

GULLIVER'S
TRAVELS
AND OTHER
WRITINGS

JONATHAN SWIFT

Edited and with an Introduction
by Miriam Kosh Starkman



B A N T A M C L A S S I C

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS AND OTHER WRITINGS
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INTRODUCTION

I

Of satire in general and of Jonathan Swift in particular, this may safely be prognosticated—that they will endure. Satire seems to require categorically only two conditions: a subject and a satirist. Given our post-lapsarian state, frailty and fallibility are sufficient subjects, and the details abound. But of the shaping hand of the satirist, qualifications are to be made. For satire is a strict art, despite all the difficulties we may encounter in defining that art neatly. We are all often indignant, and sometimes witty about our indignations, but we do not thereby turn satirists. For it is not only the anger and the involvement, the idealism and the wit, but the manipulations of them, how they are turned to formful, organic use that constitute the satiric art.

Among the genres of literature, satire exerts a perennial fascination, the fascination of the forbidden. Often hostile, shocking, or destructive, satire tends to approach the thin end of cynicism and misanthropy, to frighten or disgust. But the positive purpose that impels the satirist neutralizes, justifies, and heals by his intention to correct and reform, by his essential moralism. Thus the nature of satire is ambivalent, complex, and elusive.

Rhetorically, satire challenges from the beginning, for, strictly speaking, it cannot be defined; it is not accurately a genre, though we often call it so; yet it seems to usurp other genres and function as though it were one. A satirical novel, a satirical sonnet, for example, become primarily satire, and the novel or sonnet characteristics more often than not become subsidiary to the satiric intention. Yet if satire is only a mode, a tone, a manner of speaking, does it thereby function as a kind

of pervasive metaphor, so crucial that it determines the characteristics of the genre within which it is operating? For satire does, within almost any genre, in all kinds of lyric poetry from epic to song, in tragedy as well as comedy, in prose as well as in poetry. But satire flourishes just as comfortably in the non-formal areas of composition in prose and poetry—in sermon, tract, broadside, in the most occasional rhymed squib.

Historically, then, any rhetorical system, whether clearly enunciated or tacit, seems to have allowed satire ample growth. Nor has satire any clearly differentiating logical imperatives of its own; any subversion of any logic, any incursion on the rule of common sense will support it. Nevertheless, however difficult the definition of satire may be in the formal terms of rhetoric or logic, the history of satire is proof of its viability, from Aristophanes to Thurber. Heroic poetry may die, indeed it may already have done so, but satire remains, a friend to man.

And the more deeply it strikes at the core of our human condition, the more effective it is. Satire is bred of dissatisfaction with vice and folly; the positive purpose, however deeply subsumed, that impels the satirist's aggressions is the amelioration of the human creature and his lot on earth. Between the status quo and ideal perfection lies the discrepancy which the satirist resolves by means of wit; and wit is the condition of satire, the primary tool of the satirist. Wit, by its nature, allows for, indeed demands, a maximum of cerebration. But the emotional tone of satire is crucial, too: a maximum involvement, though that involvement may encompass the whole spectrum of emotion from the comic to the tragic, be as controlled, contemplative, and urbane as Horace's, or as wild, open, and savage as Juvenal's, and, on occasion, Swift's.

Perhaps the most crucial of the ways in which the satirist manipulates his art is in the assumption by the writer of a role within his work, a role that has been called the *persona* or the mask. That role is a satirist's role, but it is not identical with the satirist who is the author of the work. Aside from biographical considerations, this differentiation between satirist and his *persona* or *personae* is important in our understanding of any par-

ticular satire in question, for the satirist-speaker, the persona, is a fictional device which helps the work to manifest itself. Now, the persona in satire is frequently angry, carping, difficult, capacious, even savage. At other times he may be comic and ingenious to the point of simple-mindedness. But one cannot, or should not, deduce the personality of the author from his personae, any more than one should interpret the personae of a satire by the biography of its author. The author need only be capable of creating his persona. Each is both more and less than the other.

In Swift studies, the confusion of author and persona has been rampant. Swift's life has been read as identical with his works, his biography interpreted in terms of his works, and his works, in circular fashion, in terms of this often hypothesized biography. This kind of biographical fallacy is not uncommon, but the satirist is particularly susceptible to it because his fictional personae, when used most artistically, are most persuasive and thus give the illusion of historical rather than fictional truth. Certainly it is easier not to misread Achilles as Homer than it is not to misread Gulliver as Swift. Nevertheless, the obligation remains not to do either.

Nevertheless, too, Homer must have had a considerable predisposition to the heroic ideal to have conceived his Achilles. Just so, the satirist must, by nature and training, be predisposed to the satiric mode rather than to another. To have emerged as a satirist in the first place, Swift, the man, required a sufficiently strong and balanced combination of anger and love, indignation and concern. His anger is everywhere apparent, and his life provided him with more than ample justification for anger. His concern lay in his earnest, and as it happens his Christian, belief that mankind is not only susceptible of salvation but worthy of being saved. Swift spoke very meaningfully when he claimed to "hate and detest that animal called man," but to "heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth"; for his professed hatred of the animal called man spells his dissatisfaction with mankind, and his love for the individual, his hope for mankind. The tension between the two is controlled by his wit, his ability to keep both hatred and love, dismay and hope, in

dynamic suspension—a sane and productive resolution, both biographically and artistically.

