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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

XXXII. Lord Bolingbroke's life in the country. More about the Dunciad.

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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-

ter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a Bishoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a Barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his Cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I over-heard him yesterday agree with a Painter for 200 *l.* to paint his country-hall with Trophies of Rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments merely to countenance his calling this place a Farm—now turn over a new leaf—

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself: There, tho' his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong; and he says further, if you could bear as great a fall, and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you wou'd not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Proeme*, *Prolegomena*, *Testimonia Scriptorum*, *Index Authorum*, and *Notes Variorum*. As to the latter,
I desire

I desire you to read over the Text, and make a few in any way you like best^a, whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial Critics; or humourous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the Ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my Mother not ill, Dr. Arbuthnot vex'd with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

From DR. SWIFT.

July 16, 1728.

I Have often run over the *Dunciad* in an Irish edition (I suppose full of faults) which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concern'd; for I have long observ'd that twenty miles from London no-body understands hints, initial letters, or town-facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who

^a Dr. Swift did so.