



## **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**

Letters to and from Mr. Gay, &c. From 1712 to 1732.

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# LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Mr. G A Y.

From 1712 to 1732.

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## LETTER I.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

**Y**OU writ me a very kind Letter some months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonshire. That hindered my answering you, and I have since several times inquired of you, without any satisfaction; for so I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I past two months in Suffex, and since my return have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no answer to that point. Our friend Mr. Cromwell too has been silent all this year; I believe he has been displeas'd at some or other  
of

of my freedoms<sup>a</sup>, which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my friends. But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have opened to you: and if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendships, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourself, which, if I had any interest in the world, or power with those who have, I should not be long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of modesty, or a vicious distrust of another's value for you (those two eternal foes to merit) imagine that your letters and conversation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more intirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myself, and I have seen too much of those qualities in you to be any thing less than

Your, &c.

<sup>a</sup> We see by the letters to Mr. Cromwell, that Mr. Pope was used to railly him on his turn for trifling and pedantic criticism. So he lost his two early friends, Cromwell and Wycherly, by his zeal to correct the bad poetry of the one, and the bad taste of the other.

## L E T T E R II.

Dec. 24. 1721.

**I**T has been my good fortune within this month past, to hear more things that have pleas'd me than (I think) almost in all my time beside. But nothing upon my word has been so home-felt a satisfaction as the news you tell me of yourself: and you are not in the least mistaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good success: for I have more people out of whom to be happy, than any ill-natur'd man can boast of. I may with honesty affirm to you, that, notwithstanding the many inconveniences and disadvantages they commonly talk of in the *Res angusta domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing them some real service. For after all, if we could but think a little, self-love might make us philosophers, and convince us *quantuli indiget Natura!* Ourselves are easily provided for; 'tis nothing but the circumstantials, and the Apparatus or equipage of human life, that costs so much the furnishing. Only what a luxurious man wants for horses, and footmen, a good-natur'd man wants for his friends, or the indigent.

I shall

I shall see you this winter with much greater pleasure than I could the last; and, I hope, as much of your time, as your attendance on the Duchefs<sup>b</sup> will allow you to spare to any friend, will not be thought lost upon one who is as much so as any man. I must also put you in mind, tho' you are now secretary to this Lady, that you are likewise secretary to nine other Ladies, and are to write sometimes for them too. He who is forced to live wholly upon those Ladies favours is indeed in as precarious a condition as any He who does what Chaucer says for sustenance; but they are very agreeable companions, like other Ladies, when a man only passes a night or so with them at his leisure, and away. I am,

Your, &c.

## L E T T E R III.

Aug. 23, 1713.

**J**UST as I receiv'd yours, I was set down to write to you, with some shame that I had so long deferred it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon ceremony, and

<sup>a</sup> Duchefs of Monmouth, to whom he was just then made Secretary.

L

how

how much a greater share in your memory I have, than I deserve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *Elegans Formarum Spectator*. I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow (as the *Plain-Dealer* has it) but am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties, in one trait or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgwaters, a Duchess of Montague, besides half a dozen Earls, and one knight of the garter. I have crucified Christ over again in effigie, and made a Madona as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivall'd St. Luke himself in painting, and as, 'tis said, an angel came and finish'd his piece, so, you would swear, a devil put the last hand to mine, 'tis so begrim'd and smutt'd.

However

However I comfort myself with a Christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment, for my pictures are not the likenesses of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should have a sight of them, who, they tell us, worship certain idols purely for their ugliness.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the news of the advancement of the *Fan*<sup>a</sup>, which, I doubt not, will delight the eye and sense of the fair, as long as that agreeable machine shall play in the hands of posterity. I am glad your fan is mounted so soon, but I would have you varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be borne in the hands of both sexes, no less in Britain, than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a Mandarin to fan himself cool after a debate, and a Statesman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lie.

I am, &c.

<sup>a</sup> A Poem of Mr. Gay's, so intitled.

## L E T T E R I V.

DEAR MR. GAY,

Sept. 23, 1714.

**W**elcome to your native soil<sup>a</sup>! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blest with court-interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and fill'd with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether return'd a triumphant Whig, or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavour'd to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and, as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of Liberty, I know you will be an honest man, and

<sup>a</sup> In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was sent thither by Q. Anne. On her death they returned to England: and it was on this occasion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.



an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know, you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complain'd they had heard nothing from you since the Queen's death: I told them no man living lov'd Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons too themselves to alledge in your excuse; as men who really value one another, will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late Universal concern in public affairs, threw us all into a hurry of spirits: even I, who am more a Philosopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Successor: During your journeys I knew not whether to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend, that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feasting: We will

feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the Ladies.) Are not the Rosalinda's of Britain as charming as the Bloufalinda's of the Hague? or have the two great Pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner kicked, his Rosalind. Dr. Parnelle and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expences: Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you directed to the Post-house in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm—I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, tho' they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R

## LETTER V.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I Am extremely glad to find by a Letter of yours to Mr. Fortescue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep as the greatest of curiosities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the ramble most part of the Summer, and have concluded the season in grief, for the death of my poor father.

I shall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reasons; because I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myself. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleas'd to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

*Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!*

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. Pulteney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and

me, by your letter to Mr. Lowndes<sup>a</sup>. I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wish you paid some hundreds a year to the land-tax. . . That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too; so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and, I find since, you are of my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is so bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you writ like our brother Poets of these days.

The Duchess, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I can't tell who else, had your letters: Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like Friends. I would send my services to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make some compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if she were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me she

<sup>a</sup> A Poem intituled, *To my ingenious and worthy friend W. Lowndes, Esq. Author* | *of that celebrated treatise in Folio, called the LAND-TAX BILL.*

has

has much out-shin'd all the French ladies, as she did the English before: I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women should eclipse those Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whose eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining such fine gentlemen as you to our church.

Your, &c.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young prince, because he is the only prince we have, from whom you have had no expectations and no disappointments.

## LETTER VI.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. F—.

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

**T**HE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world, and there is scarce any thing can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levell'd by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have escap'd: the only thing that is proof against it is the laurel, which, however,

ever, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stands still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for unhappily beneath this little shelter sate two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the shade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-set man of about five and twenty, Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had pass'd thro' the various labours of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction; if she milk'd, 'twas his morning and evening care, to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posie on her silver ring was of his chusing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirm'd, that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtain'd the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in  
the

the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to chuse her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of July between two or three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: No answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they stept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied this faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to skreen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffer'd in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was sing'd, and there appeared a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black, but not the

the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were convey'd to the town, and the next day were interr'd in Stanton-Harcourt Church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnish'd the Epitaph, which is as follows;

*When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,  
On the same pile the faithful pair expire:  
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,  
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.  
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,  
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.*

But my Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this, and Mr. Pope says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold<sup>a</sup>.  
Your, &c.

<sup>a</sup> The Epitaph was this,

Near this place lie the bodies of  
JOHN HEWET and MARY DREW,  
an industrious young Man  
and Virtuous Maiden of this Parish;  
Who being at Harvest-Work  
(with several others)

were in one instant killed by Lightning  
the last day of July 1718.

Think not, by rig'rous Judgment seiz'd,  
A Pair so faithful could expire;  
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,  
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

Live



## LETTER VII.

DEAR GAY,

Sept. 11, 1722.

I Thank you for remembering me; I would do my best to forget myself, but that, I find, your idea is so closely connected to me, that I must forget both together, or neither. I am sorry I could not have a glympse either of you, or of the Sun (your father) before you went for Bath: But now it pleases me to see him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. Congreve in mind that he has one on this side of the world who loves him; and that there are more men and women in the universe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Duchefs. There are ladies in and about Richmond, that pretend to value him and yourself; and one of them at least may be thought to do it without affectation, namely Mrs. Howard.

Pray consult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Chene, to what exact pitch your belly may be suffer'd to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot

Live well, and fear no sudden fate;  
 When God calls Virtue to the grave,  
 Alike 'tis justice soon or late,  
 Mercy alike to kill or save.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,  
 And face the flash that melts the ball.

that

that even pigeon-pyes and hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our governors ; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Rochester are open'd and prophanely pry'd into at the Tower : 'Tis the first time dead pigeons have been suspected of carrying intelligence. To be serious, you and Mr. Congreve and the Doctor will be sensible of my concern and surprize at his commitment, whose welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think myself a most unfortunate wretch : I no sooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my esteem to any man ; but he either dies, like Mr. Craggs, or is sent to imprisonment like the Bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well !

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being address'd to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am,  
Your, &c.

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L E T T E R   V I I I .

July 13, 1722.

**I** Was very much pleas'd, not to say obliged, by your kind letter, which sufficiently warm'd my heart to have answer'd it sooner,  
had

had I not been deceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and yourself were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furnishes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and, I assure you, none of them touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your sentiments upon it are the very same I should entertain: I wish those we call great men had the same notions, but they are really the most little creatures in the world; and the most interested, in all but one point; which is, that they want judgment<sup>a</sup> to know their greatest interest, to encourage and chuse honest men for their friends.

I have not once seen the person you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apostle admonisheth, one flesh with his wife.

Pray make my sincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a stronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almost any one of his rank.

<sup>a</sup> Instead of — *that they* | have said — *there where they*  
*want judgment*, propriety of | *want judgment* —  
 expression requires he should

I have

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, tho' I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you something or other in a letter, which, she says, she repents. She has as much good nature as if she had never seen any ill nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, instead of Princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Fortescue will pass a few days with me: we shall remember you in our potations, and wish you a fisher with us, on my grass plat. In the mean time we wish you success as a fisher of women at the Wells, a rejoycer of the comfortless and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am

Your, &c.

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### L E T T E R IX.

Sept. 11, 1722.

**I** Think it obliging in you to desire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse state in my life, and find whatever I have try'd as a remedy so ineffectual, that I give myself entirely over. I wish your health may be set perfectly right by the waters,

waters; and, be assured, I not only wish that, and every thing else for you, as common friends wish, but with a zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear of, and from you; always glad to see you, whatever accidents or amusements have interven'd to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think justice in regard to those who are my friends, and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deserved so little of as to be my enemies, I don't desire you to forfeit their opinion, or your own judgment in any case. Let time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person; tho' (to say truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am  
his, Mr. Congreve's, and                      Your, &c.

## L E T T E R    X.

I Faithfully assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my Mother's death; there was no circumstance that render'd it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for, these two days past, her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and, unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may encrease!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my Heart, I am excessively concern'd, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great Illness. May your health augment as fast as, I fear, hers must decline: I believe that would be very fast — may the Life  
that

that is added to you be past in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself, than from any expectations or trust in others. May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive without obligations to Greatness. God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my Mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount give me daily accounts of you.

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L E T T E R X I.

Sunday Night.

I Truly rejoiced to see your hand-writing, though I fear'd the trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week past I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to see you. But my Mother advances not at all, gains no strength, and seems but

upon the whole to wait for the next cold day to throw her into a Diarrhœa, that must, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be fear'd, makes me not dare to go a day from her, lest that should prove to be her last. God send you a speedy recovery, and such a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I writ to you either kind, or good; that was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindness, I really have for you, and whatever good I could do, I would, among the very first, be glad to do to you. In your circumstance the old Roman farewell is proper, *Vive memor nostri.*

Your, &c.

I send you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby, between whom and me two letters have pass'd concerning you.

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L E T T E R XII.

**N**O words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I assure you it was not, and is not lessened, by the immediate apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my mother. Be assur'd, no duty less than that should have kept me one day from attending  
your



your condition : I would come and take a room by you at Hampstead, to be with you daily, were she not still in danger of death. I have constantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceas'd to alarm me yet. God preserve your life, and restore your health. I really beg it for my own sake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, tho' I always loved you a great deal. If I am so unfortunate as to bury my poor mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the Southern part of France, may be thought useful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly ; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandon'd state already in which I shall shortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as your sufferings will permit : God is a better friend than a Court ; even any honest man is a better. I promise you my entire friendship in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Your, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever so able : the Doctor tells me all.

## L E T T E R X I I I .

I Am glad to hear of the progress of your recovery, and the oftner I hear it, the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the consolation you were to me in my Mother's former illness, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I would have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now past five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: the rest (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to send messages. I never passed so melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him: Every year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all tenderesses, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it.

*With added days if life give nothing new,  
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleasure thro' ;*

*Some*

*Some Joy still lost, as each vain Year runs o'er,  
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more!  
Is this a Birth-day? — 'Tis, alas! too clear,  
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former Year.*

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R XIV.

To the Honourable Mrs. ———

June 20.

