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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

XIX. On the same subject from Mr. Pope. Advice against party-writing.

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Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but your self.

You tell us your Wine is bad, and that the Clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of Your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Nov. 16, 1726.

I Have resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others^a, like useles depend-

^a This was occasioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friends Chariot; which in passing a bridge was overturned, and thrown with the horses into the River. The glasses being up, and Mr. Pope unable to break them, he was

in immediate danger of drowning, when the postillion, who had just recovered himself, beat the glass, which lay uppermost to pieces: a fragment of which cut one of Mr. Pope's hands very desperately.

ents,

ents, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for 'em—I congratulate you first upon what you call your Cousin's wonderful Book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen, is delightful; I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I've never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book: some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a Satire: but none, that I hear of, accuse it of particular reflections (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of Critics, you know, always are desirous to apply Satire to those they envy for being above them) so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte receiv'd the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropp'd at his house in the dark, from a Hackney-coach: by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so, for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I am

I am pleas'd with the nature and quality of your Present to the Princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determin'd to be National in every thing, even in your civilities? you are the greatest Politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational Politician, there's no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

Another thing, in which you have pleas'd me, was what you say to Mr. P. by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: But God forbid an honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about Politics at all (but perhaps 'tis full as wise to play the fool any other way) surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity

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and

and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow, no man is more affectionate toward you. Don't fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon, for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

L E T T E R X X .

From D r . S W I F T .

Dublin, Nov. 17, 1726.

I Am just come from answering a Letter of Mrs. H—'s writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a Book had not been sent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you say so much in yours. I read the Book over, and in the second volume observe several passages, which appear to be patch'd and altered^a, and the style of a different sort (unless I am much mis-

^a This was the fact, which is complained of and redress'd in the Dublin Edition of the Dean's works.

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