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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**

The commencement of his intimacy with the Earl of Oxford.

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fame man, when from a Patriot he becomes a Courtier: yet it may be asserted, and will redound to the honour of Dr. SWIFT, that when he rose into the confidence and esteem of those great men, who sat at the helm of affairs during the last years of Queen ANN's reign, he scarce ever lost himself, or grew giddy by the plenitude of power, and the exalted station of frequently appearing in the confidence, and favour of the reigning minister. He may have been carried away by inconsiderate passion, but he was not to be swayed by deliberate evil. He may have erred in judgement, but he was upright in intention. The welfare and prosperity of these kingdoms were the constant aim of his politics, and the immediate subject of his thoughts and writings. But, as HAMLET says, "Something too much of this." Let us continue therefore to trace the footsteps of his life; in which, scarce any circumstance can be found material from the year seventeen hundred and two, till the change of the ministry in the year seventeen hundred and ten. During this interval, he had worked hard within those subterraneous passages, where, as has been hinted before, the mine was formed that blew up the whiggish ramparts, and opened a way for the Tories to the Queen. SWIFT was to the Tories, what CÆSAR was to the Romans, at once a leader of their armies, and an historiographer of their triumphs. He resided very much in *England*: his inclinations were always there. His intimacy with Lord OXFORD commenced, as far as may be deduced from his works, in

October

AND WRITINGS OF DR. SWIFT. 27

October 1709. In a poem written in the year 1713, he says,

*'Tis (let me see) three years and more  
(October next it will be four)  
Since HARLEY bid me first attend,  
And chose me for an humble friend.*

And again in another poem written in the same year,

*My Lord would carry on the jest,  
And down to Windsor take his guest.  
SWIFT much admires the place and air,  
And longs to be a Canon there.  
A Canon! that's a place too mean,  
No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean.*

By this last quotation, and by numberless other instances in his works, it seems undeniable that a settlement in *England* was the unvaried object of Dr. SWIFT's ambition: so that his promotion to a deanery in *Ireland*, was rather a disappointment than a reward. In a letter to Mr. GAY, he says, "*The best, and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England. There I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country:*"<sup>a</sup> and in answer to a letter from Mr. POPE, who had offered incense to him, as to a tutelary saint in a state of

<sup>a</sup> Letter 5. Vol. 7.

separation,