



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

Letters to and from Dr. Atterbury Bishop of Rochester. From 1716 to 1723.

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Dr. ATTERBURY,
Bishop of ROCHESTER.

From 1716 to 1723.

LETTER I.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Decemb. 1716.

I Return your ^a Preface, which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please every one that reads it: And since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter: of which

^a The General Preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, first printed 1717, the year after the date of this letter. P.

FROM DR. ATTERBURY. 81

you yourself are the best and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give, because you ask it : and which I would not give, tho' ask'd, but to a man I value as much as I do you ; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature ; which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing ; especially since you have had the goodness often, and patiently, to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse ; with little discretion perhaps, but, I am sure, without the least prejudice : being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning therefore to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one ; an error of above thirty years standing, and which therefore I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you : or, if I do, shall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am as much as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R I I.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Feb 18, 1717.

I Hop'd to find you last night at Lord Bathurst's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc*^a with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he should see you, I deposited the book in his hands: out of which, I think, my Lord Bathurst got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If *Gorboduc* should still miss his way to you, others are to answer for it; I have delivered up my trust. I am not sorry your^b Alcander is burnt; had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities. In truth, it is the only instance of that kind I ever met with, from a person good for any thing else, nay for every thing else to which he is pleas'd to turn himself.

Depend upon it, I shall see you with great pleasure at Bromley; and there is no request

^a A Tragedy, written in the Reign of Edward the sixth (and much the best performance of that Age) by Sackvil, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and Lord Trea-

surer to Queen Elizabeth. It was then very scarce, but lately reprinted by R. Doddsley in Pall-mall. P.

^b An Heroic Poem writ at 15 years old. P.

you

FROM DR. ATTERBURY. 83

you can make to me, that I shall not most readily comply with. I wish you health and happiness of all sorts, and would be glad to be instrumental in any degree towards helping you to the least share of either. I am always, every where, most affectionately and faithfully

Your, &c.

L E T T E R III.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717.

I Have nothing to say to you on that melancholy subject, with an account of which the printed papers have furnish'd me, but what you have already said to yourself.

When you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a Father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own ease and happiness. You have it now in your power, to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and to assure you that there is no man living, who wishes you

better, or would be more pleas'd to contribute any ways to your satisfaction or service.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I find to be revised, and augmented, in several places, as the title page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I see you next, I will shew you the several passages alter'd, and added by the author, beside what you mentioned to me.

I protest to you, this last perusal of him has given me such new degrees, I will not say of pleasure but of admiration and astonishment, that I look upon the sublimity of Homer, and the majesty of Virgil with somewhat less reverence than I used to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to shew me in the first of these any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatness and justness of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I look'd upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a serious truth, and could almost venture to set my hand to it,

*Hæc quicumque legit, tantum cecinisse putabit
Mæoniden Ranas, Virgilium Culices.*

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town the D. of Buckingham continued so ill that he receiv'd no messages; oblige me so

far as to let me know how he does; at the same time I shall know how you do, and that will be a double satisfaction to

Your, &c.

L E T T E R I V.

The Answer.

MY LORD,

Nov. 20, 1717.

I Am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my Father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature: *Genitrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain

that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

*Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?*

For she, my Lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other, and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure, (for an Adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity.) Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of *Joyning* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to *Renounce* the other.

Your Lordship has formerly advis'd me to read the best controversies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books) there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James the second: I warm'd my head with them, and the consequence was, that

I found

I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read^a. I am afraid most Seekers are in the same case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as out-witted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another, and that all honest and reasonable christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less Inclination (if possible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where most people end theirs, with a dis-relish of all that the world calls Am-

^a This is an admirable description of every Reader labouring in religious controversy, without possessing the

principles on which a right judgment of the points in question is to be regulated.

bition: I don't know why 'tis call'd so, for to me it always seem'd to be rather *stooping* than *climbing*. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administred: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papiſt, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the Papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over Princes and States. I am a Catholick in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute Prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic: and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future Majesties:

FROM DR. ATTERBURY. 89

jesties: You see, my Lord, I end like a preacher: this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever

Your, &c.