**W**E cannot omit taking this occasion to congratulate you upon the encrease of your family, for your Cow is this morning very happily deliver'd of the better sort, I mean a female calf; she is as like her mother as she can stare. All Knights Errants Palfreys were distinguish'd by lofty names: we see no reason why a Pastoral Lady's sheep and calves should want names of the softer sound; we have therefore given her the name of Cæsar's wife, Calpurnia: imagining, that as Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf, this Roman lady was suckled by a cow, from whence she took that name. In order to celebrate this birth-day, we had a cold dinner at Marble-hill<sup>a</sup>, Mrs. Susan offered us wine upon the occasion,

<sup>a</sup> Mrs. Howard's house.

and upon such an occasion we could not refuse it. Our entertainment consisted of flesh and fish, and the lettice of a greek Island called Cos. We have some thoughts of dining there to-morrow, to celebrate the day after the birthday, and on friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; because we think your hall the most delightful room in the world except that where you are. If it was not for you, we would forswear all courts; and really it is the most mortifying thing in nature, that we can neither get into the court to live with you, nor you get into the country to live with us; so we will take up with what we can get that belongs to you, and make ourselves as happy as we can, in your house.

I hope we shall be brought into no worse company, when you all come to Richmond: for whatever our friend Gay may wish as to getting into Court, I disclaim it, and desire to see nothing of the court but yourself, being wholly and solely

Your, &c.

L E T T E R

## LETTER XV.

July 21.

**Y**OU have the same share in my memory that good things generally have ; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you should be in my mind ; only I reflect too seldom. However, you ought to allow me the indulgence I allow all my friends (and if I did not, they would take it) in consideration that they have other avocations, which may prevent the proofs of their remembering me, tho' they preserve for me all the friendship and good-will which I deserve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my past life of twenty years may be set against the omission of (perhaps) one month : and if you complain of this to any other, 'tis you are in the spleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter splenetic, consider I have just receiv'd the news of the death of a friend, whom I esteem'd almost as many years as you ; poor Fenton. He died at Easthamstead, of indolence and inactivity ; let it not be your fate, but use exercise. I hope the Duchefs<sup>a</sup> will take care of you in this respect, and either make you gallop after her, or teize you enough at home to serve instead of exercise

<sup>a</sup> Of Queensberry.

abroad.

abroad. Mrs. Howard is so concern'd about you, and so angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. Blount for not doing the same, that I am piqu'd with jealousy and envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great place at court; which you will confess a proper cause of envy and hatred, in any Poet militant, or unpension'd. But to set matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am, as I ever was and just as I ever shall be,

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R X V I.

DEAR SIR,

Oct. 6, 1727.

**I** Have many years ago magnify'd in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eighth in the Scripture; "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismissal from all Court-dependance; I dare say I shall find you the better and the honestest man for it, many years hence: very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed Ceremonies, as well as of many ill, and vicious Habits, of which few or no men escape  
 the

the infection, who are hackney'd and tramelled in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the fools of Peers) will smile on you the less; but men of worth, and real friends will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give) Liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, I thank God, Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the satisfactory conscioufness of having *not* merited such graces from courts as are bestow'd only on the mean, servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only steps to the favour of the Great are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their passions. He is their greatest favourite, who is the falsest: and when a man, by such vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for serving their ends: So many a Minister has found it!

I believe you did not want advice, in the letter you sent by my Lord Grantham; I presume you writ it not, without: and you could not have better, if I guess right at the person  
 who

who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any Decency you ought to observe: for I take that person to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with Court-omens? — Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly speech: While you are no body's servant, you may be any one's friend; and as such I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling, you shall have six-pence, nay eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R XVII.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 2, 1728.

**T**WAS two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter; I might indeed have done it sooner; I thought of you every post-day upon that account, and every other day upon some account or other. I must beg you to give Mrs. B. my sincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who seem'd



feem'd in the letter she writ to be in high health and spirits. Considering the multiplicity of pleasures and delights that one is over-run with in those places, I wonder how any body hath health and spirits enough to support them: I am heartily glad she has, and whenever I hear so, I find it contributes to mine. You see I am not free from dependance, tho' I have less attendance than I had formerly; for a great deal of my own welfare still depends upon hers. Is the widow's house to be dispos'd of yet? I have not given up my pretensions to the Dean; if it was to be parted with, I wish one of us had it; I hope you wish so too, and that Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Howard wish the same, and for the very same reason that I wish it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertisements in news-papers, by which one would think the race of Curls was multiplied; and, by the indignation such fellows show against you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himself hath not been worse us'd by the French. I am to tell you that the Duchess makes you her compliments, and is always inclin'd to like any thing you do; that Mr. Congreve admires, with me, your fortitude: and loves, not envies your performance, for we are not Dunces. Adieu.

L E T T E R

## L E T T E R X V I I I .

April 18, 1730.

**I**F my friendship were as effectual as it is sincere, you would be one of those people who would be vastly advantaged and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd those Popes who were most famous for Nepotism, 'tis a sign that the old fellows loved Somebody, which is not usual in such advanced years. And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extensive bounty and goodness to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendship is so much less effectual than theirs; nay so utterly useles that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this distance, nor help the General whom I greatly love, to catch one fish. My only consolation is to think you happier than myself, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you (an excellent remedy for love.) How comes it that Providence has been so unkind to me (who am a greater object of compassion than any fat man alive) that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepar'd with oranges by the hand of the Duchefs of Queensberry? that I am condemn'd to live by a high-way side, like an old Patriarch, receiving all guests, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

*Mane*

*Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,*

while you are wrapt into the Idalian Groves, sprinkled with rose-water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet up to the chin, with the Duchefs of Queensberry? that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windsor, while you are happily banish'd with the Duchefs of Queensberry? So partial is fortune in her dispensations! for I deserved ten times more to be banish'd than you, and I know some Ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I must not name any, who dare do so much for you as to send you their services. But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I suppose, to prevent or excuse her not doing it herself; she seems (for that is all I'll say for a courtier) to wish you mighty well. Another, who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wish you well — I fancy, after all, they both do so.

I writ to Mr. Fortescue and told him the pains you took to see him. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from Irish evidence, but only two letters these four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: he is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Mr. Cleland  
always

always speaks of you : he is at Tunbridge, wondering at the superior carni-voracity of our friend : he plays now with the old Duchefs, nay dines with her, after ſhe has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counſellor Bickford has hurt himſelf, and has the ſtrongeſt walking-ſtaff I ever ſaw. He intends ſpeedily to make you a viſit with it at Amefbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Duchefs's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R XIX.

Sept. 11, 1730.

**I** May with great truth return your ſpeech, that I think of you daily ; oftener indeed than is conſiſtent with the character of a reaſonable man, who is rather to make himſelf eaſy with the things and men that are about him, than uneaſy for thoſe which he wants. And you, whoſe abſence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more bleſſed ſtate with ſpirits of a higher kind : ſuch I reckon his Grace and her  
Grace,

Grace, since their banishment from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for, I conclude, none but true friends will consort or associate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon myself (so unworthy as a man of Twitnam seems, to be rank'd with such rectify'd and sublimated beings as you) as a separated spirit too from Courts and courtly fopperies. But, I own, not altogether so divested of terrene matter, nor altogether so spiritualized, as to be worthy admision to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugg'd back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-shot of reports, within the vortex of lies and censures. I hear sometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reason and religion. I presume these are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter; except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the post, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this distance; as one Mrs. H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midst of the Colluvies and sink of human greatness at W—r; one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too transitory state

at Peterſham; one Lord B. who admir'd the Duchefs before ſhe grew a Goddeſs; and a few others.

To deſcend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miſeries here; I muſt ſeriously ſay, the loſs of any one good woman is too great to be born eaſily: and poor Mrs. Rollinſon, tho' a private woman, was ſuch. Her huſband is gone into Oxfordſhire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for ſuch is our fate, and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as ſeldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, &c.

L E T T E R   X X .

D E A R   S I R ,

Oct. 1, 1730.

**I** Am ſomething like the ſun at this ſeaſon, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and reſolving to ſhine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to ſuch a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more ſerviceable companion. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the Iriſhman) that the  
moon

moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't say this with any allusion to my poetical capacity as a son of Apollo, but in my companionable one (if you'll suffer me to use a phrase of the Earl of Clarendon's) for I shall see or be seen of few of you this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleasure. I not only, as Dryden finely says, feel my notes decay as a poet, but feel my spirits flag as a companion, and shall return again to where I first began, my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body (if I can) to some life. A friend (a woman-friend, God help me!) with whom I have spent three or four hours a day these fifteen years, advised me to pass more time in my studies: I reflected, she must have found some reason for this admonition, and concluded she would complete all her kindnesses to me by returning me to the employment I am fittest for; conversation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a beatify'd spirit, comparing your life with my stupid state. For as to my living at Windsor with the ladies, &c. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I shall certainly make as little court

to others as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-weather friends of the summer are going away for London, and I shall see them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not desire to do, if it were only for their sakes. But we that are writers, ought to love posterity, that posterity may love us; and I would willingly live to see the children of the present race, merely in hope they may be a little wiser than their Parents.

I am, &c.

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L E T T E R   X X I .

**I**T is true that I write to you very seldom, and have no pretence of writing which satisfies me, because I have nothing to say that can give you much pleasure: only merely that I am in being, which in truth is of little consequence to one from whose conversation I am cut off by such accidents or engagements as separate us. I continue, and ever shall, to wish you all good and happiness: I wish that some lucky event might set you in a state of ease and independency all at once! and that I might live to see you as happy, as this silly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life  
ebbing



ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening as my age encreases; not that I am worse, but better, in my health than last winter; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor support to lean upon, from those about me: and so I feel myself leaving the world, as fast as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and those too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to bear pace with; or else so divided from me, that they are but like the dead whose remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit from my youth made me have but one strong desire; all other ambitions, my person, education, constitution, religion, &c. conspired to remove far from me. That desire was, to fix and preserve a few lasting, dependable friendships: and the accidents which have disappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am sunk into an idleness, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the rest of mankind; I propose no rewards to myself, and why should I take any sort of pains? here I sit and sleep, and probably here I shall sleep till I sleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what passes in the busy world with so little attention, that I forget it the next day: and as to the learned world, there is nothing passes in it. I

have no more to add, but that I am with the same truth as ever,

Your, &c.

## L E T T E R XXII.

Oct. 23, 1730.

**Y** Our letter is a very kind one, but I can't say so pleasing to me as many of yours have been, thro' the account you give of the dejection of your spirits. I wish the too constant use of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing physician of that opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immers'd in the country; I hope your return to Town will be a prevalent remedy against the evil of too much recollection. I wish it partly for my own sake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be physicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our constitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum similitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are several here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit,

I  
which

which seems to be bidding the town a long and last adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth reading, or seeing; the whole age seems resolv'd to justify the Dunciad, and it may stand for a public Epitaph or monumental Inscription like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people perish'd!* There may indeed be a Wooden image or two of Poetry set up, to preserve the memory that there once were bards in Britain; and (like the Giants at Guildhall) show the bulk and bad taste of our ancestors: At present the poor Laureat<sup>a</sup> and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose; a drunken sot of a *Parson* holds forth the emblem of *Inspiration*, and an honest industrious *Thresher* not unaptly represents *Pains* and *Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of Wiltshire has appear'd at Amesbury, or the Duchefs will be thought insensible to all bright qualities and exalted genius's, in court and country alike. But he is a harmless man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talk'd of at court, but it will please you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, tho' not in the same breath with the *Thresher*, as they do of me. By the way, have you seen or convers'd with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful Phænomenon of Wiltshire?

<sup>a</sup> Eufden.

I have read thro' his whole volume<sup>b</sup> with admiration of the writer; tho' not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have past just three days in London in four months, two at Windsor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excursion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library. Adieu. Live mindful of one of your first friends, who will be so to the last. Mrs. Blount deserves your remembrance, for she never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend<sup>c</sup>.

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my services: the contentment you express in their company pleases me, tho' it be the bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly

Your, &c.

<sup>b</sup> This was his quarto Volume, written before he had given any signs of those extravagancies, which have since rendered him so famous. As the Court set up Mr. *Duck* for the rival of Mr. Pope, the City at the same time considered *Chubb*, as one who would eclipse

Locke. The modesty of the court Poet kept him sober in a very intoxicating situation, while the vanity of this new-fashion'd Philosopher assisted his sage admirers in turning his brains.

<sup>c</sup> Alluding to those lines in the Epist. *on the characters of Women*,

“ With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,  
“ Say what can *Cloe* want?—She wants a heart.

L E T T E R

## LETTER XXIII.

Oct. 2, 1732.

