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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

Letters Of Mr. Pope To Mr. Warburton.

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LETTERS

O F

Mr. POPE

T O

Mr. WARBURTON.

LETTER XCVII.

April 11, 1739.

I Have just received from Mr. R. two more of your *Letters*^a. It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this, but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your *Third Letter*, which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. Crouzaz^b ought never to have another answerer, and deserved not so good an one. I can only say, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, so odd

^a Commentaries on the *Essay on Man*.

^b A German professor, who

wrote remarks upon the philosophy of that *Essay*.

as the expression seems, for you have made my system as clear as I ought to have done and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified. I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I meant just what you explain, but I did not explain my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself, but you express me better than I could express myself. Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgments. I cannot but with these letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part, at least, of all them into French^c; but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion, &c.

L E T T E R XCVIII.

May 26, 1739.

THE dissipation in which I am obliged to live through many degrees of civil obligation, which ought not to rob a man of him-

^c They were all translated into that language by a French gentleman of condition, who is now in an eminent station in his own country.

Y 3

self

self who passes for an independent one, and yet make me every body's servant more than my own: This, Sir, is the occasion of my silence to you, to whom I really have more obligation than to almost any man. By writing, indeed, I propos'd no more than to tell you my sense of it: As to any corrections of your *Letters* I could make none, but what result'd from inverting the Order of them, and those expressions relating to myself which I thought exaggerated. I could not find a word to alter in the last letter, which I return'd immediately to the Bookseller. I must particularly thank you for the mention you have made of me in your Postscript^a to the last Edition of the *Legation of Moses*. I am much more pleas'd with a compliment that links me to a virtuous Man, and by the best similitude, that of a good mind (even a better and stronger tye than the similitude of studies) than I could be proud of any other whatsoever. May that independency, charity, and competency attend you, which sets a good priest above a bishop, and truly makes his Fortune; that is, his happiness in this life as well as in the other.

^a He means, a *Vindication of the Author of the Divine Legation*, against some papers in the Weekly Miscel-

lany: in which the Editor applied to his own case those lines in the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,

Me let the tender office long engage, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XCIX.

Twitenham, Sept. 20, 1729.

I Received with great pleasure the paper you sent me; and yet with greater, the prospect you give me of a nearer acquaintance with you when you come to Town. I shall hope what part of your time you can afford me, amongst the number of those who esteem you, will be past rather in this place than in London; since it is here only I live as I ought, *mibi et amicis*. I therefore depend on your promise; and so much as my constitution suffers by the winter, I yet assure you, such an acquisition will make the spring much the more welcome to me, when it is to bring you hither, *cum zephyris et hirundine prima*.

As soon as Mr. R. can transmit to me an entire copy of your *Letters*, I wish he had your leave so to do; that I may put the book into the hands of a French gentleman to translate, who, I hope, will not subject your work to as much ill-grounded criticism, as my French translator^a has subjected mine. In earnest, I am extremely obliged to you, for thus espousing the cause of a stranger whom you judged

^a *Resnel*, on whose very faulty and absurd translation | Crouzaz founded his only plausible objections.

to be injured; but my part, in this sentiment, is the least. The generosity of your conduct deserves esteem, your zeal for truth deserves affection from every candid man: And as such, were I wholly out of the case, I should esteem and love you for it. I will not therefore use you so ill as to write in the general style of compliment; it is below the dignity of the occasion: and I can only say (which I say with sincerity and warmth) that you have made me, &c.

LETTER C.

Jan. 4, 1739.

IT is a real truth that I should have written to you oftener, if I had not a great respect for you, and owed not a great debt to you. But it may be no unnecessary thing to let you know that most of my friends also pay you their thanks; and some of the most knowing, as well as most candid Judges think me as much beholden to you as I think myself. Your *Letters*^a meet from such with the Approbation they merit, and I have been able to find but two or three very slight Inaccuracies in the

^a On the *Essay on Man*.

whole book, which I have, upon their observation, altered in an exemplar which I keep against a second Edition. My very uncertain state of health, which is shaken more and more every winter, drove me to Bath and Bristol two months since; and I shall not return towards London till February. But I have received nine or ten Letters from thence on the success of your book^b, which they are earnest to have translated. One of them is begun in France. A French gentleman, about Monsieur Cambis the Ambassador, hath done the greatest part of it here. But I will retard the Impression till I have your directions, or till I can have a pleasure I earnestly wish for, to meet you in town, where you gave me some hopes you sometimes pass'd a part of the spring, for the best reason, I know, of ever visiting it, the conversation of a few Friends. Pray, suffer me to be what you have made me, one of them, and let my house have its share of you: or, if I can any way be instrumental in accommodating you in town during your stay, I have lodgings and a library or two in my disposal; which, I believe, I need not offer to a man to whom all libraries ought to be open, or to one who wants them so little; but that 'tis possible you may be as much a stranger to this

