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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 Third of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

XXVIII. From Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope. Of the Dunciad. Advice to the Dean in the manner of Montaigne. - Of courtiers, and of the Beggars Opera.

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I will excuse Sir — the trouble of a letter: When Ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his Nephew, after two years; the Emperor answered, that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggar's Opera hath knock'd down Gulliver; I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its jobb.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the Ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

POPE charges himself with this letter; he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London, he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for ought I know, at

H 4

Dublin.

Dublin. In the mean time his ^a *Dulness* grows and flourishes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his Patrons from Bickerstaff to Gulliver will rejoice, to see themselves adorn'd in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness which carried you so suddenly from us (if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin.) Dear Swift take care of your health, I'll give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or which is better, *à la Bruyere*. *Nourisser bien vôtre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais: laisser rouiller l'esprit, meuble inutile, voire outil dangereux: Laisser sonner vos cloches le matin pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui luy procure de beaux songes: Lever vous tard, et aller à l'Eglise, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien dejeuné.* As to myself (a person about whom I concern myself very little) I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots: I have caught hold of the earth (to use a Gardener's phrase) and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy

^a The Dunciad,

matter

matter to transplant me again. Adieu, let me hear from you, at least of you: I love you for a thousand things, for none more than for the just esteem and love which you have for all the sons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tack'd to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at Court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the Gynocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber and the British journalift; so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our more abstruse studies. The only Courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry; the former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his Opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity (that of her Majesty's Waterman) that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to 'em. But the Opera succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account.

account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be in you, and in posterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.

LETTER XXIX.

March 23, 1727-8.

I Send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New-England, wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their Parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that Traveller has travel'd thither, it has travel'd very quick, to have folks christen'd already by the name of the supposed Author. But if you object, that no child so lately christen'd could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into Parliament, I reply (to solve the Riddle) that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christen'd till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr,