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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

LI. A letter of raillery.

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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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longer Lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as Lieutenant: I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (tho' not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the Centurion say to my servant, Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a Duchess is at this the hatefulest Lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill-informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the

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chief

chief Poetical Favourite, yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a Philosopher and one wholly retir'd. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel, the contention being between Concannen or Theobald, or some other Hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the Duchefs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no Ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding Measures and Ministries by way of sauce to relish my meat: And I confess one point of conduct in my Lady Duchefs's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my Lady Duchefs room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200 *l.* to have left place for as many more.

To the Dutcheſs.

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of reſpect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the ſtairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and eſtabliſh'd rule above twenty years in England, that the firſt advances have been conſtantly made me by all Ladies who aſpir'd to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakneſs, I have condeſcended graciously to diſpenſe with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameleſs perſon ſent me eleven meſſages before I would yield to a viſit: I mean a perſon to whom he is infinitely oblig'd, for being the occaſion of the happineſs he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the ſame time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You ſay, perhaps you ſhall not like me; I affirm you are miſtaken, which I can plainly demonſtrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another perſon diſlikes me of late, with whoſe likings yours have not for ſome time paſt gone together

ther. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: For Diogenes himself would be vain, to have receiv'd the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

L E T T E R LII.

Dublin, April 13, 1730-1.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the Duchess is your Treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some Verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c. like other Treasurers; how to deal with Servants, Tenants, or neighbouring Squires, which I take to be Courtiers, Parliaments, and Princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that Poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c.—Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to