L E T T E R V.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I Hope you have some time ago receiv'd the Sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as instances (how small ones soever) that I wish you both health and diversion. What I now send for your perusal, I shall say nothing of; not to forestall by a single word what you promis'd to say upon that subject. Your Lordship may criticise from Virgil to these Tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you: The fate of the South-sea Scheme has, much sooner than I expected, verify'd what you told me. Most people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man consider'd it would come *like a Thief in the Night*, exactly as it happens

happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punish'd the avaritious, as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself: the thirst of gain was their crime, that thirst continued became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune, to remain with half of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble servant) I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, who, after half his estate was swallowed by the *Directors* of those days, resolv'd, that *half* to be *more than the whole*.

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages, one in Job, the other from the Psalmist?

Men shall groan out of the CITY, and hiss them out of their PLACE.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awaking have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the S. Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *Unrighteous* men: but it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even tho' I were to survive and rule the world by it. I am much
pleas'd

pleas'd with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he says the Government and South-sea company have only lock'd up the money of the people, upon conviction of their Lunacy (as is usual in the case of Lunaticks) and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shews me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleas'd, in a great degree; but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other. In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleas'd, is, that you continue your favour toward me; the best I know for being proud, would be that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician as does not only *repair*, but *improve*. I am, with the sincerest esteem, and most grateful acknowledgiment,

Your, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R V I.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

TH E Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I receiv'd not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from Westminster on Saturday night last: it has found its way into my hands as well as legs, so that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the first letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillantibus literis*, as, Tully says, Tyro's letters were, after his Recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanry, towards the end of October, by which time, I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this in latin, which may, in a few words, say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves?

I O H A N N I

I O H A N N I D R I D E N O,

CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SI QVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P. &c.

To shew you that I am as much in earnest in the affair, as you yourself, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his Busto above — may not lines like these be grav'd just under the name?

*This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,
Here fix'd his Name, and there his lawrel'd Bust.
What else the Muse in Marble might express,
Is known already; Praise would make him less.*

Or thus —

*More needs not; where acknowledg'd Merits reign,
Praise is impertinent; and Censure vain.*

This you'll take as a proof of my zeal at least, tho' it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I'll forgive you if you should not once in your life-time again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales*. Ill as I have been, almost ever since they came to
hand,

hand, I have read as much of them, as ever I shall read while I live. Indeed they do not please my taste: they are writ with so romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of eastern manners, are yet, upon any supposition that can be made, of so wild and absurd a contrivance (at least to my northern understanding) that I have not only no pleasure, but no patience, in perusing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian screens, which at first glance may surprize and please a little: but, when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear so extravagant, disproportion'd, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object.

They may furnish the mind with some new images: but I think the purchase is made at too great an expence: for to read those two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance, and to read them with pleasure would be dangerous on the other side, because of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen relish of them, till I find you write worse than you do, which, I dare say, I never shall. Who that *Petit de la Croise* is, the pretended author of them^a, I

^a Not the pretended Author, but the real translator, | from an Arabic MS of the | tales, which is in the French | cannot

cannot tell: but observing how full they are in the descriptions of dress, furniture, &c. I cannot help thinking them the product of some Woman's imagination: and, believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, ra-

King's library. What was translated in ten small Volumes, is not more than the tenth part of the Original. The Eastern people have been always famous for this sort of Composition: in which much fine morality is conveyed; not indeed in a story always representing life and manners, but such as the eastern superstitions made pass amongst the people for such. Their great genius for this kind of writing appears from these very tales. But the policy of some of the later princes of the East greatly hurt it, by setting all men upon composing them, to furnish matter for their coffee-houses and places of resort; which were enjoined to give this entertainment to the people, with design to divert them from politics, and matters of state. This Collection is so strange a medley of sense and nonsense, that one would be tempted to think the Collector was some Coffee-man, who ga-

thered indifferently from the best and worst. The contrivance he has invented of tying them together has led him into such a blunder that often one could not be surprized at anything. The tales are supposed to be told to one of the Kings of Persia of the ancient race before Mahomet, and yet the scene of some of them is laid in the Court of *Harown Alraschid* the 26th Chalif, and the 5th of the Race of *Abbasides*. These are amongst the best, and, indeed, it is no wonder. He was, of all the Chalifs, the most munificent, and the greatest encourager of Letters; so that it was natural for men of genius in after times, to do this honour to his memory. But the Bishop talks of *Petit de la Croise*. M. Galland was the translator of the *Arabian tales*. The name of the other is to the collection, called the *Persian tales*, of which I have nothing to say.

ther

ther than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am sorry that I was so true a prophet in respect of the S. Sea, sorry, I mean, as far as your loss is concern'd: for in the general I ever was and still am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flourish'd, it would by degrees have overturn'd our constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that whichever way it had leaned, must have born down all before it— But of the dead we must speak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden says somewhere, *Peace be to its Manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you easy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have lost beyond what you ventur'd, consider that your superfluous gains would have sprung from the ruin of several families that now want necessaries! a thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by such means, could not, I persuade myself, be perfectly easy. Adieu, and believe me, ever

Your, &c.

