheson's point of view. What is surprising about the poem is that its tone does not seem to agree with that of the poems immediately preceding it. While critical of Swift, it does not seem an appropriate statement from one in Lady Acheson's situation. There is no anger or indignation in "A Panegyric on the Dean." It does not contain the sentiments one would expect in the final statement of a broken friendship. Perhaps the Achesons did not return Swift's
hostility. It is also possible that Swift, through another amiable mock-attack on himself, was attempting to salvage the friendship.

"A Panegyric on the Dean," up to line 225, is an ironic catalogue of Swift's virtues. The first subject discussed is Swift's attitude toward women. Notorious for satirizing the folly of women, Swift is praised for his gallantry: "How well to win the ladies' hearts, / You celebrate their wit and parts!" (ll. 11-12). Lady Acheson goes on to specify the praise Swift has bestowed upon her:

How have I felt my spirits raised,
By you so oft, so highly praised:
Transformed by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful and young. (ll. 13-16)

To return his praise, Lady Acheson declares she will celebrate Swift as "Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor" (l. 39).

Lady Acheson tells Swift that, as Dean, "you understand your Precedence, and support your grandeur: / Nor of your rank will bate an ace" (ll. 45-7). Swift was always very conscious of his own position, particularly since he had begun life without particularly good prospects. Having achieved a position of eminence, he wished others to be equally aware of his rank.

Lady Acheson takes up in succession Swift's preaching, conversation, and dress, before she praises him as "butler's mate" (l. 88). She then proceeds to discuss his roles as usher, jester, and tutor. Much of this material is repeated
from earlier poems in the Market Hill group. Lady Acheson's portrait of Swift contains nothing new except its ironic treatment. Swift is blamed by praise for his menial employments and his difficult temperament. Finally, Lady Acheson sings Swift's praises for his architectural feat of raising two outhouses on the estate. The poem then lapses into a lengthy address to the goddess Cloacina.

"A Panegyric on the Dean" is probably the weakest of the Market Hill poems. It adds nothing new to our understanding of Swift, Lady Acheson, or their relationship, and it obscures the end of Swift's friendship with the Achesons. The harsh statements Swift has made in "The Dean's Reasons for Not Building at Drapier's Hill," "Daphne," and "Twelve Articles" do not lead one to expect the rather lame, repetitious attempt at ironic humor among friends that one finds in "A Panegyric on the Dean."

Swift's behavior as a houseguest tells us much about his character. We see him as meddlesome, imperious, critical, patronizing, insensitive, and tiresome. Given such a character, it is more than a little surprising that he could have been welcome for as long as he was at Gaulstown and Market Hill. We must not forget, however, Swift's many redeeming qualities. He was interested in his hosts, he gave his time freely as a teacher, his conversation was brilliant, and his ebullient personality was appealing. Most important of all, though, was probably his reputation. It was better to suffer an insult
from Swift than not to have his acquaintance and company. We see the same situation later in the century, when many persons braved the surly pronouncements of Dr. Johnson in return for their occasional proximity to greatness. The Rochforts and Achesons received an extremely favorable return for the hospitality they extended to Swift.
NOTES

1 Pat Rogers, ed., Jonathan Swift: The Complete Poems (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1983), pp. 85-7. Each poem discussed will be noted in the initial reference to it. After the first reference, citation will be by line number within the text.

2 Rogers, pp. 87-8.

3 Rogers, pp. 88-9.

4 Rogers, pp. 235-38.


8 Rogers, pp. 294-98.

9 Rogers, pp. 754.


11 Rogers, p. 767.

12 Rogers, p. 767.

13 Williams, Poems, III, 847.


15 Johnson, p. 50.


18 Murry, p. 432.

19 Rogers, pp. 347-53.

20 Rogers, p. 780.


22 Murry, p. 433

23 Johnson, p. 50.

24 Murry, p. 433

25 Rogers, pp. 353-56.

26 Rogers, pp. 362-65.

27 Rogers, pp. 364-65.

28 Rogers, pp. 377-78.

29 Rogers, pp. 378-79.

30 Rogers, pp. 793, 794.

31 Rogers, pp. 380-86.

32 Rogers, pp. 386-88.

33 Rogers, pp. 396-98.

34 Rogers, pp. 803-804.

35 Rogers, pp. 427-30.

36 Rogers, pp. 430-33.


38 Rogers, pp. 433-34.

39 Rogers, p. 821.
40 Rogers, pp. 434-35.
41 Rogers, pp. 436-44.
CHAPTER III

SWIFT AS FRIEND AND ENEMY

The poems in which Swift assumes the role of friend or enemy show us another persona of relative insignificance. Nevertheless, these minor roles serve as further illustrations of Swift's character. They reveal Swift as peremptory, patronizing, didactic, frequently contemptuous, and always having a conviction of his own superior wit, learning, judgment, and taste. We see Swift's aggressiveness and the tenacity of his convictions, even about matters of little importance. With such an idea of his character in mind, we are better prepared for Swift's fiercely ideological support of Anglican and Tory positions, his struggles in behalf of the Irish, and even the misanthropy of his later years.

Swift's poems addressed to or dealing with his friends were written after he had taken up residence in Dublin as Dean of St. Patrick's. All but three of these poems are addressed to either Thomas Sheridan or Patrick Delany, two clergymen who, along with Stella, were Swift's best and most familiar friends in Ireland.

During Swift's long acquaintance with Sheridan, "the two men exchanged flurries of rhymed letters, riddles,
pasquinades, and trifles." While their friendship was close and lasted nearly until Sheridan's death, there seems to have been no question of equality in Swift's mind. The tone of many of the verses he addressed to Sheridan indicates that "there was always an atmosphere, at best of condescension, at worst of contempt, in the relationship." Sheridan, however, could not seem to help aggravating Swift's condescending attitude toward him. His verses addressed to Swift occasionally betray an excess of rough humor at Swift's expense. Sheridan obviously considered himself the equal of Swift, and his oppressive familiarity more than once provoked a reply that shows Swift's impatience with such an indiscreet and insensitive friend. Sheridan "was one of those superficially brilliant people, who never quite grow up, and who have a genius for stumbling into awkward predicaments."

Since they do not lend themselves to any thematic grouping, the poems that passed between Swift and Sheridan will be discussed chronologically. Most of the poems are indeed trifles and call for little comment. Their most interesting feature is the tone Swift takes in addressing Sheridan, usually in response to a challenge in verse. The tone of the verses illustrates not only Swift's condescension and occasional contempt, but also his extremely favorable opinion of his own dignity, accomplishments, and abilities.

In "Dean Swift's Answer to the Reverend Dr Sheridan," Swift responds to Sheridan's riddle "Pray why is a woman a
sieve and a riddle?"$^6$ Swift refers to Sheridan's "damnable riddle" (1. 2), but does not answer it. Instead, he points out that the riddle is "mistaken in matter of fact" (1. 4) and proceeds to formulate his own riddle for Sheridan.

"The Dean of St. Patrick's to Thomas Sheridan"$^7$ contains an instance of the exasperation to which Sheridan's incessant barrage of riddles and libels sometimes drove Swift. According to Pat Rogers, "within hours of the previous item ["Dean Swift's Answer to the Reverend Dr Sheridan"], Sheridan had produced two new ripostes."$^8$ Swift's initial reaction is testy: "My foot was but just set out from my cathedral, / When into my hands comes a letter from the droll. / I can't pray in quiet for you and your verses" (11. 3-5). He notes that his last reply made Sheridan angry (1. 7) and advises him "To leave off this passion which does not becomes you" (1. 10). We find from Swift's statement that Sheridan was quick-tempered and impulsive in expressing his displeasure. Swift seems paternal in his advice to Sheridan; he obviously understood Sheridan's temper and sought to moderate it. As for an abusive remark in one of Sheridan's verses, Swift affirms that Sheridan would not have ventured to make such a comment in person: " . . . I say you are scurrilous, / And you durst not talk thus if I saw you at our alehouse" (11. 31-2).

In "A Left-Handed Letter to Dr Sheridan,"$^9$ Swift administers a rebuke and asserts the ease with which he can defeat Sheridan at his own game. Sheridan seems to have thought
his efforts had caused Swift to sue for peace, an erroneous assumption Swift is quick to point out:

My offers of peace you ill understood.
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in modester language your duty;
For were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye.

(ll. 23-6)

Sheridan, however, refuses to learn from the defeats he suffers, as Swift is aware: "The oftener you fall, the oftener you write" (l. 30). Finally, Swift describes the inevitable outcome of any contest between them: "I'll first take you up, and then take you down" (l. 32).

"The Dean to Thomas Sheridan" contains a reproof, an insult, and a plea for peace. Sheridan is upbraided for his bad manners in approaching Swift and Lord Anglesey: ". . . whip you trot up, without minding your betters, / To the very coach side, and threaten your letters" (ll. 3-4). Swift ironically compliments Sheridan's abuse, asserting that ". . . you could many shillings get, / Were you dressed like a bawd, and sold oysters at Billingsgate" (ll. 9-10). The comparison, of course, is to the fishwives at Billingsgate, who were famous for their coarse, abusive language. Swift was obviously becoming weary of their contests of wit, since Sheridan's wit was apparently accompanied by little judgment or taste. Placatingly, Swift objects to the frequency of their verse correspondence and suggests that it come to an end: "But why should we fight thus, my partner so dear, / With three hundred
and sixty-five poems a year?" (ll. 33-4). Finally, Swift is unable to resist a declaration of the speed and casual skill with which he has responded to Sheridan's last verses. Below his signature is the statement, "Written, signed, and sealed, five minutes and eleven seconds after the receipt of yours, allowing seven seconds for sealing and superscribing."

Two Latin poems, "To Thomas Sheridan" and "Ad Amicum Eruditum Thomam Sheridan," show Swift bestowing good-natured abuse and a laborious, fulsome paneguric. Swift was unaccountably proud of the latter piece, preferring it to his English poems, and was particularly anxious to have it published. Perhaps Swift simply wished to be known for his erudition and skill in Latin verse. We know that he was proud of his preaching, which was undistinguished. Like many others, Swift was not always his own best critic.

In "Sheridan, a Goose," Swift asserts his superiority to Sheridan to the point of proprietorship. He compares Sheridan to a goose, then qualifies his statement into a left-handed compliment: "You're my goose, and no other man's; / And you know all my geese are swans" (ll. 11-12). This is another way of stating that Sheridan is a silly fellow only in contrast to Swift. Being silly in association with Swift, however, is a distinction. Knowing Sheridan's irascibility, Swift must have enjoyed this bit of sly arrogance.

"Mary the Cook-Maid's Letter to Dr Sheridan" vies with "Mrs Harris's Petition" and "A Pastoral Dialogue" in portraying
the hilarious thoughts of servants. "Mary the Cook-Maid's Letter" concludes Swift's remarks to Sheridan on the proper use of raillery. Sheridan has insulted Swift, and Swift's servant comes to his defense: "the Dean my master is an honester man than you and all your kin: / He has more goodness in his little finger, than you have in your whole body, / My master is a parsonable man, and not a spindle-shanked hoddy-doddy" (11. 8-10). Through Mary's intemperate name-calling, Swift demonstrates to Sheridan that such behavior is to be expected from a servant and, by implication, that it is not proper from a Doctor of Divinity.

Mary supports her assertion of Sheridan's boorishness by introducing the unsolicited opinion of Saunders, Swift's man-servant, on Swift's affection for the unworthy Sheridan: "My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school; / I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool!" (11. 29-30). Sheridan is thus reminded of the great difference between his position and that of Swift. The implication is, of course, that a schoolmaster ought to be grateful for the notice of the Dean of St. Patrick's. Mary sums up the situation with her humble opinion, "I am but a poor servant, but I think gentlefolks should be civil" (1. 24). Swift has effectively employed a voice other than his own to make a point in his behalf. He became so adept at this practice that critics still disagree on whether the panegyrist in Verses on the
Death of Dr Swift is meant to be understood literally or ironically, with the inevitable result that he is not understood at all.

"A Letter to the Reverend Dr Sheridan" is a jeu d'esprit in trisyllabic rhymes on the relative merits of the classical dramatists and a challenge to Sheridan to respond in kind. Aside from the ingenuity of its rhymes, the piece is interesting primarily for what it reveals about Swift's taste in classical drama. Fond of Plautus and Terence, Swift's verdict on Aristophanes is that "The rogue's too bawdy and profane" (l. 6). More critically orthodox is his relegation of Euripides to the third place among the Greek tragedians (ll. 17-20). Finally, Swift expresses his preference for Aeschylus over Sophocles (ll. 27-9).

Except for a graceful initial compliment to Delany, "To Mr Delany" is a poem inspired by and meant for the instruction of Sheridan. Written early in Swift's acquaintance with both Delany and Sheridan, "To Mr Delany" is a response to a poem by Sheridan. "To Mr Delany" makes it plain that "Swift felt that Sheridan's 'The Funeral' had exceeded the limits of good humor and had descended, however unwittingly, into degrading abuse; the poem had violated the cardinal rule of raillery that it communicate good humor and not offend its object." Swift also brought up the subject in a letter to Delany: "I have long thought severall of his Papers, and particularly that of the Funerall, to be out of all the Rules
of Railing, I ever understood, and if you think the same you ought to tell him so in the manner you like best, without bringing me into the Question, else I may be thought a man who will not take a Jest."^{20} The same request is made in "To Mr Delany." Swift defines the problem and asks Delany to give Sheridan some advice on the impropriety of his abusive humor:

Some part of what I here design
Regards a friend of yours and mine,
Who full of humour, fire and wit,
Not always judges what is fit;
But loves to take prodigious rounds,
And sometimes walks beyond his bounds.
You must, although the point be nice,
Venture to give him some advice.
Few hints from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite. (11. 89-98)

"From Dr Swift to Dr Sheridan,"^{21} concerned with the bottling of Sheridan's wine, is interesting chiefly for the length of its lines, some of which extend into several clauses. It is one of the most trifling of Swift's trifles. After a response from Sheridan, Swift sent another set of verses, "Dr Swift's Answer to Dr Sheridan,"^{22} a rambling poem with little coherence and no purpose beyond the demonstration of Swift's ability to write thirty-four lines employing a single rhyme. "Swift to Sheridan"^{23} is largely a good-natured threat using hyperbole to enumerate once again the dire consequences Sheridan faces in challenging Swift.

"George Nim-Dan-Dean, Esq. to Mr Sheridan,"^{24} dating from
Swift's stay with the Rochforts at Gaulstown, is "presented as a work of collective authorship," the principals being the two sons of Baron Rochfort, the Rev. Daniel Jackson, and Swift. The poem is subtitled "On His Verses, Written July 15, 1721, at Ten in the Morning." Rather than responding to the content of Sheridan's verses, Swift, in the names of himself and his friends, delivers a humorous criticism of the quality of Sheridan's efforts.

Another poem to Sheridan from the same committee, "George Nim-Dan-Dean's Invitation to Mr Thomas Sheridan," is, as the title indicates, an invitation to Sheridan to join the company at Gaulstown House. There is much affection for Sheridan evident in the poem. Its ingenious rhymes are obviously designed to appeal to Sheridan's love of poetic dexterity.

"To Mr Sheridan, upon His Verses Written in Circles," however, contains further evidence of Swift's condescending attitude toward Sheridan: "It never was known that circular letters, / By humble companions were sent to their betters" (ll. 1-2). Swift here puts Sheridan in a position comparable to that of Rebecca Dingley in her relationship to Stella. Obviously, Swift could hardly have been so contemptuous of a man whose friendship he retained. It is likely that Swift made such remarks in order to goad Sheridan into another hasty or foolish response.

"A Portrait from the Life" is an extended, detailed, insulting character of Sheridan's wife. It is, however, a
character she seems to have merited, for even Sheridan himself concurred with Swift’s opinion. The poem is addressed to several of Swift’s friends who knew Mrs. Sheridan, including “friend Thomas” (1. 9), her husband.

“A Poetical Epistle to Dr Sheridan,” a dubious item in the canon of Swift’s verse, is a harangue against drunkenness, presumably inspired by an instance of Sheridan’s tippling. Swift cites his own routine of “sober hours” (1. 31) kept at the Deanery and reveals his irritation toward a guest, Mrs. Robinson (who has not been identified) for drinking more than he considers proper:

The cloth is laid at eight, and then
We sit till half an hour past ten;
One bottle well might serve for three
If Mrs Robinson drank like me.
Ask how I fret when she has beckoned
To Robert to bring up a second;
I hate to have it in my sight,
And drink my share in perfect spite.
If Robin brings the ladies word,
The coach is come, I ’scape a third;
If not, why then I fall a-talking
How sweet a night it is for walking. (ll. 33-44)

It is impossible not to suspect at least as much thrift as sobriety in Swift’s objection to the consumption of multiple bottles of wine on his own premises.

"An Answer to the Ballyspellin Ballad" is simply another tour de force by Swift, who, in response to a similar piece by Sheridan, composed a ballad employing apparently endless rhymes to Ballyspellin. The poem is also an abusive criticism of the place, which Sheridan had praised.
Chronologically the final item in the Swift-Sheridan verse correspondence, "To Dr Sheridan," contains more of the same ingenious raillery that characterizes most of the verses. Swift seems tired of the game, for he declares, "If I write any more, it will make my poor muse sick" (l. 1). There is also a passing reference to Sheridan's unpleasant wife. Swift wishes he "may soon not be of an a-gue sick; / But, I hope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a shrew sick" (ll. 3-4).

The verses Swift wrote to Sheridan suggest that he regarded Sheridan as an amusing mock-antagonist on whom he could sharpen his wits, one who could not possibly contend successfully with him, an opponent to be provoked into spleen, then patronizingly corrected when his broadsides went beyond the limits of taste or proper respect for one who was his superior in every way. Most of these verse trifles are unremarkable and tiresome. They deserve little more than the brief comments made in passing by critics of Swift's poetry. They reveal little about Swift, and what they do reveal can be briefly stated. Swift enjoyed his position of superiority among his Irish acquaintance, and he was not always careful of his friends' feelings. He obviously enjoyed having as a friend a man even more imprudent than himself.

Patrick Delany fared much better with Swift than did Sheridan, though Delany was not exempt from Swift's raillery or even censure when Swift considered him guilty of an unworthy
attitude, such as jealousy or an absence of tact and taste. In all, however, Delany's character was much more restrained than Sheridan's, and Swift valued his friendship. There are fewer verses dealing with their friendship than with that of Swift and Sheridan; however, their content is more significant than that of any of the ephemeral Swift-Sheridan verses. For example, in Swift's poems to Delany, we see Swift's attitude toward those who make unseemly petitions to the great for preferment. Swift's aversion to too much humility was strong, for he unhesitatingly attacked in print a close friend with whom he had had no previous disagreements of any significance.

