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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

XXX. From Dr. Swift. Answer to the former: His situation in Ireland.

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110 LETTERS TO AND

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however if it silence these fellows ^b, it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom.

Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I Have with great pleasure shewn the New-England News-paper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a Cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for Historians. Mr. Gay's Opera hath been acted here twenty times, and my Lord Lieutenant tells me, it is very well perform'd; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon

^b It did, in a little time, effectually silence them.

that

that a man subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as Beef and Mutton for constant diet before Partridges: I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I or both are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland (*Quanquam O!*) and for England I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible, whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will

will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly house-keeper, who hath been my *W-lp-le* above thirty years, whenever I liv'd in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villa's near this town: You have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of Liberty, which as it neither fours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*—there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggar's Opera hath done its task, *discedat uti conviva satur*.

Adieu.

L E T T E R XXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

June 1, 1728.

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar Triumvirate, who have
I
nothing