L E T T E R

LETTER VII.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

March 26, 1721.

YOU are not yourself gladder you are well, than I am; especially since I can please myself with the thought that when you had lost your health elsewhere, you recovered it here. May these lodgings never treat you worse, nor you at any time have less reason to be fond of them!

I thank you for the sight of your^a Verses, and with the freedom of an honest, tho' perhaps injudicious friend, must tell you, that tho' I could like some of them, if they were any body's else but yours, yet as they are yours and to be own'd as such, I can scarce like any of them. Not but that the four first lines are good, especially the second couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a less established fame: but from you I expect something of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourself: 'tis your misfortune now to write

^a Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt. P.

without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careless, than you would otherwise be in your composures.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, tho' I have a motion of consequence in the House of Lords to day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse, having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily; and am ever

Yours, &c.

I have sent Dr. Arbuthnot^b the Latin MS. which I could not find when you left me; and I am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reasoner of that philosophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is call'd—what that means in English or French, I can't say—but all he says, is in so loose and slippery and

^b Of Huetius, bishop of Avranches, left after his death. He was a mean reasoner: he once attempted it in a vast collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he called a *Demonstration*; mixed up with much reading, which his friends called learning, and

delivered (by the allowance of all) in good latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he composed a treatise of *the weakness of the human understanding*: a poor system of scepticism; indeed little other than an abstract from *Sextus Empiricus*.

trickish

trickish a way of reasoning, that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him,

*Vane Ligur, frustra que animis elate superbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes —*

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falshood can in any case be distinguished from each other. Could that blessed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can) we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my Reason, with a dog for his Instinct, to-morrow.

L E T T E R VIII.

L. Chancellor HARCOURT to Mr. POPE.

Decemb. 6, 1722.

I Cannot but suspect myself of being very unreasonable in begging you once more to review the inclos'd. Your friendship draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that

my tenderneſs makes me exceeding hard to be ſatisfied with any thing which can be ſaid on ſuch an unhappy ſubject. I cauſ'd the Latin Epitaph to be as often alter'd before I could approve it.

When once your Epitaph is ſet up, there can be no alteration of it, it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendſhip, and, I aſſure myſelf, you will ſo ſettle it, that it ſhall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *deny'd*, in the third line, will juſtly admit of that conſtruction which it ought to bear (*viz.*) renounced, deſerted, &c. *deny'd* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill ſenſe put upon it, as too great uneaſineſs, or more good-nature, than a wiſe man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could ſcarce mend thoſe two lines, and therefore I can ſcarce expect your forgiveneſs for my deſiring you to re-consider them.

Harcourt ſtands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to ſpeak.

I can't perfectly, at leaſt without further diſcourſing you, reconcile myſelf to the firſt part of that line; and, the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and, I perſuade myſelf, for that reaſon only ſubmitted to by you) ſeems to carry too doubtful a conſtruction for an Epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as eaſily to be
underſtood

FROM DR. ATTERBURY. 101

understood as read. I shall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your best leisure you will peruse the inclosed and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me see you any morning next week.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R IX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Sept. 27, 1721.

I Am now confin'd to my bed-chamber, and to the matted room, wherein I am writing, seldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner unless when company to whom I cannot excuse myself, comes, which I am not ill pleas'd to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year: what must I expect, when

inversum contristat Aquarius annum?

“ If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?” Excuse me for employing a sentence of Scripture on this occasion; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the Deanry this winter; that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oftener; tho', I am afraid, you will have little

pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health, which I had not touch'd on, had not your friendly letter been so full of it. One civil thing, that you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and possess'd of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not bestow'd it on one who has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember them because you forget nothing.

With such a grace you entertain,

And look with such contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very same rhymes and words (*appear* and *clear*) that the couplet but one after that does — and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets; for there it runs thus,

So lightnings in a stormy air

Scorch more, than when the sky is fair.

