

of adventures, when the former lights upon Aesop and Phalaris asleep, and would have dispatched them both at once, to his own immense content, and great renown, but the goddess Affright interposing, he is only able to seize upon their armour, and runs off with it, as if he had fairly disposed of the heroes themselves. Swift is not seldom coarse in this, as in his other works, but upon the whole less so in this than in his other satirical productions. In the special controversy, Bentley, notwithstanding Swift's satire, is more than a match for all his opponents; or his learning was able triumphantly to establish the point in dispute, the spuriousness of the Epistles in question. The controversy is memorable chiefly as a monument of Bentley's scholarly gladiatorship, and as having furnished the occasion of Swift's famous travestie or burlesque description. A chapter in "Gulliver's Travels," describing the academy of Lagado would seem to have been suggested by a passage in Sir Wm. Temple's reply to Wotton's "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning." Swift was the relative of Sir Wm. Temple and resided for some time in his house at Moorpark. Swift's writings are the appropriate out-come of the age. They are either directly political or serio-comic, touching upon the public questions of the day, and happily satirising, or holding up to deserved ridicule, the pretensions and follies of the time. Originally the supporter of the Whigs, of whom Sir Wm. Temple was one of the recognized leaders, he became, owing to blighted expectations of patronage, their inveterate enemy, and henceforth lashed them with his unmerciful satire. His poetry—no poetry in any legitimate sense of the term—is employed upon similar themes with his prose, and is itself but prose in rhyme. In the six-syllabic line, for the most part, it is uniformly in the easy vein of burlesque, or the more bitter one of satire. That it has point and humour and an easy flow of versification, is not saying much—that it has any pretensions to imagination, or the proper characteristics of poetry cannot be said at all. Its most poetical passages are still far from the genuine offspring of the muses. "Gulliver's Travels," satirising the conventionalities, and many of the serious follies of life, will always be read by boys with avidity, apart from the ironical meaning couched under the descriptions, and has the same shelf in a boy's library with all fairy tales, and with Robinson Crusoe. It may be fairly questioned, however, whether boys ever get beyond the voyage to Lilliput—very few indeed, we believe, ever made out that to Brobdingnag. The Brobdingnagians have not the fascination to young minds of their lesser counter-parts in Lilliput. A boy feels a sort of superiority to a Lilliputian, whereas a Brobdingnagian made Gulliver himself feel contemptible. The mathematicians of Laputa, and the scholars, philosophers, and projectors of Lagado, do not attract many even of older people. The verisimilitude of the narrative is lost by the repeated shipwrecks, and by the abnormal conditions of existence to which our faith is solicited. The Houyhnhnms, notwithstanding their exalted virtues, are not a race to which we are willing to surrender the prerogatives of our own species. The floating or flying island of Laputa—with its vast magnet—at once its principle of motion, and its helm to