SIR Clem. Cottrel tells me you will shortly come to town. We begin to want comfort in a few friends about us, while the winds whistle, and the waters roar. The sun gives us a parting look, but 'tis but a cold one; we are ready to change those distant favours of a lofty beauty, for a gross material fire that warms and comforts more. I wish you could be here till your family come to town: you'll live more innocently, and kill fewer harmless creatures, nay none, except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit for conscience sake, that you should come to town, and that the Duchefs should stay in the country, where no innocents of another species may suffer by her. I hope she never goes to church: the Duke should lock you both up, and less harm would be done. I advise you to make man your game, hunt and beat about here for coxcombs, and truss up Rogues in Satire: I fancy they'll turn to a good account, if you can produce them fresh, or make them keep: and their relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a colleague, absolute and perpetual dictator of the stage,

stage, tho' indeed while he lived he was but as Bibulus to Cæsar. However ambition finds something to be gratify'd with in a mere name; or else, God have mercy on poor ambition! Here is a dead vacation at present, no politics at court, no trade in town, nothing stirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verses on the Royal Hermitage: I hear the Queen is at a loss which to prefer; but for my own part, I like none so well as Mr. Poyntz's in Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your Muse on this occasion. I am sure I would do as much for the Duchess of Queensberry, if she desir'd it. Several of your friends assure me it is expected from you: one should not bear in mind, all one's life, any little indignity one receives from a Court; and therefore I am in hopes, neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The volume of Miscellanies is just publish'd, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and, I assure you, no one more than,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R

## LETTER XXIV.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

Oct. 7, 1732.

I Am at last return'd from my Somersetshire expedition, but since my return I cannot so much boast of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, so as to make me uneasy and dispirited, tho' not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excursions we made were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful prospects. Sir William Wyndham is at present amusing himself with some real improvements, and a great many visionary castles. We were often entertain'd with sea views and sea fish, and were at some places in the neighbourhood, among which, I was mightily pleas'd with Dunster-Castle near Minehead. It stands upon a great eminence, and hath a prospect of that town, with an extensive view of the Bristol Channel, in which are seen two small Islands call'd the Steep Holms and Flat Holms, and on t'other side we could plainly distinguish the divisions of fields on the Welsh coast. All this journey I perform'd on horseback, and I am  
very

very much disappointed that at present I feel myself so little the better for it. I have indeed followed riding and exercise for three months successively, and really think I was as well without it; so that I begin to fear the illness I have so long and so often complain'd of, is inherent in my constitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience<sup>a</sup>.

As to your advice about writing Panegyric, 'tis what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it sometimes against my judgment and inclinations, and I heartily repent of it. And at present, as I have no desire of reward, and see no just reason of praise, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I would not interfere in any Gentleman's profession. I have seen no verses upon these sublime occasions; so that I have no emulation: Let the patrons enjoy the authors, and the authors their patrons, for I know myself unworthy.

I am, &c.

<sup>a</sup> Mr. Gay died the November following at the Duke | of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46 years. P.



## LETTER XXV.

Mr. CLELAND to Mr. GAY<sup>a</sup>.

Decemb. 16, 1731.

I Am astonish'd at the complaints occasion'd by a late Epistle to the Earl of Burlington; and I should be afflicted were there the least just ground for them. Had the writer attack'd Vice, at a time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and so far from being conceal'd as a Defect, that it is proclaimed with ostentation as a Merit; I should have been apprehensive of the consequence: Had he satirized Gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds fortune, acquir'd by such methods as are in daily practice, and almost universally encouraged: had he overwarmly defended the Religion of his country, against such books as come from every press, are publickly vend'd in every shop, and greedily bought by almost every rank of men; or had he called our excellent weekly writers by the same names which they openly bestow on the greatest men in the Ministry, and out of the Ministry, for which they are all unpunished, and most rewarded: In any of these cases, in-

<sup>a</sup> This was written by the same hand that wrote the | *Letter to the Publisher*, pre-  
fixed to the *Dunciad*.

deed,

deed, I might have judged him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his rashness.

I could not but hope better for this small and modest Epistle, which attacks no one Vice whatsoever; which deals only in Folly, and not Folly in general, but a single species of it; that only branch, for the opposite excellency to which, the Noble Lord to whom it is written must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape censure, especially seeing how tenderly these Follies are treated, and really less accused than apologized for.

*Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,  
Health to himself, and to his Infants Bread  
The Lab'rer bears.*

Is this such a crime, that to impute it to a man must be a grievous offence? 'Tis an innocent Folly, and much more beneficent than the want of it; for ill Taste employs more hands, and diffuses expence more than a good one. Is it a moral defect? No, it is but a natural one; a want of taste. It is what the best good man living may be liable to. The worthiest Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favour'd house, and the best reputed citizen be pleas'd with a vile garden. I thought (I say) the author had the common liberty to observe a defect, and to  
compliment

compliment a friend for a quality that distinguishes him : which I know not how any quality should do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But, they say, the satire is personal. I thought it could not be so, because all its reflections are on things. His reflections are not on the man, but his house, garden, &c. Nay, he respects (as one may say) the Persons of the Gladiator, the Nile, and the Triton : he is only sorry to see them (as he might be to see any of his friends) ridiculous by being in the wrong place, and in bad company. Some fancy, that to say, a thing is Personal, is the same as to say, it is Injust, not considering, that nothing can be Just that is not personal. I am afraid that "all such writings and discourses as touch no man, will mend no man." The good-natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like satire ; and the guilty readily concur with the weak for a plain reason, because the vicious look upon folly as their frontier :

*Jam proximus ardet*

Ucalegon.

No wonder those who know ridicule belongs to them, find an inward consolation in removing it from themselves as far as they can ; and it is never so far, as when they can get it fixed on the best characters.

ractions. No wonder those who are Food for Satirists should rail at them as creatures of prey; every beast born for our use would be ready to call a man so.

I know no remedy, unless people in our age would as little frequent the theatres, as they begin to do the churches; unless comedy were forsaken, satire silent, and every man left to do what seems good in his own eyes, as if there were no King, no Priest, no Poet, in Israel.

But I find myself obliged to touch a point, on which I must be more serious; it well deserves I should: I mean the malicious application of the character of Timon, which, I will boldly say, they would impute to the person the most different in the world from a Man-hater, to the person whose taste and encouragement of wit have often been shewn in the rightest place. The author of that epistle must certainly think so, if he has the same opinion of his own merit as authors generally have; for he has been distinguished by this very person.

Why, in God's name, must a Portrait, apparently collected from twenty different men, be applied to one only? Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. Has it his nose or mouth? no, they are totally differing. What then, I beseech you? Why, it has the mole on his chin. Very well;

well; but must the picture therefore be his, and has no other man that blemish?

Could there be a more melancholy instance how much the taste of the public is vitiated, and turns the most salutary and seasonable physic into poison, than if amidst the blaze of a thousand bright qualities in a great man, they should only remark there is a shadow about him; as what eminence is without? I am confident the author was incapable of imputing any such to one, whose whole life (to use his own expression in print of him) is a *continued series of good and generous actions*.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the least pain or offence to any innocent person; and none who would be less concerned, if the satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim it. If ever that happens, I dare engage, he will own it, with all the freedom of one whose censures are just, and who sets his name to them.

## L E T T E R   X X V I .

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,

March 7, 1731.

**T**HE clamour rais'd about my Epistle to you, could not give me so much pain, as I receiv'd pleasure in seeing the general zeal of the world in the cause of a Great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordship in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deserv'd this from you; for as I had the honour to be your Friend, I could not treat you quite like a Poet: but sure the writer deserv'd more candor, even from those who knew him not, than to promote a report, which in regard to that noble person, was impertinent; in regard to me, villainous. Yet I had no great cause to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty should be applied to one; since, by that means, nineteen would escape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge of that noble person's opinion in this affair, to trouble the public about it. But since Malice and Mistake are so long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his  
belief,

belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which my own heart is as conscious, as, I fear, some of theirs must be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the Injury done to me, while his greatness of mind can bear with indifference the insult offer'd to himself<sup>a</sup>.

However, my Lord, I own, that critics of this sort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That would be making the Town a compliment which, I think, it deserves; and which some, I am sure, would take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as slander rais'd by fools of the lowest rank, can find any countenance from those of a higher. Even from the conduct shewn on this occasion, I have learnt there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their Idols, their Groves, and their High-places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries: and, as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natur'd applications, I may probably, in

<sup>a</sup> Alludes to the letter the Duke of Ch\* wrote to Mr. Pope on this occasion. P.

my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones. I am,

My Lord,

Your most Affectionate, &c.

L E T T E R   X X V I I <sup>a</sup>.

Cirencester.

**I**T is a true saying, that misfortunes alone prove one's friendships; they show us not only that of other people for us, but our own for them. We hardly know ourselves any otherwise. I feel my being forced to this Bath-journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to those I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not usually got the better of my tenderesses and affections. I set out with a heavy heart, wishing I had done this thing the last season; for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the most, my Mother's death (especially should it happen while I am away.) And another Reflection pains me, that I have never, since I knew you, been so long separated from you, as I now must be. Methinks we live to be more and more strangers, and every year teaches you to live without me:

<sup>a</sup> To Mrs. B.

This



This absence may, I fear, make my return less welcome and less wanted to you, than once it seem'd, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reason to diminish friendship, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal disorder'd me, notwithstanding my resting place at Lord Bathurst's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks, and is in spirits all day long; I rejoice to see him so. It is a right distinction, that I am happier in seeing my friends so many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleasures, than I can be in sharing either with them: for in these sort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with them, any more than I can walk with a stronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow myself. The worst is, that reading and writing, which I have still the greatest relish for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preserve the good opinion of one or two friends, to such a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weakneses, I will not complain of life: And if I could live to see you consult your ease and quiet, by becoming independent on those who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleasanter than the former, or present. My uneasinesses of body I can bear;

my chief uneasiness of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you *easy* and *beloved* (which is all the happiness one needs to wish in this world) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to lose that temper by sacrificing yourself to others, out of a mistaken tenderness, which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you must do soon, or it will be too late: Habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L— to live out of a Court.

You must excuse me for observing what I think any defect in you: You grow too indolent, and give things up too easily: which would be otherwise, when you found and felt yourself your own: Spirits would come in, as ill-usage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppression, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *Humour*, nor your own *Sense*.

You can't conceive how much you would find resolution rise, and cheerfulness grow upon you, if you'd once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes across me, and therefore excuse my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I dissemble half that I think of you: Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.

LETTER XXVIII<sup>a</sup>.

YOUR letter dated at nine a clock on Tuesday (night, as I suppose) has funk me quite. Yesterday I hoped; and yesterday I sent you a line or two for our poor Friend Gay, inclos'd in a few words to you; about twelve or one a clock you should have had it. I am troubled about that, tho' the present cause of our trouble be so much greater<sup>b</sup>. Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty share with Mrs. Howard, who has lost a man of a most honest heart; so honest an one, that I wish her Master had none less honest about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one promise it makes us, for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the past. Let us comfort one another, and, if possible, study to add as much more friendship to each other, as death has deprived us of in him: I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours.

I purposely avoid saying more. The subject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or ease by

<sup>a</sup> To the same.

<sup>b</sup> Mr. Gay's death, which  
happen'd in Nov. 1732, at

the Duke of Queensberry's  
house in London, aged 46.  
P.

reason or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

So will the death of my Mother be ! which now I tremble at, now resign to, now bring close to me, now set farther off : Every day alters, turns me about, and confuses my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous distemper is again return'd, her fever coming onward again, tho' less in pain ; for which last however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be call'd a Pleasure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have so long lived with, or of one I have so long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort ; the last we usually think of, tho' the only one we should in wisdom depend upon, in such a disappointing place as this. I sit in her room, and she is always present before me, but when I sleep. I wonder I am so well : I have shed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things see you, and think it would comfort you to see me so equal-temper'd and so quiet. But pray dine here ; you may, and she know nothing of it, for she dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing, lest it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Bethel had time, I wish he were your companion  
I hither.

hither. Be as much as you can with each other: Be assur'd I love you both, and be farther assur'd, that friendship will encrease as I live on.

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## LETTER XXIX.

TO HUGH BETHEL, Esq.

July 12, 1723.

**I** Assure you unfeignedly any memorial of your good-nature and friendliness is most welcome to me, who know those tenders of affection from you are not like the common traffic of compliments and professions, which most people only give that they may receive; and is at best a commerce of Vanity, if not of Falsehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the sort of good offices you offer: but if I did want them, I should not think myself unhappy in receiving them at your hands: this really is some compliment, for I would rather most men did me a small injury, than a kindness. I know your humanity, and, allow me to say, I love and value you for it: 'Tis a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I see the world so fond of: They generally admire in the wrong place, and generally most admire the things they don't comprehend,

or

or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleasure or advantage from wit which they seldom taste, or learning which they seldom understand: much less from the quality, high birth, or shining circumstances of those to whom they profess esteem, and who will always remember how much they are their Inferiors. But Humanity and sociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and still wants more the longer he lives, and most the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a ditch or on a terras; we should walk in the common way, where others are continually passing on the same level, to make the journey of life supportable by bearing one another company in the same circumstances.—Let me know how I may convey over the Odysses for your amusement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with those of Ulysses: I am sure yours are undertaken upon a more disinterested, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning as he did, alone, without saving a friend.

