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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 Third of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

IV. Dr. Swift's answer. His enquiry concerning Mr. P's principles. Poets generally follow the Court. Raillery on the subject of his enemies, and his Religion. A Quaker-pastoral, and a ...

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54342](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54342)

been reduced into the Management of Companies, and the Roguery of Directors.

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmost sincerity,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R I V .

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 30, 1716.

I Had the favour of yours by Mr. F. of whom, before any other question relating to your health or fortune, or success as a Poet, I enquired your principles in the common form, "Is he Whig or a Tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *Facto* and *Jure* had been introduced by the Poets, and that Possession of any sort in
Kings

Kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their Virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or Power confers Virtue, as naturally as five of your Popish sacraments do Grace.—You sleep less and drink more.—But your master Horace was *Vini somnique benignus*: and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in Temples for those who would consult the Oracles, “Who dictates to me slumbring^a,” &c.

You are an ill Catholick, or a worse Geographer, for I can assure you, Ireland is not Paradise, and I appeal even to any Spanish divine whether Addresses were ever made to a friend in Hell, or Purgatory? And who are all these enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few

^a Milton.

others

others whose fame I have forgot; Tools, in my opinion as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every Draper doth not shew you three or four damn'd pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough Bookselling-Rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his cotemporary scriblers in Critic or Satire, not only by stolen Copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other mens dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the Ears of that Curl, when I was in credit, but the Rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the Historian pretends to have been an eye-witness: But I beg pardon, Sack might do it, although Rats-bane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolicks of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curl and his ressemblers are hang'd.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will
will

will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own Religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, because we would oblige you to be a Christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a sett of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay^b could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says. I believe further, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, footman, or chairman's pastoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate-pastoral, among the whores and thieves there.

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an

^b Gay did write a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works.

^c Swift himself wrote one of this kind, intitled *Dermot and Sheelah*.

obscure

obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipt by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem,

Your's, &c.

^a L E T T E R V.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 10, 1721.

A Thousand things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuse to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Justice Whithed, under the situation I am in. For, I take this cause properly to lie before you: You are a much fitter Judge of what concerns the credit of a Writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the Arguments I could

^a This Letter Mr. Pope never received. P. nor did he believe it was ever sent.

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