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements, and you will say true: for at present I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it, to have shew'd his friends that I had forgot and
forgiven

forgiven what he wrote on me^a. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spencer, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the Triplet he wrote for his own Epitaph^b; which while we were in good terms, I promis'd him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster.

I am pleas'd to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health at Lord Bathurst's: may both continue till I see you! may my Lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood, and using it when built, as you have in designing it! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness, and yet, I am sure, I wish him as much as he wishes himself.

I am, &c.

^a Meek Francis lies here, Friend. Without stop or stay,
As you value your peace, make the best of your way.
Tho' at present arrested by Death's caitiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law.
And in the King's bench should a verdict be found
That by liv'ry and seisin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due,
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you, without right, on his Premises tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.

^b To me 'tis giv'n to dye, to you 'tis giv'n
To live: alas! one moment sets us ev'n.
Mark how impartial is the will of Heav'n.

L E T T E R X.

From the same.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOtwithstanding I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning: yet, I foresee, it will not reach you till Wednesday morning. And before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanry. I hope, did I say? I recall that word, for it implies desire: and, God knows, that is far from being the case. For I never part with this place but with regret, tho' I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worst of company in the world, my own; and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the *Arrii*, or *Sebosi* of my neighbourhood: Characters, which Tully paints so well in one of his Epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the epistle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am

I am surpriz'd to find that my Lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon; he has been sick, I know, of some late transactions but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophesy, it will be quite off by the beginning of November: a letter or two from his London-friends, and a surfeit of solitude will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or some such trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require my attendance at Westminster; where, I hope, the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candlestick. In short, I long to see you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now, I thank God! as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches: And I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worse; but that is a vain thought, I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you therefore while I am in a condition to relish you, before the days (and the nights) come, when

when I shall (and must) say, I have no pleasure in them.

I will bring your small volume of Pastorals along with me, that you may not be discouraged from lending me books, when you find me so punctual in returning them. Shakespear shall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, tho' you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text: I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing standing just as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleasure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that pleasure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendship, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die

Your, &c.

P. S. Addison's works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a ¹ dead man to ² a dead man; and even that the new ³ patron to whom Tickell chose to in-

¹ Mr. Addison. ² Mr. Craggs. ³ Lord Warwick.

scribe

scribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the Editor's place I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see, when I am conversing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu!

L E T T E R XI.

MY LORD,

Feb. 8, 1721-2.

IT is so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your Lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twitnam. When I went last to town, and was on wing for the Deanry, I heard your Lordship was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word
or

or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well: easy, resign'd, and happy you will make yourself, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other mens minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over those of

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XII.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PERmit me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a complete copy of those verses on Mr. Addison^a; send me also your last resolution, which shall punctually be observ'd in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again sollicitated by another Lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much: it has pleas'd every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real strength lies, I hope you will

^a An imperfect Copy was got out, very much to the Au- | thor's surprize, who never would give any. P.

not

not suffer that talent to lie unemploy'd. For my part, I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little sneer'd at in a line or so, for the sake of the pleasure I should have in reading the rest. I have talk'd my sense of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may see it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot say: but it pleases me to have an opportunity of shewing you how well I wish you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I desire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing, to which you shall please to turn your pen. Not but that I have some little interest in the proposal, as I shall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in such different manners, and did such honour to his country and language; and yet was not displeas'd sometimes to read what was written by his humble servant.

L E T T E R XIII.

March 14, 1721-2.

I Was disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions)

casions) in missing you at the Deanry, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true Friends of it, and to your power its protector. Tho' the noise and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say, a good man is still tending its welfare; as the Sun in the winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your Lordship more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you should understand the value of it: but I don't wish you a jot less concern'd or less active than you are, in all sincere, and therefore warm, desires of public good.

I beg the kindness (and 'tis for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your Visiter, but your Lodger, and I accuse myself of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me) but the best reason, the seeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will
 (erobta) let

FROM DR. ATTERBURY. III

let me call you so (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never shall, my veracity and integrity) I shall esteem myself fortunate, in spite of the South-sea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I can't tell you how sorry I am, you should be troubled a-new by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest, ut tibi vivas* — that you may teach me how to do the same: who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as foolishly as if I were a Great man.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XIV.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a visitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination soever) you are always welcome to me; and will be more so, I hope, every day that we live: for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myself, best when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed: but God, that knows my heart, knows, I never lov'd it:

I

and

and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, 'tis *in angulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in any post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time the judicious world is pleas'd to think that I delight in work which I am oblig'd to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise; let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy^a manner; and how long, or how little a while it may be so taken up God only knows, and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing.

