



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

X. From the same. His love of the country. A passage in Tully. Of Shakespear, and the publication of Mr. Addison's works.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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L E T T E R X.

From the same.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOtwithstanding I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning: yet, I foresee, it will not reach you till Wednesday morning. And before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanry. I hope, did I say? I recall that word, for it implies desire: and, God knows, that is far from being the case. For I never part with this place but with regret, tho' I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worst of company in the world, my own; and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the *Arrii*, or *Sebosi* of my neighbourhood: Characters, which Tully paints so well in one of his Epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the epistle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am

I am surpriz'd to find that my Lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon; he has been sick, I know, of some late transactions but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophesy, it will be quite off by the beginning of November: a letter or two from his London-friends, and a surfeit of solitude will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or some such trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require my attendance at Westminster; where, I hope, the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candlestick. In short, I long to see you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now, I thank God! as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches: And I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worse; but that is a vain thought, I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you therefore while I am in a condition to relish you, before the days (and the nights) come, when

when I shall (and must) say, I have no pleasure in them.

I will bring your small volume of Pastorals along with me, that you may not be discouraged from lending me books, when you find me so punctual in returning them. Shakespear shall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, tho' you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text: I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing standing just as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleasure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that pleasure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendship, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die

Your, &c.

P. S. Addison's works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a ¹ dead man to ² a dead man; and even that the new ³ patron to whom Tickell chose to in-

¹ Mr. Addison. ² Mr. Craggs. ³ Lord Warwick.

scribe

scribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the Editor's place I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see, when I am conversing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu!

L E T T E R XI.

MY LORD,

Feb. 8, 1721-2.

IT is so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your Lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twitnam. When I went last to town, and was on wing for the Deanry, I heard your Lordship was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word
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