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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**

XVII. Desires for his return, and settlement in England: The various schemes of his other friends, and his own.

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graved elsewhere than on the Cups you sent me, (with so kind an inscription) and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleas'd with them, but take them very kindly too: And had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say

*Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.*

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the Deanery of St. Patrick's; which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem Paternas, &c.* Till then I'll drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inscription the old Roman Vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My Mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

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L E T T E R   X V H .

Sept. 3, 1726.

**Y**Ours to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me (tho' that gave me a great deal) for to hear you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while

while in the way to it: otherwise believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reach'd you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir —— who express'd his desire of having seen you again before you left us. He said he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved: but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myself, who wished you lov'd Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think wou'd induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain Truth, did they know either it, or you. I can't help thinking (when I consider the whole short List of our friends) that none of 'em except you and I are qualify'd for the Mountains of Wales. The Dr. goes to Cards, Gay to Court; one loses moneey, one loses his time: Another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling foil. One Lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: Another is too much a subject to Princes and Potentates, to relish that wild Taste of liberty and poverty.

Mr.

Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air; and she that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great an husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet 'tis fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: And for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps 'tis a mistake, but however there's something in it generous. Mr. \* \* takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune: for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power, than out.

To shew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence: " Those that are in,  
" may abide in; and those that are out, may  
" abide

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 75

“ abide out: yet to me, those that are in shall  
“ be as those that are out, and those that are  
“ out shall be as those that are in.”

I am indifferent as to all those matters, but  
I miss you as much as I did the first day, when  
(with a short sigh) I parted. Wherever you  
are, (or on the mountains of Wales, or on the  
coast of Dublin,

*Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,  
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris—)*

I am, and ever shall be Yours, &c.

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LETTER XVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 17, 1726.

**A**Bout ten days ago a Book was publish'd  
here of the Travels of one Gulliver,  
which hath been the conversation of the whole  
town ever since: The whole impression sold in  
a week; and nothing is more diverting than to  
hear the different opinions people give of it,  
though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis  
generally said that you are the Author; but I  
am told, the Bookseller declares, he knows not  
from what hand it came. From the highest

to