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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

LXXX. Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift. His plan for the second book of Ethic Epistles, of the extent and limits of human reason and science; and what retarded the execution of it. - Of Lord B.'s writings. New ...

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LETTER LXXX.

March 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more Epistles in Verse, one of them shall be address'd to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reason and Science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the un-useful and therefore un-attainable, Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities. 4. Of the Use of *Learning*, of the *Science* of the *World*, and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a Satire against the mis-application of all these, exemplify'd by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminish'd: I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the

the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our Heaven of a Court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by 'em? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead: for I never aim'd at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I receiv'd a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatch'd yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheselden was? It shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole profession of Chirurgery; and has fav'd the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone.—I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord B.'s, since he went to France. Nothing can depress
his

his Genius: What ever befalls him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home; the kind and hearty house-wife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone! yet my house is enlarg'd, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good Melons and Pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better Gardener, as I am a worse Poet, than when you saw me: But gardening is near a-kin to Philosophy, for Tully says, *Agri-cultura proxima sapientiæ*. For God's sake, why should not you (that are a step higher than a Philosopher, a Divine, yet have too much grace and wit than to be a Bishop) e'en give all you have to the Poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done every thing else) so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordēs* be our Motto and our Epitaph.

L E T T E R