The word “sane” is a controversial word in respect to Swift, for one of the pervasive myths beclouding both Swift’s life and works is the myth of the mad, angry Dean. That myth, essentially a Romantic fabrication, is sufficiently exploded not to warrant serious attention as a biographical fact. The problem remains that modern psychological and psychoanalytical interpretations have ended up not very far from the same conclusion: “It is submitted on the basis of such a study of *Gulliver’s Travels* that Swift was a neurotic who exhibited psychosexual infantilism, with a particular showing of coprophilia, associated with misogyny, misanthropy, mysophilia and mysophobia.” [Phyllis Greenacre.] Inasmuch as our concern at the moment is not with Swift’s biography but with his art, it may be pertinent to suggest that if Swift was neurotic—and he may very well have been so—a point-by-point relationship does not necessarily exist between life and work. Indeed, if our generic approach to Swift be just, that point-by-point relationship could not exist. Within a theory of art as neurosis, satire as a type lends more support to the analyst than does the verse epistle, let us say, or the didactic couplet. Even so, it would seem more fruitful, in general, to psychoanalyze Swift’s personae rather than Jonathan Swift.

A recent approach to Swift makes such an effort to use the insights and methods of psychoanalysis on Swift’s works rather than on his life. Concentrating on Swift’s “excremental vision,” as it has been called, which has affronted and puzzled readers from Swift’s day to our own, the theory suggests that Swift’s preoccupation with anality is not so much an individual neurosis as an intuitive understanding between anality and culture, an understanding of the theory of sublimation, an attack on social neurosis. That is, Swift is describing the cultural level man has reached rather than his own neurotic development. “The thesis . . . is that if we are willing to listen to Swift we will find startling anticipations of Freudian theorems about anality, about sublimation, and about the universal neurosis of mankind. . . .

Swiftian psychoanalysis differs from the Freudian in that the vehicle for the exploration of the unconscious is not psychoanalysis but wit." [Norman O. Brown, *Life against Death*.]

Whatever the psychoanalytic implications may be, the fact is that Swift's satires fit neatly into the history of Western satire, show clear lines of relationship to Aristophanes and Juvenal, and more immediately to the satires of the sixteenth century, to the Restoration, and to the satires of Swift's own contemporaries. When Swift chose to be buried under the legend, "He has gone where savage indignation can lacerate his heart no more," so far as his works are concerned he effectively described the two components of his vision: his indignation and his heart. Any one of his contemporaries would have recognized the "savage" as traditional and Juvenalian.

II

Biographically, Swift poses many problems to his students. Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin on November 30, 1667, the son of Abigail Errick Swift, and of Jonathan Swift the elder, who died some eight months before his son's birth, leaving his widow and two children to the support of his elder brother Godwin. In his first year the infant Jonathan was abducted to England by his nurse and was not returned for about three years. Soon after his return to Ireland, he went into the household of his uncle Godwin, where he remained until he was sent to the Kilkenny School at the age of six. He remained at Kilkenny until he was fourteen. In 1682 he proceeded to Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself in no way except by receiving his degree *speciali gratia* in 1685. He remained at Trinity studying for his M. A. until 1689, when, in the face of a threatened invasion of Ireland by the king's forces, the college was permitted to withdraw. Swift left Dublin for England, visited his mother in Leicestershire, and that same year began his career as secretary to Sir William Temple, at Moor Park.

The problems in interpreting these facts begin immediately with the question of his paternity, with either Sir William Temple or his father John Temple being chief contenders for the honor of having been Swift's illegitimate father. There is in fact little evidence to support either claim, or to question his legitimacy in the first place, except that either supposed father serves to provide an answer, however tenuous, to solve the problem of Swift's anomalous relationship with Esther Johnson, his Stella; for if Stella was illegitimately a Temple, too—also a highly suppositious assumption—then one or another degree of consanguinity prevented the marriage of Swift and Stella. What seems more pertinent to our understanding of Swift's complex personality is the fact that Swift was fatherless from the beginning of his life, and motherless for some of the most crucial years of his life. It would have been odd indeed had not these deprivations markedly influenced his growing personality. Swift's ingratitude, even hostility, toward his uncle teases one's understanding. Swift's special degree, too, is anomalous, though it may be interpreted as an administrative rather than a disciplinary action. The fact is that no amount of sensationalism can possibly make Swift any more interesting than he already is by reason of his works, nor can any amount of biographical conventionality detract from the complex fascination of the mind and art of Jonathan Swift.

The next decade in Swift's life, from 1689 to 1699, centers around his service to Sir William Temple and his life in the household at Moor Park. It was during this period that Swift expected to establish a career through political preferment, but when Sir William died in 1699, Swift was left disappointed in his hopes and faced with the necessity of carving out a career at the relatively advanced age of thirty-two. For when Swift came to Moor Park it was as to a temporary refuge, and, indeed, when he left after about six months, it was with a letter of recommendation to Sir Robert Southwell, the Secretary for Ireland, which, however, had no practical results. Back again at Moor Park, Swift continued as secretary to Sir William until 1694, when, growing impatient with Temple's dilatoriness in helping him secure a prebendary and follow a career in the

Church, Swift returned to Ireland. He was ordained a priest in the Anglican Church in 1695 and through the efforts of his Irish kinsmen was appointed to the obscure parish of Kilroot near Belfast. In 1696 Swift was back with Temple again, but upon Temple's death he was left disappointed of his legitimate hopes and expectations: political place or preferment in the Church.

But the period at Moor Park had been more than a series of frustrations for Swift. It was a period of self-education, the fixing of his talent and his temperament. The physical milieu could scarcely have been more felicitous, nor could the social. In addition to Sir William Temple, an urbane, cultivated, experienced statesman and philosopher, two notable ladies, Lady Temple and Lady Gifford, graced the household. And Swift's Stella, Esther Johnson, lived at Moor Park, eight years old when Swift arrived and eighteen when he left; Swift was to be closely associated with her for the rest of her life. But most important, Moor Park was the milieu in which Swift began to write poetry and in which he conceived and wrote the first of his great satires, *Tale of a Tub* and the *Battle of the Books*. Though almost a quarter of a century elapsed between these works and *Gulliver's Travels*, there is the closest relationship among them. For by the time Swift left Moor Park he had already assumed his characteristic stance; his genius as a satirist was fixed. Much was to be added to his depth and to his range, but he had already found his métier. If Moor Park was a disappointment from a practical point of view, Swift left it already embarked upon a great career—as a satirist.