I am, &c.

^a In his Lady's last Sickness. P.

LETTER XV.

MY LORD,

March 19, 1721-2.

I Am extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twittenham is a fresh instance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a Mount, in a point of view to shew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turn'd to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment. For indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

I

And

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthen'd in this opinion, when such as your Lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember in that great Poet Quarles (not that I forget the Devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion.)

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, tho' elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the Fathers of the Desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers that you'll receive them kindly, tho' taken from his worst work ^a)

*That in Eliak's banquet you partake,
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his Pulse.*

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would see Lord C* or

^a The *Paradise Regain'd*. | ment to the Bishop. It could
I suppose this was in compli- | hardly be his own opinion.

any

any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laugh'd at when you compar'd me to Homer in a nut-shell. But if you would be entirely private, no body shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me (my Lord) no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay with more willing acquiescence (not even any of your own Sons of the Church)

Your obedient, &c.

LETTER XVI.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you: The gradual approaches of death are before my eyes; I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought, that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, tho' it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy — however not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter: I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation.

When I do so, no conveniencies will be wanting: for I'll see no body but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things; let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors: and when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, 'tis in order to be with you only; a president of the council, or a star and garter will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight of a puppet-show. I have said to Greatness sometime ago—*Tuas tibi res habeto, Egomet curabo meas.* The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level: and I am resolv'd, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now: for he is so, that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and less pride: and then I'll court them as much as any body: but till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determin'd (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are: tho' I trust
in

in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking — when I sat down to write I intended only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I must dislodge; I am preparing for it: For I am at this moment building a vault in the Abby for me and mine. 'Twas to be in the Abby, because of my relation to the place; but 'tis at the west door of it: as far from Kings and Kæfars as the space will admit of.

I know not but I may step to town to morrow, to see how the work goes forward; but, if I do, I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter but that they tell me it will cost you nothing, and that our privilege of Franking (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allow'd us.

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XVII.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I Had much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferry-men

were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleasing impression upon me that will not soon be effaced.

Lord * has press'd me terribly to see him at * and told me in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twittenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherish'd, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the Motto of my sun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio*. I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: If they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I
I
can.

can. But withal, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one way shall have their share of it another; that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myself, with the few (the very few) friends I like; for that is the point, the single point, I now aim at; tho', I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I don't know how I have rambled into this account of myself; when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease; else I should not have overflow'd at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I, for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain, and a fine Thrush have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain, nor should I yet part with you, but that

the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break thro' a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold on me.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XVIII.

From the same.

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be before-hand with you in my enquiries, how you got home and how you do, and whether you met with Lord *, and deliver'd my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desir'd? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you, or from him on that head; as, I suppose, I might have done, if you had found him.

I am sick of these Men of quality; and the more so, the oft'ner I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long

I long to see the original MS. of Milton : but don't know how to come at it, without your repeated assistance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what pass'd in the coach about Samson Agonistes. I shall not press you as to time, but some time or other, I wish you would review, and polish that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the Ancients ; it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of Tragic poetry — always allowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible ; which is an objection that at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XIX.

July 27.

I Have been as constantly at Twickenham as your Lordship has at Bromley, ever since you saw Lord Bathurst. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanry, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human Glory. —

The

The Duchefs's^a letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without disguise: I must keep clear of Flattery; I will: and as this is an honest resolution, I dare hope, your Lordship will not be so unconcern'd for my keeping it, as not to assist me in so doing. I beg therefore you would represent thus much at least to her Grace, that as to the fear she seems touch'd with, [That the Duke's memory should have no advantage but what he must give himself, without being beholden to any one friend] your Lordship may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and Christian plainness, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of friends in such a case pass for nothing. Be but so good as to confirm what I've represented to her, that an inscription in the antient way, plain, pompous, yet modest, will be the most uncommon, and therefore the most distinguishing manner of doing it. And so, I hope, she will be satisfied, the Duke's honour be preserv'd, and my integrity also: which is too sacred a thing to be forfeited, in consideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) Honour or distinction whatever, which those of their rank can bestow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but