The first poetic exchange between Swift and Delany was initiated by Delany, who, "with suggestions from Stella, began by writing two sets of verses on a window of the Deanery, in the first comparing Swift's domestic economy with that of his predecessor, in the second alleging that Swift chose Apollo, his patron, as host in his house, fobbing off with wit and wine those that came 'expecting to dine.'" 35 Swift's response to Delany and Stella's verse-writing conspiracy is "Apollo to the Dean," 36 in which Apollo describes to Swift the writing of the verses:

... a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I, for your sake, love better than any;
And of my mere motion, and special good grace,
Intended in time to succeed in your place;
On Tuesday the tenth, seditiously came,
With a certain false traitress, one Stella by name,
To the Deanery house, and on the north glass,
Where for fear of the cold, I never can pass;
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain
utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and traitorously
write,
Whilst Stella aforesaid stood by with the light.

(11. 25-36)

"Apollo to the Dean" is light, graceful, and complimentary.
Swift sees fit to praise Delany in the company of Stella, an
honor never enjoyed by Sheridan.

Delany continued the interchange of verses with "News
from Parnassus," in which Apollo interviews various poets
in order to select a vice-regent on earth and decides on
Swift. As always, Delany's manners toward Swift are impec-
cable. He returns compliment for compliment. Swift con-
cludes the series of poems with "Apollo's Edict." Largely
a harangue against the use of clichés in poetry, "Apollo's
Edict" begins with Swift's fulsome praise of himself:

Ireland is now our royal care,
We lately fixed our Viceroy there:
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspired her son?
What cannot our Viceregent do,
As poet and as patriot too? (ll. 1-6)

The lines on Swift's patriotism seem to "point to Swift's
political interventions on behalf of the Irish people, starting
in 1720 and culminating in the Drapier's triumphs of 1724-5."39

"The Answer to Dr Delany" is in response to "a short
poem by Delany, complaining that Swift had shut both his ears
and his doors to his friend." Swift's poem is a witty exposition of the impossibility of compensating for deafness:

'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes.
Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post.
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger, and almost as good.
And, as for hands, there have been those,
Who, wanting both, have used their toes.
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears. (ll. 45-54)

Swift's lines are surprisingly good-humored. He was not known for suffering bravely. Had Swift written verses to Sheridan while suffering an attack of deafness, it is unlikely that their tone would have been so agreeable.

"On Paddy's Character of 'The Intelligencer'" is a rebuke to Delany for his jealousy over Sheridan's success with The Intelligencer. Delany had "attacked it both in word and print, unaware of Swift's part in the venture." Swift's evaluation of Delany's attitude emphasizes the pettiness of being jealous of Sheridan:

Tom having earned a twig of laurel,
(Which measured on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But like a girl's cockade, was tied
A trophy, on his temple side)
Paddy repined to see him wear
This badge of honour in his hair,
And thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his muse by Smedley's model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noodle,
Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
Hums, like a hornet at his nose;
Swift's comparison of Delany to Dean Smedley, the scribbling clergyman known only for his attacks on Swift and Pope, is a definitive sign of his attitude. No one else excited in Swift such contempt as did Smedley.

The most significant poems in the Swift-Delany exchange were initiated by Delany's Poem "An Epistle to His Excellency John Lord Carteret," Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which was devoted to "praising Carteret profusely and requesting some evidence of Carteret's 'Favor.' Swift twitted Delany for his fulsomeess in 'An Epistle upon an Epistle.' Again, Swift's worst condemnation is to compare Delany's plea for preferment to that of Smedley (1. 47).

Swift was evidently not satisfied by his remarks in "An Epistle upon an Epistle." He continued his mockery in "A Libel on the Reverend Dr Delany and His Excellency John, Lord Carteret." The poem is concerned mainly with the futility of literary men who seek preferment from the great:

Suppose my Lord and you alone;  
Hint the least interest of your own;  
His visage drops, he knits his brow,  
He cannot talk of business now:  
Or, mention but a vacant post,  
He'll turn it off with, 'Name your toast.'  
Nor could the nicest artist paint,  
A countenance with more constraint.

For, as their appetites to quench,  
Lords keep a pinp to bring a wench;
So, men of wit are but a kind
Of pandars to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, should you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace. (11. 13-30)

It is difficult not to wonder whether Swift writes from personal experience. We know that Harley enjoyed Swift's company as a respite from cares of state. We know also that Swift wished to be made a canon at Windsor and that his wish came to nothing.

Swift goes on to give examples of distressed authors such as Congreve, Steele, Gay, and Addison, who received no benefit from their acquaintance with the great (11. 33-70). He then cites Pope for his large-minded contempt for both the court and attendance on the great (11. 71-88). Of course Pope was disqualified from any such expectations from the great by his Catholicism, poor health, and unfortunate physical appearance, but Swift cannot always be bothered to include every relevant detail.

Swift turns from Delany to Carteret. While Swift allows that Carteret does not fit the character of the corrupt politician he has drawn, his praise for Carteret is qualified dramatically by the very fact that Carteret is Lord Lieutenant:

I own, he hates an action base,
His virtues battling with his place;
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit,
Betwixt a true and spurious merit:
Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the most that friendship can;
I hate the Viceroy, love the man. (ll. 145-52)

Swift's disillusionment with politics seems complete.

In "To Dr Delany, on the Libels Writ against Him," Swift advises Delany that an author must expect detraction:

... fame and censure with a tether
By fate are always linked together.

Why will you aim to be preferred
In wit before the common herd?
And yet, grow mortified and vexed
To pay the penalty annexed. (ll. 35-40)

The alternative, Swift declares, is to become a Grub Street scribbler, like his critics. Swift says nothing of his own libels against Delany. We can assume with confidence that he did not mean to include his own libels in the group of verses he describes with contempt. The difference seems to be one of motivation. The hacks cared only for a subject that would turn a profit, whereas Swift concerned himself with what he considered a compromise of Delany's principles and dignity. Swift gives the same advice in "To a Friend Who had been Much Abused in Many Inveterate Libels." Apparently, he thought Delany had suffered too much abuse from the wrong people. Perhaps he also wished to atone for the part he had taken in mocking Delany for his ingenuous wish to be rewarded by the great for his wit and talent.
The series of poems on Delany's petition to Carteret closes with Swift's "An Answer to Dr Delany's Fable of the Pheasant and the Lark." Delany's poem "was an attempt . . . to exculpate himself from the charges against him occasioned by the Epistle to Carteret." Swift begins by commenting on the fable itself, but his criticism is less interesting than his description of himself as the nightingale in the fable:

At last the nightingale comes in,  
To hold the Doctor by the chin:  
We all can find out whom he means,  
The worst of disaffected deans:  
Whose wit at best was next to none,  
And now that little next is gone.  
Against the court is always blabbing,  
And calls the senate-house a cabin:  
So dull, that but for spleen and spite,  
We ne'er should know that he could write:  
Who thinks the nation always erred,  
Because himself is not preferred;  
His heart is through his libel seen,  
Nor could his malice spare the Queen;  
Who, had she known his vile behaviour,  
Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.

(11. 63-78)

The portrait goes on, though it passes into recommendations for punishing Swift for his multitudinous crimes against the state and humanity. In a passage beginning with line 63, Swift shows us the style of contemporary libels, illustrated with the kinds of remarks the scribblers had made about Swift. The remarks are in several cases inappropriate, and in others are weakened by their absurdity, for example in the assertion that Swift had almost no wit. One could not, of course, blame Swift for not being too hard on himself in demonstrating the
Swift's main objective is to show Delany that men of wit and excellence are subject to such calumny and must not take it seriously. Finally, there may seem to be some significance in the fact that Swift concludes the dialogue about Delany's petition for preferment with a libel against himself. This may be interpreted as another gesture of atonement for the harshness with which Swift had treated Delany. If so, it is not a very impressive gesture, but it is surprising to see Swift make it at all.

Delany is mentioned in one further poem by Swift. In "'A Paper Book is Sent by Boyle,'" Delany's present of "a silver standish" (1. 3) is acknowledged. Swift, however, was sixty-five years old, and he laments the uselessness of the gift: "I no more than a pen can brandish" (1. 4). Here we see Swift settling into old age, a decade of declining literary activity and increasing solitude that preceded the mental incompetence into which he finally lapsed. Harold Williams describes the growing isolation of the deaf old man: "In these latter years his Irish friends, including even Sheridan and Delany, became less to him; and several of his English friends [Congreve, Gay, and Arbuthnot] were removed."

Only a few of Swift's poems are addressed to friends other than Sheridan and Delany. "To Charles Ford, Esq. on His Birthday" is an attempt by Swift in verse to persuade his friend Ford not to leave Ireland to live in London. Ford had long been mainly an absentee, and as time went on seemed more
reluctant to spend time in his native Ireland."55 Swift's appeal to Ford is twofold: first, Swift himself has become acclimated to his own exile in Ireland, and, second, London is a place in which no sensible, honest man would want to live.

Swift paints an unflattering picture of the changes that have occurred in London since Ford was there as a young man:

The nymphs with whom you first began
Are each become a harridan;

And every belle that since arose
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,
Of rheumatism and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champagne:
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile, or the Tower. (11. 17-28)

The political change is the most compelling reason not to return to London, since, instead of being graced by Queen Anne, her Tory ministers, and their adherents, it has become infested by "swarms of bugs and Hanoverians" (1. 50).

Swift goes on to compare his initial reaction to residence in Ireland with Ford's:

I thought my very spleen would burst
When fortune drove me hither first;
Was full as hard to please as you,
Nor person's names, nor places knew;
But now I act as other folk,
Like prisoners when their gall is broke.

(11. 51-6)

Swift, then, is still not enamored of living in Ireland. It is simply a condition to which he has become accustomed.
So far, Swift's arguments in support of remaining in Ireland are not particularly strong. When he goes on to describe the amenities to be enjoyed there, his case is not much strengthened (ll. 57-90). For the conclusion of his argument, Swift returns to a critical view of London, asserting that in comparison with Ireland, it remains less than desirable:

... to come and keep and clutter
For this, or that side of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other isle,
We cannot think it worth your while.
For, take it kindly or amiss,
The difference but amounts to this,
We bury, on our side the channel
In linen, and on yours, in flannel.
You, for the news are ne'er to seek,
While we perhaps must wait a week:
You, happy folks, are sure to meet
A hundred whores in every street,
While we may search all Dublin o'er
And hardly hear of half a score. (ll. 95-108)

Accounts of both London's corruption and Dublin's lack of it are, of course, exaggerated. Nevertheless, it is remarkable that Swift, even where his self-interest is concerned, cannot be more partial to Ireland. He says nothing particularly good about Dublin, only that in nothing is it worse than London, and that in some ways it is not as bad. It is not surprising that Ford did not hearken to Swift's half-hearted advice. Ford "wearied of Ireland, preferring life in London, with visits of varying length to Woodpark, which he finally let in 1731. He died in London in 1743."56
"Upon Four Dismal Stories in the Doctor's Letter" is concerned with the misfortunes of four of Swift's friends in England. These misfortunes are contrasted with the drab safety Swift enjoys in Ireland:

... alas, the poor Dean neither shudders nor burns, No sea overwhelms him, no coach overturns; Though his claret is bad, and he foots it on stones, Yet he gets home at night with health and whole bones. (ll. 5-8)

All suffer misfortune, Congreve with a fever, Pope having his coach overturn, and Swift exiled in Ireland. The tone of "Upon Four Dismal Stories in the Doctor's Letter" leaves it open to question whom Swift considered to be in the worst plight.

"Dr Swift to Mr Pope" is a humorous trifle in which Swift takes partial credit for _The Dunciad_. Having been a guest at Twickenham during part of the composition, Swift suffered an attack of deafness which made him unfit for conversation:

Thus, Pope in vain you boast your wit; For, had our deaf divine Been for your conversation fit, You had not writ a line. (ll. 21-4)

Swift, surprisingly enough, carried on few literary quarrels. He had taken up the cause of Temple and the ancients against the pedantic Bentley in _A Tale of a Tub_ and _The Battle of the Books_. His quarrels with Steele were
political rather than literary. He derided Edward Young's satires, but not in his own person. Swift's other foes were encountered mainly in politics, so that we find Walpole, William Wood, and other enemies of decency and Tory politics pilloried in his verse. For a purely literary quarrel, however, one conducted publicly in Swift's own person, we must look to the Swift-Smedley verse correspondence.

Though "it is doubtful whether Swift and Jonathan Smedley were at any time personally acquainted, their relationship was, from the first, unfriendly." It is also doubtful that anyone except Walpole ever excited such sincere dislike in Swift. There seem to have been two reasons for Swift's enmity. First, "Smedley's support of Wood's patent and his hostility to Swift brought him into general odium." Swift was inflexible about Wood's coinage. He who opposed what Swift considered the interests of the Irish was given no quarter. Next, and perhaps more important, "Smedley was irrepressible in his attacks on Pope and Swift." These attacks were undoubtedly the reason for Smedley's inclusion in The Dunciad, II, 291-4.

Swift's tone in addressing Smedley is one of playful invective. Smedley was an inconsiderable antagonist with no hope of success in a public quarrel with Swift. Swift must have relished having an opponent so foolish and unselfconscious.

The first of Swift's poems on Smedley is "His Grace's Answer to Jonathan," which is in response to Smedley's
poem "An Epistle to the Duke of Grafton." Smedley asks Grafton for another position to supplement his income and betrays his jealousy of Swift's success. Swift's poem, written as if by Grafton, begins with ironic praise of Smedley's verse:

That head so well by wisdom fraught!
That writes without the toil of thought.
While others wrack their busy brains,
You are not in the least of pains. (ll. 15-18)

The remainder of the poem is devoted to mocking Smedley's timid uxoriousness. There is also a hint that Smedley, along with being henpecked, is a cuckold (ll. 53-4). These accusations, as far as we are now able to tell, are pure scurrility on Swift's part. Smedley's nagging wife reminds us of Sheridan's. Contemplating the miserable marriages of his acquaintances must have given Swift great satisfaction in his bachelorhood.

Smedley continued his attack on Swift with "A Satyr," in which he vents his jealousy of Swift's success with the Drapier's Letters in forcing Wood's patent to be withdrawn. Probably the only apt remark in Smedley's eighty-two lines of wretched poetry is his observation of Swift's tendency to praise himself. Swift's response, "A Letter from Dean Swift to Dean Smedley," answers Smedley's "Satyr" almost line for line. As he has done before, for example in his response to a riddle by Sheridan, Swift gains his victory by ridiculing the author and his vehicle of abuse, as well as its
content, rather than by a defense of himself. Smedley seems capable of provoking Swift only to contempt rather than to anger. He treats Smedley much as he does Sheridan. However, although he was contemptuous of both, he was nevertheless fond of Sheridan. Politics was undoubtedly largely responsible for his affection. Sheridan was a Tory.

"Dean Smedley Gone to Seek His Fortune" is Swift's farewell to "dear Smed," who "suddenly resigned his post as Dean of Clogher, together with his other preferments, and sailed for India." Smedley's character is condensed into twelve lines of tetrameter verse:

The very reverend Dean Smedley,
Of dullness, pride, conceit, a medley,
Was equally allowed to shine,
As poet, scholar and divine.
With godliness could well dispense,
Would be a rake, but wanted sense.
Would strictly after truth inquire
Because he dreaded to come nigher.
For liberty no champion bolder,
He hated bailiffs at his shoulder.
To half the world a standing jest,
A perfect nuisance to the rest. (11. 1-12)

Having established Smedley's character, Swift comments on his public life:

He waded without any shame,
Through thick and thin, to get a name.
Tried every sharpening trick for bread,
And after all he seldom sped. (11. 23-6)

Now Smedley has gone to India, and Swift assumes that his motives are the mercenary ones for which he is already
known (ll. 35-40). Swift also suggests that Smedley left in secret in order to avoid his creditors (l. 44). To conclude, Swift expresses the wish that Smedley thrive no better in India than he had in Ireland (l. 50).

We learn little about Swift's friends and enemies from the poems in which he speaks or appears in his own person. The correspondence is a better source for Swift's relationships with his best friends, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Harley. The only poems that tell us much about Swift and any of his friends are those to Stella, which belong in a category by themselves. As for enemies, Swift so often chose powerful and dangerous adversaries that they were best attacked anonymously or behind a mask. The poems in this chapter are concerned with figures of secondary importance in Swift's life. However long and close were his friendships with Sheridan and Delany, they never achieved a position in Swift's affections comparable to Arbuthnot's or Pope's. It seems almost as if Swift lacked the ability to admit an Irish friend to the rarefied ideal of friendship he considered to exist between himself and his English friends.
NOTES


4 LeBrocquy, pp. 56-7.


6 Rogers, p. 676.

7 Rogers, pp. 171-73.

8 Rogers, p. 676.

9 Rogers, pp. 173-74.

10 Rogers, pp. 174-75.

11 Rogers, pp. 175-6.

12 Rogers, p. 569.

13 Rogers, p. 905.

14 Rogers, pp. 176-77.

15 Rogers, pp. 177-78.

16 Rogers, p. 680.

17 Rogers, pp. 178-79.

18 Rogers, pp. 179-82.


21 Rogers, pp. 197-98.
22 Rogers, p. 199.
23 Rogers, p. 200
24 Rogers, pp. 231-33.
25 Rogers, p. 712.
26 Rogers, pp. 233-34.
27 Rogers, pp. 234-35.
28 Rogers, p. 266.
29 Rogers, p. 735.
30 Rogers, pp. 276-77.
31 Rogers, p. 742.
32 Rogers, pp. 356-58.
33 Rogers, p. 783.
34 Rogers, p. 473.
35 Williams, Poems, I, 260.
37 Williams, Poems, I, 266-69.
38 Rogers, pp. 229-31.
39 Rogers, p. 711.
40 Rogers, pp. 271-72.
41 Rogers, p. 739.
42 Rogers, pp. 372-73.
43 Williams, Poems, II, 457.
44 Williams, Poems, II, 471-74.