^b The Commentary on the Essay on Man.

town.

town, as I wish with all my heart I was. I see by certain squibs in the *Miscellanies*^c that you have as much of the uncharitable spirit pour'd out upon you, as the Author you defended from Crouzaz. I only wish you gave them no other answer than that of the sun to the frogs, shining out, in your second book, and the completion of your argument. No man is, as he ought to be, more, or so much a friend to your merit and character as, Sir,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R C I.

Jan. 17, 1739-40.

THough I writ to you two posts ago, I ought to acknowledge now a new and unexpected favour of the Remarks on the fourth epistle^a; which (though I find by yours, attending them, they were sent last month) I received but this morning. This was occasioned by no fault of Mr. R. but the neglect, I believe, of the person to whose care he consigned them. I have been full three months

^c The Weekly Miscellany, by Dr. Webster, Dr. Waterland, Dr. Stebbing,

Mr. Venn, and others.

^a Of the *Essay on Man*.

about

about Bath and Bristol, endeavouring to amend a complaint which more or less has troubled me all my life: I hope the regimen this has obliged me to, will make the remainder of it more philosophical, and improve my resignation to part with it at last. I am preparing to return home, and shall then revise what my French gentleman has done, and add *this* to it. He is the same person who translated the *Essay* into prose, which Mr. Crouzaz should have profited by, who, I am really afraid, when I lay the circumstances all together, was moved to his proceeding in so very unreasonable a way, by some malice either of his own, or some other's: tho' I was very willing, at first, to impute it to ignorance or prejudice. I see nothing to be added to your work; only some commendatory Deviations from the Argument itself, in my favour, I ought to think might be omitted.

I must repeat my urgent desire to be previously acquainted with the precise time of your visit to London; that I may have the pleasure to meet a man in the manner I would, whom I must esteem one of the greatest of my Benefactors. I am, with the most grateful and affectionate regard, &c.

LETTER

LETTER CII.

April 16, 1740.

YOU could not give me more pleasure than by your short letter, which acquaints me that I may hope to see you so soon. Let us meet like men who have been many years acquainted with each other, and whose friendship is not to begin, but continue. All forms should be past, when people know each other's mind so well: I flatter myself you are a man after my own heart, who seeks content only from within, and says to greatness, *Tuas habeto tibi res, egomet habebo meas*. But as it is but just your other friends should have some part of you, I insist on my making you the first visit in London; and thence, after a few days, to carry you to Twittenham, for as many as you can afford me. If the press be to take up any part of your time, the sheets may be brought you hourly thither by my waterman: and you will have more leisure to attend to any thing of that sort than in town. I believe also I have most of the Books you can want, or can easily borrow them. I earnestly desire a line may be left at Mr. R.'s, where and when I shall call upon you, which I will daily enquire for, whether I chance to be here, or in the country.

Believe

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 333

Believe me, Sir, with the truest regard, and
the sincerest wish to deserve

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R C I I I .

Twittenham, June 24, 1740.

IT is true that I am a very unpunctual correspondent, tho' no unpunctual agent or friend; and that, in the commerce of words, I am both poor and lazy. Civility and Compliment generally are the goods that letter-writers exchange, which, with honest men, seems a kind of illicite trade, by having been, for the most part carried on, and carried furthest by designing men. I am therefore reduced to plain enquiries, how my friend does, and what he does? and to repetitions, which I am afraid to tire him with, *how much I love him*. Your two kind letters gave me real satisfaction, in hearing you were safe and well; and in shewing me you took kindly my unaffected endeavours to prove my esteem for you, and delight in your conversation. Indeed my languid state of health, and frequent deficiency of spirits, together with a number of dissipations, *et aliena negotia centum*, all conspire to throw a faintness and cool appearance over my
conduct

conduct to those I best love; which I perpetually feel, and grieve at: But in earnest, no man is more deeply touched with merit in general, or with particular merit towards me, in any one. You ought therefore in both views to hold yourself what you are to me in my opinion and affection; so high in each, that I may perhaps seldom attempt to tell it you. The greatest justice, and favour too that you can do me, is to take it for granted.

