



## **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**

XIV. From Dr. Arbuthnot, after the Queen's death, of the papers of  
Scriblerus and Dr. Swift.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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mented him for never being afraid, made this answer; "Sir, shew me a danger that I think  
"an imminent and real one, and I promise you  
"I'll be as much afraid as any of you."

I am your Grace's, &c.

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LETTER XIV.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

**I** Am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despiseable thing in the world. This blow has so rous'd *Scriblerus* that he has recover'd his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicksome and gay he is turn'd grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected among old news-papers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble Lord sealed up. Then might *Scriblerus* have pass'd for the Pretender, and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post or some such author, to have allegoriz'd all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's  
office



office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and tho' like a man knock'd down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste, only that I will never forgive you if you don't use my aforesaid house in Dover-street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckon'd amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

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L E T T E R XV.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 10.

**I** Am glad your Travels delighted you; improve you, I am sure, they could not; you are not so much a youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of sixteen, and (what makes him