



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 Second of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

XXXIX. From Dr. Swift to the Earl of Peterborow.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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L E T T E R XXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to the E. of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

I Never knew or heard of any person so volatile, and so fix'd as your Lordship: You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced Courts to act against their oldest, and most constant maxims; to make you a General because you had courage and conduct; an Ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an
Admiral

Admiral on account of your skill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the usual method of Court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the Army, and you of the Church, or rather a Curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your Lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's Ministry us'd to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no house. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure in this scoundrel country, of going about, and shewing my depending Parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R