^a The Duchefs of Buckingham.

never so much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to say one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind transition you make from common business, to that which is the only real business of every reasonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, tho' not so much as I ought. I am pleas'd with those Latin verses extremely, which are so very good that I thought them yours, 'till you call'd them an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *disjecti membra poetæ*. I won't pretend I am so totally in those sentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: You tell me I have them, as the civillest method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have them. I ought, first, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good prophane writers, especially the Moralists, &c. before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme of books, and sublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendship and charity toward me continue so far) be the best guide to

Your, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R XX.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I Have written to the Duchefs^a just as you desired, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather because your opinion in the case is sincerely mine: and if it had not been so, you yourself should not have induced me to give it. Whether, and how far she will acquiesce in it, I cannot say: especially in a case where she thinks the Duke's honour concern'd; but should she seem to persist a little at present, her good sense (which I depend upon) will afterwards satisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to morrow to the Deanry, and, I believe, I shall stay there, till I have said Dust to dust, and shut up that^b last scene of pompous vanity.

'Tis a great while for me to stay there at this time of the year; and I know I shall often say to myself, while I am expecting the funeral,

^a Duchefs of Buckingham.

^b This was the Funeral of the Duke of Marlborough,

at which the Bishop officiated as Dean of Westminster, in Aug. 1722. P.

*O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!*

In that case I shall fancy I hear the ghost of
the dead, thus intreating me,

*At tu sacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus & capiti inhumato
Particulam dare —*

*Quanquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit,
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.*

There is an answer for me somewhere in *Ham-
let* to this request, which you remember, tho'
I dont. *Poor Ghost! thou shalt be satisfied!* —
or something like it. However that be, take
care you do not fail in your appointment, that
the company of the living may make me some
amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am
well: I should always, could I always be here—

Sed me

Imperiosa trahit Proserpina: vive, valeque.

You are the first man I sent to this morning,
and the last man I desire to converse with this
evening, tho' at twenty miles distance from
you.

Te, veniente die, Te, decedente, requiro.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

DEAR SIR, The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I Thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before, and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no distance of time, or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have lov'd and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my Defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of Triumph, tho' sure of the Victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But
I ques-

I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanry, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider — You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have clos'd this letter, with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily and not without some degree of concern apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

*Some nat'ral Tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon:
The World was all before him, where to chuse
His place of rest, and Providence his Guide.*

L E T T E R X X I I .

The Answer.

April 20, 1723.

IT is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past: and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tye which, tho' it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no Kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper or even the wish of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected: by this way, I dare tell my esteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You

You prove yourself, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me: and assuring me, it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice: the instruments of your Fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the Public even now, than in the stations you have so honourably fill'd. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon^a: is it not the latter, the disgraced part of their lives, which you most envy, and which you would choose to have liv'd?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But, God knows, I am every day less and less fond of my native country (so torn as it is by Party-rage) and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unpre-

^a Clarendon indeed wrote his best works in his banishment: but the best of Bacon's were written before his

disgrace, and the best of Tully's after his return from exile.

pared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss, that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, tho' I were never to see or hear the effects of them: like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, tho' we never see or hear them, we think, are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remember'd) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguish'd me, how cordially you have advis'd me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you: In
my

FROM DR. ATTERBURY. 131

my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me, the impressions of you: And perhaps it will not be in This life only, that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

May, 1723.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promis'd, and this once, I fear, will be the last! the Curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believ'd is to succeed it, where we lye utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleas'd you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the

future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your Studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all Posterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you'll never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a Party, or a few, but all mankind. Your Genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involv'd it; to shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazled and blazed the most,

most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became Guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the Whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life^a, as one just upon the edge of Immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean retrospects^b. Nothing is

^a The Bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happen'd at Paris on the fifteenth day of February in the year 1732. P.

^b Notwithstanding this, Mr. Pope was convinced, before the Bishop's death,

that during his banishment he was in the intrigues of the Pretender. Tho', when he took his last leave of Mr. Pope, he told him, he would allow him to say his sentence was just, if he ever found he had any concerns with that family in his exile.

worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame as well as happiness,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R X X I V .

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

YOU will wonder to see me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, call'd upon me to say something; and the reputation of an ^a History which I and all the world value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed it here, in hopes that somebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithstanding those two frightening words at the close of it ^b. Whether that happens or not, it is fit you should have a sight of

^a E. of Clarendon's.