Do not therefore commend my talents, but instruct me by your own. I am not really learned enough to be a judge in works of the nature and depth of yours. But I travel thro' your book as thro' an amazing scene of ancient Egypt or Greece; struck with veneration and wonder; but at every step wanting an instructor to tell me all I wish to know. Such you prove to me in the walks of antiquity; and such you will prove to all mankind: but with this additional character, more than any other searcher into antiquities, that of a genius equal to your pains, and of a taste equal to your learning.

I am obliged greatly to you, for what you have projected at Cambridge, in relation to my *Essay*^a; but more for the motive which did

^a Mr. Pope desired the | translation of the *Essay on*
 editor to procure a good | *Man* into latin prose.
 originally

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 335

originally, and does consequentially in a manner, animate all your goodness to me, the opinion you entertain of my honest intention in that piece, and your zeal to demonstrate me no irreligious man. I was very sincere with you in what I told you of my own opinion of my own character as a poet^b, and, I think I may conscientiously say, I shall die in it. I have nothing to add, but that I hope sometimes to hear you are well, as you certainly shall now and then hear the best I can tell you of myself.

L E T T E R C I V .

Oct. 27, 1740.

I Am grown so bad a correspondent, partly thro' the weakness of my eyes, which has much increased of late, and partly thro' other disagreeable accidents (almost peculiar to me) that my oldest as well as best friends are reasonable enough to excuse me. I know you are of the number who deserve all the testimonies of any sort, which I can give you of esteem and friendship; and I confide in you, as a man of candour enough, to know it cannot be otherwise, if I am an honest one. So I will say no more on this head, but proceed to thank

^a See his life.

you

you for your constant memory of whatever may be serviceable or reputable to me. The Translation,^a you are a much better judge of than I, not only because you understand my work better than I do myself, but as your continued familiarity with the learned languages, makes you infinitely more a master of them. I would only recommend that the Translator's attention to Tully's Latinity may not preclude his usage of some *Terms* which may be more *precise* in modern philosophy than such as he could serve himself of, especially in matters metaphysical. I think this specimen close enough, and clear also, as far as the classical phrases allow; from which yet I would rather he sometimes deviated, than suffered the sense to be either dubious or clouded too much. You know my mind perfectly as to the intent of such a version, and I would have it accompanied with your own remarks translated, such only I mean as are general, or explanatory of those passages, which are concise to any degree of obscurity, or which demand perhaps too minute an attention in the reader.

I have been unable to make the Journey I designed to Oxford, and Lord Bathurst's, where I hoped to have made you of the party. I am going to Bath for near two months. Yet

^a Of his *Essay on Man* into latin prose.

pray

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 337

pray let nothing hinder me sometimes from hearing you are well. I have had that contentment from time to time from Mr. G.

Scriblerus^b will or will not be published, according to the event of some other papers coming, or not coming out, which it will be my utmost endeavour to hinder^c. I will not give you the pain of acquainting you what they are. Your simile of B. and his nephew, would make an excellent epigram. But all Satire is become so ineffectual (when the last step that Virtue can stand upon, *shame*, is taken away) that Epigram must expect to do nothing even in its own little province, and upon its own little subjects. Adieu. Believe I wish you nearer us; the only power I wish, is that of attaching, and at the same time supporting, such congenial bodies as you are to, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R C V.

Bath, Feb. 4. 1740-1.

IF I had not been made by many accidents so sick of letter-writing, as to be almost

^b The *Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

^c The letters published by Dr. Swift.

Z

afraid

afraid of the shadow of my own pen, you would be the person I should ofteneft pour myself out to: indeed for a good reason, for you have given me the strongest proofs of understanding, and accepting, my meaning in the best manner; and of the candour of your heart, as well as the clearness of your head. My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I must just mention the two greatest I now have. They have printed in Ireland, my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the strangest circumstance) by his own consent and direction^a, without acquainting me till it was done. The other is one that will continue with me till some prosperous event to your service shall bring us nearer to each other. I am not content with those glympses of you, which a short spring visit affords; and from which you carry nothing away with you but my sighs and wishes, without any real benefit.

I am heartily glad of the advancement of your *second Volume*^b; and particularly of the *Digressions*, for they are *so much more of you*; and I can trust your judgment enough to depend upon their being pertinent. You will, I ques-

^a *N.B.* This was the strongest resentment he ever express'd of this indiscretion of his old friend, as being persuaded that it proceeded from

no ill-will to him, tho' it expos'd him to the ill-will of others.

^b *Of the Divine Legation.*

tion.

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 339

tion not, verify the good proverb, that the furthest way about, is the nearest way home: and much better than plunging thro' thick and thin, *more Theologorum*; and persisting in the same old track, where so many have either broken their necks, or come off very lamely.

