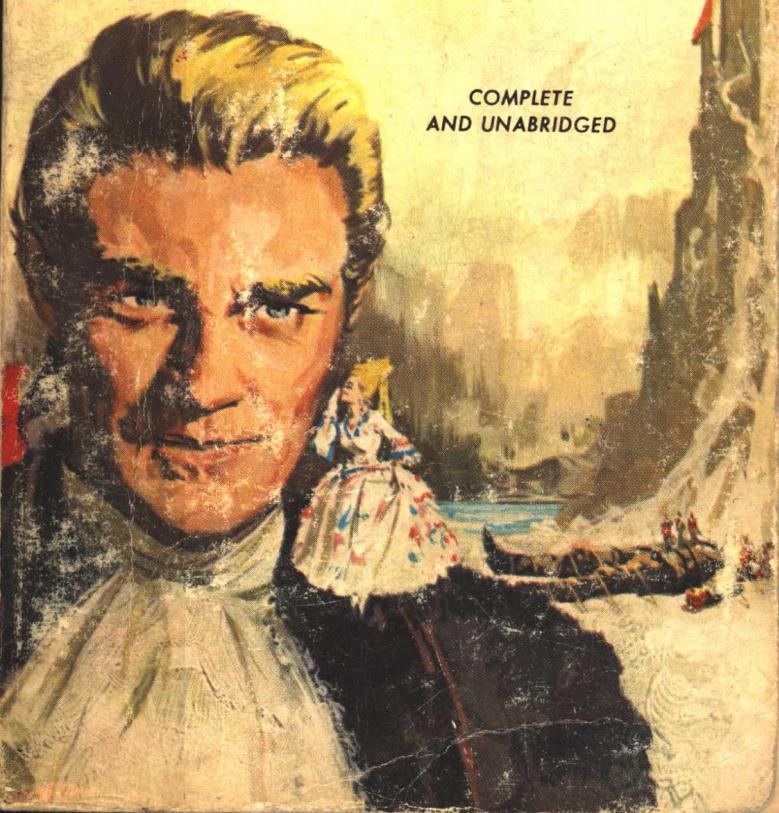


JONATHAN SWIFT

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

with an introduction by DAVID G. PITT

COMPLETE
AND UNABRIDGED



Gulliver's Travels



by

JONATHAN SWIFT

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Gulliver's Travels



JONATHAN SWIFT

INTRODUCTION

Gulliver's Travels was written before the novel as we know it had yet been born. There had been fictional narratives, of course, both those that frankly told invented tales, and those that sought to pass their fiction off as fact. But the novel as a literary form that, confessing its fictional nature, aimed nevertheless to give, with some degree of physical and psychological realism, an interpretative vision of human life and character had not really yet appeared. But it was soon to come, and *Gulliver's Travels* undoubtedly helped to bring it, for this unique book, while it has its share of the fantastic and impossible, has also both a serious purpose and a kind of realism that perhaps no work before it possessed.

This is not to say that *Gulliver's Travels* has no literary forebears. Actually it stands in the tradition of the travel tale, a *genre* that had long been popular in England and elsewhere, both in the form of authentic records of real voyages and journeys, such as those of Richard Hakluyt and Captain John Smith, as well as in that of invented tales, such as Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* and that classic among travel adventures, *Robinson Crusoe*, by Swift's contemporary, Daniel Defoe.

By the definition of *novel* normally used, *Gulliver's Travels* is not really a true novel. For one thing, it does not have the unity of form nor the continuity of action that we ordinarily expect in a novel: it is broken up into several distinct parts, corresponding to Gulliver's several voyages, which are linked together only by his presence in them. Secondly, Swift wrote it not so much to entertain and delight his readers as to castigate, by exposing to ridicule, certain of the vices and follies to which man is prone, and certain public institutions and practices that needed to be reformed, if not eradicated. This statement embodies, of course, a definition of *satire*, and that is what the book was mainly intended to be. Indeed, Gulliver's name, a probable anagram for "gullible traveler," suggests that the hero himself is as much a satiric personification of the reader as an enabling device for this kind of episodic narrative. In other words, the book must be described, in one guise at least, as a collection of satires cast in the form of a series of imaginary voyages to fictional lands by a single fictional character.

But if the usual definition of novel excludes a work so characterized, to describe *Gullivers' Travels* as satire only is still misleading. For *Gulliver's Travels* is really two books, or two *kinds* of book, in one. There is indeed the satire, the critic's and reformer's attack on things he wished to change, but there is also the marvelous story he told in which to embody it, a story filled with strange adventures and exploits, people and things such as no one ever saw with his waking eyes, and told in convincing detail, with just the right touch of wit and subtle humor. And it is, of course, this "other" book in *Gulliver's Travels* that has made it the great favorite it has been, especially with young readers, ever since it first appeared in 1726.

