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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**

XLII. Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope. Concerning the Dunciad, and of his situation of life.

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acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*, I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age, through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you, it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The D— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

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L E T T E R XLII,

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 31, 1729.

YOU were so careful of sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, Text and Comment; but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing

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of it, for we have an octavo of our own, which hath sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord B. and tell him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loss for a frolick, I will fly as soon as build; I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience for such amusements. The frolick is gone off, and I am only 100 *l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds of species in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our Absentees, as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what, I believe, I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100 *l.* *per Annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends, I would  
not

not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B—— about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paultry figure in the station I am; but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondred how you were able to live with your whole little revenue.

Adieu.

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L E T T E R XLIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 19, 1729.

I Find that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima*. I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I lov'd you almost twenty years ago, I thought of you as well as I do now, better was beyond the power

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