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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

LXXII. From Dr. Swift. The answer. Of of his own amusements, the Essay on Man, and Lord B's writing.

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to Writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip Metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted Eye, and never bewilder themselves whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale & me ama.*

LETTER LXXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 1, 1734.

I Have yours with my Lord B——'s Postscript of September 15: it was long on its way, and for some weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant,

or to want right notions of friendship, but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord B. says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your speculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter, or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children or school-boys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man: although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three Treatises, that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My lord B. said in his postscript, that you would go to Bath in three days: we since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well, and so did
some

some others whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the free-hold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in Morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice, I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— said to me on that occasion, How a Judge here, who knows you, told him that on the first reading those Essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: On the second most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased: On the third he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My lord B——'s attempt of reducing Metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking, and

as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live: It saves your money, and my time; and he being your Genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his Metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

L E T T E R

LETTER LXXIII.

Twickenham, Decemb. 19, 1734.

I Am truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think (I know you will, for you have all the candor of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are stept a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembring every thing that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we pass'd together dwell always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glympse of a better life and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annex'd to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journeys this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborow, who upon every occasion commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days be-