



## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

### **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**

LXXXVI. From Dr. Swift. Reasons that obstruct his coming to England. Desires to be remembered in Mr. Pope's Epistles. Many of Mr. Pope's letters to him lost, and by what means.

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FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 299

our last days easy, and leave some sort of Monument, what Friends two Wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

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L E T T E R LXXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

**I**T is true, I owe you some letters, but it has pleased God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability, for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together; this deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham; for deafness being not a frequent disorder, hath no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to change me with being in your debt;

debt; which by your way of reckoning I must always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your Epistles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of Morality, even in the poetical way; and should have wondred more, if Nature and Education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy. “ All the letters  
 “ I can find of yours, I have fastened in a folio  
 “ cover, and the rest in bundles endors’d: But,  
 “ by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six  
 “ years, of which I can find no copies; and  
 “ yet I keep them with all possible care: But,  
 “ I have been forced, on three or four occasions,  
 “ to send all my papers to some friends;  
 “ yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles,  
 “ to some faithful friends; however, what  
 “ I have are not much above sixty.” I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: None of them have any thing to do with Party, of which you are the clearest of all men by your Religion, and the whole tenour of your life; while I am raging every moment against the Corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this; such is my weakness.

I have read your Epistle of Horace to Augustus: it was sent me in the English Edition,

as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for Ironies in it; the four folks think they have found out some: But your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain, that the Profession of friendship to Me in the same poem, will not suffer you to be thought a Flatterer. My happiness is that you are too far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I dyed the object of Court and Party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the Epic Poem called Leonidas, which is re-printing here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently good Poems of late from London. I have just read one upon Conversation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who, like the Orator or Preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper. I am, my dearest friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER