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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**

Some pamphlets in the fourth volume, mentioned only as being particularly humorous.

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of different conditions. Then follows the procession, most humourously described. The whole is a piece of ridicule too powerful for the strongest gravity to withstand.

The next tract is, *A short view of the state of Ireland, written in the year 1727*<sup>a</sup>. Of this I need take little notice, since the present state of *Ireland* is, in general, as flourishing as possible. Agriculture is cultivated: arts and sciences are encouraged: and in the space of eighteen years, which is almost the full time that I have known it, no kingdom can be more improved. *Ireland*, in relation of *England*, may be compared to a younger sister lately come of age, after having suffered all the miseries of an injured minor; such as law suits, encroachments upon her property, violation of her rights, destruction of her tenants, and every evil that can be named. At length, time, and her own noble spirit of industry, have entirely relieved her, and, some little heart-burnings excepted, she enjoys the quiet possession of a very ample fortune, subject, by way of acknowledgement, to certain quit rents, payable to the elder branch of her house: and let me add by experience, that *take her all in all*, she cannot have a greater fortune than she deserves.

I shall not make any comments upon *An Answer to a Paper called A Memorial of the poor Inhabitants, Tradesmen, and Labourers of the Kingdom of Ireland, written in the year 1728*<sup>b</sup>. The pamphlet which comes next in

<sup>a</sup> Page 240.

<sup>b</sup> Page 251.

order

order of succession, is written with SWIFT's usual peculiarity of humour. The title of it is, *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, written in the year 1729<sup>a</sup>*. The proposal is to fatten beggars children, and sell them for food to rich landlords, and persons of quality.

*The vindication of his Excellency JOHN Lord CARTE-RET from the charge of favouring none but Tories, High-Churchmen, and Jacobites<sup>b</sup>*, is entirely humorous, and so I think are all the remaining pamphlets in this volume. But the last piece, entitled, *The Speech and dying Words of EBENEZER ELLISTON, who was executed the second of May 1722, written and published at his desire for the common good, had a most excellent effect<sup>c</sup>*. The thieves, vagabonds, and all the lower class of people thought it the real work of EBENEZER ELLISTON, who had received the grounds of a good education; and the style of this paper, is so natural for a person in such circumstances, that it would almost deceive the nicest judgement.

I have now completed my animadversions upon the four first volumes of SWIFT's works; the last of which contains abundance of ironical wit, founded upon the basis of reason and good sense. But, I had almost forgot, that, at the latter end of the volume, there are

<sup>a</sup> Page 262.

<sup>b</sup> Page 275. Written in the year 1730.

<sup>c</sup> Page 363.

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three copies of verses, two of which are addressed to the Dean, and the third is his answer: the first being my property, may serve to conclude this letter. It was occasioned by an annual custom, which I found pursued among his friends, of making him a present on his birth-day. As he had admitted me of that number, I sent him a paper-book, finely bound, in the first leaf of which, I wrote the following lines.

Dublin, November 30, 1732.

**T**O thee, dear SWIFT, these spotless leaves I send;  
 Small is the present, but sincere the friend,  
 Think not so poor a book below thy care,  
 Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?  
 Tho' tawdry now, and like TYRILLA'S face,  
 The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace:  
 Tho' paste-boards glittering like a tinsel'd coat,  
 A *rasa tabula* within denote;  
 Yet if a venal and corrupted age,  
 And modern vices should provoke thy rage;  
 If warn'd once more by their impending fate,  
 A sinking country and an injur'd state,  
 Thy great assistance should again demand,  
 And call forth reason to defend the land;  
 Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprize,  
 Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes:  
 Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense  
 True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;  
 Inform the judgement, animate the heart,  
 And sacred rules of policy impart,

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