46 Rogers, pp. 404-09.

47 Rogers, pp. 415-19.

48 Rogers, p. 419.

49 Rogers, pp. 420-22.

50 Rogers, p. 815.

51 Rogers, pp. 506-07.

52 Rogers, p. 863.

53 Williams, Poems, I, xxii-xxiii.

54 Rogers, pp. 253-56.

55 Rogers, p. 726.

56 Williams, Poems, I, 310.

57 Rogers, p. 311.

58 Rogers, pp. 320-21.

59 Williams, Poems, II, 360.

60 Williams, Poems, II, 360-61.

61 Williams, Poems, II, 361.

62 Williams, Poems, II, 361.

63 Rogers, pp. 268-70.

64 Williams, Poems, II, 369-71.

65 Williams, Poems, II, 369-71.

66 Rogers, pp. 284-85

67 Rogers, pp. 373-74.

68 Rogers, p. 790.
Swift's relationships with Esther Vanhomrigh and Ester Johnson were long the sustenance of critics who could find little or nothing to say about his poetic works. Swift has been romanticized as the secret lover or husband of both women. He has also been declared an unfeeling scoundrel for his behavior toward Vanessa. In the context of his poems, Swift's relationships with Vanessa and Stella are not particularly important. What his poems dealing with those relationships tell us about Swift, however, is of great significance.

It is accepted as a critical commonplace that Swift "felt—and evinced throughout his life—an overpowering distrust of passionate love."¹ Nora Crow Jaffe, including Lady Acheson in the group of Swift's female protégés, offers the following explanation of his relationship with them: "The 'masculinity' of these women, his pupils and very much his junior, might have shored up the formal relationship between himself and them by helping him to forget their sexual identity."² Since Lady Acheson has already been discussed, and and hardly seems to belong in the same category with the other two women, she will not be considered here. Jaffe's statement seems applicable to Stella, but not to Vanessa.
The content of *Cadenus and Vanessa*, if we take its autobiographical elements at their face value, strongly suggests that Vanessa was unwilling for Swift to forget her sexual identity, and hints that Swift, whatever his inclinations, was unable to forget it.

Swift's purpose in writing *Cadenus and Vanessa* was undoubtedly to present his view of the relationship, whatever it was, that existed between himself and Esther Vanhomrigh. He seems to have "wanted desperately to transform an explosive relationship into a placid understanding." The relationship may have gone further than Swift intended; in any case, Esther obviously wanted it to go further than it had, or than Swift was willing for it to go. Swift's attitude, insofar as it can be determined, is expressed effectively by Herbert Davis:

> Whatever the episode itself was—however charged with passion and pity, however difficult and dangerous—Swift treats it with as little emotion as possible; he is neither cynical nor sentimental, he detaches himself gently from it, and places it a little way off, and sees it as something separate, a private affair of Cadenus and Vanessa, a delicate subject to be touched carefully with wit and fancy and humor.

Swift uses several methods to achieve a calm distance from the poem's troubling subject matter. First, there is the framing device of the legal proceeding in the court of Venus. By this tactic, a private matter is discussed as if in public, producing a situation that requires great tact and decorum. Second, Swift is able to remove himself further by his use
of mythological characters in a pastoral setting. Finally, there is the leisurely pace of Ca\textit{d}enus and Va\textit{n}essa. Swift was in no great hurry to address so delicate a matter.

After one hundred thirty-five lines describing the legal arguments in Venus's court of love, we are told that "a won-
drous maid"\textsuperscript{5} has been born, "On whom the Queen of Love was bent / To try a new experiment" (ll. 138-39). Venus declares her plan for the child:

\begin{verbatim}
Since men allege, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever, uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive, down to cells,
What preachers talk, or sages write,
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in the infant's mind. (ll. 142-53)
\end{verbatim}

The child will be free from the shallowness to which the shepherds object in other women. She will, in fact, conform to the Swiftian ideal of the properly educated woman.

Not satisfied with the intellectual capacity she has bestowed on the child, Venus imbues her with cleanliness (l. 162) and "decency of mind" (l. 164). Next, the Graces contribute to the child's excellence:

\begin{verbatim}
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help required:
Each breathing on her thrice, inspired
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
\end{verbatim}
Which, in old times, adorned the fair;  
And said, "Vanessa be the name,  
By which thou shalt be known to fame." (ll. 174-81)

Venus is not quite through with her preparations for Vanessa's success, however. To ensure that Vanessa will receive an education that will make her a fit companion for men, Venus delivers her to Pallas, affirming the child to be a boy (ll. 184-97).

The education of Vanessa is described at length. According to her custom, Pallas

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{sows within her tender mind} \\
\text{Seeds long unknown to womankind,} \\
\text{For manly bosoms chiefly fit,} \\
\text{The seeds of knowledge, judgement, wit.} \\
\text{Her soul was suddenly endued} \\
\text{With justice, truth and fortitude;} \\
\text{With honour, which no breath can stain,} \\
\text{Which malice must attack in vain;} \\
\text{With open heart and bounteous hand. (ll. 202-210)}
\end{align*}
\]

Knowing that financial well-being is helpful in the practice of virtue, and essential in its display, Pallas decides what fortune Vanessa is to have. Pallas,

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{therefore, upon second thought,} \\
\text{Infused, yet as it were by stealth,} \\
\text{Some small regard for state and wealth:} \\
\text{Of which, as she grew up there stayed} \\
\text{A tincture in the prudent maid:} \\
\text{She managed her estate with care,} \\
\text{Yet liked three footmen to her chair. (ll. 215-21)}
\end{align*}
\]

The "thrifty goddess" (l. 223) settles Vanessa's worth at five thousand pounds (l. 227), enough for her to live well, but not enough for her to be spoiled by wealth.
When Vanessa is graduated from the academy of Pallas, she goes into the world and immediately encounters "A crowd of fashionable fops" (1. 317). Vanessa, true to her education, answers their fatuous tattle with a discourse on "Judgement, knowledge, wit, and taste" (1. 343). She declares herself partial to the ancients rather than the moderns; this is a preference which, in a work by Swift, assures us of her taste and judgment. The fops, of course, are not impressed, declaring "That lady is the dullest soul" (1. 359). Succeeding the fops, a number of shallow women call on Vanessa and chatter of dress, cosmetics, and scandal (11. 364-431). Repulsed by Vanessa's lack of interest, they leave in a chorus of similar denigration.

Cupid takes offense at Vanessa's adherence to reason and decides "To vindicate his mother's wrongs" (1. 467) by causing Vanessa to fall in love. He chooses Vanessa's tutor:

Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit;
Caressed by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice
Must laugh at her capricious choice. (11. 502-509)

Swift portrays himself as a ridiculous choice for a lover. Aside from this, however, he sees himself as an impressive figure. At the height of his political influence, he refers to his closeness to the Queen's ministers and offhandedly
makes it plain that he considers himself to be a formidable adversary.

Next comes a puzzling reference to Cadenus's career as an author. We are told that "Cadenus many things had writ" (l. 510). Vanessa, however, who "much esteemed his wit" (l. 511), prefers his poetry (l. 512). Here we must be entirely in the realm of imagination. At the time he wrote Cadenus and Vanessa, Swift's poetic output was small and, except for a few pieces such as the "Description" poems, undistinguished. There is no apparent reason for Vanessa's preference. Perhaps Swift was indulging in self-raillery. Whatever his own opinion of his poetical works, he realized that his reputation as a writer was at this point due to his prose writings.

Vanessa, struck by a dart of Cupid's, which first pierces the volume of Cadenus's poems (11. 513-23), immediately falls in love with Cadenus and begins to rationalize the impediments to their union:

```
Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find,
In eyes with reading almost blind;
Cadenus now no more appears
Declined in health, advanced in years.
She fancies music in his tongue,
Nor further looks, but thinks him young.
```

(11. 523-31)

Here, before he has been accused of anything, Swift asserts his innocence by placing all responsibility on Vanessa. Her
infatuation is the result of self-deception. Though she is a paragon of sense, she has not been proof against the assaults of Cupid.

Swift proceeds to list the infirmities of Cadenus, then remarks on his disinterested affection for Vanessa:

As years increase, she brighter shines,
Cadenus with each day declines,
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.

Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sighed and languished, vowed and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit;
But time, and books, and state affairs,
Had spoiled his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love:
His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy. (ll. 536-53)

Cadenus, then, offered Vanessa no encouragement. He was ignorant of the substance of love, though he continued awkwardly to practice its forms, such as sighing and languishing. There is a contradiction here. Though he went through the forms of a lover's address, it was only "for pastime, or to show his wit." While his behavior might be construed as expressing amatory interest, we are assured that his conduct has been paternal. If Vanessa thinks otherwise, she has misunderstood her teacher. Vanessa has not been the
Vanessa becomes cautiously aggressive in her relationship with Cadenus. Always a model student, she begins to lose interest in her education:

But now a sudden change was wrought,
She minds no longer what he taught.
She wished her tutor were her lover;
Resolved she would her flame discover:
And when Cadenus would expound
Some notion subtle or profound,
The nymph would gently press his hand,
As if she seemed to understand;
Or dextrously dissembling chance,
Would sigh, and steal a secret glance. (ll. 560-69)

Cadenus is not only surprised at the change in Vanessa, but he is also unable to guess its cause:

Cadenus was amazed to find
Such marks of a distracted mind;
For though she seemed to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before;
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guessed not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tired with lectures;
Which helped to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide. (ll. 570-79)

He goes on to apologize to Vanessa for keeping her from the world and offers to conclude his instruction.

Vanessa's dignified response is a confession of the love Cadenus has provoked:

"I knew by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit,
You cautioned me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms:
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aimed at the head, but reached the heart."

(11. 626-31)

Here is another surprising turn. Earlier, Swift had cast doubt on his conduct by admitting that he had counterfeited the behavior of a suitor. Then, however, he affirmed his conduct to have been irreproachable. Now, Vanessa absolves Swift of any responsibility for her ardor.

Swift's initial reaction to Vanessa's declaration is to defend himself by an exaggeration of his disinterestedness, which passes into anxiety concerning what the world will think:

Cædænus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language, with her usual style:
And yet her words were so expressed
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confined
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face.
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage.
And if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget.
Or grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong.
Would say, he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce:
The town would swear he had betrayed,
By magic spells, the harmless maid;
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks:
That when platonic flights were over,
The tutor turned a mortal lover.
So tender of the young and fair?
It showed a true paternal care--
"Five thousand guineas in her purse:
The doctor might have fancied worse. . ."
(ll. 632-63)

It is both interesting and significant that disappointment has a prominent place among the feelings that seize Swift when he learns of Vanessa's love for him. The disappointment must be for what he perceives as his failure as Vanessa's tutor. After all his sensible precepts, he finds that Vanessa has fallen prey to emotion. We are not unprepared for this attitude. Much earlier in the poem, a statement that Pallas makes to Venus foreshadows Swift's inevitable denial of love: "Knowst thou not yet that men commence / Thy votaries, for want of sense?" (ll. 296-97). Swift, then, sees passionate love as incompatible with reason, and the debate between Cadenus and Vanessa amounts to "a delicately executed dialogue between reason and passion."

Swift protests that he is at a loss to understand Vanessa's rallying (ll. 664-81), for he desperately assumes she is not and cannot be serious. She answers that Cadenus taught her to love him:

Vanessa finished the dispute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself described,
His doctrines when she first imbibed;
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt, her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her,
She loves herself, and that's the matter.

(11. 683-95)

Vanessa has declared herself in love with reason, thus hopelessly complicating the issue.

A declaration of love from such a remarkable young woman is not without effect on Cadenus. Notwithstanding his protests about his age and ignorance of love, he finds himself attracted by the compliment Vanessa has paid him, if by nothing else:

Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
But though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talked so well.
His pride began to interpose,
Preferred before a crowd of beaux:
So bright a nymph to come unsought,
Such wonder by his merit wrought:
'Tis merit must with her prevail,
He never knew her judgement fail;
She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head. (11. 752-65)

Cadenus's reasoning here becomes as muddled as Vanessa's.

The proposition seems to be that Vanessa, whose judgment has heretofore been unerring, must be correct in her choice.

The cause of Cadenus's faulty reasoning, we are told, is vanity:
So when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit placed,
In her, a most judicious taste. (11. 770-75)

We have seen Cadenus make in a short time the long journey
from "shame, disappointment, guilt, [and] surprise" (1. 633)
to a smug conviction that all is as it inevitably had to be.
Cadenus is such a paragon of manly virtues that Vanessa
could not help being smitten with him.

Though his vanity is excited, Cadenus cannot return
Vanessa's passion. We find that Cadenus, however human his
vanity proves him, is incapable of the excessive, embarrassing
displays of an overwhelming emotion which he distrusts:

• • • his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fixed to last,
When love's allurements long are past;
Which gently warms, but cannot burn;
He gladly offers in return:
His want of passion will redeem,
With gratitude, respect, esteem:
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below. (11. 786-97)

Vanessa's passion is thus answered with an immovably rational
refusal, and Cadenus attempts to make his phlegmatic reason-
ableness acceptable with an awkward compliment.

Vanessa, not to be put off so easily, brushes aside
Cadenus's "sublime conceits" (1. 801) and offers to instruct
him in the science of love:
The nymph will have her turn, to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though she already can discern,
Her scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach:
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau;
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes;
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance. (ll. 814-25)

Cadenus has taught Vanessa well, though imperfectly. She is able to dispute effectively, if not in every case reasonably, and is confident enough to instruct her tutor in the passions which he was unable to eradicate in her.

We are not informed of the outcome of Vanessa's instruction. We do, however, know Cadenus's character well enough to suspect that Vanessa had little success in teaching him to be a lover. In any event, the result of her tutelage is shrouded in delicately evasive language:

But what success Vanessa met,
Is to the world a secret yet:
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To like with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold. (ll. 826-35)

We do not, and probably will never, know the exact nature of Swift's relationship with Ester Vanhomrigh. We must remember, however, that Swift did not mean for us to know as much as we
do. Cadenus and Vanessa was not written for publication. It "was first printed from one of the manuscript copies which began to circulate after Vanessa's death in June 1723."\(^7\) We must assume, then, that the poem was meant to be a private communication. This being the case, as John Middleton Murry points out, "the ambiguity of the famous lines which conclude the account of her declaration of love—an ambiguity which has been judged highly reprehensible—has quite a different quality according as they were addressed to her or the world. . . . Addressed to Vanessa, and to Vanessa alone, the lines are harmless enough."\(^8\) Swift himself added credence to this view in a letter written to his friend Knightley Chetwode on April 19, 1726. Discussing Cadenus and Vanessa, he wrote, "I forget what is in it, but believe it to be only a cavalier business."\(^9\)

Swift addressed two other poems to Vanessa. These are for the most part negligible pieces. "Lines from Cadenus to Vanessa"\(^10\) is notable chiefly for its reference to coffee-drinking (1. 26), a phrase which is considered by many to have been a code for sexual relations to Swift and Vanessa.\(^11\) We must remember, however, that "it is . . . not positively established whether the relationship was a sexual one: the correspondence yields clues but no proof either way."\(^12\)

"The Answer to Vanessa's Rebus"\(^13\) is a trifle of the same nature as Swift's replies to Sheridan's riddles. It is in response to a verse by Vanessa.\(^14\) Vanessa's poem is a
compliment to Swift, and his response, while critical of her verse, indicates he is flattered. He refers to Vanessa as "The nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit" (l. 1). This is a suggestive line, but it is still only a clue, not evidence.

While there can be no certainty in evaluating Swift's relationship with Esther Vanhomrigh, certain limited conclusions can be drawn from the scanty evidence available. Since Cadenus and Vanessa is a private rather than a public statement, we can assume without much danger of error that what little it tells us is for the most part accurate. First, it is fairly obvious that Esther surprised Swift by falling in love with him. Second, it is certain that he ultimately rejected her love. About what happened between the two events, or afterwards, we may speculate, as critics have done at length, but we cannot make definite statements.

What we learn about Swift from Cadenus and Vanessa is significant; however, we find ourselves with more unanswered questions. Swift was unwilling, and possibly unable, to reciprocate Esther's love. The psychological and physiological questions raised by this situation must remain, like the facts which provoke the questions, matters for speculation.

Swift's poems to Stella have provoked more critical comment than any of his other poems, with the exception of Verses on the Death of Dr Swift. The poems to Stella have been used to illustrate the theses of writers who choose to believe, in
the absence of convincing evidence, that Swift was secretly married to Stella. More recently, in an article entitled "Faith, Hope, and Charity in Swift's Poems to Stella," a critic uses the Stella poems to support his dubious thesis that Swift's poetry has a thoroughly Christian purpose. Unfortunately for such ingenious critics, the Stella poems contain nothing so startling.

As we have learned to expect, the poems tell us more about Swift than about Stella. Indeed, "Stella appears only in a rather formal way, and in all that Swift has written to her or about her she remains like a character in a comedy, of whose personality we know nothing beyond that which is revealed in the playing of the part set down for her." That Stella was at least partly a character invented by Swift is beyond serious doubt. Swift had not only educated her and formed her character, but he had also renamed her and made her into a literary personage. Herbert Davis believes that "Swift and Stella, too, assumed the name in pleasant mockery of Sidney and his Stella, and intended it as a little joke at the expense of all romantic nonsense, particularly love poetry."

The popular notions of Swift's attitude toward Stella have tended toward two extremes. It has been assumed that, on the one hand, he was masking his emotions, and, on the other, that he had none to hide. A more sensible evaluation of Swift's attitude, however, is that he meant precisely what
he wrote. Maurice Johnson has written convincingly on the reason for the lack of sentiment in the poems to Stella:

When Swift wrote with tenderness and affection, he wrote, as an honest poet should, most warily of the artificial phrase, the false-sounding note, and the extravagance that rings of insincerity. Because romantic, passionate ecstasy seemed to him a subject for burlesque, his own tender sentiments were usually expressed quietly in humorous understatement or hidden in raillery.18

We must, then, take Swift as literally as possible if we are to understand the poems to Stella. By doing so, we will not uncover any new biographical information about either Swift or Stella, nor will we formulate any new theories about their relationship. But from a close literal reading of the poems we will learn something about both Swift's attitude toward Stella and his attitudes toward such matters as aging, sickness, and death.

Most of the poems addressed to Stella are included in the series of poems Swift wrote for her birthday, beginning in 1719.19 The first of the birthday poems, therefore, was written when Stella was thirty-eight and Swift past fifty, "at an age when, Swift insisted, such commemorations could begin to mark only the stages of both his own and her physical decrepitude."20 This first poem, "Stella's Birthday,"21 is a fanciful admission of Stella's physical decline:

Stella this day is thirty-four,  
(We shan't dispute a year or more;)  
However Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy size and years are doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green.
So little is thy form declined;
Made up so largely in thy mind. (ll. 1-8)

Swift does not present Stella with an insincere compliment. He candidly admits, and perhaps even exaggerates, the depredations of time. Stella's "size and years," however, are of little consequence. The essential Stella is to be found in her mind, which has not suffered from the advance of middle age.

