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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

Letter CXIII. On the same.

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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
the

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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