This leads me to thank you for that very entertaining, and, I think, instructive story of Dr. W***, who was, in this, the image of***, who never admit of any remedy from a hand they dislike. But I am sorry he had so much of the modern Christian rancour, as, I believe, he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of Heaven is not for such.

I am just returning to London, and shall the more impatiently expect your book's appearance, as I hope you will follow it; and that I may have as happy a month thro' your means as I had the last spring.

I am, &c.

LETTER CVI.

April 14, 1741.

YOU are every way kind to me; in your partiality to what is tolerable in me; and in your freedom where you find me in an error. Such, I own, is the instance given of—

Z 2

You

You owe me much friendship of this latter fort, having been too profuse of the former.

I think every day a week till you come to town, which, Mr. G. tells me, will be in the beginning of the next month: When, I expect, you will contrive to be as beneficial to me as you can, by passing with me as much time as you can: every day of which it will be my fault if I do not make of some use to me, as well as pleasure. This is all I have to tell you, and, be assured, my sincerest esteem and affection are yours.

L E T T E R C V I I .

Twitenham, Aug. 12, 1741.

THE general indisposition I have to writing, unless upon a belief of the necessity or use of it, must plead my excuse in not doing it to you. I know it is not (I feel it is not) needful to repeat assurances of the true and constant friendship and esteem I bear you. Honest and ingenuous minds are sure of each other's; the tye is mutual and solid. The use of writing letters resolves wholly into the gratification given and received in the knowledge of each other's welfare: Unless I ever should be so fortunate (and a rare fortune it would be)

to

to be able to procure, and acquaint you of, some real benefit done you by my means. But Fortune seldom suffers one disinterested man to serve another. 'Tis too much an insult upon her to let two of those who most despise her favours, be happy in them at the same time, and in the same instance. I wish for nothing so much at her hands, as that she would permit some great Person or other to remove you nearer the banks of the Thames; tho' very lately a nobleman, whom you esteem much more than you know, had destined &c.—

I thank you heartily for your hints; and am afraid if I had more of them, not on this only, but on other subjects, I should break my resolution, and become an author anew: nay a new author, and a better than I yet have been; or God forbid I should go on jingling only the same bells!

I have received some chagrin at the delay of your Degree at Oxon^a. As for mine, I will

^a This relates to an accidental affair which happened this summer, in a ramble that Mr. P. and Mr. W. took together, in which Oxford fell in their way, where they parted; Mr. P. after one day's stay going westward, and Mr. W. who staid a day after him, to vi-

fit the dean of C. C. returning to London. On this day the Vice-chancellor, the Rev. Dr. L. sent him a message to his lodgings, by a person of eminence in that place, with an usual compliment, to know if a Doctor's degree in Divinity would be acceptable to him; to which

die before I receive one, in an art I am ignorant of, at a place where there remains any scruple of bestowing one on you, in a science of which you are so great a master. In short, I will be doctor'd with you, or not at all. I am sure, wherever honour is not conferred on the deserving, there can be none given to the undeserving; no more from the hands of Priests, than of Princes. Adieu. God give you all *true blessings.*

LETTER CVIII.

Sept. 20, 1741.

IT is not my friendship, but the discernment of that nobleman^a I mentioned, which you are to thank for his intention to serve you. And his judgment is so uncontroverted, that it would really be a pleasure to you to owe him any thing; instead of a shame, which often is the case in the favours of men of that rank. I am sorry I can only wish you well, and not do myself honour in doing you any good. But I

such an answer was returned as so civil a message deserved. About this time, Mr. Pope had the same offer made him of a Doctor's de-

gree in Law. And to the issue of that unasked and unsought compliment these words allude.

^a Lord Chesterfield.

comfort

comfort myself when I reflect, few men could make you happier, none more deserving than you have made yourself.

I don't know how I have been betray'd into a paragraph of this kind. I ask your pardon, tho' it be truth, for saying so much.—

If I can prevail on myself to complete^b the Dunciad, it will be published at the same time with a general edition of all my Verses (for Poems I will not call them) and, I hope, your Friendship to me will be then as well known, as my being an Author; and go down together to Posterity. I mean to as much of Posterity as poor moderns can reach to; where the Commentator (as usual) will lend a crutch to the weak Poet to help him to limp a little further, than he could on his own feet. We shall take our degree together in Fame, whatever we do at the University: And I tell you once more^c, I will not have it there without you.—

^b He had then communicated his intention to the Editor, of adding a fourth book to it.

^c This was occasioned by the editor's requesting him not to slight the honour ready to be done him by the

University: and especially, not to decline it on the Editor's account, who had no reason to think the affront done him the act of that illustrious body, but the contrivance of two or three particulars.