In the second stanza, Swift continues his compliment. Rallying Stella for her age and corpulence, he wishes she could be made into two "nymphs so graceful, wise and fair" (l. 12). Each nymph, he tells Stella, would be incomparable, though each would have only "half the lustre of your eyes" (l. 13) and "half your wit, your years, and size" (l. 14). Here we find a startling mixture of graceful compliment and plain frankness, which contains "so much of the insulting truth that it must be sincere." 22

"To Stella, Visiting Me in My Sickness" 23 begins with a long panegyric on Stella's sense of honor (ll. 1-6), a quality to which Swift assigns the greatest value. He subsequently praises Stella for her wit and sense, masculine virtues which he helped to instill in her. Swift praises her at length for her freedom from typically feminine squeamishness:
. . . Stella never learned the art,
At proper times to scream and start;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white:
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum. (ll. 71-78)

Swift, of course, was largely responsible for Stella's masculine traits and here expresses satisfaction that his instruction has made Stella despise the ridiculous disposition of most women.

The main purpose of "To Stella, Visiting Me in My Sickness" seems to be to compliment Stella for her sense and patience, which in this instance exceed those of her teacher:

When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Called every power to ease my pains:
Then Stella ran to my relief
With cheerful face, and inward grief:
And, though by heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require
From slaves employed for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warmed,
With vigour and delight performed:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands, and eyes:
Now, with a soft and silent tread,
Unheard she moves about my bed.
I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught:
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame. (ll. 97-116)

Swift praises the stoicism he instilled in Stella. His behavior on his sickbed indicates that his own stoicism was not proof against physical suffering. We must not assume,
however, that Swift was a hypochondriac or that his character could be undermined by trifling pains. His complaints were real and frequently severe. What should interest us here is Swift's notion of the proper response to pain and illness: one should suffer silently. Swift is careful to note that Stella herself was ill while she tended him, thus conforming to the ideal Swift was temporarily unable to attain.

Swift continues his compliment to Stella in a warning:

Best pattern of true friends, beware:  
You pay too dearly for your care,  
If, while your tenderness secures  
My life, it must endanger yours.  
For such a fool was never found,  
Who pulled a palace to the ground,  
Only to have the ruins made  
Materials for an house decayed. (11. 117-24)

Stella's life, then, is judged to be more worthy and important than Swift's. Swift certainly never addressed such a remark to any other person. Finally, the analogy to "an house decayed" demonstrates that Swift has begun seriously to consider his own mortality, a subject that occurs frequently in his later writings.

In "To Stella, Who Collected and Transcribed His Poems," Swift gives his own version of his relationship with Stella:

Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,  
When first for thee my harp I strung:  
Without one word of Cupid's darts,  
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:  
With friendship and esteem possessed,  
I ne'er admitted love a guest. (11. 9-14)
If we take Swift at his word, and there is no compelling reason we should not do so, his relationship with Stella was identical to the one proposed to Esther Vanhomrigh in Cadenus and Vanessa, one based on mutual esteem and like-mindedness. Vanessa, we strongly suspect, was not satisfied with such a relationship. We have reason to suspect also that Swift was unable or unwilling to keep his relationship with Vanessa on a Platonic level. Stella, on the other hand, seems to have had no trouble accommodating herself to Swift's ideas of friendship. Whether she was content is, of course, another matter, but since it is a matter for speculation, it cannot profitably concern us here.

Swift again refers to the ephemeral things which, while they are the topics most poets introduce in praise of women, have nothing to do with his regard for Stella:

Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call without our power,
They could not be insured an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing. (11. 61-70)

Stella has succeeded in liberating herself from the accidents of time. Her wit and sense more than compensate for the encroachments of age. That Stella can, given her age and size, still be the subject of the verse of a man of wit indicates that she has followed closely the advice Swift habitually gave
to young women. She has cultivated her intellect and made herself a worthwhile companion. We see Lady Acheson, in the Market Hill poems, petulantly rejecting the same advice, shallowly preferring the transient advantages of youth and beauty. Vanessa, though she acquired some learning, was, for whatever reason, unable to maintain with Swift a friendship based on reason. Stella, then, was Swift's only successful project in the education of a woman.

After such unalloyed praise, Swift is honest—or perverse—enough to describe in detail Stella's only serious fault:

Your spirits kindle to a flame,  
Moved with the lightest touch of blame;  
And when a friend in kindness tries  
To show you where your error lies,  
Conviction does but more incense;  
Perverseness is your whole defense:  
Truth, judgement, wit, give place to spite,  
Regardless both of wrong and right. (ll. 87-94)

It is not surprising that Stella's character should be marred by pride and impatience, qualities she might easily have developed under the instruction of Swift.

"Stella's Birthday, Written in the Year 1720-21"\(^ {25} \) begins with an extended analogy in which Stella is compared to the sign of a public house, The Angel Inn. The thesis of the analogy is that delightful things do not lose their charm when they lose their novelty. Thus, when the sign of The Angel Inn begins to wear, it loses none of its custom: "What though the painting grows decayed, / The house will never lose
its trade" (11. 7-8). The comparison follows, including both Stella's physical deterioration and the delight she continues to provide her acquaintances:

Now, this is Stella's case in fact,  
An angel's face, a little cracked;  
(Could poets, or could painters fix  
How angels look at thirty-six;)  
This drew us in at first, to find  
In such a form an angel's mind:  
And every virtue now supplies  
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.  
See, at her levee crowding swains,  
Whom Stella freely entertains  
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense;  
And puts them to so small expense:  
Their mind so plentifully fills,  
And makes such reasonable bills;  
So little gets for what she gives,  
We really wonder how she lives!  
And had her stock been less, no doubt,  
She must have long ago run out. (11. 15-32)

The theme here is the same as in the previous birthday poem: Stella's excellence cannot be destroyed by age. What is most interesting in this poem is Swift's style, a mixture of the courtly tradition and the metaphysical. The comparison of Stella's face to the sign of the inn is as close as Swift ever came to a conceit, and it is surprising to see him this close. In the midst of the metaphysical analogy, we find a reference to "The fainting rays of Stella's eyes." Such language is reminiscent of Elizabethan sonneteers such as Sidney. It is likely that Swift, knowing and disliking both traditions, is mocking both in his use of them. Stella, whom he had taught to be contemptuous of the extravagant and the romantic, could not have failed to see the humor.
The final verse paragraph of "Stella's Birthday, Written in the Year 1720-21" contains the same sentiments Swift later addressed to Lady Acheson. A young and foolish woman is, to men of sense, no match for an older woman who has cultivated her mind:

Then Chloe, still go on to prate Of thirty-six, and thirty-eight; Pursue your trade of scandal-picking, Your hints that Stella is no chicken; Your innuendos, when you tell us That Stella loves to talk with fellows: But let me warn you to believe A truth, for which your soul should grieve; That, should you live to see the day When Stella's locks must all be grey; When age must print a furrowed trace On every feature of her face; Though you and all your senseless tribe, Could art, or time, or nature bribe, To make you look like beauty's queen, And hold forever at fifteen: No bloom of youth can ever blind The cracks and wrinkles of your mind, All men of sense will pass your door, And crowd to Stella's at fourscore. (ll. 37-56)

John Irwin Fischer has maintained that the poems to Stella are "consolations; they are comic and imaginative attempts to reconcile Stella to mortality."26 There is some truth in Fischer's assertion, at least as it applies to some of the later poems. However, we must remember that Swift demonstrated by his attempt to mold Lady Acheson that he was well-satisfied with Stella's character. The poems to Stella are more a congratulation than a consolation. The impression that Swift gives us of Stella is hardly one of a woman who needs to be consoled for something outside her power.
In "To Stella on Her Birthday, Written AD 1721-2," Swift discusses his difficulty in producing his expected yearly tribute in verse. The difficulty, he states, is largely due to Stella's continued excellence and his own declining poetic ability:

You, every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you, each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines. (11. 7-10)

Swift worries that soon Stella will have no verse tribute to celebrate her birthday:

And thus, my stock of wit decayed;
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear. (11. 17-20)

Of all the poems to Stella, the 1722 birthday verse is the least satisfactory. It amounts to little, containing only a single perfunctory compliment. The remainder of the poem is largely concerned with Swift's alleged declining poetic ability. Despite his protests to the contrary, Swift was not past his prime as a poet. Indeed, many of his best poems were still to be written. It seems unlikely that one possessed of Swift's facility in making verses could be seriously worried about his poetic skill. Another answer for Swift's poor performance seems called for, and Swift himself suggests a likely possibility: "... I assign myself a task / Which you expect, but scorn to ask" (11. 3-4). Swift's diction,
including such terms as "assign," "task," and "expect," indicates that in writing the poem he was simply performing a duty. It is obvious that, in this instance, Swift did not address Stella with the affection and imagination which characterize the other birthday poems.

On the occasion of Stella's next birthday, Swift is himself again, though he continues the fiction of his declining muse. "Stella's Birthday (1723), A Great Bottle of Wine, Long Buried, Being That Day Dug Up" begins with Swift's difficulty in acquitting himself of his yearly obligation:

Resolved my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day;
Furnished with papers, pen, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and scratched my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain,
It cost me Lord knows how much time
To shape it into sense and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curse,
Long-thinking made my fancy worse. (ll. 1-12)

Here, Swift's playful introduction is more than half the length of the previous year's poem. The humorous tone of the lines belies the use of words such as "duty." Swift is obviously enjoying himself.

In mock desperation, Swift worries about "what the world would say / If Stella were unsung today" (ll. 15-16). Waiting at Apollo's shrine for inspiration, Swift admits that his petition is motivated by self-interest:
Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander-by. (ll. 31-34)

Apollo declines to bestow divine inspiration upon the worried poet, yet does not altogether refuse to assist him. Swift must obtain the assistance of his servants, who will, according to the mock ritual described by Apollo, find a bottle of wine buried in the Deanery's cellar. When the bottle is unearthed, Swift must "From thence a plenteous draught infuse, / And boldly then invoke the muse" (ll. 75-76). Having consumed the vinous inspiration, Swift will find that "The muse will at your call appear, / With Stella's praise to crown the year" (ll. 79-80).

"Stella's Birthday (1723)" is not a poem in praise of Stella. Perhaps Swift was reluctant to produce another yearly poem containing the same enumeration of Stella's virtues. Finding new ways of expressing his friendship and esteem may well have been a greater problem than that of simply producing a set of birthday verses. In any case, the poem manages to express Swift's affection for Stella. His concern about inspiration, the mythological element, the elaborate ritual involved in finding the bottle, and his resorting to drink in order to fulfill his duty, all indicate not only his affection for Stella, but also the seriousness with which he undertook his yearly tribute to her.
"Stella at Woodpark" provides a humorous contrast between the luxury Stella enjoyed during her visit to the country house of Charles Ford and the comparative meanness she perceives in her Dublin lodgings upon her return. Although "the poem relates to Stella's unexplained period of retirement at Ford's home around the time of Vanessa's death, and Swift's own trip to the southern counties of Ireland," it contains no hint of autobiography. If Stella's retirement was in fact caused by anger or embarrassment over Swift's relationship with Vanessa, Swift's poem might be read as a peace offering. The extended raillery of the poem, along with its complimentary conclusion, might be Swift's discreet method of attempting to restore his relationship with Stella to its former status.

The lavish hospitality Stella enjoys at Woodpark is described in the first twenty-two lines of the poem. Then, Stella must return to town,

From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffey's stinking tide in Dublin:
From wholesome exercise and air
To sossing in an easy chair;
From stomach sharp and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding. (11. 27-32)

The contrast goes on for several couplets. It is interesting to note that health receives so prominent a place in Swift's catalogue. The country obviously represents health to Swift.

Along with all the other inconveniences attendant on returning to Dublin, the change of company is said to be for
the worse: "From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean, / To the poor doings of the Dean" (11. 41-42). Spoiled by her life in the country, Stella attempts to reproduce Woodpark by entertaining in the manner of a country squire (11. 61-68). Such entertainment is expensive, however, and cannot last long:

Thus, for a week the farce went on;
When all her country-savings gone,
She fell into her former scene.
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean. (11. 69-72)

Two humorous, uncomplimentary references to himself may mean little or nothing in a poem by Swift. If, however, he is writing to placate Stella, Swift's self-deprecation may represent an awkward attempt at humility. However, since we have little knowledge of the poem's background, it is impossible to offer any but the most tentative interpretations.

In his concluding verse paragraph, Swift is careful to identify his preceding remarks as raillery and to remind Stella that as raillery they contain no offense:

Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the least pretence;
Nor can be more securely placed
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste. (11. 77-80)

Finally, Swift reminds Stella that her excellence does not suffer from being removed from the elegant surroundings of Woodpark. On the contrary, "The virtue lies not in the place: / For though my raillery were true, / A cottage is Woodpark with you" (11. 90-92).
In March, 1724, "Swift's old troubles, deafness and vertigo, were growing more acute." Because of his physical disorders, his birthday poem "To Stella" is subtitled "Written on the Day of Her Birth, but Not on the Subject, When I Was Sick in Bed." As in several other poems to Stella, Swift's subject is as much himself as it is Stella. Once again, Swift begins his poem with a lament about his inability to produce a tribute worthy of Stella. This time, however, he excuses himself by pleading his illness:

Tormented with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light. (ll. 1-6)

It is impossible not to perceive the petulance and self-pity in these lines. Nevertheless, we must not be too quick to censure Swift for his lack of fortitude or his momentary ungraciousness, for he proceeds immediately to acknowledge his weakness and to praise Stella for her strength and devotion:

Ungrateful; since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me, like a humble slave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,
She, with soft speech, my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passion down with tears:
Although 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I;
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a stoic in her own. (ll. 7-18)
Here we see another example of the pupil's having exceeded the teacher. Stella's calm, patient reasonableness is obviously the result, at least in part, of Swift's instruction. She is able to practice what Swift preached, the patient endurance of that which cannot be helped. Swift freely acknowledges her superior self-control, and his tone in doing so is one of ungrudging admiration.

Swift goes on to assure Stella that her goodness is its own reward, and, in lieu of an apology for his weakness, promises to amend, but only when amendment will require little effort:

```
Whatever base returns you find
From me, dear Stella, still be kind;
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue still a brute.
But when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again. (ll. 29-34)
```

It is unlikely that Swift could have failed to see the humor in his promise. The promise, then, is probably best read as a further confirmation of Stella's superior patience and fortitude. To no one else was Swift willing openly to admit his weaknesses. In his other works we are allowed to see his foibles, and even his bad temper. But only Stella was privy to his real faults, as only she among his friends was welcome when he was ill.

While physical decay is a frequent and prominent theme in the verses to Stella, in none of them does Swift seem unhappy about the fact that he and Stella are growing old.
On the contrary, their aging calls forth some of Swift's gentlest humor. In "Stella's Birthday (1725)," Swift delivers a mock lament over the apparent incongruity of addressing birthday verses to a middle-aged woman:

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth
Have always been confined to youth;
The god of wit, and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen:
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were like Phoebus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu bright wit, and radiant eyes;
You must be grave, and I be wise. (ll. 15-28)

Swift immediately retreats from his position, but, while literally refuting his earlier statements, actually confirms them:

But, Stella say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young?
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turned to grey;
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight,
And wrinkles undistinguished pass,
For I'm ashamed to use a glass;
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies. (ll. 35-48)

Swift's lighthearted and courtly denial of what they both know to be true prepares us for the main point of the
poem. Having dwelt on physical decay, Swift proceeds to demonstrate its lack of importance, particularly to a person such as Stella:

No length of time can make you quit Honor and virtue, sense and wit, Thus you may still be young to me, While I can better hear than see; Oh, ne'er may fortune show her spite, To make me deaf, and mend my sight. (ll. 59-54)

Again we find the assertion that age is of little concern to a woman of character and intellect. Stella, in her forties, is still celebrated in poetry and continues to be a valued companion to men of wit. Wrinkles are less noticeable in a woman whose attractiveness has been due to more than her youth and beauty.

Swift's worry about his deafness is, of course, more than just an element of the humorous tone of the conclusion. He obviously prefers Stella's conversation to her appearance, or to the appearance of anything. Deafness to a man of his intellectual and conversational propensities is perhaps the worst possible misfortune.

Stella's final years were marred by declining health. In "A Receipt to Restore Stella's Youth," Swift playfully outlines a regimen by which Stella may be enlivened and renewed. A country life is Swift's prescription.

After an extended description of cows half-starved in winter growing fat on summer vegetation, Swift makes the expected, though still shocking, analogy to Stella:
Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'This just the case: for you have fasted
So long till all your flesh is wasted,
And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair.
The nutriment will from within
Round all your body, plump your skin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood:
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor aught of Stella, but the name;
For, what was ever understood
By human kind, but flesh and blood?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more your former you;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass:
Your jetty locks with garlands crowned. (11. 21-41)

There can be no doubt that Swift's concern for Stella's health was genuine. Moreover, his lifelong belief in the salutary effects of rural living indicates that his prescription is serious. All that remains to be wondered at is Swift's manner of expressing his concern and dispensing his medical advice. What would be an insult from or to anyone else, however, is not necessarily an insult from Swift to Stella. Swift's aversion to sentiment has been often noted. He did not need to be maudlin in order to express affection or concern for Stella. Above all, we must remember that his poems to Stella were meant to be entertaining, whatever other purpose any one of them might have.

"Stella's Birthday (1727)" is the last of the birthday poems. This poem, "written less than a year before her death, best represents Swift's own reserved kind of love-verse in
which he incorporated wit, tenderness, grace, and neatness." In this final verse tribute, Swift seems uncomfortably aware that Stella cannot live much longer. Swift's usual gaiety gives way to a sombre facing up to age, illness, and mortality:

This day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day then, let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old,
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills.
Tomorrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff. (11. 1-8)

But, Swift goes on, the situation is not quite so bleak:

... since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days. (11. 9-12)

Reason, then, is proof against sadness or fear at the approach of death. The "better and more pleasing thought" is to be derived from a consideration of the past:

Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past. (11. 15-18)

For Stella's comfort, Swift makes an intricate analogy between the lasting effects of virtue and the likelihood of an after-life:

... 'tis hard,
That virtue, styled its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting, die, nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind;
Which by remembrance will assuage,
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart,
To shine through life's declining part. (11. 25-34)

After citing several of Stella's multitudinous acts of virtue,
Swift continues his analogy:

Shall these, like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then, who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And, is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind?
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last:
Then, who with reason can pretend,
That all effects of virtue end? (11. 51-66)

In short, Swift's argument states that, since acts of virtue
do not end in themselves during our temporal existence, we
may assume they have no end after death. The reward for a
virtuous life and "true contempt for things below" (1. 68)
is to be attended by virtue at the transition from temporal
to eternal life: "She at your sickly couch will wait / And
guide you to a better state" (11. 77-78). Swift's purpose
in this poem is not merely to bolster Stella's morale or to
offer her a consolation for illness and impending death. His
purpose is rather to offer her congratulations "on a life
well spent" (l. 36) and hope for a continued existence. Swift is acting not only as Stella's friend, but also as her minister, preparing her for death.

