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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

VI. [The Answer.]

Nutzungsbedingungen

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Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
 To what dark, undiscover'd shore?
 Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
 And Wit and Humour are no more!

L E T T E R V.

Mr. S T E E L E t o M r. P O P E .

Nov. 12, 1712.

I Have read over your Temple of Fame twice,
 and cannot find any thing amiss, of weight
 enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand
 thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it
 to-morrow: after his perusal of it, I will let
 you know his thoughts. I desire you would
 let me know whether you are at leisure or not?
 I have a design which I shall open a month or
 two hence, with the assistance of the few like
 yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I
 shall explain myself further. I am

Your, &c.

L E T T E R V I .

The Answer.

Nov. 16, 1712.

Y O U oblige me by the indulgence you
 have shewn to the poem I sent you, but
 will

will oblige me much more by the kind severity I hope for from you. No errors are so trivial, but they deserve to be mended. But since you say you see nothing that may be call'd a fault, can you but think it so, that I have confin'd the attendance of ^a Guardian spirits to Heaven's favourites only? I could point you to several, but 'tis my business to be informed of those faults I do not know; and as for those I do, not to talk of them, but to correct them. You speak of that poem in a style I neither merit, nor expect; but, I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties: I mean, if Mr. Addison and yourself should like it in the whole; otherwise the trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I was really so diffident of it as to let it lie by me these ^b two years, just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the last period of your letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, I am sure, all yours do. I wish I had

^a This is not now to be found in the *Temple of Fame*, which was the Poem here spoken of.

P.

^b Hence it appears this Poem was writ before the Author was twenty-two years old.

P.

but as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle: (a sign I have not much capacity.)

If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be pleas'd to think me your friend. Assure Mr. Addison of my most faithful service, of every one's esteem he must be assur'd already. I am

Your, &c.

L E T T E R V I I .

T O M r . S T E E L E .

Nov. 29, 1712.

I Am sorry you published that notion about Adrian's verses as mine: had I imagined you would use my name, I should have express'd my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrust- ed. But, I think the supposition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magic, is a little uncharitable, ("that he might " fear no sort of deity, good or bad") since in the third verse he plainly testifies his apprehension of a future state, by being solicitous whither his soul was going. As to what you mention of his