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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**

XXIV. From Dr. Swift: His reasons for departing.

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FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 91

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 sorry 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 sorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

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LETTER XXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

I 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

no

no where to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know no-body alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wish'd that God almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unfociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the Inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleased God that you are not in a state  
of

of health, to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see any body, and here is a large house where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my Agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accounts; so that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which Nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall-landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the Preacher

said, “ the day of judgment was nearer, than  
“ ever it had been before.”

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes; animam æquam tibi ipse parabis.* You see Horace wished for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the Court, till you do so too.

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R   X X V .

From Dr. S W I F T .

October 30, 1727.

**T**HE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay; but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the Post-office. In that Letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the Deanery, thro' many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the Antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness