



## **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**

XX. From the Bishop. Answer to the former. Application of some verses of Horace to the Duke of Marlborough's funeral.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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## L E T T E R XX.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I Have written to the Duchefs<sup>a</sup> 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<sup>b</sup> 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,

<sup>a</sup> Duchefs of Buckingham.

<sup>b</sup> 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