



## **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**

III. From Sir William Trumbull. On the Rape of the Lock.

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Nutzungsbedingungen

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FROM SIR W. TRUMBULL. 213

the public, and very particularly, dear Sir,  
Your, &c.

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L E T T E R III.

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

March 6, 1713.

I Think a hasty scribble shows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after Balzac's manner in studied phrases; therefore I will tell you as fast as I can, that I have received your favour of the 26th past, with your kind present of *The Rape of the Lock*. You have given me the truest satisfaction imaginable not only in making good the just opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my Idea of your comprehensive genius; but likewise in that pleasure I take as an Englishman to see the French, even Boileau himself in his *Lutrin*, out-done in your poem: for you descend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches, that your own observation and wit furnish, on such a subject as requires the finest strokes and the liveliest imagination. But I must say no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleases me so much: and henceforth, I hope, you will never condemn me of partiality, since I only swim

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with



with the stream, and approve of what all men of good taste (notwithstanding the jarring of Parties) must and do universally applaud. I now come to what is of vast moment, I mean the preservation of your health, and beg of you earnestly to get out of all Tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a misery is it for you to be destroy'd by the foolish kindness ('tis all one whether real or pretended) of those who are able to bear the poison of bad wine, and to engage you in so unequal a combat? As to Homer, by all I can learn, your business is done: therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own sake, but much more for yours; methinks Mr. — has said to you more than once,

*Hæu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!*

I am

Your, &c.

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

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 12, 1713.

**T**Hough any thing you write is sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own your last letter made me uneasy; you really use a style