LETTER CIX.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1741.

I Am always naturally sparing of my letters to my Friends; for a reason I think a great one; that it is needless after experience, to repeat assurances of Friendship; and no less irksome to be searching for words, to express it over and over. But I have more calls than one for this letter. First, to express a satisfaction at your resolution not to keep up the ball of dispute with Dr. M. tho', I am satisfied, you could have done it; and to tell you that Mr. L. is pleased at it too, who writes me word upon this occasion, that he must infinitely esteem a Divine, and an Author who loves Peace better than Victory. Secondly, I am to recommend to you as an author, a bookseller in the room of the honest one you have lost, Mr. G. and I know none who is so worthy, and has so good a title in that character to succeed him as Mr. Knapton. But my third motive of now troubling you is my own proper interest and pleasure. I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy even in my own house, *vacare literis*. It is at this place, that your exhortations may be most effectual, to make me resume the studies I have almost laid aside, by
perpetual

perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable for you to pass a month or six weeks from home, it is here I could wish to be with you: And if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amusement of commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit, than that of aiming by his moral strokes to merit some regard from such men as advance Truth and Virtue in a more effectual way; in either case, this place and this house would be an inviolable asylum to you, from all you would desire to avoid, in so public a scene as Bath. The worthy man, who is the master of it, invites you in the strongest terms; and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be serviceable to your complaints (as I believe from what you have told me of them) no opportunity can ever be better. It is just the best season. We are told the Bishop of Salisbury is expected here daily, who, I know, is your friend: at least, though a bishop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You see I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance, in which, however,

however, I will not think myself light, since I have known your partiality. You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. Here is a Library and a Gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr. ALLEN tells me, you might on horseback be here in three days; it is less than 100 miles from Newarke, the road through Leicester, Stow in the Wolde in Gloucestershire, and Cirencester by Lord Bathurst's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency.

Is all this a dream? or can you make it a reality? can you give ear to me?

*Audistin' ? an me ludit amabilis
Infania ?*

Dear Sir, adieu; and give me a line to Mr. Allen's at Bath. God preserve you ever.

L E T T E R C X.

Nov. 22, 1741.

YOurs is very full and very kind, it is a friendly and satisfactory answer, and all I can desire. Do but instantly fulfil it.—Only
I hope

F R O M D R. S W I F T, etc. 347

I hope this will find you before you set out. For I think (on all considerations) your best way will be to take London in your way. It will secure you from accidents of weather to travel in the coach, both thither, and from thence hither. But in particular, I think you should take some care as to Mr. G.'s executors. And I am of opinion, no man will be more serviceable in settling any such accounts than Mr. Knapton, who so well knows the trade, and is of so acknowledged a credit in it. If you can stay but a few days there, I should be glad; tho' I would not have you omit any necessary thing to yourself. I wish too you would just see * * *, tho' when you have pass'd a month here, it will be time enough, for all we have to do in town, and they will be less busy, probably, than just before the Session's opens, to think of men of letters.

When you are in London I beg a line from you, in which pray tell us what day you shall arrive at Bath by the coach, that we may send to meet you, and bring you hither.

You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the master of this house; and by sharing with me, what I think one of the chief satisfactions of my life, his Friendship. But whether I shall owe you any

any in contributing to make me a scribler again^a, I know not.

L E T T E R C X I.

April 23, 1742.

MY letters are so short, partly because I could by no length of *writings* (not even by such as lawyers write) convey to you more than you have already of my heart and esteem; and partly because I want time and eyes. I can't sufficiently tell you both my pleasure and my gratefulness, in and for your two last letters, which shew your zeal so strong for that piece of my idleness, which was literally written only to keep *me* from sleeping in a dull winter, and perhaps to make others sleep unless awaken'd by my Commentator; no uncommon case among the learned. I am every day in expectation of Lord Bolingbroke's arrival: with whom I shall seize all the hours I can; for his stay (I fear by what he writes) will be very short.—I do not think it impossible but he may go to Bath for a few weeks, to see (if he

^a He had concerted the plan of the fourth book of the *Dunciad* with the Editor the summer before; and had

now written a great part of it; which he was willing the Editor should see.

be

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 349

be then alive, as yet he is) his old servant—
In that case I think to go with him, and if
it should be at a season when the waters are
beneficial (which agree particularly with him
too) would it be an impossibility to meet you
at Mr. Allen's? whose house, you know, and
heart are yours. Tho' this is a mere chance, I
should not be sorry you saw so great a genius,
tho' he and you were never to meet again.—
Adieu. The world is not what I wish it; but
I will not repent being in it while two or three
live.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXII.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1742.