Stella's customary fortitude in the face of suffering was beginning to fail, and she seems to have become a difficult patient. Even Swift seems not to have escaped the effects of her alarmingly altered disposition. His final statement combines a plea that she resist the temptation to be cross, and a final expression of his devotion and gratitude:

O then, whatever heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends;
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your sufferings share;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe,
That I'm alive to tell you so. (ll. 79-88)

The final poem dealing with Stella is "Holyhead. September 25, 1727." Swift wrote this poem while waiting to sail for Ireland at the conclusion of his last visit to England. Worried about Stella, who was suffering from her final illness and would be dead in four months, Swift is nevertheless able to see and bitterly record the irony of his situation. It was the first time in his life that he found himself anxious to leave England for Ireland. The following lines are some of the fiercest Swift ever wrote:

I never was in haste before
To reach that slavish hateful shore:
Before, I always found the wind
To me was most malicious kind,
But now the danger of a friend
On whom my hopes and fears depend,
Absent from whom all climes are cursed,
With whom I'm happy in the worst,
With rage impatient makes me wait
A passage to the land I hate. (11. 19-28)

Swift's feelings are, of course, exacerbated by his concern
for Stella. Even so, we can assume that Ireland had been
made tolerable to Swift largely by Stella's presence.

The reader who searches Swift's poems to Stella for clues
to their private relationship will be disappointed. What is
to be found in these poems is the personification of Swift's
idea of human excellence. Stella was, in a sense, Swift's
creation. Only incidentally does she exemplify his idea of
the properly educated woman. She obviously represented to
Swift the highest excellence possible to mortals. In nearly
everything, Stella was a paragon, or, in other words, the
person Swift wished to be. His admiration, for example, of
her fortitude in the face of physical suffering, is a clear
indication that he realized his pupil had become more adept
than her master.
NOTES


3 Jaffe, p. 141.


6 Peter Ohlin, "'Cadenus and Vanessa': Reason and Passion," Studies in English Literature, 1500-1800, 4 (Summer 1964), 486.

7 Rogers, p. 658.


10 Rogers, p. 216.

11 Rogers, p. 700.

12 Rogers, p. 659.

13 Rogers, p. 225.


21 Rogers, p. 187.

22 Jaffe, p. 87.

23 Rogers, pp. 200-03.

24 Rogers, pp. 204-207.


27 Rogers, p. 241.

28 Rogers, pp. 256-58.

29 Rogers, pp. 260-62.

30 Rogers, p. 731.

31 Rogers, p. 736.

32 Rogers, pp. 267-68.

33 Rogers, pp. 286-87.

34 Rogers, pp. 298-99.

35 Rogers, pp. 313-15.

36 Johnson, p. 48.

37 Rogers, pp. 329-30.
CHAPTER V

SWIFT AS POLITICAL FIGURE

Swift's poems dealing with his involvement in politics and his acquaintance with important political figures lend themselves to a division into two groups. In the earlier poems, which are concerned with English affairs, we see Swift close to the source of power, so that his influence is official, though minimal. The later poems, dealing with Irish politics, portray Swift as a powerful, though officially anonymous, figure. As we might expect, the political poems contain much more information about Swift than about politics.

The earliest poem concerning Swift's role in the Tory government of Oxford and Bolingbroke was written toward the end of the ministry when his two great patrons were engaged in the struggle that threatened to end their tenure in office. Swift seems to have understood that the ministry could not be saved, and his poems on his association with political figures display a curious blend of self-praise and apology. It is interesting that Swift did not write poems on his own involvement in politics until he was forced to realize that it was about to end. Proximity to power seems to have satisfied Swift as long as it lasted. He obviously felt no need to congratulate himself publicly while he enjoyed the actual
influence of his position. When that position became pre-
 precarious, however, Swift began to write and publish accounts
 of his relationship with Oxford and Bolingbroke.

One reason for the sudden poetic activity is vanity.
Swift would naturally wish to record his association with the
great, particularly since he was a confidant of both ministers.
Another motive may have been a desire to be cautious, to have
on record that his own actions were blameless, in the event of
an inquiry following the inevitable and quickly approaching
end of the Tory ministry. Finally, there is a hint of dis-
satisfaction and resentment, attitudes not unusual in Swift's
writings. To have received for his service no better prefer-
ment than to be made Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, was a
matter of intense disappointment to him.

"Horace, Epistle VII, Book I: Imitated and Addressed
to the Earl of Oxford"¹ was "written by Swift on his return
to England after his installation as Dean of St. Patrick's."²
The poem is largely a narrative of Swift's initial meeting
with Oxford. Not surprisingly, it also contains a catalogue
of Swift's virtues, as well as a complaint that his reward
for service is not as lucrative has he has been led to expect.

An important element in Swift's self-image is his insis-
tence that he never initiated contact with politically powerful
or socially eminent people. We have already seen his reaction
to the sociable overtures of Lady Carteret—the anxiety of
a plain (though remarkable and in every respect worthy),
scholarly, reclusive man drawn suddenly and unwillingly into a sphere of acquaintance in which he has little interest. We are, it seems, to assume that the great simply cannot help themselves. Dr. Swift is too talented, his acquaintance is too delightful for great men to forego.

The same pattern obtains in "Horace, Epistle VII, Book I." It is Harley who seeks to know Swift. So that the event may be appreciated in its fullest significance, Swift begins the poem by describing the importance of the man who is eager to know him:

Harley, the nation's great support,  
Returning home one day from court  
(His mind with public cares possessed,  
All Europe's business in his breast)  
Observed a parson near Whitehall,  
Cheapening old authors on a stall. (ll. 1-6)

Nothing could be in greater contrast to one of the most important figures in European politics than a bookish clergyman haggling over the price of books, tenaciously minding his own business. Swift even refers to himself as a parson, a term we know he despised.

Harley, "now disposed to crack a jest" (l. 15), dispatches his associate, Erasmus Lewis, to discover the identity of this clergyman. Lewis returns with the information that

it was Dr. Swift:  
A clergyman of special note,  
For shunning those of his own coat;  
Which made his brethren of the gown,  
Take care betimes to run him down:  
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice;
Went where he pleased, said what he thought;
Not rich, but owed no man a groat.
In state opinions a la mode,
He hated Wharton like a toad;
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libelled all the Junta round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often fathered what he writ;
His works were hawked on every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late indeed the paper-stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire. (ll. 26-46)

Since these lines constitute the information Lewis gathered from an interview with Swift, the passage must be taken either as Swift's view of himself in 1710, or as the view he wished others to have.

Swift's description of himself is consistent with most of his other autobiographical statements. He cannot conceal his pride, even when asserting his modesty. His is a clergyman, but one who considers himself as both separate from and superior to his colleagues. His moderate habits are advanced as a particularly strong point. Finally, he tells Lewis, he is a popular author and a companion of wits. Now, when Harley seeks his acquaintance, Swift is about to retire from writing.

As in "An Apology to the Lady Carteret," Swift is invited to dine with an eminent person, and again, he disingenuously refuses to believe that the invitation is not a practical joke. When Lewis conveys Harley's invitation, "Swift seemed to wonder what he meant, / Nor would believe my Lord had sent" (ll. 51-2).
Inevitably, Harley once again sees Swift. Despite the rebuff to his initial overture, Harley still desires Swift's acquaintance. Swift's reaction to his error of modesty is the same as with Lady Carteret. He is embarrassed, confused, and apologetic:

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
And offered many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
"My lord--the honour you designed--
Extremely proud--but I had dined--
I'm sure I never should neglect--
No man alive has more respect . . . " (ll. 63-70)

Harley takes no offense at Swift's apparent insolence. Magnanimously, he tells Swift, "Well, I shall think of that no more, / If you'll be sure to come at four" (ll. 71-72).

After his first visit with Harley, Swift's company becomes indispensable:

Next day invited, comes again:
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning, or at meals;
Comes early, and departeth late. (ll. 76-79)

The easy familiarity which quickly develops between Swift and Harley reflects credit on both, though of course the larger share devolves on Swift. Harley's taste and judgment in cultivating Swift are praised implicitly. Swift, however, receives credit for the merit that attracts Harley. He is, of course, worthy of intimate acquaintance with the great. Yet at first Swift bestows his friendship as a favor to Harley.
The situation is soon reversed. Becoming familiar with Windsor through his visits there as Harley's guest, Swift begins to hope for an appointment: "Swift much admires the place and air, / And longs to be a canon there" (ll. 83-84). Harley, however, has other plans for him. When he hears of Swift's modest ambition, he reveals what the reward for his service is to be:

"A canon! that's a place too mean:
No, Doctor, you shall be a dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power and ease." (ll. 87-92)

Comment on "Horace, Epistle VII, Book I" has emphasized the inaccuracies of detail in Swift's narrative. Peter J. Schakel has observed that "Swift unobtrusively but pointedly combines events between 1710 and 1713 into a fictional present." Irvin Ehrenpreis goes so far as to state that "except for the names and characterizations, little of the story pretends to be factual." Both statements are accurate without being very enlightening. It is possible to find much in Swift's version of his association with Harley, even if we do not find a minutely detailed, scrupulously factual relation. Of more interest than Swift's arrangement of events are the details he chose not to include. No reference is made to Swift's journalistic efforts or to the fact that his preferment was due to those efforts. Omitted also is the reason for his appointment in Ireland. In a poem devoted largely to self-praise,
Swift would obviously not wish to divulge that his appointment was indeed an exile, that Queen Anne was unwilling to approve Swift's appointment to any significant position in England. Such omissions are without doubt significant. Yet it seems excessive to assert that because of them the poem is mere fiction.

After Swift is made Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, he encounters financial difficulties in setting up his Irish establishment:

Poor Swift departs, and, what is worse,
With borrowed money in his purse;
Travels at least a hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats,
Dues, payments, fees, demands and--cheats
(The wicked laity's contriving,
To hinder clergymen from thriving),
Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combined,
Force him to take his tithes in kind;
And Parvisol discounts arrears,
By bills for taxes and repairs.

(11. 93-96, 101-12)

Swift is now desperate, and the only action he can think to take is to present his predicament to Harley:

Poor Swift, with all his losses vexed,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt;
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret,
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate. (11. 113-18)
After initial difficulty in being admitted, due to his unkempt appearance, Swift is greeted jovially and rather mockingly by Harley:

. . . "Welcome, reverend Dean!
What makes your worship look so lean?
Why sure you won't appear in town,
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much, that you neglect yourself.
What! I suppose now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye;
Or is your money out at use?"— (ll. 121-29)

Harley's humorous speech implies that he is aware of Swift's difficulties. There is also a suggestion that he understands Swift's respectful attitude toward money. The speech shows Harley to be an accomplished railleur, which must have been agreeable to Swift in other circumstances.

Swift concludes the poem with a complaint regarding his present situation and a sarcastic plea for Harley to undo the service he has done Swift:

"Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce!"
(The Doctor in a passion cried),
"Your raillery is misapplied:
Experience I have dearly bought,
You know I am not worth a groat:
But it's a folly to contest,
When you resolve to have your jest;
And since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."
(ll. 130-38)

As is frequently the case with Swift's humor, there is a vein of seriousness in his final comments to Harley. The expenses Swift incurred in establishing himself as Dean of St. Patrick's
were great, and a man as conscious of money as Swift could not help being distressed by them. Swift's argument seems to be that "since Harley, at his own initiative, brought Swift to the highest levels of social and political life, led Swift to expect much and others to expect much for him, he has a responsibility to provide for him in a way commensurate with his abilities, dignity, and new expectations."  

Chronologically, the next item in Swift's political poetry is "Scriblerian Verses," formerly known as "Jeux D'Esprit of the Scriblerus Club." The verses are divided into four sections and are the combined effort of Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Parnell. For the most part, the verses constitute a series of invitations to Harley in hopes he will attend the meetings of the Scriblerus Club. Only two lines can be definitely ascribed to Swift (section 2, ll. 3-4). Swift's injunction to Harley is "come here and laugh" (l. 4). It is obvious from this joint effort that Harley was liked and respected by all the members of the Scriblerus Club.

"The Author upon Himself" is Swift's premature farewell to politics. In this poem, "Swift glories in the fame and dignity his associations with the ministry have given him." The tone of "The Author upon Himself" is bitter and aggressive, whereas that of the earlier "Horace, Epistle VII, Book I" is playful. The strain on the Tory ministry was obviously beginning to affect Swift's attitudes toward politics. The emphasis is now as much on the niggling factiousness
that impedes political transactions as on Swift's participation in affairs of state. Swift has temporarily lost his faith in the efficacy of political involvement, and he has lost all hope for a reconciliation that would preserve the ministry.

The first verse paragraph of "The Author upon Himself" identifies Swift's chief antagonists. First is the Duchess of Somerset, "an old red-pate, murdering hag" (1. 1), who, in Swift's view, "figures as a malign influence on the Queen, besides being the major obstacle to his own preferment." Next comes John Sharp, Archbishop of York, the "crazy prelate" (1. 2) who Swift believed "had been instrumental in blocking his chances of advancement in the church." The third and most formidable antagonist is Queen Anne herself, the "royal prude" (1. 2), whose "dislike of Swift, originating in A Tale of a Tub, was strengthened by The Windsor Prophecy, after which she resolved he should receive no preferment during her reign." Finally, there is the pack of jealous, chattering parsons,

dull divines, who look with envious eyes,  
On every genius that attempts to rise;  
And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod,  
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God.  
(11. 3-6)

After introducing such powerful enemies, Swift proceeds ironically to plead guilty on several counts selected by himself. First, he confesses to his superior intellect and
talent, both of which are traditionally out of place in a clergyman:

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime; 
Nay, 'twas affirmed, he sometimes dealt in rhyme: 
Humour, and mirth, had place in all he writ: 
He reconciled divinity and wit. 
He moved, and bowed, and talked with too much grace; 
Nor showed the parson in his gait or face. 

(11. 9-14)

Swift did not behave as a parson was expected to, which made many of his superiors uneasy and hostile. Swift's nominal equals, his colleagues in the clergy, disliked him because he held himself aloof from them:

At Child's or Truby's never once had been; 
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes, 
Secured by numbers from the laymen's gibes; 
And deal in vices of the graver sort, 
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port. 

(11. 18-22)

Swift's second admission of guilt concerns his public spirit; he is guilty of directing his genius to that which he considers "the public interest" (1. 27):

... after sage monitions from his friends, 
His talents to employ for nobler ends; 
To better judgements willing to submit, 
He turns to politics his dangerous wit. 

(11. 23-26)

Not only does Swift become involved in politics; he becomes the favorite of both great Tory ministers:

By Harley Swift invited comes to court. 
In favor grows with ministers of state;
Admitted private, when superiors wait:
And, Harley, not ashamed his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach, alone.
At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
But, St John comes and whispers in his ear;
The waiters stand in ranks; the yeomen cry,
"Make room," as if a duke were passing by.
(11. 28-36)

While Swift is naturally proud of his relationships with Harley and St. John, it is amusing to note that he seems nearly as vain of the figure he cuts with the servants at Windsor. Here we see Swift's acute sense of social position. Having attained some eminence, he makes it very plain that he is highly regarded by his superiors, envied by his equals, and held in awe by his inferiors.

Once Swift is in favor and enjoys influence, the opposition begins to undermine him:

York is from Lambeth sent, to show the Queen
A dangerous treatise writ against the spleen;
Which by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
(11. 47-50)

After the Archbishop has delivered his accusation, it is the turn of the Duchess of Somerset, who uses her influence with the Queen to further discredit Swift, whom she despised for his remarks about her character:

Now Madam Konigsmark her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her murdered spouse:
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills;
And thence into the royal ear instills.
(11. 53-56)
When the troubles caused by Swift's enemies are over, he notes the changed attitudes of those who had thought his influence at an end:

By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caressed by candidate divines;
Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how they were mistaken in the Dean!

(11. 63-66)

Once more, Swift is courted by the great and importuned by those who wish to profit from his influence with Harley and St. John. Swift, however, is disgusted by the pettiness, malice, and hypocrisy that accompany (or pursue) political life. He is willing to attempt only one further action before he washes his hands of politics:

By faction tired, with grief he waits a while,
His great contending friends to reconcile.
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

(11. 71-74)

Swift, then, asserts that he has been blameless in his role as a political figure. He shows himself being attacked for his altruistic public spirit, the rigorous morality that compelled him to condemn publicly the murder of the Duchess of Somerset's husband, and the wit and genius that produced A Tale of a Tub. Faithful to the end, Swift attempts to reconcile Harley and St. John, though it must have been obvious that such a reconciliation was impossible, then retires, having done everything possible for the public good. Much
of Swift's self-estimation is accurate. There is, however, one significant exception. Swift fails to mention that his "public spirit" and his efforts for the good of the country are synonymous with Tory politics. His enemies were all Whigs. Such a blind spot is predictable in a party politician; to Swift, as to Dr. Johnson later in the century, only the Whigs were a faction.

"In Sickness" is of interest here not only because it deals with Swift as a political figure, but also because it reveals Swift's state of mind after the fall of the ministry. The poem's subtitle is "Written Soon After the Author's Coming to Live in Ireland, upon the Queen's Death, October 1714." The poem is a complaint, not unusual in Swift's work. Its tone, however, is one of lugubrious self-pity, which is unusual.

The most likely reason for the poem's emotional tone is the fact of Swift's residence in Ireland. The contrast between the glittering political and social circles Swift had recently left behind in England and the drab reality of the duties of a clergyman in the country he hoped he had escaped was overwhelming. Ireland, of course, frequently brought out the worst in Swift. The poem begins with an exaggerated statement of Swift's isolation:

... why obscurely here alone?  
Where I am neither loved nor known?  
My state of health none care to learn;  
My life is here no soul's concern.  
And, those with whom I now converse,  
Without a tear will tend my hearse. (ll. 3-8)
It is true that Swift was not yet acquainted with Sheridan and Delany, whose friendship would later do much to make Swift's residence in Ireland more than tolerable. Yet Stella had long resided in Ireland. The woman Swift called his most valuable friend cannot be included among those referred to in the following lines:

Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay
Can act as decently as they.
But, no obliging, tender friend
To help at my approaching end. (11. 13-20)

"In Sickness" is an exercise in melodramatic self-pity. Swift's sorrow is for the end of his political life and his separation from his English friends.

