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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 Struldbruggs.

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specified by GULLIVER. I may be wrong either in my account, or in my observations: and I shall rejoice to be consuted by you in any point of learning whatever.

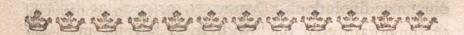
The description of the STRULDBRUGGS, in the tenth chapter, is an instructive piece of morality: for, if we confider it in a ferious light, it tends to reconcile us to our final dissolution. Death, when set in contrast to the immortality of the STRULDBRUGGS, is no longer the King of Terrors: he loses his sting: he appears to us as a friend: and we chearfully obey his fummons, because it brings certain relief to the greatest miseries. It is in this defeription, that SWIFT shines in a particular manner. He probably felt in himself the effects of approaching age, and tacitly dreaded that period of life, in which he might become a representative of those miserable immortals. His apprehensions were unfortunately fulfilled. He lived to be the most melancholy fight that was ever beheld: yet, even in that condition, he continued to instruct, by appearing a providential instance to mortify the vanity, which is too apt to arise in the human breast. Our life cannot be pronounced happy, till the last scene is closed with ease and refignation: the mind still continuing to preserve its usual dignity, and falling into the arms of death, as a wearied traveller finks into rest. This is that Euthanasia which Augustus often desired, which Anto-NINUs Pius enjoyed, and for which every wife man will

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pray. God Almighty's providence protect and guide you, my HAM, whatever fate of life, or fortune attends

Your affectionate Father,

ORRERY.



LETTER XV.

T I is with great reluctance, I shall make some re-I marks on Gulliver's voyage to the Houghnhams. In this last part of his imaginary travels, Swift has indulged a mifanthropy that is intolerable. The reprefentation which he has given us of human nature, must terrify, and even debase the mind of the reader who views it. His fallies of wit and humour lofe all their force, nothing remaining but a melancholy, and difagreeable impression: and, as I have said to you, on other parts of his works, we are difgusted, not entertained; we are shocked, not instructed by the fable. I should therefore chuse to take no notice of his YA-Hoos, did I not think it necessary to affert the vindication of human nature, and thereby, in some measure, to pay my duty to the great author of our species, who has created us in a very fearful, and a very wonderful mannes.

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