



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

XIII. To the Bishop in the country: Wishes for his quiet.

Nutzungsbedingungen

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-55314](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-55314)

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.

LETTER 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