But that career was not the one Swift sought. Indeed his major satires, by reason of which he enters the realm of belles-lettres, were the incidental by-products of his life as churchman, political journalist, and wit. For the latter half of his life Swift achieved considerable fame as a public, political writer, but always in the service of others. Never deeply committed to the Whig position, he spent twelve years as a Whig pamphleteer. With the accession of the Harley ministry, he began a stint as a Tory journalist, and again was in no way commensurately rewarded for his efforts. As a churchman, his rewards were too

little and too late; when he was finally awarded a clerical post somewhat commensurate with his status and services, it was in Ireland, where he felt himself in exile, with the Deanery of St. Patrick's. With the fall of Robert Harley, head of the Tory ministry, he returned to Ireland, whence he emerged only twice again for any length of time. He became the great champion of the Irish people, and even as he raged against England for her exploitation of the Irish, he reviled the Irish for submitting to the exploitation. Never was love expressed with more rage. Thus the outward circumstances of Swift's life were not felicitous, and for all his fame he was repeatedly frustrated in his hopes. In his end Swift was as unfortunate as in his beginning. Afflicted by the degenerative diseases of old age, Swift was declared incompetent in 1742 and died, in darkness and in sorrow, on October 19, 1745.

The history of Swift's life from the time he returned to Ireland from Moor Park until his death is, in a sense, the history of his political journalism. These tracts, written on the behalf first of the Whigs, then of the Tories, and then of the Irish people, constitute a long and honorable chapter in eighteenth-century political thought and repay the closest attention not only from a historical point of view, but from the point of view of Swift's own mind, art, and personality. A detailed study of Swift must necessarily include them. But for a brief survey of Jonathan Swift, satirist, it will perhaps suffice to indicate how, on occasion, Swift's journalism achieved such a high pitch of virtuosity that topical journalism became universal satire. A protest against the wretched state of Ireland, a land of "beggars, thieves, oppressors, fools, and knaves," "nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing," *A Modest Proposal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents or country, and for making them beneficial to the public*, is only one of many of Swift's Irish protests, and only one of many modest proposals for the amelioration of social ills. But in its brilliant satire—its parody of the new science of political arithmetic, of current differentiations between the deserving and the undeserving poor, in its ironic reversal of the tenet that the wealth of a nation lay in its

population, in its ironic conclusion that cannibalism is the only humane alternative to Ireland's exploitation—*A Modest Proposal* reaches a moral indignation that has seldom been equaled in satire. Thus economics became belles-lettres.

In another sense, the history of Swift's life may be traced through his social relationships, among which his relationships with women are complex and susceptible of the most sensational interpretations. In 1696, in Kilroot, Swift met Jane Waring, Varina as he called her, whom he wooed and by whom he was rejected. For four years thereafter, correspondence ensued between them, until Varina, now the pursuer, was rejected by Swift in a letter which has all the reasonable, cruel arrogance of someone whose feelings have been seriously wounded. To some critics Varina's original rejection has appeared to mark a traumatic turning away from women on Swift's part from which he never recovered. The long relationship with Stella, dating from 1689 until her death in 1728, and the fact that Stella came to live near Swift in Ireland in 1700 and remained thereafter, is indeed anomalous. Even in Swift's lifetime there were rumors that Swift and Mistress Esther Johnson were secretly married, but that it was a marriage in name only. Whether there was a marriage, why there was none if there was none, what the nature of the relationship was, are all unresolved questions. What is clear is the fact that Stella was the recipient, source, or inspiration of many of Swift's poems, letters, and particularly of his *Journal to Stella*, the last a remarkable account, written in a coded private language, of Swift's activities in England from 1710 to 1713 when he was at the height of his political effectiveness. And the relationship with Stella is often obscured by the facts of Swift's relationship with Vanessa, Esther Vanhomrigh, whom Swift met in 1707 and with whom he was closely involved until her death in 1723. There is reason to suppose that Swift, twice Vanessa's age, was somewhat uncomfortably caught in conflicting loyalties between Vanessa and Stella.

Among the men who figure in Swift's life are numbered some of the greatest names of his day: Congreve, Addison,

Steele, Bolingbroke, Oxford, Pope, Gay, Prior, Arbuthnot. These relationships are significant not only in that they depict a highly social and urbane Swift, but in that they also indicate another large area of Swift's writings (aside from his journalistic pamphlets), the so-called *jeux d'esprits*, composed for the private delectation of his friends. Among these witty, occasional writings may be numbered Swift's poems. When John Dryden prognosticated that Cousin Swift would never be a poet, in a sense he spoke truly. For Swift lacks the authentic voice of the poet, the sensibility and the vision—except on some few occasions when he surpasses himself as in "Cadenus and Vanessa." For though Swift is more personality than poet, he is a remarkably skillful versifier. His verse is accomplished *vers de société*—parodic, moralistic, complimentary, always anti-romantic and sometimes outrageous.

The range of Swift's prose *jeux* is greater. Some are serious moralistic and didactic pieces, like the *Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue*, or the literary *Tatler* papers, or the *Thoughts on Various Subjects*. But the great majority are satirical pieces in which Swift seems to be whetting his pen, carefully practicing his rhetorical art and working out his medium, prose satire. They range from the early *Meditation on a Broomstick*, a parody on Robert Boyle's serious meditations which completely fooled Lady Berkeley for whom the joke was perpetrated, to the heady spoofing of astrology of the *Bickerstaff Papers*, to the animus of *Mr. Collins's Discourse of Freethinking; put into plain English by way of Abstract, for the Use of the Poor*, to the brilliant effrontery of the *Argument against Abolishing Christianity*. Even the least promising of them, like the lengthy *Polite Conversation*, shows in its preface a technique and intention that are seriously mindful of the artistic exigencies of satire. There is indeed some cause for question whether Swift as a wit, the writer of prose and verse *jeux*, was merely practicing his art with his left hand in preparation for his great work, or whether on two occasions, in his *Tale of a Tub* volume and in *Gulliver's Travels*, the *jeux* reached such a height of excel-

lence that they stole, through the back door, into the realm of English belles-lettres.