"Horace, Lib. 2, Sat. 6,"[^16] in its position in Rogers's edition, has the effect of a poem written as an afterthought. The poem was actually written before "In Sickness," though not published until 1728.[^17] Consistent with "The Author upon Himself," "Horace, Lib. 2, Sat. 6" deals with the themes of the worries that are a part of a public figure's life and the desirability of retirement. Here, however, the political matter serves mainly to emphasize the charms of the rural peace for which Swift longs. He "casts himself from the first as the reluctant politician, the man great in spite of himself."[^18]
Swift begins by outlining the familiar eighteenth-century gentleman's ideal of retirement in the country on a moderate income. The first six lines of "Horace, Lib. 2, Sat. 6" are reminiscent of Pomfret's "The Choice," probably the most famous expression of the theme of retirement in the literature of the century. That for which Swift wishes is modest by the standard of an eighteenth-century gentleman:

I often wished that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood. (ll. 1-6)

Swift's declared wish is a bit suspicious. While we know that he enjoyed country life, we know also of his relish for courts, ministers, and all the other trappings of politics. It is impossible to imagine Swift in the kind of retirement he says he wants. We may assume with confidence that Swift's yearning for retirement increased as the chances of his continuing in the position of influence he had enjoyed decreased.

Having achieved his wishes, however, Swift is not satisfied. His little estate is in the wrong kingdom, on the wrong shore of the Irish sea. The location is inconvenient only because Swift must continue to travel at the summons of Harley:

Well: now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
And should be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this side Trent:
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,  
"Tis for the service of the crown.  
"Lewis; the Dean will be of use,  
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas;  
Great ministers ne'er think of these;  
Or let it cost five hundred pound,  
No matter where the money's found. (ll. 7-20)

In these lines it is possible to read several attitudes, some of them contradictory. Swift's chagrin over being placed in Ireland is genuine. His reference to expense also rings true; we must remember both his notorious frugality and the outlay which his appointment had already cost him. Swift seems to be at least as disturbed by the expense of traveling as by the danger, if not more. Finally, however, Swift's vanity wins out; he is flattered that Harley continues to consider his services useful. Had the ministry considered him dispensable, Swift might have expressed much more dissatisfaction than is to be found in "Horace, Lib. 2, Sat. 6."

The main body of the poem is devoted to a description of Swift's activities once he has arrived. He is made to think that his immediate presence is required: "'Good Mr Dean, go change your gown, / Let my Lord know you're come to town!" (ll. 23-24). He finds, however, that his audience with Harley is not to be a private one. It is "levee day" (l. 26), and Swift finds Harley surrounded by a crowd of important people. Unable to approach his patron, Swift stands among those waiting on Harley and hears two comments that illustrate the unpopularity he suffers because of his intimacy with the minister:
Some wag observes me thus perplexed,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To jostle here among a crowd."
Another in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke." (ll. 31-39)

Swift's reaction to the latter remark is surprisingly haughty, even for Swift: "I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke, / And take it kindly meant to show / What I desire the world should know" (ll. 40-42). In other words, Swift feels confident enough of his position in Harley's favor to proclaim that he is no respecter of nobility. For the record, Swift takes the rebuke at face value; it is not rudeness but esteem and affection for Harley that make Swift jostle a peer.

As Swift waits, he is beset by petitioners and office-seekers who consider his influence great enough to make their causes succeed. Swift's attitude is one of exasperation that "A hundred other men's affairs / Like bees are humming in my ears" (ll. 49-50). There can be little doubt, however, that Swift enjoyed the humility and importunity of men who approached him with an explicit avowal of his political influence.

One section of this poem is an abstract of Swift's relationship with Harley. In it Swift unconvincingly emphasizes the personal and essentially trivial nature of their friendship. He relates that Harley

chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As "What's o'clock?" and "How's the wind?
Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new today
From Pope, from Parnell or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Staines:
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor and again to town;
Where all that passes, inter nos,
Might be proclaimed at Charing Cross. (ll. 66-80)

Here Swift is too modest. While his company was undoubtedly pleasant to Harley, his role as a political journalist was too well known for his self-effacing assessment of the reason for Harley's attachment to him to be believable. We must also keep in mind the office-seekers Swift has mentioned. Since it is essential for such people to know whose support will further their causes, it is unlikely that so many would have applied it to Swift if his influence with Harley had not been a matter of public knowledge.

Next, we find Swift protesting his ignorance of state affairs to those who attempt to elicit information:

And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known. (ll. 101-04)

These lines are probably much closer to the truth than Swift would actually wish us to believe. It is unlikely that Harley told Swift any more about state affairs than was necessary; Swift was, after all, only a journalist serving the ministry.
By his protestation of ignorance, Swift is able to have it both ways. His statement is essentially true; however, he realizes that it will not be generally believed. Thus, he will receive credit for more knowledge than he actually possesses, as well as for a laudable discretion in not repeating the details of matters that are not meant to be generally known.

Swift concludes "Horace, Lib. 2, Sat. 6" with another unconvincing exposition of his wish for retirement:

Thus in a sea of folly tossed,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat;
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt a court and town.

(11. 105-12)

The last five lines are not particularly good poetry and might have been written by almost any second-rate eighteenth-century poet. But they are not like anything else Swift ever wrote. It is difficult to imagine a man as occupied with business as was Swift wishing to be idle. To imagine a frantically active and social man obsessed with exercise spending his life in virtual solitude and inactivity, sleeping by a brook, is impossible. Swift protests too much. That he disliked politics and wished for idle solitude is completely out of character. Those who know Swift know better.
In all, the poems dealing with English politics contain much rationalization. Swift is at considerable pains to show that the position he is about to lose is not very important, which makes his fall from power appear insignificant. He also asserts that politics, by its nature, is unworthy of the attention or efforts of a gifted man. We are then to assume that his public service was performed reluctantly. No matter which interpretation is put on his political life, whether he is seen as a powerful man who modestly discounts his importance or as a relatively insignificant figure who undertook his modest duties with distaste, Swift appears in a favorable light.

Swift's poems on matters of Irish politics are radically different from the earlier ones concerning his involvement in English affairs. The relatively calm Horatian tones of the English poems are replaced by rollicking ballads with frequently bizarre rhymes. There is almost no attempt at either art or restraint in the Irish political poems. Because Swift maintains a veneer of anonymity in them, he writes with abusive abandon, assassinating the characters of his opponents and boasting of his own popularity and literary prowess. Swift's method of identifying himself as the author of his scurrilous political poems was "to ascribe the authorship to himself in an anonymous ballad, which was no evidence." By adopting this strategy, Swift was able to say anything he liked and to make sure everyone knew it was he who had said it, without
having to worry much about consequences. As Dean of St. Patrick's, the Drapier, and wickedly humorous and effective balladeer, Swift wielded an odd kind of unofficial power, much greater than he ever enjoyed as the associate of Harley and St. John. There is no doubt that Swift's poems were motivated by patriotism and a dislike for tyranny, especially when practiced by English Whigs. Yet it is certain that Swift enjoyed his unique position in Ireland. The energy with which he pursued issues such as Wood's patent suggests that after his initial success Swift understood the possibilities of his situation and sought to become powerful as a compensation for his lost eminence in English politics.

"An Excellent New Song on a Seditious Pamphlet" is the earliest of the Irish political poems. Dating from 1720, it "relates to the furore caused by Swift's Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture . . . , which was published in April or May 1720. When Edward Waters, the printer, came to trial on a charge of sedition, he was found not guilty, but the Lord Chief Justice refused to accept this verdict and sent the jury back nine times." The poem is an ironic statement delivered by a fictional Dublin shopkeeper. Though his business suffers, he praises English silk and condemns Swift's advocacy of the Irish people's wearing clothes of Irish wool:

Though a printer and Dean
Seditiously mean
Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean;
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

(II. 5-9)

The tradesman goes on to point out that in England corpses are dressed in woolen clothes (I. 10), which provokes an angry exclamation: "The Dean and his printer then let us cry fie on" (I. 11). In the third stanza, the irony becomes blatant, for the shopkeeper asserts that "Our noble Grand Jury, / When they saw the Dean's book they were in a great fury" (II. 23-24). Any fury on the part of the Grand Jury was, of course, expressed in its refusal to bring in a guilty verdict against the printer of the pamphlet advocating the use of Irish woolens. The poem concludes with the ironic hope that Swift may be identified as the author and punished: "And as for the Dean, / You know whom I mean, / If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come off clean" (II. 30-32).

In 1724, the controversy over Wood's halfpence provoked "An Excellent New Song upon His Grace Our Good Lord Archbishop of Dublin." Swift is mentioned in his role as the Drapier only twice, but those instances serve to indicate how universal Swift's fame has become. In the first line, Jo, the Archbishop's tenant farmer in whose voice the poem is spoken, feels it necessary to state that his subject is not Swift: "I sing not of the Drapier's praise, nor yet of William Wood." It may seem strange for a poem on the Archbishop to begin with such a statement; however, it must be remembered that the
issue of Wood's patent dominated public discussion in Ireland at the time and that the Drapier was Wood's principal adversary. Later in the poem, the farmer informs the Archbishop of the source of his familiarity with the Drapier's letters:

"To every farmer twice a week all round about the yoke, / Our parsons read the Drapier's books, and make us honest folk" (ll. 39-40). The implication is, of course, that the clergy not only support the views of the Drapier, but that they inculcate the same support among their illiterate parishioners. The Archbishop himself is portrayed as unsympathetic to the new coinage. He magnanimously tells his tenant not to worry about when his rent is paid (l. 33), but adds one stipulation:

"... I must have lawful cash, / I hope you will not pay my rent in that same Woods's trash" (ll. 35-36). The contrast between the kindly Archbishop and the rapacious squire (ll. 15-20, 41-44) serves to demonstrate that the clergy, which opposes Woods's halfpence, is interested in the welfare not only of Ireland, but of its individual citizens as well. The squire, whose actions are very much like the popular (and fairly accurate) conception of the behavior of an English landlord, is interested only in what gain he can extract from his estate.

In "Whitshed's Motto on His Coach," the main object is to blacken the character of the Lord Chief Justice who had so relentlessly sought the conviction of John Harding, the printer of "the fourth and most explosive of the Drapier's..."
After Whitshed has in the first stanza exposed himself as a mercenary man whose main interest is in enriching himself, he describes his desire "To humble that vexatious Dean" (1. 20). Swift's writings had been instrumental in embarrassing Whitshed, for the second jury he empanelled in the hope of an indictment against Harding or the Drapier "returned a presentment against 'all such persons as have attempted . . . by fraud or otherwise, to impose the halfpence upon us.'" Whitshed, then, perceives Swift as his formidable antagonist. Without Swift's meddling, Whitshed feels his self-serving actions would encounter no significant impediment.

"Wood, an Insect" contains only one reference to the Drapier. It is asserted that "the Drapier hath heartily mauled" (1. 33) Wood, a reference to the success Swift enjoyed first in hindering the coinage, then in forcing its patent to be withdrawn. The symbolic mauling Swift has administered in "Wood, an Insect" becomes the dispensation of godlike justice in "On Wood the Ironmonger." Here,

the Drapier shot a letter,
(Not Jove himself could do it better)
Which lighting on the impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knocked him down. (ll. 35-38)

Swift has become carried away by the effect of his pamphleteering and the popularity he enjoys as a result of it. In "A Simile on Our Want of Silver, and the Only Way to Remedy
Swift's power continues to be discussed as if it were out of the realm of the natural. Here, instead of a god, Swift is portrayed as a sorcerer who exposes the cheating tricks of inferior conjurors:

When late a feminine magician,  
Joined with a brazen politician,  
Exposed, to blind the nation's eyes,  
A parchment of prodigious size;  
Concealed beneath that ample screen,  
There was no silver to be seen.  
But, to this parchment let the Drapier  
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,  
And ring Wood's copper in our ears  
So loud, till all the nation hears;  
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,  
And drive the conjurors to the devil:  
And when the sky is grown serene,  
Our silver will appear again. (ll. 19-32)

Although the character of the Drapier appears in five poems, Swift discussed the issue of Wood's patent surprisingly little in poetry. Of course his most important remarks were made in the Drapier's Letters, and their influence left little to be said. The poems on Wood's halfpence were simply broadsides in support of Swift's more serious work. They also afforded him an outlet through which he could vent the indignation the issue inspired in him. In ballads it was not necessary to be calm or reasonable, to present a careful argument. Swift could indulge in name-calling and self-congratulation. He was also able to contribute to the legend of the Drapier, the larger-than-life savior of Ireland.
In 1730, five years after the end of the controversy over Wood's halfpence, Swift turns again to political verse. The first part of "Traulus" is political in its language, although no specific political matter is involved in its background. The occasion of "Traulus" is a quarrel between Swift and Viscount Allen, who in 1730 "protested against the award of a gold box to Swift by the Corporation of Dublin" and "attempted to get proceedings brought against those concerned in A Libel on the Reverend Dr Delany." "Traulus" is in the form of a dialogue between two characters named Tom and Robin. Lord Allen, they agree, must be mad to attack Swift:

TOM  Say, Robin, what can Traulus mean
By bellowing thus against the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and Jacobite, and libeller?
Yet cannot prove a single fact.

ROBIN  Forgive him, Tom, his head is cracked.  
(11. 1-6)

Of the four charges against Swift ascribed to Lord Allen, three are absurd. The final one, that Swift is a libeller, has more than a little truth in it, but is rendered ineffect ive by its juxtaposition to such ridiculous epithets as Papist.

Tom wonders at the futility of Lord Allen's attack on so popular a figure as Swift:

Why must he sputter, spawl and slaver it
In vain, against the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-saving paper
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?  (11. 9-12)
It was certainly impolitic of Lord Allen to imagine that he could attack Swift without damaging his own reputation among the Irish people. It is possible to detect a note of immense satisfaction in Swift's attitude here. He obviously enjoyed being regarded as a national hero, and he must have found convenient the near-immunity from opposition his status gave him.

A further instance cited to demonstrate Lord Allen's madness is the friendship he formerly professed for Swift:

TOM Such friendship never man professed,
The Dean was never so caressed:  
For Traulus long his rancour nursed,  
Till, God knows why, at last it burst. (11. 15-18)

We are led to believe also that such outbursts are characteristic of Lord Allen and are a further illustration of his madness. Not only does Allen rail, he also asks permission to make his objectionable remarks or makes implausible excuses for them, thus suggesting that he lacks the courage his aggressive unpleasantness seems to call for:

He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,  
He fawns upon you in a minute.  
Begs leave to rail, "but damn his blood,  
He only meant it for your good.  
His friendship was exactly timed,  
He shot before your foes were primed:  
By this contrivance, Mr Dean,  
By God I'll bring you off as clean . . ."  
Then let him use you e'er so rough,  
'Twas all for love, and that's enough. (11. 53-62)
"Traulus" concludes with a panegyric on Swift, along with a suggestion that his efforts on behalf of Irish liberty are misplaced:

Yet still the Dean on freedom raves,
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink. (11. 99-102)

Swift occasionally lapsed into bitterness such as this toward the Irish. He obviously considered them too timid to insist on or achieve liberty. They could be stirred up on occasion, as they had been about Wood's halfpence. However, they soon subsided into their former apathy and continued to be exploited by the English.

In the struggle that took place in 1733 over the repeal of the Test Act, Swift incurred the wrath of Richard Bettesworth, a member of Parliament not particularly friendly to the interests of the church:

He became, therefore, Swift's chief butt in the lampoon "On the Words Brother Protestants". Bettesworth vowed revenge, and, according to Sheridan, swore to cut off Swift's ears with a penknife. He called at the deanery, but finding Swift out, followed him to the Rev. John Worrall's house, where the two met. After an exchange of words Bettesworth left without attempting to carry out his threat.31

The quarrel with Bettesworth is carried on by Swift in "The Yahoo's Overthrow,"32 a malicious ballad reminiscent of those Swift wrote during the controversy over Wood's halfpence.
"The Yahoo's Overthrow" begins by suggesting that Bettesworth's affront to Swift is tantamount to a crime against the state: "... Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain, / Hath insulted us all by insulting the Dean" (ll. 3-4). A comparison of the two figures leaves the narrator of the ballad amazed at Bettesworth's temerity: "The Dean and his merits we every one know, / But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow?" (ll. 6-7). Bettesworth is betrayed by his master, the devil, into a particularly apt punishment; he is left "under the pen of the Dean" (l. 39). The implication is, of course, that to be satirized by Swift is a terrible fate. Such an attitude on Swift's part, while it is undeniably swaggering, nevertheless shows that he understood his own power.

Bettesworth's threat of violence is recounted (ll. 46-48), and the ballad-singer follows with an imagined retribution for Bettesworth's lack of respect for "the Dean of all deans" (l. 54). When Bettesworth has been whipped through the streets, he will be presented to Swift, who "shall to him disclose / A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose" (ll. 63-64). The ballad-singer realizes that such a punishment may seem harsh, but maintains that Bettesworth should be "proud to be licking a great man's posteriors" (l. 69). Bettesworth has indeed been relegated to the quasi-human status of the Yahoo, while Swift, in contrast, is made to seem above a quarrel with such an odious man.
The attack on Bettesworth is concluded in "An Epigram, Inscribed to the Honourable Serjeant Kite." Bettesworth's threat to cut off Swift's ears is viewed as preferable to one alternative:

... who would not think it a much better choice,  
By your knife to be mangled than racked with your voice.  
If truly you would be revenged on the parson,  
Command his attendance while you act your farce on,  
Instead of your maiming, your shooting, or banging,  
Bid Povey secure him while you are haranguing.  
Had this been your method to torture him, long since,  
He had cut his own ears to be deaf to your nonsense. (ll. 3-10)

Dating from 1736 is "A Character, Panegyric, and Description of the Legion Club," in which Swift attacks the Irish Parliament for depriving the church of its pasturage tithes. While "the vote did not affect Swift's own finances, ... he was chary of any threat to the Church and sprang instinctively to its defense." Swift bases the poem on the assumption that the members of the Irish Parliament are madmen in the service of the devil. While God might destroy the Parliament house (ll. 21-34) and its denizens, there exists one possibility for the survival of the politicians:

Yet should Swift endow the schools  
For his lunatics and fools,  
With a rood or two of land,  
I allow the pile might stand.  
You perhaps will ask me, why so?  
But it is with this proviso,  
Since the house is like to last,  
Let a royal grant be passed,
That the club have right to dwell
   Each within his proper cell;
With a passage left to creep in,
   And a hole above for peeping. (ll. 35-46)

In a madhouse, the members of Parliament may continue to hold debates and pass legislation without harm.