THIS will shew you I am still with our
friend, but it is the last day; and I would
rather you heard of me pleased, as I yet am,
than chagrin'd as I shall be in a few hours. We
are both pretty well. I wish you had been
more explicite if your leg be quite well. You
say no more than that you got home well. I
expect a more particular account of you when
you have repos'd yourself a while at your own
fire-side. I shall inquire as soon as I am in
London,

I

London, which of my friends have seen you? There are two or three who knew how to value you: I wish I was as sure they would study to serve you.—A project has arisen in my head to make you, in some measure, the Editor of this new edition of the *Dunciad*^a, if you have no scruple of owning some of the graver notes, which are now added^b to those of Dr. Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude, or advertisement to the public, of your *Commentaries on the Essays on Man*, and on *Criticism*, which I propose to print next in another volume proportioned to this. I only doubt whether an avowal of these notes to so ludicrous a poem be suitable to a character so established as yours for more serious studies. It was a sudden thought since we parted; and I would have you treat it as no more; and tell me if it is not better to be suppress'd; freely and friendlily. I have a particular reason to make you interest yourself in me and my writings. It will cause both them and me to make the better figure to posterity. A very mediocre poet, one Drayton, is yet taken some notice of, because SELDEN writ a few notes on one of his poems.—

^a That is, of the four books complete. | books, and distinguished in this edition of his works.

^b Added in the three first

Adieu.

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 351

Adieu. May every domestic happiness make you unwilling to remove from home; and may every friend, you do that kindness for, treat you so as to make you forget you are not at home.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXIII.

Dec. 28, 1742.

I Have always so many things to take kindly of you, that I don't know which to begin to thank you for. I was willing to conclude our whole account of the *Dunciad*, at least, and therefore staid till it was finished. The encouragement you gave me to add the fourth book first determined me to do so; and the approbation you seem'd to give it was what singly determined me to print it. Since that, your Notes and your Discourse in the name of Aristarchus have given its last finishings and ornaments.—I am glad you will refresh the *memory* of such readers as have no other faculty to be readers, especially of such works as the *Divine Legation*. But I hope you will not take too much notice of another and duller sort; those who become writers thro' malice, and must die whenever you please to shine out in
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the completion of the Work: which I wish were now your only answer to any of them: except you will make use of that short and excellent one you gave me in the story of the *reading-glass*.

The world here grows very busy. About what time is it you think of being amongst us? My health, I fear, will confine me, whether in town or here, so that I may expect more of your company as one good resulting out of evil.

I write, you know, very laconically. I have but one formula which says every thing to a Friend, "I am yours, and beg you to continue "mine." Let me not be ignorant (you can prevent my being so of *any thing*, but first and principally) of your health and well being; and depend on my sense of all the *Kindness* over and above all the *Justice* you shall ever do me.

I never read a thing with more pleasure than an additional sheet to ^a Jervas's preface to Don Quixote. Before I got over two paragraphs I cried out, *Aut Erasmus aut diabolus!* I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the Gods by the first pace and the very gait. I have not a moment to express myself in, but could not omit this which delighted me so greatly.

^a On the origine of the books of Chivalry.

My

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 353

My Law-suit with L. is at an end.—Adieu!
Believe no man can be more yours. Call me
by any title you will but a *Doctor of Oxford*;
Sit tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui.

LETTER CXIV.

Jan. 18, 1742.

I Am forced to grow every day more laconic
in my letters, for my eyesight grows every
day shorter and dimmer. Forgive me then that
I answer you summarily. I can even less bear an
equal part in a correspondence than in a conver-
sation with you. But be assured once for all, the
more I read of you, as the more I hear from you,
the better I am instructed and pleased. And
this misfortune of my own dulness, and my own
absence, only quickens my ardent wish that
some good fortune would draw you nearer, and
enable me to enjoy both, for a greater part of our
lives in this neighbourhood; and in such a situa-
tion, as might make more beneficial friends, than
I, esteem and enjoy you equally.—I have again
heard from Lord * * and another hand, that
the Lord I writ to you of, declares an intention
to serve you. My answer (which they re-
lated to him) was, that he would be sure of
your acquaintance for life, if once he served,

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or obliged you ; but that, I was certain, you would never trouble him with your expectation, tho' he would never get rid of your gratitude. —Dear Sir, adieu, and let me be sometimes certified of your health. My own is as usual ; and my affection the same, always yours.

L E T T E R X I X.

Twitenham, March 24, 1743.

