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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

XXXIV. From Bath. The pleasure of being abused in company with worthy men.

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that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless You, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind ; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a Philosopher—and Gay is a Slave just by two thousand pounds too little.—And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him, if he dares.—

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1728.

I Have past six weeks in quest of health, and found it not ; but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances ; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools, or physicians for themselves, and zealots, or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit, but last week I repented that wish, having been alarm'd with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland ; from which I am just reliev'd by an assurance that you are still at Sir A—'s planting and building ; two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which

which is the society of a valuable Lady. I conclude (tho' I know nothing of it) that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no Lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others, because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them; 'tis bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have receiv'd of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse; and, I believe, if you won't, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed and inserted in the Poem. Do you care I should say any thing farther how much that poem is yours? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! The whole weight of Scriblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them: every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so
great

great a mind to have more Wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I liv'd in Ireland, I fear the wet climate wou'd indanger more than my life; my humour, and health; I am so Atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the Drawing-room, was not true. The sayings of Princes are generally as ill related as the sayings of Wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenc'd by them.

L E T T E R X X X V .

From Dr. S W I F T .

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

I Liv'd very easily in the country: Sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my Lady a better; she is perfectly well bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine Lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong; with that, and walking, and making
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