Even then, when more of its satire was pertinent than perhaps it is today, many people read it solely as a book of adventurous journeys. Not a few readers believed it to be a *true* account, so painstaking was Swift to give it an air of authenticity and realism. Indeed, we are told that one old gentleman found fault with his atlas, because it did not give the location or contain a map of Lilliput. Another, a sea captain,

was convinced that he had once met the famous Lemuel Gulliver, world traveler.

We smile at such naïveté, yet the kind of fictional authenticity that exposed it is of the essence of great imaginative literature. No work of fiction, be it poem or drama, story or novel, can induce that "willing suspension of disbelief" which, as Coleridge expressed it, "constitutes poetic faith," unless it is able to convince our minds at the same time as it transports our imaginations. And this is what fiction is partly for: to enable us to leave for a time our own worlds and bodies behind, while we become other people in other places where things may befall us that life as we know it ordinarily can never afford. *Gulliver's Travels*, as *this* kind of book, is still as exciting and satisfying today as it was two and a half centuries ago.

Speaking of science, we may note in passing that it was very probably a scientific invention of the seventeenth century that suggested to Swift his little people of Lilliput and his giants of Brobdingnag. This invention was the telescope, or "optic tube" as it was sometimes called. If we take an ordinary telescope and look through its smaller end, objects are greatly enlarged; if we look through the other end, they are greatly diminished in size. In other words, the instrument enables us to see the familiar world from opposite points of view, both of which, differing from our normal vision, give us new perspectives on the world. When the artist's imagination looks through the telescope, we can expect even more strange and wonderful results. And *Gulliver's Travels* does not disappoint our expectations.

The creator of this unusual book was himself an unusual man. Born of English parents in Dublin in 1667, Jonathan Swift was educated at Kilkenny School and Trinity College. After five years as secretary to Sir William Temple, scholar and man of letters, at his estate in Surrey, England, Swift became a clergyman of the Church of England, and took a small parish in Ireland. After only a year he returned to Sir William's household, where he remained until his patron died in 1699. Swift then returned to Ireland as rector of Laracor, near Dublin, where he published, in 1704, his first satires,

The Tale of a Tub and *Battle of the Books*. In these, he attacked "gross corruptions in religion and learning," and gave notice that he was a force to be reckoned with in matters of public controversy. From his pen in the years that followed came a stream of pamphlets, letters, and essays, many of them satires on social, religious, and political themes. His appointment in 1713 as Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, did not stay his pen nor diminish his vigor. Besides *Gulliver's Travels* and the two works mentioned above, he is also remembered for the famous *Drapier's Letters* (1724), *A Modest Proposal* (1729), *Journal to Stella* (a series of letters to Hester Johnson, whom he almost married), and a collection of mainly satirical verse. In all, his collected works fill more than a score of volumes.

Swift was not a happy man, and his view of life seems often bitter. He was acutely aware of the failings of men, of the irrational motives and actions of the so-called "rational animal," and constantly in his writings tried to point these out and change them. That he did not see the full fruit of his labors was one of the tragedies of his life. In 1742 he lost his mind, and he died in 1745.

—DAVID G. PITT, M.A., PH.D.
Professor of English

Memorial University of Newfoundland
January, 1963

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER

The author of these Travels, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, is my antient 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 were 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 Church-Yard 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 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

A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN GULLIVER TO HIS COUSIN SYMPSON

I hope you will be ready to own publickly, whenever you shall be called to it, that by your great and frequent Urgency you prevailed on me to publish a very loose and uncorrect Account of my Travels; with Direction to hire some young Gentlemen of either University to put them in Order, and correct the Style, as my Cousin Dampier did by my Advice, in his Book called, A Voyage round the World. But I do not remember I gave you Power to consent, that any thing should be omitted, and much less than anything should be inserted: Therefore, as to the latter, I do here renounce every thing of that Kind; particularly a Paragraph about her Majesty the late Queen Anne, of most pious and glorious Memory; although I did reverence and esteem her more than any of human Species. But you, or your Interpolator, ought to have considered, that as it was not my Inclination, so was it not decent to praise any Animal of our Composition before my Master Houyhnhnm: And besides, the Fact was altogether false; for to my Knowledge, being in England during some Part of her Majesty's Reign, she did govern by a chief Minister; nay, even by two successively; the first whereof was the Lord of Godolphin, and the second the Lord of Oxford; so that you have made me say the thing that was not. Likewise, in the Account of the Academy of Projectors, and several Passages of my Discourse to my Master Houyhnhnm, you have either omitted some material Circumstances, or minced or changed them in such a Manner, that I do hardly know mine own Work. When I formerly hinted to you something of this in a Letter, you were pleased to answer, that you were afraid of giving Offence; that People in Power were very watchful over the Press; and apt not only to interpret, but to punish every thing which looked like an Inuendo (as I think you called it). But pray, how could that which I spoke so many Years ago, and at above five Thousand Leagues distance, in another Reign, be