The remainder of the poem is devoted to a description of an imaginary tour through the madhouse. Swift is mentioned only once in "The Legion Club." He is ironically considered once again the savior of Ireland. The violent tone of the poem indicates Swift's attitude toward any person or group seeking to abridge the prerogatives of the church.

"Aye and No: A Tale from Dublin"37 is Swift's final political poem. It "was occasioned by a proposal by Archbishop Boulter [of Armagh] to reduce slightly the value of the guinea . . . , and also to import £2000 of copper half-pence."38 It is to be expected, then, that the tone of Swift's poem will be violent.

At a banquet in Dublin, Boulter complains to Swift of the boldness of the mob (l. 3) and asserts that "The Mischief arises from witty Dean Swift" (l. 6). Swift's withering and ominous reply shifts the blame to those who meddle with Ireland's currency and reminds the Archbishop of Swift's popularity with the mob:

"It's matter of weight, and a mere money-job;
   But lower the coin, the higher the mob.
Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
   That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke."
The Irish dear joys have enough common sense,  
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.  
It's a pity a prelate should die without law;  
But if I say the word--take care of Armagh!"  

(11. 11-18)

Pat Rogers casts doubt on Swift's authorship of "Aye and No." Such doubts make any interpretation hazardous, for it would be easy to attribute to Swift thoughts he never entertained. However, if the poem is by Swift, we see him once again glorying in the influence he is able to exert on political affairs.

A fundamental irony envelops Swift's political career. Though frequently close to the highest circles of power, he never held an official position of any kind. In England, Swift enjoyed limited influence through his close association with Queen Anne's Tory ministry. His powerful allies, however, were unable to secure his preferment in England. Once in Ireland, Swift was without powerful friends. Yet the controversy over Wood's copper halfpence enabled Swift to achieve a unique position there. His great popularity and inflammatory writings allowed him to mobilize the populace in opposition to Wood's patent.

Swift was undeniably proud of his political activity in both kingdoms. He was prone to exaggerate his modest influence on English politics and his powerful popular status as a heroic Irish patriot. Swift obviously wished to be remembered as a public man who took part in and had
some influence on matters of state. His political poems serve as a reinforcement of the reputation he had already acquired.
NOTES


3 See above, pp. 15-19.


7 Schakel, p. 75.

8 Rogers, pp. 159-61.

9 Williams, I, 184-88.

10 Rogers, pp. 163-65.

11 Schakel, pp. 78-79.

12 Rogers, p. 933.

13 Rogers, p. 932.

14 Rogers, p. 908.

15 Rogers, p. 165.

16 Rogers, pp. 167-70.

17 Rogers, p. 673.


20 Rogers, pp. 217-18.

21 Rogers, p. 701.

22 Rogers, pp. 278-80.

23 Rogers, pp. 282-83.

24 Rogers, p. 475.

25 Rogers, p. 745.

26 Rogers, pp. 287-88.

27 Rogers, p. 289.

28 Rogers, p. 290.

29 Rogers, pp. 422-25.

30 Rogers, p. 816.

31 Williams, III, 810.

32 Rogers, pp. 539-41.

33 Rogers, pp. 541-42.

34 Rogers, pp. 550-56.

35 Rogers, p. 891.

36 Jaffe, p. 146.

37 Rogers, p. 560.

38 Rogers, p. 901.

39 Rogers, p. 901.
CHAPTER VI

SATIRE AND APOLOGY

In a small but important group of later poems, Swift becomes an apologist for himself and his career, particularly as a satirist. As Robert W. Uphaus has noted,

Swift's later poetry is especially important because in these poems he overtly discusses his understanding of himself, his art, and his estimate of the public, as well as the public's estimate of him. These poems show a Swift who is no longer interested in irony and satire as much as he is preoccupied with flat-out attack and self-defense.¹

Certain of the later poems contain the most definitive statements Swift ever made about himself or his work. While the importance of these poems cannot be disputed, the degree of their reliability is certainly debatable. Some critics maintain that Swift's later poetry is concerned more than ever with irony and is, indeed, enveloped in an irony that has so far remained impenetrable. In any case, what statements we have by Swift are in these poems, and we must deal with them as best we can.

"A Panegyric on the Reverend Dean Swift"² had long been a problem for Swift scholars until Aubrey Williams³ and James Wooley⁴ established beyond a reasonable doubt that the poem

163
was spurious. The reason for the discomfort the poem caused critics is the force of its attack on Swift. So vicious an attack puzzled many critics, who wondered how Swift could have been capable of such pronouncements about himself. Having gone far toward excluding the poem from Swift's canon, Aubrey Williams explained the difficulty that had always existed in accepting it as genuine:

There are many poems in which Swift presents himself, or is presented by other speakers, as awkward, officious, abrasive, vain, censorious, and so on, but in none of these is he presented, by whatever mode or spokesman, as guilty of the downright impiety and godlessness, the appalling sychophancy, the secret villainy, the totally unscrupulous self-seeking and timeserving, heaped upon him in "A Panegyric on the Reverend D--n S---t."  

Swift was frequently able to admit to his failings and foibles, but in no other instance did he attack himself so violently. The reason "A Panegyric on the Reverend Dean Swift" was ever included among Swift's poems is to be found in a letter Swift wrote to Lord Bathurst:

Having some months ago much and often offended the ruling party, and often worried by libellers I am at the pains of writing one in their style and manner. . . . I took special care to accuse myself but of one fault of which I am really guilty. . . . With the rest of the satire I chose to abuse myself with the direct reverse of my character.  

Since Williams and Wooley have demonstrated that "A Panegyric on the Reverend Dean Swift" is not the libel in question, critics no longer must labor under the necessity of explaining
such a vehement self-denunciation. They may now address themselves to the more moderate self-criticism to be found in poems actually written by Swift.

Swift's first apologia, "A Dialogue between an Eminent Lawyer and Dr Swift, Dean of St Patrick's," constitutes a defense of his satire. Swift acknowledges the complaints against his satirical turn of mind and rhetorically asks the lawyer if he should amend or forego his public statements simply in order to avoid unpleasantness:

[Swift] Since there are people who complain There's too much satire in my vein, That I am often found exceeding The rules of raillery and breeding, With too much freedom treat my betters, Not sparing even men of letters, You, who are skilled in lawyer's lore, What's your advice? Shall I give o'er, Nor ever fools or knaves expose Either in verse or humorous prose, And, to avoid all future ill, In my scrutoire lock up my quill? (ll. 1-12)

The lawyer's reply is fraught with ironic prudence. Yes, Swift "should withdraw from pen and ink" (l. 16). Or, if he must write, the lawyer advises him to

Take subjects safer for your wit Than those on which you lately writ, Commend the times, your thoughts correct And follow the prevailing sect. (ll. 21-24)

In order to enter into the spirit of the times, Swift must attack Tory writers, while praising Whigs and freethinkers.
Such a course is unthinkable to Swift. With mock incredulity he asks, "Must I commend against my conscience / Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense?" (ll. 37-38). Here is an important statement about Swift's satire. His attacks are made not simply for the delight of opposition or for the sake of party; on the contrary, they are directed by conscience. In religious matters, a dangerous freethinker such as Woolston must be opposed by any methods which will be successful. The "rules of raillery and breeding" become irrelevant when an attempt is made to undermine religion. Swift claims to regard his personal safety as insignificant beside the defense of the Anglican church and Christianity. As always, there is a qualifying comment to be made about Swift's courage in attacking his enemies. Invective and abuse directed against Woolston, who had been "tried for blasphemy," involved Swift in little danger. Even so, Swift has achieved something. By mentioning Woolston and the Whigs in one breath, he has identified them with each other, casting doubt on the religious principles of the Whigs and thus doing much to legitimize his attacks on them.

The lawyer demurs from further debate, yet offers the following prophecy about the results of Swift's refusal to modify his writings:

Some by philosophers misled,
Must honor you alive and dead,
And such as know what Greece has writ
Must taste your irony and wit,
While most that are or would be great,
Must dread your pen, your person hate,
And you on Drapier's Hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die. (ll. 49-56)

As he has done so often, Swift manages to praise himself through the remarks of another character. In "A Dialogue between an Eminent Lawyer and Dr Swift, Dean of St Patrick's," Swift presents himself as an irritable and uncautious champion, straining to confront the enemies of sense and decency. The self-portrait of Swift as an ideologue is, of course, unreliable. The urbane lawyer, who advises caution and conformity, is wisely allowed to make the final estimation of Swift's character.

The elements that constitute Swift's character as a satirist are similar to those enumerated in statements made earlier about his political writings in behalf of the Tory ministry. His pen is feared by enemies of the cause he serves, and he is an object of the hatred of powerful opponents. None of this is of particular consequence to the learned, philosophical, courageous, and witty man of parts and principles. There is, of course, a price to be paid for such integrity, as the pragmatic lawyer points out. Even when Swift's satire does not jeopardize his freedom or his life, it angers those in power, who take their only possible revenge in denying Swift the advancement he merits. Swift obviously considered the sacrifice of a possible episcopacy to his principles worthwhile; however, the fact that he mentions the sacrifice testifies to his indignation at being passed over
for preferment and exiled to an important, though undesirable, position in Ireland.

In letters to Carteret, Pope, and Oxford, Swift vigorously denied his authorship of "The Life and Genuine Character of Dr Swift." Many reliable critics, including Herbert Davis, have been unwilling to take Swift at his word. It is probable that "The Life and Genuine Character of Dr Swift" was an early version of Verses on the Death of Dr Swift. If so, Swift repudiated the undeniably inferior preliminary study for his great apologia.

Lines 68-202 in "The Life and Genuine Character" are in the form of a dialogue in which Swift's merits are placed in juxtaposition to his supposed faults. The character who speaks in Swift's behalf, even though he frequently exaggerates, obviously represents the authorial view. One critic boldly proclaims that "the anonymous champion is transparently Swift himself, anticipating and countering what a detractor might say on the occasion of his death." That Swift may be the anonymous champion is debatable. The champion's point of view is certainly the same as Swift's; however, we should remember Swift's inclination to praise or justify himself through a character other than himself. Since this champion is not identified, we would be safer to speculate that he is not Swift.

After several brief exchanges on Swift's wit and writings, his critic and his champion begin to differentiate themselves.
The character who disparages Swift suddenly identifies himself as a Whig, and, consequently, in the context of a work by Swift, as a fool:

    But, why would he, except he slobbered,  
    Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,  
    Whose councils aid the sovereign power,  
    To save the nation every hour? (ll. 107-10).

Since we know the critic to be a follower of Walpole, we may assume him to be either a fool or a knave, and we may dismiss any further statement from him as factious abuse.

In response to the insinuation that Swift might have been less caustic toward those in power had his preferment been greater, as well as to the suggestion that he did not really have the courage of his political convictions, the champion delivers himself of the following defense:

    "But who would charge him, to his face,  
    That e'er he cringed to men in place?  
    His principles, of ancient date,  
    I'll suit with those professed of late:  
    The Pope, or Calvin he'd oppose,  
    And thought they both were equal foes:  
    That church and state had suffered more  
    By Calvin, than the Scarlet Whore:  
    Thought popish and fanatic zeal,  
    Both bitter foes to Britain's weal.  
    The Pope would of our faith bereave us,  
    But, still our monarchy would leave us.  
    Not so, the vile fanatic crew;  
    That ruined church and monarch too."  (ll. 144-57)

Here again we may confirm the veracity of the speaker. Swift had been on record against fanatics since _A Tale of a Tub_. Further confirmation of Swift's opinion of Calvinists is
contained in "A Sermon upon the Martyrdom of King Charles I." The charges of the Whig critic are thus effectively refuted. Swift was not afraid to criticize those he considered the enemies of religion. The champion continues, becoming more specific in his vindication of Swift's intolerance of fanatics:

"Whole swarms of sects, with grief, he saw
More favoured, than the church by law:
Thought Protestant too good a name
For canting hypocrites to claim,
Whose protestation hides a sting
Destructive to the church and king:
Which might as well, in his opinion,
Become an atheist, or Socinian.

"A Protestant's a special clinker;
It serves for sceptic, and freethinker,
It serves for stubble, hay, and wood,
For everything, but what it should." (ll. 168-79)

The criticism directed toward Swift's enemies has become Swiftian in its use of ridicule. The champion is a worthy spokesman for Swift.

The Whig critic makes a final attempt to discredit Swift's writings as political scribblings in favor of Jacobitism (ll. 181-93). He further weakens his arguments by maintaining that Swift wrote no sermons, a statement demonstrating that the Whig will say anything to support an argument, without bothering to find out whether his charges are true or being much concerned if he knows them to be false. The champion concludes the dispute with an emphatic expression of the Whig's erroneous opinion of Swift, which he follows up with his own estimation:
"Sir, our accounts are different quite,
And your conjectures are not right;
'Tis plain, his writings were designed
To please, and to reform mankind;
And, if he often missed his aim,
The world must own it, to their shame;
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.

"Then, since you dread no further lashes,
You freely may forgive his ashes." (ll. 194-202)

If "The Life and Genuine Character of Dr Swift" were indeed a preliminary study for Verses on the Death of Dr Swift, it would be remarkable chiefly for the differences between it and the later poem. The reactions of Swift's various acquaintances to his death are missing, as is the greater part of the wit that distinguishes Verses on the Death of Dr Swift. "The Life and Genuine Character of Dr Swift" is a poem in which Swift takes his vindication seriously. There is little irony in the poem, and we find little to doubt or dispute in Swift's presentation of himself. His choice of religious matters as the primary support for his claims to rectitude indicates that Swift did not wish to encourage argument. He considered his religious opinions to be perfectly correct. Why Swift chose not only not to publish "The Life and Genuine Character," but also to deny his authorship, is a question as interesting as it is insoluble. He could not have helped realizing that it was not up to the standard of his best work. Perhaps he considered the work unfinished, and, by the time he was ready to polish it, his
ideas for an apologia had been modified enough to warrant a new poem, the *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*.

Swift's method as a satirist is the surprising topic of "To a Lady, Who Desired the Author to Write Some Verses upon Her in the Heroic Style." The poem begins with a speech by Lady Acheson, who defends herself against the numerous charges of shallowness that Swift habitually levelled against her. She points out that, though she is too old to be educated into changing her character, she has redeeming qualities which Swift should celebrate in verse. She further stipulates that she not be celebrated in "doggerel rhyme" (1. 58).

Swift demurs from the task Lady Acheson has tried to impose, then explains his inability to deliver praise on demand. Swift adopts a humorous tone because it is most effective. His justification of his method, which has nothing to do with Lady Acheson or her request, follows:

Still to lash, and lashing smile,
I'll befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth,
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate:
And, I find it answers right;
Scorn torments them more than spite.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
Spy the strutting, chattering vermin?
 Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon? (ll. 147-64)
Swift has explained, illustrated, and demonstrated the safety of his method. He can with impunity call George II a baboon, and, in the framework of this transparent fiction, write anything he likes without fearing the consequences of a serious and direct attack.

Not only can Swift address any issue he likes through his method, he can also pour torrents of abuse and invective on men too formidable to be literally insulted:

When my muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers:
Teaching by what golden rules,
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is ruled by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull:
Let the vessel split on shelves;
With the freight enrich themselves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry:
Like the waterman of Thames,
I row by, and call them names.
Like the ever-laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage.
(Though it must be understood,
I would hang them if I could.) (11. 165-80)

There is more than one reason for Swift's lofty, contemptuous mirth. Aside from the safety it affords the satirist and the fact that "Scorn torments them more than spite," it is simply the only possible means of punishing the wicked. Swift laughs at corrupt statesmen because he cannot do more.

Notwithstanding his delight in abusing the great, Swift maintains that his purpose is still to reform:

I, who love to have a fling,
Both at senate house and king;
That they might some better way tread,  
To avoid the public hatred;  
Thought no method more commodious,  
Than to show their vices odious:  
Which I chose to make appear,  
Not by anger, but a sneer.  (ll. 233-40)

This, of course, is the traditional posture of the satirist.  
Swift, however, seems far beyond any hope for the moral reclamation of his political targets. It is impossible for anyone familiar with Swift's work to believe he thought Walpole could be reformed. It was Walpole, rather than mere vice, that Swift wished to laugh out of existence. Swift's declaring otherwise was simply his formal completion of the satiric formula. He dresses his sarcasm and invective in the respectable habiliments of satire.

More has been written about the Verses on the Death of Dr Swift than about any other of Swift's poems. Comment has ranged widely, with critics attempting to classify the poem as pure autobiography or as an exercise in irony. Neither approach is satisfactory. Indeed, it is unlikely that so complex a poem can be interpreted in accordance with any thesis that fails to allow for inconsistencies and contradictions. Thus, while many intelligent comments have been made about the Verses, few consistently sensible studies of the poem exist. Verses on the Death of Dr Swift is important in that it tells us much about Swift's views of human nature and of himself. We are faced with the problem of determining not only what Swift
tells us about himself, but also with how much of it he intended to be taken seriously.

The poem begins with several examples illustrating La Rochefoucauld's maxim about self-interest. These examples are significantly concluded with Swift's humorous admission that he is jealous of his friends' success as writers:

In Pope, I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh, I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six:
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit." (ll. 47-52)

Swift refers also to his jealousy of Gay, Arbuthnot, St. John, and Pulteney (ll. 53-56). The first section of the poem concludes with a repetition of Swift's attitude toward the talent and accomplishments of his close friends:

To all my foes, dear fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first,
But, this with envy makes me burst. (ll. 67-70)

Swift has, beneath a veneer of good-natured humor, told us that La Rochefoucauld's maxim applies to him as well. This revelation should warn us that any further statement that can be positively identified as Swift's must be regarded with the suspicion that it is made with a view to his own self-interest.

Swift now begins the main business of the poem, "what my friends and enemeyes will say on me after I am dead."16
What they say will, of course, be consistent with their self-interest:

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die:
When I foresee my special friends,
Will try to find their private ends:
Though it is hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good. (ll. 73-78)

His friends are imagined to speak, dwelling on his age and illnesses (ll. 80-114), "Then hug themselves, and reason thus; / "It is not yet so bad with us" (ll. 115-16). We see here a failure in the reaction we expect from friends. Swift obviously means to suggest that friendship is weak when measured against self-interest. The illness and decrepitude of a friend is unfortunate, but any sorrow is amply compensated for by the relief one feels that the misfortune is another's.

