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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**

XXXIX. Mr. Pope's answer: His situation and contentment: An account of his other friends.

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desirable, if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice tho' I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer (or rather to be furer of his rents.) But I am not half so moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000*l.* and live on the interest without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dextrous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. B—, but to no Lady at court. God bless you for being a greater Dupe than I: I love that character too myself, but I want your charity. Adieu.

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L E T T E R XXXIX.

Oct. 9, 1729.

**I**T pleases me that you received my books at last: but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or disapprove not of some

some parts, of the Commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other: If in any particular, any thing be stated or mention'd in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new Editions now coming out here, may have it rectify'd. You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to the Notes and Epigrams cast in, which I wish had been encreas'd by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoyce in hearing that Drapiers-Hill is to emulate Parnassus; I fear the country about it is as much impoverish'd. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you remov'd from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, tho' I am, that the additional 100*l.* a year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself: but a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and  
mind,

mind, in a person to whom one is tyed by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away a 100*l.* a year. Don't be angry: I will not live to be very old; I have Revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it, alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay assures me his 3000*l.* is kept entire and sacred; he seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Dr. is unalterable, both in friendship and Quadrille: his wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer, with the Duke and Duchefs of Queensbury. He is the same man: So is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille Qui minimis urgetur* — Poor Mrs. \* is like the rest,  
she

she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer no-body to pull it out. The Court-lady I have a good opinion of, yet I have treated her more negligently than you wou'd do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you shou'd draw mine, if I were conscous of any guilt: But if I were conscous only of folly, God send it! for as no-body can detect a great fault so well as you, no-body would so well hide a small one. But after all, that Lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a Courtier. I can assure you that Lord Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*

LETTER