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applied to any of the Yahoos, who now are said to govern the Herd; especially, at a time when I little thought on or feared the Unhappiness of living under them. Have not I the most Reason to complain, when I see these very Yahoos carried by Houyhnhnms in a Vehicle, as if these were Brutes, and those the rational Creatures? And, indeed, to avoid so monstrous and detestable a Sight, was one principal Motive of my Retirement hither.

Thus much I thought proper to tell you in Relation to your self, and to the Trust I reposed in you.

I do in the next Place complain of my own great Want of Judgment, in being prevailed upon by the Intreaties and false Reasonings of you and some others, very much against mine own Opinion, to suffer my Travels to be published. Pray bring to your Mind how often I desired you to consider, when you insisted on the Motive of publick Good; that the Yahoos were a Species of Animals utterly incapable of Amendment by Precepts or Examples: And so it hath proved; for instead of seeing a full Stop put to all Abuses and Corruptions, at least in this little Island, as I had Reason to expect: Behold, after above six Months Warning, I cannot learn that my Book hath produced one single Effect according to mine Intentions: I desired you would let me know by a Letter, when Party and Faction were extinguished; Judges learned and upright; Pleaders honest and modest, with some Tincture of common Sense; and Smithfield blazing with Pyramids of Law-Books; the young Nobility's Education entirely changed; the Physicians banished; the Female Yahoos abounding in Virtue, Honour, Truth and good Sense: Courts and Levees of great Ministers thoroughly weeded and swept; Wit, Merit and Learning rewarded; all Disgracers of the Press in Prose and Verse, condemned to eat nothing but their own Cotten, and quench their Thirst with their own Ink. These, and a Thousand other Reforms, I firmly counted upon by your Encouragement; as indeed they were plainly deducible from the Precepts delivered in my Book. And, it must be owned that seven Months were a sufficient Time to correct every Vice and Folly to which Yahoos are subject; if their Natures had been capable of the least Disposition to Virtue or

Wisdom: Yet so far have you been from answering mine Expectation in any of your Letters; that on the contrary, you are loading our Carrier every Week with Libels, and Keys, and Reflections, and Memoirs, and Second Parts; wherein I see myself accused of reflecting upon great States-Folk; of degrading human Nature, (for so they have still the Confidence to stile it) and of abusing the Female Sex. I find likewise, that the Writers of those Bundles are not agreed among themselves; for some of them will not allow me to be Author of mine own Travels; and others make me Author of Books to which I am wholly a Stranger.

I find likewise, that your Printer hath been so careless as to confound the Times, and mistake the Dates of my several Voyages and Returns; neither assigning the true Year, or the true Month, or Day of the Month: And I hear the original Manuscript is all destroyed, since the Publication of my Book. Neither have I any Copy left; however, I have sent you some Corrections, which you may insert, if ever there should be a second Edition: And yet I cannot stand to them, but shall leave that Matter to my judicious and candid Readers, to adjust it as they please.

I hear some of our Sea-Yahoos find Fault with my Sea-Language, as not proper in many Parts, nor now in Use. I cannot help it. In my first Voyages, while I was young, I was instructed by the oldest Mariners, and learned to speak as they did. But I have since found that the Sea-Yahoos are apt, like the Land ones, to become new jangled in their Words; which the latter change every Year; inso-much, as I remember upon each Return to mine own Country, their old Dialect was so altered, that I could hardly understand the new. And I observe, when any Yahoo comes from London out of Curiosity to visit me at mine own House, we neither of us are able to deliver our Conceptions in a Manner intelligible to the other.

If the Censure of Yahoos could any Way affect me, I should have great Reason to complain, that some of them are so bold as to think my Book of Travels a meer Fiction out of mine own Brain; and have gone so far as to drop Hints, that the Houyhnhnms, and Yahoos have no more Existence than the Inhabitants of Utopia.