III

The *Tale of a Tub* volume, which contained also the *Battle of the Books* and the *Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*, and was published in 1704, has something of the quality of an Athena sprung full blown. It is astonishing that so young a man—Swift was in his twenties when he wrote it—should have been capable of such virtuosity of matter and method, of such broad and encompassing knowledge, and of such inventiveness of satiric techniques. Of the three pieces, the greatest is *Tale of a Tub*; it is perhaps also the most difficult of Swift's works, and certainly it makes the most taxing demands upon the reader. Its complexity is immediately heralded in Swift's double theme: a satire on the corruptions in religion *and* learning. Taken together and interwoven in complicated and contrapuntal pattern, each theme manifests and supports the other. Of the two themes, the satire on the abuses in religion is given about one-third of the space in the work. Alternating these sections of the religious allegory, and announced by a series of six prefatory items, is the satire on the abuses in learning, in which category Swift, taking all knowledge to be his province, proceeds to satirize abuses in criticism, science, and philosophy. The whole forms what seems to be a chaotic and formless, sprawling work, the very formlessness of which, however, is an elaborate parody of seventeenth-century writing.

The satire on abuses in religion is carried brilliantly by the allegory of the three brothers, Peter, Martin, and Jack, standing respectively for Catholicism, Established Protestantism, and Dissent, as they rent the cloaks of original Christianity given to them by the father. The brothers' exploits constitute a satiric history of Christianity up to Swift's time; and the satire is inventive and telling, with Peter emerging as knave, Jack as madman, and Martin as a temperate but by no means perfect fool.

For Swift's devotion to his satiric pattern never obliterates his sense of reality; though he sets up satiric norms, he never succumbs to them.

Considerably more complex is Swift's satire on contemporary abuses in learning, a welter of prefatory sections, footnotes, digressions and conclusions, the whole immediately parodic of the chaos Swift finds modern learning to be. Of the ideas controlling *Tale of a Tub*, the basic one revolves around the war between Ancients and Moderns, which turns on the simple question of whether the old learning is superior to the new. Though that war is a perennial one, it is more sharply articulated in some periods than in others; and in the seventeenth century, particularly with the growth of the new science, it was especially virulent. That war was more than a theoretical one, and upon one's position in it lay one's direction in belles-lettres, criticism, science, and philosophy. Each of these subjects constituted a separate battle in the war; the battle of the books in which the whole question of imitation and the rules was involved, the battle over the new experimental science, the battle over the old Aristotelian versus the new mechanistic philosophy were all at stake. In a sense, even the religious allegory in *Tale of a Tub* is related to the war between the Ancients and Moderns, the choice being between Martin and Jack. Except for the *Battle of the Books*, *Tale of a Tub* encompasses the whole of the Ancients-Moderns controversy, and Swift's position is uncompromisingly Ancient. The fact is that Swift was by temperament and belief, here as elsewhere, consistently conservative. And there is perhaps some cause for rejoicing that he was so, for the Ancient position is always more comfortable for the satirist; the new, the amorphous, the incomplete always provide better grist for the satiric mill than the old, the tried, the proven.

A moralist of a conservative, pessimistic, and angry temper, seriously devoted to the Christian ideal, Jonathan Swift looked about him, and everywhere he found vice and folly, madness and depravity. Meanwhile the Moderns were busy promulgating an intoxicating faith in the Idea of Progress, a consuming belief in the utility of knowledge, a confidence in

the invariability of the laws of Nature and the ability of science and philosophy to explain these laws. Nor was it only the theories of the Moderns, their pride and presumption that appalled Swift, it was their practice, too, their experiments and projects, in societies and academies, their personnel, their wits, projectors, and virtuosos. Confronting the new learning with the old, Swift finds the new science silly, the new philosophy mad, the new criticism pedantic; his new philosopher is a madman, his scientist a plebeian pedant, and his new critic a pedant, plebeian, and fool.

These satiric themes in *Tale of a Tub*, however, do not emerge in orderly sequence in separate sections, but indirectly through "A Digression Concerning Critics," "A Digression Concerning Madness," "A Digression in Praise of Digressions," and through the prefatory materials, indeed through the religious allegory on occasion. Just as Enthusiastic Jack as founder of Aeolism carries the satire of the new philosophy, so Catholic Peter is preeminently the scientist, the projector and virtuoso who carries the satire on science until he grows mad with "pride, projects, and knavery." His universal pickle, though primarily satirical of holy water, is simultaneously satirical of the quackery of seventeenth-century medicine in its search for universal panaceas. Again, inasmuch as Epicureanism in the seventeenth century was essentially a Modern system, the "Digression on Madness" in the *Tale* contains an elaborate anatomy of the Epicurean doctrine of happiness as the greatest good: "the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well-deceived; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves." For his satire on Modern criticism, Swift sets up the person of the mechanick-critic, a pedant without wit or taste, an ass of the ancient vintage of asses, the very antithesis of the Ancient scholar and gentleman. With the skill of the most adept metaphysician, Swift attacks metaphysical speculation; an exponent of reason, he attacks the rationalism of the Moderns; and with the most virtuoso-like intellect, he attacks intellectualism.

