



UNIVERSITÄTS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

### **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**

XLV. Of Mr. Westley's dissertations on Job. - Postscript by Lord Bol. on the pleasure we take in reading letters.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54342](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54342)

to the church establish'd, as any Minister in, or out of employment whatever ; or any Bishop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the Religion of Erasmus, a Catholic ; so I live, so I shall die ; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchenon, in that place, To which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body !

Lord B's answer to your letter I have just receiv'd, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of Ethics in the Horatian way.

---

L E T T E R XLV.

April 14, 1730.

**T**HIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you (as a Clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man : Moreover he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honest. I shall think it a kindness done myself ; if you can propagate Mr. Westley's subscription for his Commentary on Job, among your Divines, (Bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope) and among such as are believers, or readers, of Scripture. Even the cu-  
5
rious

rious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the Church of England, tho' you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you wou'd not use me so ill as to flatter me? I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together.—Pliny writ his letters for the public, so did Seneca, so did Balsac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not, and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey,  
and

and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as Historians and Poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at *Aix la Chapelle*, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial Saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber—I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public spirit would be less grieved, or oftner comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a visit at least. It will not be the fault of several persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good-will and little power produce such slow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men.—I know you will be angry with me, if I say nothing to you of a poor woman, who is still on the other side of the water in a most languishing state of health. If she regains strength enough to come over, (and she is better within a few weeks) I shall nurse her in this farm with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last

M duty

duty of friendship wherever she is, tho' I break thro' the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am most faithfully and affectionately yours.

---

## L E T T E R XLVI.

Lord B. to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 1730-31.

I Begin my Letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, tho' feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant, and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the Books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and tho' our best Botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies, are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chemistry the most noxious  
juices