



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

XLV. To Mr. B. concerning the Essay on Man, &c.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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I could not help, a Satyrical Poem on Verbal Criticism by Mr. Mallet, which he has inscribed to me, but the poem itself is good (another cause of anger to any Critic.) As for myself, I resolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral course, taking no sort of notice of man's anger, or woman's scandal, with Virtue in my eyes, and Truth upon my tongue. Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

To Mr. BETHEL.

Aug. 9, 1733.

YOU might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendship and sincere esteem were to be measured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, without saying something of my own condition, and of my loss of so old and so deserving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I must have kept a silence upon that head, which would not have suited that freedom and sincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneasy to me still, and I am therefore wandering about all this summer. I was but four days at Twickenham since the

occasion that made it so melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Essex, and am now at Dawley (whose master is your servant) and going to Cirencester to Lord Bathurst, I shall also see Southampton with Lord Peterborow. The Court and Twit'nam I shall forsake together. I wish I did not leave our friend ^a, who deserves more quiet, and more health and happiness, than can be found in such a family. The rest of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the Park, as if he were in Paradise. I heartily hope, Yorkshire is the same to you; and that no evil, moral or physical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man: There will be in it one line that may offend you (I fear) and yet I will not alter or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myself the greatest pleasure I am capable of receiving, because another may have the modesty not to share it. It is all a poor poet can do, to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach: besides, that, in this age, I see too

^a Mrs. B.

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few good Examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You see what an interested man I am. Adieu.

LETTER XLVI.

To ———^a

Sept. 7, 1733.

YOU cannot think how melancholy this place makes me; every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I past once a great deal of pleasant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place; the same sort of uneasiness as I find at Twit'nam, whenever I pass near my Mother's room.

I've not yet writ to Mrs.*. I think I should, but have nothing to say that will answer the character they consider me in, as a Wit; besides, my eyes grow very bad (whatever is the cause of it) I'll put them out for no body but a friend; and, I protest, it brings tears into them almost to write to you, when I think of your state and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greatest pain I know, is to say

^a Mrs. B.

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