



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

Containing The First of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

VIII. From Sir William Trumbull. Of an epigram in Martial, on a happy old age.

Nutzungsbedingungen

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56122](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56122)

are equally my averfion. I can pray for oppo-
fite parties, and for oppofite religions, with
great fincerity. I think to be a lover of one's
country is a glorious elogy, but I do not think
it fo great an one as to be a lover of man-
kind.

I fometimes celebrate you under thefe deno-
minations, and join your health with that of
the whole world; a truly catholic health, which
far excels the poor narrow-fpirited, ridiculous
healths now in fafhion, to this church, or that
church. Whatever our teachers may fay, they
muft give us leave at leaft to wifh generously.
Thefe, dear Sir, are my general difpofitions;
but whenever I pray or wifh for particulars,
you are one of the firft in the thoughts and af-
fections of

Your, &c.

L E T T E R VIII.

From Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Jan. 19, 1715-16.

I Should be afham'd of my long idlenefs, in
not acknowledging your kind advice about
Echo, and your moft ingenious explanation of
it relating to popular tumults; which I own to
be

be very useful: and yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep myself to a shorter receipt of the same Pythagoras, which is Silence; and this I shall observe, if not the whole time of his discipline, yet at least till your return into this country. I am obliged further to this method, by the most severe weather I ever felt; when, tho' I keep as near by the fire side as may be, yet *gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis*; and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to be stop'd. I have further great losses (to a poor farmer) of my poor oxen—*Intereunt pecudes, stant circumfusa pruinis Corpora magna boum,* &c.

Pray comfort me, if you can, by telling me that your second volume of Homer is not frozen; for it must be express'd very poetically, to say now, that the presses sweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of, on occasion of my being obliged to congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine: when finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly sent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on *Antonius Primus*^a.

^a *Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, &c.*

At length my Friend (while Time with still career
Waits on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his past days safe out of Fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;

This

This has been applauded so much, that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps laureat, (pray desire my good friend Mr. Rowe to enter a caveat) provided you will further increase my stock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my estate, and as honestly, as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little, as young beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have conceal'd the true author) whether you will give me orders to declare who is the father of this fine child or not? Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen, and ink are so frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of, Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

Reviews his life, and in the strict survey
 Finds not one moment he could wish away,
 Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.
 Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
 And from the goal again renews the race:
 For he lives twice, who can at once employ
 The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.

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