These, then, are some of the ideas controlling *Tale of a Tub*, but they do not begin to suggest the brilliant technique nor the

encyclopedic range of his frame of reference. Since so much of Swift's satire is, at the primary level, topical, the reader is called upon to possess an intimate knowledge of seventeenth-century learning. And the agility required of the reader in hopping along with Swift's satiric movements—from parody to invective, to lampoon, to irony, to sarcasm, from shift to shift of persona—is no less taxing. Within the last ten years scholarship has made great progress in deciphering the mysteries that *Tale of a Tub* often poses, but there is much yet to be achieved. Swift was never to surpass himself in this great work.

It will have been noted that Swift fights no battle of the books in *Tale of a Tub*, although all other areas of modern learning are attacked. The reason for the omission is that Swift fought that battle in a separate work in the same volume, in *A Full and True Account of the Battle Fought Last Friday Between the Ancient and the Modern Books in St. James's Library*, commonly referred to as the *Battle of the Books*. If, however, the *Tale* is to be seen complete, the *Battle* is to be read as a chapter of it, as if the *Battle* were to have been called "A Digression on the Battle of the Books Fought Last Friday, etc." After *Tale of a Tub*, *Battle of the Books* is a relief, easy and direct, a mock-heroic piece in which it seems obvious that Swift is adapting the poetic form of the mock-heroic epic to the exigencies of prose. The subject is direct: a formidable battle takes place between the Ancient and Modern books in St. James's Library for the possession of the higher peak in Helicon, traditionally claimed by the Ancients and now claimed by the Moderns. Though the Ancients are clearly the victors, the account is left unfinished.

The armies of the Moderns are vast, a "confused multitude," consisting of "stink-pot-flingers," mercenaries, "rogues and ragamuffins." On the other hand, "The army of the Ancients was much fewer in number; Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light-horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates the dragoons. The allies led by Vossius and Temple brought up the rear." Most ludicrous of the newest Moderns are Wotton and Bentley, but they are repulsed by

Aesop and Phalaris and destroyed by Swift's contemporary Ancients, Temple and Boyle.

To understand the significance of the personnel of the *Battle* requires of the reader a certain familiarity with the immediate occasion which bred Swift's satire. It begins with the publication in 1690 of Sir William Temple's *Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning* in which, in the process of objecting to the pride of the Moderns and rejecting the theory of progress, Sir William happens to urge the greatness of Aesop and Phalaris among the Ancients. Refuting Temple, in his *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning* in 1694, William Wotton, a Cambridge don, enthusiastically defends the Modern learning and repudiates authority when it clashes with reason. The Phalaris tangent of the controversy begins the following year with Charles Boyle's edition of *Phalaris*, in which, incidentally, he rebukes the scholarly Richard Bentley, the keeper of St. James's Library, but primarily upholds the authenticity of Phalaris. That authenticity is in turn seriously disputed, on sixteen counts, by Bentley in his *Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris, Themistocles, Socrates, Euripides, etc., and Aesop's Fables*, which, as it happened, was appended to the second edition of Wotton's *Reflections*. In 1698 Bentley's *Dissertation is Examined* by Charles Boyle, and rejected. By 1699 the whole controversy is satirized in William King's *Dialogues of the Dead*. But the classic and final satire on the subject is to be found in Swift's *Battle of the Books*. Thus we see why in the *Battle* Temple and Boyle are the ancient defenders, why Wotton and Bentley are so sharply ridiculed, and why Aesop and Phalaris are so prominent among the Ancient defenders.

Stemming also from Temple is Swift's most telling figure in the *Battle of the Books*, the fable of the Ancient bee and the Modern spider: "So that in short the question comes to all this; which is the nobler being of the two, that which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at last, but fly-bane and a cobweb; or that which by an universal range, with long search, much

study, true judgment and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax." And the answer is: "that instead of Dirt and poison, we [the Ancients] have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light." *Battle of the Books* is one of Swift's most well-tempered satires, as if he felt that the battle was so certainly a victory for the Ancients that it did not earn his wrath.

As *Battle of the Books* is a digression to *Tale of a Tub*, so *A Discourse Concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit* is a footnote to it, particularly to the Aeolist system of Section VIII and to the "Digression Concerning Madness." It is a separate treatise on the nature of religious Enthusiasm, its origin, theory and practice. A parody on scientific treatises, the *Mechanical Operation* is cast in the form of an epistle of the sort communicated to the Royal Society. It proceeds allegorically, according to which system explanation is made of how the Ass, standing for the Enthusiastic preacher, bears his Rider, the fanatic auditory, to heaven. But when more specific explanation comes due, Swift retires like any arcane philosopher to a side note: "Here the whole scheme of spiritual mechanism was deduced and explained with an appearance of great reading and observation; but it was thought neither safe nor convenient to print it," and a whole paragraph of asterisks ensues. But the argument emerges clearly enough: since the generation of zeal comes through the corruption of the senses, the mystery of Enthusiasm is actually nothing more nor less than a vast collective orgasm. The connections between sex and Enthusiasm were scarcely original with Swift; the distinction of the *Mechanical Operation of the Spirit* is that Swift raises the connection to a system. *Mechanical Operation* has the hilarity of *Tale of a Tub*, but it is only a fragment.

Written almost a quarter of a century later than the *Tale of a Tub* volume, *Gulliver's Travels* exhibits the same vigor of mind, the intensity, often violence, of emotion; the same brilliant virtuosity of satiric technique. The ideas in *Gulliver*, too, will be familiar to the reader of the *Tale*: Swift's championing of reason; his mistrust of the passions, particularly pride; his

anti-rationalism, his rejection of projects and experiments—metaphysical preoccupations that obscure the revealed truths of Christianity. As for the form of *Gulliver*, though in a sense it is as custom made for its occasion as the form of the *Tale*, its components are more familiar. A satire of universal as well as topical scope, *Gulliver's Travels* supports the themes of travel fiction (of the extraordinary, imaginary, philosophic, cosmic, and fantastic voyages) and of the Utopia. Its implications are political, scientific, philosophical, and, some have thought, theological. Though much of *Gulliver's Travels* is rewarding to the most ingenuous reader, it amply repays the most searching analysis.