I Write to you amongst the very few I now desire to have my Friends, merely, *Si valeas, valeo*. 'Tis in effect all I say : but it is very literally true, for I place all that makes my life desirable in their welfare. I may truly affirm, that vanity or interest have not the least share in any friendship I have ; or cause me now to cultivate that of any one man by any one letter. But if any motive should draw me to flatter a great man, it would be to save the friend I would have him serve from doing it. Rather than lay a deserving person under the necessity of it, I would hazard my own character and keep his in dignity. Tho', in truth, I live in a time when no measures of conduct influence the success of one's applications, and the best thing to trust to is chance and opportunity.

I only

I only meant to tell you, I am wholly yours, how few words so ever I make of it.—A greater pleasure to me is, that I chanced to make Mr. Allen so, who is not only worth more than — intrinsically ; but, I foresee, will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live. My confidence in any man less truly great than an honest one is but small.—

I have lived much by myself of late, partly thro' ill health, and partly to amuse myself with little improvements in my garden and house, to which possibly I shall (if I live) be soon more confined. When the *Dunciad* may be published I know not. I am more desirous of carrying on the best, that is your edition of the rest of the *Epistles* and *Essay on Criticism*, &c. I know it is there I shall be seen most to advantage. But I insist on one condition, that you never think of this when you can employ yourself in finishing that noble work of the *Divine Legation* (which is what, above all, *iterum iterumque monebo*) or any other useful scheme of your own. It would be a satisfaction to me at present only to hear that you have supported your health among these epidemical disorders, which, tho' not mortal to any of my friends, have afflicted almost every one.

LETTER XX.

June 5.

I Wish that, instead of writing to you once in two months, I could do you some service as often ; for I am arrived to an age when I am as sparing of words as most old men are of money, though I daily find less occasion for any. But I live in a time when benefits are not in the power of an honest man to bestow ; nor indeed of an honest man to receive, considering on what terms they are generally to be had. It is certain you have a full right to any I could do you, who not only monthly, but weekly of late, have loaded me with favours of that kind, which are most acceptable to veteran Authors ; those garlands which a Commentator weaves to hang about his Poet, and which are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too ; not blossoms springing from the dry Author.

It is very unreasonable after this, to give you a second trouble in revising the ^a *Essay on Homer*. But I look upon you as one sworn to suffer no errors in me : and tho' the common way with a Commentator be to erect them into beauties, the best office of a Critic is to correct and amend

^a The Editor did revise and correct it as it now stands in the last edition.

them.

them. There being a new edition coming out of *Homer*, I would willingly render it a little less defective, and the bookseller will not allow me time to do so myself.—

Lord B. returns to France very speedily, and it is possible I may go for three weeks or a month to Mr. Allen's in the summer; of which I will not fail to advertise you, if it suits your conveniency to be there and drink the waters more beneficially.

Forgive my scribbling so hastily and so ill. My eyes are at least as bad as my head: and it is with my heart only that I can pretend to be, to any real purpose, Your, &c.

L E T T E R XXI.

July 18.

YOU may well expect letters from me of thanks: but the kind attention you shew to every thing that concerns me is so manifest, and so repeated, that you cannot but tell yourself how necessarily I must pay them in my heart, which makes it almost impertinent to say so. Your alterations to the Preface and Essay^a are just; and none more obliging to me than where you prove your concern, that my notions in my first writings should not be repug-

^a Prefix'd to his *Homer's Iliad*.

nant to those in my last. And you will have the charity to think, when I was then in an error, it was not so much that I thought wrong or perversely, as that I had not thought sufficiently. What I could correct in the dissipated life I am forced to lead here, I have: and some there are which still want your help to be made as they should be.—Mr. Allen depends on you at the end of the next month or in September, and I will join him as soon as I can return from the other party. I believe not till September at soonest.—You will pardon me (dear Sir) for writing to you but just like an attorney or agent. I am more concerned for your Finances^b than your Fame; because the first, I fear, you will never be concerned about yourself; the second is secure to you already, and (whether you will or not) will follow you.

I have never said one word to you of the public. I have known the greater world too long to be very sanguine. But accidents and occasions may do what Virtue would not; and God send they may! Adieu. Whatever becomes of public Virtue, let us preserve our own poor share of the private. Be assured, if I have any, I am with a true sense of your merit and friendship, &c.

^b His debt from the Executor of Mr. G.

L E T T E R

LETTER CXVIII.

Oct. 7.

I Heartily thank you for yours, from which I learn'd your safe arrival. And that you you found all yours in health, was a kind addition to the account; as I truly am interested in whatever is, and deserves to be dear to you, and to make a part of your happiness. I have many reasons and experiences to convince me, how much you wish health to me, as well as long life to my writings. Could you make as much a better man of me as you can make a better author, I were secure of Immortality both here and hereafter by your means. The Dunciad I have ordered to be advertised in quarto. Pray order as many of them as you will; and know that whatever is mine is yours.