There is lately printed a book <sup>a</sup> wherein all human virtue is reduced to one test, that of

<sup>a</sup> Mr. Wollaston's book of the *Religion of Nature delineated*. The Queen was fond of it, and that made the reading of it, and the talking of it, fashionable.

Truth,

Truth, and branch'd out in every instance of our duty to God and man. If you have not seen it, you must, and I will send it together with the *Odyſſey*. The very women read it, and pretend to be charm'd with that beauty which they generally think the leaſt of. They make as much ado about *truth*, ſince this book appear'd, as they did about *health* when Dr. Cheyne's came out; and will doubtleſs be as conſtant in the purſuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

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L E T T E R   X X X .

To the ſame.

Aug. 9, 1726.

I Never am unmindful of thoſe I think ſo well of as yourſelf; their number is not ſo great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination, that I am much employ'd by other people. For tho' my houſe is like the houſe of a Patriarch of old, ſtanding by the highway ſide and receiving all travellers, nevertheleſs I ſeldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief buſineſs is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amuſements, and all the ſilly things which mankind would

would fain make pleasures of, when in truth they are labour and sorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your Relation, the E. of C. as on the fate of a mortal man: Esteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his last period, tho' the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his course. He certainly knew himself best at last, and knew best the little value of others, whose neglect of him, whom they so grossly follow'd and flatter'd in the former scene of his life, shew'd them as worthless as they could imagine him to be, were he all that his worst enemies believ'd of him: For my own part, I am sorry for his death, and wish he had lived long enough to see so much of the faithlessness of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing such wretches as he must have found it to be compos'd of.

Tho' you could have no great value for this Great man, yet acquaintance itself, the custom of seeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wish at least for his being above ground, and a degree of uneasiness at his removal. 'Tis the loss of an object familiar to us: I should hardly care to have an old post pull'd up, that I remember'd



ber'd ever since I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the case of such as were not the best of their Species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compassion. To say the truth, either in the case of death or life, almost every body and every thing is a cause or object for humanity, even prosperity itself, and health itself; so many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am sorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you don't name the person. But I conclude it is one of those to whose houses, you tell me, you are going, for I know no invitation with you is so strong as when any one is in distress, or in want of your assistance: The strongest proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loss of Mr. Blount. Whoever has any portion of good nature will suffer on these occasions; but a good mind rewards its own sufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as possible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis* — I am but a *Lodger* here: this is not an abiding city, I am only to stay out my lease: for what has Perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you would take up with an

Inn

Inn at Twitenham, as long as I am Host of it: if not, I would take up freely with any Inn of yours. — Adieu, dear Sir: Let us while away this life: and (if we can) meet in another.

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L E T T E R XXXI.

To the same.

June 24, 1727.

**Y**OU are too humane and considerate, (things few people can be charged with.) Do not say you will not expect letters from me; upon my word I can no more forbear writing sometimes to you, than thinking of you. I know the world too well, not to value you who are an example of acting, living, and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my Mother's unexpected recovery, tho' my hope can rise no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the small addition of a few days to the many she has already seen. Yet so short and transitory as this light is, it is all I have to warm or shine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing else that will live for me, or consume itself in my service. But I would have you think this is not the chief motive of my concern about her: Gratitude is a  
cheap

cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually, for it costs us nothing, but our memory of the good done. And I owe her more good, than ever I can pay, or she at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be disturbed for many things in this world: but those offices that are necessary duties either to our friends or ourselves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and ease of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the highest pleasure; and those who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themselves ever so dearly. At the same time it must be own'd, one meets with cruel disappointments in seeing so often the best endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is most cruel of all) thro' their own means<sup>a</sup>. But still, I affirm, those very disappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleasures, than the utmost gratifications and successes of a mere self-lover.

The great and sudden event which has just now happened<sup>b</sup>, puts the whole world (I mean

<sup>a</sup> See Letter xxvii. from Cirencester. | the First, which happened the 11th of June, 1727.

<sup>b</sup> The death of K. George

this whole world) into a new state : The only use I have, shall, or wish to make of it, is to observe the disparity of men from themselves in a week's time : the desultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new measures : and that strange spirit and life, with which men broken and disappointed resume their hopes, their sollicitations, their ambitions ! It would be worth your while as a Philosopher, to be busy in these observations, and to come hither to see the fury and bustle of the Bees this hot season, without coming so near as to be stung by them.

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R XXXII.

To the same.

June 17, 1728.

**A**fter the publishing of my Boyish Letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I should forswear writing a letter again while I live ; since I do not correspond with a friend upon the terms of any other free subject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be silent, or reserved ; and, I am sure, my opinion of your heart is such, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world should

should know. I could publish my own heart too, I will venture to say, for any mischief or malice there is in it : but a little too much folly or weakness might (I fear) appear, to make such a spectacle either instructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to secure me from the like usage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preserved ; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which was the happiness of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myself to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a visit to London : Curiosity and the love of Dissipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor sorry for it, but I am very sorry for those who have nothing else to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have small hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to please a world not very candid or deserving. If I can preserve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, considering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are so willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the soft sen-

fations, the greatest pleasure is to give and receive mutual Trust. It is by Belief and firm Hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, and dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taste, amidst the Insipid, the Disagreeable, the Cloying, or the Dead-sweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleasures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be relish'd long: and vivacity in some cases is worse than dulness. Therefore indeed for many years I have not chosen my companions for any of the qualities in fashion, but almost intirely for that which is the most out-of-fashion, sincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyric, and perhaps my own too, for next to possessing the best of qualities is the esteeming and distinguishing those who possess it. I truly love and value you, and so I stop short.

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## L E T T E R    X X X I I I .

To the Earl of P E T E R B O R O W .

M Y L O R D ,

Aug. 24, 1728.

**I** Presume you may before this time be returned, from the contemplation of many Beauties, animal and vegetable, in Gardens; and

and possibly some rational, in Ladies; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have seen will only contribute to it. I am not so fond of making compliments to Ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I would say there are some very reasonable, and one in particular there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at least half the year almost as much your own master as I am mine the whole year: and with all the disadvantageous incumbrances of quality, parts, and honour, as meer a gardener, loiterer, and labourer, as he who never had Titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the last of these glorious appellations to the style of a Lord degraded or attainted: methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of, in calling him Labourer: *Agricultura*, says Tully, *proxima Sapientiæ*, which is more than can be said, by most modern Nobility, of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima Stultitiæ*. The Great Turk, you know, is often a Gardener, or of a meaner trade: and are there not (my Lord) some circumstances in which you would resemble the Great Turk? The two Paradises are not ill connected, of Gardens and Gallantry; and some there are (not to name my Lord B.) who pretend they

are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Muffelmen.

We have as little politics here within a few miles of the Court (nay perhaps at the Court) as you at Southampton; and our Ministers, I dare say, have less to do. Our weekly histories are only full of the feasts given to the Queen and Royal Family by their servants, and the long and laborious walks her majesty takes every morning. Yet if the graver Historians hereafter shall be silent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotal may make posterity some amends, by being furnished with the gallantries of the Great at home; and 'tis some comfort, that if the Men of the next age do not read of us, the Women may.

From the time you have been absent, I've not been to wait on a certain great man, thro' modesty, thro' idleness, and thro' respect. But for my comfort I fancy, that any great man will as soon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me, my Lord, yours.



## LETTER XXXIV.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

I Must confess that in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curiosity. I went thither to see what I had seen, and what I was sure to like.

I had the idea of those gardens so fix'd in my imagination by many descriptions, that nothing surprized me; Immensity and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me use this expression: I confess the stately Sacharissa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the subject, and wonder at your mistake: why will you imagine women insensible to Praise, much less to yours? I have seen them more than once turn from their Lover to their Flatterer. I am sure the Farmerefs at Bevis in her highest mortifications, in the middle of her Lent<sup>a</sup>, would feel emotions of vanity, if she knew you gave her the character of a reasonable woman.

You have been guilty again of another mistake, which hinder'd me showing your letter to

<sup>a</sup> The Countess of Peterborow, a Roman-catholic.

a friend ; when you join two ladies in the same compliment, tho' you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would please neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more disposed to criticise your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a Court, to be without Politics ? With politics indeed the Richlieu's and such folks have brought about great things in former days ; but what are they, Sir, who, without policy, in our times, can make ten Treaties in a year, and secure everlasting Peace ?

I can no longer disagree with you, tho' in jest. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your Esteem of that most noble title, Loiterer. If I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a Temple to Laziness : No man sure could blame my choice of such a Deity, who considers, that, when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with some wise man able to undo my labours.

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R

## LETTER XXXV.

YOU were in a very polemic humour when you did me the honour to answer my last. I always understood, like a true controvertist, that to answer is only to cavil and quarrel: however, I forgive you; you did it (as all Polemics do) to shew your parts. Else was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It is true, my Lord, you know women as well as men: but since you certainly love them better, why are you so uncharitable in your opinion of them? Surely one Lady may allow another to have the thing she herself least values, Reason, when Beauty is uncontested. Venus herself could allow Minerva to be Goddess of Wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool herself thought) on a better account. I do say, that Lady P\* is a reasonable woman; and, I think, she will not take it amiss, if I should insist upon esteeming her, instead of Toasting her, like a silly thing I could name, who is the Venus of these days. I see you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reasonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have shewn your letter to one who will take it candidly.

But, for God's sake, what have you said about Politicians? you made me a great compliment in the trust you reposed in my prudence, or what mischief might not I have done you with some that affect that denomination? Your Lordship might as safely have spoken of Heroes. What a bluster would the God of the winds have made, had one that we know puff'd against Æolus, or (like Xerxes) whipp'd the seas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearsal,

*I'll give him flash for flash—*

*I'll give him dash for dash—*

But all now is safe; the Poets are preparing songs of joy, and Halcyon-days are the word.

I hope, my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection brings you to town. I fear it will a little raise your envy to find all the Muses employed in celebrating a Royal-work<sup>b</sup>, which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four Wits into any hole in your Garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eaton and Westminster. I think, Swift, Gay, and I could undertake it, if you don't think our Heads too expensive: but the same hand that

<sup>a</sup> The Hermitage.

did the others, will do them as cheap. If all else should fail, you are sure at least of the head, hand, and heart of your servant.

Why should you fear any disagreeable news to reach us at Mount Bevis? Do as I do even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs we never knew a deader season: 'tis all silent, deep tranquillity. Indeed, they say, 'tis sometimes so just before an Earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we observe the wise neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears? Or if you, my Lord, should be prick'd on by any old-fashion'd notions of Honour and Romance, and think it necessary for the General of the Marines to be in action, when our Fleets are in motion; meet them at Spithead, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great Britain is concern'd; and will contribute to empty the largest bowl of punch that shall be rigg'd out on such an occasion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many Years attend you, as may be happy and honourable!

L E T T E R

## L E T T E R   X X X V I .

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

**Y**OU must receive my letters with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day ; I sink grievously with the weather-glass, and am quite spiritless when oppress'd with the thoughts of a Birthday or a Return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful laziness, and being much out of order, keep me in the country ; however, if alive, I must make my appearance at the Birthday. Where you showed one letter you may shew the other ; she that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuse, where a sin of Omission, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial sin.

I consent you shall call me polemic, or associate me to any sect or Corporation, provided you do not join me to the Charitable Rogues or to the Pacific Politicians of the present age. I have read over <sup>a</sup> Barkley in vain, and find, after a stroke given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow : all I can bring myself to, is to bear mortification from the Fair sex with patience.

<sup>a</sup> Barkley's apology for the Quakers. P.

You

You seem to think it vexatious that I shall allow you but one woman at a time, either to praise, or love. If I dispute with you upon this point; I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me. So, Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you must not think of women in a reasonable way: you know we always make Goddeses of those we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us, we must lay aside Reason in what relates to the Deity?

'Tis well the Poets are preparing songs of joy: 'tis well to lay in antidotes of soft rhyme, against the rough prose they may chance to meet with at Westminster. I should have been glad of any thing of Swift's: pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way, as himself. Yours.

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L E T T E R XXXVII.

From the same.

**W**Henever you apply as a good Papist to your female Mediatrix, you are sure of success; but there is not a full assurance of your  
entire

entire submission to Mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, she will correspond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheelbarrow: surely such letters might escape examination.

Your Idea of the Golden Age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wishes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

Oh how I wish, to myself and my friends, a freedom which Fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! why is our Shepherdess<sup>a</sup> in voluntary slavery? why must our Dean submit to the Colour of his coat, and live absent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journeys before-hand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be sprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of Corruption.

Your, &c.

<sup>a</sup> Mrs. H.

L E T T E R



LETTER XXXVIII.

From the same.

1732.

**I** Am under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this protestant land, most especially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue but by Bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For tho' I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience; every one must confess, that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay at worst many good men hold, that for a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But, Sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because, I know, you wish me well; I am cur'd of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was

I was possess'd with violent and uneasy passions, such as a peevish concern for Truth<sup>a</sup>, and a faucy love for my Country.

When a Christian Priest preached against the Spirit of the Gospel, when an English Judge determined against Magna Charta, when the Minister acted against Common Sense, I used to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper: As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useles fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late Parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as Sir Robert S-t-t-n.

If the Translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition, or (what I more fear) if the Draper of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit: I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace. *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Your, &c.

<sup>a</sup> As may be seen from his transactions with Fenwick in the year 1696-7.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to the E. of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

I Never knew or heard of any person so volatile, and so fix'd as your Lordship: You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced Courts to act against their oldest, and most constant maxims; to make you a General because you had courage and conduct; an Ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an  
Admiral

Admiral on account of your skill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the usual method of Court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the Army, and you of the Church, or rather a Curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your Lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's Ministry us'd to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no house. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure in this scoundrel country, of going about, and shewing my depending Parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R

## LETTER XL.

To \* \* \* \*<sup>a</sup>.

Sept. 13.

I Believe you are by this time immers'd in your vast Wood; and one may address to you as to a very abstracted person, like Alexander Selkirk, or the<sup>b</sup> Self-taught Philosopher. I should be very curious to know what sort of contemplations employ you. I remember the latter of those I mention'd, gave himself up to a devout exercise of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the celestial bodies. I don't think it at all impossible that Mr. L\* may be far advanced in that exercise, by frequent turns towards the several aspects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleas'd to direct him in search of prospects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time, as birds are tamed by being whirl'd about; and doubtless come not to despise the meanest shrubs or coppice-wood, tho' naturally he seems more inclined to admire God, in his greater works, the tall timber: for, as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ*. I wish myself with you both,

<sup>a</sup> Lord Bathurst.<sup>b</sup> The title of an Arabic| Treatise of the Life of Hai  
| Ebn Yocktan.

e

whether

whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or smooth consent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over Plans in the evening. In that last article, I am of opinion, your Lordship has a loss of me ; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquiesced at night in the best conclusion of which human Reason seems capable in all great matters, to fall fast asleep ! And so we ended, unless immediate Revelation (which ever must overcome human reason) suggested some new lights to us, by a Vision in bed. But laying aside Theory, I am told, you are going directly to Practice. Alas, what a Fall will that be ? A new Building is like a new Church ; when once it is set up, you must maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniencies ; then cease the pleasant luminous days of inspiration, and there is an end of miracles at once !

That this Letter may be all of a piece, I'll fill the rest with an account of a consultation lately held in my neighbourhood about designing a princely garden. Several Critics were of several opinions : One declar'd he would not have too much Art in it ; for my notion (said he) of gardening is, that it is only sweeping Nature<sup>a</sup> : Another told them that Gravel walks were not of a good taste, for all the finest

<sup>a</sup> An expression of Sir T. H.

abroad

abroad were of loose sand : A third advis'd peremptorily there should not be one Lyme-tree in the whole plantation : A fourth made the same exclusive clause extend to Horse-chesnuts, which he affirmed not to be Trees, but Weeds : Dutch Elms were condemn'd by a fifth ; and thus about half the Trees were proscribed, contrary to the Paradise of God's own planting, which is expressly said to be planted with *all trees*. There were some who could not bear Ever-greens, and call'd them Never-greens ; some, who were angry at them only when cut into shapes, and gave the modern Gardeners the name of Ever-green Taylors ; some, who had no dislike to Cones and Cubes, but would have them cut in Forest-trees ; and some who were in a passion against any thing in shape, even against clipt-hedges, which they call'd green walls. These (my Lord) are our Men of Taste, who pretend to prove it by tasting little or nothing. Sure such a Taste is like such a stomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the same sort of Critics in poetry ; one is fond of nothing but Heroics, another cannot relish Tragedies, another hates Pastorals, all little Wits delight in Epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, there are the same in Divinity ; where many leading Critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave

the Lord's Vineyard either very thinly furnish'd, or very oddly trimm'd.

I have lately been with my Lord \* who is a zealous, yet a charitable Planter, and has so bad a Taste, as to like all that is good. He has a disposition to wait on you in his way to the Bath, and, if he can go and return to London in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of seeing your Lordship with the delight I always see you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wish for you.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R   X L I .

To Mr. C——.

Sept. 2, 1732.

**I** Affure you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permission you now give me, to be plain and unreserved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long since; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I could be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and good will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature,



nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what you guess; I could not esteem your conduct, to an object of misery so near you as Mrs. —, and I have often hinted it to yourself: The truth is, I cannot yet esteem it for any reason I am able to see. But this I promise, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no further cause of complaint, for the unhappy Lady gives me now no farther pain; she is no longer an object either of yours or my compassion; the hardships done her, are lodg'd in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the persons concern'd in occasioning them.

As for the interruption of our Correspondence, I am sorry you seem to put the Test of my friendship upon that, because it is what I am disqualified from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent commerce. I'll name you the obstacles which I can't surmount: want of health, want of time, want of good eyes; and one yet stronger than them all, I write not upon the terms of other men. For however glad I might be, of expressing my respect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns, to my private friends; I hardly dare while there are Curlls in the world. If you please to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the

avarice of mercenary Booksellers, or the silly curiosity of people in general; you'll confess I have small reason to indulge correspondencies: in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abstracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wish my friends would send me back those forfeitures of my discretion, commit to my justice what I trusted only to their indulgence, and return me at the year's end those trifling letters, which can be to them but a day's amusement, but to me may prove a discredit as lasting and extensive, as the aforesaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary scribblers, or curious simpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not answering your question about some Party-papers, and their authors. This indeed I could not tell you, because I never was, or will be privy to such papers: And if by accident, thro' my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they conceal'd; I should certainly never be the Reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country-house, I have often wish'd it; it was my compliance to a superior duty that hinder'd me, and one which you are too good a Christian to  
wish

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wish I should have broken, having never ventur'd to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for such a journey.

Upon the whole, I must acquit myself of any act or thought, in prejudice to the regard I owe you, as so long and obliging an acquaintance and correspondent. I am sure I have all the good wishes for yourself and your family, that become a friend: There is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I should not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be assured, I am in disposition and will, tho' not so much as I would be in testimonies or writing,

Yours, &c.

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L E T T E R XLII.

To Mr. RICHARDSON.

Jan. 13, 1732.

I Have at last got my Mother so well, as to allow myself to be absent from her for three days. As Sunday is one of them, I do not know whether I may propose to you to employ

ploy it in the manner you mentioned to me once. Sir Godfrey call'd imploying the pencil, the prayer of a painter, and affirmed it to be his proper way of serving God, by the talent he gave him. I am sure, in this instance, it is serving your friend; and, you know, we are allowed to do that (nay even to help a neighbour's ox or as) on the sabbath: which tho' it may seem a general precept, yet in one sense particularly applies to you, who have help'd many a human ox, and many a human as, to the likeness of man, not to say of God.

Believe me, dear Sir, with all good wishes for yourself and your family (the happiness of which ties I know by experience, and have learn'd to value from the late danger of losing the best of mine)

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XLIII.

To the same.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

**A**S I know, you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder

hinder your coming, that my poor Mother is dead<sup>a</sup>. I thank God, her death was as easy, as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of Tranquillity, nay, almost of Pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest Image of a Saint expir'd, that ever Painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even That obliging Art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this: and I hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to morrow morning as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all—Adieu! May you die as happily!

Your, &c.

<sup>a</sup>Mrs. Pope died the seventh of June, 1733, aged 93.

## LETTER XLIV.

To the same.

**I**T is hardly possible to tell you the joy your pencil gave me, in giving me another friend, so much the same! and which (alas for mortality!) will out-last the other. Posterity will, thro' your means, see the man whom it will for ages honour<sup>a</sup>, vindicate, and applaud, when envy is no more, and when (as I have already said in the Essay to which you are so partial)

*The sons shall blush their fathers were his foes.*

That Essay has many faults, but the poem you sent me has but one, and that I can easily forgive. Yet I would not have it printed for the world, and yet I would not have it kept unprinted neither—but all in good time. I'm glad you publish your Milton. B—ly will be angry at you, and at me too shortly for what

<sup>a</sup> Lord Bolingbroke.

I could

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.

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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 <sup>a</sup>, 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

<sup>a</sup> Mrs. B.



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

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LETTER XLVI.

To ———<sup>a</sup>

Sept. 7, 1733.

**Y**OU 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

<sup>a</sup> Mrs. B.

things

things so very short of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the going out of life fast enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at best useless, and for the most part unfelt, speeches. 'Tis but in a very narrow circle that Friendship walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs must; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite so many) that any man's welfare, or memory, can be of consequence: The rest, I believe, I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not before-hand with me.

Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all down-hill: and one almost wishes the journey's end, provided we were sure but to lie down easy, whenever the Night shall overtake us.

I dream'd all last night of—. She has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my spirits: I saw a very deserving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the same misfortune; and (with all his good breeding and sense) still bears a cloud and melancholy cast, that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and conversation. I know another, who, I believe, could promise, and easily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one must do one's best, not to be used by  
the

the world as that poor lady was by her sister; and not seem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimsical.

It is a real truth, that to the last of my moments, the thought of you, and the best of my wishes for you, will attend you, told or untold: I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for yourself, whether before, or after I leave you (the only way I ever shall leave you) you must determine; but reflect, that the first would make me, as well as yourself, happier; the latter could make you only so. Adieu.

L E T T E R XLVII.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampstead, July 17, 1734.

**I** Little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present, but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously serv'd by my friends, as he that has thousands to leave in legacies; besides the assurance of their sincerity. God almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I  
have

have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worse.

As for you, my good friend, I think since our first acquaintance there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships; I am sure, not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those Talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendships; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my Last Request, that you will continue that Noble Disdain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you seem naturally endued with; but still with a due regard to your own safety; and study more to reform than chastise, tho' the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurst I have always honour'd, for every good quality that a person of his rank ought to have: Pray, give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present. If it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is  
Euthanasia.

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Euthanasia. Living or dying, I shall always  
be Yours, &c.

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LETTER XLVIII.

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I Thank you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguish'd yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant; because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any Distrust, but by any Vanity, much less any Interest.

What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a Last Request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against Vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: It is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of Vice, without hating the Vicious, as to bear a true love for Virtue, without loving the Good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible; and that the best Precepts, as well as the best Laws, would prove of small use, if there were no Examples to inforce them. To

R

attack

attack Vices in the abstract, without touching Persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with Shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compar'd with plain, full, and home examples: Precepts only apply to our Reason, which in most men is but weak: Examples are pictures, and strike the Senses, nay raise the Passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterr'd. So that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they rais'd the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see, that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appear'd touch'd by my Satires.

As to your kind concern for my Safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some Characters<sup>a</sup> I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, 'tis evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But

<sup>a</sup> The Character of Sporus in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of day; the talents that make a Cheat or a Whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an Insulter; and as to private villainy, it is not so safe to join in an Assassination, as in a Libel<sup>b</sup>. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man: but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them: as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope, I shall not forfeit it: for that of the Great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but if thro' misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer Satirists than I, have enjoy'd the encouragement and protection of the Princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenus made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of

<sup>b</sup> See the following Letter to a noble Lord.

Brutus ; and, allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering Party too, that they favour'd and distinguish'd Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another Court-favourite, Boileau<sup>c</sup>. I have always been too modest to imagine my Panegyrics were Incense worthy of a Court ; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reason why I have never offer'd any. I would only have observ'd, that it was under the greatest Princes and best Ministers, that moral Satirists were most encouraged ; and that then Poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the Follies, as Historians did over the Vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure, in the writings of the former, or of the latter ? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false Taste and Affectation, in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad Government in Tacitus and Suetonius ? In the first of these reigns it was, that Horace was protected and caress'd ; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal banish'd.

I would not have said so much, but to shew you my whole heart on this subject ; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that

<sup>c</sup> See Letter cIII. to Mr. Warburton.



Request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with Temper, Justice, and Resolution. As your Approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and an honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the Will of God, (which, I know, will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for You than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy<sup>d</sup>.

<sup>d</sup> This excellent person died Feb. 27, 1734-5.

[We find by Letter xix. that the Duchess of Buckinghamshire would have had Mr. Pope to draw her husband's Character. But though he refused this office, yet in his Epistle, *on the Characters of Women*, these lines,

*To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,  
Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor.*

are supposed to mark her out in such a manner as not to be mistaken for another; and having said of himself, that *he held a lye in prose and verse to be the same*: All this together gave a handle to his enemies, since his death, to publish the following Paper (intituled *The Character of Katharine, &c.*) as written by him. To which (in vindication of the deceased Poet) we have subjoined a Letter to a friend, that will let the Reader fully into the history of the *writing and publication* of this extraordinary CHARACTER.]

