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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

LXXVII. From Dr. Swift. Of writing letters: Several of the ancients writ them to publish. Of his own letters. The care he shall take of Mr. Pope's to prevent their being printed.

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FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 273

of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, tho' younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 21, 1735.

I Answer'd your letter relating to Curl, &c. I believe my letters have escap'd being publish'd, because I writ nothing but Nature and Friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observ'd that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the Entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting: Now I must tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holy-head, for I will not lie in a Country of slaves. It pleaseth me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of

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your

your Philosophy; your Muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise, I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day; yet is my health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night: My best way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord—? methinks, I am enquiring after a Tulip of last year.—“You need not apprehend
 “any Cull’s meddling with your letters to
 “me; I will not destroy them, but have or-
 “der’d my Executors to do that office.” I have a thousand things more to say, *longævitæ est garrula*, but I must remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I spend to tell you so; I am ever, dearest Sir, Your,
 &c.

LETTER