Books I and II were written in 1721–2; Book IV in 1723; and Book III in 1724–5. The whole manuscript was revised in 1726, surrounded by anonymity and obfuscation—as was Swift's habit. The first improved edition was not published until 1735, by Faulkner. It is significant to note that portions of Books I and III may stem from Swift's contribution to the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus* of 1714, a collective *jeu d'esprit* of the Scriblerus Club of which Swift, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot were members. This early inception would account for some of the inconsistencies and infelicities in the narrative.

Books I and II are all but perfect in themselves and in relation to one another—the giant Gulliver among the pygmy Lilliputians changes easily into pygmy Gulliver among the giant Brobdingnagians. The scale of proportions, 12 to 1, is carefully preserved; the relativity of vision, Gulliver's telescopic eye as it reflects the Lilliputians, and his microscopic eye as he surveys the Brobdingnagians, is brilliantly ingenious, however much it may owe to Berkeley's *Theory of Vision* (except for certain inconsistencies of tone in Chapters 1, 2, and 6 of Book I, possibly to be accounted for by an earlier inception). Book I is, for the most part, perfect satire, the diminution operating with complete consistency and telling force both physically and figuratively. There is a great deal of topical satire implicit in Book I, largely of a political nature (and the exact details of that satire are in much dispute), but it is always viable on a universal level. Gulliver's cool, rational eye telescopes the

absurdity of man in all his foolish, petty preoccupations, and the total effect is simultaneously ingenious, biting, and charming. But the satire grows mordant in Book II, the eye mercilessly microscopic, and Gulliver, now a dwarf, on the basis of his own evidence, is found along with his kind "to be the most pernicious race of little vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the earth," by the King of the Brobdingnagians. The emphasis is now principally on the moral nature of man, and disgust pervades the conclusions. The miniature charm of the Lilliputians has been replaced by a large indignation.

That indignation reaches savage proportions in Book IV. But between Books II and IV stands Book III, a kind of major digression which, for whatever exigencies, breaks the perfection of the form of *Gulliver's Travels* as a whole. In themselves, too, these series of fragments that constitute Book III lack range and force. The first, the voyage to Leputa, topical in its satire of English exploitation of the Irish in the flying island and of the Newtonian mathematics, is most inventive. The voyage to Balnibarbi, particularly in the Academy of Lagado, is direct and undisguised satire of the Royal Society. The new criticism, literary and historical, is the object of satire of the third voyage; the voyage to Glubbudbrib. Only the fourth, the voyage to Luggnagg, in its dismaying depiction of the immortal Struldbrugs, achieves depth and force in a profound disillusion. So much for your immortality, Swift seems to be saying, it would be a catastrophe and a show. Although the frame of reference of these voyages in Book III is not dissimilar to that of *Tale of a Tub*, these *jeux* never rise above themselves into the realm of satire. Nevertheless, they do provide a pause, a kind of breather, between the intensity of Book II and the intensity of Book IV of *Gulliver's Travels*.

Upon Book IV of *Gulliver's Travels* the problem of the interpretation of the whole centers. What exactly did Swift mean to tell us in Book IV? And this question has been approached with a greater than academic intensity for two hundred years, for upon the answer rests Swift's ultimate answer as to the nature and destiny of man. Almost immediately upon Swift's death (the book was greeted with acclaim upon publication), a

long history of invective against Book IV began, which reached its climax in an outraged self-righteousness and rejection by the nineteenth century. Witness Thackeray, who found Swift "a monster gibbering shrieks and gnashing imprecations against mankind—tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and shame; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene." But beyond his impropriety, it is Swift's apparent misanthropy that has disturbed his critics. Did Swift, who so often teetered on the edge of misanthropy, finally succumb to it in Book IV? The criticism of our own century has been considerably more temperate and searching in answering this question, though a great diversity of opinion still continues to rage.

First of all, it would be well to remember that in *Gulliver's Travels* we are in the presence of a satire, not a sermon, that Gulliver is not Swift but a persona, and that satire operates as metaphor or scheme. In that scheme, then, it becomes necessary to come to terms with the working symbols, the Houyhnhnms and the Yahoos as they represent the extremes of Swift's fable, and to watch the operation of the wit as it weaves between and mediates the love and hate that they respectively represent. Of the Yahoos, the reprehensible, disgusting, excremental beasts of Swift's fable, we know considerably more than we know of the more negatively developed Houyhnhnms. But it is safe to assume that by and large they represent passion and reason, respectively. It is how Swift intends us to construe this passion and reason that constitutes the problem.

Some modern critics have found the Houyhnhnms in their passionless perfection only little more acceptable than the Yahoos in their abandoned bestiality. They have seen in the Houyhnhnms a generally colorless, unattractive, or untenable Reason that marks Swift's battle against a rising tide of optimism, benevolence, and Deism, precisely as he battled them in his sermons; some critics have gone so far as to see in the Houyhnhnms a direct attack against Bolingbroke's defense of Deism. Other critics, stressing the Christian element in *Gulliver's Travels*, have turned the book into a kind of sermon in which the Yahoos represent the unclean, odious, and fallen

flesh of man, and the Houyhnhnms the pride of rationalist man unguided by divine revelation, a defense of Augustinian Christianity against Deism. Thus the answer lies neither in Houyhnhnms nor Yahoo, but in Don Pedro, the satiric norm.