The CHARACTER of  
KATHARINE,

L A T E

Duchess of *Buckinghamshire* and *Normanby*.

By the late Mr. P O P E.

SHE was the daughter of James the second, and of the countess of Dorchester, who inherited the Integrity and Virtue of her father with happier fortune. She was married  
first

first to James earl of Anglesey; and secondly, to John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamshire and Normanby; with the former she exercised the virtues of *Patience* and *Suffering*, as long as there was any hopes of doing good by either; with the latter all other *Conjugal virtues*. The man of finest sense and sharpest discernment, she had the happiness to please; and in that, found her only pleasure. When he died, it seemed as if his spirit was only breathed into her, to fulfill what he had begun, to perform what he had concerted, and to preserve and watch over what he had left, *his only son*; in the care of whose Health, the forming of whose Mind, and the improvement of whose Fortune, she acted with the conduct and sense of the Father, soften'd, but not overcome, with the tenderness of the Mother. Her Understanding was such as must have made a figure, had it been in a man; but the Modesty of her sex threw a veil over its lustre, which nevertheless suppress'd only the expression, not the exertion of it; for her sense was not superior to her Resolution, which, when once she was in the right, preserv'd her from making it only a transition to the wrong, the frequent weakness even of the best women. She often followed wise counsel, but sometimes went before it, always with success. She was possessed of a spirit,

which assisted her to get the better of those accidents which admitted of any redress, and enabled her to support outwardly, with decency and dignity, those which admitted of none; yet melted inwardly, through almost her whole life, at a succession of melancholy and affecting objects, the loss of all her Children, the misfortunes of *Relations and Friends, public and private*, and the death of those who were dearest to her. Her Heart was as compassionate as it was great: her Affections warm even to sollicitude: her Friendship not violent or jealous, but rational and persevering: her Gratitude equal and constant to the living; to the dead boundless and heroical. What person soever she found worthy of her esteem, she would not give up for any power on earth; and the greatest on earth whom she could not esteem, obtain'd from her no farther tribute than Decency. Her Good-will was wholly directed by merit, not by accident; not measured by the regard they profess'd for her own desert, but by her idea of theirs: And as there was no merit which she was not able to imitate, there was none which she could envy: therefore her Conversation was as free from detraction, as her Opinions from prejudice or prepossession. As her Thoughts were her own, so were her Words; and she was as sincere in uttering her judgment,

judgment, as impartial in forming it. She was a safe Companion, many were serv'd, none ever suffered by her acquaintance: inoffensive, when unprovoked; when provoked, not stupid: But the moment her enemy ceased to be hurtful, she could cease to act as an enemy. She was therefore not a bitter but consistent enemy: (tho' indeed, when forced to be so, the more a finish'd one for having been long a making.) And her proceeding with ill people was more in a calm and steady course, like Justice, than in quick and passionate onsets, like Revenge. As for those of whom she only thought ill, she considered them not so much as once to wish them ill; of such, her Contempt was great enough to put a stop to all other passions that could hurt them. Her Love and Aversion, her Gratitude and Resentment, her Esteem and Neglect were equally open and strong, and alterable only from the alteration of the persons who created them. Her Mind was too noble to be insincere, and her Heart too honest to stand in need of it; so that she never found cause to repent her conduct either to a friend or an enemy. There remains only to speak of her Person, which was most amiably majestic, the nicest eye could find no fault in the outward lineaments of her Face or proportion of her Body; it was such, as pleas'd wherever she had

had a desire it should ; yet she never envied that of any other, which might better please in general : In the same manner, as being content that her merits were esteemed where she desired they should, she never depreciated those of any other that were esteemed or preferred elsewhere. For she aimed not at a general love or a general esteem where she was not known ; it was enough to be possess'd of both wherever she was. Having lived to the age of Sixty-two years ; not courting Regard, but receiving it from all who knew her ; not loving Business, but discharging it fully wheresoever duty or friendship engaged her in it ; not following Greatness, but not declining to pay respect, as far as was due from independency and disinterest ; having honourably absolv'd all the parts of life, she forsook this World, where she had left no act of duty or virtue undone, for that where alone such acts are rewarded, on the 13th Day of March, 1742-3<sup>a</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> “ The above Character was written by Mr. Pope some years before her Grace's Death.” So the printed Edition.

Mr. POPE to JAMES MOYSER, of  
Beverly, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Bath, July 11, 1743.

I Am always glad to hear of you, and where I can, I always enquire of you. But why have you omitted to tell me one word of your own health? The account of our Friend's<sup>a</sup> is truly melancholy, added to the circumstance of his being detained (I fear, without much hope) in a foreign country, from the comfort of seeing (what a good man most desires and best deserves to see to the last hour) his Friends about him. The public news<sup>b</sup> indeed gives every Englishman a reasonable joy, and I truly feel it with you, as a national joy, not a party one; nay as a general joy to all nations where bloodshed and misery must have been introduced, had the ambition and perfidy of — prevail'd.

I come now to answer your friend's question. The whole of what he has heard of my writing the Character of the old<sup>c</sup> Duke of Buckingham is untrue. I do not remember ever to have seen it in MS. nor have I ever

<sup>a</sup> Mr. Bethel.

<sup>b</sup> The Victory at Dettingen.

<sup>c</sup> He says *the old Duke*, because he wrote a very fine Epitaph for the Son.

seen

seen the pedigree he mentions, otherwise than after the Duchefs had printed it with the Will, and sent one to me, as, I suppose, she did to all her acquaintance. I do not wonder it should be reported I writ that Character, after a story which I will tell you in your ear, and to yourself only. There was another *Character written of her Grace* by herself (with what help, I know not) but she shewed it me in her blots, and pressed me, by all the adjurations of Friendship, to give her my sincere opinion of it. I acted honestly and did so. She seemed to take it patiently, and, upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to select out of it just as much as I judged might stand, and return her the Copy. I did so. Immediately she picked a quarrel with me, and we never saw each other in five or six years. In the mean time, she shewed this Character (as much as was extracted of it in my hand-writing) as a composition of my own, in her praise. And very probably it is *now in the hands of Lord Harvey*. Dear Sir, I sincerely wish you, and your whole family (whose welfare is so closely connected) the best health and truest happiness; and am (as is also the Master of this place)

Your, &c.

A L E T-



A LETTER<sup>a</sup> to a NOBLE LORD.

On occasion of some Libels written and propagated  
at Court, in the Year 1732-3.

MY LORD,

Nov. 30, 1733.

YOUR Lordship's <sup>b</sup> Epistle has been published some days, but I had not the pleasure and pain of seeing it till yesterday: Pain, to think your Lordship should attack me at all; Pleasure, to find that you can attack me so weakly. As I want not the humility, to think myself in every way but *one* your inferiour, it seems but reasonable that I should take the only method either of self-defence or retaliation,

<sup>a</sup> This Letter bears the same place in our Author's prose that the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot does in his poetry. They are both Apologetical, repelling the libelous slanders on his Reputation: (with this difference, that the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, his friend, was chiefly directed against *Grub-Street Writers*, and this Letter to the Noble Lord, his enemy, against *Court-Scriblers*. For the rest, they are both Master-pieces in their kinds; *That* in verse, more grave, moral, and sub-

lime; *This* in prose, more lively, critical, and pointed; but equally conducive to what he had most at heart, the vindication of his Moral Character: the only thing he thought worth his care in literary altercations; and the first thing he would expect from the good offices of a surviving Friend.

<sup>b</sup> Entitled, *An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court, Aug. 28, 1733*, and printed the November following for J. Roberts. Fol.

that

that is left me, against a person of your quality and power. And as by your choice of this weapon, your pen, you generously (and modestly too, no doubt) meant to put yourself upon a level with me; I will as soon believe that your Lordship would give a wound to a man unarm'd, as that you would deny me the use of it in my own defence.

I presume you will allow me to take the same liberty, in my answer to so *candid, polite,* and *ingenious* a Nobleman, which your Lordship took in yours, to so *grave, religious,* and *respectable* a Clergyman<sup>c</sup>: As you answered his *Latin* in *English*, permit me to answer your *Verses* in *Prose*. And tho' your Lordship's reasons for not writing in *Latin*, might be stronger than mine for not writing in *Verses*, yet I may plead *Two good* ones, for this conduct: the one that I want the Talent of spinning *a thousand lines in a Day*<sup>d</sup> (which, I think, is as much *Time* as this subject deserves) and the other, that I take your Lordship's *Verses* to be as much *Prose* as this letter. But no doubt it was your choice, in writing to a friend, to renounce all the pomp of Poetry, and give us this excellent model of the familiar.

<sup>c</sup> Dr. S.

<sup>d</sup> And Pope with justice of such lines may say,  
His Lordship spins a thousand in a day. Epist. p. 6.

When

When I consider the *great difference* betwixt the rank your *Lordship* holds in the *World*, and the rank which your *writings* are like to hold in the *learned world*, I presume that distinction of style is but necessary, which you will see observ'd thro' this letter. When I speak of *you*, my Lord, it will be with all the deference due to the inequality which Fortune has made between you and myself: but when I speak of your *writings*, my Lord, I must, I can do nothing but trifle.

I should be obliged indeed to lessen this *Respect*, if all the Nobility (and especially the elder brothers) are but so many hereditary fools<sup>e</sup>, if the privilege of Lords be to want brains<sup>f</sup>, if noblemen can hardly write or read<sup>g</sup>, if all their business is but to dress and vote<sup>h</sup>, and all their employment in court, to tell lies, flatter in public, slander in private, be false to each other, and follow nothing but self-interest<sup>i</sup>. Bless me,

<sup>e</sup> That to good blood by old prescriptive rules  
Gives right hereditary to be Fools.

<sup>f</sup> Nor wonder that my Brain no more affords,  
But recollect the privilege of Lords.

<sup>g</sup> And when you see me fairly write my name;  
For England's sake wish all could do the same.

<sup>h</sup> Whilst all our bus'ness is to dress and vote. *ibid.*

<sup>i</sup> Courts are only larger families,  
The growth of each, few truths, and many lies:  
in private satyrize, in publick flatter.

Few to each other, all to one point true;  
Which one I sha'n't, nor need explain. *Adieu.* p ult.

my Lord, what an account is this you give of them? and what would have been said of me, had I immolated, in this manner, the whole body of the Nobility, at the stall of a well-fed Prebendary?

Were it the mere *Excess* of your Lordship's *Wit*, that carried you thus triumphantly over all the bounds of decency, I might consider your Lordship on your *Pegasus*, as a sprightly hunter on a mettled horse; and while you were trampling down all our works, patiently suffer the injury, in pure admiration of the *Noble Sport*. But should the case be quite otherwise, should your Lordship be only like a *Boy* that is *run away with*; and run away with by a *Very Foal*; really common charity, as well as respect for a noble family, would oblige me to stop your career, and to *help you down from this Pegasus*.

Surely the little praise of a *Writer* should be a thing below your ambition: You, who were no sooner born, but in the lap of the Graces; no sooner at school, but in the arms of the Muses; no sooner in the World, but you practis'd all the skill of it; no sooner in the Court, but you possess'd all the art of it! Unrivall'd as you are, in making a figure, and in making a speech, methinks, my Lord, you may well give up the poor talent of turning a Distich. And why this fondness

fondness for Poetry? Prose admits of the two excellencies you most admire, Diction and Fiction: It admits of the talents you chiefly possess, a most fertile invention, and most florid expression; it is with prose, nay the plainest prose, that you best could teach our nobility to vote, which, you justly observe, is half at least of their business<sup>k</sup>: And, give me leave to prophesy, it is to your talent in prose, and not in verse, to your speaking, not your writing, to your art at court, not your art of poetry, that your Lordship must owe your future figure in the world.

My Lord, whatever you imagine, this is the advice of a Friend, and one who remembers he formerly had the honour of some profession of Friendship from you: Whatever was his *real share* in it, whether small or great, yet as your Lordship could never have had the least *Loss* by continuing it, or the least *Interest* by withdrawing it; the misfortune of losing it, I fear, must have been owing to his own *deficiency* or *neglect*. But as to any *actual fault* which deserved to forfeit it in such a degree, he protests he is to this day guiltless and ignorant. It could at most be but a fault of *omission*; but indeed by omissions, men of your Lordship's uncommon

<sup>k</sup> *All their bus'ness is to dress, and vote.*

merit may sometimes think themselves so injur'd, as to be capable of an inclination to injure another; who, tho' very much below their quality, may be above the injury.

I never heard of the least displeasure you had conceived against me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of <sup>1</sup> *Horace* had offended some persons, and among them your Lordship. I could not have apprehended that a few *general strokes* about a *Lord scribbling carelessly*<sup>m</sup>, a *Pimp*, or a *Spy* at Court, a *Sbarper* in a gilded chariot, &c. that these, I say, should be ever applied as they have been, by *any malice* but that which is the greatest in the world, *the Malice of Ill people to themselves*.

Your Lordship so well knows (and the whole Court and town thro' your means so well know) how far the resentment was carried upon that imagination, not only in the *Nature* of the *Libel*<sup>n</sup> you propagated against me, but in the extraordinary *manner, place, and presence* in which it was propagated<sup>o</sup>; that I shall only say, it

<sup>1</sup> The first Satire of the second Book, printed in 1732.

<sup>m</sup> He should have added, that he called this Nobleman, who scribbled so carelessly, *Lord Fanny*.

<sup>n</sup> *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, afterwards printed by J. Roberts 1732. fol.

<sup>o</sup> It was for this reason that this Letter, as soon as it was printed, was communicated to the Q.

seem'd

seem'd to me to exceed the bounds of justice, common sense, and decency.

I wonder yet more, how a *Lady*, of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry (between whom and your Lordship there is a *natural*, a *just*, and a *well-grounded esteem*) could be prevail'd upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your resentments against me indeed might be equal, as my offence to you both was the same; for neither had I the least misunderstanding with that Lady, till after I was the *Author* of my own misfortune in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleasing to either of you; I assure you my reason for so doing, was merely that you had both *too much wit* for me<sup>p</sup>; and that I could not do, with *mine*, many things which you could with *yours*. The injury done you in withdrawing myself could be but small, if the value you had for me was no greater than you have been pleas'd since to profess. But surely, my Lord, one may say, neither the Revenge, nor the Language you held, bore any *proportion* to the pretended offence: The appellations of <sup>1</sup> *Foe to humankind*, an *Enemy* like the *Devil* to

<sup>p</sup> Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,  
And lik'd that dang'rous thing a female Wit.

See the Letter to Dr. Arbuthnot amongst the Variations.

<sup>1</sup> See the aforesaid Verses to the Imitator of Horace.

all that have *Being*; *ungrateful*, *unjust*, deserving to be *whipt*, *blanketed*, *kicked*, nay *killed*; a *Monster*, an *Assassin*, whose conversation every man ought to *skun*, and against whom *all doors* should be shut; I beseech you, my Lord, had you the least right to give, or to encourage or justify any other in giving such language as this to me? Could I be treated in terms more strong or more atrocious, if, during my acquaintance with you, I had been a *Betrayer*, a *Backbiter*, a *Whisperer*, an *Eves-dropper*, or an *Informer*? Did I in all that time ever throw a *false Dye*, or palm a *foul Card* upon you? Did I ever *borrow*, *steal*, or accept, either *Money*, *Wit*, or *Advice* from you? Had I ever the honour to join with either of you in one *Ballad*, *Satire*, *Pamphlet*, or *Epigram*, on any person *living* or *dead*? Did I ever do you so great an injury as to put off *my own Verses* for *yours*, especially on *those Persons* whom they might *most offend*? I am confident you cannot answer in the affirmative; and I can truly affirm, that, ever since I lost the happiness of your conversation I have not published or written, one syllable of, or to either of you; never hitch'd your *names* in a *Verse*, or trifled with your *good names* in *company*. Can I be honestly charged with any other crime but an *Omission* (for the word *Neglect*, which I us'd before, slip'd my pen unguardedly) to continue  
my



my admiration of you all my life, and still to contemplate, face to face, your many excellencies and perfections? I am persuaded you can reproach me truly with no great *Faults*, except my *natural ones*, which I am as ready to own, as to do all justice to the contrary *Beauties* in you. It is true, my Lord, I am short, not well shap'd, generally ill-dress'd, if not sometimes dirty: Your Lordship and Ladyship are still in bloom; your Figures such, as rival the *Apollo* of *Belvedere*, and the *Venus* of *Medicis*; and your faces so finish'd, that neither sickness nor passion can deprive them of *Colour*; I will allow your own in particular to be the finest that ever *Man* was blest with: preserve it, my Lord, and reflect, that to be a Critic, would cost it too many *frowns*, and to be a Statesman, too many *wrinkles*! I further confess, I am now somewhat old; but so your Lordship and this excellent Lady, with all your beauty, will (I hope) one day be. I know your Genius and hers so perfectly *tally*, that you cannot but join in admiring each other, and by consequence in the contempt of all such as myself. You have both, in my regard, been like — (your Lordship, I know, loves a *Simile*, and it will be one suitable to your *Quality*) you have been like *Two Princes*, and I like a *poor Animal* sacrificed between them to cement a lasting League: I hope

I have not bled in vain ; but that such an amity may endure for ever ! For tho' it be what common *understandings* would hardly conceive, Two *Wits* however may be persuaded, that it is in Friendship as in Enmity, The more *danger*, the more *honour*.

Give me the liberty, my Lord, to tell you, why I never replied to those *Verses* on the *Imitator* of *Horace* ? They regarded nothing but my *Figure*, which I set no value upon ; and my *Morals*, which, I knew, needed no defence : Any honest man has the pleasure to be conscious, that it is out of the power of the *Wittiest*, nay the *Greatest Person* in the kingdom, to lessen him *that way*, but at the expence of his own *Truth, Honour, or Justice*.

But tho' I declined to explain myself just at the time when I was sillily threaten'd, I shall now give your Lordship a frank account of the offence you imagined to be meant to you. *Fanny* (my Lord) is the plain English of *Fannius*, a real person, who was a foolish Critic, and an enemy of *Horace* : perhaps a Noble one, for so (if your Latin be gone in earnest<sup>r</sup>) I must acquaint you, the word *Beatus* may be construed.

<sup>r</sup> all I learn'd from Dr. Freind at school,  
Has quite deserted this poor John Trot head,  
And left plain native English in its stead. Epist. p. 2.

*Beatus*

*Beatus Fannius ! ultra  
Delatis capsis et imagine.*

This *Fannius* was, it seems, extremely fond both of his *Poetry* and his *Person*, which appears by the pictures and *Statues* he caused to be made of himself, and by his great diligence to propagate *bad Verses* at *Court*, and get them admitted into the library of *Augustus*. He was moreover of a delicate or *effeminate complexion*, and constant at the *Assemblies* and *Opera's* of those days, where he took it into his head to *slander poor Horace*.

*Ineptus*

*Fannius, Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli.*

till it provoked him at last just to *name* him, give him a *lash*, and send him whimpering to the *Ladies*.

*Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*

So much for *Fanny*, my Lord. The word *spins* (as *Dr. Freind* or even *Dr. Sherwin* could assure you) was the literal translation of *deduci*; a metaphor taken from a *Silk-worm*, my Lord, to signify any *slight, silken*, or (as your Lordship and the *Ladies* call it) <sup>s</sup> *flimzy* piece of work. I presume your Lordship has enough of this, to convince you there was nothing *personal* but to

<sup>s</sup> *Weak texture of his flimzy brain.* p. 6.

*that Fannius*, who (with all his fine accomplishments) had never been heard of, but for *that Horace* he injur'd.

In regard to the right honourable Lady, your Lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her, as that of *Sappho*; a name prostituted to every infamous Creature that ever wrote Verses or Novels. I protest I never *apply'd* that name to her in any verse of mine, *public* or *private*; and (I firmly believe) not in any *Letter* or *Conversation*. Whoever could invent a Falsehood to support an accusation, I pity; and whoever can believe such a Character to be theirs, I pity still more. God forbid the Court or Town should have the complaisance to *join* in that opinion! Certainly I meant it only of such modern *Sappho's*, as imitate much more the *Lewdness* than the *Genius* of the ancient one; and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently bestow both the *Name* and the *Qualification* there mentioned †.

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a *Lady's* (on the printer's word in the title page) and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to con-

† From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,  
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

1 Sat. B. ii. HOR.

tend with one of that *Sex* in *altercation*: For I never was so mean a creature as to commit my Anger against a *Lady* to *paper*, tho' but in a *private Letter*. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a Noble person of *real Honour* and *Truth*. Your Lordship indeed said you had it from a *Lady*, and the *Lady* said it was your Lordship's; some thought the beautiful by-blow had *Two Fathers*, or (if one of them will hardly be allow'd a man) *Two Mothers*; indeed I think *both Sexes* had a share in it, but which was *uppermost*, I know not: I pretend not to determine the exact method of this *Witty Fornication*: and, if I call it *Yours*, my Lord, 'tis only because, whoever got it, you brought it forth.

Here, my Lord, allow me to observe the different proceeding of the *Ignoble poet*, and his *Noble Enemies*. What he has written of *Fanny*, *Adonis*, *Sappho*, or who you will, he own'd he publish'd, he set his name to: What they have publish'd of him, they have deny'd to have written; and what they have written of him, they have denied to have publish'd. One of these was the case in the past Libel, and the other in the present. For tho' the parent has own'd it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny in the most particular terms, to the great Person whose opinion concern'd him most.

Yet,

Yet, my Lord, this Epistle was a piece not written in *haste*, or in a *passion*, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at *full leisure* at Hampton-Court, and I the object *singled*, like a *Deer out of Season*, for so ill-timed, and ill-placed a diversion. It was a *deliberate* work, directed to a *Reverend Person*<sup>v</sup>, of the most *serious* and *sacred* character, with whom you are known to cultivate a *strict correspondence*, and to whom it will not be doubted, but you open your *secret Sentiments*, and deliver your *real judgment* of men and things. This, I say, my Lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my *Reflection* and *Attention*. Your Lordship's opinion of me as a *Poet*, I cannot help; it is yours, my Lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours *alone*, you must be content to share it with the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad*, and (it may be) with many *more innocent* and *ingenious men*. If your Lordship destroys my *poetical* character, *they* will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to say, if my *moral* character be ruin'd, it must be *wholly* the work of *your Lordship*; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I *myself co-operate*.

How can you talk (my most worthy Lord) of all *Pope's Works* as so many *Libels*, affirm,

<sup>v</sup> Dr. S.

that

that he has no invention but in *Defamation*<sup>\*</sup>, and charge him with *selling another man's labours printed with his own name*<sup>†</sup>? Fye, my Lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the *Odysey*. I can only suppose your Lordship (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) despis'd to look upon the *Translation*; and ever since entertain'd too mean an Opinion of the Translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my Lord, when you said he *sold* another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he *bought* them, which very much *alters the Case*. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your Lordship. I dare not affirm he was as *well paid* as *some Writers* (much his inferiors) have been since; but your Lordship will reflect that I am no man of *Quality*, either to *buy* or *sell* scribbling so high: and that I have neither *Place*, *Pension*, nor *Power* to reward for *secret Services*. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have

<sup>\*</sup> to his eternal shame,

*Prov'd he can ne'er invent but to defame.*

<sup>†</sup> *And sold Broom's labours printed with Pope's Name.*

P. 7.

the

the least *Envy* to such an author as I: but were that *possible*, it were much better gratify'd by employing *not your own*, but some of *those low and ignoble pens* to do you this *mean office*. I dare engage you'll have them for less than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not rais'd the market: Let them drive the bargain for you, my Lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) Verses, as these of your Lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abus'd by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot *Curl* do the same? nay has he not done it before your Lordship, in the same *kind of Language*, and almost the *same words*? I cannot but think, the worthy and *discreet Clergyman* himself will agree, it is *improper*, nay *unchristian*, to expose the *personal* defects of our brother: that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same *Maker*; who *fashioneth his Vessels* as he pleaseth, and that it is not from their *shape* we can tell whether they are made for *honour* or *dishonour*. In a word, he would teach you Charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my Lord, I cannot be reckon'd, since, tho' a Poet, I was never your flatterer.

I

Next,



Next, my Lord, as to the *Obscurity*<sup>a</sup> of my *Birth* (a reflection copy'd also from Mr. *Curl* and his brethren) I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my *Family* in the same leaf with your Lordship's: but my Father had the honour in one instance to resemble you, for he was a *younger Brother*. He did not indeed think it a Happiness to bury his *elder Brother*, tho' he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which *yours* possess. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young Nobleman's memory the debt I ow'd to his friendship, whose early death depriv'd your family of as much *Wit* and *Honour* as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as to my Father, I could assure you, my Lord, that he was no Mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your Lordship yet better, a Cobler) but in truth, of a very tolerable family: And my Mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that *Lady*, whom your Lordship made choice of to be the *Mother of your own Children*; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a *better present* than even the noble blood they derive *only from you*. A Mother, on whom I was never oblig'd so far to reflect, as to say,

<sup>a</sup> *Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure.*

she *spoiled me*<sup>b</sup>. And a Father, who never found himself oblig'd to say of me, that he *disapprov'd my Conduct*. In a word, my Lord, I think it enough, that my Parents, such as they were, never cost me a *Blush*; and that their Son, such as he is, never cost them a *Tear*.

