



## **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**

Letter XXII. Desiring him to return to town and resume the study of Poetry.  
The state of wit at that time.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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have no more to add, but that I am with the same truth as ever,

Your, &c.

## L E T T E R XXII.

Oct. 23, 1730.

**Y** Our letter is a very kind one, but I can't say so pleasing to me as many of yours have been, thro' the account you give of the dejection of your spirits. I wish the too constant use of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing physician of that opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immers'd in the country; I hope your return to Town will be a prevalent remedy against the evil of too much recollection. I wish it partly for my own sake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be physicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our constitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum similitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are several here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit,

I  
which

which seems to be bidding the town a long and last adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth reading, or seeing; the whole age seems resolv'd to justify the Dunciad, and it may stand for a public Epitaph or monumental Inscription like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people perish'd!* There may indeed be a Wooden image or two of Poetry set up, to preserve the memory that there once were bards in Britain; and (like the Giants at Guildhall) show the bulk and bad taste of our ancestors: At present the poor Laureat<sup>a</sup> and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose; a drunken sot of a *Parson* holds forth the emblem of *Inspiration*, and an honest industrious *Thresher* not unaptly represents *Pains* and *Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of Wiltshire has appear'd at Amesbury, or the Duchefs will be thought insensible to all bright qualities and exalted genius's, in court and country alike. But he is a harmless man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talk'd of at court, but it will please you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, tho' not in the same breath with the Thresher, as they do of me. By the way, have you seen or convers'd with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful Phænomenon of Wiltshire?

<sup>a</sup> Eufden.

I have read thro' his whole volume<sup>b</sup> with admiration of the writer; tho' not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have past just three days in London in four months, two at Windsor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excursion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library. Adieu. Live mindful of one of your first friends, who will be so to the last. Mrs. Blount deserves your remembrance, for she never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend<sup>c</sup>.

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my services: the contentment you express in their company pleases me, tho' it be the bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly

Your, &c.

<sup>b</sup> This was his quarto Volume, written before he had given any signs of those extravagancies, which have since rendered him so famous. As the Court set up Mr. *Duck* for the rival of Mr. Pope, the City at the same time considered *Chubb*, as one who would eclipse

Locke. The modesty of the court Poet kept him sober in a very intoxicating situation, while the vanity of this new-fashion'd Philosopher assisted his sage admirers in turning his brains.

<sup>c</sup> Alluding to those lines in the Epist. *on the characters of Women*,

“ With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,  
“ Say what can *Cloe* want?—She wants a heart.

L E T T E R