



## **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**

XVI. Answer to the same.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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LETTER XVII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Aug. 5, 1710.

LOOKING among some French rhymes, I was agreeably surpriz'd to find in the Rondeau of <sup>a</sup> *Pour le moins*—your Apoticaire and Lavement, which I took for your own; so much is your Muse of intelligence with the wits of all languages. You have refin'd upon Voiture, whose *Où vous savez* is much inferior to your *You know where*—You do not only pay your club with your author (as our friend says) but the whole reckoning; who can form such pretty lines from so trivial a hint.

For my <sup>b</sup> Elegy; 'tis confess'd, that the topography of Sulmo in the Latin makes but an awkward figure in the version. Your couplet of the dog-star is very fine, but may be too sublime in this place. I laugh'd heartily at your note upon Paradise; for to make Ovid talk of the garden of Eden, is certainly most absurd; but Xenophon in his Oeconomics, speaking of a garden finely planted and watered (as is here described) calls it Paradisos: 'Tis an interpolation indeed, and serves for a gradation to the

<sup>a</sup> In Voiture's Poems.

<sup>b</sup> Ovid's Amorum, l. ii. el. xvi. Pars me Sulmo, &c.

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celestial orb; which expresses in some sort the *Sidus Castoris in parte cæli*—How trees can enjoy, let the naturalists determine; but the poets make them sensitive, lovers, batchelors, and married. Virgil in his *Georgics*, lib. ii. Horace Ode xv. lib. ii. *Platanus cælebs evincet ulmos*. Epod ii. *Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine Altas maritat populos*. Your critique is a very *Dolce-piccante*; for after the many faults you justly find, you smooth your rigour: but an obliging thing is owing (you think) to one who so much esteems and admires you, and who shall ever be

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R   X V I I I .

August 21, 1710.

**Y**OUR Letters are a perfect charity to a man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his friends but you; for since Mr. Wycherley left London, I have not heard a word from him; tho' just before, and once since, I writ to him, and tho' I know myself guilty of no offence but of doing sincerely just what he<sup>a</sup> bid me—*Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!* But the greatest injury he does me is the keep-

<sup>a</sup> Correcting his verses. | the following years, of Mr.  
See the letters in 1706, and | Wycherley and Mr. Pope. P.

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