LETTER CXIX.

Jan. 12, 1743.

AN unwillingness to write nothing to you, whom I respect; and worse than nothing (which would afflict you) to one who wishes me so well, has hitherto kept me silent. Of the Public I can tell you nothing worthy the reflection of a reasonable man; and of myself on-

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ly an account that would give you pain; for my asthma has increased every week since you last heard from me, to the degree of confining me totally to the fire-side; so that I have hardly seen any of my friends but two, who happen to be divided from the world as much as myself, and are constantly retired at Battersea. There I have past most of my time, and often wish'd you of the company, as the best I know to make me not regret the loss of all others, and to prepare me for a nobler scene than any mortal greatness can open to us. I fear by the account you gave me of the time you design to come this way, one of them (whom I much wish you had a glympse of) will be gone again, unless you pass some weeks in London before Mr. Allen arrives there in March. My present indisposition takes up almost all my hours, to render a very few of them supportable: yet I go on softly to prepare the great edition of my Things with your Notes, and as fast as I receive any from you, I add others in order.—

I am told the Laureat is going to publish a very abusive pamphlet. That is all I can desire; it is enough, if it be abusive and if it be his. He threatens you; but, I think, you will not fear or love him so much as to answer him, though you have answered one or two as dull. He will be more to me than a dose of hartshorn;

horn: and as a stink revives one who has been oppressed with perfumes, his railing will cure me of a course of flatteries.

I am much more concerned to hear that some of your Clergy are offended at a verse or two of mine^a, because I have a respect for *your* Clergy, (though the verses are harder upon *ours*.) But if they do not blame *you* for defending those verses, I will wrap myself up in the layman's cloak, and sleep under your shield.

I am sorry to find by a letter two posts since from Mr. Allen, that he is not quite recovered yet of all remains of his indisposition, nor Mrs. Allen quite well. Don't be discouraged from telling me how you are: for no man is more yours than, &c.

L E T T E R CXX.

IF I was not ashamed to be so behind hand with you, that I can never pretend to fetch it up (any more than I could in my present state, to overtake you in a race) I would particularize which of your letters I should have answered first. It must suffice to say I have received them all; and whatever very little re-

^a Ver. 355 to 358. second book of the Dunciad.

spites

spites I have had, from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in revising the papers *on the use of Riches*, which I would have ready for your last revise, against you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here.—I own, the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one, in a full resignation of my Being to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light, or so well turn their best side to the day as your own. This obliges me to confess I have for some months thought myself going, and that not slowly, down the hill. The rather as every attempt of the physicians, and still, the last medicines more forceable in their nature, have utterly fail'd to serve me. I was at last, about seven days ago, taken with so violent a fit at Battersea, that my friends Lord M. and Lord B. sent for present help to the surgeon; whose bleeding me, I am persuaded, saved my life, by the instantaneous effect it had; and
which

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which has continued so much to amend me, that I have pass'd five days without oppression, and recovered, what I have three months wanted, some degree of expectoration, and some hours together of sleep. I am now got to Twickenham, to try if the air will not take some part in reviving me, if I can avoid colds; and between that place and Battersea with my Lord B. I will pass what I have of life, while he stays (which I can tell you, to my great satisfaction will be this fortnight or three weeks yet.) What if you came before Mr. Allen, and staid till then, instead of postponing your journey longer? Pray, if you write, just tell him how ill I have been, or I had wrote again to him: But that I will do, the first day I find myself alone with pen, ink, and paper, which I can hardly be even here, or in any spirits yet to hold a pen. You see I say nothing, and yet this writing is labour to me.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXXI.

April 1744.

I Am sorry to meet you with so bad an account of myself, who should otherwise with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill
to

to be in town; and within this week so much worse, as to make my journey thither, at present, impracticable, even if there was no Proclamation in my way. I left the Town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition from the highest of all powers I must bow to without murmuring. I wish to see you here. Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th, and you will probably chuse to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours just now, and I writ to hinder—from printing the Comment on the *Use of Riches* too hastily, since what you write me, intending to have forwarded it otherwise, that you might revise it during your stay. Indeed my present weakness will make me less and less capable of any thing. I hope at least, now at first, to see you for a day or two here at Twitenham, and concert measures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendship^a.

I am, &c.

^a He died May 30. following.

[N. B. *The Originals, with which these letters have been collated by the Bookseller, are now in his hands.*]