The only sincere concern for the dying Swift is expressed by those who suffer from complaints similar to his. Their concern, of course, is motivated by self-interest, and their anxiety over Swift's deteriorating condition is a result of their identification with him:

Yet should some neighbor feel a pain,
Just in the parts, where I complain;
How many a message would he send?
What hearty prayers that I should mend?
Enquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament, when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed. (ll. 135-42)
Gossip immediately ensues upon Swift's imagined death. The first article of interest is his will, in which the gossips find much to criticize:

What has he left? And who's his heir?  
I know no more than what the news is,  
'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.  
To public use! A perfect whim!  
What had the public done for him?  
Mere envy, avarice, and pride!  
He gave it all.--But first he died.  
And had the Dean, in all the nation,  
No worthy friend, no poor relation?  
So ready to do strangers good,  
Forgetting his own flesh and blood? (ll. 154-64)

By its mean-spirited gossip, the public demonstrates its unworthiness to be Swift's heir. Probably eager to criticize a man they would not have dared to encounter while he was alive, the gossips find something wrong with Swift's bequest. Their remarks indicate that they are unable to accept it as an example of public spirit on Swift's part; consequently, they attribute his beneficence to self-interest, accusing him of avarice in acquiring his estate and pride in leaving it to public use.

After the delighted or indifferent reactions of Swift's enemies, including those of Lady Suffolk, the Queen, and Walpole (ll. 179-96), there follow the reactions of Swift's close friends:

Poor Pope will grieve a month; and Gay  
A week; and Arbuthnot a day.  

St John himself will scarce forbear,  
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug and cry
"I'm sorry; but we all must die." (ll. 207-12)

These lines, in which "Swift playfully insults his best friends," cannot be taken as mere humor. Swift obviously had arrived at the conclusion that even close friendship is weak and ephemeral. The greatest grief is short-lived.

On the other hand, "Indifference clad in wisdom's guise, / All fortitude of mind supplies" (ll. 213-14). Thus, we are not surprised when Swift's "female friends" (l. 225) seem "aggressively indifferent" on learning of Swift's death (ll. 225-42). Their conversation, which alternates between their card game and remarks on Swift's death, is perhaps the most famous part of the poem.

That part of the Verses on the Death of Dr Swift which has provoked the most comment and excited much critical controversy is the so-called "eulogy" of Swift in lines 299-488. After the detraction and indifference Swift has suffered in the first three-fifths of the poem, it is not surprising to find a eulogy as one-sided in its praise as the earlier comments had been in their criticism.

Some critics have been disturbed by the eulogy. Irvin Ehrenpreis, in remarking that the "self-praise" of the eulogy is "gross at points and generally disgusts," cannot see beyond Swift to the eulogist and seems to have discounted irony as an important element in the passage. At the other extreme, Barry Slepian advances the notion that the eulogy
is entirely ironic, illustrating Swift's vanity and self-interest.\textsuperscript{20} As is usually the case with extreme positions, neither evaluation is acceptable. More recent critics generally agree that "the ironies and exaggerations in the eulogy are sufficiently prominent that no interpreter can afford to dismiss them,"\textsuperscript{21} and that "if we read the eulogy as at least partly ironic, we are not forced into elaborate explanations."\textsuperscript{22}

If we begin from the assumption that "the eulogy as a whole is far closer to a serious representation of Swift than is sometimes supposed,"\textsuperscript{23} our task is to sort out the obvious truths from the obvious exaggerations, while tentatively assigning dubious items, which are not as numerous as critical activity would indicate, to one of the two categories.

When the conversation in the tavern turns to Swift, the eulogist, "One quite indifferent in the cause, / My character impartial draws" (ll. 305-6). With his first utterance, however, the eulogist tarnishes his reliability: "'The Dean, if we believe report, / Was never ill received at court'" (ll. 307-08). Swift had, of course, been a stranger to the court since the fall of the Tory ministry in 1714. Moreover, during his brief tenure as the intimate of Oxford and Bolingbroke, Swift was less than popular with Queen Anne, who refused to hear him preach and probably forbade his preferment in England. With such an introduction, the eulogist warns us to be careful in accepting his statements as either disinterested or accurate.
Next, we see the eulogist as literary critic. He claims to lack authority to pronounce upon Swift's writings, then immediately makes claims for them as satire:

"As for his works in verse and prose,  
I own myself no judge of those:  
Nor, can I tell what critics thought 'em;  
But, this I know, all people bought 'em;  
As with a moral view designed  
To cure the vices of mankind:  
His vein, ironically grave,  
Exposed the fool, and lashed the knave:  
To steal a hint was never known,  
But what he writ was all his own." (11. 309-18)

The last two lines in this passage are, "ironically, a borrowing from John Denham, On Mr Abraham Cowley." In twelve lines, Swift has indulged in irony to the point that the eulogist is partially discredited. The necessity of reading the remaining one hundred eighty lines with caution is apparent.

Swift's independence and self-respect are the eulogist's next topic:

"He never thought an honour done him,  
Because a duke was proud to own him:  
Would rather slip aside, and choose  
To talk with wits in dirty shoes:  
Despised the fools with star and garters,  
So ofter seen caressing Chartres:  
He never courted men in station,  
Nor persons had in admiration;  
Of no man's greatness was afraid,  
Because he sought for no man's aid.  
Though trusted long in great affairs,  
He gave himself no haughty airs." (11. 319-30)
This passage is remarkable for its mixture of truth, half-truth, and exaggeration. Swift, it is true, did not truckle to the great; however, it is just as true that he enjoyed their notice, particularly if their politics were acceptably Tory. His affection for "wits in dirty shoes" was partly genuine, as can be seen in the interest he took in the destitute poet William Diaper. Still, there is no doubt that he preferred the society of Pope, in which he enjoyed not only wit, but fame and opulence as well. As for courting men in station, the arch-Tory Swift would have wasted his time and effort in trying to make himself agreeable to powerful Whigs. Finally, Swift's political ascendancy was limited to the brief tenure of Queen Anne's Tory ministry. To say that he was "trusted long in great affairs" is, therefore, an exaggeration. Swift's informal duties as confidant and political journalist were not as significant as the eulogist suggests.

After so many dubious remarks, the eulogist delivers a panegyric on Swift as an Irish patriot, which, though expressed in extreme terms, is essentially accurate:

"Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But, not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound." (11. 351-58)

The only possible objection to the exposition of Swift's
heroic conduct is that he was not in constant danger. After the Drapier's Letters had transformed Swift into perhaps the most popular figure in Ireland's history, his safety was assured.

The next passage contains the now-familiar juxtaposition of accuracy and exaggeration:

"Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But, power was never in his thought,
And, wealth he valued not a groat." (ll. 359-62)

The first statement is undeniably true. The Whigs would have valued Swift's services as much as the Tories had and might well have rewarded him better. Swift, however, was true to his Tory principles once he had changed parties to serve Oxford and Bolingbroke. Swift's attitude toward money is a difficult matter on which to pronounce. He amassed a considerable estate, but lived simply and left his property to public uses. His acquisitiveness demonstrates that he was hardly indifferent to wealth; however, the use to which he put his wealth strongly suggests that he was motivated by considerations other than mere greed.

The eulogist goes on to recount the change in government that took place in 1714. His remarks are ostensibly an introduction to Swift's reaction to the change; however, the comments he makes about the new government are made at length and in unmistakably polemical language. Peter J. Schakel has
suggested that "the various references to contemporary politics are intended to direct the reader to identify the eulogist with the Opposition." \(^{25}\) Thus, the eulogy may be read as "an idealized portrait of Swift as the embodiment of the values the eulogist associates with the Opposition." \(^{26}\) A reading of the eulogist's remarks on the new political environment indicates that Schakel's stimulating suggestion is quite plausible:

"... up a dangerous faction starts, With wrath and vengeance in their hearts: By solemn league and covenant bound, To ruin, slaughter, and confound; To turn religion to a fable, And make the government a Babel: Pervert the law, disgrace the gown, Corrupt the senate, rob the crown; To sacrifice old England's glory, And make her infamous in story. When such a tempest shook the land, How could unguarded virtue stand?" (11. 383-94)

While these lines may be an expression of party position, with little to do with praise of Swift, it is impossible not to see the eulogist as Swift's spokesman. The objection to the status of religion under the Whigs is particularly Swiftian.

Confronted with such pernicious changes in government and religion, and in some danger, Swift retires to assume his position in Ireland:

"With horror, grief, despair the Dean Beheld the dire destructive scene: His friends in exile, or the Tower,
Himself within the frown of power,
Pursued by base envenomed pens,
Far to the land of slaves and fens;
A servile race in folly nursed,
Who truckle most, when treated worst."  
11. 395-402)

It is interesting to note that the eulogist, presumably speaking in an Irish tavern, nevertheless expresses the same withering opinion of the Irish as Swift had often expressed. Here the mask of the eulogist is particularly thin, allowing us a clear view of Swift behind it.

The next incident to be related from Swift's life is the affair of Wood's copper halfpence:

"The Dean did by his pen defeat An infamous destructive cheat. Taught fools their interest to know; And gave them arms to ward the blow. Envy hath owned it was his doing, To save that helpless land from ruin, While they who at the steerage stood, And reaped the profit, sought his blood.

"To save them from their evil fate, In him was held a crime of state. A wicked monster on the bench, Whose fury blood could never quench; As vile and profligate a villain, As modern Scroggs, or old Tresilian; Who long all justice had discarded, Nor feared he God, nor man regarded; Vowed on the Dean his rage to vent, And make him of his zeal repent; But heaven his innocence defends, The grateful people stand his friends: Nor strains of law, nor judge's frown, Nor topics brought to please the crown, Nor witness hired, nor jury picked, Prevail to bring him in convict." (11. 411-34)
Swift is portrayed as a heroic champion of the Irish people, a solitary bastion of integrity defying the tyrannical English and the monstrous officials who serve their interests in Ireland. There is certainly no irony here. Swift was undoubtedly proud of the influence he exercised as the Drapier. The passage on the legal proceeding against Swift's publisher is laced with invective. Here again the mask has slipped. The eulogist delivers doctrinaire Toryism in Swiftian tone and diction.

The eulogist proceeds to a discussion of Swift's satire. His remarks indicate that he either had not read Swift's works or that for the sake of his eulogy he was willing to make exaggerated claims for Swift's satirical method:

"Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein;
And seemed determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet, malice never was his aim;
He lashed the vice but spared the name.
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant.
His satire points to no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorred that senseless tribe,
Who call it humor when they jibe:
He spared a hump or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dullness moved his pity,
Unless it offered to be witty.
Those, who their ignorance confessed,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laughed to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace, learned by rote."

(11. 459-78)
Lines 464-66 were omitted by William King from the revised text of the poem he sent to Bathurst, "because they 'might be liable to some objection, and were not, strictly speaking, a just part of his character; because several persons have been lashed by name, a Bettesworth, and in this poem, Charteris and Whitshed.' The passage on Swift's satire must be taken as ironic. Since the statement about his sparing the name is blatantly contary to fact, we can assume that Swift meant for it to be recognized as irony.

A further irony is contained in the statement that Swift "Was cheerful to his dying day" (l. 481). Swift's disposition was certainly not uniformly cheerful. Those who had suffered from his temper or the expression of his savage indignation would probably have been shocked by the assertion of his cheerfulness. The poem ends with the relation of the major bequest in Swift's will:

"He gave the little wealth he had,
To build a house for fools and mad:
And showed by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much:
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better." (ll. 483-88)

The eulogist's veering back and forth between fact on the one hand and irony, exaggeration, and falsehood on the other has probably caused most of the critical problems with Verses on the Death of Dr Swift. Those critics who have attempted to read consistency into the eulogy have come to
grief, for the eulogy is simply not consistent. For a sensible reading, we must realize that Swift seems not to have desired his poem to be consistent. Perhaps the exaggerations in the eulogy are meant to show that "the maxim and announced theme of the poem"\(^{28}\) are as applicable to Swift as to the rest of mankind. His selection of detail for the eulogist's speech certainly suggests self-interest. His better qualities and nobler actions are given prominence, and his faults are ignored, some by being turned into virtues. Swift not only illustrates La Rochefoucauld's maxim by being deliberately guilty of it, "he does something else as well--he insinuates a half-genuine apologia."\(^{29}\)
NOTES


5 Williams, "'A vile Encomium,'" p. 188.


7 Rogers, pp. 399-400.

8 Rogers, p. 805.

9 Williams, *Correspondence*, III, 149-50, 151-52, 161.

10 Rogers, pp. 478-85.

11 Rogers, p. 845.


14 Rogers, pp. 514-22.
15 Rogers, pp. 485-98.
16 Williams, Correspondence, III, 506.
21 Scouten and Hume, p. 225.
22 Scouten and Hume, p. 229.
24 Rogers, p. 854.
26 Schakel, p. 254.
27 Rogers, p. 857.
28 Scouten and Hume, p. 231.
29 Scouten and Hume, p. 231.
CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSION

In his prose works, Swift rarely appears in his own person, and he never does so in his major prose satires. The frequency with which he intrudes into his poems suggests that he considered one of the main uses of poetry to be personal expression. Among the fruits of Swift's long and productive career as a poet, the only significant groups of poems in which he does not appear in his own person are the early odes and the later scatological poems. In all the poems except these, we are able to see Swift throughout his adult life, from his tenure as Lord Berkeley's chaplain to his old age, when he ceased to write.

Notwithstanding the personal nature of many of Swift's poems, they are mostly unsatisfactory as autobiography. Some of the poems in question were never meant to be seen by anyone other than the persons to whom they were addressed. The others are public statements, properly edited in the interests of privacy and taste. Even the apologias were written, not for scholarly posterity, but to justify Swift to his own times. Since the autobiographical poems are notable for omissions, exaggerations, and the imprecise arrangement of detail, we
must not expect to be able to reconstruct Swift's life from them. Indeed, we cannot even accept without qualification the autobiographical statements the poems do contain. However, from an examination of the poems in the light of other, more reliable sources, we may in most cases establish an accurate evaluation of Swift's remarks about himself.

While there are numerous, apparently deliberate inaccuracies in Swift's poems dealing with himself, we are nevertheless able to derive from them many valid observations about Swift's character. Many of the qualities we can attribute to Swift from a reading of his autobiographical poems are less than pleasant. He is vain, occasionally self-righteous, implacable, unforgiving, censorious, phlegmatic when we expect emotion, and evasive when we hope for indiscretion.

As a houseguest, Swift was both delightful and exasperating. Understanding the privileges he enjoyed because of his status as a writer, an eminent clergyman, and a heroic patriot, he drove his hosts, particularly Lady Acheson, to distraction. Swift attempted to impose his ideas about education upon Lady Acheson, mocked her both for her efforts to improve and her efforts to be rid of her teacher, ignored her for the society of Irish peasant farm laborers, proposed to become her neighbor, and finally took his leave after insulting Sir Arthur Acheson in verse. However charming his hosts may have found him during the early part of his visits, Swift was ultimately an unpleasant houseguest. Insensitive to the
pattern of life his hosts had established for themselves, Swift meddled according to his own ideas of how life should be conducted at a country estate. His intentions were probably kind. However, his persistence in the face of discouragement and opposition from his hosts indicates not only insensitivity on Swift's part, but a certain measure of naïveté as well. Convinced of the sensible and useful nature of his suggestions, it never occurred to Swift that his hosts would not embrace them immediately and wholeheartedly.

It was only with a few men, such as Pope, Arbuthnot, and Harley, who enjoyed his unqualified respect, that Swift maintained unruffled relationships. Swift usually considered himself to be the first among not-quite-equals. His condescending attitude toward Sheridan, for example, illustrates his assumption of superiority. Of course Sheridan, like many of Swift's friends, was much younger than Swift, and the older friend may be expected to enjoy a position of dominance in a relationship. Swift's penchant for friends younger than himself may have been due in part to his desire for such dominance.

We find little of an intimate nature in the poems to Vanessa and Stella. Cadmus and Vanessa provides only hints at a possible sexual relationship with Esther Vanhomrigh. We do find, however, Swift's declaration of his unwillingness to be trapped by passion. In the poems to Stella, we find little beyond an incidental description of a friendship between a man and a woman. Swift is not to be blamed for the speculations
of biographers and critics who have sought to provide him with a wife, a mistress, or both.

Swift was proud of his involvement in politics. His friendly relationship with Harley was the subject of more than one of his political poems. There is little doubt that the time Swift spent working for Harley was the happiest period of his life. Exiled to Ireland, Swift was bitter over the quarrels that had weakened the Tory ministry and the ensuing government by corruption instituted by Walpole. Swift's poems dealing with Irish politics are much more severe in tone than the earlier ones on English affairs of state. Such a harsh tone, made possible through anonymity, was perhaps due to Swift's bitterness at his own loss of prestige and influence, as well as to the substitution of Walpole for Harley and Bolingbroke.

Swift's poems on his satire are accurate to a point. His method of disguising an attack on a powerful person by couching it in a fable is brilliantly expressed and illustrated in "To a Lady, Who Desired the Author to Write Some Verses upon Her in the Heroic Style." However, Swift was also capable of an outright misrepresentation of his satiric method. The assertion that "He lashed the vice but spared the name" is simply not true. The frequency with which Swift indulged in name-calling indicates that he abandoned the lofty posture of the satirist whenever it suited his purpose to do so.
Swift obviously enjoyed discussing himself in his poetry. Whether his remarks are accurate, exaggerated, or ironic, the number of references to himself suggests that he considered one of the uses of poetry to be the construction of a public version of his life and character. There is a difference, of course, between the public version and the private reality. Nevertheless, we can learn as much about Swift and his opinion of his own character from what he chose to omit or exaggerate as we can from his demonstrably accurate statements about himself.
SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY


Falle, George. "Divinity and Wit: Swift's Attempted Reconciliation." University of Toronto Quarterly, 46 (Fall 1976), 14-30.


Freeman, A. Martin, ed. Vanessa and Her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift. The Letters Edited for the First Time from the Originals. London: Selwyn and Blount, 1921.


--------. "Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift." Notes and Queries, 199 (1954), 473-74.


Ohlin, Peter. "'Cadenus and Vanessa': Reason and Passion." Studies in English Literature, 4 (Summer 1964), 485-96.


--------- "Vanessa and the Houyhnhnms: A Reading of 'Cadenus and Vanessa.'" Studies in English Literature, 11 (Summer 1971), 517-34.


Waingrow, Marshall. "'Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift.'" Studies in English Literature, 5 (Summer 1965), 513-18.


Williams, Kathleen. "'Animal Rationis Capax.' A Study of Certain Aspects of Swift's Imagery. ELH, 21 (September 1954), 193-207.

