



## 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**

XXII. The answer. On the same subjects.

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FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 87

fore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, doctè Trebati, Dissentis.*

Your's, &c.

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L E T T E R XXII.

March 8, 1726-7.

**M**R. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our Miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleas'd with this joint-volume, in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned Authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought: but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner; diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of Verses, but I would chuse to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguish'd for ours, from other writers. There's no end of making Books, So-

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lomon said, and above all of making Miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the Elect, I should not care to be one of the Twelve-thousand signed.

You receiv'd, I hope, some commendatory verses from a Horse and a Lillipputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic Epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The Bookseller would fain have printed 'em before the second Edition of the Book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You see how much like a Poet I write, and yet if you were with us, you'd be deep in Politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpose, but therefore the more warm and the more angry: *Non nostrum est, Tantas componere lites.* I stay at Twitnam, without so much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry Pamphlets: Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season, but my hand (tho', as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very aukward  
sensa-

fations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this; She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vex'd at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of 'em, and I forgive you this one.

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L E T T E R XXIII.

Oct. 2, 1727.

**I**T is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to say to you; I  
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