Perhaps a more fruitful approach lies in equating Swift's satiric metaphor with the time-honored metaphor of the universe as a great chain of being in which the various forms of creation are encompassed in the separate links of the chain which stretches from God to the least considerable speck of the created universe. In this chain, man, occupying a middle link between angel and beast, partakes of the qualities of both, at his highest potential a little less than angel, at his lowest a little more than beast. Subvert the chain, displace the links, and "heark what discord follows!" The beast, acting at his highest potential, seems to become superior, or at least acts as though he were superior, to man; the horse (Houyhnhnm) becomes a reasonable creature, man (Yahoo) becomes a bestial one.

However, having accepted Swift's metaphor, we are obliged to keep it intact; we cannot proceed to change the terms and read *Gulliver's Travels* allegorically, to turn it into another *Pilgrim's Progress*. We cannot ask ourselves whether, because we recognize the rational perfection of the Houyhnhnms, we would therefore be willing to have our children reared communally like the Houyhnhnms' foals. The satiric system once drawn operates only within its enclosed system; the alternatives, which are by no means literalistic, are between passion and reason, very real alternatives for Swift and his contemporaries. Yahoo man only figuratively throws around excrement; Houyhnhnm man only figuratively always retains his equanimity. There is, furthermore, a mock-heroic quality about *Gulliver's Travels* as there is about all Swift's satires.

It is important, too, to remember Swift's habit of commenting ironically upon his own metaphor, winking at the reader in the process of his horseplay, like Martin's nonsense for all that he stands for Protestantism in *Tale of a Tub*. So it is with the perfect Houyhnhnms: their name on the page orthographically looking the way a horse's whinny sounds, a snort of dubeity

exactly equivalent to the wink of an eye, *Hmn, Hmn*. Nor is the snort entirely comic; it has its pathetic overtones, too.

And it is with a snort of both comic and pathetic relief that we follow Gulliver back to England, where he finds it necessary to retire to the stench of the stable as respite from the stink of his wife and children. Don Pedro, the good man, begins the modulation back to the world of reality. The metaphor is resolved. The *reductio ad absurdum* has encompassed a *reductio ad perfectem*.

Nor is there any need to minimize the savagery of the attack in Book IV, for all our recognition of the operation of the fable. The savage Yahoos are indeed a savage condemnation of mankind, revolting to the strongest sensibility. The very scheme of *Gulliver's Travels* is a set of savage alternatives; and the resolution, by any system, is scarcely optimistic. The Gulliver of the end of Book IV is not calculated to fill one with complacency; he is scarcely Swift, but he is extremely uncomfortable; he has enjoyed the benefits of a revelation he is ill-equipped to digest. Rejecting the Yahoos and rejected by the Houyhnhnms, he is left suspended in a middle state; like man's middle state between the angels and the beasts, it is, by definition, an anomalous one. If this is misanthropy, we can only make the most of it.

The temptation to tidy up Swift's life and works into neat systems is strong; it is probably just as misguided. In the final analysis the key to understanding him is his moral intensity; it is also the measure of his greatness.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER

THE AUTHOR of these *Travels*, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver,¹ is my ancient and intimate friend; there is likewise some relation between us by the mother's side. About three years ago Mr. Gulliver, growing weary of the concourse of curious people coming to him at his house in Redriff, made a small purchase of land, with a convenient house, near Newark in Nottinghamshire, his native country; where he now lives retired, yet in good esteem among his neighbours.

Although Mr. Gulliver was born in Nottinghamshire, where his father dwelt, yet I have heard him say, his family came from Oxfordshire; to confirm which, I have observed in the churchyard at Banbury, in that county, several tombs and monuments of the Gullivers.

Before he quitted Redriff, he left the custody of the following papers in my hands, with the liberty to dispose of them as I should think fit. I have carefully perused them three times: the style is very plain and simple; and the only fault I find is, that the author, after the manner of travellers, is a little too circumstantial. There is an air of truth apparent through the whole; and indeed, the author was so distinguished for his veracity, that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, to say, it was as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoke it.

By the advice of several worthy persons, to whom, with the author's permission, I communicated these papers, I now venture to send them into the world, hoping they may be at least, for some time, a better entertainment to our young noblemen than the common scribbles of politics and party.

This volume would have been at least twice as large, if I had

¹ Note the implications of *gullible* inherent in the name *Gulliver*.

not made bold to strike out innumerable passages relating to the winds and tides, as well as to the variations and bearings in the several voyages; together with the minute descriptions of the management of the ship in storms, in the style of sailors: likewise the account of the longitudes and latitudes; wherein I have reason to apprehend that Mr. Gulliver may be a little dissatisfied: but I was resolved to fit the work as much as possible to the general capacity of readers. However, if my own ignorance in sea-affairs shall have led me to commit some mistakes, I alone am answerable for them: and if any traveller hath a curiosity to see the whole work at large, as it came from the hand of the author, I will be ready to gratify him.

As for any further particulars relating to the author, the reader will receive satisfaction from the first pages of the book.

RICHARD SYMPSON.

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PART I

TRAVELS

A Voyage to Lilliput¹

CHAPTER I

The author gives some account of himself and family; his first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life, gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput, is made a prisoner, and carried up the country.

