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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

LXXVIII. From Dr. Swift. On the death of friends. What sort of popularity he has in Ireland. Against the general corruption.

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LETTER LXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 9, 1735-6.

I Cannot properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name, such a havock have Time, Death, Exile, and Oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-servants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my visiters come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we mis-call their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the Gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility,

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of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any Lord Temporal or Spiritual in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own Cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable Corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *Singula de nobis anni, &c.* You have put them in a strong and admirable light; but however I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten-thousand enemies. I never saw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarry'd. — I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving: For Youth is the season of Virtue; Corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you^a to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their Virtue, when they leave you and go into the world; how long will their spirit of indepen-

^a He was mistaken.

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dency last against the temptations of future Ministers, and future Kings.—As to the new Lord Lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 7, 1735-6.

IT is some time since I dined at the bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life both as a Philosopher and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give

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