



## **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**

X. On Dennis`s remarks on Cato.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,  
Sister Spirit, come away!  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!  
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O Grave! where is thy Victory?  
O Death! where is thy Sting?

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LETTER X.

TO MR. ADDISON.

July 20, 1713.

I Am more joy'd at your return than I should  
be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for  
him this melancholy wet season; but 'tis his fate  
too, like yours, to be displeasing to Owls and  
obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre.  
What put me in mind of these night-birds was

John Dennis, whom, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon those bats and beastly birds above-mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a Critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him<sup>a</sup>. But indeed your opinion, that 'tis intirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own case; but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself, (tho' indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.) He has written against every thing the world has approv'd these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr.

<sup>a</sup> This relates to the Paper occasion'd by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, call'd,

Dr. Norris's *Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.*

P.

Gay,

FROM MR. ADDISON. 265

Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the Critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them look'd upon no better than themselves. I am,

Your, &c.

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LETTER XI.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. POPE.

Oct. 26, 1713.

I Was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The <sup>a</sup> Work you mention, will I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the Proposals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be

<sup>a</sup> The Translation of the Iliad. P.

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