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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

CIX. Invites his friend to Bath.

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LETTER CIX.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1741.

I Am always naturally sparing of my letters to my Friends; for a reason I think a great one; that it is needless after experience, to repeat assurances of Friendship; and no less irksome to be searching for words, to express it over and over. But I have more calls than one for this letter. First, to express a satisfaction at your resolution not to keep up the ball of dispute with Dr. M. tho', I am satisfied, you could have done it; and to tell you that Mr. L. is pleased at it too, who writes me word upon this occasion, that he must infinitely esteem a Divine, and an Author who loves Peace better than Victory. Secondly, I am to recommend to you as an author, a bookseller in the room of the honest one you have lost, Mr. G. and I know none who is so worthy, and has so good a title in that character to succeed him as Mr. Knapton. But my third motive of now troubling you is my own proper interest and pleasure. I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy even in my own house, *vacare literis*. It is at this place, that your exhortations may be most effectual, to make me resume the studies I have almost laid aside, by
perpetual

perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable for you to pass a month or six weeks from home, it is here I could wish to be with you: And if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amusement of commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit, than that of aiming by his moral strokes to merit some regard from such men as advance Truth and Virtue in a more effectual way; in either case, this place and this house would be an inviolable asylum to you, from all you would desire to avoid, in so public a scene as Bath. The worthy man, who is the master of it, invites you in the strongest terms; and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be serviceable to your complaints (as I believe from what you have told me of them) no opportunity can ever be better. It is just the best season. We are told the Bishop of Salisbury is expected here daily, who, I know, is your friend: at least, though a bishop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You see I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance, in which, however,

however, I will not think myself light, since I have known your partiality. You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. Here is a Library and a Gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr. ALLEN tells me, you might on horseback be here in three days; it is less than 100 miles from Newarke, the road through Leicester, Stow in the Wolde in Gloucestershire, and Cirencester by Lord Bathurst's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency.

Is all this a dream? or can you make it a reality? can you give ear to me?

*Audistin' ? an me ludit amabilis
Infania ?*

Dear Sir, adieu; and give me a line to Mr. Allen's at Bath. God preserve you ever.

L E T T E R C X.

Nov. 22, 1741.

YOurs is very full and very kind, it is a friendly and satisfactory answer, and all I can desire. Do but instantly fulfil it.—Only
I hope