I have purposely omitted to consider your Lordship's Criticisms on my *Poetry*. As they are exactly the same with those of the *foremention'd Authors*, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to *you* what belongs to *them*; or paid more distinction to the *same things* when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be shewing both them and you (my Lord) a *more particular respect*, to observe how much they are honour'd by *your Imitation of them*, which indeed is carried thro' your whole Epistle. I have read somewhere at *School* (tho' I make it no *Vanity* to have forgot where) that *Tully* naturaliz'd a few phrases at the instance of some of his friends. Your Lordship has done more in honour of these Gentlemen; you have authoriz'd not only their *Assertions*, but their *Style*. For example, *A Flow that wants skill to restrain its ardour*, — a Dictionary

<sup>b</sup> *A noble Father's heir spoil'd by his Mother.*

His Lordship's account of himself, p. 7.

*that*

*that gives us nothing at its own expence. —As luxuriant branches bear but little fruit, so Wit unprun'd is but raw fruit — While you rehearse ignorance, you still know enough to do it in Verse—Wits are but glittering ignorance.—The account of how we pass our time—and, The weight on Sir R. W—'s brain. You can ever receive from no head more than such a head (as no head) has to give: Your Lordship would have said never receive instead of ever, and any head instead of no head: but all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enrich'd our language.*

You are merry, my Lord, when you say, *Latin and Greek*

*Have quite deserted your poor John Trot-head,  
And left plain native English in their stead,*

for (to do you justice) this is nothing less than *plain English*. And as for your *John Trot-head*, I can't conceive why you should give it that name; for by some <sup>e</sup> papers I have seen sign'd with that name, it is certainly a head *very different* from your Lordship's.

Your Lordship seems determin'd to fall out with every thing you have learn'd at school: you complain next of a *dull Dictionary*,

<sup>e</sup> See some Treatises printed in the Appendix to the *Craftsman*, about that time.

*That*

*That gives us nothing at its own expence,  
But a few modern words for ancient Sense.*

Your Lordship is the first man that ever carried the love of Wit so far, as to expect a *witty Dictionary*. A Dictionary that gives us *any thing but words*, must not only be an *expensive* but a very *extravagant Dictionary*<sup>d</sup>. But what does your Lordship mean by its giving us but *a few modern words for ancient Sense*? If by *Sense* (as I suspect) you mean *words* (a mistake not unusual) I must do the Dictionary the justice to say, that it gives us *just as many modern words as ancient ones*. Indeed, my Lord, you have more need to complain of a bad Grammar, than of a dull Dictionary.

Doctor *Freind*, I dare answer for him, never taught you to talk

*of Sapphic, Lyric, and Iambic Odes.*

Your Lordship might as well bid your present Tutor, your Taylor, make you a *Coat, Suit of Cloaths, and Breeches*; for you must have forgot your Logic, as well as Grammar, not to know, that Sapphic and Iambic are both included in Lyric; that being the *Genus*, and those the *Species*.

<sup>d</sup> Yet we have seen many of these *extravagant Dictionaries*, and are likely to

see many more, in an age so abounding in science.

*For all cannot invent who can translate,  
No more than those who cloath us, can create.*

Here your Lordship seems in labour for a meaning. Is it that you would have Translations, *Originals*? for 'tis the common opinion, that the *business* of a Translator is to *translate*, and not to *invent*, and of a Taylor to *cloath*, and not to *create*. But why should you, my Lord, of all mankind, abuse a Taylor? not to say *blaspheme* him; if he can (as some think) at least go halves with God Almighty in the formation of a *Beau*. Might not Doctor *Sherwin* rebuke you for this, and bid you *Remember your Creator in the days of your Youth*?

From a *Taylor*, your Lordship proceeds (by a beautiful gradation) to a *Silkman*.

*Thus P—pe we find*

*The gaudy Hinchcliff of a beauteous mind.*

Here too is some ambiguity. Does your Lordship use *Hinchcliff* as a *proper name*? or as the Ladies say a *Hinckcliff* or a *Colmar*, for a *Silk* or a *Fan*? I will venture to affirm, no Critic can have a perfect taste of your Lordship's works, who does not understand both your *Male Phrase* and your *Female Phrase*.

Your Lordship, to finish your Climax, advances up to a *Hatter*; a Mechanic, whose Employment, you inform us, is not (as was generally imagined) to *cover people's heads*, but

to *dress their brains*<sup>e</sup>. A most useful Mechanic indeed! I can't help wishing to have been one, for some people's sake. — But this too may be only another *Lady-Phrase*: Your Lordship and the Ladies may take a *Head-dress* for a *Head*, and understand, that to *adorn the Head* is the same thing as to *dress the Brains*.

Upon the whole, I may thank your Lordship for this high Panegyric: For if I have but *dress'd up Homer*, as your *Taylor*, *Silkman*, and *Hatter* have *equip'd your Lordship*, I must be own'd to have *dress'd him marvellously indeed*, and no wonder if he is *admir'd by the Ladies*<sup>f</sup>.

After all, my Lord, I really wish you would learn your *Grammar*. What if you put yourself awhile under the Tuition of your Friend *W——m*? May not I with all respect say to you, what was said to *another Noble Poet* by Mr. Cowley, *Pray, Mr. Howard*<sup>g</sup>, *if you did read your Grammar, what harm would it do you?* You yourself wish all Lords would *learn to write*<sup>h</sup>; tho' I don't see of what use it could be, if their whole business is to *give their*

<sup>e</sup> For this *Mechanic's*, like the *Hatter's* pains,  
Are but for dressing other people's brains.

<sup>f</sup> by *Girls admir'd*. p. 6.

<sup>g</sup> The Honourable Mr. Edward Howard, celebrated for his poetry.

<sup>h</sup> And when you see me fairly write my name,  
For England's sake wish all Lords did the same.

*Votes*<sup>i</sup>: It could only be serviceable in *signing their Protests*. Yet surely this small portion of learning might be indulged to your Lordship, without any Breach of that *Privilege*<sup>k</sup> you so generously assert to all those of your rank, or too great an Infringement of that *Right*<sup>l</sup> which you claim as *Hereditary*, and for which, no doubt, your noble Father will thank you. Surely, my Lord, no Man was ever so bent upon depreciating himself!

All your Readers have observ'd the following Lines :

*How oft we hear some Witling pert and dull,  
By fashion Coxcomb, and by nature Fool,  
With hackney Maxims, in dogmatic strain,  
Scoffing Religion and the Marriage chain?  
Then from his Common-place-book he repeats,  
The Lawyers all are rogues, and Parsons cheats,  
That Vice and Virtue's nothing but a jest,  
And all Morality Deceit well drest;  
That Life itself is like a wrangling game, &c.*

The whole Town and Court (my good Lord) have heard *this Witling*; who is so much every body's acquaintance but his own, that I'll engage *they all name the same Person*. But to hear you say, that this is only — *of whipt Cream*

<sup>i</sup> — *All our bus'ness is to dress and vote.* p. 4.

<sup>k</sup> *The want of brains.* *ibid.*

<sup>l</sup> *To be fools.* *ibid.*

a *frotby Store*, is a sufficient proof, that never mortal was endued with so humble an opinion both of himself and his own Wit, as your Lordship: For, I do assure you, these are by much the best Verses in your whole Poem.

How unhappy is it for me, that a Person of your Lordship's *Modesty* and *Virtue*, who manifests so tender a regard to *Religion*, *Matrimony*, and *Morality*; who, tho' an Ornament to the Court, cultivate an exemplary Correspondence with the *Clergy*; nay, who disdain not charitably to converse with, and even assist, some of the very worst of Writers (so far as to cast a few *Conceits*, or drop a few *Antitheses* even among the *Dear Joys* of the *Courant*) that you, I say, should look upon Me alone as reprobate and unamendable! Reflect what *I was*, and what *I am*. I am even *Annilated* by your Anger: For in these Verses you have robbed me of *all power to think*<sup>m</sup>, and, in your others, of the very *name* of a *Man*! Nay, to shew that this is wholly your own doing, you have told us that before I wrote my *last Epistles* (that is, before I unluckily mention'd *Fanny* and *Adonis*, whom, I protest, I knew not to be your Lordship's Relations) *I might have lived and died in glory*<sup>n</sup>.

<sup>m</sup> P—e, *who ne'er cou'd think*. p. 7.

<sup>n</sup> *In glory then he might have liv'd and dy'd.* *ibid.*

What



What would I not do to be well with your Lordship? Tho', you observe, I am a mere *Imitator* of *Homer*, *Horace*, *Boileau*, *Garth*, &c. (which I have the less cause to be ashamed of, since they were *Imitators of one another*) yet what if I should solemnly engage never to imitate *your* Lordship? May it not be one step towards an accommodation, that while you remark my *Ignorance in Greek*, you are so good as to say, you have *forgot your own*? What if I should confess I translated from *D'Acier*? That surely could not but oblige your Lordship, who are known to prefer *French* to all the learned Languages. But allowing that in the space of *twelve years* acquaintance with *Homer*, I might unhappily contract as much *Greek*, as your Lordship did in *Two* at the University, why may I not forget it again, as happily?

Till such a reconciliation take effect, I have but one thing to intreat of your Lordship. It is, that you will not decide of my *Principles* on the same grounds as you have done of my *Learning*: Nor give the same account of my *Want of Grace*, after you have lost all acquaintance with my *Person*, as you do of my *Want of Greek*, after you have confessedly lost all acquaintance with the *Language*. You are too generous, my Lord, to follow the *Gentlemen of the Dunciad* quite so far, as to seek my ut-  
ter

*ter Perdition*; as *Nero* once did *Lucan's*, merely for presuming to be a *Poet*, while one of so much greater quality was a *Writer*. I therefore make this humble request to your Lordship, that the next time you please to write of me, speak of me, or even whisper of me<sup>o</sup>, you will will recollect it is full eight Years since I had the honour of any conversation or correspondence with your Lordship, except just half an hour in a Lady's Lodgings at Court, and then I had the happiness of her being present all the time. It would therefore be difficult even for your Lordship's penetration to tell, to what, or from what Principles, Parties, or Sentiments, Moral, Political, or Theological, I may have been converted, or perverted, in all that time. I beseech your Lordship to consider, the Injury a Man of your high Rank and Credit may do to a private Person, under Penal Laws and many other disadvantages, not for want of honesty or conscience, but merely perhaps for having too weak a head, or too tender a heart<sup>p</sup>. It is by these alone I have hitherto liv'd excluded from all posts of Profit or Trust: As I can interfere with the Views of no man, do not deny me, my Lord, all that is left, a little Praise, or the com-

<sup>o</sup> The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,  
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear.

Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

<sup>p</sup> See Letter to Bishop Atterbury, Lett. iv.

mon Encouragement due, if not to my *Genius*, at least to my *Industry*.

Above all, your Lordship will be careful not to wrong my *Moral Character*, with THOSE<sup>3</sup> under whose *Protection* I live, and thro' whose *Lenity* alone I can live with Comfort. Your Lordship, I am confident, upon consideration will think, you inadvertently went a little *too far* when you recommended to THEIR perusal, and strengthened by the weight of your Approbation, a *Libel*, mean in its reflections upon my poor *figure*, and scandalous in those on my *Honour* and *Integrity*: wherein I was represented as “ an  
“ *Enemy* to Human Race, a *Murderer* of Re-  
“ putations, and a *Monster* mark'd by God like  
“ *Cain*, deserving to wander accurs'd thro' the  
“ World.”

A strange Picture of a Man, who had the good fortune to enjoy many friends, who will be always remember'd as the first Ornaments of their Age and Country; and no Enemies that ever contriv'd to be heard of, except Mr. *John Dennis*, and your Lordship: A Man, who never wrote a Line in which the *Religion* or *Government* of his Country, the *Royal Family*, or their *Ministry* were disrespectfully mentioned; the Animosity of any one Party gratify'd at the expence of another; or any Censure past, but upon *known*

<sup>3</sup> The K. and Q.

*Vice, acknowledg'd Folly, or aggressing Impertinence.* It is with infinite pleasure he finds, that *some Men* who seem *asham'd* and *afraid* of *nothing else*, are so very sensible of *his Ridicule*: And 'tis for that very reason he resolves (by the grace of God, and your Lordship's good leave)

*That, while he breathes, no rich or noble knave  
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.*

This, he thinks, is rendering the best Service he can to the Publick, and even to the good Government of his Country; and for this, at least, he may deserve some Countenance, even from the GREATEST PERSONS in it. Your Lordship knows OF WHOM I speak. Their NAMES I should be as sorry, and as much asham'd, to place near *yours*, on such an occasion, as I should be to see *You*, my Lord, placed so near *their PERSONS*, if you could ever make so ill an Use of their Ear<sup>r</sup> as to asperse or misrepresent any one innocent Man.

This is all I shall ever ask of your Lordship, except your pardon for this tedious Letter. I have the honour to be, with equal *Respect* and *Concern*,

My Lord,

Your truly devoted Servant,

A. POPE.

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† Close at the ear of Eve. *Ep. to Dr. Arbuth.*

