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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

XXXI. From the same. His own, and Mr. Pope's temper.

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will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly house-keeper, who hath been my *W-lp-le* above thirty years, whenever I liv'd in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villa's near this town: You have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of Liberty, which as it neither fours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*—there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggar's Opera hath done its task, *discedat uti conviva satur*.

Adieu.

L E T T E R XXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

June 1, 1728.

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar Triumvirate, who have
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nothing

nothing to expect, or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another: Only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I won't say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a Patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I'm forc'd to live. And I will take my oath that you have more Virtue in an hour, than I in seven years; for you despise the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which hath made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low-church, Whig and Tory, or who is first Minister—Your long letter was the last I receiv'd till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The Dr. told me your secret about the Dunciad, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and per-

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haps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your enquiries, I am easy enough in great matters, and have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station, and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a *Lutrin* writ upon the tricks used by my Chapter to teize me. I do not converse with one creature of Station or Title, but I have a sett of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind; I have formerly describ'd them to you, but, when you come, you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please, and I shall on that account make a better figure, as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease, I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own: If I were five and twenty, I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the best Letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The *Dunciad* has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the University-lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am griev'd to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forc'd him to the Bath. Tell me, is not Temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of Ease and Liberty?

so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which Philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

LETTER XXXII.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I Now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two Haycocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleas'd with your placing him in the Triumvirate between yourself and me; tho' he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purg'd out of him; and his great Temperance and Oeconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the lat-