



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 Second of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

XVIII. To Mr. Gay, in the country. Wishes to serve him.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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L E T T E R X V I I I .

April 18, 1730.

IF my friendship were as effectual as it is sincere, you would be one of those people who would be vastly advantaged and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd those Popes who were most famous for Nepotism, 'tis a sign that the old fellows loved Somebody, which is not usual in such advanced years. And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extensive bounty and goodness to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendship is so much less effectual than theirs; nay so utterly useles that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this distance, nor help the General whom I greatly love, to catch one fish. My only consolation is to think you happier than myself, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you (an excellent remedy for love.) How comes it that Providence has been so unkind to me (who am a greater object of compassion than any fat man alive) that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepar'd with oranges by the hand of the Duchefs of Queensberry? that I am condemn'd to live by a high-way side, like an old Patriarch, receiving all guests, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

Mane

Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while you are wrapt into the Idalian Groves, sprinkled with rose-water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet up to the chin, with the Duchefs of Queensberry? that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windsor, while you are happily banish'd with the Duchefs of Queensberry? So partial is fortune in her dispensations! for I deserved ten times more to be banish'd than you, and I know some Ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I must not name any, who dare do so much for you as to send you their services. But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I suppose, to prevent or excuse her not doing it herself; she seems (for that is all I'll say for a courtier) to wish you mighty well. Another, who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wish you well — I fancy, after all, they both do so.

I writ to Mr. Fortescue and told him the pains you took to see him. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from Irish evidence, but only two letters these four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: he is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Mr. Cleland
always

always speaks of you : he is at Tunbridge, wondering at the superior carni-voracity of our friend : he plays now with the old Duchefs, nay dines with her, after ſhe has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counſellor Bickford has hurt himſelf, and has the ſtrongeſt walking-ſtaff I ever ſaw. He intends ſpeedily to make you a viſit with it at Amefbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Duchefs's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XIX.

Sept. 11, 1730.

I May with great truth return your ſpeech, that I think of you daily ; oftener indeed than is conſiſtent with the character of a reaſonable man, who is rather to make himſelf eaſy with the things and men that are about him, than uneaſy for thoſe which he wants. And you, whoſe abſence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more bleſſed ſtate with ſpirits of a higher kind : ſuch I reckon his Grace and her
Grace,