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### **Remarks On The Life and Writings Of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin**

**Orrery, John Boyle of**

**London, 1752**

Remarks upon The Lady's Dressing-Room.

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deep morality. The subjects of his poems are often nauseous, and the performances beautifully disagreeable.

*The Lady's Dressing Room* has been universally condemn'd, as deficient in point of delicacy, even to the highest degree. The best apology that can be made in its favour, is to suppose, that the author exhibited his *CELIA* in the most hideous colours he could find, lest she might be mistaken as a goddess, when she was only a mortal. External beauty is very alluring to youth and inexperience; and SWIFT, by pulling off the borrowed plumes of his harpy, discovers at once a frightful bird of prey, and by making her offensive, renders her less dangerous and inviting. Such, I hope, was his design; but let his views and motives have been ever so beneficial, his general want of delicacy and decorum, must not hope even to find the shadow of an excuse; for it is impossible not to own, that he too frequently forgets that politeness and tenderness of manners, which are undoubtedly due to human kind. From his early, and repeated disappointments, he became a misanthrope. If his mind had been more equal and content, I am willing to believe, that he would have viewed the works of nature with a more benign aspect. And perhaps, under a less constant rotation of anxiety, he might have preserved his senses to the last scene of life, and might have enjoyed that calm *exit* from the stage, for which his friend HORACE so earnestly supplicates APOLLO.

*Frui paratis et valido mihi*

*Latæ dones, et precor, integrâ*

*Cum mentè: nec turpem senectam*

*Degere, nec citbarâ carentem.*

I have already told you, that his pride was so great as scarce to admit any body to the least share of his friendship, except such who could amuse him, or such who could do him honour. To these two different classes, we owe many of his poems. His companions and humble followers find themselves immortalized by the insertion of their names in addresses to STELLA, or in other miscellaneous pieces written in an easy, although not in a careless manner. His more exalted friends, whose stations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different style: and you will perceive a real dignity, and a most delicate kind of wit in all his poems to Lord OXFORD, Lord PETERBOROUGH, Lord CARTERET <sup>a</sup>, Mr. PULTNEY <sup>b</sup>, and I think I may particularly add, in a poem to the Countess of WINCHELSEA <sup>c</sup>, and another to Mrs. BIDDY FLOYDE. These names abetted him in his pursuit of fame. They reflected back the glory which he gave. But, still I cannot recollect one poem, nay, scarce a couplet, to his

<sup>a</sup> Now Earl of GRANVILLE.

<sup>b</sup> Now Earl of BATH.

<sup>c</sup> Under the name of ARDELIA.

noble