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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

LXIX. Answer to the former. His temper of mind since his mother's death. The union of sentiments in all his acquaintance.

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France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorraine. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B—— and your self, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leap'd over the moon.

LETTER LXIX.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I Have every day wish'd to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet, I think, I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost, or dis-relish'd. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to
tell

tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did; but all these are to no purpose: the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulph between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be cramm'd, either way. Let your hungry Poets, and your rhyming Poets digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half starved, than to be so overpraised and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you: You are the only Patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your Character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you:
yet

yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness; Nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year: It is no affectation to tell you, my Mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I; as little for any nation, in contradistinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people who are (at last) like the primitive christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see; when *every mortal, that I esteem, is of the same sentiment in Politics and in Religion.*

Adieu. All you love, are yours; but all are busy, except (dear Sir) your sincere friend.

LETTER