^b The Bishop's Name, set to his Vindication of Bishop Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himself, from the scandalous

Reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the Publication of Lord Clarendon's History. Paris, 1731. 4to. since reprinted in England. P.

it, who, I know, will read it with some degree of satisfaction, as it is mine, tho' it should have (as it really has) nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*; for that may well be the case, considering that within a few months I am entering into my seventieth year: after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever I go, you will lose a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilst living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiss that you forebore writing, on a head wherein I promis'd more than I was able to perform. Disgraced men fancy sometimes, that they preserve an influence, where when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You sounded the coast, and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it; but enough on this subject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of Letters; and particularly what are you doing? *Ipse quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agi-*

lis Thyma? Do you pursue the Moral plan you marked out, and seemed sixteen months ago so intent upon? Am I to see it perfected e'er I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuse to leave the marks of your friendship, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by those who survive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I should hope to peep into the manuscript before it was finished. But alas! there is, and will ever probably be a great deal of land and sea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them: The catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much trouble. They must be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have so little of it left. I, who squandered whole days heretofore, now husband hours when the glass begins to run low, and care not to mispend them on trifles. At the end of the Lottery of Life, our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation: They are not of so much worth perhaps in themselves as those which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reason. I do so, my dear friend, and yet think the most precious minutes of my life are well employ'd, in reading what you write. But this is a satisfaction
I can-

I cannot much hope for, and therefore must betake myself to others less entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the *Dunciad*. It was necessary for me either to accept of his dirty Challenge, or to have suffered in the esteem of the world by declining it.

My respects to your Mother; I send one of these papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My Country at this distance seems to me a strange sight, I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midst of the scene, and yourself a part of it; I wish you would tell me. You may write safely to Mr. Morice, by the honest hand that conveys this, and will return into these parts before Christmas; sketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I should not, like the Chemist in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, desire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and must love my Country, with all its faults and blemishes; even that part of the constitution which wounded me unjustly, and itself through my side, shall ever be dear to me. My last wish shall be like that of father Paul, *Esto perpetua!* and when I die at a
distance

distance from it, it will be in the same manner as Virgil describes the expiring Peloponnesian,

Sternitur,

et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Do I still live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper-squabbles about me, and am glad to see such free concessions on that head, tho' made with no view of doing me a pleasure, but merely of loading another.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXV.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

On the Death of his Daughter.

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I Am not yet Master enough of myself, after the late wound I have receiv'd, to open my very heart to you, and am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you. My thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly employ'd, on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reason, to call them off to other subjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving
ing

ing them the rein a little, and suffering them to spend their force, I hope in some time to check and subdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus percussus, huic uni me imparem sensi, et pene succubui.* This is weakness, not wisdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be trusted to the bosom of a friend, where I may safely lodge all my infirmities. As soon as my mind is in some measure corrected and calm'd, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to something of use and moment; if I have still life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preserving. In the mean time I shall be pleas'd to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any such melancholy interruption as I have met with. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents, your knowledge and judgment are at the height: use them in writing somewhat that may teach the present and future times, and if not gain equally the applause of both, may yet raise the envy of the one, and secure the admiration of the other. Employ not your precious moments, and great talents, on little men and little things; but chuse a subject every way worthy of you, and handle it as you can, in a manner which no-body else can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any,

are not what they were: and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

gelidus tardante senecta

Sanguis hebet, frigentque effæto in corpore vires.

However, I should be ingrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the south of France, much more than I did at Paris: tho' even there I sensibly improved. I believe my cure had been perfected, but the earnest desire of meeting One I dearly loved, called me abruptly to Montpellier; where after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Toulouse; and even there I had miss'd the person I sought, had she not, with great spirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was, between seven and eight in the morning, and liv'd twenty hours afterwards, which time was not lost on either side, but pass'd in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as on her part, every way became her circumstances and character. For she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me, in those few hours, greater marks of Duty and Love than she had done in all her life time, tho' she had never
 been

been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allow'd us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel on this occasion, and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my Age, under my Infirmities, among utter Strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none, but those with which Reason and Religion furnish me, and those I lay hold on, and grasp as fast as I can. I hope that He, who laid the burthen upon me (for wise and good purposes no doubt) will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have born others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here, and with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R