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The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Being The Third of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

X. From Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift. An invitation to England.

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this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the Park, the Opera's, and the Coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay, —I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you?

I am ever, &c.

L E T T E R X.

Sept. 14, 1725.

I Need not tell you, with what real delight I should have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your Letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps 'tis with Poets as with Prophets, they are so much better lik'd in another country than their own, that your
Gentleman

Gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he try'd, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a Letter from you, with which (after all) I sit down a gainer; since to my great pleasure it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gather'd together: not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with busy vanities (such as perhaps at one time of life or other take their Tour in every man) but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases; or at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your Travels^a I hear much of; my own I promise you shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation of my own Territories^b. I mean no more Translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I'll find you elderly Ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make

^a Gulliver.

^b The Essay on Man.

too much noise ; as you will guess, when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurse. I can also help you to a Lady who is as deaf, tho' not so old, as yourself ; you'll be pleas'd with one-another I'll engage, tho' you don't hear one-another : you'll converse like spirits by intuition. What you'll most wonder at is, she is considerable at Court, yet no Party-woman, and lives in Court, yet would be easy, and make you easy.

One of those you mention (and I dare say always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels ; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend ; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life, is the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you, he wou'd give you (if he cou'd) such advice as might cure your deafness, but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it ; because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R