



## **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**

IV. To Mr. Gay on his return from Hanover after the Queen's death. Advice about politics.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-55314](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-55314)

## L E T T E R    I V.

D E A R    M R.    G A Y,

S e p t. 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