



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

XVI. From the Bishop of Rochester. An answer to the former. His dislike of great men: Preparation for his burial-place in Westminster-Abbey.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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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
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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