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Indeed I must confess, that as to the People of Lilliput, Brobdingrag, (for so the Word should have been spelt, and not erroneously Brobdingnag) and Laputa; I have never yet heard of any Yahoo so presumptuous as to dispute their Being, or the Facts I have related concerning them; because the Truth immediately strikes every Reader with Conviction. And, is there less Probability in my Account of the Houyhnhnms or Yahoos, when it is manifest as to the latter, there are so many Thousands even in this City, who only differ from their Brother Brutes in Houyhnhnmland, because they use a Sort of a Jabber, and do not go naked. I wrote for their Amendment, and not their Approbation. The united Praise of the whole Race would be of less Consequence to me, than the neighing of those two degenerate Houyhnhnms I keep in my Stable; because, from these, degenerate as they are, I still improve in some Virtues, without any Mixture of Vice.

Do these miserable Animals presume to think that I am so far degenerated as to defend my Veracity; Yahoo as I am, it is well known through all Houyhnhnmland, that by the Instructions and Example of my illustrious Master, I was able in the Compass of two Years (although I confess with the utmost Difficulty) to remove that infernal Habit of Lying, Shuffling, Deceiving, and Equivocating, so deeply rooted in the very Souls of all my Species; especially the Europeans.

I have other Complaints to make upon this vexatious Occasion; but I forbear troubling myself or you any further. I must freely confess, that since my last Return, some Corruptions of my Yahoo Nature have received in me by conversing with a few of your Species, and particularly those of mine own Family, by an unavoidable Necessity; else I should never have attempted so absurd a Project as that of reforming the Yahoo Race in this Kingdom; but, I have now done with all such visionary Schemes for ever.

April 2, 1727

TRAVELS INTO
SEVERAL REMOTE NATIONS
OF THE WORLD

PART I

A Voyage to Lilliput

PART II

A Voyage to Brobdingnag

PART III

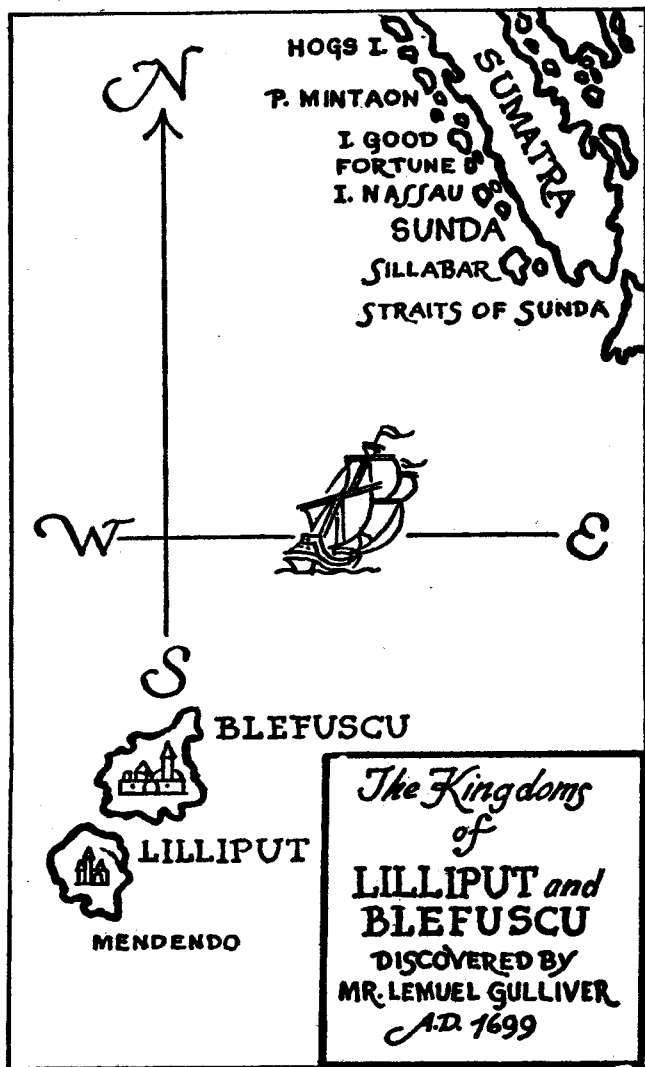
*A Voyage to Laputa, Balnibarbi, Luggnagg,
Glubbdubdrib and Japan*

PART IV

*A Voyage to the Country of the
Houyhnhnms*

By LEMUEL GULLIVER

first a Surgeon and then a
Captain of Several Ships



PART I

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

CHAPTER I

The Author giveth Some Account of Himself and Family; his First Inducements to travel. He is Shipwrecked, and swims for his Life; gets Safe on Shoar 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 Mathematicks, 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 Uncle *John*, and some other Relations, I got Forty Pounds, and a Promise of Thirty Pounds a Year to maintain me at *Leyden*; There I studied Physick 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*, 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*; and being advised to alter my Condition, I married Mrs. *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 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 North-west of *Van Diemen's Land*. 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