MY FATHER had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied my self close to my studies: but the charge of maintaining me (although I had a very scanty allowance) being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my

¹ *Lilliput* has been construed as a combination of *lilli* (*little*, according to the coded, private, "little language" of Swift's *Journal to Stella*) and *put* (connoting vice, as in the Spanish *puta* or Italian *putta*; see *Laputa* in Book III of *Gulliver*).

uncle John, and some other relations I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden:¹ there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended, by my good master Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the *Swallow*, Captain Abraham Pannell commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant,² and some other parts. When I came back, I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me; and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jury,³ and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs.⁴ Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmond Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But, my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

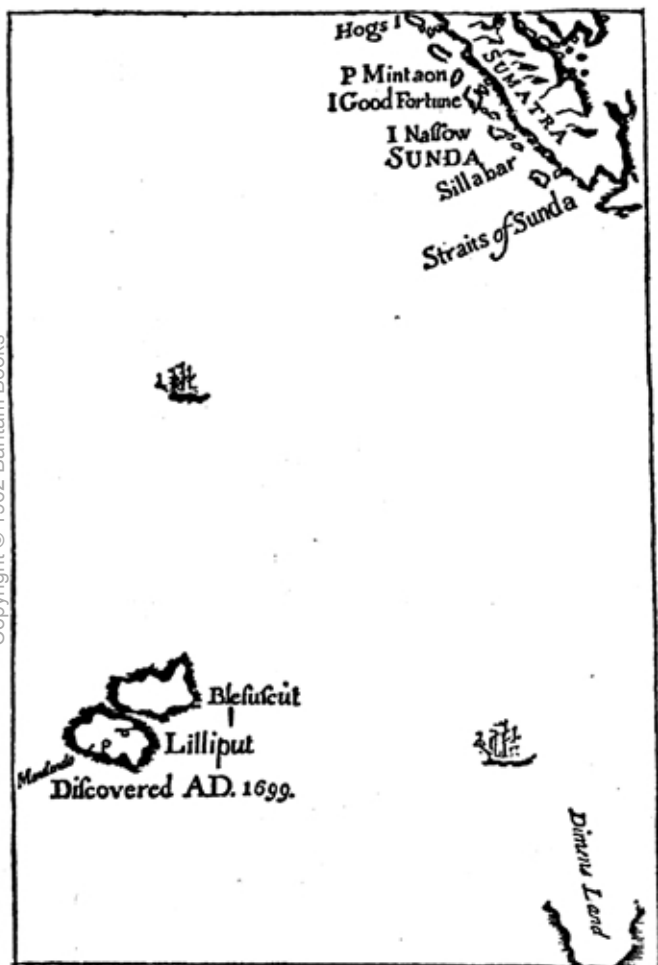
The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jury to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation

¹ A famous medical university in Holland; *physic* is *medicine*.

² The eastern Mediterranean.

³ The old Jewry, the Jewish quarter in London in the Middle Ages.

⁴ An abbreviation for Mistress, used for the married and unmarried women alike.



that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him, that in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land.¹ By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour, and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock, within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship, and the rock. We rowed by my computation about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom: but when I was almost gone and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that,

¹ Tasmania, supposedly part of the Australian mainland.

and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, above nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downwards as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high,¹ with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill, but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul*:² the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness: at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the

¹ Swift's scale in Lilliput is consistently 1 to 12; in Brobdingnag 12 to 1.

² The languages of the countries of the Travels have been either discounted as deliberate nonsense, or insisted upon as careful, elaborate constructions, coded words based on a system of substitutions and anagrams like the system of the *Journal to Stella*. (For an explanation of the system, see Paul Odell Clark, "A Gulliver Dictionary," *Studies in Philology*, vol. 50 (1953), 592-624.) Clark reads *Hekinah degul* as *What in the devil*.

strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me; and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac*; when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not) and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest armies they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but by the noise increasing, I knew their numbers were greater; and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like people at work; when, turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san*: (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained

to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came, and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him who was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page who held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently on my mouth to signify that I wanted food. The *Hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the King's orders upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs and loins shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it hardly held half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious.

They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more, but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warned the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mivola*; and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinah degul*. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out those imaginations. Besides, I now considered my self as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk on my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the Signet Royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his Majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his Excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by

way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *Hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selan*, and I felt great numbers of the people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people, who conjecturing by my motions what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side to avoid the torrent which fell with such noise and violence from me. But before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the Emperor's order, had mingled a sleeping potion in the hogshheads of wine.

It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the Emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent as well as generous. For supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows

while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to enable me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the Emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine foot long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven foot long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine,¹ which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of packthread were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told, for while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a

¹ A mechanical contrivance, or any machine.

very ridiculous accident; for, the carriage being stopped a while to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently: whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The Emperor and all his court came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his Majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked on as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four foot high, and almost two foot wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side, the King's smiths conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six and thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty foot distance, there was a turret at least five foot high. Here the Emperor ascended with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who

mounted upon my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle; but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II

The Emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the nobility, comes to see the author in his confinement. The Emperor's person and habit described. Learned men appointed to teach the author their language. He gains favour by his mild disposition. His pockets are searched, and his sword and pistols taken from him.

WHEN I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country round appeared like a continued garden, and the inclosed fields, which were generally forty foot square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang,¹ and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven foot high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburthened myself. I was under great difficul-

¹ A quarter of an acre.

ties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action; for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he hath maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain, and due care was taken every morning before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheelbarrows by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance, that perhaps at first sight may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character in point of cleanliness to the world; which I am told some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The Emperor¹ was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, although very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, until his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his Majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chains. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who

¹ The political allegory in *Gulliver's Travels* is inescapable and extensive, if not always consistent or even decipherable. Generally speaking, Book I is satirical of events in England from 1708–1715, the end of the reign of Queen Anne and the beginning of the reign of George I, particularly of the period when Oxford (Robert Harley) and Bolingbroke (Henry St. John) between them led the Tory government, and to both of whom Swift, as spokesman for the Tories, was loyal both personally and politically. Thus Gulliver is sometimes Oxford, sometimes Bolingbroke. (See Arthur E. Case, "Personal and Political Satire in *Gulliver's Travels*," in *Four Essays on Gulliver's Travels*, 1945, 1958, pp. 69–96. I am primarily indebted to Case for the annotations on the political satire which follow.)

were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels until I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls, and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The Empress, and young princes of the blood, of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the Emperor's horse, they alighted, and came nearer his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven, in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long, the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to address them-