



## **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 Second of his Letters

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

Letter VII. From Mr. Blount.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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FROM EDW. BLOUNT, Esq. 21

ter. I parted from honest Mr. D\* with tenderness; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miseries to come, from which he is just going to be remov'd himself.

Perhaps, now I have learnt so far as

*Nos dulcia linquimus arva,*

my next lesson may be

*Nos Patriam fugimus.*

Let that, and all else be as Heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my Country well, and, if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

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L E T T E R VII.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

March 24, 1715-16.

**Y**OUR letters give me a gleam of satisfaction, in the midst of a very dark and cloudy situation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes must either be left, or



be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically speaking, I should lament the loss Windsor-forest and you sustain of each other, but that, methinks, one can't say you are parted, because you will live by and in one another, while verse is verse. This consideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you, since you have the pleasure of the prospect whenever you take it from your shelf, and at the same time the solid cash you sold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in those days, and which will make every place easy to you. I for my part am not so happy; my *parva rura* are fasten'd to me, so that I can't exchange them, as you have, for more portable means of subsistence; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *Patriam fugimus* supportable to me: 'tis what I am resolv'd on, with my *Penate*. If therefore you ask me, to whom you shall complain? I will exhort you to leave laziness and the elms of St. James's Park, and choose to join the other two proposals in one, safety and friendship (the least of which is a good motive for most things, as the other is for almost every thing) and go with me where War will not reach us, nor poultry Constables summon us to vestries.

The future epistle you flatter me with, will find me still here, and I think I may be here  
a month



FROM EDW. BLOUNT, Esq. 23

a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reasons to make me regret my home will be, that I shall not have the pleasure of saying to you,

*Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem,*

which would have render'd this place more agreeable, than ever it else could be to me; for I protest, it is with the utmost sincerity that I assure you, I am entirely,

Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R VIII.

June 22, 1717.

**I**F a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuse in behalf of a negligent correspondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot say whether 'tis a felicity or unhappiness, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole application to Homer; when without that employment, my thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the violence, madness, and resentment of modern War-makers<sup>a</sup>, which are likely to prove (to some

<sup>a</sup> This was written in the year of the affair of Preston. P.