



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

Letter I. From the Reverend Dean Berkley to Mr. Pope. Of the Rape of the Lock; the state of learning in Italy.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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LETTERS
TO AND FROM
SEVERAL PERSONS.

From 1714, to 1721.

LETTER I.

The Rev. Dean BERKLEY to Mr. POPE.

Leghorn, May 1, 1714.

AS I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I chuse rather to run the risque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never seen it before. Style, painting, judgment, spirit, I had already admired in other of your writings; but in this I am charm'd with the magic of your invention, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable

explicable beauties, which you raise so surpris-
ingly, and at the same time so naturally, out
of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was
more pleas'd with the reading of it, than I am
with the pretext it gives me to renew in your
thoughts, the remembrance of one who values
no happiness beyond the friendship of men of
wit, learning, and good-nature.

I remember to have heard you mention some
half-form'd design of coming to Italy. What
might we not expect from a Muse that sings
so well in the bleak climate of England, if she
felt the same warm sun and breathed the same
air with Virgil and Horace?

There are here an incredible number of
Poets, that have all the inclination, but want
the genius, or perhaps the art, of the An-
cients. Some among them, who understand
English, begin to relish our Authors; and I
am informed, that at Florence they have
translated Milton into Italian verse. If one
who knows so well how to write like the old
Latin poets, came among them; it would pro-
bably be a means to retrieve them from their
cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their
predecessors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure,
&c. have all different views in travelling; I
know not whether it might not be worth a
Poet's

Poet's while, to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of Nature.

Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purling streams are no where in such perfection as in England: but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy: and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.

You will easily perceive that it is self-interest makes me so fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into these parts I should fly to see you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. Patrick's) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who about three months since left the greatest part of his family in this town. God knows how long we shall stay here.

I am, Your, &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JERVAS in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

TH O', as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you shall see by this letter upon the neck of my last, that
I pay