



## **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

Containing The First of his Letters

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

III. To the same.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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FROM H. CROMWELL, Esq. 77

no more to say, but to desire you to give my service (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than

Your, &c.

*Ex nihilo nil fit.*

LUCR.

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LETTER III.

May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of Antiquity: Pray, tell me, what are all your great dead men, but so many little living letters? What a vast reward is here for all the ink wasted by Writers, and all the blood spilt by Princes? There was in old time one Severus a Roman Emperor. I dare say you never call'd him by any other name in your life: and yet in his days he was styled Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Augustus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus, and what not? What a prodigious waste of letters has time made! what a number have here dropt off, and left the poor surviving seven unattended! For my own part, four are all I have to take care for; and I'll be judg'd by you if any man cou'd live in less compass? Well, for the future I'll drown all high thoughts

thoughts in the Lethe of cowslip-wine; as for  
Fame, Renown, Reputation, take 'em, Critics!

*Tradam protervis in Mare Criticum  
Ventis.*

If ever I seek for Immortality here, may I  
be damn'd, for there's not so much danger in a  
Poet's being damn'd:

*Damnation follows death in other men,  
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes agen.*

## L E T T E R   I V .

Nov. 1, 1708.

**I** Have been so well satisfy'd with the Coun-  
try ever since I saw you, that I have not  
once thought of the Town, or enquir'd of any  
one in it besides Mr. Wycherley and yourself.  
And from him I understand of your journey  
this summer into Leicestershire; from whence  
I guess you are return'd by this time, to your  
old apartment in the widow's corner, to your  
old business of comparing Critics, and recon-  
ciling Commentators, and to your old diversions  
of a losing game at picquet with the ladies, and  
half a play, or a quarter of a play, at the thea-  
tre: where you are none of the malicious audi-  
ence, but the chief of amorous spectators; and  
for