



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

XXI. To the same, on the equal and easy terms of friendship.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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cisms? whether any body will answer him, since I don't? and whether Lintot be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

To the same.

Aug. 16, 1714.

I Thank you for your good offices, which are numberless. Homer advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modish modern author,

*Picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.*

I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of Poetry, for it takes me up so entirely, that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My Rêverie has been so deep, that I have scarce had an interval to think myself uneasy in the want of your company. I now and then just miss you as I step into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to see

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you,

you, the next I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briseis.

I fancy no friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because, I am pretty sure, there never was a friendship of so easy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what Vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an Artist you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am; but 'tis from the world abroad we hope, (piously hope) to hear these things. At home we follow our business, when we have any; and think and talk most of each other when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy friendship of a stay'd man and his wife, who are seldom so fond as to hinder the business of the house from going on all day, or so indolent as not to find consolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the last, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendships, like violent loves, begin with disquiets, proceed to jealousies, and conclude in animosities. I have lived to see the fierce advancement, the sudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of these enormous friendships, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinders
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the constant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of such an Overmeasure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale; and which no body can pay, because none but themselves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I Have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assur'd me, that he would make use not only of his interest, but of his art to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at Court; and he is sensible

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