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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

XXIII. On Dr. Swift's second departure for Ireland.

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FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 89

fations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done fome mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this; She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vex'd at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of 'em, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER XXIII.

Oct. 2, 1727.

I T is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to say to you; I only

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only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that 'tis almost as good to be hated as to be loved, confidering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themfelves fo utterly impotent to do any good or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as foon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was forry to find you could think yourfelf easier in any house than in mine, tho' at the fame time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it feem'd to want that tenderness. I can't explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure: For the last time I faw you, you affured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I don't find it did fo. I never comply'd so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so intirely from you:

nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that before you went, we shou'd meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite forry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we shall have something better than even a friend, there, but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleas'd and happy, as every friend you went from is forry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV. From Dr. Swift.

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

Have been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home; I have there a large house, and servants and conveniencies about me. I may be worse than I am, and I have

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