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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

CV. His chagrine on somebody's having printed a new volume of his Letters in Ireland.

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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Scriblerus^b will or will not be published, according to the event of some other papers coming, or not coming out, which it will be my utmost endeavour to hinder^c. I will not give you the pain of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.

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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.

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—

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You