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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

L. On the same subjects.

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a year more for horses—I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope: I wish you had a little Villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any Lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

L E T T E R L.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow in the Queen's time went abroad upon his Ambassies, the Ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by guess, because they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Hamwalks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *premier Ministre*: for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury-downs, having rode
over

over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgements to my Lady Duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*: I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal Goddess. I desire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be help'd when they are only bidental, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of Poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible with a bidental fork to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide Tridents for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me.—I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my 200*l.* next summer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase
your

your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you: For I have often known a She-cousin of a good family and small fortune, passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old Maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship would join: God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress towards real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself; I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually fill'd your thoughts and disturb'd your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life, in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having receiv'd a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who
deserve

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 177

deserve no better Genius's than those by whom they are celebrated.—If you see Mr. Cesar, present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub Libel printed against me here, and re-printed in London, for which he shewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a Whig-printer: It was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know.—But my paper is ended.

L E T T E R L I.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight past concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated: Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year, at which season I take the Country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a Court on account of their Virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by Envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a Dukedom to lose favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no
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