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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 Swift's Riddles, his Latin Epistle to Dr. Sheridan, and his
Description in Latin of the Rocks of Carbery.

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AND WRITINGS OF DR. SWIFT. 83

to his own mandates. This despotic power not only blinded him, but gave a loose to passions that ought to have been kept under a proper restraint. I am sorry to say, that whole nations are sometimes sacrificed to his resentment. Reflections of that sort appear to me the least justifiable of any kind of satyr. You will read his *Acerrima* with indignation; and his *Minutiæ* with regret. Yet I must add, that since he has descended so low as to write, and, still so much lower, as to print riddles, he is excellent even in that kind of versification. The lines are smoother, the expressions are neater, and the thought is closer pursued than in any other *riddle-writer* whatever. But, SWIFT composing riddles, is TITIAN painting draught-boards, which must have been inexcusable, while there remained a sign-post painter in the world.

At the latter end of the volume, you will find two Latin poems. The first, *An Epistle to Dr. SHERIDAN*; the last, *A description of the rocks at Carbery in Ireland*. The Dean was extremely solicitous, that they should be printed among his works: and what is no less true than amazing, he assumed to himself more vanity upon these two Latin poems, than upon many of his best English performances. It is said, that MILTON in his own judgement preferred the *Paradise regained* to the *Paradise lost*. There possibly might be found some excuse for such a preference, but in SWIFT's case there can be none. He understood the Latin language perfectly well, and he read it constantly, but he was no Latin poet. And if the *Carberix rupes*, and the *Epistola ad THOMAM*

84 REMARKS ON THE LIFE

SHERIDAN, had been the produce of any other author, they must have undergone a severe censure from Dr. SWIFT.

Here I shall dismiss this volume of his poems, which has drawn me into a greater length of letter than I intended. Adieu, my HAM, believe me ever,

Your affectionate Father,

O R R E R Y.



LETTER XI.

My dear HAMILTON,

THE third volume of SWIFT'S works contains *The travels of LEMUEL GULLIVER into several remote nations of the world.* They are divided into four parts; the first, a voyage to *Lilliput*; the second, a voyage to *Brobdingnag*; the third, to *Laputa* and other islands; the fourth, and most extraordinary, to the country of the *Houyhnhnms*. These voyages are intended as a moral political romance, in which SWIFT seems to have exerted the strongest efforts of a fine irregular genius. But while his imagination and his wit delight, the venomous strokes of his satyr, although in some places