



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.

Nutzungsbedingungen

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56122](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56122)

rish, his structures rise, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themselves to all about him : of whom I the meanest (next, to some Italian Fiddlers, and English Bricklayers) am a living instance. Adieu.

L E T T E R III.

To the same.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmost to lead my life so pleasantly as to forget all misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your absence no small one ; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant reasons to forget your friends on this side the world. If a wish could transport me to you and your present companions, I could do the same. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a chearful host at his own table : I suppose he has perfectly learnt himself, what he has taught so many others, *rupta non insanire lagena* : else he would not make a proper host for your humble servant, who (you know) tho' he drinks a glass as seldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But 'tis a consolation to me, that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

I

But

But that you and I are upon equal terms, in all friendly lazinefs, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will; I fhould reproach you for fo long a filence. The beft amends you can make for faying nothing to me, is by faying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and efteem the Dean and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His fpirit is awakened very much in the caufe of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore: He has printed it with his name to it, and bravely affigns no other reason, than that the faid Sir Richard has abufed Dr. Swift. I have alfo fuffered in the like caufe, and fhall fuffer more: unlefs Parnelle fends me his Zoilus and Bookworm (which the Bifhop of Clogher, I hear, greatly extols) it will be fhortly, *concurrere Bellum atque Virum*—I love you all, as much as I defpife moft wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I'll be as proud as Scipio, and fay (fince I am reduced to fkin and bone) *Ingrata patria, ne offa quidem habeas*.