



## **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And  
Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his  
Death

Containing The First of his Letters

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

XI. Of the taste of country gentlemen.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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

FROM H. CROMWELL, Esq. 105

lieve me, when I say a bold word for a Christian,  
that, of all dogs, you will find none more faith-  
ful than

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R XI.

April 10, 1710.

I Had written to you sooner, but that I made  
some scruple of sending profane things to  
you in holy week. Besides, our family would  
have been scandaliz'd to see me write, who take  
it for granted I write nothing but ungodly  
verses. I assure you, I am look'd upon in the  
neighbourhood for a very well-dispos'd person,  
no great Hunter indeed, but a great admirer of  
the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want  
of constitution for that, and Drinking. They  
all say, 'tis pity I am so sickly, and I think 'tis  
pity they are so healthy. But I say nothing that  
may destroy their good opinion of me: I have  
not quoted one Latin author since I came down,  
but have learn'd without book a song of Mr.  
Thomas Durfey's, who is your only Poet of to-  
lerable reputation in this country. He makes  
all the merriment in our entertainments, and but  
for him, there would be so miserable a dearth  
of catches, that, I fear, they would put either the  
Parson



Parson or me upon making some for 'em. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the best topeing-table of our gentry, who can roar out some Rhapsodies of his works: so that in the same manner as it was said of Homer to his detractors, What? dares any man speak against him who has given so many men to *eat*? (meaning the Rhapsodists who liv'd by repeating his verses) thus may it be said of Mr. Durfey to his detractors; Dares any one despise him, who has made so many men *drink*? Alas, Sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuse a board of justices and extraordinary 'squires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of admiration. These Things (they would say) are too studious, they may do well enough with such as love reading, but give us your ancient Poet Mr. Durfey! 'Tis mortifying enough, it must be confess'd; but however let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us—*Multi multa sciunt, sed nemo omnia*, as it is said in the almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort; send me elegies, and you shall not want heroics. At present, I have only these Arguments in prose to the Thebaid, which you claim by promise, as I do your Translation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet*—and the  
*Ring;*



FROM H. CROMWELL, Esq. 107

*Ring*; the rest I hope for as soon as you can conveniently transcribe them, and whatsoever orders you are pleas'd to give me shall be punctually obey'd by Your, &c.

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L E T T E R XII.

May 10, 1710.

I Had not so long omitted to express my acknowledgments to you for so much good-nature and friendship as you lately shew'd me; but that I am but just return'd to my own hermitage, from Mr. C\*'s, who has done me so many favours, that I am almost inclin'd to think my friends infect one another, and that your conversation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourself. I can assure you, he has a sincere respect for you, and this, I believe, he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I must now be contented to converse only with the dead of this world, that is to say, the dull and obscure, every way obscure, in their intellects as well as their persons: or else have recourse to the living dead, the old Authors with whom you are so well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means